

ery being in the
t in bed all night
terrified by the
d into fits when
unced out of bed
s. while a night
fills every doorway
errors. No won-
k happy and con-

who is writing a
us to give him
tozen, if he wants

ch dunce,
d harm you less"
ped; at once
Romulus.

ates the tender
so much as when
big rocking chair,
ing paper, while
against the end of
starving intellect
at the back of
brother's love is
fully hard to find,
ery apt to be py-

a transcendental
s from Vassar, of
"Did you never
ning after the be-
lusive longing and
ainable?" And
e often had, last
e was trying to
es, right between
t out of reach of

recently helped a
out of the gut-
n reminded him
h. "I know't,"
I've worked so
p is far in arrears
that's comin' to
ent off to work

ay much pleased
had engaged to
the wood," said
, "if one stick
he pounds it in
louch," replied
my wood sawyer.
piled he takes
s with a hand
wood for me,"
rrn, "my saw-
illy, then goes

over the ends with a jack plane, sand papers
them down and puts on a coat of varnish be-
fore he ever thinks of asking for his pay." And then they all went in after a big drink before Throckmorton could tell how his wood sawyer silver-plated all the ends of the wood and nailed a handle on every stick to pick it up by. Because, you see, Throckmorton is such a liar, and they all know it.

A West Hill minister picked up a frozen wasp on the sidewalk, and with a view to advancing the interests of science, he carried it in the house and held it by the tail while he warmed its ears over a lamp chimney. His object was to see if wasps froze to death, or merely lay dormant during the winter. He is of the opinion that they merely lie dormant, and the dormantest kind at that, and when they revive, he says, the tail thaws out first, for while this one's head, right over the lamp, was so stiff and cold it could not wink, its probe worked with such inconceivable rapidity that the minister couldn't gasp fast enough to keep up with it. He threw the vicious thing down the lamp chimney, and said he didn't want to have any more truck with a dormant wasp, at which his wife burst into tears and asked how he, a minister of the gospel, could use such language, right before the children, too.

When a man accustoms himself to owning a dog, and turning around at every corner to look up and down street for him, and whistle him out of stairways, or yell at him to stop his fooling with other dogs and come along, or make dashes into a crowd of earnest and excited dogs who are holding a caucus and have each other by the ear, and especially his dog—that man is a slave to a habit that he will never break. It will cling to him, we believe, after he gets to heaven, for most men who love dogs are pretty sure of going to heaven. We once saw an old settler standing at the Barrett House corner, peering up and down street, and stooping down to look under the hacks, and "wondering where he could be," and whistling and growing impatient, and scolding and calling, "Hyuh, Turk! yuh! yuh!" until every dog in Burlington was sitting around the Barrett House corner, patiently pounding the snow with his tail and mentally resolving to lay for Turk if he ever came. Presently a young man came along and, greeting the anxious dog hunter as his "Father," asked him what he was waiting there for? The old settler said he had lost Turk somewhere right around there, and couldn't see hide nor hair of him, and couldn't imagine where he had gone to. "Turk!" roared his dutiful son, "Turk! Suffering Moses! And him dead eight years ago!" And he hustled the old man away before he could begin to whistle up any more ghosts.

The balmy breath of spring is so entwined with the fragrance of new onions that a man has to grip his nose with a spring clothes pin every time he stoops to pluck a violet.

A gift contributor sends us a poem beginning "Open the doors to the children." You'd better, if you don't want all the paint kicked off the panels.

There is nothing that tends to destroy popular sympathy for the working classes so much as the habit a bricklayer has of dropping bits of mortar from the top of a five-story wall into the eye of the wondering man who stands under the lofty scaffolding and looks up.

A porcelain-lined kettle in a berry-stricken neighbourhood is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has yet been realized. Its incessant motion is only rivalled by the slow, steady growth of the sugar bill.

One of the discoveries made by the latest arctic explorers is that the length of the polar night is one hundred and forty-two days. What a heavenly place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around day after to-morrow and get his money.

A fashion journal says "white velvet dresses give a roundness to the figure." They give an awful lankness to the figures on a hundred dollar bill.

Mutum in parvo: Iowa tramp, to lady of the house: "Please, missus, won't you give me something to drink? I'm so hungry I don't know where I'll stay to night."

An eminent New York jurist, who has retired from the bench, always shakes hands with his friends by turning around and passing his right hand behind his back. It is supposed the peculiar habit was contracted during his active professional life.

Cards of invitation in Utah, issued by a young lady and her mother, always present the compliments of "Miss Smith and the Mrs. Smiths."

We are told by a Russian traveller that the summit of Mt. Hood is a single sharp peak of lava. White or Balaclava?

A scientific gentlen in sends us an elaborate treatise on "the healthiness of lemons." They may be dreadfully healthy, but they are terribly soured in their dispositions.

A rising young tenor in Burlington has a neck eight inches long, and it gives him an immense power over his voice; enables him to throat a long ways. (Tra, la, la!)

About the oldest little game of draw we know of was played when Joshua razed Jericho, and the fellows of the city wished they hadn't stayed in.