

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

NICE BOY—"Ma, if you will give me a peach I will be a nice boy."

"No, my child, you must not be good for pay; that is not right."

"You dont want me to be good for nothing, do you?"

When is a blow from a young lady welcome? When it strikes you agreeably.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

A pedant said to an old farmer, he could not bear a fool, who replied, "Your mother could."

A country boy, who had read of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea sickness that made them do it.

To economize is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons, and the result is a very small waste.

A DELICATE HINT.—Sporting character persuasively, "Could yer kindly assist a poor man with a copper? I'm that knocked up I can 'ardly hold this 'ere dawg off my legs."

A chap out west, who had been severely afflicted with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constable, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bofe of 'em drunk."

"Temper is everything," and in the pens of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company the temper will be found all that is to be desired.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—"A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved by it. Will you try it? See other column."

How many peas are there in a pint? One p.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a lickin' regular every day, and says I merit two."

It is said that "a young man of society" out making a call may wear two watches and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"Mr. Jones, what makes the canary sleep on one leg?" "I don't think anything makes him, my dear; I think he does it of his own accord."

What did he mean when he wrote, "Watchman, tell us of the night?" As if the watchman or policeman knew of anything that occurred after dark.

A merchant having sunk his shop floor two feet intimated that goods would be sold "considerably lower than formerly, in consequence of recent improvements."

"I should oppose my mother's marrying again," said the son of a widow. "I'm willing she should have a beau now and then, but I'll not permit a stop farther."

It is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised or to hear our neighbors run down.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops his team at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses.

She laid her cheek on the easy chair back against his head and murmured: "How I do love to rest thus against your head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he; "It is because you love me." "No; because it is so nice and soft." Then he lay and lay, and thought and thought."

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."

JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."