

Wit and Humor.

THE bone-picker's motto—Pro bono publico. MODERN marriages begin with a court and end with a court.

MANY of Chicago's bank presidents are gone but not forgotten. Mary had won little Ram, its fleece all over white.

THE Kroomen of West Africa say of the American: "Him cathee horse, make he work; cathee water, make he work; cathee fire, make he work; cathee wind, make he work."

A NEBRASKA judge decided to give a horse-thief one more chance to reform. As the fellow left the neighborhood to begin a newer and better life he took along the judge's horse to help him.

"GENTLEMEN, I introduce to you my friend, who isn't as stupid as he appears to be." Introduced Friend, with vivacity: "That is precisely the difference between my friend and myself."

WHILE a compositor on the Montreal Witness was setting up an advertisement of a lost canary, a few days ago, the bird flew in at the office window. This shows the value of advertising.

AVOID ARGUMENTS WITH LADIES.—In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man will ever be worked and twisted. And when a man is worked and twisted he may consider himself wound up.

USEFUL TO KNOW.—A gentleman of considerable experience writes to say that in order to thoroughly enjoy a roasted goose there should be only two in company—the goose and the goose-eater.

"Who can hold fire in his hand?" exclaimed a public speaker. "Any one that smokes," responded a voice; "he'll strike a match and light his cigar with it, the windiest day that ever you saw!"

A SCOTCH baronet's butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "Ah!" his master exclaimed, "ye've little to complain o'. Ye may be tlaakfu' ye're no married to her."

A NEVADA man's Chinese laborer recently refused to chop wood on Sunday morning, and when the reason was asked he answered: "Heap no work Sunday; allee same white man. Heap play poker." Our benighted Chinese!

THE hard-hearted Ashland Review asks: "Did you ever notice how sensitive are the ears of a woman in church to the crying of some other woman's baby? and how deafar than a post she is when her own off-spring sets up its piercing squall?"

THOUGHTFULNESS.—Interesting widower (to a young lady he is about to marry). "There is one thing I was going to mention to you. I have several pairs of nice boots that belonged to my poor dear first; I suppose you wouldn't mind wearing them out."

"Did you steal the complainant's coat?" asked the Magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him. "I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual, with a scornful glance at the reporter.

A FARMER having cattle trespassing upon his grass fields, posted up the following: "Notis—If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gets in these here otes, his or her tale will be cut off as the case maybe. I pa mi taxes, but darn a man who lets his critters run luse, say I."

A SCOTCH minister, meeting one of his parishioners, asked her if she was pleased with the sermon that he had preached the previous day. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he inquired if she understood it all. "Eh! mon," exclaimed the lady, "would I hae the presumption!"

An inquisitive traveller, noticing that the man who sat beside him in the railroad car had a weed on his hat, said: "I see you are in mourning. Was it a near or distant relative that you lost?" The bereaved one replied: "Wal, he was poety distant—'bout thirty mile or so, by the turnpike."

A LADY writes to say, in reply to a question in the Herald, that no miss should be kissed by her gentleman friends after she is 12. A gentleman writes: "Let us not kiss her at all." A girl writes: "As we never know when we begin, do not let us think when we leave off."—N. Y. Herald.

THE strongest inducements ever offered to a congregation was held out by a Pennsylvania parson. "We have a collection this morning," said he, "and for the glory of Heaven, whichever one of you stole Mr. Reed's sheep, don't put anything in the plate." There was an unusually large contribution that day.

THE telephone may be well enough as a musical disseminator, but what the country needs is the invention of some sort of telephone which may be applied to hand-organs and thin-toned pianos in such a manner as to conduct this music noiselessly off, and dump it in some out-of-the-way place where it will not become offensive.

Now, or Then?

A dignified and delightful old gentleman once told me he thought the young people of to-day were less mannerly than in the olden time, less deferential, less decorous. This may be true, and I tried to be sufficiently deferential to my courtly host, not to disagree with him. But when I look upon the young people of my own acquaintance, I recall that William went, as a matter of course, to put the ladies in their carriage; Jamie took the hand luggage as naturally as if he were born for nothing else; Frank never failed to open a door for them; Arthur placed Maggie in her chair at table before he took his own; Nelly and Ruth came to my party just as sweet and bright as if they did not know that the young gentlemen whom they had expected to meet were prevented from attending; while Lucy will run herself out of breath for you, and Mary sits and listens with flattering attentness, and Anne and Alice—and well, looking over my constituency, I find the young people charming.

It is true that all manners are less formal, that etiquette is less elaborate, now than a hundred years ago. Our grandfathers and grandmothers—some, indeed, of our fathers and mothers—did not sit at breakfast with their fathers and mothers, but stood through the meal, and never spoke except when spoken to. I cannot say I think we have deteriorated in changing this. The pleasant, familiar, affectionate intercourse between parent and child seems to me one of the most delightful features of domestic life. The real, fond intimacy which exists between parents and children seems a far better and safer thing than the old fashion of keeping children at arm's length.

But in casting aside forms we are, perhaps, somewhat in danger of losing with them some of that inner kindness of which form is only the outward expression. Without admitting that we are an uncivil people, insisting even that we compare favorably with other nations, I wish our boys and girls would resolve that the courtesy of the Republic shall never suffer in their hands!

Does this seem a trivial aim for those who are bending their energies to attain a high standing in classics and mathematics? There is perhaps no single quality that does as much to make life smooth and comfortable—yes, and successful—as courtesy. No man can be agreeable without courtesy, and every separate act of incivility creates its little, or large, and ever enlarging circle of displeasure and unhappiness.

One does not wish to go through life trying to be agreeable; but life is a great failure if one goes through it disagreeable.

Yes, little friends, believe me, you may be very learned, very skillful, very accomplished. I trust you are; I hope you will become more so. You may even have sound principles and good habits; but if people generally do not like you, it is because there is something wrong in yourself, and the best thing you can do is to study out what it is and correct it as fast as possible. Do not for a moment fancy it is because you are superior to other people that they dislike you, for superiority never, of itself, made a person unlovely. It is invariably a defect of some sort. Generally it is a defect arising from training, and therefore possible to overcome.

For instance: two girls in the country have each a pony phaeton. One drives her sisters, her family, her guests, her equals, and never thinks of going outside that circle. Another does the same; but, more than this, she often takes the cook, the laundress, or the one woman who often is cook, laundress, house-maid, all in one. And to them the drive is a far greater luxury than to her own comrades, who would be playing croquet or riding if they were not with her. Now and then she invites some poor neighbor, she takes some young seamstress or worsted-worker to town to do her shopping, she carries the tired housewife to see her mother, she asks three little girls—some-what crowded but rapturously happy—three miles to see the balloon that has alighted on the hill; she drives a widowed old mother-in-Israel to a tea-drinking of which she would otherwise be deprived. These are not charities. They are courtesies, and this bright-faced girl is sunshine in her village home, and, by-and-by, when her box of finery is by some mistake left at the station, a stalwart youngster, unbidden, shoulders it and bears it, panting and perspiring, to her door-step, declaring that he would not do it for another person in town but Miss Fanny! And perhaps he does not even say Miss Fanny—only Fanny. Now she could get on very well without the village's admiring affection, and even without her box of finery; yet the good will of your neighbors is exceedingly pleasant.

Another thing Fanny excels in is the acknowledgment of courtesy, which is itself as great a courtesy as the performance of kindness. If she is invited to a lawn party or a boating picnic, whether she accepts or not, she pays a visit to her hostess afterward and expresses her pleasure or her regrets; and she pays it with promptness, and not with tardy reluctance, as if it were a burden. If she has been making a week's visit away from home, she notifies her hostess of her safe return and her enjoyment of the visit, as such as she is back again. If a bouquet is sent her—too informal for a note—she remembers to speak of it afterward. You never can remember! No; but Fanny does. That is why I admire her. If she has borrowed a book, she has an appreciative word to say when she returns it; and if she has dropped it in the mud, she does not apologize and offer to replace it. She replaces it first and apologizes afterward, though she has to sacrifice a much-

needed pair of four-button gloves to do it! Indeed, no person has as little apologizing to do as Fanny, because she does everything promptly; and you may notice that what we apologize for chiefly is delay. We perform our little social duties, only not in good season, and so rob them of half their grace. It takes no longer to answer a letter to-day than it will take to-morrow. But if the letter requires an answer instantly, and you put it off day after day, your correspondent is vexed, and your tardy answer will never be quite a reparation. Remember that no explanation, no apology, is quite as good as to have done the thing exactly as it should be in the first place.—Gail Hamilton, in St. Nicholas.

A City at the Bottom of Lake Geneva.

The London Telegraph gives the following report of a remarkable discovery at Lake Geneva: "A strange discovery is reported from the Lake of Geneva. A tourist, having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it. While they were below water they found what they supposed to be a village since covered by the lake. Their statements led to an investigation of the spot by the municipal authorities, who took measures to ascertain the truth of the extraordinary account of the divers. On covering the placid surface with oil, these latter were able to distinguish the plan of a town, streets, squares and detached houses marking the bed of the lake. The ruddy hue which characterized them led the observers to suppose that the buildings had been covered with the famous vermilion cement which was used by the Celts, Cimbric and the early Gauls. There are about two hundred houses arranged over an oblong surface, near the middle of which is a space more open, supposed to have been used for public assemblages. At the eastern extremity lies a large square tower, which was taken for a rock. A superficial investigation seems to indicate that the construction of these buildings date for some centuries before our era. The Council of Vaud has decided to have the site of the buildings enclosed by a jetty stretching from the land, and to drain off the water, so as to bring to light what promises to be one of the most interesting archaeological discoveries of our day."

The country school teacher is a person who occupies a position favorable for large and healthy influence. He is a teacher of "reading, writing and arithmetic," but of much more. In school he has many classes in various branches of study such as an advanced education requires, to all of which it is expected he can give intelligent attention. But the whole school is a class to which he is giving instruction in deportment and general good conduct. No matter how much text-book training he may have given them, his scholars will not be gainers if he fail to teach them courtesy, refinement, truthfulness and all the qualities that are necessary to the formation of good characters.—United Presbyterian.

Sound Reasons for Faith.

The American people are shrewd and observant. They are not often deceived by sham pretensions; but when they are, they soon discover their error. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters had been a sham, they would long since have discarded it; but finding that there was not a claim put forth in its behalf that its curative properties did not justify, they immediately gave it the preference to every article of its class. Time has only served to strengthen their faith, and has increased its popularity to an extent almost beyond parallel, even in this age of successful proprietary medicines. It ranks foremost among the standard preparations of the day, and is endorsed by the medical fraternity and the newspaper press. It overcomes and prevents fever and ague and other malarial disorders with wondrous certainty, tones the system, banishes dyspepsia, remedies constipation and liver complaint, relieves gout, rheumatism, and affections of the bladder and kidneys.

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