

Again, Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, I always end in the Book of Life...

THE KINDLY JEST.

There appear to be two great divisions of humorous wit: the repartee and the practical joke.

A few years ago, the country possessed a great master of repartee, Mr. Douglas Jerrold.

A mediocre writer, employed on the same subject as himself, says, "You know, Jerrold, you and I are rowing in the same boat."

"Yes," replies the wit, "but not with the same sculls."

Another inferior artist is eating soup at the Garrick Club.

These are strong specimens, but take milder ones; still the aggressive character is there.

Pecuniary calamity overtook a friend of Mr. Edmund Burke.

"Unfeeling, sir!" says the other. "Why, I went to him directly, and poured oil into his wounds."

"Oil of vitriol," says the statesman. Of course I need not say that a thousand examples of the kind are to be found in literature.

The witty Voltaire received with admirable dexterity from good nature into wit.

Even where the wit is without personality, it does not always lose its aggressive character.

Now go from this to the practical joke, which is always an attempt at humor.

One of these humorists put a skeleton into a young lady's bed, down in Somersetshire.

Solomon has observed that Nature contains tremendous animals.

Now all this is not absolutely necessary. It is more difficult to say witty and kindly things.

A young lady walking in her garden, Mr. Smith, pointed out to him a certain large tree.

never been able to bring it to perfection. "Then," said the kindly wit, "let me bring Perfection to the pea, and so let her by the hand to a closer inspection of the flower."

Conlon, a famous mimic of Louis XV's time, took off the king as well as his subjects.

Frederick the Great disbelieved in physicians, and said that invalids die of their remedies.

Isn't that wit, if you please? Aye, and of a very high order.

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor.

"I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces."

"Hum!" says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man."

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your own heart a little of the warpath and the joy you have brought to me and mine.

He put on his shoes, shouldered his axe, and went home.

Then the spies had a little dialogue. "Now, this I call really good fun," said the tutor.

"Dear boy, I don't for a moment think that you will. Yours is not the age nor the heart that does things by halves."

So they dogged their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence from that hour to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

Now, I think that both these veins of humor might be worked to the profit of mankind.

Her child, unconscious of any danger, was crawling at some object in the yard.

When the dog had been relieved of his burden, he pranced around the mother and child with a delight that was almost frantic.

Once upon a time a wandering fakir came to a Indian village.

As the fakir passed a shop, he took a drop of honey from a jar.

The human mind when once the attention of many persons is given to a subject, is so ingenious.

Baking soda is one of the best known remedies for burns and scalds.

On rising in the morning always put on the shoes and stockings first.

In case of poisoning, one of the best remedies is salt and water.

One of the best methods to cure round shoulders is as follows.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says that one of the natural curiosities of Hernando county.

Then he paused, and another idea struck him. "Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Favorite Todd. We made him agree to wash the apples, when he lived the summer long.

How merrily he played the path! We called him the golden pig.

I met Ben Brown on my way to school. But I crossed the dusty road.

Little dogs often command high prices for fancy's sake.

A woman left her baby, eighteen months old, on the floor of the front room.

Her child, unconscious of any danger, was crawling at some object in the yard.

When the dog had been relieved of his burden, he pranced around the mother and child.

How a Drop of Honey Caused a War. Once upon a time a wandering fakir came to a Indian village.

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DEEP WATER DIVING.

Its Fascination and its Perils—A Diver's Reminiscences.

Rosel Downer, diver and submarine beholder of the manner of strange things, has a family name that fits him so neatly that it was not improbably made for him.

But with his cunning hand he has re-deemed to industry many tons of the laser metals.

"I have been in some pretty tight boxes, and I can tell some things about my trade that are not generally known."

"I suppose mine is a risky business," he continued, "but it's half so bad as people generally think."

"There's one thing we can't get used to, though, and that's the perspiration. You can't wipe it off, and it feels as if a thousand flies were crawling over and feeding on a man's face."

"I've rubbed pretty close against eternity, though several times. I was working on the Yazoo river last year, in connection with the New Orleans, Texas & Louisville railroad bridge."

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FRESH-WATER PEARLS.

Where They are Found and How They are Utilized.

"Fresh-water pearl fisheries have long been of more or less importance in this and other countries."

"In Scotland," said the expert, "there is an equally good harvest of them; in fact, the pearls there are better. They come principally from the rivers Tay, Isla, Don and others."

"How are these utilized?" asked the reporter. "In a thousand different ways," was the reply.

"The majority of these pearls, found in the Ohio valley by the fishermen and their children, find their way to the large manufacturing jewelers of New York."

"A good many," the dealer replied, "the famous naturalist, Linnæus, after observing the efforts of the oyster to repel invasion, thought that by boring the shell, in fact, imitating the parasite, he could force their growth."

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Hurrah for the Man Who Pays!

There are men of brains who count their gains by the million dollars or more.

When in the town he never sneaks down a one-way or way-back street.

There's a certain air of debonair to the man who buys for cash.

A horticultural haul—Dragging a big log across the stage.

"Alice," said Mrs. Petulia in a subdued tone to her little girl one evening at supper.

"By Jove! there goes my birdie," exclaimed a swell, dodging around the corner and dragging his companion after him.

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