

"What in the name of Moses she is going to do with a bustle and a coal scuttle I can't conceive.

"But they're the most extraordinary people! Last Fourth of July the boy came over and told Mrs. Butterwick that Mrs. Thompson would be much obliged if she'd lend her the twins for a few minutes. Said Mrs. Thompson wanted 'em to suck off a new bottle top, because it made her baby sick to taste fresh India-rubber! 'Cheeky, wasn't it? But that's her way. She don't mind it any more.

"Why, I've known her to take off our Johnny's pants when he's been playing over there with the children, and send him home bare-legged to tell his mother that she borrowed them or a pattern. And on Thompson's birthday she said her house was so small for a party that if we'd lend her our's we might come late in the evening and dance with the company, if we wouldn't let on that we lived there.

"Yes, sir; I'm going to move. I'd rather live next door to a lunatic asylum and have the maniacs pouring red hot shot over the fence every hour of the day. Indeed I would."

AN INGENUOUS PLEA.—A soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow, Scotland, for playing cards during divine service. The account of it is thus given—

Sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He looked first at one card and then at another. The sergeant saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over the constable took Richard a prisoner and brought him before the mayor.

"Well, what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have no Bible or common prayer book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God.

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son.

"When I see the three it reminds me of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed the lamps. These were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out.

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see seven it reminds me that on the

seventh day God rested from the great work. He had made and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—viz., Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the ten lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. These were nine out of the ten who never returned thanks.

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone.

"When I see the king it reminds me of the great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought him her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so he told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I know of is the constable who brought me here."

"I don't know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards I find 365—as many as there are days in the year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year; and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month.

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and, on counting the number of tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter.

"So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer book."

THUNDER! WHAT A CAT!—A few evenings ago Alvy Moody was paying a visit to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while Alvy told his story of love.

The muttered words reached the parent's ear, and coming suddenly into the room, he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.

"It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply.

"Drive it out of here!" thundered paterfamilias.

"Scat!" screeched Mary; and then, sotto voce,

"Alvy, meow a little."

Alvy set up a woful yell.

"Confound it! bring a light and scare the thing out."

This was too much, and poor Alvy made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him.

"Thunder! what a cat!" exclaimed the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought.

"I have never seen anything like it. And, confound it! its tail is made of broadcloth!" as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the window.