

He Keeps His Word.

"My dear," said a young and fashionable Austin lady to her old-fashioned husband. "I hope you are not going to talk at dinner before all the company about how you went barefoot when you were a boy. Every time we have company you shock people by talking about your bare feet when you were a boy."

"My dear, I'll not mention my bare feet."

He kept his promise. He did not say a word about his bare feet but he talked long and eloquently about his having been obliged to walk backwards out of church on one occasion, owing to the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables consequent on his indigent condition.

Siftings.

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Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter on Lying.



Berlubbed Awjience :-- De subject of dis ebening's discourse am lyin'.

Lyin' am not confined to any pertickerler race or color--dars white lies and black lies.

De Bible says all men am liars. Dis am gospel troof, but dar should hab been an amyendment to de effect dat de wood men should include de wimmen.

De lawyers am sorted scary about usin' de troof. De words lawyer and liar sounds about de same. I heered about a lawyer who said dat

his mouf had nebber uttered a lie. He properbly talked fru his nose.

Sin has many tools, but de lie am de handle what fits 'em all. Speakin' ob lies, Bruder Opie Read, ob de Arkansaw Traberler, says dat de reason troof am becomin' skursser and skursser ebery yeah am de fac' dat a great deal ob troof has been wid-drawn from circelashun ob late.

We reads dat troof am stranger dan fieshun. Praps de reason dat troof am stranger dan fieshun am bekase we ain't so well erquainted wid troof as we be wid fieshun.

Hit often happens dat de parents am ter blame fer de lyin' habits ob de childruns. When you has made a boy berlieve dat swallerin an apple seed will start a tree ter grownin' behin' his little west, you has taked de fust step to make a Neli Perkins outen him.

Some folks can't help lyin. I has got a deah fren who exaggerates so much dat de only time in his life when he spoke widin bounds was when he was in de county jail fer stealin a hoss he said he nebber seed.

Carl Pretzel, who am a good judge ob lyin', he says dat troof crushed to yarf may rise agin, but hit will be in de arternoon, arter de day's work am done.

Man ain't de only liar in de univarse. De man who tacked up ober his gas meter, "Troof am mighty but don't prevail heah," knowed what he was talkin' about. De gas meter don't hab ter take off his hat ter Tom Ochiltree. Dars one sure sign ob a liar. When a man nebber says nuffin widout offerin' ter bet, you may be shuah dat he ain't erkustomed ter habin' his word takin' without dispute.

Texas Siftings.

The Spring Poets.

TRANSMUTATION.

When Edwin and fair Angeline
Were lovers and engaged,
If she attempted any work
He straight became enraged.
He ran to do her small commands,
And placed the kids upon her hands.

But now that Angeline is wed
Her cares are far from light,
And Edwin's love has grown so cold
That things are diff'rent quite.
In idleness around he stands,
And leaves "the kids" upon her hands.

Rambler.

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NO ONE ANY WISER.

There was a deep student of some sort of lore,
(I cannot just say what they term it)
So much interrupted by leisurely friends,
That he longed for the life of a hermit.
So he left his loved work for a number of days,
And the home he no more could abide in,
Determined to search in unusual ways,
Till he found a snug nook he could hide in.

He found it! 'Twas down a great avenue's length,
'Twas up a long lane—with a turning,
'Twas 'round a queer corner, and four stories high,
A snug situation for learning.
"How lucky!" he cried as he moved in his life.
"Sweet solitude! dearly I prize her,
Here hard I can study alone by myself,
And no one be any the wiser."

Mrs. George Archibald.

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What We are Coming To.

Scene: the interior of a fashionable female employment office.

A lady enters and asks meekly: "Have you any ladies who would accept of a position now?"

Mistress of Office (haughtily): Did you wish a cook-lady, a nurse-lady, an ordinary servant-lady, a wash-lady, or scrub-lady?

"A cook-lady, if you please."

"Well, I have but one cook-lady now. Send your carriage to No. 16, B—Street, and she may come and speak to you about it if your references are perfectly satisfactory."

"Do you think she would consent to see me in person if I were to call?"

"No; not to-day. She is engaged with her dressmaker, and she has a reception from four until six this afternoon. Her receptions are always on Fridays. You would have to take your dinner down town that day. She would need your parlors and dining-room."

"I shouldn't mind that. What are her terms?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week, with a second-lady and a maid for herself, and a suit of three rooms."

"I think I'll take her if she will only come."

N. Y. Tid Bits.