

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

"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."

A nightgown is nothing but a napsack.

An unspeakable blessing—a dumb wife.

A chasm that often separates friends—sar-casm.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

A lynching affair out West is called a "swinging sorree."

Can anyone improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not.

Suet pudding as served at the generality of hotels is said to be one cause for prevalent suicides.

"Generous to a fault," may be said of men—at least they are generous enough to their own faults.

A New Jersey man has patented a stove that explodes at ten o'clock at night. He has four daughters.

A writer in *Harper's* commences a poem with the line, "Some day I shall be dead." It is indeed a beautiful thought.

Liberalism is creeping into all churches; but the poor preachers notice that it has not yet struck the contribution-box.

A Buffalo girl never has her wedding dress made in that city, for fear that somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe.

At a fashionable wedding in Philadelphia, recently, the absent-minded organist played "Empty is the Cradle." He was retired on half pay.

We have heard of persons going into a drug store and inquiring for nails, but the latest oddity is an old lady who went into a butcher shop to buy liver pads.

Instead of having written on his tomb-stone, "he never told a lie," the greatest man of modern times will probably prefer the words, "he never stole an umbrella."

When you see a sour-faced woman sitting ashes on her sidewalk, it is difficult to tell whether she loves the human race or hates the new carpets of her next-door neighbor.

Some genius has invented a machine to play pianos, which will fill a long-felt want. When two young people of opposite sex are in the parlor in the evening, the old lady don't begin to saunter in until the piano stops.

The meanest man on record is the one who promised his boy a pair of skates if he would not cry for a week, and when the time was nearly up, and the boy felt certain of the skates, took him into the shed and thrashed him.

An old bachelor recently gave the following toast:—Women—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, and the evening star of age: bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance.

Health Journals say that to retain a sound constitution a man must lie on the right side. Yes; but which is the right side? Every lawyer, preacher and editor in the country thinks the side he is lying on is the right one.

My mother's awful fickle," said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. "When she saw you coming up the street she said, 'There's that horrid Mis' Smith; I hope she isn't coming here; and a minute after she told you she was real glad to see you. Mother says I'm fickle, but I guess I don't change my mind as quick as that.'"

A Chicago judge riding in the cars last week, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady at his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured to remark that the day was pleasant. She only answered, "Yes." "Why do you wear a veil?" "Not to attract attention." "It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law. "Not when they are married." "But I am not." "Indeed!" "O, no; I am a bachelor." Then the lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever since. —*Chicago Cheek*

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"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."

A statue of Rousseau is to be erected in Paris, to be paid for by popular subscription.

A portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is to be painted by Mr. John W. Alexander.

Mr. Whittier recently told a reporter that in the last year he received between two and three thousand requests for his autograph.

It is thought that the most highly remunerated and successful author of the nineteenth century, taking into account the amount of work accomplished, was George Eliot.

It is announced that General Lew Wallace, author of "The Fair God" and "Ben Hur," has written a love story which is not historical. The name of it is not yet divulged.

"Perhaps it is not generally known," says the New Haven (Conn.) *Register*, "that Hawthorne drudged for Peter Parley of this city for a few years, beginning with 1831, writing immortal tales for \$3 apiece."

Miss Mary Dickens, a granddaughter of the great novelist, purposes to illustrate the theory of heredity, by going on the stage. She will make her debut as Anne Carew in Taylor's "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing."

Peter Cooper, now in his ninety-second year, declines a statue in the Cooper Institute. "Such a monument," he says, "would cause me much pain while I am living. The people can do what they please when I am gone."

The *Literary World* announces that Baron Nordenskjöld's narrative of the voyage of the Vega has been translated into eleven different languages, having been issued simultaneously in Swedish, Bohemian, English, Finnish, French, Dutch, Italian, Norwegian, Russian, Spanish and German.

Vanity Fair tells a story of how Anthony Trollope once heard two novel-reading youths, in a wayside inn, discussing one of his "eternal" characters, of whom they were tired. He rose, acknowledged himself to be the author, and promised to go home and kill the character. In the following installment she died of apoplexy.

Mr. J. M. McGregor Allan is writing in *Modern Thought* a serial criticism on Miss Braddon as a novelist. His remarks are classified under such appropriate headings as "Murder," "Bigamy" and "Poisoning." He asks in capital letters the question, "Are Miss Braddon's novels immoral?" and replies, in effect, that the lady is not to be blamed, since she only paints the world as it is. He is further convinced that "Miss Braddon's novels prove her a Christian, neither a bigot nor an enthusiast." This testimonial to her orthodoxy may console her for such unpleasant elements as the articles may contain.

There are many reminiscences of a very amiable character which illuminate the memory of Earl Beaconsfield especially the affectionate and grateful regard he always entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes and the co-partner of his fame. She was fond of traveling with him, and on his more public occasions witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honor which greeted him. A friend of the Earl was dining with him, when one of the party—a member of the house for many years—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the vicountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; "for you know you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said: "I don't suppose you can understand it, B, I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever in the wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude." The same friend, on another occasion, when the House was up and almost everybody out of town, passing by Disraeli's house, saw indications that he was at home. He knocked and enquired. Yes, he was in town and at home. "Why," he enquired, "how is this? I thought you were abroad." No; the vicountess was too weak to travel, indisposed to leave London, and he would not and could not leave her.