JOLLY WAVE OF A "TACITURN" RACE.

New York's German Clubs Have Very Queer Ideas and No End of Fun.

A very long time ago, possibly as far back as the days of that continental old prevaricator, Sir John Mandeville, there got into literature and the minds of men a certain fixed delusion that the Germans were a slow, solemn, philosophic race, with no particular sense of humor and fond of nothing but beer, lucubrations and stories. It is wonderful how a misconception like that will cling when it once gets fairly implanted. Every person who has ever been in Germany or among the Germans in this country knows this notion to be a national slander, and still I suppose it was widely spread and generally believed so ever.

The Germans a taciturn race, eh! Go into one of their cafes on the war side some night and see. The hubbub of voices that issues is almost appalling. Everybody is talking, everybody is laughing. There is more genuine mirth and merriment than in any Parisian cafe-chantant. Philosophic, eh! They go home for one jolly night in a night from most of the rest of the week. Why, the Germans are the most sociable, talkative, life-enjoying, merry-hearted, good-natured and singing happy lot of people in the metropolis.

There is scarcely a German resident of New York, who is of normal temperament and any degree of prosperity, who doesn't belong to at least one organization of a jolly sort. It will be odd if he doesn't belong to at least three or four. In the winter season these clubs make the German quarter merry with nightly meetings, causes and dinners. Social science is the center of German amusement. Drop over there some night if you want to see the phlegmatic race raising old Nick.

The social club is the great institution of German social enjoyment, and I suppose there must be 2,000 or 3,000 such clubs in New York city. Most of them are never heard of, because they meet at members' houses or in quiet cafes. Sometimes they have the spacious rooms. There is one called the "Gemeinschaft" or Pilot association, the members of which are pledged to pilot one another home after meetings. There is the "Die Wasserregel" or Water Rules, so called because its members never touch water. There is the "Bonbonniere" or Bonbon Dispensers, of which the members, it is hardly necessary to say, are not at all penurious. There are the "Suppenkoeche" or "Sauphoeme," the "Rapp-Dapp" or Cookie Rolls, the "Oehsenbroche" or Bullrings, the "Verein der Chronisch Unentwohnten" or Company of Chronic Malcontents, the "Schlaff Gartele" or Idlebandit Guard, and so on.

A very well known dramatic club is called Punchelldepp, from a character in Fritz Reuter's "Onle Brooder." One singing society is called The Blue Onion, another The Turnip and a third the Pumpnickel. II.

At the meetings of these clubs there is always smoking, something to eat and drink, very likely dancing and always the utmost good feeling. Some of them have very amusing performances. Their membership ranges from 10 to 300 each, and altogether they must have 30,000 on the rolls.—New York Herald.

A Brave Soldier, but Not a Warrior.

"The soldier is always more or less brave," remarked the veteran, "and even when he is not at all inclined to fighting he will, when the target comes, rise superior to himself and do great deeds of valor. It's funny to hear a man you know, who will go right up to a cannon's mouth when it is loaded to the muzzle and a man standing at the vent ready to pull the string, express his feelings when the spent ball is moving like. Once when we were down there before Petersburg, when the shot was tearing up the ground in forty places at once, I was lying in a side corner with a man who had only a few hours before come through a perfect rain of fire, carrying the flag to a point where he could shake it in the enemy's face. We got to talking about war in general and the sort of fighting we had to do.

"If you had your choice, would you have war this way, or out in the open, face to face?

"There only one way I'd have war," he said sharply.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Have it over, and that blamed quick," he replied, and ten minutes after used his own clothing a deal that was like his shoulder strips."—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

Ex-Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, tells this story. He was once talking to an old called gammon when he asked:

"Well, John, what are you doing these days, anyhow?"

"I'm a doctor now, Marse Bob."

"An exhorter you mean."

"Yes, sah, dat's what I'm a-hit."

"I thought you were a preacher. What's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter, John?"

"Difference? Why, a preacher is a preacher is a preacher. Preacher he stick to de text, but de exhorter, he hits all round."—Atlanta Journal.

The Price of King Midas.

If Croesus left the Old World where the worship of lucre was most out of date, he might have been to the valley of the Red river that the cares. But if anything is suggested at all by a study of the Croesus's loss region, it is in the recollection of the fabled river Pactolus, wherein King Midas washed all his power to turn into gold all that he touched. That may well have been the stream that once swelled from side to side of this valley, for truly its sediment retains little less than Midas' power.—Dallas Ranch in Harper's.

Not So Bad After All.

During a discussion between a Brooklyn and English lady and an American gentleman on the respective merits of railway travel in England and America the gentleman spoke of the dangers of travelling on the cars, being liable at any time to be shot up alone in a carriage with some objectionable person.

"And what do you do, if it is not an impertinent question?" said the Englishwoman, "when you are so shot up together against your wills?" asked the American. "Why, we have been so long used to it we generally indorse it and go on with our business."—New York Tribune.

Sudden Relief in Constipation.

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