

WHY WE SMILE.

FOR THE SUMMER.

"Haven't seen your brother for the week or two. Is he away?"
"Yes; Bill has gone off for the summer."
"Long Branch?"
"No, not quite. I guess the Judge meant the workhouse when he said sixty days."

AT THE CELTIC-BRITANNIC COLLISION.

Captain—No scrambling down into that boat, you coward! Give the women a chance!

Passenger—For heaven's sake, Captain, don't insist on that! They've got only their lives to save. I am in charge of one the Prince of Wales' old coats for the New York fall fashion model!

ALL NEW.

A baby sister has lately come to a Boston household. The children, hearing that the baby was to be called after a friend of the family whom they have always heard addressed as Miss Agnes, give the title to the baby. "What is the name of your baby sister?" asked a lady on the car. "Her name is Miss Agnes," said Jack, gravely. "And how old is she?" the lady went on. "O, she isn't any old; she is all new. Don't you know about babies?"—*Harper's Young People.*

BUFFALO GIRL.

A maiden of some 10 years, living on Franklin street, helped herself to the last orange on the plate at luncheon yesterday. "Why, my dear, that is selfish," remarked her mother. "You would have waited to see if mamma didn't want it." "Well, that would be letting you be selfish, wouldn't it?" was the answer; "and, you see, you're older than I am, and will die first, and should have to explain in heaven why you were selfish, but I'll have lots of time to grow generous."—*Buffalo Courier.*

CHILDHOOD BRIGHTNESS.

A little New Yorker, 4 years old, walking in the country last summer, complained to her mother of a very rocky road. "Mamma, I don't like this walk; it's too stuttery."

The same little girl at the dinner-table one day, asked to taste a piece of pickle, and when she had eaten it made a wry face and said: "I don't like it; it dazzles my tongue."

Our small boy of 2 years, returning from a visit to his grandmother, astonished his mamma by a loud outcry when she left him as usual to go to sleep alone. Going back to him in some alarm she was met by the reassuring explanation: "If I can only scream loud enough, grandma'll rock me."

The other day—he is now 3 years old—he was much edified by a pair of twins who called upon him. That evening, on his expressing a wish to say his prayers, he was taught the Lord's Prayer. "Is God a man?" he began in his usual remorseless style of interrogation. "No," was the answer. "But it says 'a-man,'" he persisted. "Amen," was the gentle correction, which elicited the startling query: "Why, mamma, is God twins?"—*Babyhood.*

AN ARTIST.

"Who is that gentleman—the one who is so expensively dressed?" "O, that is Mr. Graphite, the great artist."
"Artist? I always supposed that great artists were shabby in their dress."
"Ha! ha! very good! But he's not one of that kind, you know. He has all he can do drawing pictures for soap advertisements. Immensely rich, and lives like a nabob."—*Boston Transcript.*

TOO LOVELY.

Wife (returning from matinee)—O, it was too lovely. She had on a pale Nile green silk, with bands of passementerie down the front, and the grandest diamonds you ever saw; and when she died in the last act she rolled over four times and every woman in the house was crying. I never enjoyed a play so much in my life.—*Philadelphia Call.*

BOUND TO CATCH UP WITH HIM.

"Seen a man go long here lately?" asked a Dakota conductor, leaning off the platform as the train passed a farmer at work near the track.

"Yes."
"Red whiskered man?"
"Yes."
"Grip in each hand?"
"B'lieve so."
"When did he pass?"
"Bout ten minutes ago—he's just round the curve. He's walking middling fast, though."
"That's just the trouble, but I'll catch him or run every wheel off the engine! I've no objection to his walking if he's in a hurry, but he wants to put up his fare first, and you bet he'll have to if we catch him! Hi there, Bill, pass the fireman some more of those dry express packages."—*Dakota Bell.*

NEED PROTECTION.

The Nashville American tells a story of ten leading business-men in that city, including three bankers, who saw an

advertisement in a New York paper headed, "how to strengthen the Memory," setting forth that for \$50 a sure method of improving the memory would be sent to a club of ten. These men clubbed together and sent the \$50, and in about five days they received the following: "The money received. Many thanks. Read everything you see carefully and repeat it three times a day as long as you live, and your memory will be greatly improved." Free trade may be popular in most sections of the South, but in Nashville the business-men need protection.

A STRAIGHT BRIBE.

"Boy, are you acquainted around here?" he asked of a lad on Michigan avenue.

"Yes, sir."
"I want to find the Civilized Cornice Works."

"Never heard of 'em."
"But it's an old concern and I was told to come to this corner. There's a big sign on the roof."

"O, you mean Galvanized Cornice Works. It's right around that corner."

"Bub, did I say civilized?"
"Yes, sir."
"And the proper word is galvanized?"

"That's it."
"Here—come here. Here's a dime for you and you just keep mum about what has passed. I'm going to run for Supervisor this fall on the strength of being a self-made man, who got his education by the light of a corn-cob candle, and I don't want the infernal opposition to get hold of the fact that the candle went out on me too soon."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE EARNED HIS MONEY.

"It's \$100 in your pocket," whispered the defendant to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree."
Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after awhile. All the rest went in for acquittal."—*New York Sun.*

REFERRED THE OTHER FELLOW'S SISTER.
Jack's sister ("fishingly")—Jack, the class cases are awfully interesting, aren't they?

Jack (who has some one else's sister in view for that day) Yes, dear, but they are terrible brutal affairs. Every man recovers on a stretcher. (Jack's sister shudders and feels resigned.)—*Harvard Lampoon.*

How General Jackman Saved Money.
"A Republican convention was a novelty in 1860," says a writer in the New York Sun, "and hundreds of Democrats flocked to Chicago to see the fun that year. Gen. J. B. Jackman, the stiffest kind of a Democrat, but a great friend of Cameron, was there, and never missed a chance to give the General a lift. Jackman had built the greater part of the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, and had made a fortune that was among the big ones in those days. He was a tip-top fellow, and, being a true gentleman, nobody enjoyed a quiet game of draw more than he did. The morning after the ratification meeting over the nomination of Lincoln I was at the Briggs House, where all the Pennsylvania delegation stopped, and who should come along but General Jackman."

"Hullo! Come in and have something."
"I went in, and after we had something Jackman began to feel for his money. Every pocket was empty."
"There!" he exclaimed. "Some infernal black Republican has robbed me!"

"How much have you lost, General?"
"Fifteen hundred dollars!" he said.
"No," he said, "hold on. Let-me-see. There was \$250 that Aleck McClure pulled out of me on that full, when I thought sure he had only a bobtail flush; there's the \$150 I had in the jack pot that Thad Stevens walked away with, and there's the \$150 that Andy Curtin coaxed away from me by standing pat on an ace full, and I thought it was only a bluff. By Jove! I'm luckier than I thought I was. There's \$550 I saved out of the \$1,500, and I'm only \$950 out after all."

A Shrewd School Ma'am.
It was in an Iowa teachers' convention that the last question asked was: "Have you received any help in the answering of these questions?" It was also a law that any person who was helped should not be allowed a certificate. A gentleman, who had given a young lady some assistance, asked her, after she had passed in her answers, how she answered the last question.

"O!" she replied, "I told them that I had not been helped!" "But I told you several answers," continued the gentleman. "Yes, I know, but then I answered that question first!"

Buffalo Bill has been invited to dinner by his countrywomen, Lady Mandeville, the future duchess of Manchester.

WASPS.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, just come and see what Carrie and I have found!" exclaimed Nellie Graham, rushing into the room where her aunt sat sewing.

Aunt Mary put aside her work with a smile.

"What have you found, Nellie?" she asked, as she rose to follow her little niece.

"Well, I don't know exactly what it is, auntie," answered the little girl, leading her aunt down through the garden. "It is a great big gray ball that looks as if it was made of paper, and it is fastened on a branch of the big tree down at the end of the garden. Carrie and I were going to see if we could knock it down by throwing sticks at it, but we saw some wasps crawling over it and we were afraid to."

"It is very well that you did not throw anything at it," answered her aunt. "It is a wasp's nest, and if you had made them angry, they might have stung you very badly."

They soon came to the tree, and Carrie pointed out the object of her curiosity to her aunt. It was an unusually large wasp's nest, and the insects were swarming in and out, looking quite formidable enough to deter any one from touching their fortress.

"Didn't you ever see a wasp's nest before?" asked Aunt Mary of her little niece, who was seated on the fence viewing the wasps with curiosity, mingled with a little fear.

"No, ma'am," answered Carrie. "Auntie, where do they get their nest?"

"They make it," was the answer. "The two girls looked at the nest in incredulous wonder. It did not seem possible that an insect as small as the wasp could build such a large nest."

"Why, it's made of paper, isn't it?" queried Nellie, in surprise.

"They make the paper, too," said Aunt Mary, smiling at their astonishment.

"I will tell you how they make it. The wasps are furnished with broad, powerful mandibles or pincers, and with these they tear posts, palings or the bark of trees. This they mix into a soft pulp with their saliva, and with this pulp they construct the nest. The inside of the nest is divided into little combs or cells, and the substance that separates these cells is generally thicker and firmer than that on the outside of the nest. As the nest is enlarged, new paper is made for the purpose, the whole nest being enclosed in the last made envelope, while the inner one is removed to make place for more cells. The nests of wasps in tropical countries are sometimes very large—often six feet long—and they are inhabited by very large families of wasps."

"How much paper those big nests must take," said Carrie.

"Yes, paper making is the principal industry of these little insects," answered her aunt. "Each one of them has his own share of work to do, and so, little by little, the great nest is built."

"What do wasps eat?" asked Nellie.

"Wasps will eat a great variety of both animal and vegetable food," answered Aunt Mary. "They will eat insects, ripe fruit, sugar, and they often invade beehives and steal the honey. There is a Brazilian species of wasp that is known to store up honey like bees."

"Aren't hornets and wasps very much alike?" asked Carrie.

"Yes," answered Aunt Mary. "The hornet is the largest species of wasp, and is found in the south of England. Now, girls, I must run back to my sewing; I will leave you here to watch the wasps if you want to, and there is one very useful lesson I hope you will learn from them."

"What is that, Aunt Mary?" asked the children together.

"Remember that great things are made up of little ones," answered Aunt Mary. "One wasp alone could not have built that great nest, but by each doing a little the work is accomplished."

In the Wrong County.

Kittanning (Pa.) Free Press. They tell a good story this week on one of our candidates for Commissioner. We won't tell who he is for he would then come and visit us in a temper that might lead to—dear knows what. He was up in the northern part of the county getting his little work in on the voters, and one day he approached a granger in a field smiling blandly and making himself generally agreeable.

"Well, friend, I'm a candidate for Commissioner, and I'm just going about seeing my friends," said our friend as he handed over his card.

The farmer took it read it carefully and then put on his studying cap: "Fears home I never heard of you afore," he said after deep thought.

"Didn't? Well, now, I am surprised," responded the astonished candidate. "Why good friend, I have been a pretty prominent citizen of this county for years and yet you say you never heard of me. Can't understand it."

"Well, now, Mr. —, I have kept a

record of about all the prominent candidates in Jefferson county for years past—"

"Jefferson county!" broke in the candidate, "why, I have nothing to do with Jefferson county people; I belong to Armstrong county, and—"

"Well," and there was a merry twinkle in the farmer's eye, "you don't want to be 'lectioneerin' round here then; you're about two miles over the line now and I'd advise you to get back into your own county if you expect to make the rifle 'lection day."

Our friend didn't waste much more time on Jefferson county farmers. He was soon on the right side of the county fence and trying to settle on some plan to keep the matter quiet, but the story leaked out—such stories always do.

Quite a Family Party.

A good theatrical story is of an incident which happened two or three years since, but which always appealed particularly to my sense of the ludicrous. Mrs. X. has not only achieved a considerable success upon the boards, but also in the divorce courts as in the latter she had been able to disembarass herself of no less than two husbands.

When a woman has lost two halves she might be supposed to be reduced to nullity, but Mrs. X. is still a substantial verity in both mind and body. She was turning, one windy day in March, that bleak and bitter corner of Winter street, famous for the mot of the late Tom Appleton, put in the form of a wish that a shorn lamb might be tethered there to induce Providence to temper the wind.

Mrs. X. is far too substantial to blow away, but the March blast did tear off her hat and veil, which went eddying down Tremont street in the most tantalizing fashion. Two gentlemen, coming from opposite directions, gave chase to the truant headgear, and in a moment they approached the doorway where Mrs. X. had taken refuge, bearing her recovered property.

"Why, James," she said as she received her hat and recognized the bearer as once her husband, "is this you? Thank you. And—this is a surprise!—if this isn't John!" And from the hand of her other ex-husband she received her veil, adding with the utmost vivacity of manner: "it is quite a family party, isn't it? Let's all go down to Parker's and have a lunch and talk over old times."

And, escorted by a cast-off husband on either side, she took her serene way down Tremont street. Whether they really lunched together is not recorded.—*Providence Journal.*

Too Dignified to Be Kissed.

In an article on "Kissing, an English writer relates how an English Duke who had married his third wife was one day surprised as he entered the drawing-room dressed for some state ceremonial by his spouse throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"Madam," said he, in the chilliest of tones, "my first wife was a Howard, my second wife was a Pembroke, and, madam, neither of them ever dared attempt such a liberty." A story is told in the "Memoirs of Adam Black," the publisher of Edinburgh, about a minister who resented his wife's kissing him, not because of his offended dignity, but on account of the day on which the expression was made. The Rev. J. Colquhoun of Leight was a man of extreme solemnity of demeanor. On one sacrament Sunday morning his wife, being desirous to have him nicely rigged out for the occasion, had his coat well brushed, his shirt white as snow, and his bands hanging handsomely on his breast; and when she surveyed her gude man she was so delighted with his comely appearance that she suddenly took him round the neck and kissed him. Thereupon the Rev. John was so offended by this carnal proceeding that he debarred his wife from the sacrament that day.

How to Preserve The Hair.

A good supply of oxygen is necessary for the healthy growth of hair: the head should be well aired. The hat has made sad havoc with many a caput. Endeavor to go bareheaded as often as possible. When walking, lift the hat from off the head frequently, and, if the sun is not too strong, hold the hat in your hand awhile. The bluecoat schoolboys formerly of Christ church, London, who wear the costume of Edward VI, go bareheaded the year round. They wear no hats in the coldest days of winter. They are remarkably healthy, and have a redundant crop of hair, which lasts them a lifetime.

If we must wear a hat let it be light in texture and well ventilated from the top. One reason that women keep their hair longer than men is that their head-gear allows of better ventilation. Business men sometimes wear their hats in their office, or have special hat which they put on. This is very injurious. The brokers of Wall street are noted for wearing their hats indoors as well as outdoors. They are notorious for having bald heads. This may account for it. When the head is well shorn of its locks this does not apply.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

Shell Lake (Wis.) Watchman, May 5, 1887: Mr. John W. Thompson was born in Folkestone, Kent county, England, in 1832; lost his mother at his birth, and lived with a nurse in France till six years old, then went to a private tutor in Maidstone seven years. Was then bound to an attorney for seven years to learn law, his father paying £2,000 for the indenture, but after staying one year, he ran away and enlisted in the army as trumpeter in the artillery. In 1853, his battery was ordered to the Crimea. He was there two years and was in the battles of Inkerman, Balaklava and the storming of the Redan. At Balaklava he was in the famous "Charge of the Six Hundred." Ten thousand Russians with artillery occupied a position that the British wanted. On October 25, 1854 an aide brought a verbal order for Cardigan's light cavalry to take the position. It was supposed then that a mistake had been made in the order, but the charge was made, 600 against 10,000.

The 600 had to go three-fourths of a mile. They broke through the ranks of the enemy, and the Russians turned their guns upon them, but killed more of their own men. The contest lasted about half an hour, when what was left of them, "left of 600," returned, a few over one hundred getting back, but only sixty-two survived their wounds. Mr. Thompson shows signs of saber wounds on the hand and forehead received there. The privations of the siege were very great. Ships loaded with supplies were outside the harbor, but on account of official formalities, were not allowed to land, and for four months the English soldiers lived on hardtack and horseflesh. After the war, he returned to England, and soon after was ordered to the East Indies and was at the relief at Lucknow, was taken sick with the yellow fever and invalided home. Was then quarter-master sergeant. Through the intercession of Baron Rothschild, member of parliament from his borough, he was discharged.

In 1860, he came to America. He lived in New York and Baltimore, in the latter city in the employ of the Baltimore & Ohio railway. He worked for the company ten years, part of the time as train dispatcher at Wheeling, W. Va. He then came to Tomah, Wis. In company with his father-in-law he bought a saw mill of Jacob Humbird at Warren's Mills. Ran it one year and added a shingle mill, when all burned, causing him a loss of \$3,000. In 1880 he came up with a railroad pile-driver up this road, and the next year at the founding of the village, moved here with his family, and since then has been most of the time in the employ of the Shell Lake Lumber company. Mr. Thompson has one son and three daughters living, not all of them old enough to understand the fact, and feel proud of it, that their father is one of the immortal "Six Hundred."

Three Times Hanged.

In England about two years ago a maiden lady of considerable wealth was murdered and robbed in her summer residence. Her man servant, a man named Lee, was suspected, arrested, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to be hanged.

Three efforts were made to hang Lee, and each time the rope broke. The hangman was horrified, and the other officials shared his reluctance to proceed with the business. When the facts were reported to the Home Secretary Lee's sentence was quietly commuted to imprisonment for life.

Now for the climax. Recently a woman who was Lee's fellow servant confessed on her dying bed that she killed her mistress. She declared that Lee had no connection with the affair, and stated facts strongly confirmatory of her confession.

It is some satisfaction to know that the Government at once ordered the release of the man who had so narrowly escaped an infamous death, and now proposes to offer him a pecuniary compensation for his injuries.

Another Tulip Craze.

New York Letter: It is predicted that a rage for tulips will follow the present frenzy for orchids. Oddly enough the red and yellow variety known as "parrot tulip" is the only one with which we are very familiar. Within a few days, however, I have seen in florist's shop a great jar of the real tulip, the pure cup shape, exquisitely striped, in colors that must entrance tulip connoisseurs. After examining these beautiful evidences of man's untiring patience, you understand to what lengths this passion for tulips carried the citizens of Holland years and years ago. In these days when flowers play so large a part in the scheme of decoration, the royal tulip, with its endless variety of combination of hues, cannot be neglected. The flaunting "parrot" seems ineffably vulgar beside the delicately painted chalice of that ideal tulip which ruined both prince and merchant, and then fell, like a floral Lucifer, from pride in its own beauty.