



THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

The greatest nuisance, maybe, in the human family, is the man who knows it all. He is always ready to prove you an ignoramus rather than impart knowledge or information. You may be in company and during the conversation tell what may be your observations regarding a certain thing, and after you have finished this friend, the man who knows it all, will undertake to prove, not directly, maybe, that you know nothing at all about what you have been talking. Nine times in ten, however, the boot is on the other foot. This man who knows it all will contradict you on theology, politics, business, and in fact anything you may bring up, or if unable to contradict will take the very few words and thoughts you have spoken or expressed and enlarge upon them only to make the points you have presented more opaque. The man who knows it all is, in fact, the most unmitigated, downright, perfect nuisance in the world. There is no truth in him, hence no one asks him for his views and opinions; he always volunteers or rather forces his remarks on others. His room is always preferable to his company, and when he goes those who have a true knowledge of things, a knowledge gained by thorough study and experience, feel that they have at last an opportunity to present their views should occasion require without fear of contradiction by a supercilious puppy. There is no room for a man who knows it all, yet every community is imposed upon by him. He is a hideous nightmare, impossible to get rid of until it has had its time. His favorite haunt is in the corner grocery, the hotel lobby, and not infrequently he will stray into the parlors of his friends. There is no need of an introduction for him, as he always makes his presence felt. In fact there is nothing on earth so low, so unreliable and so despised as the man who knows it all. —*Peck's Sun.*

HOW A SOLDIER WON HIS EPAULETS.

It was during the war. The officer commanding the artillery was afraid he would not have enough cannon balls to last through another engagement, and expressed his fears to the commanding General. Here was a quandary, as a brush with the enemy was expected at almost any moment, and the source of supply was far off. A private hearing of the difficulty, obtained an interview with the General, though with difficulty.

"What is it, my man?" asked the General.

"You are nearly out of cannon balls, General?"

"Yes we are."

"I can suggest a way out of the difficulty."

"You can? Well, then do so immediately, and if it works all right I'll give you a commission."

"Thank you, General. I believe there is a railway station within a few miles?"

"There is."

"And a restaurant is connected with it?"

"Yes," said the General looking puzzled.

"Then General," replied the private, "send an ammunition wagon down and order up the entire lot of sandwiches."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the General, bringing his fist down on the table. It's a wonder that wasn't thought of before."

The sandwiches were brought to the camp, and in the next battle the artillery played havoc with the rebels and the private got his commission. The bad feature of it is, however that all the sandwiches were not used up, and many of them worked their way north and are still doing duty at railway lunch counters.

BRUDDER ROMULUS' CABIN LACONICS.

De wise squir'l tends all de p'litical meetin's to find out whose cohn am goin' to stan out in de shock all wintah.

It am de chap dat hain't suah 'bout allus habin' a clean shirt dat has his coat made to button right up to de chin.

Dar am a heap moah folks in dis worl' dat limp 'kase dey w'ar tight boots dan 'kase deh dun fall lame a wuckin' to 'arn, an hones' libin'.

A patch am a heap easier to karry 'bout wid you dan a tailor's bill dat yo' kyan't pay.

Pooty felles in dis worl' ain't gin'rally good fur much 'ceptin' jes' to look at; de rose bush doan' pan out well when yo' cum to lay in wintah fish-wood.

Life am offen sich a long thread dat it dun snaps in de middle f'um its own heft.

De chap dat am stoopin' ober hoein' out his tator patch ain't apt to see all de leetle failins' ob his nayburs.—*Life.*

WHY HE WAS CAREFUL.

"Will you be home to dinner?" asked a Chicago woman of her husband as he was about starting for business.

"No, I think not," he answered, "I expect to be very busy, besides a new saloon is to be opened up just around the corner from my office and I will drop in there and get a little free lunch."

"Well," said his wife, while s'wave of fear swept across her anxious face, "be careful not to get hurt in the rush."—*Luther W. Riggs.*

COULDN'T GO WITH HIM.

A story is told of the wife of a nouveau riche who, by skillful pushing had got into a certain circle in society and obtained a prominent place in it, while her husband, who had no social ambition, remained unknown to nearly all her acquaintances. One of the guests at a grand entertainment given by her, found himself, when tired and bored, next to an insignificant looking chap. To him he said in an outburst of confidence: "It's growing beastly dull, and I'm going home. Won't you come with me?"

"I'd like to," was the reply, "but I can't, I'm the host."—*New York Correspondent.*

A \$20 BIBLICAL PRIZE.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer two valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for February, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person telling us which is the longest verse in the Old Testament Scriptures by February 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner February 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the *March Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward, and the correct answer, will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Allowing a Chicago girl to step on an elephant's toes.

Lending a willing horse to two women to go driving.

Condemning a hen to have its head chopped off by a woman.

Presenting a pug dog to an Omaha belle. She will be sure to kiss it.

Taking your sweetheart and her mother out riding when you have but one horse. Leave one of them at home.

Teaching a parrot to say unpleasant truths about your neighbor and then leaving it where he can get hold of it.

Causing a gentleman cow to over-exert himself in hot weather by passing through a pasture with a red garment on.

Making a sensitive bulldog feel bad by ignoring his presence and trying to pass him after he has growled and shown his teeth.

Jumping on a table and yelling like a wild Indian when a mouse appears. The poor little animals are often frightened into fits.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PUNNY.

"Algernon, I have a stitch in my side."

"I am not surprised my dear. You were hemmed in by the crowd at the party last night."

"No; I think I got it while basting the turkey."

"You tuok too much pains over it."

"Algernon, why will you persist in ruffling my temper in this way?"

"Merely a biased notion of yours and fur-below my intentions."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Somebody asked the four-year-old son of one of our citizens what he would do if his father died. "Why," said the youngster, "I'd wear my new boots to the funeral."—*Evansville Argus.*

In a railway carriage: Guibollard asks, very politely, "Madame, does smoking trouble you?" "Oh, yes, monsieur; not ordinarily, but today—" "Ah! madame," replies Guibollard, in a very sympathetic tone, "how much you are about to suffer."—*Paris Wit.*

The girls have already formed their plans for leap year. To the bashful lover they will say: "Do you like home-made bread?" If he says yes, then the reply will be, "Well I can bake." Then if he doesn't take the hint they are to seize both his hands, fall on their knees and put the question direct.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"How is it Jones, that you are so much down on Smith? You are always speaking harshly of him. Did he ever do you an injury?" "No," replied Jones confusedly, "he never did me an injury. Fact is I did him an injury once, if the truth must be told." "Oh, ah! I see! That explains your bitterness against him."—*Somerville Journal.*

"How is it you never married, Charley?" "Oh, I don't know, except that I remained single from choice." "Why, I heard that you tried to get that Podkins girl a year or two ago?" "Yes, I did ask her to marry me." "And she wouldn't have you?" "That's about the size of it. So I remained single from choice—her choice, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.