

You cannot cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.

Why tarrieth the milkman at the fountain? To see the milk made, of course.

This country is never without its evil. Just about the time the fly disappears politics begin to get active.

No, "Matilda," a woman is not a thief when she hooks a dress. Some one has been cruelly deceiving you, darling.

Tom Slobson told his girl he was "going to give her the sack," and she, dear innocent girl, thought he meant a seal-skin.

'Tis clear why Twister, wretched rat,
Always abusive in his chatter;
He's truly such a thorough flat,
We can't expect to see him flatter.

"Let us play we are married," said little Carrie, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Tommy, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me till I have read the paper,' just as my papa does."

"Say, conductor, why don't this train go on?" enquired a red-haired passenger, with his head out of the car window. "Put your head in," replied the car conductor, "How can you expect it to go on when the danger signal is out!"

A gentleman noticing that his wife's bonnets grew smaller and smaller, and the bills larger and larger, calmly said, "I suppose this thing will go on until the milliner will send nothing but the bill."

An Iowa editor thus acknowledges a present of grapes: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

At Liege, in Belgium, one may arrange with the telephone company to be aroused at any particular hour of the night or morning. When the hour comes, the bell begins to ring, and it continues ringing till the person is answered by telephone.

A careful political economist declares that things are not just right. He closely calculates that women in this country might annually save \$14,550,000 in ribbons, which the men might spend in cigars.

A GALVESTON widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand, if the Lord keeps on taking them, I will, too," was the spirited reply.

Terribly Sarcastic Father.—Now I must bid you good-night, Mr John, for I have an engagement. But say, why don't you stop and take breakfast with us some morning? You always go an hour or two before it is ready.

An exchange says an Indianapolis judge has decided that "a druggist may sell cigars on Sunday, but not a cigar dealer." And it is a wise decision, too. A druggist should not be permitted to sell a cigar dealer on Sunday or any other day.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown; "I asked her for it, and she gave me her negative."

"You want to be free from whatever gives you annoyance," said the doctor to the sick man, "free from all causes of worry and nervous excitement, from everything that tends to produce mental distress or agitation." "Doctor!" exclaimed the patient, sitting bolt upright in bed and clasping his professional adviser's hand with enthusiasm, "put that in writing and I'll apply for a divorce at once."

THE BUGLE CALL.—Col. Tubbs, of the Fourteenth Connecticut, had a negro servant with him at the opening of the battle at Antietam. But as soon as the engagement commenced in earnest the negro disappeared, and was not seen again for three days. When he came back Col. Tubbs called him to an account for his absence. "I say, Massa Tubbs," exclaimed the culprit, "Ise all right till de first shell was fired. Den ebery hair on my head pered like a bugle, and ebery bugle was sounding 'Home, Sweet Home.' Den dis child just lit out. Couldn't dodge dat are bugle call, Massa Tubbs. No sah."

The Saxons are a very polite people, so overpolite that they not unfrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in Dresden that a stranger in the city was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to be directed to a certain church which he wished to find. "Really, my dear Sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I can not tell you." The stranger passed on a little surprised at the voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a few rods when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and turning, saw the same man running to catch up with him. In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say, "My dear Sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, and asked him, but I grieve to say that he did not know either."

THE BITTER BIT.—The country store—the headquarters of ruraldom—has been the scene of many a funny story. I once read of a countryman who took an eight gallon keg to the store to have it filled with molasses. The storekeeper declared that he had put in ten gallons, and demanded pay accordingly. The countryman handed over the money, with the remark that he didn't mind the money so much as he did "the strain upon the precious old keg." Next week, the storekeeper said to the same man: "Here, my friend, those rolls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound. And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

Some advertisements are as comical as if written for fun. One landlady, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman 12 foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair," still another has "a hall bedroom for a single woman 8 by 12." An English widow became rather mixed by her grief, but when announcing the death of her husband she was not so mixed that she lost sight of the main question. "His virtues were beyond price, and his beaver hats were only 17 shillings. He has left a widow and a large stock to be sold cheap at the old stand. He was snatched to the other world just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that his widow can sell hats a fraction less than any other house in London. Peace to his ashes. The business will be carried on as usual."

A Deacon's Prayer.

There are a great many men with the ambition to rule or ruin churches. One gentleman with this tendency, who had broken up every church that he had ever belonged to, recently joined a hitherto harmonious church and commenced his machinations. This church was blessed with a genial and witty deacon, who rose one night at a prayer meeting at which his plotting Brother D—— was present and commenced to lead in prayer:

"Oh! Lord, we pray that Brother D—— may die," and the good brothers and sisters opened their eyes wide with surprise,—"O Lord! we pray that Brother D—— may die and go to hell," he continued. Shocked beyond measure the pastor raised his head and was about to rebuke the deacon, when he finished his petition with the words: "For we know that if he goes to hell he will break up the institution in less than a year!" The church was not broken up.—*Cope Ann Advertiser*.