

## SPARKS OF MIRTH.

"Jog on, jog on the foot-path way  
And merrily hunt the style-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

Women's temper and the stock market are very uncertain. Clergymen pretend to discourage lying, and yet ask women their ages.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of"—Heavy suppers, bottled stout.

A man does not necessarily talk cents when he speaks in money syllables.

Food for reflection—Mince pie, cheese, lobster salad. No sleep. Time to think.

The "tender leaves of hope" are those taken when she hopes he will come again.

"Was she a white woman or a colored lady?" is a new nonsense question current in the South.

All sorts of sleeves are admissible for ladies' dresses, but the coat sleeve around the waist remains the favorite.

Passing around the hat, says a humorist, is an old and excellent method of getting at the cents of the meeting.

A Chicago paper says of a contemporary that "it has doubled its circulation. Another man takes a copy now."

In a Western mine there is this advice: "Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it."

The average man will never hesitate to take ten cents, worth of time to look for five cents' worth of lost money.

Let a man start out to commit suicide, and on his way to the river be murderously assaulted, and he'll fight like a fiend for his life.

An exchange has an article headed. "Get Hold of a Boy's Heart." Bah! The place to get hold of a boy is the scuff of the neck.

Wife (reading "Another Disappearance")—O, dear! a woman missed her husband again! Husband—Ah, what did she try to hit him with?

A lecturer is telling "How we hear." It is easily told Somebody tells a friend of ours and tells him not to tell. That's the way we hear.

Never be at your place of business when a friend wants to borrow money of you: because if you are in, you will be out; but if you are out, you will be in.

Wife—"But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in." Husband—"Oh no my love, I'll rap you up well before you come down."

Collector: "How many more times do you wish me to call for this money?" Debtor: "My dear sir, you need never call again. I shall not be offended."

A Nevada editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbled that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there's so much due on it."

The most stingy man I ever knew lived in Alion. He walked seven rods beyond his own woodpile to his neighbor's fence and got a sliver for a tooth pick.

When a father chastises his unruly son with a stout switch, he thinks he has done a smart thing. (P. S.—The boy as he rubs that sore place, thinks so, too.)—*The Judge*.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard any time.

"Pat, my boy," said a sympathizing friend to a dying man "we must all die once." "That's just what bothers me," responded the sick man. "If we could die half-a-dozen times a piece, I shouldn't mind once, at all, at all."

"My frens," said the officiating clergyman at the marriage of two colored persons near Cincinnati, a few Sundays ago, "my frens, it am a serious ting to get married, specially when bofe parties is orphans an' hain't got no parents to fall back on, as am de present case."

A western editor thus retorts a critic: "We are sorry that you don't like our paper. We would ask you to come to the office and edit it, but some iniquitous idiot might write and tell you how much better he could do it himself, and that would annoy a nervous person like you."

"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse?" said the other woman, starting; "do you know I have my household work to do?" "Yes" was the answer, "I see you have it to do; but as it is never done, I concluded you must have some other way of passing your time."

The poet Dryden was so engrossed with his books that he found little time to devote to his family. Upon one occasion his wife said to him: "I wish I was a book, and then you'd pay me some attention." Whereupon, it is said, that the poet ungallantly replied: "I wish you were an almanac, my dear, I then could change you every year."

He was fishing, and a fish-warden stood and watched him, and a man came along and said to that warden: "It's out of season to catch fish. why don't you arrest that man?" And the warden replied: "True, it's against the law to catch fish; but there's no law against a man's holding a pole with a cord attached dangling in the water. That's all he has done, or is likely to do."

"You ain't taking any stock in woman's love, eh?" "No," he answered despondently, "its all flummery." "Very strange," added his friend. "You didn't use to talk that way." "Perhaps not," he replied, "but I've been married nearly two years, and there are four pair of trowsers hanging up in my closet waiting to be patched, and not a stitch taken in them yet."

Once upon a time George Sand having a lively desire to see the interior of a Trappist monastery, donned male attire and accompanied a party of her friends who were about to visit it. At the portal the party passed in single file before a meek but keen-eyed monk. "Pardon me sir," said the monk when George Sand undertook to enter; "I am sorry, sir, but ladies are not admitted!"

They had returned from a Sunday evening conference meeting, and were sitting in the parlor enjoying each other's presence and their good clothes. "Mary," said he, in a timorous sort of way, "do you think you could love me well enough to—to—marry me?" "Henry! You are so sudden! I really—I cannot tell you until I find out whether the new minister is married or not." Henry went out beneath the stars and vowed eternal vengeance against all divinity students.

Judge W—, of the State of Maine, was absent-mindedly putting on his overcoat to go out, when his wife said to him! "I want a spool of silk, letter C." Please go down town and get it." With his mind busy with the law points involved in his last jury trial, he went, and innocently told the counter-man that his wife wanted him to "let her see" some black silk. His amiable wife was quite startled when he came back with numerous samples of black silk dress goods. "There," she said, "that is just like a man!"

Years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress, and had returned home at the close of the first session, several of his neighbors gathered around him one day and asked questions about Washington. "What time do they dine in the city?" asked one. "Common people, such as we have here, dine at one. The big ones dine at three, we representatives at four, the aristocracy and the Senators eat at five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" "Old Hickory!" exclaimed the colonel. "Well, he don't dine till next day."

"Sir!" began a Detroitier, as he entered a grocery the other morning. "Sir! I ordered some butter of you yesterday!" "Yes—ah—I know, meant to have it sent up, but forgot it. You shall have it right away." "Sir! the butter came up on time." "Oh—ah—it did, eh! Well, I am sorry it was poor, but we shall have some better in a day or two." "Sir! the butter came up on time and was all right, best I've seen in a year." "You don't say so! Certainly—just so—I'll make up the weight on the next lot." "Sir! the butter was good, the weight correct, and I called to order six pounds more." "Is it possible! Well, I do declare! Then that was it? Well, well; but accidents will happen in the best regulated groceries, you know. Sorry, but will do better next time."—*Detroit Free Press*.