

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

The Boston *Transcript* calls Bob Ingersoll the sham Paine of freethinkers.

Strawberry shortcake is so called because it is short of strawberries.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Mr. Rust has been arrested in Chicago. Rust in irons, however, is no new thing.—*Boston Globe*.

Sammy Spriggins, a prospective heir, thinks he would rather read his uncle's last will than his own new revised Testament.

Every man who can swap horses or ketch fish, and not lie about it, is just as puz az men ever git tu be in this world.—*Josh Billings*.

Scientific men who stand in with beer selling will soon be warning people against the pernicious effect of ice water as a beverage.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"We Kissed Beneath the Moonlight," is the title of a new song. Reckless creatures, don't you know, "The Heavens are Telling?"

Money is getting to be drug on the market, and the United States Treasury is the biggest drug store of the kind in the country.

Just as soon as it is demonstrated that the revised New Testament will press Autumn leaves as nicely as the old edition its popularity will increase.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as that of the old man."

An Illinois man felt so chagrined at seeing his place advertised in the delinquent tax list that he hung himself. Some of those suckers are wonderfully sensitive people.

There are at this time, many "feasts of reason and flows of soul." The young man who was making love to his girl reasons out what struck him, and then knows it was a flow of sole.

Two New England friends were walking by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other: "Where would you be if that tree bore its proper fruit?" "Travelling alone, sir" was the immediate reply.

Unconscious profanity sometimes comes to the most exemplary Christian. A real good brother said yesterday, "I must get me a copy of the new Bible. I hear the revisers have knocked ——— out of it.

"The fact is," said Emith, melodramatically, "my heart goes out to the distressed, I am all heart." "I guess you are," remarked Fogg, more in sorrow than in anger; "I knew you are always on the beat."

"Henry," said his wife with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

"The Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer after visiting the Berlin opera house. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

The Business Men's Moderation Society have struck from their list the total abstinence pledge and come down to beer, ale and light wines—in moderation. The Editor's Moderation Society welcome the business men cordially into the true fold.

There are not more than three thousand professional burglars in America, and yet to keep them out of our home we pay \$5,000,000 a year for locks, bolts and fasteners. Ten thousand dollars a piece a year would hire them to be good.

The Brooklyn *Union-Argus* says that the expense of the funeral is much the same whether the victim extinguishes a kerosene lamp by blowing down the chimney or fools with the business end of a revolver. Reduction, we presume, to regular customers, or clubs of ten.

"In order to succeed in politics," said a Galveston politician, "politeness is indispensable. It is the most important thing of all." "No, it ain't," responded Gilhooly; "the voters are more important, for if there are no voters to be polite to, how are you going to be elected?" Verdict for Gilhooly, and no appeal.