

## AN ODOURLESS REGION.

In that country once known as the "Great American Desert," embracing a portion of Texas and Arizona, there are no odours. There luscious grapes and many other fruits grow, especially near the cross-timber country, but there is no perfume; wild flowers have no smell, and carcasses of dead animals, which in dry seasons are very plentiful, emit no odour. It was always supposed to be a treeless plain, upon which no plant could grow or breathing thing could live, but a large part of it is now successfully cultivated, and but for the rarity of the atmosphere, causing the peculiarity named, and the mirages, which are even more perfect than in the Desert of Sahara, no one would look upon it as a barren country now. Another singular feature common to the desert land is that objects at a great distance appear greatly magnified. A few scraggy mesquite bushes will look like a noble forest. Stakes driven into the ground will seem like telegraph poles.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

## BROKEN STOWAGE.

She—Were you upset by the failure of the bank? He—Not completely, but I lost my balance.

She—Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger? He—Cool? I actually shivered.

Mrs. S.—What is the name of your cat? Mrs. W.—Claude. Mrs. S.—Why do you call it Claude? Mrs. W.—Because it scratched me.

Papa—Jack, what are you crying about, Jack—The conjuror at the circus to-day took five pigeons out of my hat, and kept them for himself.

Auntie's Escort—Enfant Terrible—And did they go into the ark two by two? Mama—Yes, dearest. Enfant Terrible—Well, who went with auntie?

OLD Y. NEW.—"Are you," he inquired, "a 'New Woman'?" "Well," she answered sharply, "I don't think you or anybody else had better call me an old woman."

—*Australian Town and Country Journal*.

Jones—This chicken is fourteen years old. Smith—How can you tell the age of a chicken? Jones—By the teeth. Smith—By the teeth! Chickens don't have teeth. Jones—But I have!

There is a woman in Connecticut who wears a number nine shoe. When she sets her shoe down, her husband walks around it, and says, "Yessum, I will."

Mr. McSwart (getting ready for church)—Lobelia, what's the matter with this necktie of mine? I can't find any way to fasten the thing on. Mrs. McSwart—Oh! Oh! Oh! Put that down, Billiger! That's my new hat.

Clergyman (examining a Sunday-school class)—Now, can any one of you tell me what are the sins of omission? Small scholar—Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't.

"You made a great mistake in sayin' that my father wuz hung for hoss stealin'!" cried the angry subscriber. "Impossible!" replied the editor. "No, sir! I know what I'm talkin' about. Hit wuz a mule he stole!"

HED GOT NOTICE TO LEAVE.—Mr. Muffin-ish: "There's something wrong with this teapot, waiter: I can't get it to pour." Waiter (with malicious grin): "It's not the fault of the teapot, sir, but the tea. They brew it so weak here, it really has not strength to get up the spout."—*Funny Cuts*.

A disappointed fish-hawker was belaboring his slow but patient horse in the street one day, and calling out his wares at intervals, as "Herrin! Herrin! Fresh herrin!" A tender hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window, "Have you no mercy? No, mum," was the reply; "nothin' but herrin'."

A story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour. He had made an iron shot, in which he had sent the soil almost half as far as the ball. "What did I hit?" he asked his caddie, as he looked round to discover a hidden bowlder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was about as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word—"Scotland."