

to this very day, from Britain to Japan, the Pleiades are popularly known as "the hen" or "hen and her chickens." In Mexico the beautiful kingfisher was a sacred bird. May not the name of the same bird in Greece have been a survival of similar ideas, as it was called the *Halcyon*, i.e., belonging to Alcyone, or a bird of Paradise. The bright sunny days, too, at the end of autumn, that shining season of the Pleiades, called in America the Indian season, were *Halcyon* days among the Greeks, which we should now render heavenly days—*R. G. Haliburton in Nature.*

"Why dont you strike something fresh and new?" said the petulant city editor to the "funny man," whose wit, from constant abuse, had grown as thin and transparent as a four-bit umbrella after a strong shower. There was life, however, as well as several soul-stirring cock-tails, in the old dog yet, for in less than half a second after the editorial lips had scoffed at his pungent wit, the new editorial plug-hat had got further down on the editorial head than it ever had done before, and, as he struggled in vain to clear the mashed wreck from his visage, the mocking voice of the flying man of fun was heard to shout: "Guess I've struck it!"

Most modest of men is the plumber,
No rival has he save the drummer;
Tho' the world e'er maligns,
Yet he never repigns,
And thriveth in winter and summer.
Give him but an order to plumb,
And his bill straightway reaches a sum
That depletes your exchequer—
Would equip a three-decquer—
And makes you most awfully glumb.

"Will you take 'em on the half shell?" asked the agreeable oyster opener. "No," said the stranger, regardless of expense, "whole shell or nothing."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The aesthetic craze has extended itself to the *Oil City Derrick*, which thus ruthlessly disposes of one of the gems of our childhood by remarking: "Twinkle, twinkle, diminutive type of nebular condensation; how I meditate upon your composition. Situated above this oblate spheroid at such an altitude, in similitude an infinitesimal crystalization of carbon in the blue empyrean." This induces us to add that the venerable maternal Hubbard went to the mural orifice enclosed by a door, to obtain for her pauperized and antiquated mongrel a desiccated ossification from a quadruped. On arriving at the pantry, Mrs. Hubbard discovered that the shelves were denuded of provisions, and, consequently, the un-felicitous canine was obliged temporarily to fast.

'Twas Harry who the silence broke:

"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"

"Because, because—I'm board," she spoke.

"Oh, no, because you're wood," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said,

"I have a—heart?" he asked, so low.

Her answer made the young man red:

"Because you're sappy, dont you know?"

"Once more, she asked, "why are you now

"A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive.

"Trees leave sometimes and make a bow,
And you can also bow—and leave."

Once upon a time a woman died, and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave, they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having been only in a deep trance. Two years after, she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road, and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady, boys, steady there. Be very, ve-ry careful."