

PHYSIC-ALL PAIN.—Doctor: "What, your mother worse! Well, I can't understand it. Hasn't she used that large blister I sent?" Child: "Oh yus, sir; but it took her a rare long time fur to eat it all, and she says it don't seem to get no furerder than her chest."

"John," said a doting parent to her gormandizing son, "do you really think you can eat the whole of that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know ma," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

A gentleman traveling upon horse-back came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honor, was not I fencing it to kape the poor bastes out of it?"

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.—Small Child (whose favorite Aunt is "engaged.") "Grandma, where is Auntie May?" Grandmamma.—"She is sitting in the Library with Captain Herbert, my dear." Small Child (after a mome's thought).—"Grandma, couldn't you go and sit in the Library with Captain Herbert, and Auntie May come and play with me?"

"Gentlemen, I introduce to you my friend, who isn't as stupid as he appears to be." Introduced friend, with vivacity: "That's precisely the difference between my friend and myself."

Husband—Was the Ladies' Club lively to-night, dear? Wife—No; awfully dull. Every member was present, and of course one can't speak of people before their faces. So, we had nothing to speak about.

Scene.—Teacher with reading class. Boy (reading): "And as she sailed down the river—" Teacher: "Why are ships called 'she'?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex): "Because they need men to manage them."

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhaps it is a flea."

Bridget—"Wot's the most genteel thing for a lady as is a lady, to carry in the street, Nora?" Cook—"Sure, then, some prefers a three-volume book; but I prefers a roll of music meself—quite careless and aisy like."

A bright boy wants to know if by eating dates enough he will become an almanac.

A handkerchief flirtation is a very simple affair. It only requires two fools and two handkerchiefs.

"I say," said a rough fellow to a fop with conspicuous bow legs—"I say, don't you have to have your pantaloons cut with a circular saw?"

No wonder a ship is called "she." She has shifts, stays, an apron, hooks and eyes, pins, caps and ribbons, hoods, poppets and a husband.

MATRIMONY.—"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

I notiss one thing. The man who rides on the kars every day is satisfied with one seat; but the one who rides once a year wants at least four.—*Josh Billings.*

Cats in Spain.

Cats have a nice time in Spain, I hear. No dismal moonlight prowls over fences and back sheds for them! They have the roofs of the whole country for their walks, and need never touch the ground unless they choose. I'll tell you why. Grain is stored in the attics of Spain, because they are too hot for anything else. But rats and mice delight in attics, as well as in grain. So each owner cuts a small door from the roof, big enough for puss, and any homeless cat is welcome to her warm home, in return for which she keeps away rats. In a sudden rain it must be funny to see dozens of cats scampering over the roofs to their homes among the grain bags.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," *St. Nicholas for May.*

Like dew drops falling on a flower,
A teacher's word should be,
But never like the hailstone shower
That blights the blooming tree.
If nature has not made the thread
Of intellect refined,
In vain we hammer at the head
To cultivate the mind. |

Miss Edith Helps Things Along.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please. And says I might stay 'till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease. Nor speak 'till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know what she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?"

And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit; For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit. We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be just like you To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean! Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean. For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross. There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought— For that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat— That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that."

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this. There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz. But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you thing you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee."

"Tom Lee. Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night, Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright. You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say. Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?"

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red. But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said. But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see. If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she used to kiss Lee."

—[BRET HARTE in the Independent.]

To-Day and To-Morrow.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

From Good Words.

When thou art by,
I know not why,
I love thee, but I love thee not so deeply
But when thou'rt gone,
And I'm alone,
I marvel that I held thee then so cheaply.

Thy smile and talk,
Thy glance, thy walk,
In vain regret I picture and remember;
As well I might
Recall the light
Of June amid the darkness of December.

Ah, cruel fate!
That all too late
We learn the golden value of our pleasure—
That it must go
Before we know
How passing sweet it was to have our treasure.

Perverse are we,
Too blind to see
That idle memories only lead to sorrow.
Enjoy to-day,
While yet you may:
Why wait until to-day becomes to-morrow?

EDMUND WHITEHEAD HOWSON.

A CHINESE DISH.—When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre-table my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs were soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiments of this nature.

An Engaging Manner.

Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression on his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his coat in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would scarcely have been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. A pleasing trait of character is well worth cultivating, lads. Never forget the value of true civility.

CORRECTING CHILDREN IN ANGER.—There is another common error, which may need to be noticed—that of correcting a child hastily and harshly, and then, feeling that injustice had been done to compensate him by some soothing sugar-plum or homied apology. It is not easy to conceive of anything more likely to degrade the parent in the eyes of his offspring than such inconsiderate folly; nothing more sure to destroy his influence over the mind, to harden the young heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold in sin. In proportion as the parent sinks in his esteem, self conceit grows up in the mind of the undutiful child. Young people as well as old, pay great respect to consistency, and, on the contrary, despise those whose conduct is marked with caprice. The sacred relation of parent is no protection against this contempt. Those, therefore, who would preserve their influence over their children, who would keep hold of the reins that they may guide them in periods of danger, and save them from probable ruin, must take care not to exhibit themselves as governed by passion or whim, rather than fixed principles of justice and duty.

THE USES OF THE LEMON.—A piece of Lemon bound upon a corn will relieve it in a day or so. It should be renewed night and morning. The free use of lemon juice and sugar will relieve a cough. A lemon eaten before breakfast every morning for a week or two will entirely prevent that feeling of lassitude peculiar to the approach of spring. Perhaps its most valuable property is its absolute power of detecting any of the injurious and even dangerous ingredients entering into the composition of so very many of the cosmetics and face powders in the Market. Every lady should subject her toilet powder to this test. Place a teaspoonful of the suspected powder in a glass and add the juice of a lemon. If effervescence takes place it is an infallible proof that the powder is dangerous, and its use should be avoided, as it will ultimately injure the skin and destroy the beauty of the complexion.

Hold Hingland for Hever.

If a hache hand ha hoe hand ha hor hand ha hes hand ha he don't spell Orse, my name haint Arry Omes.