

THE SLAVE OF HABIT.

'Boys,' said the man, holding an inverted match in one hand, and a dark cigar in the other, 'never acquire the pernicious habit of smoking. I am a slave to it now, and yet I hate it. I never see a cigar that I do not want to burn it up.' And then, with extreme satisfaction, he burned up the one he had in his hand.

WHY IS IT?

We don't understand why it is that a constable with a search-warrant, looking for whiskey in a temperance town, can search for five days and never get a smell, while a dry and thirsty man in the same town steps out of his office, walks briskly away, and in three minutes is seen emerging from an adjacent alley, wiping his perspiring mouth with his cuffs.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

A WEST HILL man sat up one night till two o'clock in the morning, throwing poker dice with a fellow from Nebraska City, and then, when they rose to go, and the West Hiller felt that all that he had was the man's, he smiled sadly, and in low, sweet tones, more in sorrow than in anger, remarked that 'he didn't know they were loaded.'

THE SNOW-BALL MYSTERY.

When a snow-ball as hard as a door-knob hits you on the back of the head as you are crossing the street, no matter how quickly you turn, the only thing you can see is one boy, with the most innocent face and the emptiest hands that ever confronted a false accusation.

It is often remarked that 'the boy is father to the man.' This may be true, but we know that after the snow-ball has knocked off the man's hat, it is father to the boy than it is to the next corner, by a long sight, and the man will find it out if he is foolish enough to chase the boy.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

'Oh, heaven and earth are far apart,' says the poet. They are, they are; and it is just as well that is so. If they were very close together, the cabinet-organ dealers would be buzzing the poor, harassed, distracted angels eighteen hours a day, and the advertising agents would talk them blind the rest of the time.

ADVANTAGES OF A FREE COUNTRY.

It is going to cost England \$10,000,000 to kill ten or a dozen Zulus. It costs more to kill a Zulu than it does an Indian. Our government never pays more than \$200,000 for killing an Indian; and a white man—well, in this country you can kill a white man for almost anything you are able to pay a lawyer.

THE REASON WHY.

E. C. Stedman sings, in *Scribner*, 'Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?' Why? Because, Mr. Stedman, you have a conviction that the gloomy-looking old gentleman in the background, with blood in his eye and a cane like the angel of death in his hand, will make a poultice of you if you do any such sampling while he is in reach.

THE PHONOGRAPH, IN GERMAN.

The name of the phonograph, in German, is *unsergehausnokeitigenfernstehaupfteichtaunsgepreecher*. When you wind that up on the cylinder, and leave it till it gets cold, and then grind it out, it usually tears the machine to pieces and strikes the house with lightning.

A GRECIAN CIRCULAR.

'Why,' asked Ulysses, as he accompanied the swift-footed Achilles on his djurnal family marketing tour, 'Why do you call your butcher Ixion?'

The son of Peleus looked attentively at the fletcher slicing off cutlets, to see that he didn't get in three times as much bone as calf, and then replied:

'Because he's the man at the veal.'

The waster of cities sighed heavily, and shaking his head gloomily, said he never understood politics very well, and so, without coming to a vote, the house adjourned.

The man whose pantaloons bag most at the knees isn't necessarily the man who prays the most. Sleeping in a day coach with your knees propped up against the seat in front of you, will wreck the knees of a straight pair of pants quicker and more successfully than two years of prayer-meetings.

'Her eyes,' remarked the proof reader, 'are her strongest attraction. They draw your attention and admiration in spite of yourself.' 'Ah, yes,' replied the cashier, 'a kind of a sight draft, as you might say.'