



"Aren't the eggs boiled yet, cook?"
"I dunno, muth. They've been boiling an hour, mum, but the skin hasn't come off 'em yet."

LIVE within your income, says the practical adviser; but if he would tell how one may live without it, he would have the merit and the glory of instructing a larger constituency.

A WRITER says an ordinary beetle can draw twenty times his own weight. We have seen the insect move a man weighing 165 pounds by simply alighting within half an inch of his nose.

ADVERTISEMENT in a Salem, Dakota, newspaper:—"If John Jones, who twenty years ago deserted his poor wife and babe, will return, said babe will make him look as if he had been through a threshing machine."

"FATHER," said Willie, who had just been corrected, "that strap is hereditary, isn't it?"
"I don't know that it is."

"But it descends from father to son, doesn't it?"

PARSON (returning from church, to small boy with pole)—"Do you know where the little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath?"

Small boy (with pride and animation)—"You just bet I do, and I ain't agoin' to give the snap away, either."

"As you can only be a sister to me," he said in broken tones, "will you let me kiss you good night?" She shyly said she would. Then he folded her in his strong arms, and gently placing her head against his manly breast, he kissed her passionately. "Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "this is all so new to me, so—so different from what I thought it would be, that if you will give me a little time to—to think it over, I—I may—" But let us withdraw from the sacred scene.

BARBER—"Clean shave, sir?"

Customer—"Of course, you didn't suppose I wanted a dirty one, did you?"

Barber (later on)—"Bay rum?"

Customer—"Thanks. Never mind the bay, though. Make it Medford. Do you take me for a poet?"

Barber—"Shampoo?"

Customer—"No, sir-ee! I'm able to pay for a real poo!"

A HUSBAND and wife were talking grammar.

"Would you," said she, "say scissors are, or scissors is?"

"I'd say scissors are, of course," he replied.

"Would you say molasses is, or molasses are?"

"Molasses is, of course."

"Well, then, would you say the family is well?"

"No."

"What! you wouldn't say the family are well, when family is a singular noun, would you?"

"No."

"What would you say, then, I'd like to know?"

"Why, love, I'd say the family was not well; that you had the grumbles, that Tommy had a sore finger, that the baby had the colic, that Katie had the headache, and that I was trying to make an average by being well enough for four."

She went out of the room and didn't speak to him for two days.

Some Marvellous Shooting.

They had been talking about the remarkable performances of Dr. Carver, who, with a rifle, shot glass balls which were sent into the air as fast as a man could throw them.

Presently Abner Byng, who was sitting by, said, "That's nothing."

"What's nothing?"

"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"

"No."

"Well, Tom was the best man with a rifle I ever saw. Beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen Tom do. You know, maybe, along there in the cherry season Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"

"I don't know. How?"

"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird shot, and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at a time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire, and take the stone clean out of every cherry in the lot. It's a positive fact. He might occasionally miss one, but not often. But he did bigger shootin' than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"

"Why, Jim Miller—did you know Jim?"

"No."

"Well, Tom made a bet once with Jim that he could shoot the button off his own coat-tail by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim took him up."

"Did he do it?"

"Do it! He fixed himself in position and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, caromed; hit the corner of a house, caromed: struck a lamp-post, caromed; and flew behind Tom and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it!"

"That was fine shooting."

"Yes, sir, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a kind of a brown and feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breechloading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"You say you saw him do this sort of shooting."

"Yes, sir, and better than that too. Why, I'll tell you what I've seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an india-rubber target at 300 feet and hit the bull's-eye twenty seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce right back into the rifle barrel just as Tom had dropped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her agoing backward and forward until at last he happened to move his gun and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest—except one."

"What was that?"

"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practising, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what do you think he did?"

"What?"

"Now what do you think that man did to keep dry?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him, and I pledge my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for eight feet around us was as dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir, beautiful."

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out one by one, each man eyeing Abner and looking solemn as he went by. And when they had gone Abner looked queer for a moment and said to me: "There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is the friend of the solid truth, and I'll tie to him every time."

Sowing "wild oats" is always a perilous matter; there is an added danger when they are mixed with "rye."

We are told that singing teaches a person to breathe properly. That may be very true; but we once saw a man so fearfully and wonderfully interrupted in the middle of a ballad by a boot-jack, that he didn't breathe properly, or anything like it, for ten or fifteen minutes.

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy young bookseller to a homely-dressed Quaker who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Here's an essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," said the Quaker, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present to thy mother."

"PA, who was it turned the garden hose on Reginald when he was serenading me?"

"It was I, daughter."

"And why, pray?"

"Because Shakespeare advises it. He says, 'If music be the food of love, play on,' and assuming Reginald's brand of music to be the food of love, I played on—played on him with the hose and a dilution of insect powder."

A Story without Words.

