

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

Chemistry recitation: Professor—“What is water?” Student—“Water is an article used by some as a drink.” Professor, interrupting—“Can you name any of its properties?” Student—“Well, it occasionally rots boots.”

“Do bats ever fly in the day time?” asked a teacher of his class in natural history. “Yes sir,” said the boys, confidently. “What kind of bats exclaimed the astonished teacher. “Brickbats!” yelled the triumphant boys.

Pride takes an early start in San Francisco. When a lad breaks loose from his mother's apron-strings and secures a position at three dollars per week, the first thing he does after that is to hire a Chinaman to run errands for him.

Ohio is said to be excited because the son of a Baptist minister has married the daughter of a Jewish rabbi. Anything that tends to retard the consumption of pork is certain to create an excitement in Ohio.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

A woman returning from market got into a South Hill street car, the other day, with a basketful of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said, “Fare!” “No,” said the woman, “fowl.”—And everybody cackled.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A poor excuse is better than none. We hear of a man who justifies his meanness toward his wife by asserting that he and she are one, and therefore by refusing to furnish her with money he practices the heroic virtue of self-denial.—*Boston Transcript*.

At a fire in Paris a fireman who was about to save a child asked for something to protect his eyes. “Who's got a pair of spectacles?” he cried. A gentleman very politely took from his nose a fine pair of Brazilian pebbles, wiped them carefully and, handing them amiably to the fireman, remarked, “I hardly know whether these are your exact number?”—*Figaro*.

During the last session of the court at—Wis., Lawyer Blank had been trying for two long hours to impress upon the minds of the jury the facts of the case.

Hearing the dinner-bell, he turned to the Judge, and said: “Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?” Weary and disgusted, his Honor replied, “Oh, you keep right on, and we will go to dinner.”

Accuracy of expression necessary. When you say that a girl's hair is as black as coal it is just as well to specify that you do not mean a red hot coal.—*Washington Republican*.

A stranger in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted, “Stop Thief!” and about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street.

On hearing a clergyman remark that “the world is full of changes,” Mrs. Partington, said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

“Marriage with a tinge of romance” is what they call it in Kansas, when the old man rides after the couple, and shoots the hat off the bridegroom's head with an army carbine.

A man in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention.

An Iowa weekly newspaper having a circulation of 350 copies feels its perfect right to begin an editorial with: “As we advised him last week Gladstone is shaping out a new policy.”

A fashionably-dressed woman entered a drug store the other day, and informed the clerk that her husband had overloaded his stomach, and that she desired to get an epidemic to relieve him.

A client says to his wine dealer who proposes to sell him a brand of new wine: “Tell me, now, this wine is not too heady?” Wine seller with alacrity; “Heady? Why, it's not even wine!”—*Figaro*.

“Have you any nice, fresh, farmhouse eggs!” inquired a precise old lady at a grocery store. “No, ma'am,” replied the practical clerk, “but we have some very good hen's eggs.” She took three to try.