Orange County Observer

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THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

[illegible] neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours,
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers
No they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In that burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long.
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease,
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun.
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

—Richard E. Burton, in the Century.

MY RARE ROSE.

I am devoted to flowers—flower-mad, my friends call me, and, perhaps, they are right. The only extravagance I am ever guilty of is the purchase of a rare plant, and although I am far from wealthy, yet my flower collection is equal, if not superior, to that of my rich friends.

Madeline, that's my wife—says she can't make a creditable appearance, because, whenever she wants a new bonnet, I happen to want a new plant. Women never can reason, you know, and I've exhausted myself in trying to explain, that while a new bonnet lasts only a season, a plant will give you delight for years; but all the same Madeline grumbles and grumbles, and comes back to the starting point that she wants a bonnet, and that three months of it would give her more pleasure than years with my floral pets.

"I've no patience with you, John," she exclaims. "Jeanne and I are obliged to have decent clothes and bonnets, if we expect to go into society at all. But much you care for that. If we'd get on our knees and dig around your hateful plants with our hands and—yes—water them with our tears, you'd think it was all right."

"But salt water wouldn't be good for them, my dear," I say in perfect good faith, and then somehow she gets more furious than ever.

"I hope they'll all die," she cries, in her usual imperious manner. "Yes I do! I hope they'll wither before your eyes! I hope something dreadful will happen to show you what a mean, selfish creature you are!" and then she burst into tears and flung herself out of the room.

Madeline is a good woman, an excellent wife, but she will fly out now and then and call me hard names. It's pretty hard when I'm trying to elevate her to [illegible] the frivolities of dress and fashion, which have ruined so many noble souls, and to bring her into sympathy with nature.

My daughter Jeanne is as bad as her mother. She is eighteen years old and very pretty, but she can't be made to understand that fine dresses are not needed to set off her charms, and all she wants of flowers is to cut them and stick them about her dress. If it wasn't for my plants, life would be a very hard thing for me with those discontented women [illegible] at me.

[illegible] I told you roses were my special passion. No! well, they are, and I have [illegible] twenty-five choice varieties of the rose family, and for some of them I would not take ten dollars.

Certainly not for my William Allen Richardson, which I got from New York [illegible]. The only one of the species in the town where I live, and unique of its kind.

It is not a remarkably large or double flower, like the Marechale Niel, the [illegible] or the Etoile de Lyon, but [illegible] in its intense-orange hue. When it bloomed out this spring, it reminded me of sunsets I had watched in the [illegible] and off the coast of [illegible] Gulf of Mexico. I [illegible] ecstasy of delight, and Madeline could hardly get me to my meals.

"Why, papa, it's grand," Jeanne cried, [illegible] "It's just the [illegible] I want for my black lace dress this evening, that I'm going to wear at Mrs. Harston's party. [illegible] going to give [illegible] the rose?"

Why, I would sooner have let out the [illegible] of my heart's blood, and told her [illegible] William Allen Richardson. It was [illegible] even to [illegible] and I told her so pretty [illegible] off in a huff, and I [illegible] startled by a somewhat [illegible] back.

[illegible] schoenen Rosen!' It [illegible]

[illegible] a stout, ruddy-looking [illegible] with her broad face [illegible] as she gazed admiringly [illegible]

"[illegible] want?" I asked.

"[illegible] Frau Hyson she send me [illegible] wants a *madchen*, a servant."

"[illegible] applied for one. You [illegible] the house."

"[illegible] lovely rosen!" she exclaimed [illegible] clasping her hands [illegible] not let me valk in [illegible] them?"

I must acknowledge I was charmed with the girl at once. What refinement of taste in one so lowly born! But no, she could be no common servant, for to them—

"A primrose by the river brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But there was Clarchen—she had told me her name—with her soul in her light blue eyes gazing hungrily at the flowers. Her questions were so intelligent, so discriminating, that it pleased me to answer them. She singled out the rarest of my roses, and really seemed to know a good deal about them. But the William Allen Richardson, which she saw for the first time, evoked the wildest enthusiasm.

"There isn't another in the State," I said. You see I was inclined to be rather boastful about my rare rose. "Why, if I chose to sell those flowers, I could get a dollar apiece for them, they're such a peculiar color."

Her eyes opened wide and she repeated, "Ach, one whole tollar!" in every variety of inflection.

"When you go to Mrs. Elliot," I said, "tell her I think she'd better try you."

Her sympathy in my favorite pursuit had quite won me. If my wife and daughter had only such intense appreciation of the beautiful.

"I've taken that German girl, John," Madeline said, that night.

"Quite right, my dear. She seems quite a superior kind of servant."

"Don't know about that," Madeline answered, doubtfully. "She can't cook evidently, and her English is just awful. I went out of the kitchen a minute, and when I came back I found her rummaging in the drawers of the dresser, and pulling things about as if she was taking an inventory of them. I'll try her for a month, but I don't think she'll suit."

So Clarchen was fairly established, and Madeline's complaints of her stupidity and wastefulness were long and deep.

"I'll ship her before the month is out," she grumbled. "Of all idle, good for nothing creatures, Clarchen is the worst. She pretends not to understand me, but she does every word, and she slurs over her work to get out in the garden and potter about among your precious flowers."

"Yes, that was true. Every day she would slip in the garden and pass between the rows of flowers, carefully holding back her dress so as not to brush against them.

Once or twice I had a mind to cut some of my common roses and give them to her to take home at night, but I remained from principle. I cannot bear to cut my flowers; it almost seems to me there is a living soul in them, and then if you begin to give away flowers, your life is worried out of you by your neighbors who won't trouble themselves to cultivate roses, and seem to think you ought to be glad to provide them with the rarest blossoms.

I am very careful to keep my premises locked, but as we are late risers and as Clarchen came very early, I was obliged to give her a key to the gate, that she might let herself in without waking us. For a week all went on smoothly—Clarchen, if not a capable servant, was a good-natured one, and my wife thought she was improving.

One morning going into my garden, I found my Marechale Niel despoiled of some of its choicest blossoms. One magnificent cluster of eight enormous roses I had been watching for several days was gone.

"Jeanne," I cried out excitedly to my daughter, who was at her window, "did you cut my Marechale Niels?"

"I'm astonished at you, papa," she answered, tossing her head. "Do you think I would *steal* your old flowers, when you refused me a single rose the other day? I've too much pride for that."

"Oh, and dey vas so heavenly lofely!" Clarchen exclaimed. She had run into the garden when she heard my voice, and stood there, her hands raised in consternation.

"I count dem yesterday. One, two, t'ree, yes *eight* big rosen. *Ach Himmel!* who took dem rosen?"

"Somebody's climbed over the fence, John, and helped themselves," my wife said, dryly. I think she really enjoyed my trouble. "Yes, and it won't be your last loss, and, perhaps, you'll learn after a while that you'd better give your flowers to be used by your family, than to leave them for thieves."

I didn't dare tell my wife how many of my fine roses I missed that morning, for I knew that precious little sympathy I would get from her. But it was heart-rending to go from one bush to another to find my finest blooms gone. The thief evidently had picked and chosen with a full knowledge of the rarest varieties.

Clarchen groaned and nearly wept over my losses, and suggested that I should put broken bottles on the top of my wall. But I had one comfort! My William Allen Richardson was gorgeous that morning, and I actually got the acute pain of my losses, in gazing at my golden treasure. My Aurora I called it, and in my heart I worshipped the beautiful thing.

I think I must have dreamed of it that night, for I rose earlier than usual the next morning, and hurried to the spot. Was I dreaming? I rubbed my eyes, and gazed intently at a rose bush without a single bloom, torn and ravaged as if a cyclone had passed over it. That could not be my William Allen Richardson without a flower or even a single bud! I sat flat on the ground, and buried my face in my hands, and there my wife found me. She did not jeer as usual, but looked really uneasy.

"It isn't the loss of your flowers that troubles me," she explained. "You deserve to loose them, John, but if a thief can come in and out of your premises in this way, he won't stop at flowers. I expect to wake up some morning and find house and kitchen robbed. You'd better go to the police station and see about the matter."

I had not the least appetite for my breakfast that morning, and immediately afterward set off for the police station.

Clarchen complained that morning of being ill, and said she would go home and lie down for an hour. The loss of the flowers had given her a nervous headache.

On the way to the station, I passed through the L—— market, and stopped aimlessly before some of the flower stalls.

Suddenly I came to a table, and an electric shock passed through me, when I saw it piled with fresh, beautiful bouquets of the William Allen Richardson. Now I knew positively there was not another rose of that kind in the State, but the one I owned. Those were my flowers, I could swear to them.

"Where did you get those roses?" I thundered, bringing my fist so violently down on the table, that the big, black-bearded Gascon standing behind it started.

"Vot for you askee me dat?" he cried, angrily. "You drunk, man. I get my roses vere I gets 'em. Go away or I call de pleeceman."

"You're a thief," I cried, furiously; "a miserable, contemptible thief! Those roses are mine! I can swear to them. You stole them from me last night."

The big Gascon sprang to his feet.

"You say I t'ief, he yelled. "Sacre tonnerre!" and the next moment a thunderbolt indeed struck me, and I was doubled up against the stall of an Irishwoman, who punched me in the back, and yelled for police at the top of her stentorian lungs. But the Gascon wasn't done with me by any means. As I struggled up he struck me another blow in the right eye.

I had never fought since I was a boy, and have always looked upon brawls as disreputable, but I was too furious to remember anything. I struck out wildly, but the man, who was a professsonal boxer, just played upon me with his fists until he had me down again, and being very stout I *stayed* down, until a condescending policeman marched us both off for fighting and disturbing the peace. As I was limping along we met Henderson, an old friend and a deacon in the church as well as myself.

"Why, good gracious, Elliot, can that be *you*?" he exclaimed. "What on earth is the matter?"

"Well, my roses were stolen last night by that fellow," pointing to the Gascon, who ground his teeth and shook his fist at me. "And when I accused him, he pitched into me"—

"And left you a wreck," Henderson laughed, shamefully. "So after all, your harmless, innocent flowers have brought you to grief. Told you it wouldn't do to set your heart on them. Well, I'll go along. Those folks all know me—police officers, magistrates and the whole lot of 'em. They'll have to take my word that you are a respectable citizen, for upon my word, Elliot, with your mashed hat and torn coat and battered visage, you're about as disreputable looking vagabond as I ever came across." And then he laughed again in a very undignified manner.

When we came before the magistrate, my Gascon was willing enough to tell all he knew. He bought the flowers from a German named Heinrich, a man who kept a small flower garden in the suburbs of the city. He had dealt with him for a year, and had no reason to suppose he had stolen any of them. Yes, the man was married. His wife often brought the flowers. In fact, she had brought him the William Allen Richardson that very morning, and haggled over the price. She wanted a dollar apiece for them.

My heart sank into my boots at this revelation. My sympathetic Clarchen, my flower-lover, my refined domestic was the serpent in my garden of Eden! A few questions brought a description of the woman, and there was no longer room for doubt.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of the rascally couple, and sadly I hobbled homewards.

My wife and Jeanne met me in the greatest excitement. "O dear, O dear," screamed my wife, "the man has been fighting! O John! John! are you crazy? What is the matter? Who has been treating you so?" And then without waiting for a word she went off into strong hysterics. That's always the way with women. When you need them most, they're sure to cut up in some way or other. When she gave me a chance, I told my story, and then I thought she was going off in another fit.

"The creature has run off, papa," Jeanne explained. "She's taken lots of things from the kitchen, and mamma has missed six of her tablespoons. And then we don't know where she lives."

"The warrant will unearth her," I said, confidently.

But it did not. Heinrich and his wife had absconded, and from that day to this no sign of them has come to us. Not only my wife's spoons were missing, but Jeanne's valuable watch and twenty dollars in cash. Clarchen's affinity was not flowers alone, but every species of plunder.

I must say all these things gave me a great shock, and I have never taken the interest in my flowers since the big Gascon demolished me because of them. Jeanne helps herself to them freely, for I have come to the conclusion that it is a bad thing to be selfish, even with flowers.—[illegible] Companion.

At Her Tongue's End.

He—"Of course, you are interested in politics?"

She—"Intensely."

He—"Which side is going to win?"

She—"Well, judging from what I heard papa say last night, Mr. Delegate has got a run on his ahead ticket, and Mr. Convention of Illinois, if he can carry the Chairman of the gavel-box by a constituent, will——"

He—"Just watch Gordon play tennis!"—*Times.*

QUAINT SIGHTS IN CUBA.

PECULIAR ROADS AND CURIOUS CUSTOMS ON THE ISLANDS.

Hospitality of the People—Politeness, Good Feeling and Religion—Coffee, Cigars and Kind Wishes.

Describing some of the quaint sights witnessed on a trip through Cuba, a correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* says: We crossed two rivers on our journey, the Sio del Gaaratre, where two massive unfinished arches told of the splendid improvements underway a quarter of a century ago, and the Rio Cana, whose margins for leagues bristle with wild cane, from which whistles, baskets and bird cages are made for the Havana markets, when we left the lower shore side region for the upland district. For the whole distance on every hand were flowers and luxuriant verdure, broken only by the cleared grounds about lowly and once noble haciendas and the reaches of cultivated fields of the estancias, or plantations, devoted to general farming. One could see from the roadside alone anones, mamoncillos, mangoes, guanabanas, nisperos, cultivated and wild oranges, tamarinds, bananas, carmitos, mammees, zapota and pineapples, while the stately star of Bethlehem, the mignonette, the vinca the golden jasmine, the hibiscus, the galen de noche, the flaming flamboyant, the star cactus, the Carolina tree, the campanile, the Cherokee, Marechal Neil and cape rose, the jacqueminot jonquil and lilies of the valley, the wild pea, honeysuckle and heliotrope, and myriads more of the almost unnameable flora of Cuba, dazzled the eye with color and filled the air with matchless fragrance. But true to the bitter contrasts everywhere noticeable in the island, the road itself was execrable beyond description.

They are all alike. Though usually inclosed, as are the American country roads, they are utterly impassable for any manner of vehicles. Indeed, no vehicles are used in Cuba, save in the large cities. In this region, agriculturally the richest portion of the island, the needs between hundreds upon hundreds of great plantations and Trinidad have been met by "packings" on the backs of ponies and mules for over 200 years; and during one-fourth of the time the road are altogether impassable. Every sack of coffee, every pound of food, every article of furniture, has always been "packed" back and forth in this shiftless manner.

The roads crook and turn to avoid obstacles just as the Cuban will do six days' labor to avoid one. "Beware the pantanos!" was the warning from every tongue throughout the day. These "pantanos" are sinks in the clay soil where one animal will plunge from perfectly solid footing fairly out of sight. We rescued five animals so mired with their muddy panniers and packs, for dolorous and grateful pilgrims during the day. The "pantanos" are bad enough, but the desechos (literally, refusals; avoidances) are worse. These are always cut around impassable places involving careful riding through bogs and jungles, and not infrequent goings astray in the dense forests.

The fences of these remarkable "roads" are curious affairs. Frequently they are of the Spanish bayonet and the henequen with a broad leaf and barbed point six inches long, strong enough to impale a horse. Again, strips of stone fence will be seen. Some are of the pina de raton or bastard pine apple tree. But the larger number are of pinones botija. Green limbs are cut from this, and when thrust in the ground grow instantly and luxuriously. Between the branches the vejuco de augarila, a hardy vine, is planted. This weaves itself through and through the hedge in all manner of fantastic and tightening freaks; and as it bears a lovely purple blossom, this fence is always strikingly beautiful to the eye.

The overflowing hospitality of all classes of Cubans had remarkable illustration upon our journey along the road, singly or in persistent groups, the occupants begged us to enter and tarry with them. If it were but for a moment, for greeting, good. If for a little chat and "coffee," better. If it could have been for a week or a month, best. And this was the never-ending form of greeting and invitation from the head of the house as he awaited us upon the highway:

"Buenos dias, camara." ("Good day, citizen.")

"Buenos dias, amigo." ("Good day, my friend.")

"Hasta donde, bueno?" ("How far, good sirs?")

"Boy, al Aguacate." ("To the Aguacate district.")

"Venga a tomar cafe. Usted va muy lejos." ("You go too far! Remain with me for coffee and rest.")

Again, being out of matches and desiring a light for our cigars, drawing up before a casa da vivienda, Don Manuel would shout:

"La paz de Dios sea en esta casa!" ("The peace of God upon your house!")

"Y venga con voz!" ("Come you with that blessing!" is answered back.

"Hagame el favor de darme candela." ("Favor me with a light.")

"Desmontesen y toinen cafe y fuego." (Dismount and receive both coffee and fire.")

And there is no escape. Coffee as well as a light must be taken, else the guest is committing grave offense. Then as you depart, and there is no exception to this, you are followed back to the road with blessings innumerable by the whole family, and eager muchachos run after us to show the safer way.

If all the land was leveled into the sea the water would flow over the entire globe with an average depth of one mile.

Cannon [illegible] runners are employed by the Russians.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is well known now that steel is superior to iron, where tension and strength is necessary.

It has been estimated that after a lapse of 10,000,000 years the sun cannot give out sufficient heat to support life on earth.

A Frenchman claims to have invented a thermometer so sensitive that its index needle will deflect two inches upon the entrance of a person into the room where it has been placed.

The remarkable finish of American papers is imparted by the addition of a mineral called "agalith," a silicate of magnesia somewat resembling asbestos in texture. It is found only in the United States.

A triumph in electric lighting was achieved recently in Vienna, when, during a performance at the opera, more than 6000 17-candle power lamps were burning for more than four hours without a flicker from first to last.

Natural gas is reported to have been discovered at Petersborough, England. The clay there when subjected to heat in a close vessel yielded a dense smoke, which when lighted, burned like coal gas for a considerable time.

A Mr. Myer has just patented, in Germany, a composition for removing old varnish from objects. It is obtained by mixing five parts of thirty-six per cent. silicate of potash, one of forty per cent. soda lye, and one of sal ammoniac (hydrochlorate of ammonia).

The giant of all guns is in process of construction. Krupp's German gun works are making a 13?-ton gun for the Italian ironclad Sardegna. It will be 52? feet long, with a bore of 15.7 inches. It will fire a steel sheel of 1630 pounds, with an initial velocity of 2411 feet per second, or one of 2514 pounds at 2099 feet per second.

Weather prophets will be interested in learning that one of the exhibits at the Jubilee Flower Show in Vienna was a tropical plant belonging to the order of Mimosa, the owner of which claims to be able to foretell storms and earthquakes forty-eight hours in advance by observing the appearance and position of the most sensitive leaves of the plant.

I. N. McMullen, of Cleveland, Ohio, has captured a real aerolite. He was enjoying an evening smoke upon the piazza of his home when a blazing object came hurling through the air and lodged in the earth only a few feet away. He found, two feet below the surface of the ground, a sphere that had the appearance of copper. It was hot, and pierced with holes like a sponge. Adelbert College professors are making an analysis of it.

A scientist who has plenty of spare time on his hands declares that a cubic inch of air in a room contains 30,318,000 particles of dust, and they contain all kinds of deadly things, which injure the lungs and other delicate portions of the interior department. This shows how great a risk a man runs when he indulges in the prevalent fashion of breathing. It has got to be, according to scientists, about as much as a man's life is worth to breathe, but there are persons who will continue to do it or die in the attempt.

Equine Surgery.

A Sacremento (Cal.) paper says that on the ranch of Mrs. Davis, near Lincoln, a few days since it was discovered that a valuable horse in some unaccountable way had sustained a frightful injury. There was a deep wound almost directly between the horse's eyes and it was at first thought that he had been shot. The animal was brought to this city, however, and put in charge of a veterinary surgeon, who probed the wound and ascertained that the opening was closed by some hard substance. When the horse's mouth was opened it was found that the object producing the injury had penetrated so deep that it formed a lump in the roof of the upper jaw. The surgeon proceeded to cut an incision at the surface of the wound and then inserted a pair of forceps, with which he took a firm hold on the hard object. By exerting all his strength, the surgeon was able to extract a piece of wood over six inches in length, and nearly an inch in thickness. It was deemed certained that the injury would prove fatal, but it was decided to make an effort to save the animal. The piece of wood the surgeon says, did not miss the animal's brain the sixteenth of an inch. The wound was opened in the horse's mouth, that all the puss might flow therefrom, and the wound is washed out regularly and is healing nicely. The horse submitted to the treatment without objection, and with almost human intelligence. It was assured that the animal would recover with no further damage than the loss of one eye—a result regarded as extremely remarkable by horsemen. It is not known how the injury was received, but it is believed that the horse, while playing, ran violently against a projecting board.

What Kept Him Alive.

A young man named John Haley, who was married last fall, contracted a severe cold while river driving that terminated in pneumonia. His wife was in Minnesota, where he intended to join her as soon as he got off the drive. A telegram was sent to her, and she arrived in season only to see her husband alive, he seemingly having fought against death to see her face once more. As she entered the room he rose in bed and remarked: "I wanted to see you and am now willing to go." After these words were spoken he fell back upon the pillow, turned upon his side, and died.—*Houlton (Me.) Pioneer.*

A blind "fortune teller" is advertised in one of our exchanges, but how can a blind man be a good seer?

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Maid to order—A servant girl.

The man with twins is deucedly happy.

How to make the most of yourself—Pad.

A sonny retreat—A boy's orphan asylum.

A crown jewel—The bump of consistency.

In Boston the horse fiddle is called the "equine violin."

The topmost crag is a soar spot for the American eagle.

A middle man appears to be a central figure in trade circles.

When an aeronaut smokes in his balloon he takes an aerolite.

The greatest hard ships in the world are England's ironclads.—*Ocean.*

The Englishman who said that hugging was "armless" was wrong. It is 'armful.

The most successful dentist must expect to run against a snag occasionally.—*Northwestern.*

A two year old boy can be kept quiet for a minute and a half if you give him a hammer and a mirror.

To write a good story for the public a man must have a good upper story of his own.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Says the weighing machine to the nickel: "While you're round this way drop in."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Boston girl attended a cooking school and became so infatuated with the culinary art that she married a sape.

Fortunately for the esteem of the rest of mankind doctors are not half as wise as they look.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Funny, isn't it, that after a man has once given his word he should try so hard to keep it.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

Did it ever occur to you that, although the bass drum don't make good music, it drowns a heap of bad?—*Toledo Blade.*

The Chicago girl's foot has disappeared from the paragraph column and there is a mighty big hole to fill.—*Boston Courier.*

Our Congressmen are worthy souls,
With more or less of lustre,
They may not fill a long felt want,
But they can filibuster.
—*Mercury.*

History repeats itself over and over. We often hear of the seaman who is Able being knocked out by a hurri-Cane.—*Ocean.*

It is one of the peculiarities of things in general that the freshest men generally tell the stalest stories.—*Bangor Commercial.*

There are few things in life more touching than the umbrella of an average citizen in the art gallery.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Out West a limburger cheese trust has been formed. There's a trust that certainly will be in bad odor with the people.—*Toledo Blade.*

The rose is blooming in the glade,
Wherein the lily nods,
And Patrick, with a shining spade,
Is whacking down the sods.
—*Siftings.*

If all men knew as much as most men think they know, the encyclopedia people would be driven out of the business.—*Somerville Journal.*

The two Indianapolis militiamen who wouldn't pay for their street-car ride doubtless consider that the brave deserve the fare.—*Courier-Journal.*

Wife (club night)—"Will you be home early to-night, John?" Husband—"Ye'es, I think so, but don't keep breakfast waiting for me."—*New York Sun.*

A cynic says: "If the ancients believed the earth was square they never could have got the idea from the dealings of its inhabitants with each other."

A man can master the free lunch route,
And a man can carry the banner,
But he can't sew the rip in his Sunday coat,
Because he isn't built in that manner.
—*New York Mercury.*

Phasesius (poking his head in at the nursery door)—"Hullo! What's going on in here, now?" Lavina (who is dressing their little one's feet)—"Baby's sock, papa."—*Detroit Free Press.*

There is no Spanish Cabinet, the Ministers having resigned. This crisis occurs at an unfortunate period, as the King is extremely busy teething just now, and cannot be interested in State matters.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Don't you sing?" inquired the musical young lady of the new arrival at the hotel; "why, how stupid of you!" "If you'd ever heard me try," said the young man, with an accent of conviction, "you'd think it was everlasting smart of me."

Frank, a Boston Sunday-school boy of six years, in reply to his mother's expression of surprise when she found him pounding a mud-turtle with a stone, said: "Why, I was trying to crack the shell so the poor little turtle could get out."

When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly: "My mother has 'tended to me."

Together they dined and he bored her with sighs,
With bashful advances and dull sheepish eyes;
They dined upon quail, and she swears by the moon,
She'll not dine again upon quail with a spoon!

"Doctor—(who has been taking a dispensary patient's temperature)—"Now, my good women, how do you feel?" Patient (eyeing the thermometer with considerable awe)—"Much better, thank ye. Sure an' that's a wonderful thing that'll help a body so quick!"—*Judge.*

After a person has a fountain pen kicked endwise through his chest by the animal to which he has awarded the prize, and later on has his features worked up into a gibbet-pie by the owner of the animal to whom he did not award the prize, he does not ask for further public recognition at the hands of his fellow-farmers.—*The World.*