

SUMMER SNICKERS.

A dead set—A dozen spelled eggs.

A spring bed—One for lettuce and radishes.

Seber thought generally follows a swelled head.

Effectual destruction of weeds—marrying a widow.

If seven d's make one week, how many will make one strong?

erThe spring-time of life—When you discover a bent pin under you.

No man doth safely appear abroad but he who can abide at home.

It's the little things that tell, especially the little brothers and sisters.

Why is an ice-cream fiend like a crematory? Because he is a cream-ater.

The only thing a man ever loses by politeness is his seat in the street car.

Can a man be called a temperance man of long standing who wears tight shoes?

A woman refused to shoe her hens because her husband, a shoemaker, was on a strike.

The trouble with the ground rents in Ireland is that the tenants consider them too grinding.

When a run once starts on a bank the more check you give it the worse it is for the bank.

Before marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; after marriage with her tongue.

A young poet out West, in describing heaven, says: "It is a world of bliss fenced in with girls."

A soft answer turns away no wrath from a girl, when she is serious on the popping question and means business.

Why are young ladies nowadays like bells? Because you can never find out their metal until you have given them a ring.

He (after surveying the company)—"Mixed lot! Hardly a gentleman in the room." She (innocently)—"Not one—that I can see!"

A woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase but cannot afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.

First Stranger—"Slow, isn't it?" Second Stranger—"Yes, very." First Stranger—"Let's go home." Second Stranger—"I can't, I'm the host."

"Well, what have you got for supper?" asked Mr. Scaggs, last night, as he entered the dining-room. "Why, I have some biscuits that I made myself, dear," replied his wife. "Well, bring them on," said Scaggs, in a resigned tone. "I'm hungry enough to eat anything."

"Poppy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight with the rhinoceros?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trousers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for natural history, isn't it? No longer ago than yesterday he had eight Thomas cats hanging by their tails from the clothes-line!"

One morning at the breakfast table a lady, who was afflicted with dyspepsia and had had a "dreadful" dream, was complaining sadly, and described her sensations to her sympathizing husband. "I was all the time climbing up, up, up hill; every while I stopped to rest, and, oh! I was so tired! The fact is, I had a real nightmare." "Then, why, my dear," said the affectionate husband, "did you not get up and rig up the hill?"

A young dude from the country, newly to call on some municipal young ladies the other evening, was told that he must get them to sing, and should they refuse to sing to him. "Accordingly," he began, "I requested Miss Mary to favor me with a song. She gently declined, and said, 'No, thank you.'"

"Well, then, next," he said, "I supposed I should be you, might I suggest that you sing to me?" "No, thank you," she said, "I am not a singer."



THE GAME OF LIFE

A Japanese City.

Prof. Moran, in his recent book upon life and scenes in Japan, points out many curious contrasts between Eastern and Western civilization. Perhaps the difference is most marked in the general appearance of the large cities.

A view of Tokio, from some elevated point, reveals a vast sea of roofs, the gray of the shingles and dark slate color of the tiles giving a comber effect to the whole. The even expanse is broken here and there by the fire-proof buildings, with their porous-tiled roofs and ridges and pure white or jet-black walls. The temples also are conspicuous as they tower far above the pigmy dwellings which surround them. Their great black roofs, with massive ridges and ribs, and grand sweeps and white or red gables, render them striking objects from whatever point they are viewed. Green masses of tree foliage springing from the numerous gardens add some life to this gray sea of domiciles. There is, of course, no church spire. It is likewise curious to look over a vast city of, it may be, nearly a million inhabitants, and detect no chimney with a streak of blue smoke. From the absence of chimneys and the almost universal use of charcoal for heating purposes, the cities have an atmosphere of remarkable clearness and purity.

The compact way in which cities and towns are crowded together, barely separated by the narrow streets and

lanes which cross like threads in every direction, and the peculiarly inflammable materials of which most of the buildings are composed, explains the lightning-like rapidity with which conflagration spreads when once fairly under way.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A Boston paper recently printed a Spring poem signed with these strange initials, M. U. D.

The audacious English sparrow apparently fears nothing. A pair of these birds are actually housekeeping in the hood of an electric street lamp in Portland, Maine.

A Lookhaver, Pennsylvania, man asserts that he owns a lock containing a lock of George Washington's hair. The man never heard the story or he would possess the hatchet also.

A society has been formed in Switzerland for the cultivation of amiability. Its members are to be good natured, polite and agreeable always and under all circumstances. The test will be when they get the toothache or neuralgia, or when their corn-toe is stepped on in a street car.

New Jersey folks are extremely susceptible to hydrophobia. A mad dog is not a necessary adjunct. A boy, whose sister was bitten, worried about it so much that he actually took the malady from sympathy,

and put the doctors to their wits' end. It took four men to hold the lad during his paroxysms.

In Wyoming territory the settlers grow their fuel by the acre. Sunflowers are used instead of coal. The stalks when dry are as hard as maple wood and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

Jenaville has a very absent-minded citizen. Two mornings in succession, after milking the cow, he set the pail of milk in a corner, and carried the milking stool into the house. On the third morning he took a basket of turnips to the cow, emptied them before he began to milk in the house. He had presence of mind enough to stop when he hit half through milking.

A correspondent in Montana, telling of the fortuitous discovery of silver mines, relates this incident: A prospector in New Mexico with the honored name of John Quincy Adams, found his haversack on fire, his prospector's glass having focused the sun's rays upon it. As the haversack contained about a dozen pounds of powder, he dropped it and got out of the way in a hurry. It fell into a crevice, and a large mass of rock was thrown up. Adams returned mournfully to gather up what might be left of his effects, and found an exceedingly rich vein of ore, which the explosion had ex-