

"I CAN KEEP FROM SWEARING."

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "small as I am I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" they asked.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them was able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

The four gentlemen did not question him any further.—*The Sign.*

that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference, and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the centre of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions, the intensity of the detonations varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall, spirelike column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated, and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime, a marvel to the visitors who come from great distances to see it.

LINCOLN EPIGRAMS.**SENTENCES WORTH REMEMBERING.**

We cannot escape history.

Let none falter who thinks he is right.

If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.

Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe.

All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.

There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

I authorize no bargains for the Presidency, and will be bound by none.—*The Independent.*

THE HOME OF THE SATANS.

The greatest natural wonder of Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamdka Gumko, or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the "Island of Fire. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud, situated at about the centre of the plains of Grobogana, and is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it

BROKEN STOWAGE.

How HE FIGURED IT—She—"Jack told me that that hospital was built entirely at his expense. Is that possible?" He—"Well, Jack's uncle cut him off with a thousand dollars, and left the rest of his money to build the hospital."—*Puck.*

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to enquire the best way to get them safely over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grasshoppers. The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with twins, read, in reply to his query, "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests after jumping about in the flames a few minutes will speedily be settled." While No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil, and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."