

A Year's Growth.

'Twas Autumn when first they stood on the bridge:
Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the ridge.

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

'I suppose I had better dress, and call on the lady. It's always more satisfactory than writing, as dear papa used to say.'

'I wonder if I shall ever see her,' the poor little thing said wistfully.
'Why, of course you will, Evie. Some day you shall be brought to see me in a little invalid chair that I mean to buy you when my ship returns laden with good things.'

'I'll just steal a march upon my little pet, and creep up and see what she is doing. Oh, the fun and joy of the surprise! How she'll dance with delight!'

'How lovely!' he thought; 'she has the face of an angel. My darling is indeed blessed.'

'Oh, how lovely, dear Kate!' exclaimed the two children in chorus when she had finished the story.

'Just as you please then, dear. I will tell his lordship that you would prefer to join us later on.'

'I told you that you were a fairy, and would win the hearts of everybody,' exclaimed Evie, raising herself with difficulty to take a peep at her sister.

Second Hand Tobacco.

'Just see them go for them! I suppose they enjoy the 'old soldiers' as much as we do our Havanas.'

'I don't know about that. Those who ought to know say that the cigarettes are far less harmful than many of those put up in more attractive shape, and that it would be a good thing for the youth of the country if all cigarettes were made of second hand tobacco prepared by this process.'

Shaving Drunken Men.

'Glad that job is over,' said a Madison street barber, as a customer walked out of the shop with unsteady steps.

'I don't know about that. Those who ought to know say that the cigarettes are far less harmful than many of those put up in more attractive shape, and that it would be a good thing for the youth of the country if all cigarettes were made of second hand tobacco prepared by this process.'

A Complexionist.

Strolling up-town recently, a reporter for the N. Y. Mail and Express had his attention attracted by the sign 'Complexionist,' which was hanging over the door of an inoffensive-looking dwelling-house.

Jealous Millionaire.

Speaking of the hatred of wealth, I observe a great deal of rancor between millionaires themselves. Gould and Vanderbilt are reputed to loathe each other. It is only lately that the Astors and the Vanderbilts came to speaking terms.

Thought So, Too.

In response to a sign of 'Boy Wanted' a lad about twelve years of age applied for a position in a Michigan avenue store. The proprietor fiked his looks and decided to take him, and after some general explanations and observations, asked:

Short Stops.

'Papa, what is a bat?' 'It is what base ball players use, my child.'

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

'I know that, but isn't there another kind, papa?' 'Yes, there's a bird called a bat.'

WANTED TO STRIKE IT.

'Mr. Dupree,' asked the little 10-year old, after the big sister's head had taken his seat, 'won't you let pa hit your breath just for fun?'

THEY WERE SUPERFLUOUS.

'Why do you always wear a bunch of flowers in your buttonhole?' inquired Miss Fussanfeather, while Mr. Titepates was calling the other evening.

ENGLISH AS SHE SPOKE IN LONDON.

'Hi, 'Arry, did you have her see such a 'lartest' country has Haverest his, hny 'ow?'

YOUTH HIS ONLY CRIME.

'S'irrah!' exclaimed the solemn fact to the little joke, 'you are too fresh.'

Philosophizing on a Well-Spent Life.

'Do you think that life is worth living?' I asked Mignot five or six years ago as a discussion was going on around him on Schopenhauer's theory which M. Car was then expounding at the Sorbonne, and indeed, in the fashionable drawing-rooms where he spent his evenings.

Concerning Shirt Fronts.

There exists no more interesting and instructive spectacle for the student of human nature than that of the shirt-fronts round a dinner-table.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A dude is a 50 cent man in a \$50 suit of clothes. An insurance man says the reason that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning was that business was probably full in Rome and Nero was heavily insured.

A certain poetess is said to make good jellies as well as good poetry. It is suggested that she make a new departure—send her jellies to newspaper offices and can her poems.

The fact that El Mahdi, the False Prophet, sleeps during the day, and transacts all his business at night, gives rise to the suspicion that El must have been a night news editor before he went into the business of despatching his enemies.

'My dear,' said the wife of the editor of a weekly newspaper, 'shall I give a way those old trousers that you haven't worn for two years, to some poor, deserving tramp?'

George Zeller stole a pair of shears from the editorial room of a Philadelphia newspaper, for which atrocious crime he was sent to jail for three months. If he had still further crippled the newspaper office by taking the paste-pot, it is believed the editor would have insisted upon a life sentence.

Fipps, who has been lurching with a friend upon frozen legs: 'Egad, you see it of some use in this world, even the frog.' Friend, who is dispassionate: 'I don't agree with you. Of what use is the mosquito to us?'

The people in San Antonio are so nervous that a law has been passed forbidding steam whistles being blown in that city. How those people would suffer if a circus calloppo should happen to escape and run wild through the streets. Why, the people would just sit right down on the sidewalk and bleat like a scared calf, and if a Milwaukee tug-boat whistle should happen to be sprung upon them suddenly it would give them cramps.—Pee's Ann.

The Champion Lion.

'Every time I look at the North star,' said the nautical cop, it makes me feel pale. It is all on account of the balloon experience I had in 1863.

Senator Coke, of Texas, has a remarkably powerful voice. It is said that when he was discussing the pleuro-pneumonia bill and got his throat-valve wide open, the pages put cotton in their ears and wedged the window sashes to keep them from rattling and breaking the glass.

It is related as a grave and solemn verity that two ladies met at the door of a Boston 'ladie's broker,' when one cried in great excitement: 'Oh, dear Mrs. X, I don't know but I am ruined. I sold long on short on Dan's Bear-sheba Railroad bonds, and for the life of me I don't know what, but if it's one way or the other I'm utterly bankrupt.'

'Where did you land after making this terrible trip?' asked the listener. 'Believing that my salary was a generous one, I permitted the professor to take his barometer along with him.'

The Washington Monument goes up at the rate of two feet a day now, in all fair weather.