

## ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

My sketch was finished, and I turned to go. Yet lingering for a minute to compare the painted cottage in my folio with that which stood within the landscape there.

How feeble was my picture, despite all my care! The cotter's wife was standing at her door And saw her husband coming down the lane. And, catching up her baby from the floor, She hurried out to meet him once again. Lavish of treasured smiles that were not spent in vain.

Their meeting all his weariness relieved; His drudgery to merriment gave place; Exchanging burdens, aye, his tools received. And he, the baby, nestling to his face. So went they back contented to their dwelling place.

Weak was my sketch, and weak the matchless hue Which nature spread around on land and sea. Beside the beauty, or affection true That simple meeting there revealed to me. Nothing on earth with human love compared can be!

## The "Faulenstrasse."

OR THE SEVEN LAZY BROTHERS.

The name "Faulenstrasse" (a street in Bremen) had an interesting origin, which is preserved by the story writers of Germany. The story is given in Dr. Hurns' "Life in the Fatherland" as follows:

Near where that street now stands there was once a thick forest. The trees were old, but very strong and large. Just on the edge of the forest there lived an aged couple, who had seven sons. The father was an industrious man, cultivated his field with care, attended to his cow, and supported his whole family by his own exertions. But it was very different with the seven sons. True, they had long legs, broad backs, very strong arms, and well-formed heads, and were able to do a great amount of work, and relieve their father from all exertion. But they were drones.

Their parents were very kind and patient toward them. The neighbors said of the seven lazy boys, that they had been spoiled. By-and-by, every body in Bremen—in those distant times was only a small town—became in a certain way acquainted with the sons of the old man, and many persons made sport of them. Even the boys in the street would say, when one of them passed, "See there! yonder goes one of the seven lazy brothers!" The river Weser ran close to the field of the aged father. Often his seven indolent sons would go down to the bank and lie there, under the shade of an elm, and sleep many hours at a time. In the course of a few months the sailors found them out, and when the boats passed you could hear the tars say, "Look under the tree; there are the seven lazy boys!" But the big boys did not like such expressions, and after hearing them a great many times they left the river bank, and found their way into the great forest.

They thought nobody would see them now. So they lay down in the thick moss, talked a little while about different useless things, and finally went to sleep. They kept up this habit a long time. But when autumn came, the boys and girls went through the forest to gather acorns and chestnuts. When they saw the seven lazy sons—who were almost grown men—they laughed at them, and cried out, "Here are the seven lazy brothers at whom everybody laughs." The chestnuts fall right down on them, but they have not energy enough to brush them off, or even huff and eat them. So the brothers came home again. One would have thought that they would be ashamed to let their father do all the work. But they never offered to do a thing; and when they strolled off to lie on the ground and sleep somewhere, they never came back until their good mother had prepared their meal.

One day the eldest of the brothers said to the others, "Just think how everybody laughs at us. We cannot go anywhere without even the children coming up behind us and pulling our coats, and crying out, 'What lazy fellows these brothers are!' If every one were like them nothing would be done." Even school-teachers, when they want to show their scholars the evils of idleness, say, "Look, how the seven lazy brothers live. Never be idle, for you might become as bad as they are." Let us go to work! Let us do any thing honorable sooner than permit our good old father to spend all his strength for us."

All the six remaining brothers roused up, rubbed their eyes, and laughed at what the eldest had said. Finally, he went over to his side, and it was concluded unanimously that they should leave home, and seek a livelihood in some other part of the country. At the dinner-table they told their father what conclusion they had come to. He laughed at them, and said, "You have been too long, I fear, to become industrious now. But you are really determined to do some work, which is honest and worthy. I will give each of you twenty-five dollars in gold, and a new suit of clothes. But you must give me some proof that you are sincere in your professions. I will give each one of you an axe and a spade, and you must carry the axes on your right shoulders, and the spades in your left hands, and walk through Bremen. The eldest must go first, and the youngest must be last in the procession." The brothers looked at each other, and shook their heads. They concluded that they could not do it. Then their father said, "If you are not willing to make some sacrifice, and permit the world to see that you intend to be industrious in future, I can put no confidence in your resolutions."

The sons consulted further, and actually determined to walk through Bremen with axes on their right shoulders and spades in their left hands. The people came out of their houses to look at them, with such implements of work in their possession. Some persons cried out, "The world must be coming to an end!" Others said, "That is the most wonderful sight we ever saw."

On the Saturday of the following week the old father gave his sons the money and clothes which he had promised them; and they started off in procession. Their mother said, "They will all be home again to-morrow." Their father replied, "Well, I am not sure of that. They seemed to be determined to do work of some kind. I think they are resolved to mend their lives, and set an example of industry." The brothers wandered far from home. They hired themselves out to a manufacturer, and worked with great energy.

They were very tired at first, and it seemed to them that they could hardly live; but they adhered to their resolution, and finally conquered. They gradually rose from a humble to a high position, and acquired much property. From time to time they sent home as much as several thousand dollars to their parents.

One bright and beautiful May morning every body in Bremen seemed to be out of doors. The old town clock struck eleven, and just then you might have seen seven men coming into town on foot. They were well dressed, and had the appearance of gentlemen. In one respect they looked like hard-working laborers; they had axes on their right shoulders and spades in their left hands. The people in the streets said to one another, "Can they be the seven lazy brothers? They are evidently not lazy now. See how briskly they walk, how healthy they look, and how erect they hold their heads! But they really are the sons of that very old man who is now so advanced that he cannot work. Where have they been all this time?"

No one can tell what an excitement the arrival of the seven brothers made in Bremen, and how glad their old father and mother were to welcome them back to their humble cottage. There was a feast in the little house, which lasted several days. When they had been home some weeks, they said, "Let us not live in this cottage. Our parents are very old, and we ought to provide better for them. We have plenty of money, and must build a new house."

A beautiful piece of land was bought half a mile from Bremen. There was no road that ran through it, nor were there any houses on it. But the brothers had a splendid mansion erected on the place, and built, with their own hands, a road, though short, through the piece of land. It ran right in front of the house. "What shall we call our street?" said they to one another. After many fruitless attempts to devise a name, one of the brothers at last made the following suggestion: "Much of our life has been spent in idleness. What we have lost we can never get back again. Would it not be well to warn as many young people as we can from following our bad example when we lived in idleness? I suggest that we call our street 'Faulenstrasse'—LAZY-STREET." And no one said nay.

## The New Regime in Germany.

Since the commencement of the present year, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Frankfort *Gazette*, a German newspaper of strong democratic views, has published from week to week, under the heading "Calendar of the German War of Enlightenment," a list of the proceedings instituted under the various laws passed since the formation of the new German empire for dealing with ecclesiastical, press and political questions. An analysis of this calendar for the month of January gives some instructive results as to the liberty of speech and action which the new empire has thought good to concede to its subjects. As might have been expected, the ecclesiastical persecutions are the most numerous. The list comprises sixty-six ecclesiastics who have during the month been either fined, imprisoned or banished for offences against the new laws; among them are five bishops and several Protestant clergymen. The offence of which the Catholic priests appear to have been guilty is that of performing their spiritual functions in contravention of the May laws. Prosecutions against private persons rank next in point of numbers. In this category forty-two persons were successfully prosecuted by the government—a few Roman Catholics for displaying too much zeal for their religion, but by far the larger number—many of whom come under the designation of social democrats—for being too outspoken in their political opinions. Journalists were the subjects of twenty-seven prosecutions, each of which resulted in fine or imprisonment. The newspaper upon which official displeasure seems to have fallen most heavily is the Westphalian *Mercury*, whose editors, in the course of eighteen months, have been sentenced to two years and eighteen months' imprisonment. In addition to these prosecutions, twelve public meetings were closed by the police, in several instances the speakers being seized; nine schoolmasters or professors were relieved of their functions, and seven domiciliary visits were made to persons who were supposed to have fallen beneath the cognizance of the new laws. It is worthy of remark that one head schoolmaster, Herr Ulenbroich, of Oberhausen, was dismissed for refusing to hang up in his schoolroom the portrait of Prince Bismarck beneath that of the Emperor. Prince Bismarck—according to the calendar—is responsible for no fewer than twelve prosecutions, during January, of persons who had presumed to criticize him too freely; while the Emperor has but eight actions of the kind to his credit, one of them being brought against a rag-picker of Darmstadt, who was sentenced to imprisonment for five months and a half for speaking disrespectfully of his sovereign. The foregoing figures refer only to prosecutions which have resulted in punishment; but the calendar published by the Frankfort *Gazette* also gives the statistics of those which ended in acquittal. The punishments inflicted by the courts are not, as a rule, very severe; but a list of which runs close upon one hundred and fifty prosecutions, entailing in the aggregate fines amounting to about four hundred pounds, and sentences of imprisonment equal altogether a period of nearly twelve years, to say nothing of other repressive measures, indicates a tolerably busy month for the public prosecutor.

**Emulation.** Emulation, even in the brutes, is sensitively "nervous." See the tremor of the thoroughbred racer before he starts. The dray horse does not tremble, but he does not emulate. It is not his work to run a race. Says Marcus Antonius: "It is all one to a stone whether it be thrown upward or downward." Yet the emulation of a man of genius is seldom with his contemporaries, that is, inwardly in his mind, although outwardly in his act it will seem so. The competitors with whom his secret ambition seems to vie are the dead.

## AGRICULTURAL.

**THE BERKSHIRE PIG.**—It has been created by skillful breeding on the part of the English fanciers and has been imported somewhat extensively into this country. The old Berkshire hog was held in very high esteem for many years, centuries perhaps. It was regarded as the best pig in England, and was naturally selected as the basis of the wonderful improvements which have built up the reputation of the modern Berkshire on such a basis of intrinsic good qualities. It is no doubt true that much of the improvement is due to the Chinese cross.

Sidney, a popular English writer on swine says: "Among the black breeds, by universal consent, the improved Berkshire hog stands at the head of the list, either to breed pure, or to cross with inferior breeds. The Berkshire was originally a large breed of a black and white and spotted sandy color."—The late Lord Barrington, who died in 1829, did a great deal towards improving the Berkshire breed, and the improved Berkshires are almost all traced back to his herd. They are now considered by Berkshire farmers to be divided into middle and a small breed. If first-class they should be covered with long black silky hair, so soft that the problem of "making a silk purse out of a sow's ear" might be solved with a prize Berkshire. The white should be confined to "four white feet, a white spot between the eyes, and a few white hairs behind each shoulder. The Berkshire, now so far improved of itself, has been extensively used to give size and constitution to other breeds, to the Essex, &c. It must be regarded as a great and desirable acquisition to our American swine, and we were glad to notice so many fine specimens at our fall cattle shows.

**PINCHING RASPBERRIES.**—A correspondent writes: The past season I pinched off the top end of my raspberry bushes when they were about three feet high, for the purpose of making them grow slowly, and to spare the trouble of setting poles to tie them to. Those canes pinched off threw out side branches, and the yield of fruit is about double this season what the bushes which were shortened in last season in comparison with those which were left to grow naturally. As the current worm has destroyed nearly all our current bushes, we can easily supply their place in our garden with other small fruits, such as strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, which as yet have few insect enemies. The best dressing I find for raspberry bushes is decayed chips or rotten wood from the forest and ashes. In my berrying days of childhood I always found the largest raspberries and most thrifty bushes growing round rotten logs and decayed stumps in the pastures.

**LIBERALITY IN FARMING.**—In this art and almost in this art alone, "it is the liberal hand which maketh rich."

Liberality in good barns and warm shelters is the source of health, strength and comfort to animals; causes them to thrive on less food, and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberality also in the provision of food for domestic animals is the source of flesh, muscle and manure.

Thus it is in agriculture, as in every part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our duty and our happiness.

In raising animals the condition of success is kindness and benevolence towards them. —*Josiah Quincy.*

**WAX FOR GRAFTING.**—Take three pounds of rosin, one pound beeswax and four ounces tallow (mutton tallow is the best). Put them in a kettle and set it on the stove to heat, adding a little water to keep the materials from burning; stir well until the articles are all melted and mixed except the water. When cooled a little, stir in a small quantity of linseed oil. Now turn the wax into a wash tub of cold water, grease your hands with a mixture of lard and tallow, and work the wax until it will stretch well. If it proves too hard, melt and add more oil.

**LUCEBNE.**—This can be sown in the same way as clover, though we believe that here sowing in August, and further South in September, would be found more advantageous. It is useless to sow this on poor ground, or on land that is full of weeds. It stands drought very well, but it does only its best in seasonably years. To escape weeds it is best probably to sow in drills, so that it can be cultivated, but if proper pains are taken it may be sown broadcast and do well.

**PASTURES.**—When the ground does not poach when a team goes on it, it affords a good opportunity for applying to grass lands a renovating mixture of say 100 pounds fine bone dust, 4 or 5 bushels of ashes, 1 of plaster and 1 of salt to the acre. When practicable it will be well to harrow the ground first, then sow this mixture and roll. Clover seed may be sown, if desired, when the ground is harrowed.

**SPRINKLING GRASS-PLOTS, garden beds, etc., with clear lime water, in damp weather, when the worms are near the surface, in most cases several times, is said to be destructive to the worms, while it is rather beneficial than otherwise to the vegetation.**

**Imparting a fine Orange-Yellow Tint to Oak Wood:**

According to Niedling, a beautiful orange-yellow tone, much admired in a chest at the Vienna Exhibition, may be imparted to oak-wood by rubbing it in a warm room with a certain mixture until it acquires a dull polish, and then coating it after an hour with thin polish, and repeating the coating polish to improve the depth and brilliancy of the tone. The ingredients for the rubbing mixture are about 3 ounces of tallow, 4 of an ounce of wax, and one pint of oil of turpentine, mixed by beating together and stirring.

**ONION LICKERS.**—A facetious grocer announces on a placard at the door, "A fresh invoice of choice *Hekers*, when he receives a fresh lot of smoked tongues.

## SCIENTIFIC.

**UNHEALTHY PLANTS.**—Whenever plants begin to drop their leaves, it is certain that their health has been injured either by over-potting, over-watering, over-heating, by too much cold, or by applying such stimulants as guano, or by some other means, having destroyed the fine rootlets by which the plant feeds, and induced disease that may lead to death. The case is not usually important enough to call in a "plant doctor;" so the amateur begins to treat the patient, and the practice is in all probability not unlike that of many of our household physicians who apply a remedy that increases the disease. Having already destroyed the so-called stomach, the gorged with food by applying water, or with medicine by applying guano or some patent "plant food." Now the remedy is nearly akin to what is a good one when the animal digestion is deranged—give it no more food until it reacts. We must then, if the roots of the plant have been injured from any of the above named causes, let the soil in which it is potted become nearly dry; then remove the plant from the pot, take the ball of soil in which the roots have been enveloped, and crush it between the hands just enough to allow all the sour outer crust of the ball of earth to be shaken off; then re-pot in rather dry soil (composed of any fresh soil mixed with equal bulk of leaf mold or street sweepings), using a new flower-pot, or having thoroughly washed the old one, so that the moisture can freely evaporate through the pores. Be careful not to overfeed the sick plant. Let the pot be only large enough to admit of not more than an inch of soil between the pot and ball of roots. After re-potting, give it water enough to settle the soil, and do not apply any more until the plant has begun to grow, unless, indeed, the atmosphere is so dry that the moisture has entirely evaporated from the soil; then, of course, water must be given, or the patient may die from the opposite cause—starvation. The danger to be avoided is in all probability that which brought on the sickness, namely, saturation of the soil by too much water. Other causes may induce sickness to plants, such as an escape of gas in the apartment, or smoke from a fire in the greenhouse; but in all cases, when the leaves fall from a plant, withhold water, and, if there is reason to believe that the soil has been poisoned by gas or soddened with moisture, shake it from the roots as before advised, and re-pot in a fresh flower pot. Many years ago, when I used smoke flues in my greenhouses, some kindling wood, carelessly thrown on the top of one of them, ignited, and the smoke caused the leaves of every plant to drop. There were some 3,000 plants, mostly tea roses, in the greenhouse; it would have been too much of a job to re-pot all, but, by withholding water for some ten days, until they started a new growth again, very few of this large number of plants were injured.

**STOPPAGE OF CARRIERS IN PNEUMATIC TUBES.**—Although this accident is exceedingly rare, yet the possibility of its happening at all necessitates the discovery of a ready means for localizing the position of the arrested carrier. The method hitherto employed has been to connect a full of compressed air of a known pressure, which is allowed to enter the tube. The resultant pressure in the receptacle and the tube, as far as the arrested carrier, furnishes datum to estimate the carrier's distance. The distances so measured have not been approximately correct. M. Ch. Bon Temps adopts another method, based on the law of the propagation of sound waves in pipes. He fits to the mouth of the pneumatic tube a kind of drum, an instrument furnished with an elastic membrane whose inflations or depressions are automatically registered upon a revolving cylinder. A diaphragm like-wise traces, upon the same cylinder, seconds and fractions of a second. The under part of the membrane is set in motion by an explosion, say that of a pistol. The blow raises the membrane, and its upward motion is at once registered. The wave speeds onwards along the tube with a speed of 363 yards a second, and strikes against the obstacle; thence it is reflected back to the membrane, and a second motion is registered. It now only remains to calculate the exact time between the two registers, representing twice the time the wave takes to traverse the distance from the tube's mouth to the obstacle. This arrangement is said to be so exact that the possible error does not exceed 2 meters, or 6 feet.

**SAGACITY OF THE PARTRIDGE.**—Instincts of the sagacity of the partridge, woodcock, and other birds have often been related. But the most singular illustration of the deception practiced by the first of those wily species to protect their young is given by Mr. Henshaw, of the Government Survey, while riding through pine woods, a brood of partridges, containing the mother and eight or ten young of about a week old, was come upon so suddenly that the feet of the foremost male almost trod on them. The young arose, flew a few yards, and dropping down, were in an instant hid in the underbrush. The mother meanwhile began some very peculiar tactics. Rising up, she fell back again to the ground as if perfectly helpless, and imitated the actions of a wounded bird so successfully that for a moment it was thought she had really been trodden upon. Several of the men, completely deceived, attempted to catch her, but she fluttered away, keeping just out of reach of their hands until they had been enticed ten or twelve yards off, when she rose and was off like a bullet. Her tactics had successfully covered the retreat of her young.

To cement metal to glass, mix two parts powdered white litharge and one part dry white lead into a dough with boiled linseed oil and lac copal. The metal is to be coated with the cement and then pressed upon the glass.

The best way to use up scrap brass is to melt it in with new brass, putting it in with the zinc after the copper is melted.

## DOMESTIC.

**A WORD TO MOTHERS.**—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable woe in the far ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth, white sand which lies spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate, but the running tide shall, in a few hours, wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the eternal good or ill of your child which neither the floods or storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold finger can erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity can obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of herself in the treatment of her child. How prayerful, how serious, and how earnest to write the truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when his voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

**PLAIN DIET.**—This is what children ought on every account to be accustomed to from the first; it is vastly more for their present health and comfort than little nice things, with which fond parents are so often apt to vitiate their appetite, and it will save them a great deal of mortification in after life. If you make it a point to give them the best of everything; to tamper them with cakes, sweetmeats and sugar plums; if you allow them to say with a scowl, "I don't like this or that," "I can't eat that," and then go away and make them a little toast, or kill a chicken for their dainty palates—depend upon it you are doing a great injury not only on the score of denying a full muscle and rosy cheek, but of forming one of the most inconvenient habits that they can carry along with them in after life. When they come to leave you they will not half the time find anything they can eat—and thus you will prepare them to go chafing and grumbling through life, the veriest slaves almost in the world. Mothers, listen and be warned in time, for the time will come when you will regret; seeing your sons and daughters make their homes miserable by complaint, and raising their children up in the same way.

**TOOLS FOR WOMEN.**—It pays well to have good utensils of any kind, good tools to work with. Sometimes the work cannot be done at all without them. These facts apply as well to the culinary as to the mechanical arts. Take, for example, the gem pans, as they are called. Perhaps the gems (batter biscuit) have been prescribed by the physician for some member of the family out of health, or the decision has been made that it is desirable for all to use them; the power that be in the kitchen have learned how to make them; the flour has been obtained, and everything is right but the pans. They say, however, that this does not make much difference; they will try them without, and if they like them then they will get the pans. They fail, of course, for the small pans are indispensable to success. Let any one cut the leathery, shapeless mass that results from dropping the batter upon flat tins, and imagine, if he can, that they bear more than the remotest resemblance to the tender, toothsome biscuit just bursting open with the lightness and sweetness they cannot contain, and which are the result of baking the properly-made batter in small pans in a hot oven.

**PICTURES.**—No man, or woman either, with artistic tastes, will fail to adorn his home with pictures; they are a cheap luxury, a positive means of education, and many a boy has caught the inspiration of a noble life from the study of some scene represented in a simple picture hanging from the wall. Our homes may be rendered beautiful and attractive to all, and become endeared to our children by being adorned with bright and pretty pictures. And that parent who has the means, and who does not purchase them, not only does a great wrong to his own inner nature, but he cheats his children out of the happiest and most innocent pleasures in life. There should be a bright life. Hang pictures upon the walls of your living rooms. They need not be costly oil paintings, or set in elaborate gilded frames; they will be prized just as dearly, if they are less expensive, if they but convey to the mind noble examples and pleasant recollections.

**WRITES GEORGE ELIOT.**—"Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the sun of many years; take one of these pictures away, and it leaves a definite, blank space to which our eyes can never turn without a sensation of discomfort. Nay, the involuntary loss of any familiar object almost always brings a chill as from an evil omen; it seems to be the first finger shadow of advancing death."

**FROSTBITTEN FEET.**—Before going to bed make a mush of corn meal, pour boiling water on some tea leaves, place the mush on a cloth, then place the tea leaves on it and bind up the frost part. Two applications will relieve it.

A snows paper lining will make an ordinary coat as serviceable as an overcoat; and an under waistcoat of the same material is equal to a flannel shirt.

## HUMOROUS.

A man living in the country, far from any physician, was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what else to do, sent for a neighbor who had a reputation for doctering cows. "Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of his sons. "You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now what do you give them when they're sick?" "Well I allers gives cows salts—Epsom salts. You might try that on him." "How much shall we give him?" inquired the son. "Well, I give cows just a pound. I suppose a man is quater as big as a cow—give him a quarter of a pound."

A GENTLEMAN owned a farm in New Jersey. It had been long in the family. Embarrassments compelled him to sell, and the farm was put up at auction. He felt so bad about the sale that he could not attend it, but sent over his head servant. On his return the master said, "Well, John, was the farm sold?" "Yes, sir." "Did it sell well?" "It went very low." "Who bought it?" "I did." "You, John! Where did you get your money for?" "I laid up my wages since I worked for you." "Well, John, I'll tell you what I will do. As soon as you get the title to your property I'll come and work for you, and buy the farm back."

A COUNTRY schoolmaster had two pupils, one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that the two boys were late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys, why did you not come?" "Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming that I was going to Hudson, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse the favorite. "And now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I was waiting to see Tom go!"

MADAME DE STAEL was a pitiless talker. Some gentlemen, who wished to teach her a lesson, introduced a person to her who, they said, was a very learned man. She received him graciously, began to talk away, and asked a thousand questions, so engrossed with herself that she did not notice that her visitor made no reply. When the visit was over the gentleman asked Madame de Staël how she liked their friend. "A most delightful man," was the reply; "what wit and learning!" Here the laugh came in—the visitor was deaf and dumb.

An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried by three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, though the other two were indifferent, some of the barristers were merry on the occasion.

"Well, now," said he, "who could help it, when there are a hundred judges on the bench?" "A hundred!" said a bystander; "there were but three."

"By St. Patrick," said he, "there were one and two ciphers."

MARSHAL CANROBERT, of France, has a grave aspect, but a wagish spirit. At a recent soiree he remarked: "There is a great deal of talk about stagnation; look at these ladies and tell me if they do not show that there is a great progress in painting." Alluding to a man who has been in turn an adherent of all regimes, and is to-day a devoted courtier of Mac-Mahon and the Duc d'Aumale, Canrobert exclaimed: "Poor Janus! he had only two faces!"

There is a good thing on the "tater bug." Three men comparing notes: One says, "there are two bugs to every stalk." A second says, "they have out down my early crop and are sitting on the fence waiting for my late crop to come up." "Pshaw!" said the third, "you know nothing about it. I passed a seed store the other day and saw the bugs looking over the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

THE BEST YET.—The first prize for the best conundrum was awarded at the conclusion of an entertainment the other evening. It was this:—"Why was the Shah of Persia during his visit to England the best card-player in the world? Because the swells gave up their clubs, the workmen threw up their spades, and the ladies were within an ace of losing their hearts when he came to show his diamonds."

A WRITER in the March number of one of our magazines argues that the Atlantic Ocean is gradually drying up. This will be pleasant news to those persons who want to go to Europe, but are deterred by fear of seasickness. In two or three hundred thousand years, perhaps, they can go overland. And steamship companies had better make preparations to put wagon wheels on their vessels.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful," said Mrs. Ponsonby, of Chicago, as she leaned out of a private box in a Chicago theater one night last week, and just then she lost her balance and went crashing down into the base viol in the orchestra, while the man with agitator that instrument gave one long dismal whoop and disappeared under the stage. This did not appear in the local papers.

SOME at the end of the winter. Plumber presents his bill. Impoverished householder looks over the items and despondingly says: "Can't pay it." Plumber runs his eyes over the property and magnanimously replies: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take your house and ten dollars to boot and call it square."

"My son," said a stern father to a seven-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you; your teacher says you are the worst boy in school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was just like my father."

SPRING, speaking of an old man who stubbed his foot and fell head first on the sidewalk, says he must have been a knock too genarior.

THE most steadfast followers of our fortunes—Our creditors.