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THE MARCH OF THE CHILDREN.

List to the sound of the drumming!
Gayly the children are coming!
Sweet as the smile of a fairy;
Fresh as the blossoms they carry;
Pride of the parents who love them;
Pure as the azure above them;
Free as the winds that caress them;
Bright as the sunbeams that bless them.

List to the voice-echoes ringing!
Sweeter than birds they are singing:
Thoughts that to virtue invite them
Wed unto airs that delight them;
Truths that their future will cherish,
Soul-planted, never to perish!
Only to senses completer
Heaven's choicest music were sweeter.

Virtue unconscious, and pretty,
Walks through the streets of the city,
See the gay bannerets flying!
Mottoes and titles undying;
Truths, dearly hallowed and olden,
Braided in strands that are golden;
Words for the spirit's desiring;
Sentences sweetly inspiring.

When, in a voice of caressing,
Christ gave the children His blessing,
'Twas not for one generation,
But for each epoch and nation.
So through the present it lingers,
Shed from His bountiful fingers;
So unto these it is given—
Types of the angels in heaven.

—*Will Carlton, in Bazar.*

IN THE TUNNEL.

The railroad station known as Glen Cove is one of the dreariest this side of that final abode said to be extremely sultry, where all presidents, directors, and other railroad officials, more especially ticket agents, fetch up and finish their labors. Were it not so hard on Mugby Junction, I should say Glen Cove was the Mugby Junction of America. Indigestion is kept there, like field ammunition in the quartermaster's department, to serve out at a moment's notice to hungry and insane passengers, and it is safe, for the trains carry away the sufferers to die in other localities.

One hot, sunny day in midsummer I found myself anticipating the punishments due for sins and shortcomings in this world by waiting for an eastern-[illegible] train long overdue, as if the [illegible]ike passengers, disliked ap[illegible]he depot at which I suf[illegible]

[illegible]pher, also ticket agent, [illegible]

[illegible]ave been [illegible]ny apparent, [illegible]somewhat unex[illegible]on was put to the cruel [illegible] The man stationed at the mouth of the tunnel and employed to keep its murky depths clear of obstructions, suddenly seized the youth, at the risk of his own life, and threw him with some violence to one side. Such was the effort that both rolled over, and the huge locomotive, giving a shill scream of triumph, dived into the tunnel, followed by the long train, that disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed it.

[illegible]olored [illegible]of various [illegible]in assorted type [illegible]had over the other [illegible]amusement I had, and [illegible]nd. I found in guessing [illegible]ing leaters of a bill which [illegible]ough line to Chicago," some [illegible]nd cut out the initial "th" when the bill had originally read "Through line to Chicago."

While upon the platform gazing at an accommodation train just in, that was awaiting its conductor leisurely getting orders from the telegrapher, I was attracted by a noisy crowd of men and boys, gathered about a young fellow whose face indicated the idiotic condition that originated their entetainment.

He was a tall, broad shouldered, well formed youth, and well dressed for one in his condition. But he had his clothes half buttoned, in the loose, reckless manner of one of his class, while his face, without its intellectual outlook, was regular in feature, and one could see, had there been a brain back of it, would have been eminently handsome. As anxiety and care had ceased writing its record of age upon his face, it was difficult to tell his age. He had the form of a man and the face of a child.

"It's the opinion of this crowd, Len," said the blacksmith to the idiot, "that you can beat that locomotive in a race from here to the tunnel, and we have bet $10,000 on it."

The poor fellow's dead face lit up with an expression of delight, so pitiable that it would have disarmed any other crowd than the one engaged in chaffing him. He gazed wistfully at the huge locomotive that stood hissing in the hot sun as if wrathful at the delay, and then he turned to the cruel crowd as if the suggestion was slowly working its way through his poor crippled brain.

"Go in, Len," cried one of the crowd, "we've got our money on you, and you're bound to win."

"We'll give you fifty yards the start. You keep on the track," cried the blacksmith, "and the thing can't pass you."

I could scarcely believe these scoundrels were in earnest, when the surly engineer gave the last bang to his noisy bell, exploded a short snort from the locomotive in the way of warning, and to my astonishment I saw the idiot throwing off his coat, start down the track ahead of the train. Fortunately the engineer caught sight of the poor fellow, and checking the speed of the locomotive, began ringing him off the track. This was responded to by the idiot bawling out with great glee: "Come on with your old tea-kettle," and the brutal crowd cheered, and roared with laughter.

The crowd, keeping along with the train, cheered lustily, and the lunatic "spurted" as they say in a boat race—that is, shot ahead and exhibited considerable power as a racer by the speed with which he got over the ground. The engineer, infuriated at the delay, put on speed and rattled after. But he was upon a down grade, and fearful of overtaking the unfortunate, he almost immediately put on the brakes and checked up again.

By this time heads were thrust out of windows and the platforms crowded by passengers whose excitement became noisy and intense as they discovered that it was a human being instead of a cow that impeded their progress. As for the idiot, he paused only long enough to indulge in a jeering laugh and a gesture that was more irritating than decent.

The crowd of brutal loafers that exhibited more industry in accompanying the race on this occasion than they had probably manifested in making an honest living for a year previous, went tearing along each side of the locomotive, laughing, shouting, cheering on the idiot, while hurling all sorts of exasperating epithets at the engineer, who by this time, was nearly blind with rage.

At this moment the conductor made his appearance, and crawling out upon the tender, began throwing lumps of coal at the boy, as the engineer, putting on steam, drew near the poor fellow.

Fortunately the conductor's aims were not well taken, for had the young man been knocked down the locomotive would have undoubtedly run over him.

From this the rough autocrat of the train desisted, for the idiot's backers, with an American sense of fair play that animates even the roughest of our brutes, began pelting the conductor with stones, each pebble sent with the accuracy of a rifle shot. He retreated hurriedly to the engine house, where he rubbed his person in a comical way with one hand while with the other he assuaged his wrath by a furious ringing of the bell. The engineer seconded his efforts by letting off short shrieks and keeping the locomotive frightfully close upon the heels of the wretched youth.

Having begun life with a strange disposition to take upon myself the [illegible] of others, and finding such practice extremely unpleasant and useless, I have gradually trained myself into the other extreme, and generally bear the misfortunes of my friends with a philosophical indifference that is very composing. On this occasion, however, I forgot my cynicism and found myself running under that broiling sun, shaking my fist, with my heart in my mouth, at the conductor, and demanding in the most authoritative manner that he stop the train.

From the depot to the tunnel was about a mile; to accomplish this distance the train and idiot occupied some twenty minutes. The passengers, crowded at windows and on the platforms, took as lively an interest in the affair as the entire population of Glen Cove that accompanied the train and backed the idiot. It was a godsend to the passengers, and they expressed their satisfaction by the liveliest betting and cheers, first for the locomotive and then for its strange competitor.

It was neck and neck between life and the locomotive. A false step, a stumble, and the huge mass of roaring, throbbing [illegible]ve gone crushing over the [illegible]man, who so strangely [illegible]ss. And such result [illegible]poor fellow, ex[illegible]d over exer[illegible]and at times [illegible]in a way to

[illegible] Donn Piatt.

How Consuls Make Money.

It is said at the state department that there are as many applicants for the smaller consulships and little commercial agencies as for some of the more important diplomatic positions. There have been instances where native merchants of some such country as Egypt would bid against each other for subordinate commercial agencies under the United States at the disposal of the consul-general until as high as $10,000 has been given for a little place with scarcely any salary at all, simply because the position was an advantageous one in point of its exemption from troublesome laws, taxation, etc. One consul in Asia is known to have made a great deal of money in renting out American flags to local trading vessels that were willing to pay $200 apiece for the sake of sailing under the United States colors. Another consul suggested that the inspection of emigrants was very necessary to the good health of America, and he was given permission to charge an inspection fee. He fixed the fee at twenty-five cents per head, and had made about $20,000 out of it before it was discovered that he paid a native ten cents per head, while he pocketed the other fifteen cents for overseeing the job. In China there used to be a system of fees whereby consuls received $1 each for shipping sailors; but since Colonel Mosby has been at Hong Kong he has broken it up. Thus it is plainly to be seen that there are more ways than one to make money in consular service.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Northern Limit of Corn Growth.

On the northeast shores of Asia corn cannot be cultivated at fifty degrees north latitude, although in the interior it matures as far north as sixty-two degrees. On the eastern shores of America the northern limit of its growth is fifty degrees, and on the western shores it reaches about fifty-seven degrees, while in the intermediate country it is known to grow as far as sixty-five degrees. The fact that it thrives farther north in the interior of continents than on the shores is thought by M. Buysman to be due not alone to the cooling influences of ice accumulations on the coasts, but to depend largely on the greater amount of sunlight received in the dry regions far from the oceans. In Norway corn grows in latitude seventy degrees, the climate being not only warmed by proximity to the Gulf stream, but the skies being very clear as well. Even in the most northern regions, where the shade temperature is very low, vegetation may grow in sheltered spots exposed to the sun, and luxuriant scurvy grass has been found on Walden Island, beyond eighty degrees north latitude.—*London News.*

The Laughing Plant.

It is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and wooly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.—*Shanghai Celestial Empire.*

SOMETHING ABOUT SWEETS.

PROGRESS OF THEIR MANUFACTURE IN THIS COUNTRY.

Delicacies that Delight the Palates of Youth—Vegetable Colors Taking the Place of Poisonous Ones.

The last thing a child inquires about is how the sugar-plum it snaps up with some avidity is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies—I had almost said necessaries—of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. Formerly all the higher class came from France and Germany, where for ages they have been famous for their delicacies. But since the introduction of steam into their fabrication these articles are now made on the largest scale in this country, and are vastly cheapened since the days when we used to spend our last penny in taffy. The rude style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the palate, even in the cheapest items. Think of the one-cent sweets done up in a ruby-colored gelatine packet. There was color, it is true, in some of the more showy sweets of old, but it was metallic color, containing the most virulent poison. An analysis of this painted confectionary, published in a medical journal some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly colored sweetmeat was made attractive to the children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the toy confectionary was adorned, contained arsenic of copper. One can quite understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. There was vermilion in the reds, of course, and gamboge and chromate of lead in the yellows. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by plentifully partaking of these artistically poisoned comfits. The analysis of that medical paper has delivered us from this cause of infantile trouble. Nothing but harmless vegetable colors are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe.

A large New York establishment, which ordinarily employs some ninety persons, about the commencement of December requires the services of almost double that number, the majority of whom are engaged in making bonbons by the million until the turn of the new year. The entire underground portion of the premises is devoted to the manufacture of sweetmeats. On descending the stone staircase one finds one's self in a stifling atmosphere, too heavily laden with the aroma of vanilla and other essences. Around are scores of workmen, their faces lighted up by the red glare of numerous furnaces, busily engaged in plunging particular fruits into large caldrons filled with boiling syrups. More in the shade are other stalwart-looking men, their countenance made pallid by the intensely heated atmosphere, piling up almonds, etc., on huge sieves, and so constant is the sound of metal that the visitor might imagine himself in an armor smithy instead of a sweetmeat factory, among workmen making bonbons for women and children to crunch. On all sides are piles of sugar barrels, gallons of liquors, syrups and essences—kirsch, wine, aniseed, maraschino, curacao, pineapple, apricot, strawberry, cherry, vanilla, chocolate, coffee and tea—with sacks of almonds and baskets of chestnuts, pistachio nuts and filberts being emptied into machines which bruise their husks, flay them and blanch them all ready to receive their saccharine coating.

Most bonbons are made by hand; only those which are flat on the bottom are cast in molds. In the hand made bonbons the sugar paste is rolled into shape by the aid of an instrument formed of a stout piece of wire, one end of which is twisted and the other fixed into a wooden handle. With this the paste is taken out of the caldron and worked into the desired form by a rapid stroke of the hand. For bonbons of a particular form, such as those in imitation of fruits, etc., models are carved in wood. A certain number of these, say from fifty to sixty, are fixed on a narrow strip of wood, and the confectioner takes molds of them in starch, contained in a series of large, shallow drawers. As soon as the molds become dry they are filled with liquid sugar, already colored and flavored, after which the drawer is put on one side for twenty-four hours, when the bonbons are ready for sale. The delicate sweets, containing some essences, such as pineapple, etc., are always cast in starch molds. It puzzles older heads than those of children to know how this drop of delicious liquid gets into the center of the sweet. Like many other puzzling matters, it is very easily explained. The flavoring essence is mixed with the liquid sugar, and when poured into the mold the latter crystalizes immediately over the former. These essences, so nice to the taste, are the most remarkable examples of the power of chemistry to transform very repugnant materials into delicacies. Fusel oil is the base of the pear essence, and pineapple essence is obtained by diluting ether with alcohol. The chemist in his laboratory, with great cunning, manufactures scores of these essences, which are supposed to be the veritable product of delicate fruits. Some of the pretty forms that are made to take the fancy of the little ones are simply punched out of flat films of sugar rolled; some are cast, some are pressed into shape when soft between engraved rollers. The drops and sweets that are quite clear are boiled so long that the water has evaporated out of them. Such sweets must be immediately bottled up, or preserved from the air, otherwise they absorb water and become semi-liquid. Barley sugar is an example in point. If it is not hermetically sealed down in tins, it deliquesces, and loses all its crispness. It is as well to know that this is the purest of all sweets—being absolutely clarified sugar, and therefore the most wholesome for children. On the other hand, peppermint drops are the most open to sophistication. They should be made of crushed white sugar, mixed into a paste with gum. But the temptation to adulterate is too great for the dishonest dealer to resist; consequently, in order to supply the market one-half plaster paris is mixed with inferior sugar. One can quite understand the sickness that overtakes children sometimes after sucking those comfits. The wonder is that such a mass of plaster does not interfere more signally with their digestion. Jujubes, those flexible lozenges which stick so in the teeth, contain a large portion of gum. They are poured into tins to cool, standing for several hours, sliced into sheets, and then cut by scissors into the well-known diamond shapes.

The veritable sugar-plum, or almond-drop, is made in a very interesting manner. A number of almonds, after being coated with a little gum to catch the white sugar, are thrown into a deep pan surrounded with steam. This pan revolves sideways at an angle of forty-five degrees. As it revolves, the almonds, of course, tumble over one another, and while they are doing so the workman pours over them from time to time liquid white sugar allowing a sufficient time to elapse between each supply for the sugar to harden upon the comfit. In this way it grows by the imposition of layer upon layer until it is the proper size. By this simple motion the sugar is deposited in the smoothest and most regular manner. Girls are largely employed in the sugar-plum trade. They are quick and stick well to their work, but they have a sweet tooth and help themselves to the lozengers pretty liberally. As is it is impossible to stop petty pilfering they are given liberty to eat as much as they like.

The manufacture of the surprise nuts is done with the utmost speed by those little workwomen. The nut is first opened by means of a rose cutter; the kernel is then cleared out with a penknife, the hollow is filled with seed-sweets, and the hole by which they have been introduced, is sealed with chocolate. It is a great fun, of course, when you have cracked a nut to find your mouth full of these small sugar seeds, whether you expect the surprise or not. In one part of the establishment I came upon the little artists coloring the small articles cast in sugar. It was all vegetable color, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the coloring operations they have to perform and it is too cheaply paid to be very carefully done, but, however, poor they may be as works of art, they are not unwholesome, which was far from being the case a few years ago, before the board of health interfered in New York for the good of our little ones.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Tests for Impurities in Water.

To know whether water is hard or soft, dissolve a little white soap in alcohol, and add a few drops of the water under investigation. If the alcohol turns milky, the water is hard; if either unaltered or simply cloudy, it is soft.

To detect a copper percentage add a little filing dust of soft iron to the water, leave it in for a few minutes, and add a few drops of sal ammoniac. A blue colorization betrays the presence of copper.

Sulphur combinations are detected by adding a little water to the murcury in the bottle; this is closed and left to stand for a few hours. If the mercury assumes a darker surface, and, upon shaking separates into gray powder, it is a sign that the water contains sulphur combinations.

Dissolved pure lime is proven by adding one or two crystals of oxalic acid to the water. A milky precipitate betrays the presence of lime.

Sulphate of lime (gypsum) is recognized by the white precipitate caused by chloride of barium in the solution. The precipitate is not redissolved by nitric acid.

Alkalies and alkaline earths are detected as follows: Blue Litmus paper is colored feebly red with dilute vinegar, and dipped into the corresponding water. If the former blue color is restored the water is alkaline.

An iron percentage is recognized by a few drops of nutgall decoction, which are added to the water. If iron is present the water assumes an inky gray to black color. Also one drop of solution of ferrocyanide of potassium colors ferruginous water blue.

To detect magnesia the water is to be heated to boiling, and the point of a knife full of carbonate ammonia and a little phosphate of soda are added. If the magnesia is present it is precipitated.

Acids are ascertained by dipping a small piece of litmus paper in the water. A red colorization betrays their presence.

Water for carbonating or domestic use, and for distribution through pipes into dwellings in cities, towns, villages, and other places should be derived from sources that afford adequate quantities at all seasons, characterized as being:

1. Wholesome for drinking, for culinary and for other uses.

2. Soft, without having the power to dissolve or injure lead, and well adapted for washing the person, for use in baths, and for use with soap.

3. Of a normal uniform temperature at its source equal to the average of the climate for the year.

4. Well aerated, holding in solution eight or more cubic inches of gasses per gallon, namely, about two of oxygen, six of nitrogen; agreeable and refreshing when drunk.

5. Clear, transparent, colorless, bright, and, when seen in large bulk, pure blue, the natural color of uncontaminated water.

6. Unable to cause a deposit or fur in the utensil in which it is heated or boiled.

7. Free from organisms, animal or vegetable, living or dead, and matter in suspension.

Water in its natural or normal condition characterized by all these seven qualities may be abundantly obtained in some portions of the globe.

Employment and Education.

"A good education, says Dr. McCosh, "qualifies a man to do a dozen different things, where an ignorant man could do only one. Education also enables a man to rise in any sphere of labor in which he is employed." The truth of this is especially valuable in these days of change in vocations. Science is specializing every employment; mechanism is taking the place of mannual labor, and in this approaching readjustment of vocations, will prove the only individual safeguard. What industrial future is there for the man who can use his hands only when a machine is invented that takes the place of a thousand pair of hands? Obviously, the practical need of intellectual qualification is far greater in this age, and will continue to increase with the progress of humanity. It is the tendency of every trade to become an art, and of every artisan to become an artist in his specialty. And in this lies the true secret of the great need of industrial education.—*Lilian Whiting.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The turkey was unknown in England until the reign of Henry VIII.

Making artificial tails for horses is reported to be a successful industry in Connecticut.

The first wedding in America was that of Edward Wilson and Susannah White at Plymouth in 1621.

Fort St. Mark, in St. Augustine, Fla., was finished in 1756, and is said to have been 100 years in building.

A botanical phenomenon was witnessed last season on the shore of Todos, Santos Bay, Lower California, where an apple tree blossomed and bore large, perfect fruit on its trunk an inch from the ground.

The Japanese form of administering an oath is to dip a finger in ink. In London a Japanese witness was sworn in that way the other day, and after the formality he remarked that it was useless, as he knew nothing about the case in question.

A correspondent of the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times*, reports that along the southern of Mexico the people have a habit of inoculating themselves with the virus of the rattlesnake or adder, which renders them absolutely safe forever afterward from the bite or sting of the deadliest reptiles.

A Lewiston (Me.) physician's father, when quite young, was bitten by a vicious horse—the horse's teeth closing over his ear lobe and taking out a small piece of the upper part. The mark of the wounded ear skipped one generation and has appeared in the Lewiston physician's son, there being on the little fellow's ear the plain marking of the ear that showed, years ago, upon his grandfather.

A reputable scientific authority quotes the statement that, by careful estimate, a spider ate four times its weight for breakfast, nearly nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up an ounce, and at 8 P. M., when he was released, ran off in search of food. At this rate a man of 160 pounds would require the whole of a fat steer for breakfast, another with a half-dozen good sheep for dinner, and two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs per supper, with about four barrels of fresh fish as a lunch before going to his club banquet.

WISE WORDS.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment.

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.

Frugality provides an easy chair for old age.

What is the hardest task in the world? To think.

He who would eat the egg, must first break the shell.

Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing friendship.

Knaves will thrive when honest plainness knows not how to live.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

A philosopher is one who unflinchingly "accepts the situation."

Procure not friends in haste, and when thou hast a friend part not with him in haste.

The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he who will not economize will have to agonize.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstacies, full of danger and followed by reaction.

We should do nothing inconsistent with the spirit and genius of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and the future.

HEALTH HINTS.

Be abstemious.

Seek the sunlight.

Exercise regularly.

Breathe fresh air freely.

Keep the head cool and the feet warm.

Work is a good medicine for an uneasy mind.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Alcohol retards digestion, and also renders it incomplete.

If you must borrow something, let that something be other than trouble.

A free use of lemon juice and sugar will almost invariably relieve a cough.

Water weakens digestion and encourages the absorption of fatty and saccharine matters.

Always keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also keep the chest well protected.

If those who feel poorly in the spring—or at any other time of year, in fact—would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week—with or without sugar, as they like—they would find it better than any medicine.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Persian Horse Dealers.

One of the exports of Persia is horses. The Persian dealer travels over the country, having agents in every large town. He buys for the Indian market. His destination, when he has got together a likely lot of animals, is usually Bombay or Bangalore; a few dealers try Kurrachee. As a rule the Persian horse dealer buys nothing under fourteen hands. The Persian horses exported to India are sold either as riding horses and chargers at an average minimum price of 600 rupees, or as artillery horses at a standard price of 400 rupees, while the animals that remain unbought for these purposes are eagerly snapped up as carriage horses. The Persian horse dealer, even when most respectable, resorts to bishoping, which dictionaries define as "to use arts to make old horses look like young ones," the arts used consisting in cutting the upper surface of the incisor teeth into a depression, and then with a chemical preparation blackening the cavity so as to imitate the "marks" of a young horse. The operation is always performed during the voyage to India from the Persian Gulf, the instrument used being a dentist's rosehead hand drill.

WORKING DAYS.

A-wooing you came with your dulcet voice,
Your manner so knightly and debonair;
Who would not proudly have been your choice.
When you wove her garland so rich and rare?
It was well enough in the courting time
When your tongue spoke only in tuneful praise,
With love-words set to a silvern rhyme;
It is other now in the working days.

Could ever she dream, that gentle girl,
When you pledged her the tenderest care for life,
That you brow would knit, and your lip would curl,
When she, poor child, was your wedded wife?
Would the pretty maid have been swift to yield,
Caught in the toils of your winning ways,
Had a rift in the future's veil revealed
The gloom that should shadow the working days?

'Tis easy to carry the hardest load
When two who share it in mind are one;
'Tis pleasant to clamber the roughest road
With a friend who is cheery from sun to sun,
But crushes the burden with aching weight
If only the weaker that burden raise,
And bleak the path in the frost of fate
When jars the music of working days.

Oh, holiday suitor, so brave and trim,
So gay of mien and so soft of speech,
Pray what is your ring but a fetter grim
To the wife who is learning what tyrants teach?
Would it cost you much her home to bless
With the love you promised, the love that stays—
A strength and a sweetness through all the stress
And all the strain of life's working days?

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Suspended animation—Two healthy cats dangling from a clothes line.

The woman question: "Now, isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home?"

"There isn't much family likeness in our family," said Johnny Dumpsey, "and what there is is mostly for pie."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The boarder is certain that life is a sham,
And holds less of pleasure than pain,
When he puts on his glasses to look for the clam
That the chowder's supposed to contain.
—*Boston Courier.*

Bartholdi modeled his statue after his mother. He made her the size she used to seem to him in his boyhood days when he was caught going in swimming without permission.—*Graphic.*

"Now, then, John," said the restaurant keeper to his boy, "bring out those sandwiches we put up last winter. Here's a big order come in to supply the Sunday-school picnic."—*Boston Courier.*

It is said that much suffering is caused an animal by defective shoeing. This will be readily understood by noticing a woman shoo a hen. The poor bird does not know which way to go.—*Boston Post.*

You might as well undertake to varnish a rainbow or try to stampede hunger with a dime with a hole in it, as expect to prevail on a man to own up to his wife that he has been in the wrong.—*Chicago Ledger.*

An exchange says: "If your spoons are stained from eggs, rub them with a little common salt." If the spoons referred to are those that come and gush round our sister Kit several times a week, salt won't hurt them at any time, whether they've been eating eggs or not.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Now the hammock swingeth,
Swingeth in the breeze,
Like a filmy cob-web,
'Twix the trees.
Ha! the thing collapseth,
Collapseth with a snap,
And the one within it
Takes a drap.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

"Have you an extra umbrella I could borrow?" asked a man in a friend's office. "I have an umbrella," replied the friend, pointing to a weather beaten, rock-ribbed piece of rusty calico in the corner, "but I don't think you will find it anything extra." He spoke the truth, but the umbrella never came back all the same.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.—*Boston Transcript.*

"When She Will She Will."

"I thought only a few men were up to the winter bathing mark," observed the reporter. The bath man laughed scornfully. "When a lady makes up her mind to bathe every day in the year," he said, "nothing can stand her off. I've seen men who would come here on cold mornings, undress and walk to the water's edge, but the minute it touched their toes, race back and get into their clothes again. Not so with women. When they are in bathing trim it means bathing and nothing short of a tidal wave will stop them. Here comes the daisy bather of the lot. I've seen that girl here when it was so cold that to even look at the water used to give me the shakes. Now, what do you think first induced that lady to bathe all the time? For the pure love of it? No, sir. She was getting too fat. She tried everything—dieting, exercise, and medicine, but nothing would take her down. At last she dropped on sea bathing, and it fetched her. She is nice and slim now, though plump enough, but when she came here first she was as fat as a butter ball. I wish all the fat ladies in the city would have her courage, and our winter business would be worth something."—*San Francisco Alta.*

All the government officials of Japan were privately instructed some time ago to wear European costume during office hours; but as some are still using Japanese dress, the authorities are said to have resolved on making the measure compulsory.

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