

"If I thought I was going to become gray, I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough.

After a strict cross-examination it was found that the old bachelor did not call the thin female "a flat, termagant woman," but he gave her the retort courteous in these words: "You flatter me, gaunt woman." The court cautioned him, however, to speak more slowly and distinctly in the future.

"A scientist named Mivart will soon issue a work on the cat," says the *New Haven Register*. We've done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it from a third-story window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her blamed back.—*Boston Post*.

Three burglars feloniously and with wicked intent entered a newspaper office in Illinois one day last week. Strange as it may seem, there was enough to go around and they each got something. One got sixty-three cents, one got away, and the other got sixty days.

An apprentice boy who had not pleased his employer one day came in for a chastisement, during the administration of which his master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpering: "You know best, sir; I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

A friend tells the Courier of having visited a county fair last autumn, where, among other peripatetic humbugs, was a man selling a patent grease eradicator. Discouraging volubly upon its merits, the vendor would illustrate by rubbing upon a piece of dark flannel a bit of tallow candle, afterward removing the stain by using the eradicator. Presently an old countrywoman was induced to purchase a box. "Let me see," she said, reflectively, summing up his directions, "first I rub the spot with a piece of tallow, and then put on some of the stuff in the box."

Sam Johnsing felt very much aggrieved because an Austin justice fined him five dollars for disturbing the peace. "Mr. Johnsing," said the justice, "you can take an appeal—you have a legal remedy." "I know all about dem remedies, sah; dey am werry much like dem other remedies you get at the drug store. De more ob 'em yer takes de sicker yer gits.—*Texas Siftings*.

"FOR FUN."—Four students of a Wisconsin college, who stole a farmer's gate "for fun," were given by the Faculty the alternative of leaving the college or of undergoing such punishment as the farmer might inflict. They chose the latter, and the farmer condemned them to chop four cords of his wood and deliver it to a poor widow. They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR TWO.—A country clergyman was once staying with me in town, to whom a bad dollar had been given in change. The good divine was annoyed, of course, but his great anxiety was lest he should pay it away in mistake and some one else should suffer from his own misfortune. He would have put it in the fire had there been one handy, but he went out in the morning with the intention of throwing it into the river, but forgot all about it. He came back in a cab, which drove away at great speed directly it had set him down. "Stop, my man, stop," he cried, in an agonized voice, but the man only drove on more quickly. "What is the matter?" inquired a passer by. "I have given that poor man a bad dollar," he answered, "and he has given me half a dollar in change. I should have thought he must have heard me cry 'stop.'" "He certainly must have heard you," said the gentleman who had accosted him; "let me look at the half-dollar." It was a bad one! The result of the whole transaction was that the clergyman reduced his original deficit to fifty cents, and that the driver lost his confidence in the clergy.

"You would hear, I dare say," said Mr. M'Lachlan, "what happened to our brother from the Sound when he was preaching at Kilmore? You know he is ferry fond of preaching extempore, and when he went into the vestry, he said to the elders, 'I really do not know what to preach about,' says he. 'Do you not know,' says Tuncan M'Tavish, one of the elders, 'what to preach about?' 'No, I do not, really.' 'Well, then,' says Tuncan, 'shust preach about five minutes; it'll be quite enough.'

## Epitaphs.

In Cheltenham, Gloucestershire:  
Here lies the body of Mollie Dickie, the wife of Hall Dickie, tailor.

Two great physicians first  
My loving husband tried  
To cure my pain  
In vain;  
At last he got a third,  
And then I died.

In Staffordshire:  
This turf has drunk a widow's tear,  
Three of her husbands slumber here.

In Tipperary:  
Here I at length repose,  
My spirit now at ease is,  
With the tips of my toes  
And the point of my nose  
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies.

On Sir John Guise:  
Here lies Sir John Guise—  
No one laughs, no one cries.  
Where he's gone, and how he fares,  
No one knows, and no one cares.

Dorsetshire, Ann Hughes:  
Who far below this tomb doth rest,  
Has joined the army of the blest;  
The Lord has ta'en her to the sky—  
The saints rejoice, and so do I.

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS.—Ask no woman her age. If you want to find it out ask her best lady friend. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play chess with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner.

The *Congregationalist* tells a story of a member of a fashionable up-town congregation in New York city, who called at a music store, and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" saying:—"Our Pastor referred to it yesterday morning as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

A CHURCH SLEEPER CURED.—"Well, brethren," said a Maine minister to some of his fellow evangelists, "I never was guilty of laughing in the pulpit but once. Some years ago I had in my congregation an old man who universally went to sleep in church and snored loudly throughout the entire service. One Sabbath morning, glancing in his direction, I saw him as usual, with his head back enjoying a nap, and right above him, in the gallery, a young man was rolling a large quid of tobacco around in his mouth. As I looked he took it out and pressing it into a ball poised it carefully over the open mouth below. I became so interested in the proceeding that I forgot to continue the sermon, and stood watching the young man. With a wicked smile he took careful aim and dropped it squarely into the old man's mouth.

"With a gulp-lp-lp the sleeper started up and with face red as a beet rushed from the house. The people no doubt were horrified but I could not have kept from laughing if a sword had hung over my head ready to fall. The old man did not come back for several Sabbaths, and when he did he changed his seat and remained wide awake."

Rev. E. P. Tenny, the genial and witty president of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation party, among the presents being a fine new dress-coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better-half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?"

At the same church, a few weeks ago, the funeral of a prominent and highly-respected citizen of the town, by the name of Knight, occurred, on which occasion, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There will be no night there." The effect, as