Wrapped street and square, mountain an moor.

That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed 'in his basket and his store,
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"

His charity was like the snow,
Soft white, and silent in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flower and weed,
Dropping below.
"What was his creed?"

I did not ask.

He had great faith in loaves of brea d,
For hungry people, young and old.
And hope inspired, kind words, he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed

As well as pray.

"What was the creed?"

The poor may know.

I cannot say,

In works he did not put his trust,
His faith in words he never writ;
Heloved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it;
In time of need
A friend was he.
"What was his creed?"

He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief.

"What was his treed?"

"What his belief?"

MISCELLANY.

Mignon's Baby.

What a pretty picture! Never did Mignon look so charming in her girlish days. Yes, she was a rosebud then, if you please, with all the sweet wonder of her life folded away within soft, fragrant petals. There was piquant expectation; there were flushes and hints; and nobody knew what lay at the depths of the soul, still nestling asleep in the calyx of home. The unknown has marvelous charms; but for all that I profer roses to hids.

known has marvelous charms; but for all that I prefer roses to buds.

I white hand flashed to and fro; a string point of steel pierces some delicate fabric; a little garment of fairy dimensions is growing into form for—Mignon's baby. Without a doubt she is making baby-clothes. Of all the multitudinous employments for women, none is so fascinating as this. The work-basket is full of soft, clinging flannel, and skeins of thossy silk; of linen so fine that it might be woven of cobwebs, and lace delicate as the dewy films that link the grass-blades of a summer morning. It is all one perfectly blended poem—the place, the work, the woman. For once, material is spiritualized, and earth is heaven. Do people ever think that heaven is only the dominance of spirit, and that spirit is scarcely more than another name for love! Lovers and mothers can understand this. Mignon, sitting there by the low, French window, broidering a tiny petticoat for her unseen baby, sees heaven a second time. Love is still the medium, and it always will be whenever the terrestrial and the celestial meet.

Many mothers sit thus, working and dreaming, but not many keep in their eyes and upon their foreheads the light by which they make the first baby-clothes. The medium becomes obscured and always in the same way—by the shadow of the lower self. "The baby is mine." This is the mother's natural thought. When the nurse puts the tiny body in her arms, she clasps it tightly to her heart, and the instinctive feeling deepens. "Mine," from the absurd little bald head to the wonderful bits of feet, softer and daintier than rose-tinted satin. "Mine to love, to dress, to feed, to pet—mine to educate and develop." Already an ideal springs up in the mother's mind to which the new soul shall conform. Already the mother says in feeling, rather than in thought: "The baby shall grow to be what I wish, for it is mine."

Yes, dear young mother, it is yours by the beautiful body that is flesh of your flesh, by the spirit-traits inherited direct from you; gours by a thousand ties; and yet you must not forget that every soul has a claim to itself that is stronger and higher than all other claims. Baby is yours, but not you. Therefore let prayers mingle with your kisses, that you may guide and win, without each persistent control as shall bend the new intelligence away from its own type. There is no surer way of losing your child than by training to make him too much yours. There is a tyranny of love, and the child-nature tries to get away from it, just as we move into the shade at noon, from the very sun whose warmth we sought so

move into the shade at noon, from the very sun whose warmth we sought so eagerly in the chill morning.

But Mignon smiles at future mother-troubles, and kisses her child rapturously. It is still in long clothes, and is dependent upon her, every hour, for its life. There they sit, rose cheek against rose breast, red rose and white—the most beautiful sight in the world. There is no space for selfish conflict, for each self utterly satisfies the other. But this can not last long. The time comes when baby wants to creep out of his mother's arms. The individual force within him begins to make itself felt. He wants more room, and the pretty embroidered dresses must be cut short, to give the little kicking legs fair play. Intelligence is waking up, and baby begins his voyages of dis-

and baby begins his voyages of discovery.

"You will never take so much comfort with him again," says the experienced matrons. They have had their struggles with the spirit of independence, and have been worsted. Mignon is inclined to believe them, when baby pulls her best china off the tea table, and she finds him playing with the ruins, like an explorer in a buried city. For the first time she is angry with her child. Mother-rights and baby-rights conflict, and baby, as the weaker party, gets treated rather roughly. "What have I done?" is the question put by the wondering blue eyes and the little grieved lip. Mignon

forgets her loss, and weeps with her darling because she has been unkind to

How hard for the young mother, herself only a child, to measure the great distance between her soul and the baby's. The little sitting-room is to him a world. The chairs pique his curiosity; the tables call upon him to investigate; his mother's work-basket is equal to the treasures of a historical society; if he puts the needle in his mouth, he is not to blame; so far, that is the natural receptacle, and baby can only go with his experience. Everything must be learned by slow degrees; don't blame the little fellow if he makes

many odd mistakes.

Mischief is only enterprise in the bud, and there is cause for rejoicing when kitty is fed with the canary and a carving-knife is introduced between the piano-keys to find the music. If the mother can only get through this trying period, and not be very unjust, she has reason to be glad. Little, soft, honest hearts are so easily alienated!

Babies don't like to be scolded when they are not to-blame, any more than grown people; and they-remember mamma's cross face much longer than she supposes they do. If Mignonwants to keep baby, all his fresh opening soul for her own, she must give up a great deal of herself. She must be a servant to the little prince—a courageous, patient, wise guide—giying him all the freedom, and the warm love he needs, yet restraining him always when his bold feet stray beyond danger.

rreedom, and the warm rove he needs, yet restraining him always when his bold feet stray beyond danger.

The pretty frocks give way to the first pants, and Mignon's baby thinks himself a man. He stamps about in boots, and his mother sometimes kisses in secret a little worn red shoe that she has saved. Babyhood is forever over; and happy it is if the brave, joyous boy still cares for her most and first—is still fed at the fountain of her soul, as once he nursed at the white fountain of her breast.—[Aldine.

The End of the World.

If the body's death seems to teach the lesson that modesty is becoming to the scientific speculator, what shall we say as to the prospects of that material frame which is beyong ourselves—the general orderly frame of the universe as we see it around us? People would suppose, from the way in which you hear men talk now, that there was not the slightest chance of any great organic change ever coming across the outward world in which we live. No doubt God works by fixed laws. No doubt the world goes on morning and evening, and summer and winter; but what reason have you to suppose that it will so go on to infinity? Have no great catastrophes befallen the world before now? Does not physical science itself speak of these catastrophes? What is there to prevent other catastrophes, produced by the operation of laws of which at present we are very ignorant, coming athwart the globe on which we live, and a complete change taking place in the relations in which things even in the outward world stand at present, so that in the scriptural sense of the word there may be an end to the world, as there is certainly to be an end of our earthly life? To be sure, things have gone on for a long time in the same way, but is that any proof that they are to go on in the same way for ever? You arise morning after morn ing in good health and strength, and seem to say to yourself for a time that this will last for ever; but one morning something happens, you cannot explain what: the best physician in the world cannot tell you what; but something has happened that lays you on a bed of sickness, and in two days sends you off to your grave a corpse. Will the experience of the reality of the way in which everything has gone on since you were young, till you have attained maturity, save you from that great mischance? Again, men for centuries had ranged over the mountains in Campagna; they thought that all would go on there, herds and flocks feeding and vineyards growing as they had done for certuries; and suddenly there was a strange sound heard, and a and the philosopher of the age came to look at it, and lost his life whe was looking. But neither he nor any of the men who had speculated with him ever expected that these great cities were to be swept to destruction, and their beautiful pastures to become for a time an arid wilderness. I do not say such instances explain or tell us distinctly that such catastrophes will befall the whole globe; but at all events, I think they ought to make us modest, seeing that the wisest know so very small a portion of the laws that regulate God's creation. Surely we may not dogmatically as-sume that such catastrophes are beyond the range of possible or probable events. It is true, I say, things have gone on for a long time, and men say:
"Where is the promise of His coming, for all things continue as they were from the beginning of the world?" But still with Him, with whom one day is as as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, there may be changes maturing which no philosopher of present or of any previous age has ever dreamed of, which will bring this great catastrophe to the globe, which will answer, on the whole outward creation, to something as great as is our passage from life to death, and what is beyond it. I do not think there is anything fanciful in such an expectation. I be lieve that a man, of that medest mind which is the characteristic of true sei-ence, will hesitate before he pronounces with any assurance that such a change may not come over the world as has been distinctly predicted in the Scrip-tures.—Dr. Tait. Archbishop of Can

Folly.

terbury.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions—when they establish their fortune on the ruin of another; when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection; when they expect to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure; when they seek friends without making any advances in friendship; and when they are unwilling to succor their friends

In the German postal service an order has just issued directing that certain words derived from the French, such as poste restante, shall no longer be officially used, and defining what German words shall be the equivalents AGRICULTURAL,

Hints About Work.—Marketing crops has gone on but slowly this season. Prices are low not only here, but in all parts of the world. The promise of higher prices is uncertain. The farmer has an unquestionable right to hold or sell his grain, as he pleases, but it is well to consider the wisdom of holding it in a spirit of opposition to the absurd demands of those, who question this right. There is a more sensible way of looking at this matter than that, which is to regard the simple profit or loss in holding or selling, in view of the condition and prospects of

the markets.

Economy, in everything, upon the farm and in the kousehold, will be needed. We are passing out of a cycle of high prices, and probably entering one of low prices. If profits are to be kept up, expenses must be reduced. Tools must be carefully used and preserved. Little things must be watched as carefully as large ones. The boys and girls must not be ashamed to ride in the farm wagon rather than go in debt for a carriage. Debt must in most cases be religiously avoided. A year or two of hard times may prove a blessing, if they lead to a system of

buying only for cash.

Look Out For Fire.—At this season much work is done in the barn by the light of a lantern, and the greatest caution should be observed. The lamp should not be trimmed, or filled, or lighted, in the barn or stables, nor near them; do not keep matches in any of the farm buildings, and take every precaution to prevent fires. If there is an insurance upon the building, it should not be allowed to expire without renewal, and if there is none pro-

cure one without delay.

Snow should be removed from weak or flat roofs after every storm, lest the weight should be too much for them. It should also be removed from doorways and yards as soon as it stops snowing.

snowing.

Roads and Puths.—Clear after every snow-fall. Cows and ewes may be seriously injured by wading through deep snow or mud, and heavy in-lamb ewes, falling in the deep snow, are sometimes unable to extricate themselves. It is well to throw down some of the fences, or open gates, in places where drifts may gather, to save the labor of removing the snow, which would accumulate.

Care of Stock.—Liberal feeding will be found of benefit to all kinds of stock. Observe such caution with cows in high condition; as they near the period of calving, let their feed be gently laxative, and not stimulating. No cornmeal should be given to such cows. Bran is safe feed, and if there is any sign of fever, a pint of linseed oil, or a dose of salts should be given, as a precaution against milk-fever. Pure air is of vital consequence to stock confined in stables. Animals will maintain their natural heat better in pure cold air thur in a warm foul one

air, than in a warm foul one. Feeding Straw.—Straw is too valua-ble to be used for bedding, whenever other other absorbents, such as sand swamp muck. leaves, or sawdust can be procured. Horses working moderately may be kept in good condition upon clean, bright straw, cut and mixed with six quarts of meal daily. A feed of long hay and oats may be given on Sundays, to save labor, and as a wel-come change. Common sheep will do well on straw, with a pint of corn, or a quart of bran daily; the heavier bodied breeds will require a pound of oil cake meal, or some roots, and at least one feed of hay daily in addition, Sheep are not early feeders, and love to lie late. They need not be fed until after breakfast. Other stock should be feed before breakfast. Eor cown straw is very poor feed.

MAIZE. - Maize is getting into extensive consumption for feeding cattle. The price was for a long time below its ectual value for feeding purposes the grazers have discovered its valuable properties, and maize is no longer ne gleated on the market at 28s. or 29s. per quarter. We have an idea, too that the millers have found that they can use a portion of it, especially of the white corn, without any material injury to the flour. Be this as it may, the demand for maize increases, and the price has risen to 38s. per quarter for the white and 36s. for the yellow In America the darker is preferred for domestic purposes, in which in various ways, it is largely consumed by families. The amount imported during the first nine months of the year 1873 was 15. 030,534 cwt., against 15,454, 792 cwt. in the same period of the present year, being an increase of 424,258 cwt. The being an increase of 424,258 cwt. The stocks of this grain are not large, and the demand is regular and increasing. -Mark Lane Express.

Wood ashes as a Fertilizer.—Every farmer knows the value of wood ashes as a fertilizer, and it is generally supposed that it is owing to the potash they contain. But the fertilizing properties alone, for if all the potash is leached out of the ashes, it is still a good fertilizer, but not as good as before leaching. What then remains in the ashes after the potash is extracted? Nine out of the ten minerals that all plants take from the ground, and require for their support, viz: Soda maganese, phosphorus, lime. Leached wood ashes, therefore, simply require a supply of nitrogen (ammonia), and the potash extracted returned to them again to make it one of the very best of concentrated lime.

Asparagus.—Beds of asparagus if covered with two inches of manure, will be protected from the cold, and the liquid from the manure will work into the soil by rains and melting snows, and give the plants a fine start next spring. If new beds are set out in autumn, this covering will serve to shield the young plants from the effects of winter, but the bed must have a good bottom drainage, or the plants will be likely to be killed even with this

protection.

How to Apply Manure.—If a poor soil is to be brought up, the manure should be buried until the soil is sufficiently enriched to the depth it is to be worked. Afterward, if it and the climate are naturally moist, top-dressing is best.

SCIENTIFIC

THE NEW LABORATORY AT OXFORD. The building consists principally of three floors, and is surmounted by a tower of fifty-nine feet in hight, and contains twenty-six large rooms and numerous apartments, each specially adapted and devoted to experiments in certain departments of physical science. In the magnetic room is placed the great electro-dynamometer of the British Association. The room used for the experiments in heat at present contains an apparatus devised by Professor Maxwell for determining the vis-cosity of air. The galvanic battery is connected by properly insulated wires with the lecture room and other portions of the building. The battery which will be employed is, of course, confined in a room fitted expressly thereto, and is of the style known as Sir William Thomson's tray battery. The lecture room will afford accommo dation for about one hundred and eighty students, the seats for the class rising at an angle of about thirty degrees, and three doors providing sufficient means of egress for the audience. In the room allotted to experiments in electricity of high tension, an apparatus contrived by Mr. Latimer Clark has been introduced, for the purpose of keeping the air of the room dry. This consists of a heated copper roller, over which passes an endless band of flannel. The roller is heated by means of gas ights within it, by which, being constantly burning, every part of the flan-nel becomes hot. The vapor which arises from the heated flannel is carried off by the current of air which supplies the burners inside the roller. flannel, when thus dried and cooled passes into the open air of the room where it again absorbs moisture, and thus the air of the room becomes so dry that the electrical instruments are preserved in a highly insulating condition. The electricity passes from the electrical machine to the table in the lecture room by insulated wires connected with the prime conductor of the machine. The highest room in the building occupies the upper portion of the tower. In this room will be placed a Bunsen's water-pump, the water from which will thus have a vertical fall of considerably more than fifty feet. This pump will be used to exhaust a large receiver, from which pipes will communicate with the different rooms; so that, if it be desired to exhaust the air from any vessel, it will only be necessary to connect it with one of these pipes, and turn on a vacuum. For a more perfect exhaustion, the Sprenge or other air pump can be employed. On the top of the tower will be fixed a wooden mast, carrying a pointed metal rod, for the purpose of collecting atmospheric electricity.

A REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA.—A remedy named "aqua puncture" has been introduced in France for the treatment of neuralgia. It may be described as a force-pump which can be carried about and placed on a table, with a small flexible tube about two feet long, so constructed as to deliver a thread water from its extremity with such force as to pierce leather. In operating on a patient afflicted with neuralgia the piston is worked a few times to expel the air from the tube; the point is then held about half an inch from the painful spot, the pump is worked, and the of water plays on the skin. Presently a white vesicle appears on the spot where the water strikes; and any number of punctures may be made at the discretion of the operator and in proportion to the extent of the pain. At first the skin around the vesicles pecomes red; but after a few hours the vesicles and the redness disappear, leaving only a small black point, which is the crust formed by the drying of a drop of blood in the puncture. The operation is described as painful; but the relief it produces is so great that patients always call for a repetition whenever their neuralgic pains return.

THE mines of Laurium, in Greece, as is well known, are in a great measure composed of scoria, or the refuse of ancient silver mines, worked by Greek miners about sixteen hundred year ago. This scoria, submitted to the elaborate processes of modern art, still yields a very high percentage of silver. On clearing away a mass of this refuse, a large number of seeds of a papaverace of the Glaucium genus were found, which must have been buried there for at least fifteen hundred years. posed to the beneficent influence of the sun's rays, they rapidly took root, flourished, budded, and blossomed, their yellow corollas being beautiful in the extreme. This interesting flower, unknown to modern science, is particu larly and frequently described in the writings of Pliny and Dioscorides, and thus again resuscitated, after having disappeared from the surface of the globe for more than fifteen centuries.

STRAW PAPER. — In manufacturing straw paper, the machinery needed is one steam boiler, one bleach tub ten by twelve feet, with a false bottom; one rotary straw-washer, two engines six by sixteen feet; one machine not less than forty-eight inches wide. The straw is first packed in the bleach-tub and saturated with lime-water at the rate of about a barrel to a ton; then boiled for about twelve hours, or until it becomes soft and pliable. It then passes through the washer, which is well supplied with water, to cleanse it from lime and dirt. Then it passes to the engines where it is beaten to pulp, suitable for the machine in which the paper is made.

PAINTING ON ZING WITHOUT PAINT.—
M. Puscher, of Nuremberg, has lately invented a simple process for coloring sheet zinc, based on the employment of acetate of lead. On applying this substance, mixed with a minium preparation, a reddish brown tinge is obtained. The cupola of the synagogue at Nuremberg was thus colored as an experiment over a year ago, and, to all appearance, is yet unaffected by the weather. By adding other bases, lighter or darker tints of gray and yellow may be obtained, giving the zine work the appearance of carved stone. With a solution of chlorate of copper, the preparation turns the sheets of zine black.

DOMESTIC

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—Old paper collars cut in strips a quarter inch wide make an excellent taper for lighting lamps.

It is said that the unpleasant squeak of boots and shoes may be prevented by simply driving a row of pegs through the sole from the toe toward the heel. The noise is caused by the friction of the layer in the center. This method stiffens the sole somewhat, but is preferable to the intolerable sole agony.

stiffens the sole somewhat, but is preferable to the intolerable sole agony. It does not seem to be generally understood that the amalgam of tinfoil with mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make looking glasses, is very readily crystallized by the action of solar rays. A mirror hung where the sun can shine on it is usually spoiled; it takes a granulated appearance familiar to house keepers, though they may not be acquainted with the cause of the change. In such a state the article is nearly worthless, the continuity of the surface is destroyed, and it will not reflect lines with any approach to precision.

A correspondent of the London Fanciers' Gazette writes that "a drop of linseed oil put on the ends of perches in the cage of canaries, where the red mites sometimes breed by thousands, will instantly kill them, snd, if applied occasionally, with keep others away. They can be easily kept out of the nests by dredging the box or basket with quicklime inside, and them making a nice nest with clean moss." Another correspondent, "Fringilla," writing upon the same subject, says: "I paint my cages with carbolic acid, pure or mixed with water; te dip the edge in a solution is simpler. Don't let the birds enter till the cage is dry. Six months have elapsed since I doctored my cages, and I have not seen a mite since. My birds are allowed to bethe frequently."

birds are allowed to bathe frequently."
Edward Smith, in his new work on "Foods," gives the following simple formula for making vinegar: One gallon of water, one and a quarter pounds of raw sugar, and a quarter of a pint of yeast. At a temperature of eighty degress it will be sufficient acid in three or four days to be drawn off, when an ounce of cut raisins and the same weight of cream of tartar should be added, and after a few weeks the sweet taste will entirely disappear, when it may be bottled.

when it may be bottled.

A new industry for women has been commenced in England by four ladies of standing in London. It is that of home decorative artists. They undertake the whole furnishing, upholstering, furniture, and all that tends to embellish the interior of a dwelling. They are said to be remarkably clever and very successful. They have served a regular apprenticeship, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the business. It would seem to be a business peculiarly fitted to the taste for and love of the beautiful inherent in women.

Boys IN BED. - Whoever has lifted the curtains of boys' alcoves, soon after their inmates have gone to bed, and has looked lovingly in, has seen a pretty sight. Generally their faces are lying most restfully, with hands under cheek, and in many cases look strangely younger than when awake, and c very infantile, as if some trick of older expression, which they had been taught to wear by day, had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot or on a chair beside, are the day clothesneatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry; bulging with balls, or, in the lesser fellows, marbles; stained with the earth of many fields were woodchucks have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes, or the oozy banks of steamers, where muskrats been tracked. Under the bed's foot lies the shoes—one on its side with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; and there in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the earth whirls away with them or how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the

To Conn Beer. - Pack the beef, cut into pieces weighing not over six or eight pounds, into a cask, using 2 pounds of salt to 100 pounds of beef. In from two to four days the meat will be nearly covered with a brine composed principally of the blood which was in the meat, and which was drawn out by the action of the dry salt. Then take out the beef, rinse it well to remove all the blood, and repack, using a pounds of salt to the 100 pounds of pounds of salt to the 100 pounds of beef. Then take for each 100 pounds of meat, 3 pounds of salt, 2 ounces of saltpetre, 2 ounces of cloves, 1 ounce of Cayenne pepper, and 3 pounds of clean light sugar or 3 pints of molasses. If the beef is not from a young animal add to the above 2 cunces of saleratus. Dissolve the ingredients, in water, boil and skim, then cool and pour over the meat, adding water enough to cover all well. A stone should be laid on the meat to keep it beneath the brine. The "drying" beef and tongues must be taken out in four weeks, washed and hung up to dry. Beef cured in this way will keep into hot weather. If the brine with seep into not weather. It the brine is drawn off in May and new put on, with 5 to 6 pounds of salt to the 100 pounds, adding also ‡ pound of black pepper, the beef can be kept all through hot weather, though it will not be so tender after the second brine is put on.

BATTER PUDDING.—Beat four eggs thoroughly, and with them half a pint of milk, and add them by degrees to half a pound of flour. When the batter is perfectly smooth, thin it with another half pint of milk. Flour well a wet pudding-cloth, pour the batter in, leave it room to swell, tie it securely, and put it in plenty of fast boiling water. One hour and a quarter will boil it. Send to table with wine sauce.

A good paste for cleaning brass may be made by rotten-stone, two ounces; oxalic acid, half an ounce; sweet-oil, three-quarters of an ounce; turpentine, enough to make a paste. Apply it with a little water. HUMOROUS.

A CLOSE FIT.—The following instance of youthful exactness comes to us from a friend in Hingham, Massachusetts, where it recently occurred:

An exhibition was given here some two months since by Tom Thumb, at which the prices were twenty-five cents for those over ten years of age and twelve and a half cents for those under. It was Johnny's tenth birthday, and his cousin May, aged thirteen, thought it to be her duty to celebrate it by taking him in the afternoon to see the dwarf. Arriving at the door, she put down thirty-eight cents, and asked for two tickets.

"How old is the boy?" asked the ticket-seller.
"Well," replied Miss May, "this is

his tenth birthday; but he was not born until late in the afternoon."

The vendor of tickets accepted the accuracy of the averment, and handed her the proper certificates for admission. But it was a close fit.—Harper's Magazine for February.

An editor relates how a colored barber made a dead-head of him. He offered him the usual dime for shaving, when the fellow drew himself up with considerable pomposity and said: "I understand dat you is an editor." "Well, what of it?" says he. "We neber charge editors nuffin." "But, my worthy friend, we continued, "there are a good many editors traveling nowardays, and such liberality on your part would prove a ruinous business," "Oh! never mind," remarked the barber, "we make it up off the gemmen."

An eminent doctor of divinity, residing not a hundred miles from New York and famous for the originality of his phraseology, was asleep the other evening in his chamber, while his wife was mending a rent in one of his garments. He awoke and asked the lady if she knew why she was like Satan. "I do not." was her answer. "Do you give it up?" "I do, certainly." "Because," said the doctor, "while man slept the enemy sowed tares."

"No, MADAM," said an affable Chicago landlord, who was showing a possible tenant over his house on Robey street, "I cannot say that as yet, the street is drained. But, then, do but reflect for a moment upon the advantages the situation offers. Your children can skate all day long on the gutters; it's as convenient as a skating rink, doesn't cost you a penny, and there they are under your eye all the time."

A STUDENT was reprimanded by the Professor for his lateness at morning prayers, and excused himself on the plea that the prayer took place too late. "How," said the Professor, "is six o'clock too late?" "Yes, sir," replied the student. "If you had them about four I could attend, but no man could be expected to stay up to six."

POETRY is spoiled by the addition of a single word. A young lady, after listening to her lover's description of the setting sun, exclaimed, "Oh, Alphonse! Alphonse! what a soul you have for art! You were meant for a great painter!" Her father, unexpectedly behind, added, "and glazier."

Two young men out riding were passing a farm house where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the men. "Of course," said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way." The young men drove on,"

A surgeon who lodges over a butcher shop in Paris feels much aggrieved at the announcement on the shop window that "Killing takes place daily in this establishment." The doctor considers that his professional skill is impugned by the notice, and resents it sufficiently to go to law about it.

A singer, applying for an engagement wrote to an impressario as follows: "I am a good musihan. I pla all music at furst site." "Well," remarked the impressario to a friend, "she may play by note, but she certainly spells by ear."

WITH A POKER.—"Did the defendant go at the plaintiffs seriatim?" inquired an attorney the other day, of a witness in a case of assault and battery.—"No; he went at 'em with a poker," was the emphatic reply.

Novel Museum.—A fashionable but illiterate lady, traveling on the Continent, writes a friend that she has seen the "Museum of Iniquities" in Genoa, and she does think it "perfectly splendid"

OF COURSE, a woman doesn't want her plants to freeze, but still one can't blame a man for raising a row when he hops out of bed in the morning, and finds a geranium plant in each trousers leg.

It was "darling George" when a bridal party left Omaha; it was "dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George," and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say, you."

A Danbury man, who bought a new pair of boots Saturday, says a ship may stand on one tack all night if it wants to, but he finds an hour and a half an elegant sufficiency.

"What station do you call this," said a man as he crawled out of the debris of a railroad smash-up. "Devastation," replied the urbane conductor. He had been there before.

IF A pretty poulteress marries a pill-monger why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it. Because she lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

Norming recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.

Horse racing is sinful and I know it," said a Tennessean deacon; but I believe I've got a hose what can outrun anything in these diggins."

MARK TWAIN says the Sandwich Islanders are generally as unlettered as the back-side of a tombstone.