



With trembling voice, though ardent look,
He faintly asked her could she cook.
She owned she could, and, bolder grown,
He asked her if she'd be his own.
"Indeed?" said she, with her nose a-curl;
"I supposed you were wanting a hired girl."

A sign on an academy out West reads:—"Freeman and Huggs; Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

These policemen are luckier than the authors. The author has to cudgel his own brains for a living, while the policeman cudgels other folks.

Doctor—It is a little difficult to diagnose your case. Perhaps you have been eating too much. Patient—Impossible. This hotel is run on the European plan.

He—Do you know anything about your ancestors? She—Yes, everything. He—Then you have a family tree? She—Oh, no! I have a brother running for office.

A young woman began a song—"Ten Thousand Leaves Are Falling." She pitched it too high, screamed, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer.

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE—Choir Leader—Ach! that was terrible, Miss Screecher! You had lost de tune; you are vay oud! Miss Screecher—That's all right, Professor; I only went out to get the air.

TRAVELLER—"Ain't you ashamed to beg—a stout fellow like you? I should think you might work." Picturesque beggar (drawing himself up):—"Senor, I asked you for alms, not for advice."

"Never would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones, Huntsville, Ala., "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-hawk—all been took up for stealin'."

FRIGID.—Dudleigh—Do you know, Miss de Spinster is decidedly frigid in her manner, don't you think so? Walnustree—Rather! She always reminds me of one of the recent discoveries in Pompeii. Dudleigh—What's that! Walnustree—An ancient frieze.

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.—Chollie (glancing at bill of fare)—I'd order quail on toast if they had it, Bella, but they haven't, apparently, so I guess we'll have some plain. Waiter—We have quail on toast, sir, although it isn't on the bill. Chollie (*sotto voce*)—Shut up.

His was the greatest accomplishment.—"Yes, my wife is learning Delsarte, my daughter is learning elocution, and my boy is learning the mandolin. Oh, we shall soon be the most accomplished family in town." "We? What are you learning, pray?" "To endure."

ONLY SECONDED—There was only one piece of pie left on the plate, and Willie's mother pressed the visitor to take it. He declined, but she insisted. Willie had had no pie, and this was more than he could stand. In a voice of bitter sarcasm he howled out: "Keep on worrin' him, maw! Keep on worrin' him! He'll take it after awhile!"



On New Year's Eve Brown and Jones agree that smoking is injurious, and swear off for a year, under penalty of twenty dollars.

The result.



BROWN.—I hate to smoke down cellar, but Jones might call unexpectedly, and claim that twenty dollars.



JONES.—It's a chilly place to smoke, but Brown might drop in, and twenty dollars is twenty dollars.

As they poked up the old gentleman who fell on the sidewalk, they asked him: "Did you slip?" "No," he growled; "I was trying to see if I could sit down on that coal hole top hard enough to break it. I did it just for fun," and he glared savagely, while the spectators somehow felt foolish.

Equestrian asks, "Will you please tell me on which side a gentleman should ride when accompanying ladies who are horseback riding?" Always ride on the outside. The horses do not like it so well when you try to get inside. Some horses that are well trained, however, may not mind it. But we think the old way the best.

PURE SENTIMENT.—The maiden wept, and I said, "Why weepest thou, maiden?" She answered not, neither did she speak, but she sobbed exceedingly, and I again said, "Maiden, why weepest thou?" Still she continued weeping; and the third time I raised my voice, and said, "Maiden, why weepest thou?" And she answered and said, "What's that to you? Mind your own business!"

A clever editor says this story is important. At Hawkins Station, a day or two ago, a dog attempted to pass under a train, but was not quick enough, and the tip end of his tail was caught and cut off. He whirled around to see what was the matter with that extremity, and almost instantly had his head cut off. Strange, wasn't it?

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body. "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats the corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think about necks."

THE WESTERN EDITOR—A Western editor received a letter from an indignant subscriber, who said, "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor mildly replied, "That is all right. I wouldn't make it any longer if you did, because in that case I should have to buy a new press. The present length just suits me, and I am glad it suits you." It is to be hoped this "soft answer turned away wrath."

Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter undertook to enlighten a dark little Sunday-school kid.—"Who am de fadder of Zebedee's childerns? Talk up now, niggah?" "I dunno. Dey kon't lib in our neighborhood." "What am de name ob childerns what lib next door to ver?" "Yerger." "What is de name ob their fadder?" "Kurnel Yerger, sah." "Now, tell me who am de fadder ob Zebedee's childerns." "Kurnel Yerger, ob course."

One element of shrewdness is to realize that the man you are dealing with may be more shrewd than yourself.

He (wishing to be confidential)—Pardon, Miss Rosalie, *mais les enfants ont oreilles*—Enfant (spitefully)—Yes, and they know French, too.

Physician to convalescent patient—"My bill, sir, for attendance during your late illness." Patient—"Great Scott, doctor," looking over the bill and turning white. "Was I as sick as all that?"

"Pa," said little George, "what is a meteorologist?" "Why, my boy," thoughtfully replied the father, "Haven't you seen the man who comes to look at the gas-meter now and then? Well, he is a meteorologist."

MISS AUBURN'S VENGEANCE.—Returned traveller: "I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?" Old friend: "Long ago! She married him."

CORRESPONDENCE

"FARMER'S DAUGHTER," Goderich, Ont., writes: What to do with burnt matches is often a question that perplexes the soul of the tidy housekeeper, especially when there is no convenient fire into which to throw them. To leave them about is disorderly, and if careless people lay them down ere they are quite out, there is danger of fire. The best answer to this difficulty is in the following plan: Get a small glass tumbler and fit it into a small round basket. Japanese are the best, which can be had for a very small cost. Then cover the basket and tumbler with a strip of colored silk large enough to draw over both. The frill at the top should be about an inch and a half wide. This should stand up round the tumbler. If you like to use white or very light-colored silk, you can embroider it with tiny sprays of flowers, matching the ribbon which confines the bag at the top of the basket. Gather the other end of the silk to fit the bottom of the basket, and sew it round the edge with fine sewing silk. This plan leaves the tumbler free and open to serve as a seemly and safe receptacle for burnt matches.

L.P.B., SHERBROOKE, Que., writes: I have experimented somewhat to ascertain the keeping qualities of washed granular butter and unwashed. I find that butter thoroughly washed in pure water when in the granular state, will keep longer than that not washed. I have taken butter from the same churning before it was washed, and thoroughly worked the buttermilk out of it, then salted it in the same way as the remainder of the churning which had been washed while in the granular form. The latter kept perfectly sweet and good for one to two weeks longer in the summer months than the unwashed butter. By thoroughly washing the butter while in the granular form, all the casein and foreign matters are taken out, leaving only the butter fat, and giving it the true butter flavor, free from the insipid sour curd taste. Its freedom from curds, I think, will account for its better keeping qualities also.

"ORCHARDIST," Queenston, Ont., writes: Most orchardists, either through ignorance or neglect will not fight the insects, so the fruit will be scarce and the price high. Thus our best plum grower says that the curculio advances the price of plums far in excess of the expense of so fighting him as to secure a crop of the finest fruit. Its habit of falling to the ground, and its general timidity suggest a method of combating the curculio. Thus it is often found that by keeping a large flock of poultry among the trees, or even many hogs or sheep, a full crop of fruit can be secured each year. In this case the insects are eaten up, trodden on, or frightened away. I know of farmers who have in this way secured full crops of plums with almost no exception while neighbors have obtained no plums at all. Often a tree close by a door or path bears heavily each year, while others not thus situated suffer severely. Here the insects are probably frightened away.

J.E.C., BRANDON, Man., writes: It is a mystery to me why so many intelligent men seem determined to spend their lives in the cities and towns working almost night and day to make other people richer from their labor, whereas by using the same exertions in the country they could buy and pay for a home they might call their own, and where they could enjoy the profits of their labor. Thousands of men are to-day toiling in shops and offices in overcrowded cities, who might make good farmers if they were only willing and had the determination to succeed—a determination to roll out of bed at five o'clock in the morning and work industriously and faithfully, except an hour for dinner, until six or seven in the evening, learning to drive work instead of letting work drive them, and ready to do any necessary labor, from cleaning a pig pen to driving to church with one's own team. Any man who has good health, with a good wife to help him with the same intelligence and industry that he would use to get a living in the city, can become a successful farmer.