

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Has its ups and downs.—The barometer. Moves in the highest circles.—The moon. The most popular campaign—tune in the cartoon. Does the dog watch account for the barks at sea? Inspector of light houses—Manager for a star who fails to draw. The first man to hang out a "shingle" must have been a hair cutter.

It is a great day for light garden beds when the rain comes down in sheets. Ocean steamers may not be athletic, yet they all "go over the bar." You can always find the latest craze at any well conducted insane asylum. A picture in your imagination is, of course enclosed in a frame of mind. Why are sailors egotistical? Because they are always saying "Aye, aye, sir." An English paper asks: "Should men sew?" They should mend, but not sew. It is never too late to mend.—New York News.

Even the champion batter of the League might not be able to make a hit on the stage or the lecture platform.—The Liberator. The man who has only one arm, and that a left one, knows how essential it is that he should get on the right side of his best girl.

The safest way for a man to take his life in his hands is to write it himself and have it published before he dies.—Danville News. A locomotive, a prohibitionist, a coward, a duck and a lemonade all resemble each other in that they all take water.—Danville News.

It is supposed that apartment houses are a modern invention of the Evil One; yet Shakespeare said: "Weary flat, stale and unprofitable."—New York News. "Miss, what is your exact age?" asked the lawyer. "When I go out with my papa I am fifteen years of age; when I am with mamma, only twelve."

"Oh, don't let the word be may." The lover cried in woe. "All right, John deary," she replied. "It shan't be may, but no."—Harper's Bazar. Fern Father—"My son, if it breaks my heart I am going to break your attitude. Daffodil Son—"All right, father. I'm going to break yours some day, if it breaks my pocket.—Durdale.

No Soulless Mechanism Needed: Edison's Agent—"Wouldn't you like to buy a phonograph? It will store up everything you say and repeat it to you. Want one?" Omaha Man—"No; got a wife."—Omaha World. "Ah, dear," he said, tenderly, "how can I leave you and go to my cheerless and lonely abode?" "If you make haste, George," replied the girl, with a glance at the clock, "you can go by the last car."—New York Dispatch.

"Madam," said the landlady, "when you engaged your room this morning, you said you had no children?" "I haven't," replied the man. "There's a little girl crying on the floor above. Is she not yours?" "No; she is an adopted child."—The Epoch. Miss Andross (getting vaccinated)—"Do you think it will take, Dr. Montague?" Dr. Montague (glancingly)—"If it doesn't take on such an arm, my dear Miss Violet, I shall have but little respect for your heretofore."—Missopatia Traveller.

Captain—"What would you drop that pop fly? It was an awful error." Stoughton, "No." Captain, I got so rattled that I saw 'em balls." Captain (crossly)—"I should think you might have caught one of 'em."—Harper's Bazar. The atmosphere with clouds is rent. The boys outside the fence are sure the Giants win at last. The noise is so immense. But ah! alas for human hopes. The mob's most joyous roar. Was only due to a daisy foul. That struck the umpire's jaw.—New York Sun.

"It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but I answer the purpose. It kept John from running away." "But he didn't do it." "No." "You are wrong." "Thunder!" "rod agent." "Pring the." "No." "The only." "book-ast." "thing."

Many a fellow who is so full of himself that he thinks he can do anything, is so full of himself that he thinks he can do nothing.

garden, the ranches in which reside the peons, the corrals, inclosures formed of wooden palisades, in which the milch cows and poultry. The forge, the wheelwright shops, the vehicles used in the transportation of produce, the warehouses with wals pierced with a hundred holes, in which are flocks and hides to be sent to Patagonia, Buenos Ayres or Rosario; and finally the corrals, where the different animals are slaughtered. A wall, four feet high, surrounds all these buildings and dependencies; this wall is protected by a large ditch, on whose outer edge is an impenetrable hedge of aloe, with leaves as long, sharp, and strong as iron spears. This triple rampart forms the inclosure of every estancia in South America. As soon as the black flag is run up, all the herdsmen, and other servants who may be outside, hasten to regain the protection of the estancia.

We had arrived at Las Jarillas just in time to witness the slaughter of the animals. This is called "matadero." It is an ignoble spectacle, but then travelers must have the courage to witness every thing. Every morning at daybreak dawns the whole time that the matadero lasts, the peons drive 200 or 300 head of cattle to the entrance of the corrals. These animals, who smell the blood shed the previous evening, generally refuse to enter. Then men on horseback throw lassos over their horses, while other horsemen spur their horses right on them, and the shock throws each refractory animal to the ground. Scarcely has it fallen when those who have lassoed it, drag it inside, where one man throws his lasso over one hind foot while a second cuts the leaders of the other. The poor beast falls forward on his knees, as if to implore mercy from the executioners; but his sufferings are almost over. Armed with a very long, sharp knife, the matador advances—he raises his arm—a flash—a gleam—and all is over. The animal falls as if struck by a thunderbolt. The blade, buried deep just below the left shoulder, has touched the heart. The matador withdraws his blade, the blood gushes from the wound, and moving slowly on account of the enormous boots which encase his legs the matador approaches another victim. The animals are immediately skinned and cut up. The meat and bones are salted and dressed. The former is sent to Brazil and the latter to Europe, where they are tanned and serve to fashion the dainty boots and slippers of our elegants. One must have witnessed a matadero to form an idea of what it is. The swartly peons, naked to the waist, with their wild, fierce faces and flashing black eyes and bare and blood stained arms are fearful to behold. Without pity they slay, and strike again and again. The slaughtered animals are heaped upon one another, but what matters it. The sun is sinking lower and lower, and they must finish before nightfall. "Hurry, hurry faster, Jose! we must make haste, Carancho!" And again the shining blades are buried in the bodies of the poor animals whose plaintive bleatings and howlings almost break your heart. The sun has just disappeared below the horizon. Soon flocks of owls, ravens, condors and vultures collect to feast on the remains and offal, which, for these birds of prey, would poison the air. With the last day of the week the mataderos comes to an end.

An Excellent Plan for Peonmen. A sergeant McNally of the Oak street station is perhaps one of the most "handy" gentlemen in the police department. His books are always in excellent shape and there are many little contrivances on his desk, of his own invention, which are useful and labor saving. Among them is an ordinary potato. The other evening Inspector Williams was making his rounds, and a ter looking over Captain Carpenter's records he espied the potato on the desk. The Inspector is the ancestor of men and it struck him that a raw potato was a little out of place on a station house desk. He asked Sergeant McNally about it, and the sergeant explained: "I used to have a good deal of trouble with new peons, and could find nothing that would make them retain ink until I tried a raw potato, and that made my new peons work well from the start." Inspector Williams tried the experiment, found it worked all right, and now a potato is always to be seen on the desk, and he does not get mad when he puts a new quill into his pen holder.—New York Sun.

About Castor Oil. The average boy has an idea that castor oil was got up for the torture of all kind who have careful mothers to protect them from the fell destroyer. He is mistaken, like a majority of grown people who only regard castor oil as a medicine. Only a very small proportion of it is consumed in this manner. Castor oil forms one of the best lubricators, and is used for greasing wagons and other purposes where the price does not prohibit it. Then it is burned as an illuminator, not only by the Jews for their Sabbath lamps, but elsewhere. In India, where large quantities of the seed are raised, the oil is added to the native condiments to flavor them. It is also made into an illuminating gas in India. In this country castor oil is used to dress morocco leather. California, Kansas, Iowa and Illinois are the principal sections of this country where the seed is raised, and the castor oil press at Belleville, Ill., are among the most extensive in the world.—Tribune.

Wonderful Stone Masses. The old Egyptians were better builders than those of the present day. There are blocks of stone in the pyramids which weigh three or four times as much as the blocks of the London Firebricks, and met Dr. Livingston en route. I think he was on his way home from his first voyage. He was a young man then, and a very interesting one. I spent some time at Rio Janeiro and remained a while in Peru. The principal thing that I remember about the Sister country is its wealth of furs. Once my husband lay down on the ground there, and I counted in the wild dowerbed which surrounded him eighteen varieties of verbeena.—Discover News.

A Wealthy Man in Peru. Once I went to Peru to remain a few days with the wife of a banker named "Baker," and met Dr. Livingston en route. I think he was on his way home from his first voyage. He was a young man then, and a very interesting one. I spent some time at Rio Janeiro and remained a while in Peru. The principal thing that I remember about the Sister country is its wealth of furs. Once my husband lay down on the ground there, and I counted in the wild dowerbed which surrounded him eighteen varieties of verbeena.—Discover News.

making a pint of boiling water, and adding a teaspoonful of the tartar, letting it cool and flavoring with lemon and a little sugar. A draught of this half an hour before meals is a notable purifier of the blood, and an occasional dose of epsom salts, setzer aperient or congress water may be taken, but always with the advice of a physician. One eminent physician recommends the chewing of a grain of two of roasted coffee to check abnormal craving for food. Jellies of Iceland moss without milk are excellent to satisfy the appetite without making flesh, so are water crasses and tender radishes, and all these are among the best purifiers of the blood and preventives of consumption. Scrofulous and delicate girls should be brought up on these simple but potent relishes, together with carrots and parsnips which last are the best food for pale and healthy plumpness. The richness of the milk of Alderney cows is due to long feeding on parsnips in the Channel island, and the fine fat fairer children in some parts of Scotland use it as a daily food. A carrot parsnip is admirable for softening the face, acting as a purifier by absorption and mechanically as a moist application. Thin, dyspeptic girls, or those with poor appetite, should be given twelve drops of acid phosphate in a small glass of water three times a day, half an hour before meals, till they feel hungry; then feed them on crusty brown bread and mince, with a daily change of the sweet, succulent roots, besides fruit and meats. It is surprising how they will lose weight. The dose of phosphate is not to exceed twelve drops, as a very little is better than large doses, which are apt to produce rash of blood to the head.—Detroit Free Press.

A Peo Dipped in Gall. "When Blikkie writes," said a merchant to his partner, in speaking of a traveling man who had sent a very caustic request for a remittance, "he generally dips his pen in gall." "Yes," was the reply, "he generally does. He writes the checkbook letter I ever read in my life."—Merchant Traveller.

She Was Matter of Fact. "Sammi," he said softly, as they gazed at the moon above them, "don't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies thro'og my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?" "Silence for a moment," "I think I do, George." "What do they sound like to you?" "They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."—Knoxville State Journal.

Confined His Travels. "So you've been fishing this afternoon instead of going to school, I hear," said the old man, as he strolled himself at the table and glanced back over at the boy. "Never mind, sir, you just wait until after supper. What have we got here, wife? I'm as hungry as a wolf." "Brook trout, pa," hastily explained the boy. "I caught 'em." "That 'ol" said the old man, as he helped himself liberally; "but you mustn't neglect your education, my dear little boy. That will never do, you know."—Epoch.

The Power of the Will. "I consider that sea sickness," remarked one of the more fortunate passengers, beating his breast proudly, "can be largely controlled by the will power. I have given this matter some thought since we have been out, and I am full of the subject. I feel, he went on, "that er—yes, I—ugh—feel—i—lord—wow—excuse me," and he hastened to the rail. "This will power is a wonderful thing," commented the other passengers, enviously.—Epoch.

Omitting Certain Services. Just before the collection, a minister said: "Dearly beloved brethren, owing to the excessive heat of the day, I think it will be best to omit certain portions of our morning service." This seemed to please some of the members and they began covertly to return dimes and quarters to their pockets. Then the minister went on: "The collection will now be taken up."—Epoch.

Chinese Logic. A gentleman who is visiting town for a few days carried to a "heavenly home" of laundry pro divities a bundle of linen which he wished to have washed within a short time. The washman took the package and promised that it should be ready for Tuesday evening. The stranger was unable to call on Tuesday, but on Wednesday he presented himself and asked for his linen, only to be told that it was not ready. "Not ready," he returned, impatiently. "Why you promised to have it ready last night." "Yes," the Chinaman answered, with a smile as childlike and bland as his language was unproductive in print. "But you didn't come after it last night."—Boston Courier.

In the Domestic Circle. (exultingly)—"I made that pound cake myself, darling." Husband (holding it)—"Is that so?" Young Wife—"Yes, darling; what do you think of it?" Husband—"I think, dear, you have made a mistake in the name. It ought to be a ton-cake."—Washington Critic.

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Two Jamaica Fruits. The lime is one of the commonest articles of domestic use among the natives of Jamaica. They use it a great deal in cooking, in curries, with fish and oysters, and as an adjunct to turtle soup, also squeezed in the flat, tank water to disguise the taste. A cut lime is often put on each washstand to take off stains, and to rub the nails with, as its strong acid shrinks back the skin at the base of them, and is supposed to prevent hangnails. The granddilla grows on a vine of a coarse grassy flower. The fruit weighs about eight pounds, and is the size of a muskmelon—only and the seeds are eaten. They are covered with a glutinous, acid pulp, tasting a little like cantawba grapes. It is served in glass with a little sherry and sugar. The fruit when steved with sugar and made into pies, is a good imitation of green apple. The flower is a dull purplish red. A wild variety grows in the forest called "Sweet Calamash," which is only used to fatten pigs.—New York Observer.

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the Leaping Salmon of Canada. The salmon rivers of Canada are all streams of swift currents, whirling rapids and high falls. The salmon seems to make its way up the stream with as much ease as he moves down. One of the sights in the vicinity of Quebec is the salmon leaping at the Falls of Lorette, and during July many persons assemble there to see it. The falls are a succession of steep tumblers and the water rushes over the rocks with great velocity. The salmon gather at the foot of the lower tumble, and, with marvellous leaps up the very face of the rushing waters, make their way to the summit without apparent difficulty, gliding up the successive tumblers until the grand summit is reached. The native Canadian will tell you, with a straight an solemn face, that when time was no legal interference with spearing, the Indians were in the habit of gathering at the foot of the falls in their birch canoes and casting their spears at the salmon as they leaped up the torrents, making their cast with such marvellous skill that the salmon, aimed at was invariably stopped as he was sailing career and fell back impaled by the Indian's cruel barb. That may be true, but I know for a fact that they tell the stranger many queer things in Canada.—Pittsburgh News.

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