

FIRE-SIDE SPARKS.

When a Boston man invites you to dinner, and heads the postscript N. B., he means "no beans."—*Nycum Advertiser*

A sportsman at Dahlonoga, Ga., failing in his attempts to shoot a wild turkey, threw down his gun and overtook the bird after a chase of two hundred yards.

The ignorance displayed by our food dealers is simply astonishing. Not one in a score of them knows when a bird ceases to be a chicken and becomes a hen.

Cicero said: "Nothing should be done hastily." The old chap was wrong. If you see a man coming at you with an axe get away as hastily as you can.

Let us not be so harsh with the politicians. If it wasn't for politics, many men who are too lazy to earn their living with their hands would be paupers.

A shadow of sadness crosses the face of the poet when he reflects that the average age of the hog is only fifteen years. "So young," he mutters to himself; "so fair."

A rambling orator in the city Council is said to have never spoken "to the point," but once, and that was when he sat down on the sharp end of a carpet tack.

A distinguished and long-winded lawyer defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in the sentence."

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

Son—"Father the lecturer at the hall to-night said that lunar rays were only concentrated luminosities of the earth's satellite. What do you think about it?" "All moonshine, my son—all moonshine."

A man passing through a gateway in the dark ran against a post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions," was his angry remark. "Better wish it somewhere else," said a by-stander. "You might run against it again, you know."

A conceited young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience. "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady; "when you called them your 'beloved brethren!'"

A married gentleman every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son-in-law, exclaimed: "You are right; she is an impetuous jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherit her." The husband made no more complaints.

A poor memory is a very inconvenient thing. So a man found it who lately called on a friend, and in the course of the conversation asked him how his good father was. "He is dead, did you not know it?" answered the friend. "Indeed! I am distressed to hear it," said the visitor. "I had no idea of it;" and he proceeded to express his sympathy. A year after he called again and forgetfully asked, "And how is your good father?" The clever reply was, "Still dead."

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., defended a prisoner at the Beauharnois assizes on a charge of murder. The case presented many features appealing to the sympathies of the jury, and the eloquent advocate made the most of the situation. Not only the jury but the audience and even the officials could not refrain from giving visible signs of their emotion. The next day some one remarked to John Kelly a genuine specimen of the genial and hospitable hibernian hotel keeper: "John did you see the poor old sheriff wiping his eyes during Curran's speech yesterday?" "Yes," replied John, "the d—d old rascal that buried three wives without shedding a tear."