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LOOK DEEP.

Sometimes the dazzling insect, with its form
of perfect beauty,
Has the deadliest of poisons in its sting;
Sometimes the venomed serpents are concealed in greatest numbers
Where the sweetest flowers and viny curtains cling;
While the pure and waxen blossom that we value overmuch
May have death and desolation in its odor or its touch.

Sometimes the plainest plumage covers o'er the sweetest warbler
That has ever tuned its anthems for the heart;
Sometimes the darkest mine conceals the greatest store of treasure,
And the gem is oft disguised with rudest art;
Some homely things are priceless, and behind the rough outside
Are concealed the rarest objects of our gratitude and pride.

The glossiest of blessings and the most attractive joys
May hide a sorrow in their grace concealed;
The things we highly value often prove but children's toys
When the hollow in their substance is revealed;
So we value toy balloons well padded out with shining sin,
And globes of downy pleasure that are dynamite within.

Too oft we gaze at sorrow, and its somber garb of woe,
Our eyes turned from the glimmer at its heart;
The soul oft chills and hardens till, with deep affection's blow,
The workman breaks its fettered scales apart.
The ministers of sorrow are the messengers of rest;
And hearts that know its purpose are the ones supremely blest.

The purest light-reflector is the prism of a tear,
The heavens in pools of sorrow mirror deep;
The trust that leads to patience is begotten from our fear,
And tender spirits come to those who weep;
The death angels from evil many thoughtless souls beguile,
And sorrow when transplanted into Heaven becomes a smile.
The most enchanting vanity may blast beyond relief,
The peace of God may blossom from the ministry of grief.

—*I. Edgar Jones, in Current.*

DR. HOYT'S WIFE.

The Peculiar Circumstances Under Which He Found Her.

Dr. Philip Hoyt was annoyed when he saw Alice Bayard's name upon the wedding cards which he received from Boston. To be sure he had never definitely asked her to be his wife, but he had never expected her to definitely marry anybody else; not, at least, while he remained an indefinite bachelor.

He was one of Dakota's multitude of "rising young physicians," and when he considered that he had not visited his home for three years, that his letters, from the first intermittent, had, after six months, become altogether remittent, he had to acknowledge that circumstances did not warrant even annoyance.

Her image had been constantly engaged in pouring imaginary tea for his imaginary family, until the coming of these cards; but it was one of the attributes of Dr. Hoyt's beautiful, sunny disposition that his future plans were always too vague to admit of severe disappointment.

Half an hour out of office hours is not much for even a rising physician to devote to amatory obsequies, and Dr. Hoyt was still engaged upon a line of memories, which began with "seeings home" when they were both in their teens and ended with that last letter, which he remembered as a vapid affair, not worth the answer it had never received, when the tingle of the office bell and the entrance of a farmer from a neighboring town roused him to reality.

"Well now, doctor," said that individual, "I calculate that you're wanted considerable smart up Hellersville way. One of the Roosians is nigh about done for. He fell off a hay wagon fust, then the hay wagon fell on to him, and, as near as I can make out, the horses and wagon took turns finishing him up by rubbing him in the ground till the remains wa'n't of much 'count. I made out about that from their heathenish jibber. I was riding by, and the girl that does their talking for them ran out, and asked me to send you over. It's that fourteen-year-old that brings in hay often. I reckon's the one."

Dr. Hoyt had keen professional instincts, and his preparations for departure were completed with the old man's story, and a few moments later he was driving rapidly toward the "Roosians," as the colony of Mennonite settlers was commonly called. These are a peculiar people, who unite the principles of the modern Quaker with the practice of the ancient Ishmaelite. Exiled from Russia, because of religious scruple against military service, they are still a bit of Old-World, old-time barbarianism, planted in the newest New-World civilization, because of its newness equally savage. They are fiercely content with their own manners and customs; apart from their own people, fierce enemies and reluctant friends. Their long, uncompromising coats and their long, uncut beards (for the Mennonite is a Nazarene in that matter) give it expression to their characters. So far as the payment of taxes and the cultivation of the soil goes, they are good citizens; but socially they are Asiatics and Mennonites still, and with America and the world unacquainted.

Among all nations are born—more often, too, than is supposed—women who are best described by the word devoted. They are the Jephthas, the Iphigenias, the Joans of Arc of history: denied individual life, and destined to be objective, they are more frequently, if less gloriously, found in the old maids who care for other people's children; the leaven of other's lumps, who, filling out the measure of lives not their own, are themselves destitute. They are beautiful or ugly as it happens; they wear no mark on their foreheads, unless it be the sign of a high and holy purpose; nothing distinguishing, unless it be an expression of the eye which seems always to see outward, never to look within.

Of such was Marie Von Sulevitch, also a trial and a puzzle to the orthodox members of the simple community. Without excuse she had refused to marry Ivan in Russia, and when her father foolishly indulged her, and would again have permitted her to marry, this time in America, Alexis, who was rich in land and cattle, she refused as before; some quality in the girl, which the rest found it difficult to appreciate, enabled her again to have her own way.

That had been years before, when she was marriageable; now she was twenty-three, and no longer counted among the girls. She had never really been counted among the girls; to dance with her had never been so much fun as with those who laughed more. Only Ivan and Alexis had wished to worship her as a saint. It was therefore fortunate, perhaps, that neither had married her. If they had continued to worship, the other women might have become exacting and forgotten that it is honor enough to work and rear children for a good man, and reward enough to receive bread in return.

But the Mennonites, like other Protestants, have not yet solved the problem of unmarried womanhood and they looked with suspicion upon Marie Von Sulevitch, who was twenty-three and had never cared for a lover; not, at least, until he had a fever; for her delight and occupation was sickness of all kinds. As the colony increased in size she came to be constantly busy. Babies grew quiet as she took them in her arms, fever became lighter at the touch of her cool hands and pain was easier to bear after Marie had bandaged the wound.

Those who had been sick growled when well that she should be indulged in her whims and the whole people came in time to consider her gifts, which were those of a good nurse, as an especial provision for their necessities.

Dr. Hoyt, it chanced, had never before been summoned. It was a sight, pitiful even to professional eyes, that met his view as he entered the cabin.

The boy was groaning and writhing on a pile of straw in one corner; the close, dark room was crowded with men smoking and women chattering—men and women alike filthy as their surroundings. The one mitigating circumstance was the woman kneeling by the bed, gently bathing the wounds, but evidently ignorant of further remedy. The Doctor recognized her as the "one who talked for them."

"Send these people out," he said to her. "They are killing him, using the little air there is with their vile pipes."

"They will not go," she answered. "It is not customary with my people to trust the world's people."

With an ejaculation, expressive of disgust, Dr. Hoyt turned to his patient. I shall not attempt a diagnosis; there were broken bones and ghastly wounds. The boy was fast weakening from his more than mortal agony.

Chloroform, that angel of solace to the sufferer, was first administered; and the long-bearded men, gathered close around the bed, watched the immediate effect of the medicine and saw that the boy gasped a little, grew more quiet and lay dead.

The enlightened reader will not find it easy to comprehend ignorance such as theirs; but these men had only the evidence of their senses, with no past experience, or even knowledge. It was only natural, therefore, that they should jump to a quick conclusion, and that hatred of the alien and stranger, already strong enough, should, with this added provocation, call forth every man's knife, with intent to kill.

Dr Hoyt was too taken by surprise to be more than dismayed at first. The threatening glances at the bed, the redoubled howls of one of the women, made plain the cause of the murderous preparations. He turned to the girl by the bed, whom he had thought of a higher grade of intelligence than the rest; but her face showed only pained distress.

"It is chloroform. Don't you know?" he said, appealing to her. "It will make him sleep while I set the bones. Then he will awaken. Tell them quick, or it will be too late."

She looked at him long before she spoke, and the rest waited, breathless, for her words. She noted the dexterity, the certainty of his motions, and her faith rose above her judgment.

"He says it will be right," she said, in Russian, "that he will sleep only till the wounds are dressed. I do not understand; but I think he knows. See, he works in a good way. It is the custom in America, perhaps. Do not kill him yet."

The doctor worked rapidly, and the men fell back into one corner and mumbled together. One of them spoke presently, gesturing a great deal and pointing to his knife.

"He says," translated Marie, "that they will not kill you, if your words are true and the boy live. If he dies, you will not leave us alve. That is but just."

She spoke in a tone of calm conviction, and, seeing that to argue was but to waste breath, the doctor turned again to his patient, upon whose chance of life his own depended. He was not a religious man; but I think he prayed as well as labored during the next half-hour; for, humanly speaking, there was every probability that some of the many wounds were fatal, and that the sick one would never revive.

Marie watched more intently than any of the others. Her confidence increased, and every few minutes she turned to the group with an imperious nod.

"He is right; he is right," she said.

When, finally, the boy opened his eyes, and knew pain again, the men and women wished to bring altar gifts to lay at the physician's feet; but Marie only said, tearfully:

"We did not know that America held so wise a man. I will never think, hereafter, that I am called to nurse the sick."

"Everything depends upon you now," he answered. "Nursing must do the rest," and, leaving directions, he drove away, meditating seriously, for so light-hearted a man, upon his strange escape from death.

For two weeks he was a daily caller at the cabin; and long before the end of that time his interest in the boy had become secondary to his interest in the nurse, who developed astonishing ability. She seemed to expand and humanize from day to day.

"She would be a fortune to any community," bessid, in speaking of her. "Such gifts of voice, touch and manner rarely come in one person." Her hands were his especial admiration; he held the right one in his own, one day, and looked at it steadily: it was large and flexible, perfect in shape, and imbued with a strength that made simple contact with it pleasant. He looked at her face, and its expression made him drop her hand.

"You must be very strong," he said.

"Yes," she answered. "My ancestors, you know, killed oxen with their fists. I am very strong."

The rest of the community were unaccountable in their behavior. After that first day, when they were disposed to crown his head and lay doves at his feet and make him feel altogether like a fool, they seemed to return to their first state of suspicious dislike, tempered only with some dread of his mysterious power.

It was a week after his last visit that a ring at the office bell, one morning, announced Marie Von Sulevitch. She had walked far, for she breathed hard; but her face was white, and showed that she was sustained by moral rather than physical strength.

Dr. Hoyt sprang to get her a chair; but she leaned against the door.

"No," she said. "I will not sit down. I wish you to tell me where to go, because you said I could be a nurse, and it is no longer possible for me to stay at home."

The doctor walked the length of the room, and turned before he spoke.

"Tell me all of it," he said. "I am your friend."

She sighed wearily.

"There is nothing to tell. You would not under-tand. It is Nicholas this time. It is the same whether it is Alexis or Ivan. They do not care who, but they will make me marry. They say I am of the world. If I will not marry Nicholas they will cast me off to the world's people. I am no longer of them. I come to ask you what you of the world do with your women who do not marry."

Dr. Hoyt looked out of the window, and there was a queer smile on his face.

"Why not?" he whispered. "She is beautiful and good, more capable, every way, than the best of these book-crammed girls; more nearly in the image of her Maker, too. Why not?"

"Marie," he said, aloud, turning toward her, "are you sure that it is not that you do not wish to marry Nicholas and Alexis? I ask you now to be my wife. Will your resolution be still the same?"

Vivid color rushed over her face, and she put up her hands, despairingly.

"They said I would be lost among the world's women!" she cried. "Oh! they were cruel to cast me away!"

"No, Marie!" and Philip Hoyt took her hand, as he had done that other day, which both silently remembered. "You will not be lost as my wife; your thoughts are like mine. Why should we not be happy together, caring for the sick?"

Her face grew pale again and her eyes were bright with happiness.

"You mean that I can serve you, make your life better, be useful to you?" she questioned.

Men never tell their real thoughts at these critical times; but a comical vision of Alice Bayard's probable ideas of wifehood, compared with these, did cross this lover's mind, though it was very tenderly that he said:

"My Marie, you are a great woman; but to make your husband's life better, that is worthy even of you."

They were married at once, and have lived very happily, the Doctor and Doctoress, equally unmindful of the scornful pity, which is all that the Bostonians and Mennonites vouchsafed by way of remembrance.

Mrs. Hoyt retains many of her oriental ideas of the wife's domestic station. Her thoughts are still largely of service. She has a way of slipping out of the room when many people come; but she will listen at midnight, with wide-awake interest, to professional accounts of epidemics and surgical operations. Her household is well ordered, and if she does not assert herself, and is not brilliant for the many, her husband is still content. Men are Eastern potentates, shorn only of opportunity. Dr. Hoyt finds a satellite, whose shining face reflects always his own glory, so agreeable that he has never wished to have instead a rival planet.—*Harriet B. Waterman, in N. Y. Independent.*

A WESTERN MAN AT DINNER.

How He Succeeded in Getting the Waiters to Wait on Him.

Those who had not "tipped" the waiters received but tardy attention. It chanced that one of this class, a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with huge whiskers, a regular basso profundo voice, rough clothing, and a head of hair like a big buffalo's frontlet, swaggered in, and, with a free and independent air, took an unoccupied seat at the dinner table.

It chanced that there figured upon the bill of fare that day roast bear meat, which was served as a sort of rarity, and just as the new-comer sat down, some was ordered by a party of three gentlemen opposite, who were promptly served.

"Say, waiter," said the new-comer, "bring me some 'er that b'ar meat."

"Yessir," said the white-jacketed attendant, who left, but gave no further heed to the order.

The Western man sat quietly in his place for five minutes, the chairs on either side of him having been immediately turned up, lest some guest equally objectionable to the head-waiter might get in at that point. After sitting five minutes he grabbed hold of a waiter who was passing behind him.

"Say, have you got any b'ar meat for dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bring me some, and quick, too, for I'm hungrier'n a hound."

Away went the waiter, but he didn't return, and the color began to mount into the face of the backwoodsman. He gave a third order, which was treated with the same sublime contempt. Patience could no further go: he seized hold of the heavy dining plates that were laid on either side of him and dashed one after the other down violently upon the table with a crash that smashed them into pieces, brought the head-waiter and two or three others to him in an instant, and started some of his immediate neighbors to their feet in alarm.

"Look hyar," said the cause of this alarm, seizing the head-waiter by the arm, "kin I get waited on in this hyar hotel and hev what I kin pay for?"

"Certainly, sir, yes, sir," said the head-waiter, squirming ineffectually in the grasp of the big left hand of the Westerner that held him in an iron grip.

"Wall, then, do you see that?" slapping down a ten-dollar gold piece with his right hand, and then, throwing back the upper part of his coat, from one inside pocket of which protruded a revolver and from the other the handle of a huge bowie-knife, "thar's my money and here's my weapons; ef you don't have a plate o' that b'ar meat here in two minutes I'll rub some of you out."

Released from his grasp, the head-waiter retired and in a moment more a plate of the desired delicacy was placed before him.

"Anything else, sir?" said the now obsequious waiter.

"Yes, take that," pointing to the gold eagle that still remained on the table, "and bring two bottles of champagne and four glasses."

When the wine came, one of the bottles and three glasses were passed across the table to the three gentlemen opposite.

"Gentlemen, I apologize for interrupting your dinner, but I had to do suthin to get waited on by these infernal niggers. Won't you take a drink with me?"

It was thought best to humor him.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

—A little girl in one of the orphan asylums of this city was recently stung by a bee on the ball of one of her eyes, the sting causing the sight to be utterly destroyed. The physician in attendance states that he never heard of a similar case.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

LOCUSTS FOR BREAKFAST.

Prof. Riley Introduces a Reporter to a Rare Dish, and He Likes It.

A gentleman who had an engagement with Prof. Riley called at his house this morning and found the entomologist alone in his dining-room reading the morning papers as he finished a late breakfast.

"Come right in here," said the Professor. "I want an unprejudiced opinion about a little matter." Then he called to the servant: "Bring me some hot ones."

The visitor, despite the fact that he had breakfasted, was induced to seat himself at the table "just for the experiment," and was served with a spoonful of dark brown objects, like very small fried oysters. He eyed them suspiciously a moment, having discovered beneath the crust of bread crumbs a laminated back, something like that of small shrimp.

"What do you call it?"

"The Cicada. They ought to have been cooked——"

"What! Bugs?"

"No, no! not bugs, only the cicada—miscalled the fifteen-year locust. Don't be afraid of them. They are only the quintessence of vegetable juices, and everything in nature feeds upon them ravenously."

Thereupon the host took one of the things, bit it in two, munched and swallowed it with an appearance of relish. The guest shut his eyes and attempted to bolt a whole cicada. The object crushed in his mouth and proved to be little else than a delicate shell, but its flavor was found to be far from disagreeable.

"All the juices were absorbed in the batter," said the Professor, explanatorily.

Neither the entomologist nor his visitor was able to liken the flavor to anything with which they were familiar, but they agreed in the opinion that, vulgar prejudice once overcome, the cicada would be estimated a rare tidbit—rare, certainly, since it required seventeen years to ripen—and that it might take rank with frogs' legs, birds' nests, shad roes and whitebait.

"I spent an hour last night," said the host, "gathering them, and they were very beautiful when fresh. I took them just as the pupa began to break. They were creamy white and plump, and looked good enough to eat raw, but I didn't venture. I think these should have been stewed instead of fried—stewed in milk. I presume they would be nearly as good as grasshoppers."

"Do you eat grasshoppers?"

"Certainly. I once ate nothing else for two days, and I found them delicious when properly cooked. This is only an experiment, of course, but my eating of grasshoppers had a practical object in view. The insects had eaten nearly everything in a large region of country, and many families were on the verge of starvation."

Having lighted a cigar the entomologist described his experience in attempting to introduce a grasshopper diet in the West. He cooked the insects in various ways and found them always palatable and nutritious.

People invited to partake always evinced aversion at first, but, prejudices having been overcome, the dish became a favorite with those who essayed it.

"Both the *œdipoda migratoria*," he said, "and the *acridium peregrinum* have been esteemed as food by some nations in all past ages, as far back at least as the Ninevan era. Indeed, some tribes have been called Acridophivi, from the almost exclusive preference they give this diet."—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

A BEAR STORY.

Still-Hunting the Grizzly in the Rocky Mountains.

Sure enough, there were two bears (which afterward proved to be an old she and a nearly full-grown cub) traveling up the bottom of the valley, much too far for us to shoot. Grasping our rifles and throwing off our hats, we started off as hard as we could run diagonally down the hillside, so as to cut them off. It was some little time before they saw us, when they made off at a lumbering gallop up the valley. It would seem impossible to run into two grizzlies in the open, but they were going up hill and we down, and moreover the old one kept stopping. The cub would forge ahead and could probably have escaped us, but the mother now and then stopped to sit down on her haunches and look around at us, when the cub would run back to her. The upshot was that we got ahead of them, when they turned and went straight up one hillside as we ran straight down the other behind them. By this time I was pretty nearly done out, for running along the steep ground through the sage brush was most exhausting work; and Merrifield kept gaining on me and was well in front. Just as he disappeared over a bank, almost at the bottom of the valley, I tripped over a bush and fell full length. When I got up I knew I could never make up the ground I had lost, and besides could hardly run any longer. Merrifield was out of sight below, and the bears were laboring up the steep hillside directly opposite and about three hundred yards off, so I sat down and began to shoot over Merrifield's head, aiming at the big bear. She was going very steadily and in a straight line, and each bullet sent up a puff of dust where it struck the dry soil so that I could keep correcting my aim; and the fourth ball crashed into the old bear's flank. She reeled heavily forward, but recovered herself and reached the timber, while Merrifield, who had put on a spurt, was not far behind.

I toiled up the hill at a sort of trot, fairly gasping and sobbing for breath; but before I got to the top I heard a couple of shots and a shout. The old bear had turned as soon as she was in the timber and come towards Merrifield; but he gave her the death-wound by firing into her chest, and then shot at the young one, knocking it over. When I came up he was just walking towards the latter to finish it with a revolver, but it suddenly jumped up as lively as ever and made off at a great pace—for it was nearly full-grown. It was impossible to fire where the tree-trunks were so thick, but there was a small opening across which it would have to pass, and collecting all my energies, I made a last run, got into position, and covered the opening with my rifle. The instant the bear appeared I fired and it turned a dozen somersaults down-hill, rolling over and over; the ball had struck it near the tail and had ranged forward through the hollow of the body. Each of us had thus given the fatal wound to the bear into which the other had fired the first bullet.—*Theodore Roosevelt, in Century.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Bettie Dandridge, a daughter of old Zach Taylor, once President of the United States, is living at Winchester, Va.

—Tennyson is said to be keen in money matters. He has changed his publisher five times in as many years, profiting each time by the change.

—Mrs. Phœbe Vanderbilt, only surviving sister of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, died in New York recently, aged seventy-six years. Her life has been one of retirement and benevolence.

—Lieutenant Greely is said to be haunted day and night by visions of his long period of starvation in the Arctic regions, and the physicians assert that the only way he can preserve his sanity is to mingle freely with others.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The ruling passion strong in death was illustrated by Dan Mace, the veteran driver, who is reported to have said just before he died: "I have turned into the home stretch for the last heat of my race, and I am close to the line."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. James Russell Lowell is intensely American and will tolerate no criticisms of his own country. "Hawthorne insulted us all," said an English lady, "by saying all English women were fat, but I dare not say in Mr. Lowell's presence that an American woman is thin."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Thirteen must be a lucky number. John Bennett, of West Fairfield, Pa., died of consumption at the age of sixty, leaving a family of thirteen children. All are alive and well to-day, the oldest being eighty-seven and the youngest sixty. Sickness has never troubled the family.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The *Dawn*, the latest New York daily paper, is designed as a morning newspaper for young people, and while giving the news to note the world's progress, proposes to expurgate all objectionable features, and cater to a high form of morality by recording the elevating and refining tendencies of literature and art.

—Mr. Labouchere says he understands that the success of the *Morning News* of Paris, started sometime since by two young American journalists, has justified the formation of the property into a stock company, in order to enlarge both the paper and its field of operations. The shares of the company have been all taken up privately in London and Paris.

—Rev. Aaron Cleveland, who died in Dr. Franklin's house in Philadelphia August 11, 1757, was buried in Christ Church graveyard. His grave has been unnoticed for nearly one hundred and twenty-eight years, but it is now known that he was the great-grandfather of Grover Cleveland, now President of the United States. On the tomb-stone the name is spelled Cleaveland.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Mrs. Mary Breneman, of Lafayette, Ind., claims to be the oldest human being in the land. According to her account and that of her relatives, she was born at Lewiston, Del., on the 14th of March, 1778. In 1801 she and her first husband, William Colter, moved to Circleville, O., making the journey in a wagon. Her youngest son resides at Rensalaer, in Jasper County, Ind., and is eighty-one years of age.

HUMOROUS.

—Yes, there is a difference between the bear and a dude. The former sucks its paw through the winter, but the latter quite frequently lives on its paw all the year round.

—"She cried for succor, and I went to her aid," he said as he pulled out his empty pockets. "Yes, and by the looks of things, I should think she found one," was all the comfort he got.—*The Judge.*

—"I see they are serving refreshments on roller skates in some of the restaurants," the husband said as he laid down his paper. "Good gracious!" exclaimed his wife, "have they no plates?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"How did you contrive to cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown. "Oh," replied Fogg, who had been practicing upon roller skates, "I raised it from a slip."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A tramp applied for breakfast at a house on Michigan avenue. "Why don't you look for work?" asked the householder roughly. "I never get time," said the tramp. "Why, what are you doing all day?" "Looking for breakfast," replied the tramp.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A stranger in Austin met Uncle Mose and asked him: "Where does Colonel Yerger reside?" "He libs out dar on Austin avenue somewhars." "What is the number of the house?" "Huh! You finds de number on de dore. Don't yer know how ter read yit?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Here," yelled a small boy who had been trading knives, sight unseen, "that ain't fair." "What ain't?" asked the other one. "Why, this knife's backspring is gone, and taint got no snap." "Course taint; I gave the snap away. What'd ye reckon I was tradin' fur."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Logic is logic: Storekeeper—"Beg your pardon, sir; I said ten dollars" (displaying the one-dollar bill that has been handed him). Fogg—"Well, sir, and is n't that all right?" Storekeeper—"Hardly; it wants a cipher on the end here, you know." Fogg—"A cipher? Oh, that's nothing."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Teacher—Now, what do you understand by brain work? Boy—When a man works with his head. Teacher—Correct. And what is manual labor? Boy—When a man works with his hands. Teacher—That's right. To which of these classes do I belong when I teach you? What do I use most in teaching you? Boy—A strap.—*Toledo Blade.*

—He Took the Hint:

"You re the belle of the town,"
The young man said,
As he smoothed the curls
On her queenly head.
He took the hint, the young man did,
When she gave her little head a fling,
And murmured softly in his ear:
"What good is a bell without a ring?"

—*Exchange.*

Cheap Enough.

"Do you take this woman whose hand you are a-squeezin' to be your lawful wife, in flush times an' skimp?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it, squire."

"Do you take this man you've j'ined fists with to be your pard through thick an' thin?"

"Well, you're about right for once, old man."

"All right, then. Kiss in court, an' I reckon you're married about as tight as the law kin j'ine you. I guess four bits 'll do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do it's six bits extra."—*Chicago Ledger.*

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