

Sawdust and Chips.

A paragraph in one of the papers informs us that a horse rushed into a milliner's shop, from whence he departed "leaving his traces behind him."

"Your dress," said a husband, to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men." "I don't dress to please the men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

The "money article" man of an Alabama paper reports money as "getting closer and closer, but not close enough yet to be reached in this part of the country."

Call a lady a "chicken" and ten to one she is angry with you. Tell her she is "no chicken," and ten to one she is still angrier.

"What would make a good leading article for me to-morrow?" asked a wicked editor of a wit. "A halter," was the sententious reply.

A legal question which is being the lawyers of New York is, "Does a cow become real estate when she is turned into a field?"

The learned men of the present day have about come to the conclusion that the man who held on to the last must have been the shoemaker.

"Don't you think," asked a conceited fillet of a critic, "that I can play the violin like Paganini?" "Yes," said the critic, "or any other string."

An American just returned home from Europe says he found land so poor in some parts of that continent that one could not even raise a disturbance on it.

A patriotic citizen boasts that "no people on earth can exceed the Americans in the daily art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play base ball."

The following speech was made by the winner of a prize in a foot race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

Teacher to a precocious pupil: "You will observe that Italy, when it was first traced on the map, is almost exactly the shape of a boot." Precocious pupil: "Yes, so it is; and when I go there I'll put my foot in it."

"What is the principal business carried on in this place?" asked a traveller of a citizen in a Connecticut village. "The manufacture of ready-made clothing," was the reply. "You are a queer set to spend your time in the manufacture of what is already made," said the traveller.

As a stout old lady in New York got out of a crowded omnibus in front of the Astor House, the other day, she exclaimed, "Well, this is a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the losses think, mum."

"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?" "No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I am afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me."

The Norwich Bull says: "In one of the New London Northern ticket offices, the other day, a citizen who had evidently been fanning the flame of conviviality with the wing of friendship, rapped on the slide of the ticket office, and laying down ten cents, said, 'A drink of beer, sir, if ye please.' 'We keep no beer here,' sternly replied the agent. 'Well, then, give us a drop of whiskey.' 'We keep no whiskey here; we only sell bits of pasteboard.' 'What is the pasteboard?' 'That is what it is,' said the Internationalist, 'give us a drink of pasteboard then.' They concluded he was drunk."

A REAR ATTACK.—A Maine paper says that at a prayer meeting recently held in a town in that State, as the worthy deacon who conducted the exercises was about to kneel to offer the concluding prayer, he was rather suddenly jerked back by his coat tails to his seat by a zealous brother in order to give a sister an opportunity to "speak in meeting." The amusement of the audience at this sacrilegious proceeding was not less than the astonishment of the good deacon at the violent attack in the rear.

Old Mrs. B., of Washing, Pennsylvania, is a strong "Spiritualist" and "Adventist." During a meeting of kindred souls held recently, she became exceedingly happy, and fully believed that the time had come when she should fly away and be forever at rest. "Open the window," she cried, "that I may start now!—my wings are the wings of the dove!" With this she mounted the back of the nearest pew; a believing brother opened the window; she gave her arms a shake or two, jumped, and found herself sprawling on the floor. A momentary smile dwelt upon the faces of the congregation; but not to be deterred, she said, "I can fly, and I will fly; but I don't get the right flap for this!"

Mrs. Olive Logan, in a speech at the Brooklyn woman's meeting, said: "I reject the trousers with contempt and scorn. Men, on a sufficiently ridiculous figure in their own selves. The truth is they don't like their own costume, and are envious of our faces, jewelry, frills, and dresses. Trousers, trousers, trousers! Shake not the head of a woman at me. No; so long as we can keep our sabins and shawls, we will remain contented and bifurcated untroubled. Look at your swallow-tailed coat; it is a disgrace to you, and you wear your hair so stiff, and of you, I don't wonder that some of your members has written a book showing that instead of being the father of his race." This speech was received with roars of applause.

BUTTON-HOLE ON BOTH SIDES.—A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a party of his company at dinner, had a black and white attendant. This servant, who was a native of Africa, could never be taught to hand things to the left of the guests at table. At last his master thought of a plan, which he imagined would be infallible; and as the coats were worn in Charleston style, he handed the plate to the button-hole of the coat. Fortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he received the plate, the son, there was among the guests a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat and he was for a while standing. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and was quite confounded at the outward appearance of the stranger's garment, he cast a sidelong look at his master, and exclaimed, "Buttons on both sides, buttons on both sides," and he handed the plate over the gentleman's head.

AGED.—A man on the day he became a hundred years old, went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hob-nails. The store-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one!

THE CONDEMNED WOMAN.—A petition in favor of Phoebe Campbell, convicted of the murder of her husband, and now lying in jail awaiting the fulfillment of the sentence of death passed upon her, is in circulation in London. It has been signed by about one hundred and fifty of the prominent citizens and the greater portion of the legal profession. The petition will be circulated in Missouri next week.

POWER OF THE PRESS.—I love to hear the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakofs of vice and Redans of evil, and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deathlier power, of sublimer force, and of surer aim, which will hit its mark, though a thousand years away.—Chapin.

SABBATH LABOR UNNECESSARY.—It has been supposed by many that the running of the cheese and butter factories on the Sabbath, and the employment of the large number of persons connected with the prosecution of this new and rapidly-growing business, was unavoidable. The question is exciting serious attention, and was earnestly discussed at the recent annual meeting of the American Dairy-men's Association at Utica, to which it had been referred a year ago. A committee of experienced dairymen, after full investigation of the subject, recommended the discontinuance of Sunday labor in the factories, and reported practical plans for effecting it. Their report was adopted.

The Press.

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