

Humorous Department.

A TEST CASE.

It wasn't late when the Pitcher street man came home, and notwithstanding he walked in with a smile and sat down on the other side of the lamp stand from his wife and picked up a newspaper, as men do when they come home, she, for some unaccountable reason suspected him. She looked over her work at him two or three times and finally spoke: "By the way, John," she said, "will you do me a favor?" "Certainly, my dear; what is it?" said John. "I want you to say this for me, 'Gaze on the gay gray brigade.'" "Gaze on the gray gay brigade," replied John triumphantly. "Lovely," she exclaimed. "Now try this one, 'Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip.'" "Give Grimes Jim's gilt jilt whip," responded John, as glibly as you please. "Excellent, excellent," she cried. "Now this one 'Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.'" He shivered a little, but never let on. "Sarah in a sawl shoveled soft snow softly," he said, with oratorical effect. "Oh, you dear old thing," she laughed. "Now one more and then I won't trouble you again."

Wayside Gatherings.

Occasionally the wisest owl hoots at the wrong time. Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Abuse a man unjustly, and you will make friends for him. What fools we mortals be, particularly when we are young. It is the idle people of this earth who make most of the trouble. Instruction is to the human intellect what cultivation is to the soil. Avoid quarreling with your friends; a quarrel is never made up. The world's population increases at the rate of one per cent. per annum. You can trade your reputation for a dollar, but you can never trade back. It is said that more money is spent for eggs than for flour in the United States. Many preachers try to make their congregations better than they are themselves. For every dollar a man earns, he sees something that he wants that would cost him two. When suspicion points her little finger at a man, the finger soon grows to be as large as a telegraph pole. "If you want to make the most of your hired man, give him the tools to work with," says an old farmer. Texas will have no timber in 15 years if the present rate of cutting 1,000,000,000 feet a year continues. So many friends who look sympathetic when you tell your troubles, think to themselves that it serves you right. "How do you happen to be called Jack?" "Oh, it is just a nickname." "I didn't know but that it was an abbreviation." The court records of Stafford county, Va., date back to 1699. The writing of the oldest document is as distinct as the day it was traced. Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard. A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground." A lazy fellow falling a distance of 50 feet, and escaping with only a few scratches, a bystander remarked that he was "too slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself." "Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say." Fogg thinks it a remarkable instance of the superior intelligence of the house fly that it can remember, after lying dormant all winter, which member of the family is possessed of a baldhead. A boy who could not understand what conscience meant was at last asked: "What is it that gives you an uncomfortable feeling when you have done something wrong?" "Dad's cane," was the reply. "Hold on dar!" said a colored man, hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross de street every time yer sees me ter keep from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't." "What fur, den?" "Ter keep from bein' axed fur it."

For the Home Circle.

A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman By signs that never fail; His coat was rough and rather worn, His cheeks were thin and pale— A lad who had his work to make, With little time to play— I knew him for a gentleman By certain signs today. He met his teacher on the street; Off came his little cap. My door was shut; he waited there Until I heard his rap. He took the bundle from my hand, And when I dropped my pen He sprang to pick it up for me— This gentleman of ten. He thinks of you before himself, He serves you if he can; For in whatever company, The manners make the man. At ten or forty 'tis the same, The manners tell the tale; And I discern the gentleman By signs that never fail.

YOU NEVER SAID SO BEFORE JOHN.

In a recent issue of The Evangelist, at the end of the column of editorial notes, we read these words: "A dear mother lay dying and her oldest son as he knelt by her bedside, cried 'You have been a good mother to us.' The dying woman opened her eyes, and with a feeble smile, whispered: 'You never said so before, John.'" In reading these words of the dying mother, we could not but imagine what John's thoughts were after those lips ceased speaking forever. Not that John had necessarily been a son that had brought heaviness to the heart of his mother. He might have been, and probably was, a good son, as that phrase goes, but he had not been thoughtful and considerate of his mother's sensitive feelings as to unspoken words of appreciation. He had been full of his business projects, his family interests, and the claims that the world has on children of maturer years. He meant to be a loyal son and to see that his mother had everything for her physical comfort, but he never thought for a moment how much she longed for a loving caress, and words that made her feel assured that she was still as dear to him as she had been in the days of childhood. There comes a time in a mother's life when she feels that she is not essential to her children, as far as caretaking and providing for their physical wants are concerned. They are grown-up men and women, and able and willing, as they should be, to look out for themselves. They naturally feel that mother is relieved of a great care and responsibility, but the mother sits in her room alone and longs for the old days when they were toddling at her side, holding on to her gown, or coming to her for comfort when the childhood days had their aches and pains, their shadows and disappointments. No need of them to tell her then that she was the most necessary of all persons living to make their lives happy. The little arms wound about her neck, the warm kisses given on cheek, the loving words spoken so often, assured her of their true and unselfish love and devotion for her. That mother, as she thinks of it all, wonders how she could have ever been weary of the work and waiting; she is sorry that she spoke an impatient or cross word to those little ones, and she longs to tell the young mothers to be very patient and tender, for the childhood time is so soon out-grown. But when the children are no longer on that care as they were then, still the mother wants from the grown up children some of the sweet caresses and the loving words that she used to have when they were little ones, and if they neglect to give them, she falls into a way of thinking that the new loves, the new interests, and the busy life of the maturer years are crowding mother out. John was probably astonished when he thought of it all. It was so strange that mother had not taken it for granted that he knew she had been a good mother to him. That is just where so many of us make a great mistake in our daily living, leaving our dear ones to take for granted the kind words, the thoughtful acts, and the loving caresses that we should give them. A little petting now and then is as dear to the sweet old mother as it is to the children in the household. The letters that go to the home from the children that are out in the world fighting life's battles—how dear they are to the mother! And yet how long sometimes it is between the receiving of one letter and a second one. Mother knows, girls and boys, that you have grown up and are doing your duty in the new homes and the new life—work God has given you. She knows this is just as it should be; but take time to talk or write to her once in a while of the mothering days when she was all the world to you, and tell her how the influence of her teachings and prayers have been with you all your lives, and that you bless God you have such a mother, and pray that he will spare her many, many years to bless you with her prayers and love. Then, if the call comes suddenly and unexpectedly for you to go and receive her last blessing, you will have the comfort of knowing that you were thoughtful of her, not leaving her to take for granted that you loved her, but that she heard the words of endearment often from your lips, and was made happy by them.—Susan Teal Perry, in the Evangelist.

BEDROOM HINTS.—Restful sleep renews the life. Never sleep with the face turned toward a near wall. Never have children habitually sleep with older persons. Pure air is fully as important in sleeping as in waking hours. STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Crust made same as for shortcake, and roll out one-half inch thick; put as many berries in the centre of each dumpling as you can, and fold over as you would for apple dumpling. Bake one-half hour, and serve with sugar and cream.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A SPELLING LESSON.

A pretty deer is dear to me A hare with downy hair; I love a hart with all my heart, But barely bear a bear; 'Tis plain that no one takes a plea To pare a pair of ears; A rake, though, often takes a rake To tear away the tares; All rays raise rhyme, time rases all; And through the whole, hole wears. And writ in writing "right" may write It "wright" and still be wrong; For "wright" and "rite" are neither "right," And don't to write belong. Beer often brings a beer to many, Coughing a coffin brings, And no much ale will make us all, As well as other things. The person lies who says he lies When he is but re-living; And when consumptive folks decline, They all decline declining. A quail don't quail before a storm, A bough don't bow before it; We cannot rain the rain at all; No earthly power reigns o'er it, A dyer dyes awhile, then dies; To dye he's always dying. Until, upon his dying bed, He thinks no more of dyeing. The son of Mars mars many a sun, All deys must have their days; 'Tis meet that men should mete our meat To feed misfortune's fare. The fair should fare on love alone, Else one cannot be won. The springs spring forth in spring, and Shoot forward one and all; Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves shoots. The leaves to fall in fall. I would a story here commence, But you might find it stale; So let's suppose that we have reached The tail end of our tale.

HOUSTON'S GENEROSITY.

How the Famous Texan Treated a Man Who Had Settled on His Land. Many are the stories told of Sam Houston, the first president, and afterwards the first representative from Texas. There was a stretch of country near Quincy, Ill., known as the "Indian tract." Sam Houston had title to a great deal of it, a real estate fact which it would seem many of the earlier settlers of that region—a careless pioneer brood—were unaware of. One of them came to Richardson, representative to congress at that time from the Quincy district, and asked him if he knew Sam Houston. Richardson said he did, whereupon his constituent confided to him that he inadvertently settled on 160 acres of Houston's land, and that every dollar he was worth stood in barns, houses, fences and other improvements on the land. He had just learned, after living there eight years, that Houston had title to it, and that he did not. He wanted Richardson to see the conquerer of Mexico, and make the best terms that he could. As it stood, he was absolutely at Houston's mercy. Richardson, on his return to congress, met Houston, and told him the story. "And now, Houston, said Richardson, 'the question is, what will you take and give this friend of mine a quit-claim deed to that 160 acres?'" "What sort of a man is this constituent of yours, who has blundered upon my land?" asked Houston. "Good, square, honest man," replied Richardson. "When I turn him off my land," said Houston, hopefully, "I reckon he and his family will be beggars." "Utterly ruined," responded Richardson. Houston thought for a moment. "What's this farm worth now?" he asked. "Improvements and all, about \$6,000." "What was the bare 160 acres worth when the fellow went on it?" "About \$5 per acre; \$800 in all." "Good fellow, this man of yours, Richardson?" "Best in the world." "Tell him to send me \$800, and I'll make him a deed." In the course of time on came the \$800 in a New York draft. Richardson sought Houston, who promptly made a deed, and handed it to Richardson. Then he took the draft, and, after he had looked at it a moment, turned it over and endorsed it. "You say, Richardson, this man of yours is a good fellow?" "First-class man every way," responded Richardson. "Send him back this draft," said Houston, "and tell him Sam Houston's changed his mind. What can he buy a good young horse for in that country, as good a saddle horse as you have out there?" "Two hundred dollars ought to do it," said Richardson. "Well, then," said Houston, "you give him back the draft and tell him to buy a first-class saddle horse, about four years old, and keep him for me. When congress adjourns I'll go home with you, and when I get my visit out, I'll take the horse and ride him down to Texas." Richardson complied with the new arrangement, and the man in Illinois received back his draft and bought a saddle horse. Just before adjournment Houston came over to Richardson. "That fellow that's got my horse out in Illinois, you say, is a tiptop good man?" "One of the best men in my district," replied Richardson. "Well," said Houston with a sigh, "I would have liked first-rate to have seen him and also my horse. But I've got to go straight to Texas as affairs turn out. I'll tell you what to do, however, when you get home. Go over and see this man for me and say to him to sell the horse and do what he pleases with the money. And, by the way Richardson, I wish you would write and tell me if it was a good horse or not." The curious can read the copy of Sam Houston's deed to the 160 acres in the record of the Quincy land office, says the Washington Star.

strained for years. Last week matters culminated in a row, which resulted in a separation. When the war of words was at its height, the wife cried, bitterly, "Then you love me no longer?" "Madam," replied the husband, with his very best bow, "I have that happiness." Even in that trying moment, he knew how to live up to his reputation.

DOG TRANSFERS HIS CUSTOM.—A Philadelphia dog used to be sent by his master every morning with a penny in his mouth to purchase a bun for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when the baker, having changed his helper, the dog was unheeded. The dog thereupon ran to the baker, laid the penny at his feet and barked loudly at the assistant. The baker explained matters, but the assistant a surly fellow, took it in bad part, and next time the dog appeared he selected a very hot bun and gave it to him. The animal as usual, seized the bun, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it. He tried it again; again it burned him. At length, as if guessing the trick, he caught up the penny and ran off to another baker's shop in the neighborhood. No amount of coaxing could ever get him to return.



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