

There is a clergyman in England named Straight whose curate is named Crooked.

There is a good deal of free 'rah material in our colleges.

So you think women are curious, do you? Well, suppose they are; what's that to you? It's a free country. But don't you let this fact get blue-moulded in the forget corner of your alleged brain: They haven't a monopoly of the curious business by a wide majority. What does a man do when he rounds up to a fence with this legend:

.....  
 paint  
 .....

in the foreground? What does he do? Does he take the word of the legend and go his way believing in the legend's truth, or does the demon of doubt get a hip-lock on his faith and yank the curious in his nature to the surface, yea, even to his finger-tips, so that he must feel for himself whether it is paint or only a painted imitation of paint? We'll bet a four-dollar horse, and we're not a betting man, either, that the next time you fall up against the above legend, William, you'll answer this question to your entire satisfaction.—(Philadelphia Call)

Among the pension bills recently passed by the Senate is one giving a pension of \$23 a month to Dr. Mary E. Walker as a "first assistant surgeon, United States Army."

Guards armed with repeating rifles were on duty at the polls in New-Orleans. Yet there are plenty of Democrats ready to affirm that there were no repeaters at the polls.

A remarkable case of longevity has been discovered at Grafton, Penn., in the person of John Fosdick, aged 102 years. Remarkable, because John can't read fine print without spectacles. Indeed, his eyesight is so poor that he can't read any kind of print. He is the first centenarian discovered who could not "read fine print without glasses."—(Norristown Herald)

For the information of inquirers who ask the meaning of the word "Jackaroo," which recently appeared in the advertising columns of THE TRIBUNE, we would say that the word is applied to men who make a business of polishing horses' hoofs—horse manicures, as it were.

A bright scholar in a Vermont school recently stated in a composition that doughnuts were first made in Greece.

Sorely Vexed.—Mistress (severely)—Marie, didn't I hear you make use of the expression "You little brat" in the nursery, just now?

Marie (a French bonne)—Yees, Madame, but Mees Flossie do vexes me so!

Mistress (less severely)—Oh, I thought you were speaking to Fido. Send Miss Flossie to me at once.

—(The Epoch)

Some Pittsburg brewers think of going into the manufacture of a beer called "swankey," that will not come within the limits of the Brooks law. It is manufactured from the residue after the brew of beer is made. The hops and malt having lost their strength, the product, of course, is very weak. With this is mixed a little fresh hops and malt, and "swankey" is the result. It contains about 2 1-2 per cent of alcohol, and a man would have to drink more than his utmost would hold to get drunk on it. It is also very popular in Germany and is called table beer there. It can be sold for 5 cents a quart.

The flourishing town of Wagon Wheel, Col., has a paper called "The Wagon Tongue," and there is talk of starting an opposition paper to be known as "The Wagon Wheel Tire." It will try to make "The Tongue" tired.

EPITAPHS.

He scraped away the mossy spray  
 And scratched away the lichen green,  
 Until he read: "Kate Kelly dead,  
 Age twenty-seven; kerosene."

He sauntered on a rod or two,  
 And there he found another one;  
 "Moses Melchizidek McGlue  
 Here lies below. Blew in his gun."

He turned the corner with a moan,  
 By thirst of knowledge goaded,  
 And found upon another stone:  
 "Didn't know 'twas loaded!"

—(San Francisco Post)

A clergyman in presence of one of his elders and a lady parishioner remarked jocularly that a very good subject for discussion at the church meetings would be: "How to Kill Out a Prayer Meeting." "Oh," said the lady, "the elder here can tell us all about that; for he always prays to the Lord 'to water the spark that Thou hast kindled.'" When things were explained to the good elder he joined in the smile.

On the Street.—Tramp—Excuse me, sir; will you please put up the price of a drink?

Gentleman—Certainly, my good fellow; I'm just going in here after one for myself, and you can join me.

Tramp—You are very kind, but if it's all the same to you I'd prefer the money. You see, I've got a regular place where I know the booze, and it makes me nervous to sample strange liquor.—(Washington Critic)

Western Man—Stranger, the place where you now stand, surrounded by solid blocks, palatial residences and tall spires, a few short months ago was only a hole in the ground.

Tenderfoot—How was that?

Western Man—You see, an Eastern man came along and started a cattle ranch here. But he encountered a streak of bad luck, and the bottom dropped out of the whole business; so he laid off a town and made a fortune selling corner lots.

A Nashville paper announced the death of Edwin, instead of Matthew, Arnold, and told how every one is lamenting the taking off of the man who wrote "The Light of Asia."

Buffalo for the Smithsonian.—The acquisition by the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington of a male and female living buffalo is a subject for congratulation, and Mr. Blackford, the donor, will receive the thanks of a large number of people for his wise liberality. If anywhere in the United States there should be a herd of buffalo, it is at Washington, the scientific centre of the country. It may be hoped that Mr. Blackford's action will induce some one else to add a buffalo or two to the Smithsonian's small herd. There must still be a number of single individuals held in a state of domestication in the Western country which can do their owners but little good, but which would be of priceless value if sent to Washington to be bred there.—(Forest and Stream)

An earnest young clergyman in a Canadian church recently moved his congregation with the pathetic story of the drowning of a little child. But the anticlimax came when, by a slip of the tongue, he pictured the father dragging out of the cruel water "the life of his bodiless child."

It is "The Omaha Herald" which believes that while the grumbings of Matthew Arnold will be speedily forgotten, his "Light of Asia" will be read decades hence.

There is a bill in the United States Senate relative to providing for new designs on our coins. As though there were not designs enough already on our coins! But possibly the proposed legislation is not an enabling act in the interest of the book canvasser, the parish fair committee woman, or the wayside fakir who beguiles us with his dubious wares at seductive prices.—(Boston Transcript)

In France they are beginning to think that Bonaparte's march has ceased to be a song, and has become an epoch.

Mukwump means ice in the Algonquin language. Our Democratic friends generally "take mukwump in theirn" in hot weather; but it is doubtful if they again take the Mugwump in during the coming campaign.—(Norristown Herald)