

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Man from the City—You intend to keep bees, I suppose?
 Suburbanite—Some day, perhaps. At present we are devoting our entire energies to keeping a cook.

Barny Ryan, son of Peter, used to play lacrosse. So did Peter A. Small, also son of Peter. Barney could run some in those days, when neither he nor Toronto's lacrosse grounds was as big as they are now. One day a dilatory swallow sailed over the old grounds, then on North Sherbourne street. Barney thought it was the ball and gave chase. Peter Small watched him bearing down the field. As he passed, he hailed him with a chuckle:
 "Keep it up, Barney, by," he cried, "you've got a long way to go before it lights."

A merchant named Berry retired from business, leaving his son to conduct the store. Among the patrons was a man who never paid his bills until about six months after they became due. Said the young Mr. Berry, "I'll fix that old cuss. I'll send him this bill before it is due, and then, maybe, he'll be ready to pay it by the time it is really due." So he sent the bill. The next day the young Mr. Berry was surprised to get this note from the "old cuss": "Dear Huckle Berry—You must be a goose, Berry, to send me your bill, Berry, before it is due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not be so hasty. You may look very black, Berry, and feel very blue, Berry, and on your feelings these words may rasp, Berry, but I don't care a straw, Berry, for you or your bill, Berry."

NEEDED HIS MONEY.

It is well known that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, not only enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks of the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment, carried a musket, and did full military duty during the war, but at a certain juncture, when national finances were at a low ebb, he paid soldiers out of his own pocket. Relative to this incident, P. T. Barnum used to tell this story:
 "While Mr. Howe was counting out the money referred to, a stranger, who was a clergyman, entered the tent and said he had heard of Mr. Howe's liberality, and had called to ask him to contribute toward building a church for his congregation.

"Church, church?" said Mr. Howe, without looking up from the bills he was counting. "Building churches in war times, when so much is needed to save our country! What church is it?"
 "St. Peter's Church," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, St. Peter's," said Mr. Howe. "Well, St. Peter was the only fighting apostle—he cut a man's ear off. I'll go \$500 on St. Peter, but I am spending most of my money on saltpeter now."

Once, during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keen steerman, I made the acquaintance of a very little steamboat which used to puff and puff and wheeze about in the St. Lawrence River. It had a five-foot long and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled, it stopped."

"The other day," remarked the Britisher calmly, "I was in a train in the Old Country, and it went so fast that I thought the field of turnips, field of carrots, field of cabbage and the lake we passed were broth!"

"By Gosh!" said the Yank with a smile, "guess we can beat that. The other day, down South, the snow fell to a depth of ten feet, and the next day it was so hot that it had no chance of melting, so the sun cooked a brown crust on top of it!"

Then they gave him the belt.

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
 I heard a voice; it said: 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'"

"Children," said the teacher, "those are two of the most beautiful and poetical lines ever penned in the English language! They were written by that great man Wordsworth—perhaps the noblest of our bards, after William Shakespeare and Milton. Now, I want to see if you can memorize them. Tommy Butterworth, what are they?"

For a moment Butterworth, the Manchester marvel, pondered. Then he brightened considerably as recollection dawned, and he began:

"T' neet wor comin' on, an' t' moin 'ud sooin be up,
 Ah 'eard a voice 'at said, 'Sup, tha caufthead, sup!'"

ON A HOMESEKERS' EXCURSION.

Here is an incident of the Homeseekers' excursion which left Toronto on June 15, as related by a man on the train, says Toronto Saturday Night:

"We were passing through North Ontario, where in many places the trees are stripped clean of foliage and bark by fire and weather. There was a young married man on the train, who had a great idea of his own importance and knowledge. As we were standing in the vestibule of the car, he noted these quaint, bare trees, and said to a man near him:
 "Say, what do they do with this hemlock bark, anyway?"

"The man replied: 'They use it for tan bark. It is shipped in great quantities. Why?'"

"Those Indians must be great climbers," replied the young man, "but it beats me how the deuce they can strip the bark off those trees, clean to the top."

"And then he wondered why everybody laughed."

The Dispossessed Heart.

Fair Mabel had a dainty waist.
 A triumph of the fashion's art.
 But, ah, so tightly was it laced
 There wasn't room for Mabel's heart.

The hapless heart was in despair;
 "I must beat somewhere! I believe
 I've heard a pretty girl will wear
 Her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve clung like a skin
 To Mabel's softly-rounded arm—
 The beating heart could not squeeze in,
 It loo'ed about in vague alarm:

"Well, well! I must try other routes.
 Of timid maids I've heard it said,
 Often their hearts are in their boots!"
 And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose!"
 Alas, it found no room to beat—
 The little patent-leather shoes
 So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, though deep fear the poor heart smote,
 It thought: "Sometimes a girl can't sin;
 Because her heart is in her throat;
 I do believe that's just the thing!"

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole,
 But once again—poor, luckless wight!
 It failed to reach its longed-for goal—
 Her collar was so high and tight!

The desperate heart, despairing, sighed,
 "There's no place left but Mabel's hat.
 Aha! I'm saved!" with joy it cried—
 For there was lots of room on that!

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

The People Back of Sunshine Furnace



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In a town where the license law requires Sunday closing of the barrooms, a woman who had discovered that at a certain public house, entrance could be effected by way of the back door, was returning with her supply in a coal-oil can. Seeing a policeman coming down street, she hid the vessel under her apron. "Mary," said the officer, who knew her ways, "What is that you have under your apron; is it a tumor?" "No, it's a can, sir," was the ready reply.

"When I observe the way some things go in New York, over which we make a fuss when we get them," said the Reverend Thomas R. Slicer, "and think of what we ought to have, I am reminded of the poor minister who had seven children, and whose family was increased to eight. He told his eldest child, a daughter, about the new baby.
 "Well, father," she said, "I suppose it is all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more."

Maudie, who lives on a New Jersey farm, got hold of her older sister's history book and began to read the history of the Reformation. Soon she stopped and looked at her father, a dairyman.
 "Papa," she asked, "what is a Papal bull?"
 The old man scratched his forehead a moment. "I never seen none o' them there kind," he said, after a long pause. "But I guess they're Italian. I never hearn tell of a Papal bull in these parts."
 "Perhaps they're extinct," remarked Maude's mother, with a learned look, like the Dinna Sours."

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired a customer. "Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?" "The price is no object if I can get the kind I am after. What I want is one that will rouse the hired girl without waking the whole family." "I don't know of any such an alarm clock as that, ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the hired girl."

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