



Matches are made in heaven, scratched everywhere and blown out in Chicago.

We presume you can judge the amount of a woman's affection by the sighs of her heart.

One great trouble with those who go to the bad is that they do not think to provide themselves with a return ticket.

The man who said, "It is an ill wind that blows no body good" must have lived near a soap boiling establishment.

Do not treat a man coldly because he happens to be down in the world. Always keep a kettle of hot water ready for tramps.

When the doctor says he's going to clean out the system the result sometimes justifies the victim in thinking he meant a cash system.

If there is anything which will make a young man query whether evolution is not a failure, it is to see a pretty girl kiss a pug dog.

The man who spends most of his days giving advice to his friends has no need at all to lie awake nights wondering why he isn't popular.

It is a sad fact that too many people keep upon one side of our churches—the outside. They seem to feel most "at home" there.

A good housewife never opens the condensed milk can with her husband's razor, nor will a loving husband curry the horse with the nutmeg grater.

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

It is not always the man who looks the wisest who knows the most, but most people don't know this, so that it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can.

"Court the fresh air day and night," says a medical exchange. That's good advice for the girls, but if you are a young man you had better court the fresh heiress.

Guest—What sort of a way do you call this to run a hotel, young fellow?

Clerk—European, sir.

Guest—Yes, I know I'm a payin'; you needn't tell me that. But I ain't kickin' on that. I only wanted to tell you that the big belt has slipped off the shaft down in the wash-room, and fellers is wipin' their hands on it, that's all. If you don't want it soiled you'd better tend to it.—*Toledo Blade*.

It is Well to Remember

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That he who gathers roses must not fear thorns.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes that ride with the emperor.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That it takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

That there is no limit to the age at which a man may make a fool of himself.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Young man (to servant)—Is Miss Clara engaged?

Servant—Hiven rist your sowl, sorr, I hope she is. She's in the parlor now wid a young man's arm twict around her waist.

Girls should learn to be useful as well as ornamental. There are times when, instead of going out among men "to make a mash," as the saying goes, they should stay at home and mash the potatoes.

Mother—Now, Johnny, mamma doesn't like to spank you; it is more painful to her than to you.

Johnny—Well, ma, if it makes you feel so bad I'm willing to go without it for your sake.

A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off—all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor passing stopped in for a social chat. A large work basket, half full of buttons, sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossip nature the visitor said:

"You seem to be well supplied with buttons, Mrs. Good-man."

"Yes; very well indeed."

"My gracious! If there ain't two of the same buttons my husband had on his last winter suit. I'd know 'em anywhere."

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife, calmly. "I am surprised to hear it, as all these buttons were found in the contribution box. So I thought I might as well put them to some use, so I—what! must you go? Well, be sure to call again."—*West Point Alliance*.

A Few Conundrums,

What is the difference between a fog and a falling star? One is mist on earth and the other is missed in heaven.

Why is a man called honorable who is upstairs beating his wife? He is above doing a mean act.

What are the great astronomers? The stars, because they have studded the heavens for ages.

What is thieving on the outskirts? Picking ladies' pockets.

In what place did the cock crow when all the world heard him? In Noah's ark.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pat her (patter) on the back.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Who are the best men to send to war? Lawyers, because their charges are so great no one can stand them.

Why is Satan always a gentleman? Because, being the imp of darkness, he can never be imp o' light.

If a church be on fire why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because the engine cannot play on it.

Why are the makers of the Armstrong guns the greatest thieves in Her Majesty's service? Because they rifle all the guns, forge the materials, and steel all the gun-breeches.

What color is a field glass when covered with snow? Invisible green.

What length should a lady's dress be? A little above two feet.

If you had to swallow a man, what kind would you prefer? A little London porter.

What is the most difficult St. Paul train to catch? The 12.50 because it is "ten to one" if you catch it.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam engine? Mother, because a loaf of bread is a necessity; a steam engine an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.—*Yenowine's News*.

"Grandpa, do hens make their eggs?"

"Certainly."

"The same way a boy makes a hall when his papa don't buy one for him?"

"No, not exactly."

"Do the hens put in the yellow first, and then put the white around it?"

"I guess they do, but you shouldn't be asking such questions; when you are older you will know all about it?"

"I want to ask you just one more question; may I, grandpa?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Who sews on the covers for them?"

Grandpa lies down and dies.—*St. Louis Humorist*.

THE CITY COUSIN IN THE COUNTRY—HE TRIES CHURNING.



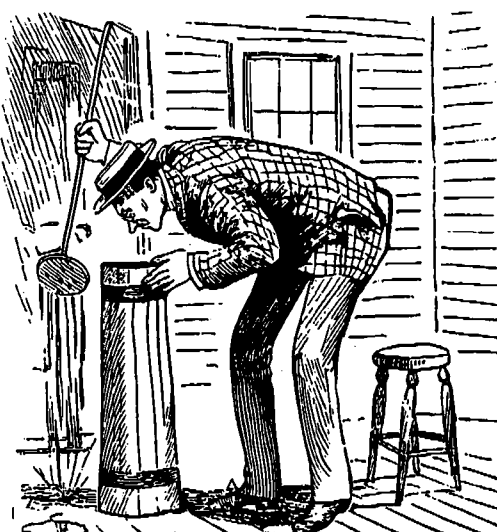
I.—Looks easy! guess I'll try it!



II.—Talk about gentle exercise?—I'll do this every day!



III.—Seems to go a little hard - wants oiling, I guess!



IV.—Don't see any butter there yet



V.—No confounded churn can get the best of me



VI.—I'll bring that butter or die!