

## WIT AND WISDOM.

LIGHT injuries are made none by disregarding them; which, if revenged, grow burdensome and grievous, living to hurt us, when they might die to secure us.

UNBLEACHABLE.—“What do you know of the character of this man?” was asked of a witness at a police-court the other day. “What do I know of his character? I know it to be *unbleachable*, your honor,” replied he, with emphasis.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The editor of a country paper says:—“Wednesday's post brought us a letter addressed ‘Rev.,’ another ‘The Hon.,’ another ‘Col.,’ one ‘Mr.,’ and the last ‘Esq.’ On the way to dinner we accidentally stepped on a woman's train, and she addressed us thus: “You brute!”

JEALOUSY may be compared to a poisoned arrow, so envenomed, that if it even prick the skin it is very dangerous, but if it draw blood it is deadly.

MEN that live always to themselves, had need to have a well-timbered bottom, for if once their selfish bark prove leaky, they will find few to stop the breaches.

AN UNANSWERABLE REASON.—There is a story of an old hunter who came into Chicago one day, and after wandering about for a while, looking at the public buildings and other improvements, got into a chat with one of the inhabitants, in the course of which he mentioned to him that he had once had a chance to buy all the ground that the city was built upon for a pair of old boots.—“And why didn't you buy it?”—“Well, I had'nt the boots just then,” was the old man's calm reply.

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 and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

FUTURE TORMENTS OF AUTHORS.—An ancient Persian writer asserts that one of the severest torments of authors in a future state is to be compelled to read their own compositions to an audience of demons.

A. WARD AS AN ARTIST.—I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea that it was behind me. Time passed on. It always does by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time always does. It is a kind of way time has. I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist; but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who—takes anything he gets his hands on. This picture of the Great Desert is a great work of art. It is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired. The most celebrated artists in London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight, with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again. When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

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.”