

TIP-BITS.

It was a son of Erin who asked the meeting to use him from serving on a committee because he expected to be unexpectedly called away.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, ma'am?" inquired the Judge. "Well, I reckon I orter," was the reply. "My husband drives a canal-boat."

"How did you begin life?" the young man asked the great man. "I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man. "It was here when I got here."

"Oh, to lie in the ripening grass!" exclaims a newspaper poet. He can lie there as well as in the newspaper, or can have a tombstone to do his lying for him.

A man may have his head so stuffed with knowledge that his hair can't grow, and yet have his feet knocked clear out from under him by a question or two from a little midget too small to know an idea from a gooseberry.

In England young gentlemen speak of their fathers as the "governor," "pater," the "overseer," etc. In America they say "dad," "the boss," or "the old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.

A boy on High-street west placed a big apple on the front steps and walked across the street to see who would take it. A gentleman who had observed the action said:

"You shouldn't do that, my son. Some poor boy may be tempted to steal."

"That's what I'm fishing for, sir. I've hollowed out the inside and filled it with mustard."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The following story is told of a distinguished Edinburgh professor: Desiring to go to church one wet Sunday, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say "Twa shillin' sir." The professor, fixing his eye on the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman drily answered, "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sabbath as much as possible, sir."

In the Malden, Mass., High School, not long ago, the Principal asked the class in rhetoric to clear the following sentence of metaphor:

"The sanctity of the lawn should be preserved."
The class set their wits to work, but no one seemed wise. The Principal exclaimed:

"Can no one answer the question?"
A bright lad of fifteen threw up his hand.
"Well, Master S., you seem to be the only one in the class to answer. What is it?"

Amid profound silence Master S. said:
"Keep off the grass."

340 A MINUTE.—"A healthy person's pulse" says the *Lancet*, "beats seventy times a minute, but there are, however, peculiar constitutions in which the pulse may be over seventy in health." My son, the *Lancet* is correct. Your pulse, in perfectly healthful tune, may be placidly thumping away at seventy a minute, but suddenly, if you happen to be loitering on the same side of the garden gate on a perfect night in June re-ether late, and the moon takes a modest dive behind a convenient cloud, ten minutes long and fifteen wide, and you find a hand in the dark about half the size of your own that flutters a little while you are gasping for breath and trying to frame a simple little question that any girl can answer, but which the whole Department of State couldn't put into language for you; under these peculiar conditions, my boy, your pulse will jump up to 180 without a strain, go to 210 on the next rally, and close at about 340, with a rising tendency and no sign of a break. You try it, son, and you'll find that when a scientific medical journal, like the *Lancet*, makes a statement about pulses: the genial and accomplished editor knows what his facile pen is talking about.—*Burdette.*

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe in it just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then it won't hurt you a-bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry once in a while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret, —why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

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