

SPARKS OF MIRTH.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Front gates bear fruit—Pairs.

The stove-pipe is *not* the pipe of peace.

"Only the tool of designing men"—A crayon.

To call a laundress a bosom friend is flat irony.

A tramp's motto—"A little earning is a dangerous thing."

The dealer in artificial hair is a firm believer in false profits.

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

Some men, otherwise steady-headed can never keep their balance in a bank.

Freckles are not so bad. It is said that one girl does not object to seeing them on another girl's face.

A family in the suburbs of Chicago has had a lion in its possession for two generations. It is a brass one.

De man, says a colored philosopher, what tries ter be a boy ain't got half as much sense as de boy what tries ter be a man.

Social etiquette—Next we shall have a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."—*Boston Post*.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Pope knew better than to say "woman." Woman is too deep a study for anybody to undertake.

"Ought clergymen to kiss the bride?" is another social conundrum. If they will confine their efforts to their own brides, there will be no objection.

A Philadelphia bride found seventeen full sets of dishes among her wedding presents. Her far-seeing friends evidently knew she was going to keep a girl.

The moralist says: "Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually." Then, again, some men are perpetually what they ought to be only occasionally.

"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown, "I asked her for it, and she gave me her negative."

An Olean man sent one dollar in response to an advertisement which promised, in a mysterious way, to tell "Why I became a mason." He received an answer, "Because I didn't want to become a carpenter or shoemaker."

"Look at you!" shrieked Mrs. Ecomi, as the nurse let the baby fall over the second floor baluster. "Two inches nearer the wall, and that child would have smashed a fifty-dollar statuette and the hall lamp!" And then they picked up the baby.

Said the gilded youth: "What's the use of my kicking about the price my tailor sets on a suit of clothes? I used to do it, but one day, after I had argued a couple of hours with him, I suddenly thought that it was a ridiculous waste of time, as I should never pay the bill, anyhow." *

A wicked bachelor, whom constant refusals have made sour, has put his ill-fortune into the shape of bad advice as follows:

I would advise a man to pause
Before he takes a wife;
In fact, I see no earthly cause
He should not pause for life.

"You mustn't touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her little four-year-old; "she has a soft spot there that is very tender." The youngster gazed at it curiously, for a moment, and then asked, "Do all babies have soft spots on their heads?" "Yes." "Did papa have a soft spot on the top of his head when he was a baby?" "Yes," replied the mother, with a sigh, "and he has got it yet." And the old man, who had overheard the conversation from an adjoining room, sang out, "Yes, indeed he has, my dear boy, or he would be a single man to day."

LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—Authors."

A German Spelling Reform Association has been formed. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will spend the winter in Florida.

A new work by Walt Whitman, "Specimen Days and Collect," has appeared.

Sergeant Ballantine, author of some remarkable reminiscences, is in this country.

It is possible that Mr. Ruskin will again be called to the Chair of Fine Arts at Oxford.

The Chinese language is spoken by about 300,000,000 people; English by about 95,000,000.

According to the *Academy*, London (Eng.) is to have another new monthly magazine with the new year.

John Wiley & Sons have issued "Picturesque Scotland," by the Rev. Andrew Carter and Mr. Francis Watt.

An edition of Lockhart's "Life of Burns," with corrections and additions, has been prepared by Mr. W. Scott Douglas.

Ralph Waldo Emerson signed the call for the first woman's rights convention ever held in Massachusetts. It met at Worcester, October, 1850.

Mr. George W. Cable will deliver at the John Hopkins University, in March next, a series of lectures on "The Relations of Literature to Modern Society."

Miss Mary J. Windle, author of "Sketches of Women in the South," "Life in Washington," and "Life at White Sulphur," is living in Philadelphia, and is said to be in absolute want.

The *Quiz*, a sprightly weekly, published in Philadelphia, is entirely under the control of women. Mrs. Mary Hall is its business manager, and Mrs. Florence O. Duncan, editor-in-chief.

The grave of Emerson is kept constantly covered with flowers by the young girls of Concord. Hawthorne's, with a stone at head and foot bearing simply his name, is thickly overgrown with glossy myrtle. Thoreau's is unadorned, save with a thick sod of green grass.

C. H. Jones, of Chicago, has issued a new edition of Allan B. Magruder's "Reply to R. G. Ingersoll's Infidel Lectures," with a supplement of one hundred printed pages containing strictures and critical notes on the Ingersoll-Black controversy in the *North American Review*.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes lives, in summer time, in a charming home at Mariou, near the shore of Buzzard's Bay. His house is a red-roofed cottage, with generous gables and huge old-fashioned chimneys. Within and without, the house bears the imprint of colonial times, and it is surrounded by a wide expanse of moorland and meadow which secures quiet.

Victor Hugo's advancing years destroy none of his love for children, nor of the pleasure he takes in entertaining them. At the little Norman watering-place of Veules, where he has been staying, he recently gave an elaborate banquet to eighty children from fishermen's families. A lottery followed, in which there were prizes for all; and then the venerable poet made a speech, telling the little folk to believe in God, love one another, and fear nothing in the performance of duty.

The old "Orchard Home" of the Alcotts, in Concord, standing next to the " Wayside " home of Hawthorne, is a quaint-looking old mansion, with a peaked roof and gables, and high old-fashioned porches. It is surrounded by forty oaks and elms, and stands at a distance back from the road. It was here that Miss Louisa Alcott wrote "Little Women" and most of her other works; and here, too, that her younger sister, Mrs. May Alcott Niericker, executed the beautiful paintings that still adorn the parlor walls. Prof. Harris, of the Concord school of philosophy, is its present owner.