

MARY HAD A PLOT OF LAND.

Mary had a little land;  
The soil was very poor;  
But still she kept it on her hand,  
And struggled to get more.

She held her land until the day  
The people settled down;  
Till where a wilderness had been  
Grew up a thriving town.

Then Mary rented out her plot  
(She would not sell, you know),  
But waited patiently about,  
For prices still to grow.

They grew as population came,  
And Mary raised the rent;  
With common food and raiment now,  
She would not be content.

She built herself a mansion fine,  
Had luxuries galore;  
But every time that prices rose,  
She raised the rent some more.

"What makes the land keep Mary so?"  
The common people cry.  
"Why, Mary owns the land, you know,"  
The knowing ones reply.

And so each one of you might be—  
Wealthy, refined and wise—  
If you had only owned some land,  
And "waited for the rise."

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Nothing succeeds like a successor.  
Fresh Air Boy—Mister, do you have to buy chewing gum for all those cows?  
Judas was not the last man who professed sympathy for the poor to hide his own meanness.  
The world is more likely to speak well of a man when he is dead than when he is dead broke.  
The child is father of the man; and there is never any difficulty in pointing out his favorite son.  
The silent man may be a reservoir of experienced knowledge, but the world will be no wiser for having him in its midst.  
Poet—I have a little poem here, sir, that has been indited. Editor—Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't try it.  
Why do you keep that old candle on your desk? Well, you see the electric light gives just sixteen-candle power, and some time I may wany seventeen.  
So that is an apple tree? Yes. Why doesn't it blossom? It's a trifle late for it to blossom. Well, let's get up early tomorrow morning and see it blossom then.  
An Irishman who was shingling a barn got too near the edge and rolled off and fell to the ground. Oi wuz coomin' down, anyway, he reflected. Oi wuz just out uv nails.  
They have an old gardener at the House of Industry in Boston Harbor, who has had himself committed to prison more than a hundred times. He says he knows when he is well off.  
What's the reason you didn't speak to Boreham when he passed us? He insulted me the other day—called me a freckled idiot. Called you a freckled idiot? How absurd! Why, you are not freckled.  
Hicks—How does it come that you and Chumper are so thick? Wicks—Well, I always had a supreme contempt for him, and when I found he held me in contempt, I was naturally drawn to him. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, you know.  
A gentleman who was visiting a friend who had a rare collection of old paintings, was shown through the gallery by a colored servant. Is that one of the old masters? he asked, pausing before a portrait. No, sah, dat's one ob de ole missus, was the unexpected answer.  
Theodore Hallam once detented a burglar. The burglar's wife was on the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination. Madam, you are the wife of this man? Yes. You knew he was a burglar when you married him? Yes. How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man? Well, the witness said sarcastically, I was getting old and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar. The cross-examination ended there.  
At "spasms," as freedmen appropriately call the little religious meetings that take place anywhere and everywhere that a handful of colored brothers and sisters can be gathered, old negro hymns of slave day origin are sung, of which this is a specimen: Don't you hear them angel voices Way over on the golden shore? If you don't go to heaven when you die, You won't hear the angels any more.  
So send in the order for the wings,  
And get out your harp, don't you hear?  
Polish up your halo, or the devil with his tail, O,  
Will get you, for he's hovering near.

A White Woman's Reason for Marrying a Black Man.

I always did like a joke, said Col. Bates to his front porch group, especially a joke on myself. The hardest knock I ever got was down in Connecticut. I was a cigar peddler in those days—drove a cigar team through New England for twenty years. Smoke? Well, I'm gettin' along towards eighty years old, and as long as I can remember I've lit a cigar every morning as soon as I got out of bed and smoked till midnight as steadily as a hired man mowing in a hayfield. The people in New England always knew when Bates was coming by the smoke from my cigar.

One night I stopped at a village tavern down in the Connecticut Valley, where I got a first-class supper, a clean bed and a breakfast that makes my mouth water every time I think of it—and it was forty years ago if it was a day.

After breakfast I told the landlady—a smart, bustling, fine looking woman, with cheeks like the skin of a peach and a figure like—like—well, supply your own comparison—to get out my horses.

All right, she said, I'll tell my husband. There he is now. Here, Jake, she called. Come and hook up the peddler's team.

Heaven and earth, madame! I yelled. That's not your husband, is it? Why, dang it, he's blacker'n my hat. How did such a good looking woman as you are come to marry that derkey?

Well, if you must know, she explained, my oldest sister married a peddler and after that family disgrace we younger girls had to take up with what we could get.

Where was the Schoolmaster?

Here is an actual conversation which occurred in a Philadelphia restaurant between an American and an Englishman, both of full age, and one a voter:

American—How long have you been in this country?  
Englishman—About two years and a half.  
Am—How far from London did you live?  
Eng—Right in London; that is, they call it London. Old London was surrounded by a wall and was no bigger than Philadelphia. The wall was built by the Romans when they occupied that part of England.  
Am—Is that so? How long ago was that?  
Eng—Oh, about eight hundred years ago or so, in the time of William the Conqueror.  
Am—I didn't know the Romans ever lived in England. Was that wall all around the city?  
Eng—Yes, with several gates in it, which were shut at night.  
Am—What was that about? Wasn't there a king named George the Third who tried to conquer America and didn't succeed? That was at the time of the Revolution. They had trouble, the English and Americans, up to 1812 or 1814.  
Eng—Yes, I believe there was something of that kind.  
Am—Isn't London on a river?  
Eng—Yes, on the Thames. Some people pronounce it the way it is spelled, but it is wrong.

Found at Last.

You say you want my daughter, said the proprietor of a morning newspaper to a young man who was sitting nervously on the edge of a chair and wiping his feverish brow with a trembling handkerchief.

Y—yes, sir.  
Have you spoken to her on this matter?  
She—she referred me to you, sir.  
Is your affection for her deep and sincere?  
Sincere! gasped the young man, I pledge you my word I haven't slept a wink nor eaten a mouthful for six whole weeks for thinking of her.

George, said the father, after looking at him a moment reflectively, I think you may come into my family. I need a young man of your capabilities to swear to the circulation of my paper.

Work Done by New York's Paupers.

During three months of 1890 in the workhouse 350 cubic yards of stone were broken, 65 yards of rag carpet were woven, 2,751 cubic feet of stone foundation were built by masons, 1,155 square feet of floor surface were concreted, 500 pairs of woman's shoes and 700 pairs of women's slippers were manufactured, 3,600 square feet of pine flooring were laid by carpenters, besides the work of tinsmiths, locksmiths, blacksmiths, painters and harness makers.

In the workhouse laundry during the quarter 93,987 pieces were washed. In the Ward's island insane asylum 231,109 pieces were washed. There were made here during the quarter 295,515 pounds of white bread, 17,213 pounds of Graham bread, 11,461 pounds of gingerbread and 8,477 pounds of cake.

Thousands of printed forms used in departments under the care of the charities and correction commissioners are set up and run off each quarter on Ward's island, and on the Islip branch the crops planted included eight acres for potatoes, one for corn, one for cabbage, four for rye, and smaller plots for carrots, beans, onions, tomatoes, parsnips, beets, leeks, cucumbers and sweet corn.—New York Sun.

Electric Mosquito Net.

One of the most singular uses to which electricity has been put in this electric age is announced from Paris. A French servant has invented an electric mosquito bar, which is, he believes, destined to replace all other means of defense against flying insects. Making use of the principle of electric execution, he has constructed a sort of screen or wire work cage, with a small electric light in the center. The mosquitoes, attracted by the light, attempt to fly through the interstices of the cage; but if they so much as touch the tips of their wings—and they cannot fly through without doing so—they are struck by the current of electricity with which the screen is kept constantly charged. This mosquito trap, which, under a test is said to have killed innumerable victims, can be maintained only by the aid of a small electric apparatus, so arranged as to send alternative currents through the network. It is to be supposed that the person to be protected takes refuge in the interior of the netting, with the little electric light and the generating apparatus. It is not too much to say that there are some people who would rather have mosquitoes. Inasmuch as, if the electrified netting will keep out the mosquitoes, a netting made a little closer would keep them out without electricity, it does not seem likely that this invention is destined to any great usefulness. It reminds one somewhat of a story of a Dutchman who went about selling a preparation for poisoning a certain kind of troublesome insect. "You take de insect mit de finger an' de dumb of von hand," said the peddler, "an' mit de odder hand you put de pizen in his mou't."

"But," said the farmer, "if you've got to catch them and hold them that way, why can't you smash 'em and done with it?"

"Vell," said the Dutchman, "dot's a good way, too!" The electric netting also suggests the story of Patrick's experience with an ordinary mosquito canopy. He found one in a room that he was to sleep in one night, and after studying it for a time made up his mind how it was to be used. This is the way he related his experience the next day: "It's an illigant thing I found in me room last night. There was a kind of a fishing nit for minnows over me bed. I made a hole through the nit wid me knife, an' ivery miskater in the room went into the nit through the hole. Then I sthopped up the hole wid me hat, an' slept on the flure all noight, comfortable loike, wid niver a boite at all!"

Drill of Russian Cossacks.

We saw horses bounding like panthers and men jumping like monkeys. We saw cavalrymen booted with their carbines across their backs and their sabers in their hands, charging while standing upright upon their saddles. Others would pass at full speed beside Cossacks stretched upon the ground, pick them up like pocket handkerchiefs, and carry them off across the groups of their saddles. Others again would pivot upon their saddles and play all the antics of circus clowns. One horse, tripping upon some obstacle, apparently rolled over the rider. We thought he was killed upon the spot, but he jumped up, laughing heartily while he rearranged his damaged trousers.

When the manoeuvre was finished the defile began. Thrice the squadrons defiled before their colonel, first at a walk, then at a trot, and lastly at a charge. The charge was something terrific. The Cossacks armed and equipped in such a manner that at a distance it is impossible either to see or to hear them. The uniforms are sombre, the scabbards are of leather, and their weapons are darkened. There is no flashing or clashing of steel, and little or no sound. And yet the whole troop of men and horses pass noiselessly by at full speed, like a living squall. The colonel scrutinized the appearance of each squadron, and satisfied with the performance, shouted: "Karacho!" ("Very good!") to which the double row of Cossacks replied: "Bady staratza, vasche ryesokoblagorodie!" ("We will do still better yet, your lordship!") And the squall passes off.—Chicago Herald.

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