

It's no object for me to stop yer smokin', but I don't want to lose me situation.

"You may be right," I rejoined, as I dropped my Katanga over the rail; "but I think you are a little over-particular."

Since that I have taken to the double-deck stages, and I find Spicer there, and Wiggins, and Jinx, and many other familiar faces, who prefer to take their down-town cigar without threats of the "perlice."

We are sorry, because the Nicolson of the

**The Hair to Come Down---Hats Still
to Be Close-Reefed.**

avenue is not as fresh as it once was, the stages have seen better days, and it is a good deal of a climb to the top of them, even for an expert. When you get up there, reading is out of the question. But to us, in whose estimation the after-breakfast cigar is the next dearest thing on earth to our wife and babies, all those minor annoyances count for nothing."

Perched like chickens at roost on the spinal column of a rickety barn, clinging literally for dear life to any projection that seems permanent, with legs cramped and basking in the sun,

One May Almost Be a Law unto Herself.

jerked and pitched over a worse than cobblestone pavement, is it "worth while to go through so much for so little"?

"It is—it is!" is the spontaneous and unanimous cry of the smokers. "We can put up with a buck-board wagon, but our cigars we will have! We are wedded to our idols; let us alone!"

MUGGINS.

HARVEST HOME.

We thank Thee, ever-gracious Lord!

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Our grateful songs, with one accord,
 Shall make Thy goodness known :
 Earthy though the song may be,
 Accept the thoughts that rise to Thee,
 And bless our Harvest-Home !

We own that we have oft forgot
 Thy goodness past, and trusted not
 In Thee for good to come :
 Look not on this O King of Kings,
 Forgive Thy people's murmurings,
 And bless our Harvest-Home !

Lord of the Harvest, when we feed

On the God-given, strengthening bread,
 Forgive the thoughts that roam
 Amid Earth's low cares, so far from Thee :

On the God-given, strengthening bread,
 Give the hungry that roam
 'Mid Earth's low lands, and to Thee;
 From vain repunings set us free,
 And bless our Harvest-Home!

Presence Divine! Thy power we feel,
 And humbly now before Thee kneel—
 O! let our praises be
 Like evening-incense to Thy throne,
 And, while Thy bounteous hand we own,
 Bless Thou our Harvest-Home!

Image of our Redeemer blessed!

While here on Earth we roam,
Until we join the ransom'd throng

While here on Earth we roared,
Until we join the ransomed throng
And sing the Resurrection song—
God's glorious Harvest-Home.

WELDON GOODFELLOW.

HUMOR.

An African conundrum—Why am I intoxicated
like a wash-bowl? "Case it am debasin."
—"Another hole in them pants?" says a fond
mother to her young hopeful. "What a dread-

An African commentary: Why are interlocking

ful oo-knee-fellow you are!"

—"What's the plural of pillow?" asked an Irish teacher the other day. "A bolster, sir," replied his rawest pupil, amid the suppressed tittering of the whole class.

—Progression is the watchword of the hour, but in Missouri mothers haul their disobedient children over the knee and strike on the same old spot that the Romans did 3,000 years ago.

—A gentleman had a valuable miniature stolen from him a few days since. "O, never mind," said the friend to whom he told his loss; and

"everybody is having his likeness taken nowadays."

"—An exchange refuses to publish a poem commencing: "I breathe on the face of a maiden," until the author knows what his auditor drinks.

"A raw ditor comes, gung at a garden in the vicinity of Boston in which are several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a—"

Here's no less than six acre-crows in this 10-foot patch, and any one of them would keep the crows from a 5-acre lot!"

"—A disjunction without a 'difference,' was what a Kentucky farmer thought when asked for a difference between his horse and a cow."

—“A distinction without a difference,” was what a Kentucky farmer thought when asked an

eight men called him out of bed the other night, and compelled him to give them several sides of bacon, saying they must have food, but, couldn't steal.

—Why should the opinion of a person who does not use cheap perfumery be suspected? Because he is wanting in common scents.

—Business is lively in St. Louis. A dry goods merchant there, in a fit of somnambulism, arose from his couch, neatly cut the bed-quilt in two with his pocket-scissors, and then asked his terrified wife if he could not show her something

—Jolliboy—"I say, waiter, which did you put

—Jolliboy—"I say, waiter, which did you put in first, the water or the spirits?" Waiter—"Whisky, sir; and you told me to fill it up." Jolliboy—"Oh, that's all right; I haven't come to the whisky yet."

—A Lynn dog goes about the street with his muzzle attached to his tail, and a blauket, the superincision of which gives out that the dog-law, which requires the wearing of the ornament, does not designate the place of wearing it. The Police Court is looking into the books.

—“Is my face dirty?” remarked a florid young lady to her aunt, while at dinner at a Hartford hotel, the other day. “Dirty! No.”

"—Is my face dirty?" remarked a maiden young lady to her aunt, while at dinner at a Hartford hotel, the other day. "—Dirty?—No. Why do you ask?" "—Because this spouting water in my basin, putting me toward being so." "—To throw three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another one before me."

—Jones and his wife was always quarrelling about their comparative talent for keeping a fire. She insisted that just so early as he attempted to rearrange the sticks with his tongue he put the fire out. One night the church-bell sounded an

fire out. One night the church-bell sounded an alarm, and Jones sprang for his fire-bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones,"

alarm, and Jones sprang for his fire-bracket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife, as he reached the door, "come back and take the tonga."

—A man who had been cruel to a horse was convicted in Little Shasta, California. The jury fixed the fine at one dollar, and the Justice followed with a speech. "This man's being tried four times, gentlemen of the jury," he said, "and you're the first twelve that's had sense enough to find him guilty. But, what under heavens did you make jackasses of yourselves

for by putting the fine at one dollar, after you'd done an average decent thing. 'Taint any of

for by putting the fine at one dollar, after you'd
done an average decent thing. "Taint any of
your business anyway what he's fined. I'll look
after that myself. It'll be sixty dollars."

—This is how it happened down in Southwest
Missouri:

He found a rope, and picked it up,
And with it walked away.
It happened that to 'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree, and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb.

It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

—A traveler, on his arrival in the city, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store, when the proprietor rushed out and asked, "Wouldn't you try on some coats?" "I dunno but I would," he responded the proprietor, consulting his time-killer; and he went in and began to work. No matter how often he found his fit, he called for more coats; and, after he had tried on thirty, he looked at his watch, again resumed his own gar-

ment, and walked on, saying: "I won't charge a cent for what I've done. Hang a man who won't oblige another when he can do it! If I'm

ment, you wanted out, saying, 'I won't change
what I think I've done.' I said, 'I want a man who
won't oblige another when he can't do it.' If I'm
ever around this way again, and you've got
coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help
you out!"

Now that Frank Browder, the popular American
governor, is dead, we will make the world a
brighter place by telling the story of his life. The story
of a great man. Meeting Abraham Lincoln. How
he died said, "I am very sorry. I could not attend
our father's funeral last Sunday. Frank. I
one that your friends supported you in your

"T-thousands of 'em," replied Frank. "the old house was crowded—we t-turned

"T-thousands of 'em," replied Frank, "the old house was crowded *—* *you* turned money away!" When Brower first arrived in New York, seed after a journey, the bar-keeper at the Metropolitan asked him to pay for his glass of brandy before he swallowed it. "What?" cried Frank, astonished at this unusual demand. "Yes," said the bar-keeper, "it's the boss' orders—all strangers must pay for it before they drink it. "G-goodness!" cried Brower, "is it so instantaneous in its fatal effects?" *—* Hornel.

—A thick-necked, ugly-looking chap, the worse for liquor, was yesterday tearing around the

—A thick-necked, ugly-looking chap, the worse for liquor, was yesterday tearing around the merry-go-round, anxious, as he said, "to maul some one to putty." He stood upon a salt barrel and stared any man in Detroit to even wink at him, and flopped his arms and crowed a victory. Some of the boys hunted up "St. Clair Sam," as he is called, and Sam went down. He is over 6 feet high, with a fist like a peck of walnuts, and when he appeared the booster got off the barrel. "Kin you aul any man in Detroit, eh?" inquired Sam, as he took off his coat. "Want to maul some one

is collar. He with the thick neck glanced at
am all over came to his senses and walking

—Not less than six American publishing houses are now working the Jules Verne placer. Hargrett & Baird, of Philadelphia, add themselves to the list with a new translation (not the English one) of his fantastic "De la Terre à la Lune."