

Select ed for Jury

Happy Thoughts.

(Mark Twain.)

Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.

(Burdette.)

When Hamlet said, "Seams, madam! Nay, I know not seams," he wasn't talking poetry, but had just killed a sewing-machine agent in the front hall.

I don't try to be funny in my writings. I have an idea occasion-ally, and when I get it loose people laugh. Then I review the remark and shake it out to find the fun. My perception of a joke is not hung on a hair trigger.

"Does that hurt?" kindly asked the dentist, holding the young man's head back and jabbing a steel probe with back-set teeth clear down through his aching tooth and into the gum. "Does that hurt?" he asked, with evident feeling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, in a voice suffused with emotion and sentiment; "oh, no," he said, tenderly, rising from the chair and holding the dentist's head in the stove, while he dragged his lungs out of his ears with a cork screw. "Oh, no," he said, "not at all; does that?" But the dentist had the better of the young man after all, for he charged him fifty cents and didn't pull the tooth then. But by that time the astonished tooth had forgot its aching.

(Artemus Ward.)

The Mormon's religion is singular, but his wives are plural.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased, the bar-keeper especially, for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States! Listen to William W. Shakspeare!"

From the "Showman" papers:

"At the time Chris. arrove on these shores (I alloud to C. Columbus), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin' garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains, like the wild and frisky antelope.

"It was a onlucky moment for us when Chris. sot his foot onto these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin' billers."

(Bill Nye.)

A woman should marry for protection,—not for 'venue only.

Nothing saddens us like death in any form, and 100,000 dead trees scattered through the city, sticking their limbs up into the atmosphere like a variety actress, bears down upon us with the leaden weight of an ever-present gloom

The railroads have driven out the long-handled frying-pan and the flapjack of twenty years ago, and introduced the condensed milk and canned fruit of commerce. Along the highways, where once the hopeful hundreds marched with long-handled shovels and pick and pan, cooking by the way thin salt pork and flapjacks and slumgullion, now the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness. No landscape can be picturesque with an empty peach can in the foreground any

more than a lion would look grand in a red monogram horse-blanket and false teeth.

I get a valentine almost every year. It is not beautiful, but it shows that I am not forgotten. It represents a bald-headed olonde, with a brow like a haystack. He is in the act of thinking. He seems to have a thinker large enough for nine able-bodied men; but his neck and his salary are apparently small. At least he wears a gingham patch on the bosom of his pants and a Scotch plaid study on one knee. He has a bilious and reflective air, also an absent-minded look about the pockets, which would show that he might be a grasshopper sufferer or a journalist.

His Opinions.

"Oh, Mr. Wise," she said, meeting him in a book-store, "I'm so glad to see you. I'm going to purchase a set of books for my husband's birthday gift, and now you can help me out in my selection. Now don't you think he'd like Thackeray's complete works?"

"Why, Mrs. Blank, I think——"

"Yes, I think so, too. We have several of Thackeray's already, however. He is very found of history, and I though some of getting Macaulay's 'History of England.' Don't you think it's the best?"

"Well, really now, Mrs. Blank, if I were to choose I'd——"

"Would you, indeed? Well, of course, tastes differ. I'm sure I don't know hardly what to do about the history. Charles is fond of philosophy. Do you think Emerson's books the best written in our day?"

"I can hardly say that I——"

"No? Well, I've often thought myself that Emerson was over-estimated. If you were going to buy the complete works of any American poet, wouldn't you select Longfellow's?"

"I am fond of Longfellow's works, but I——"

"Is that so? I am fond of Whittier myself. But Charles don't read much poetry. He enjoys essays very much. Don't you suppose he'd like Carlyle?"

"Really, Mrs. Blank, I hardly know what——"

"No, really? How people do differ. But I know a great many people who think just as you do. I've a mind to get fiction, after all. Don't you think Dickens superior to any writer now living?"

"Well, you know, Mrs. Blank, that the writings of Dickens are——"

"That is true—so they are; Charles might not like them on that account. Have you the fashionable craze for Howells?"

"Oh, I read nearly everything he writes, but I——"

"You don't fancy him particularly, eh? Well, neither do I. I find that we agree on so many points. I wonder if you think as I do about Shakspeare?"

"I hardly know, Mrs. Blank; I am, of course——"

"Yes, so am I. Well, Mr. Wise, I'm so glad to have had your opinions. They will help me greatly in making a final choice. I shall remember all you have said and be guided by it. Charles and I think everything of your judgment on such matters, and I'm so glad to have met you just at this time. Good-by."

"Good-by," says Mr. Wise, in dumb bewilderment.

ZENAS DANE in *Tid-Bits*.

EVEN CHARLIE GETS THERE.

When Charlie met Maud  
She gave him the mitten  
In much quicker time  
Than it could be written:  
A friend asked him why  
His brow was so knotted;  
He said with a sigh:  
"I've just been boycotted!"