

could look, with the things she was using for her eyes.

"I believe that precious man of yours," she sobbed, "ran away with my butter jar."

"What jar?" snarled Mr. Bostwick, who was too mad and bewildered to take much interest in household affairs.

"Why, my butter jar," she replied. "I had washed it to send it back to the grocery, and it was sitting out here with his stovepipe things, and he has taken it away with them."

Mr. Bostwick didn't say anything, but he went slowly into the house, put on his buckskin gloves, felt his way to the stove, climbed on a chair and pulled the pipe out of the hole. Then he seized the rim of the collar and pulled Mrs. Bostwick's butter jar, intact, sound as a nut, uneracked, and purified by fumigation. He went out of the house with it. Mrs. Bostwick said, "That's it;" but he heeded her not. He strode out to the front fence. "Where are you going with it," she cried. He never answered her. He opened the gate and went out into the middle of the street, set the butter jar down and held it down with his foot. He pulled off his coat.

"Asahel Bostwick," called his wife "that's my butter jar."

He rolled up his sleeves and clutched the butter jar without a word. He raised it in the air and poised himself to throw it fifteen thousand miles. But his foot slipped on the snow and the jar fell out of his hand, sprained his wrist, and dropped on a stone not sixty feet away, breaking itself. And since that day, no man has dared to talk with Mr. Bostwick about heaters.

**A REMARK WELL WORTH UNIVERSAL REFLECTION.**—If mourning were altogether out of use, a vast mass of suffering would be prevented from coming into existence.

**A NICE GEOGRAPHER.**—Lady Luxborough, in her letters to Shenstone, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no other way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

## F A C E T I Æ.

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.

When a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? because she always advances with a bow.

It is one of the curious things of the world that a male hair dresser often dyes an old maid.

An enterprising sign painter says he would pay liberally for the brush that "the signs of the times" are painted with.

Marie Christine has begun the study of the Spanish language. When Alphonso speaks to her she is going to know how to talk back.

*Tempora mutantur*—Formerly they were foolish virgins, who had no oil; now they are the foolish virgins who are too free with the kerosene.

A recent obituary notice says:—Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married!

It was a certain Mrs. A. J., of Louisiana who wrote in a Congressman's album:—Let me tell the lies of a nation and I care not who makes its laws.

It seems strange, but it is true. When we spend a dollar on ourselves we soon forget it, but when we give a dime to another we remember it a long time.

Mother (very sweetly) to children who have just had a distribution of candy: "What do children say when they get candy?" Chorus: "More!"

"Will you have some more beans, Johnny?" "No." "No, what?" "No beans," says Johnny, solemnly, pretending not to understand what is desired.

A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth \$30,000.

"Be ever ready to acknowledge a favour," said a writer. "We are, sir; we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce."