



"So the world wags."

Fashion is a hard and relentless task-master—or mistress—and I do not suppose it is of much use to ask ladies to try and shake themselves free from his—or her—chains, but there is so much solid truth in the following brief paragraph, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. Here it is:

THE DEADLY CORSET.

"Aunt Jane Swishholm says:—Man, in 'Christian civilization,' sees no beauty in the female form unless there is a notch all around it, like that with which a woodman deadens a tree. The deeper the notch the better he is pleased, for it makes a convenient rest for his arm. In making this notch for his admiration and convenience a woman as surely, if not as shortly, takes her own life as the woodman takes that of the tree, and completely unfits herself for the ordinary duties of womanhood."

This is short and to the point, but I very much fear it is so much sensible talk wasted.

* *

What is more detestable than the stingy rich man? Nothing. Surely a more despicable being does not exist than the individual whose collars are overflowing with wealth, and yet to whom it is a perfect torture to part with the smallest coin from his abundant store, and whose only delight is in seeing that store increase day by day, though he knows he can never put it to the use for which wealth was intended. The anecdote below is said to be a true one, and I can easily believe that it is so, for I have met with just such men as its hero (save the mark), and I, for one, believe it.

A VERY MISERABLE MAN.

This anecdote is richly illustrative. It is told of a wealthy, but very miserable man. One day during the "heated term" last summer, while the thermometer stood 95 degrees in the shade, some visitors called at his country house. Everybody appeared melting, and in the case of several guests apoplexy seemed imminent. The host felt that he could not in decency fail to offer his visitors some refreshments; but, on the other hand, the expense was a consideration. "Well," he said at length, "you will take some refreshments?" "No, thanks!" replied his visitors. "But I say yes! It's very hot—you must indeed!" And, with an air of the utmost benevolence, he rang the bell, and on the servant's appearing, said—"Mason, open all the windows!"

* *

London Society, a magazine of light literature well adapted to the intellects of the readers amongst whom it circulates, relates the anecdote appended. Imagine the lady's feelings! Evidently she was of that class who would have fallen down and worshipped a "live dook," though probably she felt a hearty contempt for those beings whose purses were not as long as her own. The world is full of such.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

The Duke of Wellington, then residing at Walmer castle, had walked one Sunday evening into Deal and entered Trinity church. After wandering about some time in search of the sexton, (who, as a matter of course, was engaged elsewhere,) the duke ensconced himself in a roomy-looking pew in front of the pulpit. After a short time a lady, of portly and pompous appearance, the owner of the pew, entered. After muttering a prayer she cast a scowl at the intruder which was intended to drive him out of the place he had taken. She had not the least idea who he was, and would probably have given her eyes, had she known him, to have touched the hem of the great duke's cloth cloak, or asked for his autograph. Seeing that the stranger bore the brunt of her indignant glance without moving, the lady bluntly told the duke, as she did not know him, she must request he would immediately leave her pew. His grace obeyed and chose another seat. When he was leaving the church at the end of the service, and had at last found the sexton, who received him with many bows and salutations, he said: "Tell that lady she has turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew this evening."

* *

Any hints on the proper way to conduct oneself at the table or in society generally, should be acceptable, and the fact that people exist who know exactly what is the right thing to do on all occasions, and who are willing to impart their knowledge to others less gifted, is a great consolation, for many a sensitive man is rendered miserable by discovering that he has unconsciously outraged the rules of good breeding by innocently doing what was not the correct caper, and I hail, with delight, the following excellent advice on everyday matters, gleaned from

"PUCK'S FAMILY SCRAP BOOK."

Don't strike matches on an oil painting. Old overalls make very nice summer scarfs. Never beat the door-mat on the piano legs. To remove mildew from bronze, use a rat-tail file. An old starch-can painted green makes a nice jardiniere. Always remember that old boot legs make good hinges. To destroy the smell of paint, pour kerosene on the floor. Never beat eggs with a currycomb—unless the horse is sorrel. It is hard on a carving-knife to sharpen it on the window-sill. Never remove a cork from a bottle with the prong of a carving-fork. It is considered exceedingly vulgar to hang your ulster on the chandelier. To remove varnish from the piano legs, let the children play in the parlor. Never clean your teeth with sandpaper, as the sand is apt to make the gums sore. Never attempt to black your boots with a scrubbing-brush; it has a tendency to ruin the leather. Don't throw away your broomsticks. A broomstick is a splendid thing to train a sunflower on. To keep the flies off a bald head during a sermon, the head should be well saturated with kerosene before going to church.

* *

The Evansville *Argus* is level-headed in its remarks, which I give below, on real and would-be humorists. All of us have met the latter class, and have laughed at and pitied them. My comments on this subject would fall flat beside those of the *Argus*, so I will not make any, but merely introduce that estimable paper's article on

HUMOR.

Just at present, while humor is having such a run in this country, every little country paper has its (alleged) humorist on its staff. The crop of humor this spring is larger than

usual, but prices remain firm for first-class brands from the fact that the market is glutted with low grades that have only a nominal value. Brick Pomeroy says, and very truly, too: It is easier for a camel to run a needle in its eye than for a man to write humorous articles for a newspaper and keep it up for any length of time. Almost any dude can re-vamp a paragraph of wit, re-write an article that has bubbled out of some man of brains and then show his weakness by running about an office or circle of acquaintances reading what he would have them to believe to be original with him, when it is only stolen and weakened by alteration. The man of humor cannot be a bad man. He may not be successful as a business man or he may be, but he works harder, thinks more, studies more, observes more and is evermore on the alert than people think for. The humorous writer who can interest people and give them something to think of and laugh over is more of a benefactor to the human race than are a thousand of these old style sermonizers who preach total depravity and at funerals console the mourners by a solemn, pulpit-projected statement that it is but a short distance to hell, and that the gates are wide open. There are but few really humorous writers, or writers of genuine humor in this country. There are many slingers of slush and boilers of black-guardism, but few who are men of real clean wit, and it is good to know that they are becoming more and more appreciated."



Fun in a Boarding-School, a musical comedy was produced for the first time in Toronto at the ever popular Zoo on Thursday last, to a large and appreciative audience, and will be performed, for a short season, every night, with Saturday matinees. Lisetta Ellani, the young prima donna, possesses a very fine and cultivated voice, and has fairly captivated her audiences wherever she has appeared. The rest of the members of the company, now performing at the Zoo, sustain their various roles in an efficient manner, and *Fun in a Boarding-School* promises to be a success.

A pig would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards.—*The Judge*.

Amateur boxing—1st amateur: No slugging, now. 2d amateur: All right, no hitting hard, you know. 1st amateur: And no knocking out, either. 2d amateur: Keep your distance. 1st amateur: No running in on a fellow. 2d amateur: Look out for yourself, then.—*N. Y. Life*.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs:—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.