

There are many things about cats which are regarded as omens by some people. A cat near a bowl of milk or a cold chicken is a sure sign you are going to lose something. A cat on the back fence, with a good voice, is a sure sign of trouble—for the cat. Two cats found with their tails tied together hung over a clothes-line is a sure sign of a disagreement—between the cats—and a determination to “fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer.” Cats are provided with claws to caress their friends with; which habit, by-the-way, is very affecting, often melting those friends to tears. Cats are supposed to die naturally sometimes, although no other proof of this is presented than the finding of the bodies.

Finally, cats live solely for and, with a never satisfied desire to be a nuisance, and they usually succeed.

Be Patient.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished; when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past, then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out by crowding two days' tasks into one. If only we can keep cool and calm, not allowing ourselves to be flustered, we shall be less wearied when we have reached the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive, but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and demeanor, we shall get through creditably.

The Inquisitive Boy.

“Pa,” said a little boy, “what makes people pray?”
 “Why, my son, they pray for—they pray for—that is, they ask the Lord to save their souls.”
 “And if I pray, will the Lord save my soul?”
 “Yes; when you pray with faith, your prayer will be answered.”
 “How with faith?”
 “Why, if you pray believing at the time that your prayer will be answered.”
 “But how can I pray that way if I don't know. If I knew that I could get what I prayed for, then I could believe that I would get it, and could pray with—what did you call it, papa?”
 “Faith.”
 “Faith,” repeated the child, “If I was to believe that by praying for a goat I could get him, and was to pray, would I get him?”
 “No.”
 “But I want a goat, and if I was to pray I'd have to pray for one. Pa, what makes men groan when they pray at church?”
 “They groan as a kind of amen.”
 “Do they like to groan?”
 “I don't know.”
 “Do you groan?”
 “Sometimes.”
 “Do you like to groan?”
 “No.”
 “Then what makes you groan? You don't have to, do you?”
 “That'll do now—hush.”
 “But if you don't want to groan they couldn't make you, could they?”
 “I'll box your ears, sir, if you don't hush. Go on away now. I'd rather be questioned by a prosecuting attorney.”—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Little John Fizzletop was a page in the Legislature when it was in session, and his conversation has had a political flavor ever since. Yesterday, for instance, he asked his mother, “Am I to get a second piece of pie after I get through with this?” “Indeed you are not.” “Then, Mrs. Speaker, in this case, the sooner there is a change in the administration, the better for the material interests of the country.”

The Graduate.

Now watch this young strut of a youth as he comes forward with his essay on Rome. How full of life and proud grace in his step. How confident he is of the fact that he is about to electrify the world with his marvellous store of knowledge of ancient history. How bad he seems to feel because, in his opinion, the governments of the nineteenth century are unworthy to be compared to the governments of ancient Rome or Greece. In the eyes of this knowing youth the steam engine, electricity and the press are nothing compared to the ordinary palaces and monuments built by the hands of the miserable slaves of ancient times. If this youth had his way, how he would revolutionize affairs. How he would do away with some of the prosy things of to-day, and in return restore to us the glory and grandeur of old Rome and old Greece. But the youth has his own way but for a moment, and there he breaks loose for a last time. To-morrow he goes out into the big world and gets lost. To-day he is too big even for the fine clothes he wears. To-morrow his clothes will prove too much for him; therefore he will leave a part of them in the care of an uncle. We may never hear of him again, and he may turn up some day as a reformed drunkard, and again electrify us with his eloquence. But the chances are that we are safe, that this ambitious youth will, on leaving the stage to-day, be inveigled into some large store where in the future he can devote his powers of oratory on dry goods boxes, and on his fellow-workers in the basement.

—*Detroit Chaff.*

A Lesson on Young Americans.

Question—Who is this?

Answer—This is the American boy.

Q. What does he wish to do for a living?

A. He wants to be a bank clerk or a broker or a doctor or a lawyer, or get a place in the Custom House or Post-office or go into the army or become a minister.

Q. What is the ambition of the country and village American boy?

A. To go to the city and “get a situation.”

Q. For how much pay?

A. For two dollars a week the first year, and perhaps, if he is smart, all he make otherwise.

Q. How are many American boys, in both village and city, brought up?

A. They go to school until seventeen or eighteen years of age and then hang around home or street corners until they get married.

Q. And then?

A. Then there is a row, and the old folks of the first part manage to provide in some way for the young folks of the second part, and both parties drag out a sort of unpleasant existence.

Q. What is our American young man's idea of living?

A. Life for him is no life at all unless he can have his spring, summer, fall and winter suits of clothing, change his neckties with every fashion, endure the miseries and want of a semi-fashionable boarding-house, and spend what is left of his salary at the end of the month in taking a young woman to the theatre, with carriage and fashionable restaurant supper to the close of the performance.

Q. Is this right?

A. Yes, it is right, but the blacksmith's apprentice cannot do it very easily.

Q. By the way, what has become of all the American apprentices to useful trades?

A. They are all dead.

Q. And who are most of the workers in iron and wood and leather and bricks and mortar?

A. They are mostly foreigners.

Q. But what can the American boy do?

A. He can aspire to be a Vanderbilt.

Q. And does he realize his aspiration?

A. Not often. But sometimes he brings up as a bank-teller or cashier or public official who disappears suddenly and leaves his accounts short behind him.

Q. But do no American boys learn trades?

A. Oh, yes; but they frequently commence rather late in life.

Q. Where?

A. In the State prison.