



"So the world ways."

One can't be too careful what he says to strangers. I have been, to use a slang term, "slipped up" myself by giving vent to speeches in the presence of those with whom I was but little acquainted, that had much better have been left unsaid. One instance of what I mean was at a ball where I was dancing with a young lady to whom I had only been introduced a few minutes previously. During a pause in the dancing, a little old bald-headed gentleman with immense frills on his shirt front, a wig and a very old-fashioned coat, ambled skittishly up the centre of the room. I was so struck with his extraordinary appearance that I said to my partner, "What a very queer-looking old fellow! Surely he is some harmless lunatic; I wonder who he is?" "Whom do you refer to?" the fair one asked, and when I pointed out the cause of my remark, I was somewhat taken aback when the young lady quietly said, "Oh! that's papa." I felt very cheap. The gentleman in the following anecdote, who certainly had every reason for being a little put out, seems to have taken the matter very philosophically when he owned that

HE WAS THE FOOL.

"I don't understand why women dress that way," said a man pointing to a lady who passed along the street.

"I don't either," replied a bystander.

"That woman," continued the first speaker "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool."

"I know he is," said the bystander.

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes. I'm the blamed fool myself."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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The writer in *Vanity Fair* (London, Eng.) who a short time ago took occasion to run down the American race on account of the vulgarity and ill breeding of a few individuals he had seen, must certainly have run across some such specimens as those mentioned in the two anecdotes below, and which I clip from *The Detroit Every Saturday*. He certainly could not have met any of the better class of Americans, than whom no more gentlemanly and courteous people exist. It is too bad to condemn a nation because of the short-comings of a few members of the lower classes. I should be sorry to hear the English people judged of from the conduct of the notorious and ubiquitous 'Arry, who is, verily, a most objectionable animal wherever he goes.

YANKES ABROAD.

No matter how attached one may be to his native soil, and proud of his countrymen as a class, he is constantly put to the blush by some speech or action of one of them whom he happens to run across in Europe. Let me instance a case or two. Not long ago, at the hotel in Rome where the writer was stopping, there was among the guests an Americanized Irishman hailing from Chicago. Like many others of his calibre, he, upon every opportunity, took

occasion to impress upon the minds of whoever would waste time in listening to him, the immense superiority of American institutions and customs over those of the old world. One evening at dinner one of the English ladies present asked him how he had spent the day. "Well," says he, "I've been up there foolin' away my time at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and you won't catch me doin' it again, I can tell you." "Were you not repaid?" she asked in surprise. "Repaid!" contemptuously. "Say, have you every been to Ameriky? Guess not. Well, when you go you strike out west. St. Peter's and the Vatican 'll pass, but give me Chicago every time."

Another. One morning at the Vatican a number of us were standing before Raphael's "Incendio del Borgo," when an unmistakable American voice behind us said: "I'll bet if they had had our new fire engine it wouldn't have taken them long to put out that there fire." A few minutes later, as we were passing into the next room, I saw that the owner of the voice had button-holed his valet de place, and was saying, "You see, the folks in our town got their notions up pretty high, and after they'd bought that there engin' they was a goin' to put up a house, with a bell onto it, and I says, says I—" What he said I did not wait to hear.

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There is a great deal of truth in the following, but it might be as well for homely men to bear in mind that what might be quite possible for Richard B. Sheridan to do, would possibly be a very difficult feat for them to perform.

TACT AND BEAUTY.

A lady who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often got married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "In this way," answered the lady. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it." There have been cases, however, in which the situation presented here has been reversed, and plain, and even ugly men, have succeeded in making themselves so agreeable to young ladies as to become their accepted suitors. Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. "What a fright!" exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterwards he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her, and in his usual miraculous way he found the money.

"SIGH NO MORE LADIES!"

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When one who reads poetry has carefully examined the exaggerative hyperbolism and overstretched facts of poets in general, he does not wonder that the lyre is the symbolic instrument of the muse.—*Merchant Traveler.*



A DELICIOUS GOSSIP.

THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL NEIGHBORS AGAIN

The truth of the following incident is vouched for by the person who related it to the writer, and as he is a friend of the latter he would not tell a falsehood.

In a certain quarter of this city, houses, numbers 26 and 28 had been vacant for some time, but recently tenants moved into each of them. Fully a week elapsed before the lady who occupied No. 24 became acquainted with her of No. 26, but they finally met and naturally fell into a delightful gossip about things in general and their neighbors in particular.

The following is a portion of the charming conversation.

No. 24.—Are you acquainted with the people who have moved into No. 28, Mrs. Blethering?

No. 26.—No, I do not know them, nor (*significantly*) am I particularly anxious to form their acquaintance.

No. 24.—Indeed! Is there, then, something not quite *comme il faut* about them?

No. 26.—I should be the last person in the world to say anything against anybody, but I'm afraid there is a great deal of truth in what I have heard.

No. 24.—You surprise me, Mrs. Blethering, you do indeed: whatever *can* be the matter?

No. 26.—Well, have you seen the gentleman who occupies No. 28?

No. 24.—I have seen him pass the window, nothing more.

No. 26.—Now, candidly, did you not notice what a particularly hang dog look he has?

No. 24.—Now you mention it I must say I did think he looked like a man who was always in dread of something: in fact it did strike me that he was a man who had committed some terrible crime and was continually fearing arrest.

No. 26.—My sentiments exactly; and I'm sure he drinks; don't you think so?

No. 24.—Oh! Mrs. Blethering, I think there can be no doubt about *that*. His nose, his eyes tell the tale. Now, you mention it, he was pointed out to me on the street by Mrs. Fitzgabby as the man who was sentenced to be hanged for killing someone in a drunken brawl, but was pardoned for some reason or other.

No. 26.—Exactly. Now, Mrs. Cackleby, I'm almost afraid to live so near to that man.

No. 24.—And well; you may be, my dear