tep Higher.

of business that can be any; those that can be t without end. A clerk the place where he has is actually necessary that about the details of the into the rute of the house, nn of trade, the variations ices and how to get in ds to the best advantage. ils, while they are necessonly fit the young man place, and if he is ambitiooking to something betbeen teaching him; it is hould now teach himself. ains in one position all himself lacking in one of ty or ambition. There stances where a clerk is and continually employe he has no opportunity to t his present work, but very rare. As a general as some time at his disrvals during the day or These are hours that he row away. Not that it must deprive himself of must desert every form All work and no play boy, and dullness does But let him have his recreation, and not seek then he will still have rs for self improvement. perous merchants of this n errand boy in an office. t men, too, for that matter his position offered but ancement. The men in ly employed, and saw or ly when they had no a c writing to do. But the the opportunities came. l to and from the post-the letters that passed when he found an enell addressed he saved it ket, and with this before to imitate it. copy the letters in the he read and remembered the style until he could with the topic given it up in the same form. and willing to do any ed of him that the men rivate errands of their they could not but anwhen he asked about business. A chance ofight do a little writing, before any one there d. There was some surform of his matter, and ow he had learned. He the desk, while another , and before he had ever ng to be a bookeeper he one.

bout Horses.

eep a poor horse than it one.

for your horses often em relish it.

is the cause of nine out ess among horses.

orry your horses you nd days of usefulness.

use the horse's shoulders , ill-fitting collars.

f water for horses is not t as the purity of it. ave the water cool, it is ave it free from all im-

be pounded in. Kind e affection of an animal, nt is sure to cause its

us to other horses and of a glandered horse. contagious, incurable e fatal in the human

uld have exercise and under no circumstances ted to harsh treatment, be allowed to go where nger of being frighten-

lar in disposition and lop into a steady and , while the other may s and unsafe—all be in the men handling

's Mistake.

is a bird of wonderfully arper's Young People, yards it can see a and having once locat woop down with the d rise with the victim

ot, the superintendent hatcheries at New ne the following story of eagles built their ell up in a large pine out for many seasons. weather set in earlier oth parts of the stream were frozen, but the in the big pine, save oad for food, One he window looking in nes I noticed one of e and poise directly the river which was went down like a bolt the water. I watched see what he would two, three, four sect appear. This was hat I became intense at the window for where the bird had sure that something I snatched my hat lay my little boat. managed to get it inthen poled to the spot one under. Looking is wings partly exthe bottom in some With a grappling-hook e of my surprise when ce, besides the eagle. It was for this splenhad made his plunge, d his strong, sharp fish, but when he not lift his prey. his talons from the had perched. The r thirty pounds.

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

My husband was anxious to collect some of the native Indian airs, as they all sing well, and have a fine ear for music, but all his efforts proved abortive. "John," he said to young Nogan (who played very creditably on the flute, and had just concluded the popular air of "Sweet Home",) "cannot you play me one of your own songs?"

"Yes,—but no good."

"Leave me to be the judge of that. Cannot you give me a war song?"

"Yes,—but no good," with an ominous shake of the head.

"A hunting-song?"

"No fit for white man,"—with an air of contempt. "No good, no good!"

"Do, John, sing us a love-song," said I, laughing, "if you have such a thing in your language."

"Oh! much love-song—very much—bad—bad—no good for Christian man. Indian song no good for white ears." This was very tantalising, as their songs sounded very sweetly from the lips of their squaws, and I had a great desire and curiosity to get some of them rendered into English.

To my husband they gave the name of "the musician," but I have forgotten the Indian word. It signified the maker of sweet sounds. They listened with intense delight to the notes of his flute, maintaining a breathless silence during the performance; their dark eyes flashing into fierce light at a martial strain, or softening with the plaintive and tender.

The cunning which they display in their contests with their enemies, and in their hunting, and in making bargains with the whites (who are too apt to impose on their ignorance), seems to spring more from a law of necessity, forced upon them by their isolated position and precarious mode of life, than from any innate wish to betray. The Indian's face, after all, is a perfect index of his mind. The eye changes its expression with every impulse and passion, and shows what is passing within as clearly as the lightning in the dark night betrays the course of the stream. I cannot think that deceit forms any prominent trait in the Indian's character. They invariably act with the strictest honour towards those who never attempt to impose upon them. It is natural for a deceitful person to take advantage of the credulity of others. The genuine Indian never utters a falsehood, and never employs flattery (that powerful weapon in the hands of the insidious) in his communications with the whites.

His worst traits are those which he has in common with the wild animals of the forest, and which his intercourse with the lowest order of civilised men (who, in point of moral worth, are greatly his inferiors), and the pernicious effects of strong drink, have greatly tended to inflame and debase.

It is a melancholy truth, and deeply to be lamented, that the vicinity of European settlers has always produced a very demoralizing effect upon the Indians. As a proof of this, I will relate a simple anecdote.

John, of Rice Lake, a very sensible, middle-age Indian, was conversing with me about their language, and the difficulty he found in understanding the books written in Indian for their use. Among other things, I asked him if his people ever swore, or used profane language towards the Deity.

The man regarded me with a sort of stern horror, as he replied, "Indian, till after he knew your people, never swore—no bad word Indian. Indian must learn your words to swear and take God's name in vain."

Oh, what a reproof to Christian men! I felt abashed, and degraded in the eyes of this poor savage—who, ignorant as he was in many respects, yet possessed that first great attribute of the soul, a deep reverence for the Supreme Being. How inferior were thousands of my countrymen to him in this important point!

The affection of Indian parents to their children, and the defference which they pay to the aged, is another beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much occustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papoose die," she said, mournfully clasping her hands against her breast and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face. "Moodie's squaw save papoose—poor Indian woman much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched-up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonising appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." (She held up five of her fingers.) "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake* upon my back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with Him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing which I expected every moment would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of currant jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Papoose die," murmured the poor woman; "alone—alone! No papoose; the mother all alone."

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too much distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what this woman's love must have been for that dying son, when she had carried a lad of his age six miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat's squaw some days after that the boy died a few minutes after Elizabeth Iron, his mother, got home.

They never forget any little act of kindness. One cold night late in the fall, my hospitality was demanded by six squaws, and puzzled I was how to accommodate them all. I at last determined to give them the use of the parlour floor during the night. Among these women there was one very old, whose hair was as white as snow. She was the only gray-haired Indian I ever saw, and on that account I regarded her with peculiar interest. I knew that she was the wife of a chief, by the scarlet embroidered leggings, which only the wives and daughters of chiefs are allowed to wear. The old squaw had a very pleasing countenance, but I tried in vain to draw her into conversation. She evidently did not understand me; and the Muskrat squaw and Betty Cow were laughing at my attempts to draw her out. I administered supper to them with my own hands, and asked if I had satisfied their wants (which is no very easy task, for they had great appetites), I told our servant to bring in several spare matresses and blankets for their use. "Now mind, Jenny, and give the old squaw the best bed," I said; "the others are young, and can put up with a little inconvenience."

The old Indian glanced at me with her keen, bright eye; but I had no idea that she comprehended what I said.

Some weeks after this, as I was sweeping over my parlour floor, a slight tap drew me to the door. On opening it I perceived the old squaw, who immediately slipped into my hand a set of beautifully-embroidered bark trays, fitting one within the other, and exhibiting the very best sample of the porcupine quill-work. While I stood wondering what this might mean, the good old creature fell upon my neck, and kissing me exclaimed, "You remember old squaw—make her comfortable! Old squaw no forget you. Keep them for her sake," and before I could detain her she ran down the hill with a swiftness which seemed to bid defiance to years. I never saw this interesting Indian again, and I concluded that she died during the winter, for she must have been of a great age.

My dear reader, I am afraid I shall tire you with my Indian stories; but you must bear with me patiently whilst I give you a few more. The real character of a people can be more truly gathered from such seemingly trifling incidents than from any ideas we may form of them from the great facts in their history, and this is my reason for detailing events which might otherwise appear insignificant and unimportant.

A friend was staying with us, who wished much to obtain a likeness of Old Peter. I promised to try and make a sketch of the old man the next time he paid us a visit. That very afternoon he brought us some ducks in exchange for some pork, and Moodie asked him to stay and take a glass of whiskey with him and his friend, Mr. K——. The old man had arrayed himself in a new blanket coat, bound with red, and the seams all decorated with the same gay material. His leggings and moccasins were new, and elaborately fringed; and to cap the climax of the whole, he had a blue cloth conical cap upon his head, ornamented, with a deer's tail dyed blue, and several cock's feathers.

He was evidently very much taken up with the magnificence of his own appearance, for he often glanced at himself in a small shaving glass that hung opposite, with a look of grave satisfaction. Sitting apart, that I might not attract his observation, I got a tolerably faithful likeness of the old man, which, after slightly colouring, to show more plainly his Indian finery, I quietly handed over to Mr. K——. Sly as I thought myself, my occupation and the object of it had not escaped the keen eye of the old man. He rose, came behind Mr. K——'s chair and regarded the picture with a most affectionate eye. I was afraid that he would be angry at the liberty I had taken. No such thing! He was as pleased as Punch.

"That Peter!" he grunted. "Give me—put up in wigwam—make dog to! Owgh! owgh!" and he rubbed his hands together, and chuckled with delight. Mr. K——had some difficulty in coaxing the picture from the old chief; so pleased was he with this rude representation of himself. He pointed to every particular article of his dress, and dwelt with peculiar glee on the cap and blue deer's tail.

A few days after this, I was painting a beautiful little snow-bird, that our man had shot out of a large flock that alighted near the door. I was so intent upon my task, to which I was putting the finishing strokes that I did not observe the stealthy entrance (for they all walk like cats) of a stern-looking red man, till a slender, dark hand was extended over my paper to grasp the dead bird from which I was copying, and which as rapidly transferred it to the side of the painted one, accompanying the act with the deep guttural note of approbation, the unmusical, savage "Owgh."

My guest then seated himself with the utmost gravity in a rocking-chair, directly fronting me, and made the modest demand that I should paint a likeness of him, after the following quaint fashion.

"Moodie's squaw know much—make Peter Nogan to der day on papare—make Jacob to-day—Jacob young—great hunter—give much duck—venison—to squaw."

Although I felt rather afraid of my fierce-looking visitor, I could scarcely keep my gravity; there was such an air of pompous self-approbation about the Indian, such a sublime look of conceit in his grave vanity.

"Moodie's squaw cannot do everything; she cannot paint young men," said I, rising, and putting away my drawing-materials, upon which he kept his eye intently fixed, with a hungry, avaricious expression. I thought it best to place the coveted objects beyond his reach. After sitting for some time, and watching all my movements, he withdrew, with a sullen, disappointed air.

This man was handsome, but his expression was vile. Though he often came to the house, I never could reconcile myself to his countenance.

Late one very dark, stormy night, three Indians begged to be allowed to sleep by the kitchen stove. The maid was frightened out of her wits at the sight of these strangers, who were Mohawks from the Indian woods upon the Bay of Quinte, and they brought along with them a horse and cutter. The night was so stormy, that, after consulting our man—Jacob Faithful, as we usually called him—I consented to grant their petition, although they were quite strangers, and taller and fiercer-looking than our friends the Missasaguas.

I was putting my children to bed, when the girl came rushing in, out of breath. "The Lord preserve us, madam, if one of these wild men has not pulled off his trousers, and is a-sitting mending them behind the stove! and what shall I do?"

"Do?—why stay with me, and leave the poor fellow to finish his work."

The simple girl had never once thought of this plan of pacifying her outraged sense of propriety.

Their sense of hearing is so acute that they can distinguish sounds at an incredible distance, which cannot be detected by a European at all. I myself witnessed a singular exemplification of this fact. It was mid-winter; the Indians had pitched their tent, or wigwam, as usual, in our swamp. All the males were absent on a hunting expedition up the country, and had left two women behind to take care of the camp and its contents, Mrs. Tom Nogan and her children, and Susan Moore, a young girl of fifteen, and the only truly beautiful squaw I ever saw. There was something interesting about this girl's history, as well as her appearance. Her father had been drowned during a sudden hurricane, which swamped his canoe on Stony Lake; and the mother, who witnessed the accident from the shore, and was near her confinement with this child, boldly swam out to his assistance. She reached the spot where he sank, and even succeeded in recovering the body; but it was too late; the man was dead.

The soul of an Indian that has been drowned is reckoned accursed, and he is never permitted to join on the happy hunting-grounds, but his spirit haunts the lake or river in which he lost his life. His body is buried on some lonely island, which the Indians never pass without leaving a small portion of food, tobacco, or ammunition, to supply his wants; but he is never interred with the rest of his people.

His children are considered unlucky, and few willingly unite themselves to the females of the family, lest a portion of the father's curse should be visited on them.

The orphan Indian girl generally kept aloof from the rest, and seemed so lonely and companionless, that she soon attracted my attention and sympathy, and a hearty feeling of good-will sprang up between us. Her features were small and regular, her face oval, and her large, dark, loving eyes were full of tenderness and sensibility, but as bright and shy as those of the deer. A rich vermillion glow burnt upon her olive cheek and lips, and set off the dazzling whiteness of her even and pearly teeth. She was small of stature, with delicate little hands and feet, and her figure was elastic and graceful. She was a beautiful child of nature, and her Indian name signified "the voice of angry waters." Poor girl, she had been a child of grief and tears from her birth! Her mother was a Mohawk, from whom she, in all probability, derived her superior personal attractions; for they are before the Missasaguas in this respect.

My friend and neighbour, Emilia S——, the wife of a naval officer who lived about a mile distant from me, through the bush, had come to spend the day with me; and hearing that the Indians were in the swamp, and the men away, we determined to take a few trifles to the camp, in the way of presents, and spend an hour chatting with the squaws.

What a beautiful moonlight night it was, as light as day!—the great forest sleeping tranquilly beneath the cloudless heavens—not a sound to disturb the deep repose of nature but the whispering of the breeze, which, during the most profound calm, creeps through the lofty pine tops. We bounded down the steep bank to the lake shore. Life is a blessing, a precious boon indeed, in such an hour, and we felt happy in the mere consciousness of existence—the glorious privilege of pouring out the silent adoration of the heart to the Great Father in his universal temple.

On entering the wigwam, which stood within a few yards of the clearing, in the middle of a thick group of cedars, we found Mrs. Tom, alone with the elfish children, seated before the great fire that burned in the centre of the camp; she was busy boiling some bark in an iron spider. The little boys in red flannel shirts, which were their only covering, were tormenting a puppy, which seemed to take their pinching and pommelling in good part, for it neither attempted to bark nor to bite, but, like the eels in the story, submitted to the infliction because it was used to it. Mrs. Tom greeted us with a grin of pleasure, and motioned to us to sit down upon a buffalo-skin, which, with a courtesy so natural to the Indians, she had placed near her for our accommodation.

"You are all alone," said I, glancing round the camp.

"Yes; Indian away hunting—Upper Lakes. Come home with much deer."

"And Susan, where is she?"

"By-and-by," (meaning that she was coming). "Gone to fetch water—ice thick—chop with axe—take long time."

As she ceased speaking, the old blanket that formed the door of the tent was withdrawn, and the girl, bearing two pails of water, stood in the open space, in the white moonlight. The glow of the fire streamed upon her dark, floating locks, danced in the black, glistening eye, and gave a deeper blush to the olive cheek! She would have made a beautiful picture; Sir Joshua Reynolds would have rejoiced in such a model—so simply graceful and unaffected, the very *beau idéal* of savage life and unadorned nature. A smile of recognition passed between us. She put down her burden beside Mrs. Tom, and noiselessly glided to her seat.

We had scarcely exchanged a few words with our favourite, when the old squaw, placing her hand against her ear, exclaimed, "Whist! whist!"

"What is it?" cried Emilia and I, starting to our feet. "Is there any danger?"

"A deer—a deer—in bush!" whispered the squaw, raising a rifle that stood in a corner. "I hear sticks crack a great way off. Stay here!"

A great way off the animal must have been for though Emilia and I listened at the open door, an advantage which the squaw did not enjoy, we could not hear the least sound: all seemed still as death. The squaw whistled to an old hound and went out.

"Did you hear anything, Susan?"

She smiled, and nodded.

"Listen, the dog has found the track."

The next moment the discharge of a rifle, and the deep baying of the dog, woke up the sleeping echoes of the woods; and the girl started off to help the squaw to bring in the game that she had shot.

The Indians are great imitators, and possess a nice tact in adopting the customs and manners of those with whom they associate. An Indian is Nature's gent'eman—never familiar, coarse, or vulgar. If he take a meal with you, he waits to see how you make use of the implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat, while he imitates with a grave decorum, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. He never attempts to help himself, or demands more food, but waits patiently until you perceive what he requires. I was perfectly astonished at this innate politeness, for it seems natural to all the Indians with whom I have had any dealings.

There was one old Indian, who belonged to a distant settlement, and only visited our lake occasionally on hunting parties. He was a strange, eccentric, merry old fellow, with a skin like red mahogany, and a wiry, sinewy frame that looked as if it could bid defiance to every change of temperature.

Old Snow-storm, for such was his significant name, was rather too fond of the whiskey-bottle, and when he had taken a drop too much, he became an unmanageable wild beast. He had a great fancy for my husband, and never visited the other Indians without extending the same favour to us. Once upon a time, he broke the nipple of his gun; and Moodie repaired the injury for him by fixing a new one in its place, which little kindness quite won the heart of the old man, and he never came to see us without bringing an offering of fish, ducks, partridges, or venison, to show his gratitude.

One warm September day, he made his appearance bare-headed, as usual, and carrying in his hand a great checked bundle.

"Fond of grapes?" said he, putting the said bundle into my hands. "Fine grapes—brought them from island for my friend's squaw and papooses."

Glad of the donation, which I considered quite a prize, I hastened into the kitchen to untie the grapes and put them into a dish. But imagine my disappointment, when I found them wrapped up in a soiled shirt, only recently taken from the back of the owner. I called Moodie, and begged him to return Snow-storm his garment, and to thank him for the grapes.

The mischievous creature was highly diverted with the circumstance, and laughed immoderately.

"Snow-storm," said he, "Mrs. Moodie and the children are obliged to you for your kindness in bringing them the grapes; but how came you to tie them up in a dirty shirt.

"Dirty!" cried the old man, astonished that we should object to the fruit on that score. "It ought to be clean; it has been washed often enough. Owgh! You see, Moodie," he continued, "I have no hat—never wear hat—want no shade to my eyes—love the sun—see all around me—up and down—much better without hat. Could not put grapes in hat—blanket coat too large, crush fruit, juice run out. I had noting but my shirt, so I takes off shirt, and brings grapes safe over the water on my back. Papooses no care for dirty shirt; their *lee tel bellies have no eyes.*"

In spite of this eloquent harangue, I could not bring myself to use the grapes, ripe and tempting as they looked, or give them to the children. Mr. W—— and his wife happening to step in at that moment fell into such an ecstacy at the sight of the grapes, that, as they were perfectly unacquainted with the circumstance of the shirt, I very generously gratified their wishes by presenting them with the contents of the large dish and they never ate a bit less sweet for the novel mode in which they were conveyed to me!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

King Milan's Divorce.

King Milan of Servia at last has obtained some sort of a divorce from his wife, Queen Natalie. The ordinary legal proceedings having been found either too slow or uncertain as regards the result, the Servian metropolitan, Archbishop Theoodsius of the orthodox Greek church, "by virtue of his ecclesiastical authority" has pronounced King Milan's marriage dissolved. The Queen has declared that this act of the principal dignitary of the Servian state church is illegal and void—as it probably is. But the question for the present is one of power rather than of right. Servia is the least important of European states that bear the title of kingdom, and has emerged from semi-barbarism only in the present century. The sovereign's authority is constitutionally restricted. The moral prestige and influence of the crown have been nearly destroyed by the king's weakness and folly and the domestic scandal that has divided the people into a party of the king and a party of the queen. The Obrenovitch dynasty rose from obscurity in recent times and its rights of sovereignty are still disputed by a pretender family. The king is only thirty-four years old; but, if his wife were dead, he could not expect to marry a princess of one of the old royal houses which do not recognize the family reigning in Servia as their equal. The country obtained full independence only ten years ago. The monarch assumed the title of king in 1882 and obtained from it prompt recognition by the great European powers. Milan's prospects of a long reign are by no means good. Revolutions have frequently occurred in Servia and an unpopular ruler has every reason to fear attempts against his life. The king has one child, Crown Prince Alexander, twelve years of age, whose education is said to have been neglected in consequence of the estrangement between his parents.

One Question Settled.

"Can a mistress of the house enter the kitchen?" a question of domestic privilege of the first importance, was legally settled a week ago through a suit instituted by a cook against her employer. The cook testified that she did not think "that Mrs. Fielden had any right to go into 'her' kitchen and pull things about" "If I am cook," she said, "please go out." Mrs. Fielden wouldn't go, so the cook refused to work and was discharged that night, which she held to be illegal. The judge decided in favor of Mrs. Fielden, holding that a "mistress has a right to go into her own kitchen;" and saying further that the doctrine applied to other members of the family and to every room in the house.

"Nothing will so retard the blossoming of budding love as a dog in the front yard. Or a boil on the girl's lip.

WORTH A SMILE.

THE RESTAURANT BELLE.

She attends on me oft
In a certain cafe,
And her glances so soft
Her affections betray,
No fine raiment has she
And no gems to bedeck;
But she beams upon me
As she brings me my check.

She is pretty and pert;
But I'm sorely afraid
With the diners to flirt
Is a part of her trade.
I'll not yield to her wiles
Nor repine for her sake,
For the sweeter her smiles
The more callous her stake!

A man loses nothing by politeness, except possibly a seat in the horse car.

The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.

The author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" evidently did not believe in "letting well enough alone."

The fraudulent old beau who dyes his hair has no right to be writing to any girl about his undying love.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it be proper, therefore, to call a short-tailed dog a stump orator?

Young Man—"Will you give assent to my marriage to your daughter, sir?" Old Man (firmly)—"No, sir; not a cent."

"Jenny, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yes'm. Ma says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

The average tramp doesn't take any intrest in the "How to Get Thin" advertisements which he sees in the papers.

A wag has discovered a queer coincidence in the fact that while red is made from madder, bulls are made madder by red.

An English chiropodist advertises in a country paper that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe."

Teacher—"Miss Ingenue, will you please give us an example of capillary attraction?" Miss Ingenue—"A handsome mustache."

An old man pretending to be reading in a car does not mean to look over his glasses at the pretty girls opposite. If he does it is purely an oversight on his part."

Mrs. Brown—"Now, just look at those flannels! If anything will shrink more from washing I'd like to know what it is." Mr. Brown—"A boy will, my dear."

Pastor—"Thomas! Don't you think your parents would feel very sore if they knew you were fishing on the Sabbath?" Thomas—"Yes, sir; but not half as sore as I'd feel if they found it out."

"Promise me, dearest, one thing—when I am dead and cremated, as I will be, that you will not dump my ashes into the barrel." "James, I swear it. You shall be put into mother's best pickle jar and laid away comfortably in the cellar."

Ballroom Belle—"You would scarcely believe it, Mr. Oldboy, but that lady seated near the open window has over two hundred dresses." Mr. Oldboy—"Is it possible? Why doesn't she put one of 'em on?"

A toad was recently dug out of a stratum of clay in London which scientists aver must have been in its lonesome bed for more than three thousand years. The toad looked as lonesome as a clerk in a store that don't advertise.

A gentleman while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid. It is said he discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise of marriage.

Mrs. Pompano: "Mary Ann, just run across the street and ask that man with the whitewash bucket if he is engaged." Mary Ann (returning after an animated conversation with Julius Plumbob): "Please mum, he says he's been married for twelve years."

Visitor—"What a beautiful library you have! I really envy you." Retired Butcher—"Yes; and just look at the binding of them books." "I see; they are all bound in calf." "Just so, and I killed all them calves myself what furnished the leather."

"We will have tea, Bridget, if you please; and we will have a few slices of bacon with the tea," said a new mistress to her Irish servant. Interval—at the termination of which Bridget brings in the tea tray. "Where is the bacon, Bridget?" asked the mistress. "In the taypot, mum! Yer said ye'd have it with the tay, so I put it inter the pot."

She had auburn hair, and he wanted to say something very cutting, so he observed; "In some parts of the West I believe they light the streets with red-headed girls." "Humph! that never would do in our town," answered the girl. "Why, not?" asked the young fellow. "Why, you'd be hugging the lamp-post all day, as well as half the night," was the crushing reply.

An amiable young female pedagogue residing in the Mohawk Valley prides herself on the close relations of trust and confidence which exist between her and the many little ones in the primary department. One day last week a little fellow made his way to the teacher's desk, and, with many blushes and much embarrassment, finally managed to say: "You don't care, do you Miss——, if my pants don't match my coat?"

A rustic compliment.—One day the rector had been absent, and on his return naturally asked his clerk how he had liked his substitude on the previous Sunday. "Well, sir," was the unequivocal reply, "saving your honor, not very well; he was a little too pline for me. I likes a preacher as joombles the r'ason and confoonds the joodgment; and of all the born preachers I've heard, there's none comes up to your reverence for that!"

A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming, "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans." Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was this clerical slip: A gentleman said to the minister, "when do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."