

Washington was naturally a soldier. Born late in February, he was soon on the March.

The poor fellow who drank himself out of this world travelled first-class. He took a saloon passage.

They tell of an Ohio woman who is so gentle-minded that she has never been known to have an obstinate cough.

A man in Browington takes his family to church in a sleigh drawn by an ox. That's one way to escape the sermon.

The difference between a male flirt and a lamp cleaner lies in the fact that one is up to woman tricks and the other to trimmin' wicks.

A factory at Pittsburgh turns out 300 bushels of cork daily. These corks are all needed to keep Monongahela whisky safely jugged until used.

In spite of all the talk and jokes only one patron in twenty-two beats his tailor, while no tailor gets a good fit on more than two men in five. It's about an even thing.

It takes a giraffe about twenty days to recover from the seasickness of an ocean voyage. That is, ten to get the feeling all the way down, and ten more to bring it all up.

Feminine subtlety: First annex maid—"Here's a car!" Second annex maid—"Wait! Let's take that red one just behind; they go ever so much faster."

"There are no birds in last year's nest," sings a poet. No, and there are no pigeons in last year's pigeon-holes. The only thing in them that even suggests pigeons is a lot of bills.

The latest styles of wall paper are so gorgeous that a family can no longer take comfort wearing out old boots and split-back vests around the house. Everybody sort o' feels as if he was away on a visit.

A conscientious person affirms that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being too sick to attend to each other's concerns.

Neither Babylon, Rome, Athens or any of the other much-boasted cities had a sewer, a decent house drain, a gas jet, a door bell, a grate, or knew how to make oyster soup, or buckwheat cakes. You didn't lose anything by waiting.

Knickerbockers all through: "Oh, yes," explained Mrs. Suddenriches, "our aunt's sisters were Knickerbockers all through and they used to give balls and parties in the old cologne days which for sweldom and style beat the Dutch.

Quite too close: "Jane," said a father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—" "Why, pa, who said he was stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa; "only I could see he was a little close as I passed through the room."

"Reach me down that Webster, Pat!" said one of our lately-elected judges to his clerk. "One of them thieving newspapers have been libelling me and, jeabbers, I won't stand it. The thieving blackguard call me a forensic light."

Believers in the William-Tell-shooting-the-apple-off-his-little-boy's-head story will be glad to hear that there actually was a Gessler, notwithstanding the inane effort to spoil the little legend by proving that there was not. And everybody knows there was an apple.

A St. Louis butcher has eloped with a neighbor's wife. Something should be done with these butchers. A butcher who will charge a customer twenty-five cents a pound for beef and then walk off with that man's rib should be ground in one of his own sausage machines.

An exchange says: "The puffy paniers are gathered to the Jersey around the hips." We had noticed that, and you see once in the while a Durham or Ayrshire that looks so too. We are not much of a dairymen, but we supposed the panier is the satchel that the milk is carried in.

"I wonder what is the matter with Mr. Brown," said the landlady, "he seems to be very angry about something." "Why, you should have seen him grinding his teeth just now in the hall." "Perhaps," suggested Fogg, "he is only getting them in order before tackling one of your beefsteaks."

A Few Reflections Upon Night.

It is night. A policeman awakes with a sudden start and moves around the corner, having a secret fear at his heart that he had slept through all that night, all next day, and far into to-morrow night. It is night in a great city. The poker and faro rooms are in full blast, 10,000 loafers are holding down street corners, and here and there an intoxicated Alderman can be seen making his way to a policy shop or a gathering of the pavement ring. Under cover of darkness, first manufactured over 6,000 years ago, the hotel beat lowers his dugs from a fourth story window; all who have dead-head tickets start for the opera houses; hundreds of young men set out to spark; reporters look forward to fires, robberies, and murders, and church choirs meet to rehearse and wrangle and lay up clubs for each other.

'Tis night in the country. The stock has been fed, the squeal of the pig is hushed, the tired horse munches at his corn and wonders why his master thrown in so many cobs without a kernel on them. The watch dog sits at the gate, perfectly willing to chew up any of the neighbors for a cent, and within the farm house all is serene, or would be if John Henry could find the grease for his boots, Mary Ann could find her novel, the old man discover the hiding place of the bootjack, and the mother solve the mystery of how some of her neighbors managed to get a dress costing two shillings per yard, while she had nothing but calico.

'Tis night on the ocean. The proud steamer sails gallantly on and on, the Captain snoring in his berth, the mates playing euchre, the lookouts asleep, and everything in readiness to swear, in case of collision, that it was all the other vessel's fault. Nothing is heard but the steady beat of the propeller, the groans of the immigrants, and the voices of men and women declaring that anybody who plans an ocean voyage for pleasure ought to be shot to death by codfish balls. The sportive dolphin gambols away his hard earnings. The whale rolls over for another nap, and the business-like shark follows in the wake to pick up any opportunities which may tumble overboard.

'Tis night on the prairie. The red men gather about the camp fire and count the scalps they have taken within the last week, and to grumble at the Government for not furnishing them port wine and repeating rifles. The white hunter and trapper curls himself up to wonder where he can find old bones for breakfast, and to realize what a fool he has made of himself, and the gaunt wolf shoulders his empty stomach and sets out in search of something to make life worth living for.

Night grows apace. In the city the weary wife takes her place in the hall with club in hand. In the country the old folks fall into bed aware with the work of the day, and the young people snore and chew pop corn. On the ocean the sea-sickers begin to grow worse, and the songs of the mermaid fall flat. On the prairie the Indians finally decide to make war in the Spring, the hunter falls asleep to dream of eating his boots for dinner, and the wolf meets a wildcat and offers to toss up and see which shall eat the other.—Detroit Free Press.

The Danube.

The river Danube has figured largely in history for two thousand years, and it has often become the object to which the eyes of the world has turned. It furnished a highway for the Turks, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to penetrate Europe as far as Vienna, and in the days of the crusades it became an outlet for the religious enthusiasm of Europe to flow to the holy land. The Danube, from its source in Baden to the Black Sea, is 1,820 miles long, and it drains, with its tributaries, an area of over 300,000 square miles. It passes through Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary, forms the boundary between Hungary and Serbia to the Carpathian mountains, where it separates Roumania and Bulgaria, and passes into the Black Sea through several mouths, the principal one being that of Sulina. The Danube is navigable for steamers as far as Ulm, in Bavaria. At Nicopolis, in the fourteenth century, 100,000 Christians were driven by the Turks into the Danube, and in the fifteenth century 40,000 Turks were slain on its shores at the siege of Belgrade.

No Complaints from the Boarders.

A Detroit milkman sometime since secured a customer whom he soon discovered meant to pay in promises, but he realized that if he quit serving her he stood no chance of collecting the debt already contracted. He therefore planned to oblige her, to dismiss him, and began by adding one fourth water to the milk. No fault being found he put in fifty per cent. of water. Three days passed without complaint, and the amount of water rose to seventy-five per cent. In three or four days more he served her with two quarts of water colored by a gill of milk. Next morning he expected to hear from it, but as the servant girl made no complaints he asked:

"How does the family like the milk?" "Pretty well, I guess." "No complaints?" "Not as I've heard. Missus is a widow, you know, and doesn't drink tea nor coffee on account of the dyspepsia, and the boarders have all they can do to complain of the butter!" The man gave it up as a bad job.

A Mother Killed by Sudden Joy.

Joy is said sometimes to kill outright, though such cases are extremely rare. A perfectly authentic and quite recent instance of such an occurrence may be worth recording. A certain Mme. Laroche, who kept a little mercer's shop in the Rue Oberkampf, in Paris, had a son who, when his turn came for conscription, unfortunately drew a "bad number," and had to go as a marine to Saigon, where he remained several months. He was then transferred to Guadeloupe; but the letter in which he announced the fact to his mother never reached her.

She continued writing to Saigon; and, as her letters received no reply, she fell into a state of profound despair, and concluded that her son was dead. Recently, however, the young man, having leave to return to France, unexpectedly presented himself in his mother's shop and threw himself into his mother's arms. The poor woman, stupefied at his sudden apparition, uttered a cry of joy, when all at once she reeled and fell dead to the floor.—St. James' Gazette.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS.

If to do were easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.—Shakspeare.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.—Francis Quarles.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—Swift.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.—Samuel Johnson.

The true sense of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—Goldsmith.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a noble line—by deeds, not words.—Sheridan.

Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn.—Robert Burns.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.—Colton.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.—Daniel Webster.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

We always like those who admire us, we do not always like those whom we admire.—La Rochefoucauld.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself which would otherwise pass by.—Fuller.

Knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.—Plato.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Happiness consists in the constitution of the habits.—Paley.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good. Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors Are barren in return.—Rowe.

A wealthy doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a ruffian who kills a rich man to supply his necessities.—Steele.

Fault-Finding.

If any one complains that most people are selfish, unsympathetic, absorbed in their own pursuits, their own happiness, and their own sorrow, the chances are ten to one that the complainant is conspicuous for the very faults which he condemns. His thoughts are so concentrated on his own concerns that he is impatient because other people think of their concerns and not his. He is unable to enter into their grief or their joy; when he is wretched he is amazed and indignant that any one can be happy; when he is happy he thinks it intolerable that other people should be so oppressed with their own sorrows as not to make merry with him in his gladness. He has so high an estimate of the importance of his own work that he thinks other men ought to spend a large part of their time in watching and admiring it, and he wonders at the selfishness which keeps them close at their own occupations when they ought to be showing their sympathy with his. This absorption in everything that relates to himself is the explanation of the universal indifference of which he complains. To secure sympathy we must give as well as take. The country that exports nothing will have no imports; but if it infers that all the rest of the world is in wretched poverty, with no mines, and no timber, and no glorious harvests, the inference will be a false one. As soon as a man finds that he is beginning to think that all human hearts are cold let him suspect himself. When an iceberg floats away from the frozen fields which lie near the pole it cools the waters into which it drifts; the very Gulf Stream sinks in temperature as soon as the mountain of ice touches it. In a crowd it is the man who pushes hardest who thinks that everybody is pushing him; it is the man who is resolved to make his way to the front who complains that everybody wants to get in front of him. If people speak to you roughly, take warning; the probability is that you speak roughly to them.—Good Words.

A granger whose name is Bob Shi-ld, Was mowing the grass in his field, By a snake he was bitten, And he has just written, "St. Jacobs Oil has the bite healed."

I aame Chinaman on the Pacific, Of pains and aches was prolific; He limped all around, Until he had found St. Jacobs Oil, the great specific.

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A pert miss says she wears bangs because she doesn't want to look so forehead.

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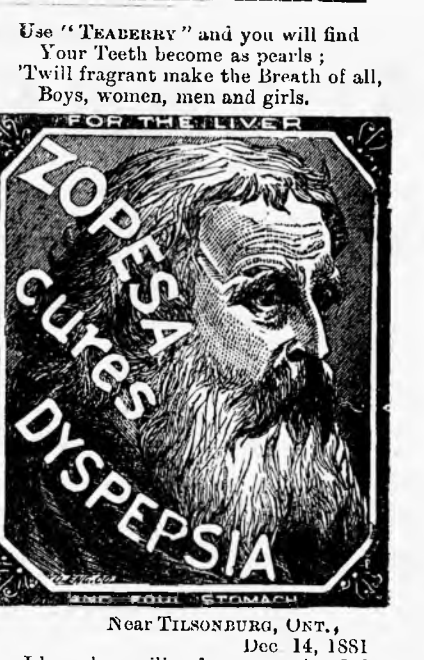
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