

A country correspondent sends us the following soul-harrowing conundrum: Why do pigs thrive better on sour milk than they do on sweet? And the answer is, because they get more of it.

Of course the office should seek the man, but the trouble is that the men are always tending to their business and the office can't find them; so it has to take up with some fellow that is seeking the office.

Happiness is a legitimate object, but not the first or leading object of life, and whenever it is made so, it defeats its own purpose and happiness is lost in the very effort to gain it.

"Much sickness about the city, doctor?" was asked a physician, yesterday. "Well, you can say the business is improving," he answered the smiling interrogator.—*New Haven Register*.

A farmer who was boasting of his "respect for man—for man pure and simple," was nonplussed by his wife's saying: "And yet you always count your cattle by the head, while your hired men are only your hands."

"Bridget," said the mistress to her servant, "put a little nutmeg in the custard this afternoon," and Bridget picked out the smallest nutmeg she could find and threw it in the custard, where it was found entire at the evening meal.

Little Phil, a bright five-years-old, is afraid of thunder. During the recent hot spell his mother would remark, "O, I pray for rain." One day when she said it Phil thus addressed her: "O, mamma, I will tell you why it don't rain. When I say my prayers, I des say, 'Please don't pay any 'tention to what mamma says, cos I am 'fraid of thunder.'"—*Wit and Wisdom*.

When Disraeli first came forward at Wycombe as a parliamentary candidate, he was opposed by a territorial magnate. Of course the friends of the latter made much of the connection of the magnate with the county, etc., at the hustings. "On what do you stand?" shouted a man in the crowd to Disraeli. "I stand," he replied, "on what you never will—on my head."

Pliny states that the coffin of the ancient Romans was generally of stone. In some cases it was made of a certain stone of Troas, which had, or was believed to have, the peculiar faculty of destroying all the body, the teeth excepted, in forty days. Hence the name "sarcophagus," which literally means flesh-eater. This stone was probably a species of limestone.

"Well," said Blikins, majestically, "we mustn't be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young." "Yes," replied Fogg, "and you are not an old man now, Blikins."

A Lowell school-teacher, who deserves a purse equal to her wit, says she is in a quandary whether to get ready to go away on a vacation and stay at home, or not to get ready and go. She can afford to do one or the other, but not both.

House-cleaning item: A Cambridge man, going down Harvard square yesterday, met a negro with a carpet on his shoulder. He thought a carpet beater who could make a carpet look like new was the man he wanted to tackle his carpet. So he opened the negotiations by asking: "Hello, Sam I been beating the dust out of that carpet?" "No, massa—ki, yi!" chuckled the "man and brother"—"no, massa; been beatin' a dealer out of it." The coy citizen is looking for a carpet-beater of another sort.

A dry-goods clerk, who had a most outlandish way of walking, had to go to a distant part of the store to find some rods that a party of feminine customers desired to see. "Walk this way, ladies!" he called, as he swung himself off. "But we can't walk that way!" cried a pert miss: "we've learned that style, you know." The clerk is now drilling his tibi in the motion of a new gait.

A country clergyman, who on Sunday was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called at a cottage while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged reading the prophecies of Isaiah. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "What's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astonished divine. "I doubt you are only reading a prophesy." "Weel," urged the religious rustic, "if reading a sermon be preachin', is na reading a prophesy prophesying?"

A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Gilhooly for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railroad accident near San Antonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooly. "Well snopposin' I had. Don't you think a feller's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Besides, I have got concussion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."—*Texas Siftings*.

A colored witness was asked if he knew and used his Bible. He replied in the affirmative. It afterward appeared that the man couldn't read. "Now, sir," thundered the attorney on the other side, "didn't you swear that you used your Bible?" "Yes—yes, sah," faltered the witness, "I done stropped my razor on it." The court decided that this was equal to the general knowledge of the Bible, and was sufficient.

Metaphysical Discussion.

Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity.

"Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?"

Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relished such subjects, even from Tom or any one else, said:

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed."

"What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Yes—total, entire, thorough indifference."

"My dear father, tell me what it is you can do with—mind!—total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Why, listen to you, Tom," said Sheridan.

This rebuff so disconcerted Tom that he never forgot it, nor did he ever again trouble his father with any of his metaphysics.

Hadn't Any Objections.

A lightning-rod man drove up to a fine new house, out West, and told the man sitting at the door that he ought to have lightning rods on it. The man said he had not thought on it, but had no objections. So the lightning-rod man put up a rod on one corner, and asked the man, who was still reading the newspaper if he had any objections to his putting up the rods on the other corners, and the man said no. When the job was done, the peddler presented his bill.

"What's this?" said the man, yawning and folding up his paper.

"Bill for the rods," explained the peddler.

"Rods! I didn't order any rods!"

"Why, certainly you did."

"Not at all. I only said I had no objections to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the County Court House. I don't even live in this house. Of course I had no objections."

In the town of K—, a certain minister whose zeal was perhaps not always tempered with discretion, meeting a couple of ladies crossing a bridge, addressed the more elderly of the two somewhat abruptly:—"Margaret have you found the Lord Jesus yet?"

"Found the Lord Jesus?" said Margaret. "Na, na, I did na ken he was lost, I thoct it was pur bodies like you and me that were lost, and not he." And Margaret walked on, leaving the minister to his own reflections.