



LOCOMOTION OF INANIMATE THINGS.

Most of the annoyances with which people are obliged to contend originate with inanimate objects. A collar button which drops from its place on a cold morning, while a man is putting on his shirt, will rebound and land thirty feet from the spot where it originally fell. It invariably seeks the furthest corner of the room, or sneaks into some hole, only to be found two or three weeks after it has been given up and forgotten.

Boot-jacks, hatchets, hammers and screw-drivers are the meanest of all utensils. They wander away to the houses of the neighbors, and the instant they chance to be left to themselves, slip off and hide some where, to escape work. A hammer had rather lie in the bottom of a well ten years than do a day's honest work driving nails. It is astonishing how a step-ladder will walk off in the night and remain away from home for weeks and weeks just at the time when it is wanted the most. The worst case of rapid transit is the pocket-knife. The old one-bladed jack-knife is not much of an excursionist, but the ivory-handled chap with four blades loves rapid changes of scenery and climate. He is a tourist of the first-class, and is continually seeking new masters. In the spring the umbrellas are very active, especially the new silk variety. Sometimes they will follow a perfect stranger out of a hallway in the dead of night and never come back to the old home again. The vigor of youth is in their bones, and they skip about from house to house and city to city, but when they get old and worn out seem to prefer to settle down in some quiet place, and pass their old age in peace. Buggy whips and carriage robes are lively fugitives and wander off to parts unknown, only to renew their pilgrimage to new localities. Lead pencils travel like the wind whenever they have the slightest chance to slope. The most perverse of all vagrants are books. No matter how carefully they are provided for at home and how comfortable are their accommodations, they will without a moment's notice forsake old associates and cling to new acquaintances. When once a book gets out of the house, no amount of coaxing or persuasion will ever induce it to return. No roof so hospitable or home so happy that a book once out of doors will ever return to. Its new master may bang it about day or night, read it at will and pull it to pieces, yet it will stay there contented. All these traits we have dwelt upon arise from pure cussedness of will and disposition, and can in no way be corrected or eradicated.

SAM DAVIS.

WHEN Bill Nye is "snuffed out," he will be happy, because he will then be a Nye clated.

ON HEN CULTURE.

I AM convinced that there is great economy in keeping hens, if there is sufficient room for them and a thorough knowledge of how to manage the fowls properly. But to the professional man who is not familiar with the habits of the hen, and whose mind does not naturally and instinctively turn henward, I would say: Shun her as you would the deadly upas tree of Piscataquis county, Maine.

Nature has endowed the hen with but a limited amount of brain force. Any one will notice that, if he will compare the skull of the average self-made hen with that of Daniel Webster; taking careful measurements directly over the top from one ear to the other, the well-informed brain student will at once notice a great falling off in the region of reverence, and an abnormal bulging out in the location of alimentiveness.

Now, take your tape-measure, and beginning at memory, pass carefully to the occipital bone to the base of the brain in the region of love of home and offspring, and you will see that, while the hen suffers much in comparison with the statesman in the relative size of sublimity, reflection, spirituality, time, tune, etc., when it comes to love of home and offspring she shines forth with great splendor.

The hen does not care for the sublime in nature. Neither does she care for music. Music hath no charms to soften her tough old breast. But she loves her home and her country. I have sought to promote the interest of the hen to some extent, but I have not been a marked success in that line.

I can write a poem in fifteen minutes. I always could dash off a poem whenever I wanted to, and a very good poem, too, for a dashed poem. I could write a speech for a friend in Congress—a speech that would be printed in the *Congressional Record*, and all over the United States, and be read by no one. I could enter the field of letters anywhere and attract attention, but when it comes to a sitting hen, I feel I am not worthy. I never feel my utter unworthiness as I do in the presence of a sitting hen.

When the adult hen in my presence expresses a desire to sit, I excuse myself and go away. This is the supreme moment when a hen desires to be alone. That is no time for me to intrude with my shallow levity. I never do it.

But it is not the hen who desires to sit for the purpose of getting out an early edition of spring chickens that I am averse to. It is the aged hen, who is in her dotage, and whose eggs also are in their second childhood. Upon this hen I shower my anathemas. Overlooked by the pruning-hook of time, shallow in her remarks, and a wall-flower in society, she deposits her quota of eggs in the catnip conservatory, far from the haunts of men, and then in August, when eggs are very low and her collection of no value to anyone but the antiquarian, she proudly calls attention to her summer's work.

This hen does not win general confidence. Shunned by good society during life, her death is regretted only by those who are called upon to assist at her obsequies. Selfish through life, her death is regarded as a calamity by those alone who are expected to eat her.—Bill Nye

HE SAYS WE'RE HONEST.

WE congratulate you on the very marked improvement recently introduced, and wish Canada's Comic Paper a success in keeping with its honesty, ability and cleverness in the treatment of public men and measures.

Waterloo, Jan. 30.

W. H. L.