

## FIRESIDE SPARKS.

Why is the situation of the North Pole like an illicit whiskey manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

"Now put that right back where you took it from!" as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

The use of horns by the coach drivers of New York is objected to, and yet other people stir their spirits by a resort to horns, without invidious remark.

New Yorkers pay higher salaries to clergymen than does any other city. But then it's a heap more work to save a New Yorker than any other man.

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.

"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May it please your honor," said the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

A scientifically-disposed contemporary has discovered that burning the bung-hole of a kerosene barrel with a red-hot poker will cause the barrel to disappear.

A fellow in New Orleans is said to have eaten a box of Castile soap to get rid of freckles. He still has a few on his face, but inside he isn't freckled a bit.

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod, "can you decline a kiss?" "Yes," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtesy, "I can but I hate to most plaguily."

A young lady who recently gave a milliner an order for a new bonnet, said: "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a very conspicuous place in church."

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog." The rival retorts by saying: "He knows only too well that he lies; I never stole his swill."

A Dutchman found his way into one of our local tonsorial rooms the other day, and upon being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree times a week, every day but Soonday: den I shaves every day."

"You have too much style," said an old critic to a young writer. "Style is only a frame to hold the thoughts, as a window-sash holds the panes of glass. Too much thought obscures the light."

"Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?" "It means soldiers who have never stood fire, child." "Oh! I know—same as chostnuts; after they are roasted, they an't raw!" Pa was done brown.

A paper made the following very safe challenge to all and sundry: "We defy any one to point out in the Levitical code or elsewhere any passage which interdicts a man marrying the wife of his deceased sister."

They tell of a very "cultured" divine in Boston who instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "The accumulation of money will now ensue."

A Western editor wrote that he proposed to cook the finest turkey in the country for his New Year dinner. The compositor set it up "hook," and the poor scribe was under police surveillance every time he wandered into the outskirts of the town.

The story told about a little clergyman whose bald head was just visible to the congregation when he got into the pulpit, preaching from the text, "Thou shalt see greater things than these," is more than matched by the old story from Boston of the late Dr. Parkman, when he preached his first sermon in the high old-fashioned tub pulpit of Brattle street church. Very little of him was seen except the top of his head and his arms, which he waved about as he read, "Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

A clergyman once, while reading the burial service, came to the place where he must say, "our deceased brother (or sister)." He did not know which; so, turning to a mourner, he asked whether it was a "brother" or a "sister." The mourner innocently said, "No relation at all, sir—only an acquaintance."

The following description of the condition of the roads in Tennessee will apply to some of the roads in this section:

The roads are not passable,  
Not even jackassable,  
And all who would travel'em  
Must turn out and gravel'em.