and when the scalps were counted around the and when the scaips were connect around the camp-fire, he invariably had secured the greatest number. Gradually, however, certain of the hand. As there is a cause for everything, est number. Gradually, however, certain of the hand. As there is a cause for everything, the braves were impressed with the notion that Squatting's trophics sometimes did not bear a virtue and all nobleness in our nature grows out with the different control of the control of t Squatting's trophics sometimes did not bear a very correct proportion to the ferceity of the contest or to the number of the slain. Several times, after a brief skirmish in which len or fifteen men were killed, Squatting would come skilling home with as many scalps as there were dead men, while, at the same time, the other warriors would together have nearly as many

The braves thought it was queer, but they did not give the subject very serious attention until after the massacre of a certain band of emi-grants which passed close by the camp of the tribe. There were just twenty persons in the company, and after the battle several Indians took the trouble to count the bodies and keep tally with a butcher-knife upon the side of a That night, when the scalps were numbered, each brave had one or two apiece, but Squatting Bear handed out exactly forty-seven the most beautiful bunches of human half that ever were seen west of the Mississippi. The braves looked cross-eyed at each other and cleared their throats. Two of the number stole out to the battle-field for the purpose of counting the bodies again, and of ascertaining if this had been a menageric with a few double-headed persons in the purpose of the purpose

yersons in the party.

Yes, there hay exactly twenty corpses; and, to make matters worse, one of them was a hald-headed man, who, for additional security to his scalp, had run a skate strap over his head and buckled it under his chin. When they returned, the entire camp devoted

itself to meditation and calculation. Twent, men killed and forty-seven scalps in the posses sion of a single brave, without counting those secured by other participants in the contest!

The more the warriors pendered over this fact,
the more perplexing it became. A brave, while supper and reflecting upon the proclear, and he would state in the problem, would suddenly linagine he saw his way clear, and he would stop, with his mouth full of baked dog, and its his eyes upon the wall and think desperately hard. But the solution invariably cluded him. Then all of them would glide behind their wigwams and perform abstrace mathematical calculations may them. struse mathematical calculations upon their fingers; and they would get sticks and jam the points into the sand and do hard sums out of their aboriginal arithmetic. And they would tear around through the Indian rule of three, and struggle through their own kind of vulgar fractions, and wrestle with something that they believed to be a multiplication table.

They tried it with algebra, and let the number of heads equal x and the number of scalps equal y, and then they multiplied x into y and subtracted every letter in the alphabet in succession from the result until their brains recied, but still the mystery remained unsolved.

At last a secret council was held, and it was determined that Squatting Bear must have some powerful and wonderful charm which on-abled him to perform such miracles, and all bands agreed to investigate the matter upon the first opportunity. So the next week there was another fight, in which four were killed, and that night Squatting had actually the audacity to rush out one hundred and eighty-seven scalps, and to ask those benighted savages, sitting around that are, to believe that he had societical

all that hair from those four heads.
It was too much—much too much. They selzed him and drove a white oak stake through his bosom to hold him still, and then they proceeded to his wigwam to ascertain how that scalp business was conducted by the Bear family. They burst open the Saratoga trunk the first thing, and therein they found fifteen hundred

wigs and a keg of red paint, purchased by the disgraceful aboriginal while in Philadelphia. That concluded his career. They buried him at once in the Saratoga trunk, and the wigs with him, and ever since that time they have elected annually a committee on scalps, whose business it is to examine every hirsute trophy with a double-barrolled gun microscope of nine hundred

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is a virtue about which there is nothing heroic. If it is seen on a battle-field it is not met with among the generals and their glory, but is found with the surgeons and their science. If we look for it in the city, it is not on 'Change or in the banks or with the bill-dis-counters, but it is where unexpected commer-cial misfortune threatens ruin to the upright man. It is a virtue that, like most others, does not pay—I speak as the world speaks. It is directly opposed to the "pound of desh" principle. It tempors justice with mercy; indeed, I am afraid it is even glad that justice is blind, so that it may sometimes weigh down the scales with mercy. It is not aristocratic; it dures to live either with poor or rich, but mainly I find, perhaps because there are more of them and their days are shorter, with the poor. It shows itself in a variety of ways. The eye, the lip, the volce, the hand, are its messengers and exponents, but chiefly—as it ought surely to be—I think the hand. And now I may just remark that I have often wondered how the South Sen that I have often wondered how the South Sen islanders feel or express sympathy in any of its degrees when they, if I may put it so, shake hands by rubbing noses—as it is thus we are told they greet one another. My private opinion is that the process with them is a mere farce, a is that the process what them is a mere three, a parody on our highly esteemed civilized habit, an unintentional insult to some cold-blooded Englishmen, who go through the national erromony a hundred times a day without meaning anything by it. A nose can feel and feel for, but anything by it. A most can let that let for, oil it cannot grasp another; it cannot possibly evince by delicate gradations of pressure the strength or weakness of its owner's affection. It may be Roman, and indicate firmness; or Gre-cian, and indicate delicate taste; or snub, and indicate inordinate vanity; or pug, and indicate general mastiness; or cogitative, and indicate an easy temperament combined with a good appetite; but in none of these diversities can it conto another, even by rubbing, the apprecia-of kindness received or its intention to do a kindness. We can speak of a generous hand but who ever heard of a generous nose? sing of going down the hill of life hand in hand together, but we simply couldn't do it nose in nose. So I set it down at once, and I mean to nose. So I set it down at once, and I mean to stand by what I say, that this Polynesian noserabling business is a sham. Far otherwise is it with the grasp of the hand. It is as various and yarinble as the expression of the human face. variable as the expression of the human face. It can say in its pressure what the lip cannot utter, charged as our whole being is at times with love beyond, not pressure, but expression, with pity that hides itself in a tear, with hope that trembles in its hiding-place, with joy that almost bursts the beating heart; we cannot at such times fully convey our love, our hope, our fear, except in the sympathetic grip of the hand. The eye looks love, and pity, and every good and every evil thought; the lips touching other lips, send a swift message of innocent love, of hearty fellowship, of passionate fondness, ay, and of Judas with his thirty pieces of silver—for still people do soll one another with a kiss, -uat neither eye nor lip can convey the depth

of carnest sympathy that may be told in a grasp of, and is the direct result of suffering, and that the tribute paid to virtue and nobleness is the simple but earnest expression of human sympathy with self-denial, hard work, endurance, and faithful devotion? So that sympathy really is not only the expression of affection for the suffering, but also of genuine appreciation of the good that grows out of suffering. It makes itself known in the quiet ministering of the sister of mercy tending the poor and needy, in the widow's mite, given with self-denying prayerful love, in the benevolence that bestows its ener-gies to the furtherance of the sciences that tend to increase the general well-being of the world in the little unottrusive gravestone, graven with "sacred to the memory of" one who has led a village life, and whose village was his world; and in the marble magnificence of the tomb that tells of a life lived for others, of a genius born for all mankind, of a soul that belongs for evermore to all the world. Such is sympathy. -British Controversialist.

AN ADVENTURE.

A MODERN FRA DIAVOLO,

Miss Violetta Colville, a young American prima donna and her mother were waylaid the other day by highway robbers while enjoying a carriage ride between Albisola and Savona, Italy. The elder lady gives the following account of the allair:

count of the affair:

"The day before we left Savona I thought it
would do Vloletta good to go to the beach and
walk in the sea air, she being yet not entirely
strong, so we took a carriage and drove to the
little village of Abisola. After walking about
an hour on the shore of this beautiful beach—
lard and clean from its billions of many-golourhard and clean from its billions of many-colourad publics—we started to return home. We had got about half a mile from Albisola when the carriage stopped and the driver said that something was the matter with the vehicle, and that it could go no further. He said we must wait there and he would go into town for an other carriage. I was not at all suspicious nor alarmed, and the beauty of the place where we were made me rather pleased than otherwise to remain for the hour that must ensue before our driver could return. We were in a little valley, or rather a gorge, for the hills rose on each side and the mountains lay behind when we faced the sea, which was just visible through the gorge. We strolled about enjoying ourselves, when I heard Violetta say, "For mercy's sake, who are those people?" I turned round and saw advancing from the seaside five rough-looking men, who, from the shape of the road had managed to remain concealed from view until they were within about a rod or so of us. To run would have been ridiculous; it would have shown fear where, perhaps, none was necessary, or, if so, we had no place to run to; and so, although inwardly trembling, I did not allow Violetta to think I was frightened, but said, (Oh, they are laborers probably returning home. But we were quickly undeceived when one of them advanced and asked, in a tone not at all agreeing with his language, if we had not a few centinissi for a poor man? To gain time, or rather my thoughts, I protended not to understand Italian, and asked him in French what he desired. In the meantime I had slid my hand in my pocket and slipped off my rings from my fingers. He said that he and his com-rades would like a little assistance in the way of money from the mesdames. I had drawn out my pocketbook and was proceeding to open it when our brigand, not at all like the brigands of the drama, did not wait to accept with polite phrase any offering I might choose to give him, but incontinently snatched it from my hand. When he opened it the others crowded around him, and seeing its contents (there were about 400 frames in notes of various denominations), appeared highly contented; but wishing doubt-less to have a souvenir of their unwilling benefactress, required of me my watch also; which, when I had given them, they made off with, first convincing themselves that Violetta had neither watch nor purse about her. As I, happy that we had escaped without further loss or injury, looked after the rascals, I could not help thinking of the decline of the brigand species. Alas! where were the steeple-crowned hats and flowing ribbons? Where were the silken hose wound about with many colored tapes that make the legs of the opera singers look like eccentric barber poles? Alas! these real bri-gands were dirty, bulf-clad and wholly ragged specimens of that humanity most nearly allied to the brute family. Now, if they had only been stage brigands they would have recognized the young prima donna assoluta Signoria: with mercy. It is not aristocratic; it dares to letta Colville: they would have compelled her live either with poor or rich, but mainly I find, perhaps because there are more of them and shame for the romance of real life! we lost our money to a set of ragamuffits, and had not even the consolation of having it taken from us by a gentleman (?) with a high-crowned bat, with a tail of gorgoous ribbons, and who would sing while he took it, to soothe our wounded feelings. There's where it stings; there is where we are humbled. But to return to Albisola. The driver came shortly after the departure of the thieves, and although it could not be proved against him. I will always believe that he was in league with

A GOOD SWALLOW.

Mules and donkeys and camels have appetites that anything will relieve temporarity, but no-thing satisfy. In Syrla once, at the head-waters of the Jordan, a camel took charge of my overcoat while the tents were being pitched, and examined it with a critical eye all over, with as much interest as if he had an idea of getting one made like it; and then, after he was done figur-ing on it as an article of apparel, he began to contemplate it as an article of diet. He put his foot on it, and lifted one of the sleeves out with his teeth, and chewed and chewed at it, gradually taking it in, and all the while opening and closing his eyes in a kind of religious ecstasy, as if he had never tasted anything as good was plain to see that he regarded that as the daintlest thing about an overcoat. The tails went next, along with some percussion caps and cough candy, and some fig-paste from Constantinople. And then my newspaper correspond ence dropped out, and he took a chance in that -manuscript letters written for the home pa-pers. But he was treading on dangerous ground now. He began to come across solid wisdom in documents that was rather weighty on his stomach; and occasionally he would take a Joke that would shake him up till it loosened his teeth. It was getting to be perilous times with him, but he held his grip with good courage and hopefully, till at last he began to turn-

ble on statements that not even a camel could

swallow with impunity. He began to gag and gasp, and his eyes to stand out, and his forelegs to spread, and in about a quarter of a minute he fell over as still as a carpenter's work-bench, and died a death of indescribable agony. I went and pulled the manuscript out of his mouth, and found that the sensitive creature had choked to death on one of the mildest statements of fact that I ever laid before a trusting public.—

SOIENTIFIC ITEMS.

To Stain Wood Black.—A correspondent of the English Mechanic gives the following directions:—Brush the wood over with hot linewash, to remove all groups. Then give it a good dressing two or three times with log-wood and nut-galls in decection, first having removed the line with a shard brush, and levolled the grain of the wood; altorwards dress with some vinegar, in which some old nails have laid. When black enough, rub well with a piece of black cloth and inseed oil, and, ofther varnished or pulsable, it will look equal to chony, and will stand all weathers for years.

To Dagwa Cenve.—A plan but little known among draughtsmen, and most efficient for drawing fair curves, is the following: Cut a strip of soft powter similar to that usel for covering bar counters, about one sixteenth of an inch wide, the length of the longest curve required. Dress it straight, and smooth the edges with a file. By drawing the strip through the closed fingers of the left hand or over the thumb, a very regular curve may be obtained, which can be altered at will till it matches the line to he drawn or copied. For fine or quick curves a slighter strip should be used.

should be used.

The Flavour or Berlen.—The German Agriculturist says that a great portion of the fine flavour of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and he recommends a thorough kneading for the romoval of the butternilk, and a subsequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared is preminent for its sweatness of taste and flavour, qualities which are retained for a long time. To improve manufactured butter, we are advised by the same authority to work it thoroughly with fresh cold milk, and then to wash it in clear water; and it is said that even old and rancid butter may be reindered palatable by washing it in water to which a few drops of a solution of chloride of line have been added.

drops of a solution of chloride of lims have been added.

Reads of the Stone Age.—There are but few valleys in Arizona in which may not be met the remains of ancient art, which furnish abundant evidence that the country was once inhabited by people he had attained a may a starber! of civilization. Among the most remarkable of those relies, whether in point of variety or abundance, are those recently exhaunch from a monument of the valley of Salt River, on the land owned by Mr. McKinnie. This gentlemen has, for some time past, employed his leisure hours in excavating among the rains which constitute the principal mound on his promises. At two points, after having removed the districtions from nine to eleven feet square, regularly built and still containing the coment with which the walls are coated within. Hesides various kinds of acricultural implements made from fragments of slate rock, he has obtained several stone hatchets and various kinds of ornaments made from different kinds of colored stones, shells, and the bones and teeth of animals. It is quite probable that further research will lead to discoveries of further importance—as the work has thus far bone confined to the extreme sides or edges of the mounds, and valuables would probably be deep stone Smithsonian Institute.

FARM ITEMS.

To RESTORE BROKEN BRANCHES.—Often our plants get broken and hang by a thread of bark. Raise the branch gently and place it in perfect contact with the original place; wind around and cross overs slip of adhesive plaster—out about one quarter of an inchwide. Press it neatly and closely to keep out the air. The heat of the hand will be sufficient to make it stick.

CUTING GRASS IN BLOSSON.—A farmer of thirty years' standing informs the New York Tribune that he has tried cutting grass, for this length of time, while in blossom and at various subsequent stages of growth, and he invariatly found that he got as much in bulk by the early as by the later cuttings, while the quality of the former was greatly superior, as shown by its effects on the stock. It made more butter, cheese, heef, veal. But to the end that haymaking may be finished before the grass is badly injured by standing too long, he would start the mower a day or two before the period of full bloom.

FENCES.—The immense cost of sustaining fences; the inconvenience of having them always in the way of thorough tillage and of cary ogress and interest to the premises; the impassable snow-drifts a cumulated by them; the shelter they afford to words and briers; the protection they afford to many of the worst animal pasts of the farm, and their unsightly appearance generally throughout the country, as the receptacle of piles of brush and dead leaves, to say nothing of the counties acres rendered worse than useless by their occupancy, would seem sufficient reason for disposing of fonces, where not indispensable for purposes of pasturing.

pensable for purposes of pasturing.

Sweener in Horses. — Sweeneyed shoulder in horse is not a disease of the shoulder originally, but a representative of other diseased parts, through sympathetic action of the limbs from the feet. A horse sufforing severe pain from bone spayin, for nonths, will exhibit sweeney or shrunken hip as a result of the morbid action of the diseased parts. All diseases of the fore feet affect the shoulders. Canker, contraction, founder, gravel, prick from a nail are affections of the feet only. Some people will say that such a horse is chest foundered, while the horse apparently perishes in the chest. This is caused by the horse standing with his fore foot stretched conforward. If a man were to remain with his arms stretched forward, his chost would affer in the same way. Contraction is not so much a disease as the result of had management on the part of the smith in shoeing the horse. Parent of the smith in shoeing the horse. Rural New Yorker.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

LIQUID INDIA INK.—Dissolve the powdered ink in hot water, and when deep black, add one-tenth its rolume of glycerine, and shake well together.

Sugar for Clazing Carrs.—Put into a vessel with a little water the white of one egg well beaten, and stirred well into the water: let it boil, and while holing, throw in a few drops of cold water. Then stir in a cup of pounded sugar. This must boil to a foam, then be used; this makes a beautiful glazing for

STEWED FIGS.—Put into a stewpan four ounces of sugar, the thin rind of a large lemon, and one pint of cold water. When the sugar is dissolved add one pound of best figs, and place the pan on a stove so that the fruit may swell gently and stew very slowly. When quite tender, and the strained unice of two lemons. Arrange in a glass dish and serve cold.

temons. Arrange in a glass dish and serve cold.

CLEANING WOODEN PLOORS.—The dirtiest of floors
may be rendered beautifully clean by the following
process:—First serub with sand, then rub with a lye
of caustic soda, using a stiff brush, and rinse off with
warm water. Just before the floor is dry, moisten
with dilute hydrochloric acid, and then with a thin
paste of bleaching powder (hypochlorite of lime).
Let this remain overnight, and wash in the morning.

To CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—Put the chain in a small glass bottle with warm water, a little tooth-powder, and some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and tooth-powder extract every particle of grease, and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intriente pattern. Rinss it in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will surprise you.

Chocolate Blanchange.—Grate a quarter of a pound of sweet chocolate into a quart of milk: add a quarter of a pound of gelatine, and a quarter of a pound of powdored sugar. Mix all in a farine-kettle or a pitcher, and stand it in a kettle of cold water

over the fire. Stir occasionally until the water hoils, and then stir continuously, while boiling, for fifteen minutes. Dip a mould into iced water, pour in the blanemange, and stand aside to cool. When cold, turn it out of the mould, and serve with sugar and cream

turn it out of the mould, and serve with sugar and cream.

Domestic discomfort is, in many cases, to be attributed to the ignorance of wives on the subject of housekeeping, and particularly in the matter of good cooking. An uncomfortable home and ill-propared mouls drive many a man to take refuse from domestic troubles in convivial company. The knowledge alone of Fr meh, drawing, dancing and music, doos not lit a marriageable girl to superintend a household, and an acquaintance with the various duties of domestic life forms an important branch of female education. These views have been adopted by the directors of the Santa Chara Agricultural Society of Californa. These gentlemen, at their recent exhibition, offered premiums ranging from \$10 to \$10 to the unmarried girls who would propare the best plain dinners, not to execed the cost of \$1. A committee was appointed to examine the tables, test the quality of the viands provided, decide upon their respective merits, and award the prizes.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Ir is one quarter safer to fall into the Atlantic Ocean than into the Pacific: for the latter is four miles deep, while the Atlantic is only three.

miles deep, while the Atlantic is only three.

A New York lady of fashion wears a beautifully carved dark glossy stone in a setting of red gold. It is the frent of her husband's favorite meerschaum; she having induced him to stop smoking, now wears his pipe as a trophy.

At New York, recently, a gentleman was reclining on a lounge, when his little daughter playfully throw a peach stone at him. It lodged in his ear, whomes it required a surgical operation to extract it. The moral is obvious. A fellow with ears like that should fold them over the top of his head.

A LAZY Asymmtic was bewailing his own misfor-

A LAZY Asportice was bewaiting his own mistor-times, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make your-self strong and hearty?" inquired the dyspoptic, "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?"—"The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

never transhod with indigestion."

A SCHOOLALSTER cave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of the "Merrichant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" seem occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My doeds upon my head,"—"Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless he carried his papers in his hat.

A Mysteriors and disgraceful vandalism has been committed in the Reyal Galbery at Berlin. Five of the finest pictures in the museum, the "Andromeda" of Rubons, "Mary Magdalen "of Gerard Dow, two gents, a Cornelius de Harlem, "a Verkolje, and another not specified, were found pierced with cuts from a knife. The singular feature of the affair is that the mutilations were accomplished successive days, and each morning a fresh picture was found damaged. The investigations that were instituted developed no chio, and the authorities have had to content themselves with patching up the canvasses as bost they might.

selves with patching up the canvasses as bost they might.

The United States is not the only country where soft-eyed, golden-haired murderesses and aristocratic murderers cover their crimes with the cloak of insanity. In Italy there has instance more treed, for the solvening of eighteen persons, a gentleman connected with many of the noblest families of his country, and, although there was the usual display of method in his undoness—his eighteen victims being near relatives, and standing-between himself and desirable projecty—the journals of Florence unite in declaring it impossible that one so well connected could commit such horrible crimes, and the verdict likely to be returned is insanity.

There used to be in one of the hotels of this city (New York), a very lady-like, tidy, pretty, chambermaid, whom it is well enough to call Rose. A grave-scoing, good-looking, but gray-haired gentleman, of fifty old, occupied No. 163; and as he sat at his table one morning, Rose cane in to put things in order. Rose, "quoth he, "I've fallen in lave with you. Can I vonture to hope you will think well of me?"—"Be aure you may, your honour," replied Rose, with a twinkle of her bright eye, "for me father and me mather iver told me to riverince gray hairs all the days of me life!" Rose switched out of the room, and the elderly gentleman went to the barber's, to have his hair dyed.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Normisa overcomes passion more than silence. Virtue is a rock, from which rebound all the arrows shot against it.

THE timid man is alarmed before the danger, the coward during it, and the brave man after it. He who restrains himself in the use of things law-ful will never encroach upon things forbidden.

No man is a better merchant then he that lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor. Ir on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem, still nover mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of loaves and weight of honeyed fruit at the top.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that nover goes out of fashion, nover census to please, and is within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift.

Life has been called a warfare. Blessed, then, is the periodical armistice of the Subbath—blessed not merely as a day of rest, but also a retrospection. It is only in the panses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

of templation, reaps its roward.

Din you over notice what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow? And did you ever think what an analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine from the darkened chambers of the human soul? How bright and beautiful are the golden beans that break at last through the riven clouds to lighten up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days. How peaceful and happy are the hissful words of hope and cheer that touch the heart and fill the soul with emotions of peace and you filter a long period of sorrow and despondency, when uttered by some disinterested friend. There are none living that do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, thristian charity, and loving kindness, are the sunbouns of the soul.

"IF!"—If we were rich instead of poor, into what

someoness, meistian charity, and loving kindness, are the suntheams of the soul.

"IF!"—// we were rich instead of poor, into what manifold blossings should our gold resolve itself. //
the demon anger had not burst his bonds one day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken, and we should still possess that which cannot be regained—a friendship lost. // we had but waited one little day free penning the letter whose every word was bitterness, what self-repreaches, and bitter tears of regret. would have been saved us! We are tired of this old home. // we could only go out into the great instilling world, and do what others have done! // we might win name and fame! // there were only more sen, and less of cloud on our pathway! // we could only be content with what we have and are! // flowers bloomed, and Mother Earth wore her robe of green all the year round—i/ we could always be in a good temper—i/ people never found fault with other people—i/ we were all as good, and kind, and loving, as it lies in our power to be—what a summy paradise we might make of our world!

WIT AND HUMOR.

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the

A woman who tolls fortunes from a teacup need not be a sauceress. When is an army like a tuck in a lady's skirt !--When it is hommed in.

WHEN is a photographic album like an old-fashion-ed china-shop?—When it is full of ugly mugs. An Iowa man who went hunting with a horse

buggy killed one bird and shot the top of his horse's head off.

Breken-Loading Convinces.—When is a Tailor a successful Sportsman?—When he cuts out and makes "bags."

SMART Experim. -A school-hoard having advertised for "a smart (excher," a man named Mustard applied for the situation, and was accepted.

A DANBURY man has an interesting heirloom in the shape of a hat which was wern through 182 dranks, and still retains traces of its former boanty. drunks, and still retains traces of its former beauty.

Max and wife are generally called one. Some people, though, reckon them as two. But ten is the proper calculation of some couples—the wife one, and the husband a cypher.

A witeower, who had never quarrelled with his wife, said the last day of his marriage was as happy as the first. Another wideower said the last day of his marriage was the happings.

A DEBATING society discussed the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion and mature doliberation, the decision was: "Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

our too annount to pay for the trouble. ACALFORNIA man field one end of a lariat around his waist, and lassood a cow with the other. He thought he had the sow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the sow had him.

The chief singer in a Danbury choir is making a reputation for himself more enduring than a stencil-plate. He can turn a hask handspring with his voice over thirteen of the highest notes without drop-

There is one young bady in town who are oysters all through the month of August when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "r" in that month. "Orgust" was the way she spelt it.—Titusville Press.

A Dr. Nichours, in a work entitled "How to Live on a Dimo and a Helf in Day," makes the remark-able assertion that "Sir Walter Scott wrote his stories on an empty stomach." In face of this as-tenishing fact Mr. Zirka's drum-head sinks into comparative insignificance.

The other Sanday the following was posted up in the lobby of the Cambridge, Washington county, Presbyterian Church: "Notice—The person who stole Songs of the Sanctuary from soat No.3, should improve the apportunity of singing thom here, as he will have no occasion to sing them hereafter."

A Boston merchant having advertised for a portor, was called on the next day by a stalwart Vankee, who said, "Lany, boss, be you the man who advertised for a porter?" "Yes," sternly replied the merchant, "and I expressly stated that all applications must be made by mail." "Les'so, boss," temporal of the Vankee, "an' of I win't a male I'd be obleged of you'd tell me what I am?" He got the situation.

MOUTHFULS FOR MILLIONAIRES. When oystors cost thrice less than now, They formed a fright dish, And people used to wonder how Poarls grew in such cheap fish.

If Oysters rising keep in price, Soom yours, that o'er us whirt, Will make the Oyster, morsel nice, More precious than the Pearl.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINX.

262. DECAPITATIONS. ı.

Complete, I'm a difficulty: beheaded, I'm a token of grief: again, I'm a useful seed; again, I'm an animal: transposed, I'm a vegetable.

Complete, I sm a fish: beheaded, I am the sarter's few; behended and transposed, I am again a fish.

111. Complete, I am a tree; heheaded, I am an ani-

Complete, I am a reproof ; beheaded, I am a quantity of land; again and transposed, I am sank before useful.

Complete, I am a fish; beheaded, I am a wo-nan's name; beheaded and transposed, I am a bev-

Complete, I am a report; beheaded, I am violent again and I'm a tree, E. E.

263. GEOGRAPHICAL ARTHMOREM.

I. 1050 and o law, (A borough in the county of Cork.)

chorat. (A small island in the Caribbean

chorat. (A small island in the Caribbea Sen.)

sen.) (A town of Brabant.)

bot in (A town of Brabant.)

bot in (A town in Brabant)

san. (A town in Turkey.)

sang n. (A town in Bavaria.)

son in (A town in Bavaria.)

or row. (A town in Cuba.)

O! Nero. (A island in France.)

The initials and finale will give the names of two considerable cities in the Americas.

261. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. If tive halfpence weigh on ounce, how many will make one pound?

2. What eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all one's? And what eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all two's? 3. If the half of ten is five, what is the half of ixty?.

J. CAESAR, sixty?

25. STREETS, Ac., TRANSPOSED.

Call a pot cow.
Rost, Govo'nor, rost,
Lanes we can plod.
Pa's clean plate.
Mr. Tarn's-copaque.
All hor arts extend.
He'll pay the Giant.
Clork I Tome run Grundy over at Kingston
Calabrate narson's gun.

co. Au, t sue of Palmerston.
11. Government date rack.
12. My son likes κ erab tart, sir.
13. P. G. Riler, sont a gent to a cab rank.
Selected from the contributions of several subscribers.

266. SQUARE WORDS.

I'm a sunterfuge you all will allow, Endued with power I will avow: A fruit that is wild and in hedgerows found. Sharp and severe in a word or a wound.

[].

My dest is one of great power. And made my next most every hour: To all my third a token show. My tourth is where sweet violets blow.

267. CHARADE.

Arts handy craftsman, oft I've heard it said.
Hath rais'd on high,
In days gone by,
My first upon my second's beauteous head.
My whole fell sweetly on a stripling's ear—
fractioned to say
"Turn not away."
One day a great man surely you'll appear.
B. C.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., is No. 45.

250. Pozzi.k.-E-II.

251. ENGMA.-Train; rain; pain. 252. Numerical Charade.—Carp: cat: top; car; rat; cot: cart; out.—Apricor.

28. Renus. - ThymE: Hawk: Oak: Montesquiel: AdverB: SpikenarD: OakhampteN: TU: WarchaM: ArmanD; YorkshirE. - Thomas Orway. -- Eduno Buske.



