AN EXAMPLE OF EVOLUTION.

Our friend of '89 as he appeared this spring, and as he probably will appear next spring,—being an illustration of what scientific influences may do for a man.

Tempora Mutantur.

In olden Tyme whanne valiant Knyghtes
Disputed fr each otheres Ryghtes,
Whanne Maydes were foughte fr—Thanne I wot
Fr Monie, love was nev'rhoughte.

Alack! Those goode old Daies have passed,
Ye Foppe succeeds ye Knyghte at laste;
Love breedes contentiones as of Olde,
But Steele has given wai to Golde!

A SNAKE STORY.

"You have a very rich soil here," remarked a tenderfoot to a Dakota farmer.

"Rich! Well, I should say so. Two years ago a young man from the East came out here. He carried a snakewood cane. He stuck it in the ground and left it there."

"I suppose," remarked the tenderfoot, with a smile, "you mean to tell me it sprouted."

"Sprouted! Well, I should say it did, and blossomed, too. Why, last year I killed twenty bushel of black snakes on that patch of ground, and each one was varnished and had a hammered-silver head."—Graphic.

A chance acquaintance — the bunco man.

The Rise of Silas Lapham — in the morning.

FOR HIS HEALTH.

Policeman.—"Well, Mr. Soaker, seems t' me yer up early this mornin'."

Mr. Soaker (whose wife refused to open the door last night).—"Yesh (hic); doctor 'divised me (hic) t'drink pure fresh (hic) milk every mornin'. I'm waitin' (hic) for the milkman."

—Puck.

WHAT MAMMA SAID.

"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family.

"Yes, Bobby," responded the minister, pleasantly.

"Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another."

—N. Y. Times.