

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

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 "Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
 And merrily hent the stile—a
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a."

An unpalatable dish—Cold shoulder.

A dangerous character—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

"No, Sir," said the practical man, "I don't go hunting. I find enough to lie about as it is."

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

§ The man who is always boasting of speaking his mind usually has the least mind to speak.

A little child of seven thinks when the Bible speaks of 'children's children' it must mean dolls.

A recent poet says: "Mamma will not leave her home." The man who marries her daughter is to be congratulated.

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stibbins, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

A New Jersey widow is said to have changed her religion because she wished to avoid meeting her husband in the next world.

The question that agitates the young female mind, is "Can the electric light be turned down to the faintest kind of a glimmer?"

When a lady who has been taking music lessons for the past eight years hangs back and blushes and says she really can't play, don't insist on it. The chances are that she can't.

Judge Tourgee is delivering a lecture on a "Family of Fools." We haven't heard it, but presume he refers to the girl who kindled a fire with kerosene, the boy who "didn't know it was loaded," and the man who asks, "Is it cold enough for you?"

A darkey who had been owing one of our mercantile firms for a long time stepped into the store and said, "Bos, I hear you is gwine to give folks what owes you a 'lowance.'" "Yes, yes: how much do you want to pay?" "Don't want to pay nuffin, boss—come ter get de 'lowance—my wife wants a shawl."

"When?" asked a superintendent, fixing his eye on the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class, "when does man most fully and conscientiously recognize and realize his own utter nothingness?" And the young man, who had led himself to the altar only a few short weeks ago, blushed painfully and said, with faltering voice, "when he's being married."

"How can I leave you darling?" murmured a lover in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a perpendicular on the dial. "Well, John," responded the girl with wicked innocence, "you can take your choice. If you go through the hall you will be liable to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog."

Lime Kiln philosophy *apropos* of the death of Elder Spooner: "He was honest, an' darfore poo'. He was conscienshus, an' darfore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity an' sympathy, an' darfore had de reputashun of bein' weak in de second story. I doan' advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to carelessly remark dat de real good man dat am obleeged to turn his paper collars am shunned by society and laffed at by all de world."

They had different ideas as to what would "break the Sabbath." Their gardens joined. The worldly man, to check the fast-growing weeds, used the hoe on quiet Sunday afternoons. The strict, straightlaced deacon, before meeting, would take the watering-pot and give the plants a refreshing sprinkle. Not believing for a moment that he could sin, the good man lost patience with the worldly tiller of the soil, and asked him if he did not feel ashamed of working on the Lord's Day. The reply was meek, and yet it was savage: "The Lord sprinkles your garden, deacon, but never hoes mine."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

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 "Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors."

Anthony Trollope left personal property to the amount of £25,000. His novels produce a steady income of no inconsiderable size.

Mr. Nathan Shepard has arranged a selection of "Character Readings from George Eliot," just issued in the Franklin Square Library. A similar collection from Dickens was edited by Mr. Shepard some time ago.

London Truth notes a record in the Publishers' Circular that the number of religious works brought out last year was 789, while that of novels was only 420, and is led to believe therefrom that after this we shall, perhaps, hear less about "the pernicious tendencies of modern literature."

Mr. Whittier, the poet, has recently written a note to a fellow-trustee of Brown University expressing a hope that the doors of the "noble old institution" will soon be opened to women, "a measure," he says, "which I feel certain would redound to the honor and materially promote the prosperity of the college."

Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" and Voltaire's "Philosophical Works" were lately seized by Canadian customs officers on the ground of immorality. The collector refuses to return them to the publishers; and when asked what he meant to do with the books, replied, "I suppose I ought to make a bonfire of them."

"Authors and Publishers: A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature," soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, will have much of interest to book-makers and writers generally. Information on copyright, preparing MS. for press, proof-reading, revising copy, publishers' methods, etc., will be included.

In England the title of "Mrs." was formerly prefixed to the names of elderly unmarried ladies. Thus, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Pirate," Dame Barbar Yellowley, although described as a "spinster," is called "Mistress" and "Mrs." The same designation is given in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" to Mrs. Slipslop, "who was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age."

Hamilton, the new Governor of Illinois, it seems, owes much to the great ambition of his wife, who is both an intelligent and lovely lady. She was engaged to be married to the youthful governor while both were attending the same school in Ohio. She then predicted a brilliant future for her betrothed, and had the greatest confidence that he would make his mark in the world. She persuaded him to read law, and it is said that in all his political battles Hamilton has been guided by the wisdom and good sense of his wife, who, like Mrs. General Logan, never takes a back seat when her husband's political advancement is involved.

The poet, Longfellow was such a thoroughbred gentleman, that the most timid were at ease in his society, and the presumptuous were held in check. All the vulgar and pretentious people in the world," exclaimed a young man, fascinated by the elegant simplicity of the poet's manners, "ought to be sent to see Mr. Longfellow, to learn how to behave!" Probably no American unless it was the President of the United States, received so many visitors as the poet. They came from all parts of the world, were received—even the humblest—with a gracious kindness, which said, "The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see."

The late James T. Fields used to relate the following incident which happened in one of his visits at the home of the poet Tennyson. They were wandering on the moors about midnight, with no moon to light them, when suddenly the poet dropped on his knees, with his face to the ground. "What is it?" said Mr. Fields, alarmed lest a sudden faintness or sickness had come on. "Violets!" growled Tennyson. "Violets, man. Down on your knees and take a good snuff; you'll sleep all the better for it." Mr. Fields dropped on his knees, not to snuff the violets, but to have a good laugh at the oddity of the poet's action and words. But Tennyson was eager to make the most of the violets, which his keen sense detected as quickly by night as his vision by day.