

AROUND THE WORLD.

There is talk at Nice of the approaching... The latest dodge was played off in Philadelphia recently. A gentleman went to dine at one of the clubs, which he found quite full when a man who happened to know that his particular failing was being absent-minded, came in very hungry. The waiter told the new comer there was no room at present. Seeing his absent minded friend seated and reading his newspaper an idea struck the hungry man. "Has Mr. A. dined?" he asked. "No, sir," said the waiter. "Well, never mind, take him his bill and tell him he has his dinner." The waiter hesitated, but soon appreciating the situation went over to Mr. A. and handed him his bill. "What is this for?" asked Mr. A. "For your dinner, sir." "My dinner, ah! I have really had it." "Yes, sir," answered the waiter. "Dear me, I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake." With a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table and chair completely deserted. He had profited by his absent mindedness.

to the interest of the equator. Mr. Hawthorn had consisted of 5,872 kangaroos, 1,418 wallabies, 257 wallaroos, 118 dingoes, 362 wildcats, bandicoots, and rats, 204 eagle hawks, and 167 snakes. The length of time over which his campaign extended is, unfortunately, not stated.

trifles, and wait to strike de hall some night when I'd forgot to lock de safe doah. "In de second place we doan keer fer men who can't hear de sound of a fiddle or see de Jack of Spades without feelin' dat Satan an' gallepin' ole' de devil like a runaway horse. He doan commit no 'no sin in dooin' de doo de hidden behind de picture. Me an' de ole woman here been playin' euchre fer nigh on forty six years now, an' we never felt dat order her up, an' she sings one of her ole slave songs an' shows me both bowers an' deal, an' I haf an' she lufs an' I take my deal. "In de third place, we doan want de man who feels dat he can't squeeze into Heaven if he goes to de opera, pays his way into a circus, or happens to have a seat in de street car 'longside of a man whose hose kin make 2:30 without a skit. I believe de majority of us pay our debts, love our wives, bless our children, keep de Sabbath an' live sober lives, an' he who 'pects much fuder of any man an' to sanguine fer us. "Dees he say what kind of a young lady she is?" "No, he doesn't," roared Mr. Spoondyke. "He lufs something to de imagination of de Larian army, I suppose she's got arms and legs, 'cause if she hadn't he would probably have mentioned it. What he wants is a present for an average woman; now, what can we get for her?" "I know whether she is a blonde or brunette, I could tell better what she would like," replied Mrs. Spoondyke, who, like the rest of her sex, always associated a woman with the color that becomes her head. "Do you suppose he means something for her to wear, or some ornament for her bonnet? You see, you don't know whether she keeps horse or boards or lives at home."

Waydown Bebes then offered the following: "Resolved, That the action of the Congressional Globe, in refusing to publish the weekly proceedings of the Lime Kiln Club, proves the existence of a general conspiracy to keep the general public in ignorance of the proceedings of the club." (Givesdam Jones hoped the resolution would prevail. He had thought for some time that he could see an intention on the part of the Government in its agricultural reports to strike at the roots of personal liberty.) Trustee Pullback said he had just finished reviewing a Patent Office report for 1879, and he had marked at least fifty places where he had detected arrogant assumptions on the part of the Government.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB. "Dar am several kinds of people which we doan want in dis club," began the old man as the meeting was called to order. "In de first place we doan want de man who tink his name is de best name he can get, an' he tink de procession moved out into de cold and cruel world. "De idea has become prevalent that young ladies who practice tight lacing are fast. This is an error, as they are usually the most stayed among their sex. "De French Anti-Tobacco society has for several years given prizes for the best essays on the pernicious effects of using tobacco. It has just been discovered that nearly all the prizes have been taken by the san person writing in a disguised hand, and that he is a delicate smoker, who has spent his prize money in the purchase of the choicest brands of cigars.

THE CLERGYMAN. The clergyman, children, is probably the most curious spectacle in our collection. His whole business consists in an endeavor to make men good not thinking, apparently, that if all were good he would have to get out of business. The clergyman has other duties, such as the reading of the Bible, the making of sermons, and the giving of benedictions. A clergyman is also expected to make the rounds of his parish weekly; this is not a very onerous task. It does not take all of his time. He has his hours each week for sermon giving and sleep. As the flock expect while the clergyman is preparing his sermon, they do not think that they should be reading it.

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HISTORICAL. The compound lens microscope was invented by the Jansens, spectacle makers, in Middlebury in 1590. Cardinal Mazarin played cards on his death bed, when so weak that his hand had to be held by others. The Dorians tribes were characterized by the broad-brimmed hats which they wore when on a journey. Sir John Mandeville who wrote a book of travels is said the first prose writer in English literature. He died in 1371 at Leige, Belgium. In the will of the Countess of Northampton, in 1356, she bequeathed to her daughter, Countess of Arundel, "a bed of red worsted, embroidered." In 1531 the wandering bands styled gypsies were so numerous in England that an act was passed to banish them from the country. For everyling goes swarming down upon the country, they accuse him of plagiarism and stealing. If the clergyman does not visit his parishioners every day or two, they say he is a very poor pastor; if he makes his visits regularly, they soon discover that he is a very poor preacher. If he extemporizes, they complain that his discourse is rambling; if he preaches from notes, they say you fool can do that. If the clergyman says a word of general, he is called cold and unsympathetic; if he says much, he is accused of gushing. The clergyman is the last person many a man would help support, and he is the last man many a lady would support. He is not called in to the funeral is appointed. A man who would support the clergyman while alive cannot be expected to give him anything when dead. If a clergyman does not keep abreast of the literature of the day, the congregation say he is behind the time; if he gives them an epitome of the best thoughts of the best writers, they accuse him of plagiarism and stealing. If a clergyman preaches short sermons, he is accused of laziness; if he preaches long sermons, the people vote him tedious. He dresses like other people, his appearance is said to be unimpaired; if he dresses in some black or dons a white choker, he is charged with affectation. If he busies himself at the fair and social, it is said that he had better put more time in his sermons; if he gives his whole time to his sermons, he is said to be a poor worker. The clergyman, it is said, lives on the ignorance of mankind. If this be true, he should have the best of living; but a good living is a difficult thing for a clergyman to get. When you grow up children, if you would be rich you should all be clergyman, but it would be better to try something else first.