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 up 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.'

"Graze on the gray gay bigrade," replied John triumphantly.

"Lovely," she exclaimed. "Now try this one, "Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip." "Grive Jimes Gim's gig jilt whip,"

responded John, as glibly as you "Excellent, excellent," she cried.

"Now this one 'Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly." He shivered a little, but never let on. "Sharah in a sawl soveled shoft 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." "No trouble, I assure you, my dear,"

said John. "Go ahead." "Well, say this, 'Say, should such a shapely sash such shabby stitches

show. John gave a great gulp to his Adam's apple, which oscillated in his throat.

'My dear," he said slowly, "I begin to shuspect that you shuspicion me, but you are mistaken-entirely mistaken, and I positively decline to pose further as a pronouncing dictionary. You have observed that I have made a sucshess as far as I have gone, but there is a limit, and the next thing I know you will be asking me to say 'the scene was tuly rural,' a thing I never could say without getting my tongue twisted, and you will think your suspicions are well grounded, when you ought to know they are not." And John buried himself in his newspaper and utterly refused to hear any further appeals from the other side of the table.—Detroit Free Press.

HE GOT UP EARLY .- There is a man in the southern part of this city who went home late one night last week. He felt hungry, and thought he could get into the pautry without the aid of

He opened the door carefully so as not to awaken the household. He trailed his fingers along the top

shelf. The first thing he struck was nice

fresh lard. He tried again.

It was butter this time. He said something that would hardly pass at a prayer meeting. Then he tried once more.

Ah, his fingers went into something that felt like oysters. He took down the can and tasted it. Yes, it must be oysters, though they didn't taste right up to date. In a few moments he had gulped it all down, despite the peculiar taste. Then he took off his shoes and

He woke up the next morning just two hours before his usual time for rising. He wondered what was the matter with his stomach. It was a very strange feeling, as though he had eaten dried apples and drank a lot of cold water.

When he came down to breakfast next morning, the first thing his wife asked him was:

"George did you touch the pail of yeast on the pantry shelf— Why, what is the matter?" she cried, as her husband made one frantic effort to swallow up all the water in the pitcher.-Syracuse Post.

CREATED A SENSATION .- A distinguished preacher, of somewhat arbitrary manners, was engaged to preach in Belgravia, and purchased a new hat for the occasion. He was met outside his residence by a young man, who was to guide him to the church. His guide, after the parson thought a rude stare and smile, said:
"I beg pardon, sir; but your bat—"

"Oh, yes! never mind the hat, but mind your own business," the parson interrupted, curtly; and the young man was silenced. The people they met stared and smiled, too.

"Strange how many people notice when one has got a new hat," thought the parson. The church was reached, and the worshippers approaching naturally turned to observe the noted

The vicar met him at the vestry door to welcome him, but hesitating,

"Pardon me, canon, but pray why do you wear your hat so?"

The tile was doffed, and the outside found to be still covered with white paper, which the absent-minded divine had not removed .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ADVISING THE PASTOR .- A young lady organist in a church was captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week, that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and, in spite of her agonized beckonings, carried it straight to the preacher. Whawas the gentleman's astonishment when he read : "Oblige me this mornt ing by blowing away until I give you the signal to stop. Miss Allen."-St. Louis Republic.

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 an-

You can trade your reputation for a dollar, but you can never trade

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

"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."

sa" "Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case," "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, 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 ebery time yer sees me ter keep from payin' dat bill?"
"No, I doesn't." "What fur, den?" "Ter keep frum bein' axed fur it."

Tapioca is not a grain like rice. It is a starchy substance obtained by washing and scraping the roots of the cassava plant. Most of it comes, we believe, from Brazil. The cassava plant does not grow in the United States.

An extempore preacher intended to end his peroration with a slow ejaculation of "a mess of pottage." He did end with, "A pot of messagesa-message of pots-a pottage of messes," then, giving it up, hastily retired. Fifty years ago a horse power cost six or seven pounds of coal an hour. Today a good compound engine will produde a horse power at one and one-half pounds an hour. Water power costs nearly as much now as

If a Chinaman saves a man's life he is compelled by law to support him the rest of his days. Often a drowning man will perish in sight of a score of sturdy swimmers who are too poor to undertake the feeding of another mouth.

A San Francisco girl, disappointed in love years ago, has built a cabin in the woods on the Upper Salmon river, and lives there alone. She is an expert hunter, and has raised a pair of grizzly bears, which are very affectionate toward her.

Pat-Ye sez Oi'm not ez good an American as ye are. Begorra, I'm a sight better wun. Native A. P. A .-How is that, you bog-trotting Fenian? Pat-Because ye wuz born an American an' cudn't help yerself, whoile Oi'm one uv me own free will.

"To put one's foot in it" is an English country saying. After the milk is drawn from the cows it is commonly placed in large, flat pans, and set on the ground to cool, in which position it is an easy matter for a clumsy fellow to put his foot in the pan.

When pruning the orchard, and removing a large limb, first saw a notch on the under side of the limb; then saw down through the upper side to meet that below. This will prevent splitting the limb. Use gum shellac dissolved in alcohol or a thin, light-

colored paint to coat the wound. Charlie went fishing one day, and when he came home his father said, "Charlie how many fish did you catch?" Charlie answered, "Oh! I could not count them." "Why, you little fibber," said his father, "you haven't any fish at all." "I know that," said Charlie; "that's why I could not count them."

for the Kome 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 way 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 gortleman of ten.

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 mothers 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 he John 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 there 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

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 moth-

John was probably astonished when he thought of it all. It was so strange that mother had not taken it for granten 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 re-

ceiving 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 Teall 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

Miscellancons 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 pla 3

'Tis plain that no one takes a pls 3
To pare a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
To tear away the tares:
All rays raise thyme, time razes 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 bier to many,

Beer often brings a bier to many, Coughing a coffin brings, And too much ale will make us ail,

And too much ale will make us all,
As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
When he is but reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm,
A bough don't bow before it;

A bough don't bow before it;
We cannot rein 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 son; To feed misfortune's son;

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 "Iudian 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 inadverdently settled on 160 acres of Houston's land, and that every dollar he was worth stood in barns, house, 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 constitutent 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 Rich-

Houston thought for a moment. 'What's this farm worth now?" he asked. "Improvements and all, about \$6,

ardson.

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 Richard-

"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.

They tell it of a member of a well-known club that he never under any circumstances forgets to be polite. The relations between the gentleman hour, and serve with sugar and cream. | in question and his wife have been

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 reputa-

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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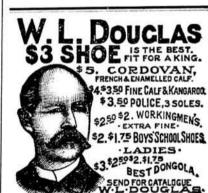
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