

Sparks of Wit.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

When Jonah's fellow passengers pitched him overboard they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

I would say to all young men: marry your second wife first, and keep out of debt by all means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it with.

The enterprising vagabond who is organizing a brass band of twenty women, says that if they learn half as many "airs" as they put on, the experiment cannot fail to be a success!

A NEW WAY TO POP IT.—"Won't you take half of this apple?" said a pretty damsel. No, I thank you, I would prefer a better half." She blushed and referred him to papa.

The excitement of getting married threw an Indiana young lady into convulsions and she died, and yet people will persist in getting married. It beats all how reckless they can be.

A Little Rock editor is pathetic about the loss of exchanges, and says that anybody may steal his wardrobe, eat his luncheon, or take his empty pocket book, if only his exchanges can be spared.

Abe Lincoln's wife says Mrs. Hopkins told her that she heard Sam Grub's wife say that John Harris's wife told her that Granny Smith heard that it was no doubt that Widow Baker said that Capt. Wood's wife thought that Col. Lane's wife believed and Mrs. Lane reckoned positively that Peter Dunhany's wife had told Nell Cusdudger that her aunt had declared to the world that it was generally believed that Mother Parker had said in plain terms that she heard Betsy Cook say that her sister Polly had said that it was well-known in the neighborhood that Mistress Slough had caught Marm Jones in saying that in her opinion it was a matter of fact of great public interest that Dan Ladd had said Eben Dodge told him that Billy Rob had said that Bill Matthews did say that Canterbury intimated that Joe Leavitt whispered that any one caught telling this shall pay the drinks for the crowd.

A family consisting of man and wife and two daughters, all of whom suffer from an obliquity of vision, are popularly known as the "squintette."

A Brooklyn widow, impressed with the importance of physical training but feeling too poor to join a gymnasium class, does just as well by kicking her husband down stairs every night and knocking him along the hall into the back yard.

A wag, with the word "whoa," brought a horse driven by a young man to a dead stop. "That's a fine beast of yours," says the wag. "Yes, a pretty good sort of an animal, but he has one fault. He was once owned by a butcher, and is sure to stop whenever he hears a calf bleat."

A medical advertisement is headed "Looks like a miracle! A Young Man Made to Walk in Five Minutes?" But Augustus thinks that is no great miracle compared to his experience the other evening when he went to see his girl. The old man came in and made him walk in less than one minute.

A clergyman who owned a farm, found his ploughman sitting on the plough resting his horses. Quoth the clergyman:—"John wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub-scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time. Quoth John:—"Wouldn't it be well sir, for you to have a pot of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, peel them awhile to be ready for the pot."

Liszt, the celebrated pianist, fell in love with a jeweller's daughter. A Prague journal thus describes the courtship:—"One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt, 'How do you like my daughter?' 'She is an angel.' 'What do you think of marriage?' 'I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to it.' 'What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?' 'I would willingly accept it.' 'Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law!' 'With all my heart.' The marriage was celebrated the following week."

Selections.**When to be Idle.**

There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and half-hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have all our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time, or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtues with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed to knit stockings in the dark, or re-thread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labor—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognise when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way.

Can a man be so age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas! for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness!