

SOME TALKS ABOUT WOMAN.

Train Girls May Earn a Living—When Women Envy Men.

THE CHEERFUL WORKING GIRL.

The Maid of the Future—Handsome Women in Mexico—Mrs. Burton's Good Luck—A Whistler.

My Northern Girl.

From the Spanish of Mendota D. Arma. My northern girl has an eye for blue—Where the violet is its skyborn colors show, Pencil'd with azure soft and true; And her brow is white as the stainless snow. The rose tint flashes sublimely red—On her dimpled cheek in its maiden glow. Where alternate pink and crimson plead, In playful blushes that come and go; And her rosy lips are fairer far Than the peary gates of heaven ajar.

The blue in her eye is serenely bright, Her queenly brow is supremely fair, She rivals the moon in her home of light Enthroned in the realms of upper air. The queen of the night has no land of grace, Dimpled and white like the august maid, And no smile that plays o'er a quickly face, Glowing alike in the sheen and shade; O, say 'tis the angel of heaven, who meets As he lips where lovers of Eden meet!

Train Girls to Earn a Living.

Cornhill Magazine. Did girls get from childhood the same business training as boys? No, but that is not the question. In all families that it is no credit, but rather a discredit, for women to hang helplessly on the men, instead of doing their own work, and, if necessary, earning their own living. I believe that society would not be the better, but the better, for the change. Men would find out the more they elevate women the greater use they get out of them. If, instead of a man working himself to death for his dependent daughters, and then leaving them ignominiously dependent upon male relations, he educated them to independence, made them able both to maintain and protect themselves, it would save him and them a world of unhappiness. It would also tend to either the rivals—a very hopeless rivalry—or the playthings first and afterward the slaves of men, and become, as was originally intended, their comrades, equal yet different, each supplying the other's deficiencies, and therefore fitted to work together, and apart, for the good of the world. What this work should be individual capacity alone must decide.

When Women Envy Men.

San Francisco Reporter: There are just three things for which a woman envies a man. The first is a secret to be told, the second is the ability to come to go out whenever he feels like it at night, and the third is his being able to get along without rain-soaked petticoats slapping against his heels. A man's legs always look so comfortable in wet weather, and his trousers and thick socks, turn up his trousers and strike out. A woman on her miserably clothed supporters has thin stockings, tight boots and good-for-nothing sandals. Many female gods even cling to white skirts, which are just so much paper in the rain. Then out she goes. In half a block the backs of her legs from heels to knees are saturated. Her skirts are muddy and draggled, and her temper is ruffled and out of place. If she changes, as she does so often, into a puddle, her thoughts, if not her language, grow smoky. * * * If we could only wear the literal as well as the figurative trousers, especially in rainy weather, we might keep as sweet-tempered as the opposite sex—a flattering supposition.

The Working Girl.

It is not easy, says the Sermon Truth, to find a more cheerful picture than the bright-eyed, alert, intelligent working girl one meets on sidewalk or in street car till those chill, murky mornings, hurrying to their various avocations in store or factory, or where ever employments awaits them, to keep hand and brain busy during the day. At the hour when the fair head of the average fashionable beauty is still chained to her pillow by sleep and languor, the result of late hours and social pleasures of repent, the wide-awake working girl is astir, preparing to join the great army of toilers that fill the day with the fruits of labor.

The working girl is a wholesome study as she hurries to her task. The forcefulness that often burn their way into the heart of the fashionable world have no place in her pure breast, and there is no deceit in her smile. Like Longfellow's "Willow Wisp," she "looks the whole world in the face," and a beauty might envy the luster which shines through her candid eyes. What trying tasks await her we know not; neither do we know how weary she will be when she returns home in the evening from her toil in store or factory, where brains and nerves and patience are often tried so hard; but this we know, that the world is brighter for her "good morrow," and that there is promise for the manhood of the future in her clean heart and spotless life.

When we think of these things and of the struggles that are so often woven into the life of the working girl by the poverty and greed of some employers, who seem to think that women were born to work hard for poor pay, we cannot help wishing that there were more justice in the world's workshops. We have had great inventors in the world who have bridled the forces of nature and made them subservient to the touch of a child, but no inventor has yet appeared above the horizon with any adequate discovery to compel harsh and money-grubbing employers to do justice to the working girls. Wherever we find them well treated it is the result of kindness on the part of those they work for, but good treatment ought to be theirs by right, and their lives ought not to be harassed by injustice, no matter who may employ them.

The Servant Maid of the Future

The hired girl had arisen from her luxurious couch and was standing before the dressing table in her bodice arranging her long, badly beaten golden tresses in a fashion which would tend to keep them from falling too numerously into the succulent preparations of the cuisine department over which she reigned supreme. Upon the marble-top before her lay a programme of the Coach Gentleman and Hostler's grand ball, which she had attended the evening before. She picked it up and carefully glanced over the names of her partners: James E. Quine, C. A. B. Driver, Samuel Hanson, Peter Herdic (his X mark) and dozens of others who had sought her hand at the many the evening before. Which did she care for the most? Suddenly up the stairway a voice floated softly. She started up, and there was a strange, meagring light in her eye. Again the words came distinctly to her ears from the unseen speaker below, but she answered not. Rising from the luxurious divan upon which she had thrown herself, she waited, but the voice did not come again. Ten minutes later there was a knock at the door. She rose and received from a liveried page a delicately scented note. It read: "Mrs.

Wealthy compliments to Miss De Cook, and asks if she may expect a few moments' assistance in the preparation of dinner at 6 1/2? Turning languidly to an elegantly carved escritoire, the maid dashed off the following and handed it to the waiting boy, who bowed and vanished: "Miss De Cook's compliments to Mrs. Wealthy and thanks she is free and ask more than the contract calls for. But my girl, Mrs. Wealthy's audience at 5:30 and Consult and advise regarding the repast, though Miss De Cook is much obliged to assist in preparation of it."

Handsome Women Scarcely in Mexico.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Record: Whoever comes to Mexico in search of female beauty is liable to meet with disappointment, for though the dreamy eyes and raven hair of the Castilian-Mexican type is very attractive, the truth is one sees more handsome women on the streets of any northern city in half an hour than he can find in a year at the Aztec capital. One reason for this is aristocratic dames and damsels seldom go upon the streets at all except in their closed carriages, and women of the lower classes are too hard worked, and unskimped to retain beauty beyond their early youth. In the exclusive circles of the Mexican upper-ten are some very beautiful women. The wife of President Diaz has claims to that distinction, and so have a few others in official circles.

The loveliest girl in the city of Mexico—indeed, the prettiest creature I ever saw—is Eugene Bazaine, daughter of that notorious Frenchman (now dead, I believe) who figured here so conspicuously during the brief empire of Maximilian. Here is a romantic story. Bazaine, you know, was the representative of Napoleon III, when the latter tried to plant his empire in Mexico, and a Frenchman in Mexico, and marshaled the French troops in this country in the name of the French emperor, till the fortune of Maximilian began to wane. Marshal Bazaine took possession of a palatial residence in the City of Mexico, and levied tribute of the richest hacendados. Here he fell in love with a beautiful Mexican, Senorita de la Pena, whom he married and who bore him a son and a daughter. When he resented an exile in Santo Domingo, she and her husband followed him there, and is yet an officer in the Spanish army; but the Mexican wife and daughter have always remained here. All his once vast possession were confiscated by Juarez and the liberal party, so that the income of Mrs. Bazaine is exceedingly limited. They live in a very quiet way, on the north side of Alameda, in a fine, substantial casa, which the government has generously given them; but an air of the deepest gloom surrounds the household. Eugene is only twenty years old, combining all the best traits of her French father and Mexican mother, and is well educated, as education goes in this country, where women are supposed to need no higher learning than a little knowledge of music, embroidery and the lives of the saints.

Mrs. Burton's Good Luck.

The dispatch from the San Diego in the Examiner announcing that Mrs. Burton has established her right to 400,000 acres of the Escondido de Todos Santos in Lower California is a considerable surprise. It was stated that Mrs. Burton's land is situated in and about the town of Escondido, much of which property has been sold by the International company to private parties. The International company of Mexico claims to own all the peninsula of Lower California between the United States boundary line on the north and latitude 28 on the south, comprising about 10,000 acres. The most of this land is described on the map of the company as follows: "Pine land, rocky, rolling, farming land, salt and clay, salt lake, wet salt land dry salt land, salt marsh, sandy loam, sandy," and so forth. The town of Escondido, situated on the crescent-shaped bay of Todos Santos, had on May 1 last a population of about 1,400.

Mrs. Burton is a Mexican lady who married Captain Burton, an American soldier who took part in the Mexican war. He was captain of company F of third artillery and General Sherman was his third lieutenant of the same company. At the time Colonel Stevenson's regiment arrived in California Burton was lieutenant colonel of the regiment. After the Mexican war Burton went back to his regiment and was made major.

Mrs. Burton has been fighting her claim in the supreme court of the Mexican republic for the past eighteen years. Her claim takes in the whole town site of Escondido, and the present money value of her possessions on the peninsula is estimated in spot cash quotations at \$3,000,000.

Mrs. Burton has one daughter, and a son living. The son is residing in San Diego and the daughter is the widow of Miguel Pedronera, who accompanied Secretary of State William H. Seward in his journey through Mexico.

Mrs. Shaw, the Whistler.

New York Sun: In her semi-professional position as a whistler at high class concerts, private musicales and society entertainments, Mrs. Shaw, despite all the interest her art has excited, is practically without imitators, as she is wholly unrivalled. It is not alone that she is the possessor of a unique and pleasing gift of music making. It is the further fact that she is industriously and with infinite pains developing this gift under a system of rigid training. The high standard of her original purpose has not been lost sight of for an instant. On the contrary, any deviations from it have been in the direction of progress; and with the growth of her powers, her taste and her requirements have grown with equal pace. When she made the courageous plunge of selecting as a vocation the very novel one of whistling in public, she was a sufficiently remarkable woman. For she proposed to make of whistling an art that would stand on its own feet, and not fall upon the support of musical merit. She relied upon no adjuncts of variety show mimicry or trickery; she depended not upon society favor or managerial backing. It is wholly through her individual faith in the excellence of what she had to offer that she has become a unique figure in the amusement world—a world whose favorites reap rich rewards that are already within her grasp.

A wonderful feature accompanying Mrs. Shaw's appearances is the enthusiasm aroused among her listeners by her work. As a stimulator of literary work it has been very prolific, and the attempts by the whistler in words will really enrich the language.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Leap till the last armed male expires; Leap for husbands and for sires, Leap for a chance to build the fire, Fair one throughout the land!

For our girls—Look before you leap year. Honey in a little water is excellent to smooth the hands. Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples. Twenty-six new woman suffrage societies have been formed in Kansas since October 1. A young man who calls on a gentleman patient she shows plainly that she's Mr. calling. A woman never reaches middle life; she is always young until she gets old enough to be seated by her age. Black veils induce tan and white ones in-

jure the eyes, so gray and blue should be chosen, even if they are not becoming.

Turquoise, opals and pearls are in high favor. Paris girls claim they are not as bad as they are painted.

Phoebe Cousins would make a good Governor of No Man's Land.

Mrs. Whitney, it is said, spends about \$100 per year on flowers for her home. Much undyed wool underwear is seen in the shops, and it is accounted very wholesome.

Two old ladies who have passed three score and ten recently took their first look at a locomotive at Blakely, Ga.

Mixtures of silk and wool and "silk-finished" goods in wool and cotton are the noteworthy features of the coming spring season.

The British postoffice service employs 3,000 women. Competitors for places have to be over eighteen and under twenty years of age.

The roughness which arises from exposure to the air may be remedied by sponging the face with equal parts of brandy and rose water.

There is a rage at present for fancy jewelry in fine gold and silver, both plain and ornamental. The dainty patterns are wholly novel.

The ribbed wool underwear that fits like a glove is chosen in pink or blue, as white so soon becomes soiled unless one has the pearl of laundresses.

"Currency green" is a new shade, the tint of freshly-printed five-dollar bills, and can only be worn by the white-skinned blondes whose hair is blonde.

Never put kid gloves upon little children. It is simply barbarous. In winter woolen mitts are good and sensible, with lisle thread for moderate weather.

Said Lucetta Mott, when asked how she managed to never have any trouble with servants: "I never ask them to do anything I know they won't do."

A woman in Belfast, in response to all inquiries as to what she wanted for a Christmas present, said she wanted a calico apron. She got forty-one.

"No man's character is formed," says Howells, "until he has been tried by the woman he loves." Generally the man doesn't have to wait long.

Louisa M. Alcott accents literary ladies of ignorance and helplessness in business matters. The brains, she remarks, that can earn money can take care of itself.

Jones:—"Change this, Miranda; every time you draw a breath somebody dies." Mrs. Jones:—"Well, I ain't going to stop breathing on that account."

The women of the present adopted for the winter season a wiggle in their walk. The art of wiggling gracefully in furs is being taught at the best dancing schools.

In underwear, French flannel is now made up as chemises and drawers for all who incline to stoutness—as the bulk of an extra garment of percale is thereby avoided.

Silk stockings again match the gown in color, and slippers of the same shade in dress satin with buckles of Rhinestone in the bows, or else a collection of beads and lace.

A bevy of Indian girls from Alaska have been brought to this country to be educated, and accomplished, the object being to send them back at a future time as civilizing influences.

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts takes a deep interest in the poorer London and is at the head of a scheme for providing workshops furnished with sewing machines for needy sewing girls.

Gay and pretty corsages made of the wide Roman and Persian sash ribbons are worn by young ladies to brighten up dark wool dresses of Cashmere, Henrietta cloth, and tolets of black fabric.

Velvets and moire are now made into petticoats as well as satin. They are flannel-lined, cut with a yoke-waist and jacket and adjusted with drawing strings, and have a flounce or three ruffles at the bottom.

Dancing gowns are made just to clear the floor, and have no corsages, except a low collar, either round or pointed, draped about the top with crepe de chine or lace, looping to the left, and continued below the waist.

Handsome skirts are now being made, a decided improvement on the heavy skirted skirts of former years, are made of striped or plain silk, satin or push, lined with flannel or selisia, and bordered with a plaited flounce.

The new zipper gingham imported this early to be made up for summer during the month of Lent and early spring dresses of the merchants' counters, and are more elegant and costly than any colored cottons previously seen.

Cheviots in cool natural gray and fawn, in fine herring bone pattern, are always in demand by refined women of conservative taste. Mixtures in black and white shepherd's checks and cross bars promise to be in special demand.

Fox is an excellent cosmétique. To it is due much of the beauty of the complexion of those who live in hot and dry climates must be doubly careful to guard against their desiccating effect if they would escape the appearance of wrinkles.

Southern women, who, before the war, had little fancy for work, are now taking a keen interest in the problem of earning a livelihood and are willing to make themselves independent of masculine aid whenever opportunity offers.

To wash lace or fine embroidery without wear, rub white soap through the mesh, then cover with soft water and set for two hours in sunshine, then rinse in clear water, pull out each part with the fingers and pin upon a pillow or sheet upon the carpet to dry.

"No lady can tell one of my plush sequins from real sealskin without rubbing her hand over it." is the advertisement of a fashionable City merchant, and most of the ladies of that city talk to each other from a distance of six feet. They don't allow any chance for rubbing.

A young lady living up town received a special delivery letter. The messenger handed her the book to sign for it. She took the book, and instead of writing the signature she wrote: "Dear John: Glad to hear from you. Come Sunday night." She had answered the letter.

Many gowns seen at the opera have trimmed skirts made of satin and moire stripes about an inch and a half wide. Over this is drapery made by alternate stripes, of moire ribbon of the same width, between each of which is inserted strips of gauze if the dress is colored, and lace if it is white.

The "high art" craze in London and Paris has about done with its heyday of gloom, and which the arm had quite the effect of a sausage roll, though it is questionable if some of the draped, slashed and puffed affairs that reduce it are not even more of monstrousities, for all they are medicinal.

After many trials and many failures, manufacturers have at last found a thoroughly fast black dye for sun and shore. It is made of a material which contains no injurious material and will not stain or croak in the least. It is guaranteed to withstand continued washing with soap.

Very beautiful Henrietta cloths are lately imported with small designs woven in their exquisite surfaces in tinted silks, tiny pink rose-clusters on cream white grounds, jasmines in silk and velvet on pale mauve surfaces, and delicate chambray or printed and pure snow-white buds on peach-bloss and pale green.

The first woollens imported by merchants for dresses for early spring are Henrietta cloths in silk and wool, all wool chudlains, camel's hairs and Scotch chevots of various quality and feather weight. These are warm enough for the coolest spring days, though much lighter in weight than the winter goods now worn.

SPARKLING GEMS OF JEST.

Song of the Keely Motor—Apothosis of Muscles.

THE REVOLVER UNNECESSARY.

Wanted a Name—Little Ah Sid—Her Bustle Was Bare—An Old Man's Sorrow—Bits of Humor.

Song of the Keely Motor Man.

How From Yankee Blade. I've a deep mysterious power and an occult "etheric" force That shall rattle thro' the galaxy and shake the universe, I shall haul the Solar System like a mighty train of cars, Crack the ridge-pole of creation and shake down the solar stars. A ten million engine power in my etheric ray floats, That will shake the constellations if my Motor ever notes. Hic! a belt of my invention round the Axis of the earth, And a "vibratory sympathy" will speedily That will start the earth rotating and no power its course can stop; Spinning thro' the constellations like a planisphere, And acre the trembling Pleiads like a herd of frightened goats, Shake the rafters of Creation if my Motor ever notes. And I think I'll more directly in about a week or two; Please subscribe another million to put the keel of my Motor on, I'll make you a million of dollars more for nothing I seek. And if I get my Motor moting by the middle of next week; So hand in your prompt subscriptions, cash or promissory notes, And you'll get the Motor and Astors if my Motor ever notes; If my Motor ever notes, All be Vandalisms and Kothchilds if my Motor ever notes!

Chicago Tribune: A gentleman was conversing with an Idaho minister whom he happened to meet on a railroad train.

"You have been preaching in the west for several years. I understand you to say, did I not?" he inquired.

"Yes, for the last twenty years," replied the minister.

"You know," continued the eastern man, "how we sometimes read of ministers in your country, two or three, having to go into the pulpit with a revolver to use in maintaining order in a turbulent congregation. Is there anything in it?"

"Oh, yes, I have known ministers to do it, but I consider it entirely unnecessary."

"That was always my idea, too."

"Oh, yes; yes, altogether unnecessary," returned the preacher. "Besides, it always seemed to me in very poor taste for a minister of the gospel, preaching the peace and love of God, to go around tied to a hip cannon. Yes, a gun is wholly uncalled for," continued the good man, as he took the roll of sermons in his left hand and reached down with his right and extracted a four-cent-inch knife from his boot leg; "yes, wholly uncalled for; give me this Bowie in my boot-leg and a good pair of brass knuckles and a hymn book in my coat-tail pocket and I will carry the gospel to any man that ever looked through a collar." The shooting iron has had its day as a method of evangelization.

The Apothosis of Muscles. Utica Observer. From the farthest point of the old Land's End to the house of John O'Grat, From the foggy bank of the sluggish Thames To the Isle of Man remote, Now are you a seaman and a good will toward man, to go around tied to a hip cannon. Yes, a gun is wholly uncalled for," continued the good man, as he took the roll of sermons in his left hand and reached down with his right and extracted a four-cent-inch knife from his boot leg; "yes, wholly uncalled for; give me this Bowie in my boot-leg and a good pair of brass knuckles and a hymn book in my coat-tail pocket and I will carry the gospel to any man that ever looked through a collar." The shooting iron has had its day as a method of evangelization.

Wanted a Good Name. San Francisco Post: "Mister Editor," said a suburban granger, with eleven dollars in his pants, "can you loan me a Mexican newspaper?" "Certainly," replied the editor; "do you read Spanish?"

"Then what do you want it for?"

"Well, replied the granger, cheerily, I've got 400 acres of alkali hog wallows in San Bernardino and a right smart liar for a partner, and I thought, as the land wasn't good enough to graze sheep, if I could get a good Spanish name for it I'd start a boom town."

Little Ah Sid. San Francisco Wrap. Many gowns seen at the opera have trimmed skirts made of satin and moire stripes about an inch and a half wide. Over this is drapery made by alternate stripes, of moire ribbon of the same width, between each of which is inserted strips of gauze if the dress is colored, and lace if it is white.

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Fur-trimmed bonnets make their appearance at this season of the year, and for this purpose sable, beaver and black Persian lamb are much used in borders, in loops for trimming, in tabs on the crown and in miniature heads set about in the trimming. These are seen alike in both bonnets and turbans of velvet or of the soft fette.

The new polonaises shown for spring are quite similar in their straight lines and severe effects to the winter goods of the same seasons ago. There is no drapery; the skirt of the polonaise falls in classic lines, but a beautiful appearance is given to the "dress improver" when it takes the place of the extraneous drapery recently used for the same effect.

Boston Young Lady:—"Don't say 'vase,' Play, the word is pronounced 'vase.'"

Every time a lady in the City of Country Cousin—"Certainly, dear, well. As I was saying, I went down town to buy some lawne to trim my hat, and I walked at such a pace that people here this year for lawne for a rawe, and when I got to the store my lawne was as red as fire. Do correct me when I say anything contradicted, won't you, Anastasia."

Where Was His Pistol? Texas Siftings: Several Texans were listening to one of their number reading about the fight between Kilrain and Jim Smith. Among the listeners was an old frontiersman, who was known to be very easy on the trigger. He was very much interested in the reading, and frequently interrupted the reader.

"What!" he gasped in surprise; "knocked him down again?"

The reader satisfied the old man's

curiosity and proceeded with the reading.

"What's that? Hit him in the chest?" "Yes, hit him a terrible left-hander in the chest."

"Well, I declare. What was the other fellow's pistol?"

An Old Man's Sorrow. "Alas!" the old man sighed, with a bowed head, "What brilliant dreams of life have come and fled!"

"How have I yearned for fame, and o'er and o'er 'Spent sleepless nights in searching burning love."

"And now in weary age, I simply find 'Folks say, he is a man of brilliant mind, 'His deeply read in philosophic books, 'And mathematics with its turns and crooks, 'To him is like a volume all unsealed, 'His pages opened and it's truths revealed, 'The books he writes are read by learned men, 'Who wait impatient while he wields his face with equal parts of brandy and rose water."

Superintended the Earth. It was lately said of a self-sufficient reformer in words that many persons might well lay to heart: And so every day he gave the Almighty Advice which he deemed of great worth; To keep things as-going While he superintended the earth.

Remarkable Presence of Mind. Pat Hoodlin, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

"Hold on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow-workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Situated from under!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whisky was used, and Pat finally came to. When asked why he did not hold out longer, he feebly replied: "O! was afraid the woire 'ud break."

Seen in a Street Car. Philadelphia North American: A conductor who forgot and yanked the fare register five times in a vain effort to stop a car.

A driver who seemed to think he was a kind of American Juggernaut. A newsboy who nearly broke all the bones in his body in getting out the door when he saw the conductor had spiked him.

A frantic passenger who called "Here, boy!" at every street corner he passed until at last he got a newsboy alongside the car and bought a paper.

A man whose feet seemed to be the biggest part of him. A young lady who sank into a seat with a half-jumped air, and never once thought to say "Thank you" to the old gentleman who gave her the seat.

Seventeen two-legged males that sat still while a lady with a child in her arms tried to hold it and hang on to the strap at the same time.

A six-year-old youngster who got on the seat with his knees and energetically wiped his muddy shoes on the faces of the passengers at each side of him.

A drummer who insisted on opening his box "just to show the finest line of samples that was ever on the road."

A man who hailed from Squedone and asked at every corner, "Air this ere Second street?"

Twenty-seven passengers who swore and thirteen more who felt like swearing because the cable stopped and they had to get out and walk after they had paid for their fares.

An old lady on a cable car who asked in a frightened way: "For massy sake! Where's the horses?"

A man who had dyspepsia and insisted on telling his symptoms to everybody who would listen.

Philadelphia has a parrot that prays. Send him a missionary among the countless profane and fallen of his race. A church in Kansas has been sold for sidewalk taxes. The members probably objected to walking in a straight and narrow path.

The only pulpit in Rovan county, Ky., is now vacant, and furnishes an excellent field for any minister who wishes to display his skill in making drop-shots with a rifle.

An English country rector is trying to live on \$1.20 a week. We hope that no immigration act will prevent his coming to America. Florida is a large field for such clergymen here.

Noah's three sons were named Shem, Ham and Japheth. Shem went to Asia, Japheth went to Jaffa and Ham to Cincinnati. This is the reason the latter city believes firmly in the Baconian theory.

At Lienon, Ark., the pastor of a colored Baptist church, showed so much attention to the sisters of the male members that the members requested him to resign, and then tarred and feathered him and ran him out of town.

Fourteen convicts at Sing Sing experienced a change of heart one day, and the warden at once ordered every one of them locked up in strong cells. He says that "getting religion" in state prison always means some new device.

"This world was made in six days" said the parson. "That may be," replied the seoffer; "but it couldn't have been done by contraband unless the convicts were a good deal different from what they are in these days."

A little daughter of an eminent physician who was called "mamma" by her mamma with, "Can God do everything?" "Yes, certainly." "Can He do everything?" "Are you sure, mamma?" "Why, yes, Ethel; just black dye for sun and shore." "Well, can He gaze with his mouth shut?"

An old colored preacher, not very well versed in reading the scriptures, once read a "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," as follows: "Wine is a moccasin, strong drink is a rattlesnake, and who-so-ever, is deceived thereby, is not wise."

A teacher in the south who has a class of bright little darkies, was recently explaining to them the sermon on the mount, and one of them said, with regard to the "meek inheriting the earth." "Bey ain't gwine to get that earth left day pay for it."

A colored troupe acted the "Passion Play" at Athens, Ga., on Wednesday night, in ludicrous costumes. The negro representative of the Savior wore a shroud, while the devil was garbed in black, with cow's horns on his head. During the last act these two got into a fight, his satanic majesty, being the victor, called upon the audience to become his disciples.

A youngster of eight was taken to a service in a Roman Catholic church, having previously been warned to leave all his playthings at home and be very quiet while in church. As they left the building he said in an injured tone: "Mamma, you told me I mustn't play in church. What was that lady next to me doing with marbles, then? She had a whole string of white marbles."

Here is a story that is told for a fact in the circles wherein Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll moves. He entered a church, sauntered up the middle aisle and solemnly took his seat in the corner of one of the finest pews. A few moments later the owner of the pew, a pompous, purple-pod, but orthodox man, marched down the aisle and, looking at Ingersoll, who was slightly disconcerted, at seeing a stranger in occupation. He seated himself and taking a memorandum book from his pocket he wrote, "In a pew in the church this year for this year sir! Cooty taking his pencil from his pocket, without changing his position, the man of the silver tongue went under the table. "I don't do you, at all, sir. It's a d—n good pew."

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