

"How Do You Do?"

"How can you, friend?" the Swedish say:

The Dutch, "How do you fare?"

"How do you have yourself to-day?"
Has quite a Polish air.

In Italy, "How do you stand?"

Will greet you every hour;

In Turkey when one takes your hand,

"Be under God's great power!"

"How do you carry you?" is heard

When Frenchmen so inquire;

While Egypt's friendly greeting word

Is, "How do you perspire?"

"Thin may thy shadow never grow,"

Is Persian's wish to you;

His Arab cousin, bowing low,

Says, "Praise God! How are you?"

But oddest of them all is when

Two Chinese meet, for thrice

They shake their own two hands, and
then

Ask, "Have you eaten rice?"

—Standard.

THE CANDID PROFESSOR SPEAKS.

Gentlemen, this course in English History which I am going to give you will bore me as much as it will bore you. I wrote these notes over ten years ago, so that if any of you have notes taken by former students, you can read even the jokes and jeux d'esprit before you come into class. I don't expect to know any of you personally. My secretary corrects the final examination papers. Nevertheless, I shall be willing to recommend you as preparatory school teachers at the close of the year. I do this to accommodate a bureau of employment conducted by the college. The recommendations are read by those in authority, and I want them to sound well, so that I will hold my job. I shall now begin to read the

notes, and I feel sure that you will absently-mindedly take down erroneous notes in your usual illegible handwriting.—Life.

Archbishop Ryan, a popular Catholic dignitary in America, was visiting a small parish in a mining district one day for the purpose of administering confirmation, and asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was.

"It is a terrible state of torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world," she said.

"No, No!" remonstrated her priest, "that isn't matrimony, that's the definition of purgatory!"

"Leave her alone," said the archbishop; "maybe she is right. What do you and I know about it?"

CHINESE LOGIC.

In the neighborhood of Shanghai an English sailor on his way to the foreigner's burial ground to lay a wreath on the grave of a former comrade, met an intelligent-looking native carrying a pot of rice. "Hello, John!" he hailed, "where are you going with that 'ere?"

"I take put on glave—glave of my flen," said the Chinaman.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the sailor, "and when do you expect your friend to come up and eat it?"

"Al time samee your flen come up and smellee your flowers," replied John.

An Error.—An exchange prints the following: "A Westerner has hanged himself by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury ran: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."