

funeral. Next morning his chief remarked: "Oh, by the way, somebody called to see you yesterday." "Indeed! did he leave his name?" "Oh, yes! he said he was your father." "And-er-er-what-er-did *you* say?" "Oh, I told him he had better get back as soon as he could, as *you were waiting to bury him!*"

Fainting Ladies.

Hampton Court Chapel was once the scene of a singular epidemic. One Sunday a youthful beauty fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace Seymour carried her out. Next Sunday another young lady was similarly attacked, and Sir Horace, with like gallantry, sprang to her relief. And thus the epidemic went on. On successive Sundays successive youthful beauties fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace carried them successively out, till he got tired of bearing such sweet burdens. An announcement was at last made that all swooning nymphs would be carried out by the officials, whereupon there was no more fainting.

Pot and Kettle.

A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay that, by way of browbeating her, he exclaimed: "Why, woman, there's brass enough in your face to make a kettle!" "And sauce enough in yours," she instantly rejoined, "to fill it."

Geometrical.

"What makes you think the world is round?"

Give me the reason fair!"

"Because so very few are found

Who act upon the square."

A Conblunderum.

A party of gentlemen who were making a pleasure tour through the different watering-places were wont to amuse themselves at the table by relating anecdotes, conundrums, &c. There was one gentleman among them, a Mr. A., who was always greatly delighted at these jokes, and laughed louder than the rest, but who never related anything himself. He was often rallied for this, and he determined one day that the next time he was called upon, he would have something to relate. Meeting one of the waiters, he asked him if he knew any good jokes or conundrums. The waiter told him that he did, and related the following: "It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," telling him at the same time that it was himself. The gentleman bore it in mind, and the next day at dinner he suddenly burst out with, "I've got a conundrum for you!" "Propound it," exclaimed his companions. "It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," said the gentleman, throwing a triumphant glance round the table. "Then it must be yourself," said one of the company. "I've got you now; you are all wrong—it is the waiter!"

Those Printers Again.

A Reverend Bishop, having referred, in a speech at some diocesan function, to his "younger and rasher days," the local papers reported him as having deplored "his younger and *masher* days." These printers, by the way, seem to be rather rough upon the Episcopacy; for, not long ago, in a certain learned historical work, the Bishop of Cremona, became, in the hands of a frivolous compositor, the Bishop of *Cremonne*!

"Old Q."

The Marquis of Queensbury, familiarly known as Old Q., and noted for his eccentricity, had an insuperable objec-

tion to leaving town, even when "the season" was over. "London's very empty, my lord," remarked a friend, during one of these periods. "Yes," chuckled Old Q., "but it's not so empty as the country!"

Politeness.

A rough fellow, meeting a gentleman on a narrow pavement, remarked that he never gave the wall to blackguards. "Oh, I always do!" replied the gentleman, taking the outer side, and passing on.

His Proper Place.

"I live in my charmer's eyes," said a fop to Colman. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "for I observed she had a *stye* in them when I saw her last.

Iser and Weser.

The Bard of Hope and a kindred spirit, after a festive evening, found themselves performing involuntary evolutions in the gutter. "It is not *I*, sir, but *we*, sir, rolling rapidly," hiccuped his friend, rounding on the bard with a "familiar quotation" from his works.

Ifs and Ands.

"If 'ifs' and 'ands,' were pots and pans."—OLD PROVERB.

If you were Queen of England
 And I—the deuce knows who,
 We could not sit together,
 And talk about the weather,
 Our tears in silence mingle, and
 Such other daft things do—
 If you were Queen of England,
 And I the deuce knows who.

If I were poor old Darby,
And you were poor old Joan,
Ah, should we sigh and spoon still,
And gaze on stars and moon still,
Or pass each shining star by
And let the moon alone—
If I were poor old Darby,
And you were poor old Joan.

If I were in the tropics,
And you the frigid zone,
I burning and you freezing
(Predicament unpleasing),
Should we of tender topics
Discourse by telephone—
If I were in the tropics,
And you the frigid zone?

Were I a "Dresden" shepherd,
And you a shepherdess,
They'd stick us on a mantel,
All ebon and Queen Anne tile
(No Philistinian step heard)
In "utter" dreariness—
Were I a "Dresden" shepherd,
And you a shepherdess.

But since we're man and woman
Of the nineteenth centuree,
Quite commonplace and prosy
With prospects none too rosy
And both distinctly human,
Let's drop this poesie—
Since we are man and woman
Of the nineteenth centuree.

Too Much Theory.

"Look here, what do you mean by sending me in this bill a second time? Why, I paid it a month ago, and have a receipt for it!" "Hum! Ah! Yes, I see. I'm very sorry. The fact is, we've lately had in an accountant, and this is some of our new book-keeping by double entry."

Friends in Need.

"Consider my boy," said the Sunday-school teacher, "if your father and mother should forsake you, who would take you up?" "The police," promptly responded the young urchin.

Pro Bono Publico.

"I understand that Borer has gone South for the rest of the winter." "Yes, and for the rest of everybody else too!"

Served Him Right.

"Well and what's the matter with *you*?" asked the great Abernethy, of seedy biscuit celebrity. "Oh, doctor, I feel *such* a pain when I go like this!" sighed the patient, drawing a long breath. "What a confounded fool you must be to do it then!" commented Abernethy.

Che Sara, Sara.

One night, Sarah Bernhardt was announced to appear at a certain English theatre; but she was suffering from a cold, and refused to perform. The audience grew threatening—the manager urgently persuasive. "But I could not even make myself heard!" protested the actress. (Renewed uproar from the audience.) "Never mind, Madame—only *show* yourself!" entreated the manager. "I am an *artist*, not an *exhibition*!" proudly retorted Sarah.

Old Mother Hubbard.

A SERMON A LA MODE.

Brethren, the words of my text are—

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone ;
 But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and attempt to apply it to our every-day life.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone.

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old ; there being no mention of others, we may presume that she was alone ; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair ? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands ? No ! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice ; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely, and now we further see that she was poor. For mark, the words are “*the* cupboard.” Not “one of the cupboards,” or the “right-hand cupboard,” or the “left-hand cupboard,” or the one above, or the one below, but just *the* cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard ? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attribute of wealth ? IT WAS TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE ! Not only was the poor widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wist-

fully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

“When she got there!” You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leanings to the right nor falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told, *she got there.*

And how was her noble effort rewarded?

“The cupboard was bare!” It was bare. There were to be found neither apples, nor oranges, nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, or even a refreshment-stall sandwich, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, “The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit.” Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. “The poor dog had

none." And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, her poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Ah, no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story many lessons; and, bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And, oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones.

Goods and Chattels.

The unpopular German favourite of one of the Georges was one day the object of a hostile demonstration of unusual severity. "I come for all your *goods!*" cried she, in deprecation, popping her head out of the carriage window. "Yes, and *our chattels too*—and be dashed to you!" growled a burly citizen in the crowd.

Habet!

Son: "Papa, how do you catch lunatics?" Cynical Father: "With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy." Mamma (musingly): "Yes, I remember, that's how I dressed before we were married."

Chestnuts!

One day, Bubb Doddington fell asleep after dinner, and was reproached by Lord Cobham, who was one of the party; upon which Doddington offered to prove that he had not been asleep, by repeating all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do this, and Doddington repeated

a story which Cobham admitted he had been telling. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about that time of day you would tell that story."

Consolation.

Dying Master: "Ah Sambo, I'm going a long, long journey."
Negro coachman: "Nebber mind, massa, him all down hill."

Much Ado About Nothing.

A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned the child to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one suddenly exclaimed, "Ma, you told me to say nothing about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't any!"

How the Land Lies.

In a case concerning the limits of certain land, the counsel on one side having remarked, with explanatory emphasis, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and counsel on the other side having interposed with equal vehemence, "We lie on this side my lord," the Lord Chancellor leaned backwards and dryly observed, "If you lie on both sides, which am I to believe?"

Excessive Punishment.

A man who stole a kiss from a pretty girl was fined by a magistrate, horsewhipped by her brother, and hurried into a brain fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in a sermon, the local editor took sides with the clergyman, and reviewed the case in print, and the caterpillars ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat crop.

Settling the Question.

"Steward," said a passenger on board a steamer, one morning, while at breakfast, handing across the table a cup containing some dark, muddy-looking liquid, "what is that?" "I think it's tea, sir," replied the steward, after a hasty inspection. "Oh, very well," rejoined the traveller; "then take it away, and if it's tea bring me coffee, and if it's coffee bring me tea!"

With Pleasure!

New arrival: "Will you pass the butter, please?" Old Hand: "Every time. Haven't intercepted it for four months. You'll pass it too when you get acquainted with it."

Know Thyself.

That Prime Minister had a proper sense of his own deserts, who gave as his reason for not promoting merit, "that merit did not promote him."

Didn't see It.

Gentleman to Yokel: "Well, Jean, did you give the Marquis my note?" "Yes, sir; but it's no use writing letters to him; he can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat!" "Blind!" "Yes, sir; blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time!"

How to get there.

"I was once," says Mr. Laurence Oliphant, "in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder and feeling that the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me, 'It is getting very hot down here. How far

do you think it is to the infernal regions?' 'I don't know exactly,' he replied; 'but, if you let go, you will be there in two minutes!'"

Nature and Art.

"Oh Kate, *do* look at those splendid flowers; aren't they lovely?" "Oh, yes, Amy; I never saw such beauties—almost like artificial."

The Champion Puzzle.

They thought more of the Legion of Honour in the time of the first Napoleon than they do now. The Emperor, it is said, one day met an old one-armed soldier, and asked him where he lost his arm? "Sire, at Austerlitz." "And were you not decorated?" "No, sire." "Then here is my own cross for you; I make you *chevalier*." "Your Majesty names me *chevalier* because I have lost one arm! What would your Majesty have done if I had lost both?" "Oh, in that case I should have made you *officier* of the Legion." Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword, and cut off his other arm. Now there is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, *how did he do it?*

Yes or No?

Captain: "Is there no cargo for this boat?" "Yes, sir." "Then what is the boat waiting for?" "The cargo, sir!"

A Perfect Cure.

A woman cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home, and whispering through the key-hole, "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open, and a revolver under his pillow.

Principle and Interest.

It was Sheridan who said to the tailor that asked him for at least the interest of his bill, "It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

Would Rather Not.

"Will you have a piece of my pie, Mr. Robinson?" "Did the doctor say I must?" asked the invalid, meekly. And the landlady refused to answer.

The Baker's Dozen.

Sir John Millais relates that, when a student at the Royal Academy, he would be told off daily by the other students to get their luncheons. He had to collect from forty to fifty pence, and go with this sum to a neighbouring baker's to buy as many buns with it. But, says Sir John, "*I had an eye to business even in those days*, for I had a commission on the transaction, and got my own bun for nothing. Not only so," he added, "but the baker often made it a bath bun—value twopence."

A Square Deal.

One Mr. Fitch advertised in all the New York papers, that any one who would enclose him a dollar, should receive in reply the most positive information as to how he could avoid the military draft. He received over six hundred letters in a week, dollars duly enclosed, anxiously demanding the "guaranteed information." To all of which he replied, "Enlist without delay in the nearest volunteer regiment.—A. Fitch." It was a square transaction all round, and the police had to let Mr. Fitch slide.

A Natural Question.

Major Brereton, notorious for his constant devotion to gaming, one day met Sheridan, whom he had not seen for a long time. "How are you, Major; how have you been going on of late?" said the wit. "I have had a great misfortune; I have lost Mrs. Brereton." "How did you lose her," enquired Sheridan, "at hazard or quinze?"

Parental Advice.

The younger Sheridan when a candidate for Parliament, declared that, if elected, he should label his forehead, "To be let," and should side with the party that made him the best offer. "Quite right, Tom," said his father, "but don't forget to add the word *unfurnished*."

Counsel's Opinion.

Not long ago an eminent special pleader was at the theatre, seeing the play of *Macbeth*. In the scene where Macbeth, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" they answer "A *deed* without a *name*." "Why, then," remarked the learned gentleman, to a friend at his elbow, "it's void."

"Childlike and Bland."

"Passengers in this 'bus will do well to look after their pockets," said a London policeman, at the door of a crowded omnibus; "there are two members of the 'swell mob' in here." "If that's the case," said a nervous man in a white choker, who looked like a clergyman, "I will get out; I cannot risk my reputation in such company." "And I," said a respectable-looking gentleman, with gold-headed cane and spectacles, "have too much money about me to stand the chances of being robbed." And so they alighted. Then the policeman said, "Drive on, they've both got out."

An Inquiring Mind.

Mrs. Hayseed (at big city hotel): "They is awfully attentive at this tavern, ain't they?" Mr. Hayseed: "Yes, siree; they're bound to give us the worth of our money, I guess. Them errand boys has been in a dozen times in the last half-hour to see if we wanted anything. What are you working at there, Marier?" Mrs. Hayseed: "I've been tryin' fer the last half-hour ter see what this ere button in the wall is for."

An Object of Pity.

Little boy (in front of the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions): "Ma, oh, ma! Just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any."

Not to be thought of.

"Why, Colman," said the first gentleman in Europe one day, "you must be older than I am?" "Oh no, sir, I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness!"

Climbing Down.

De Quincey says—If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon the downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

Good for Evil.

"Don't drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have." "Yes, I know; but then we are commanded in Scripture to love our enemies."

Experientia Docet.

Somebody was saying that the captain of a certain steamer knew every rock in the Channel. Upon which somebody else remarked, that it wasn't the captain's fault if he didn't, as he had touched them all.

The Sex's Weakness.

A Detroit man was pushing an iron lawn-roller around a lawn, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence, watched him for a while, and then called out, "Say, mister, what are you pushing that around for?" "To roll the lawn," he answered. "What do you want to roll the lawn for?" "To make it level." "What do you want to make it level for?" "That's what I was ordered to do," he answered, as he wiped his brow. "But what did they order you to do it for?" "Why, they think a smooth lawn looks the best, I suppose." "Why do they think a smooth lawn looks the best?" she persisted. "I haven't time to talk," he said, as he started off again. "Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted. "Go'n ask the boss!" he yelled. "Why should I go'n ask the boss?" she screamed. He disappeared behind the house to get rid of her, and, after waiting five minutes for him to re-appear, she slowly sauntered off, muttering, "Some folks are so smart and stuck-up that you can't get within a mile of 'em unless you blaze all over with diamonds."—*Colé's Fun Doctor.*

Something with It.

Scene—a picnic. "Have a tomato, Bob?" "No, thanks; don't care for 'em raw, and when I eat a tomato I like to have something with it." "Well, I'm having ants with it."

Let Well Alone.

A woman applied to a magistrate for a summons against a neighbour. "She called me a thief, your worship. Can't I

make her prove it?" "No doubt you could," said the magistrate, "but I think you had better not."

No—"Thank You."

"Won't you have some beans, Charlie?" "No." "No what?" "No *beans*." But he gave him beans all the same.

What—Never!

"Ralph," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till I stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," said the boy.

Not caught with Chaff.

Mrs. Makeshift (trying to get on the right side of her boarders): "And, do you know, ladies and gentlemen, in Madagascar it is the astounding custom never to serve chickens until they are seven years old?" The star boarder: "Why, I never knew until now that you were a native of Madagascar, Mrs. Makeshift."

Too Far Apart.

A certain judge called a prisoner a scoundrel. "Sir," said the criminal, "I am not so great a scoundrel as your honour—takes me to be." "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

After Turner.

Two artists were spread out on their backs on Beachy Head, dreamily gazing upward. "That's a fine sky!" presently remarked one. "A crib from Turner, my dear boy! A crib from Turner!"

A Little too Fast.

I knew he was agent for something, so as soon as he knocked at the door I opened it quickly and said—

“No, sir, I don’t want any patent window fasteners or reversible button-hooks or flexible mosquito bars or coal-sifters; my wood-shed is full of them, and I have also a full line of Wilson’s can-opener and car-coupling combined, so you will please vamoose.”

“But,” he answered, “that’s not what I came in for; do you know——”

“Yes, I know that I don’t need any gilt-edged stove-hooks or indestructible lamp chimneys, or balm for the complexion, or remedy for chapped hands, or anything else, save the quiet and rest of the grave. And, moreover, if you insist upon selling me anything, there will be a sickening calamity here.”

“Let me tell you that——”

“Not by any means; I am aware that Prof. Windpump’s eye-glasses are better than any other, but my yard is full of them; I have about three thousand patent smoothing irons, and the cellar is heaped with mosquito bars; if you will take the advice of one who wishes to avoid bloodshed, you will climb the fence with astonishing rapidity.”

“Your house is——”

“Yes, I know it is; it always has been; it is now provided with Smith’s burglar alarm, is insured in four companies, and has everything necessary in it except something to eat. You can’t tell me anything about my house that I don’t know, and in the meantime you will find a more salubrious climate on the other side of the fence.”

“Well, I guess I’ll go; I merely stepped in to tell you that your house is on fire.”

As I sat in the ashes of my residence that evening and pondered on the thushness of the that, the conviction gradually forced itself upon me that I was a bigger fool than nature intended me to be.—*Cole’s Fun Doctor.*

Analogy.

In a certain family a pair of twins made their appearance. Now whenever a rather prolific cat of the household had kittens, the prettiest were saved and the rest drowned. So when the twins were shown to their little four-year-old sister, she looked at them earnestly, and at length, putting her little finger tip on the cheek of one of them, said, "Papa, I think we'll save this one."

That Did It.

He had been walking up and down the room with the baby for two hours. "John," said his wife, from under the bed-clothes, "you don't look very well of late. I'm afraid you don't get exercise enough." John laid the baby in the crib with its feet on the pillow, and went to sleep.

Quite Resigned.

In these times of base adulteration, the old toper is willing to die that he may go to the land of pure spirits, for it is impossible for him to purchase the article here at any price.

Dry Rot.

A clergyman on his way to church one Sunday was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry, he exclaimed, rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry!" "Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."

Room for More.

After Santa Claus had put a cabinet organ, a sealskin jacket, a tea-gown, a box of gloves, and a Webster's unabridged dictionary in a Chicago girl's stocking, and saw that it wasn't half full, he was seen to climb out on to the roof, sit down in the snow, and weep bitterly.

Animal Painting.

An American farmer, on reading that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for five thousand dollars, remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal ; but, if Rosa didn't charge more than ten dollars, he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. His economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself, and save his ten dollars. The indications are that the bull will be painted.

Queer Candles.

"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Jones to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir ; do you know, they burnt to the middle, and would *burn no longer.*" "You surprise me ; what, sir, do they go out?" "No, sir, they *burn shorter!*"

Lively.

The following was posted on the door of Ludlow Church some time back : "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, E. Grub, parish-clerk."

In a Glass House.

One night during the run of *The Serious Family* at the Haymarket, the late William Brough met Mr. Barnett, the reputed author, who had adapted it from the French, in the lobby of the theatre. After the usual salutations, Brough remarked, in his kindly way, "How well the 'Family' is going to-night." "Yes," added Barnett ; "and what an infamous thing—this play is having an extraordinary run in New York, and the managers don't pay me a penny in fees !"

Brough gave a sly glance at the friend who stood beside them, and sympathetically replied, "It is too bad—it's just like the managers; but, by-the-by, it's having a great run in Paris, too, at this moment,—I saw it at the Gymnase last week. Do they pay you for it there?"

Convincing.

"My Lord," said the prisoner on trial for murder, as he rose to his feet pale and trembling, and holding up a copy of a "process"-illustrated daily, "do I look like the portrait of me they give in this paper?" "Well, prisoner, there *is* a certain resemblance," critically observed the judge, "though I am bound to remark——" "Then there is no use going any further with this case, my lord," groaned the victim, sinking back in the dock—"I am guilty."

Quite Another Thing.

"Yes," meditatively observed the captain, puffing his cheroot, "tiger-hunting is a grand sport, a very grand sport, so long as you hunt the tiger; but it's not quite so grand when the tiger takes to hunt you."

An Ample Apology.

An American newspaper inserted the following retraction:—"Amende honourable.—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of Chestnut Street Theatre, is *no-thing*."

Something in That.

One night little Binks didn't look where he was going, and fouled a post. "I wish that thing were in the infernal regions," he cried, staggering from the recoil. "Oh, I wouldn't wish it there," remarked Charles, his friend, "you might run against it again, you know."

Wrinkles.

“Oliver Cromwell’s skull! Why, they showed me Oliver Cromwell’s skull at Lord Dash’s, in Blankshire.” “Oh yes, sir; but this is the skull of Oliver Cromwell when a boy.”

“And have you the club with which Captain Cook was killed?” “Oh, yes; you’ll find it just over there.” “Ah, I felt sure you *would* have it.” “Why?” “Because they have it at the other show.”

Scene—Greenwich Hospital. Visitor (to old pensioner, who has shown him round): “And now what am I to give you?” “Oh, there is no charge—we leave it to your honour’s generosity.” “But I have no generosity!”

A Verse.

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sometimes writes on Julia’s eyes:
She likes a verse—but, cruel whim,
She still appears averse to him.

Unreasonable.

He was a new arrival, and complained that the towel was a dirty one to wipe on. “Well I never,” cried the astonished landlord, “fifty of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first to grumble!”

And she would, too.

“The cutlet is cold again, dear. Now what would you do if I scolded just a little?” “Make it hot for you, darling.”

Proof Positive.

“John, I am sure I can’t make out where that boy got his temper from; I am certain he didn’t get it from me.” “No, Mary, that’s clear; for you still have yours.”

Patience its own Reward.

It was a Sunday, and it was raining as it never does rain but in the vicinity of merchant shipping on the first day of the week. The docks boasted a little church, which hoisted the Union Jack, in token that services, chiefly for sailors, were held there. The clergyman happened to be rather later than usual this Sunday morning. Hurriedly bidding the drier wait till service was over, he entered the building—to find himself alone. But he was a zealous man, so resolved to wait a little while on the off chance of somebody turning up. Presently a very wet man walked slowly in, and seated himself on one of the back benches.

Now, the parson was not only a zealous but a conscientious man, and he resolved that, though he had but one solitary unit instead of a congregation, he would go through the service to the bitter end for that unit’s benefit—at least, as long as the unit would stand it—and did it. At the end, touched probably by the patient endurance of his auditor, he condescended to address him personally, telling him that, since the “inclemency” of the weather had prevented the usual attendance, he would forego the sermon.

This, however, his hearer begged him not to do, and expressed a great desire to hear it. So, pleased with this evidence of intelligence, he took the victim at his word, and let him have it. The text chosen duly blossomed into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and lastly; “in conclusion” was followed by “one word more,” and still that unit sat on undismayed. After it was all over, the preacher came down and shook hands with him, thanking him warmly for his attention, his gratifica-

tion being somewhat diminished when he discovered the enraptured listener to be his cabman, the sum total of whose "half-crown an hour for waiting" had been materially augmented by the length of the worthy divine's discourse.

Barber-ous.

When a barber talks too much (and when does he not?) his stories are likely to be illustrated with cuts.

Only More So.

"Girls, it's a solemn thing to be married." "Yes, Auntie dear, but it's good deal more solemn not to be."

How's this, Mr. Stanley?

"Obey orders if you break owners." Why cert'nly. But just look here. A German was being tried for the murder of a rowdy Irishman—a nuisance to everybody—whom he had unluckily killed in a brawl. Jury consisted of eleven determined looking countrymen of deceased, and one German. A zealous young lawyer for the defence "got at" the one German, and promised him a thousand dollars for a verdict of manslaughter. That was his cue, and that he must stick to—manslaughter was the word. Verdict accordingly, after prolonged discussion. Money surreptitiously, but cheerfully handed over, and young lawyer jubilant. "Bravo! You must have had an awful time, getting those eleven Irishmen to agree to manslaughter!" "Awful time! Vell, I should joost zay I had; dey vas all for acquittal!"

"Shocking."

At most railway stations and exhibitions there are automatic machines which supply photographic portraits of celebrities. A matronly lady, taking one of these machines for the new con-

trivance for taking photographs of which she had heard, duly put "a penny in the slot," and then, posing herself before the machine awaited the result. But, alas, when she opened the drawer and drew out the photograph, the figure that met her astonished gaze was that of a "lady" acrobat, in full professional costume!

Gone!

Some years ago, at an auction-room in a town in Cornwall, a sale was being held. A large estate in the neighbourhood was under the hammer. The usual number of the broker and agent fraternity were present, playing the usual game. But there was also a bidder present who seemed likely to spoil it. This was a stranger—a shabby looking old gentleman in leather breeches, who persistently out-bade them. What was to be done? Heads were laid together, and a plot hatched to get rid of him. By the conditions of sale, a certain percentage of the purchase-money must be paid down, *if required*, failing which, the lot to be put up again. So the wink was tipped to the auctioneer, and the estate knocked down—at an absurdly low figure—to the obnoxious bidder. "Now, sir, as you are a perfect stranger, I must ask you to pay the stated percentage, amounting in this case to fifteen hundred pounds. I am very sorry, but I am afraid I can't take a cheque." "Oh, never mind," coolly replied the old gentleman, pulling out a well-worn purse of the same material as his breeches, and drawing therefrom a rouleau of notes, "If you please I'd rather pay the whole sum, in cash." Dead silence, followed by a loud clamour to begin all over again. But the thing couldn't be done. The sale was perfectly legal, and Leather-breeches claimed his bargain. The last word had been said—"going, going, GONE!"

"Thru for Him."

Pat is smoking a "dhry pipe" by his cabin fire. Neighbour Mike pops in his head. "Whisht, Moike; what ish't ye're

after now?" "Och nothing!" "Come in, thin, ye spalpeen, and ye'll foind it in the jhar where the whisky was!"

The Right Tack.

"Doctor, I came to ask you if there is no remedy for somnambulism." "Do you really walk in your sleep?" "Yes, I have been a somnambulist for the last two years." "Oh! that can be cured. Just take this prescription to an ironmonger's." "An ironmonger's! You mean a druggist's, don't you, doctor?" "No; I mean just what I say. This prescription is for a parcel of carpet-tacks. Take two tea-spoonfuls before bed time and scatter them on the floor. Five shillings, please."

That beat the Baker.

Baker: "Good morning, madam; can I serve you with anything to-day?" Young Housekeeper: "I should like to have a dozen nice sweetbreads, newly baked, if you please, Mr. Baker."

Domestic Medicine.

He had always been faddy about his health, so he one day bought a copy of "Buchan's Domestic Medicine." He hadn't read very far, when, planting himself before a looking-glass and watching the dilation of his optics, he soon became convinced that he had every symptom of ophthalmia. After this, to take on tic-doloureux and slide into sciatica was comparatively easy. Once launched on the fateful path, his power of acquiring diseases knew no bounds. Whooping-cough, measles, teething, cholera morbus, St. Vitus's dance, painter's cholic, housemaid's knee and Russian influenza set in with fearful rapidity; and before long he was suffering from every complaint in the calendar. So, sitting down, he began, as well as his racking pains would allow, to copy out the prescriptions for each. Page after page was thrown off; it was a

work of time, but at last it was done. Calling a cab, he drove to the nearest chemist's, and, after a well-spent hour or two, returned with the medicines. He rushed upstairs, leaving the cab at the door, and prepared for the fray. But, good heavens! he had forgotten which complaint had seized him first and in what order the others had followed and didn't know which remedy to begin on. Happy thought! Mix them all up in a quart pot. But at the sight of the ghastly compound his courage failed him. He sank, gasping, in a chair. At this juncture somebody tapped at the door. It was the cabman, tired of waiting and impatient for his fare. Not knowing what he did, he handed him the quart pot. The man raised it to his lips, and took a long pull——

In the scene that ensued our friend got "something to cry about;" and next day was looking up the remedies for bruises and contusions.

Just so!

The preacher was not up to Rowland Hill or Spurgeon form, so the congregation were indulging in forty winks. "I do believe," suddenly exclaimed the minister, "that you are all asleep, except that poor idiot up there!" "Yes, parson," remarked the village imbecile thus referred to, "and if I hadn't been an idiot I should have been asleep too."

Too Bad.

Genial Critic: "I saw a capital thing in your magazine the other day." Delighted Author: "Did you, indeed? What was it?" "A pound of butter."

Harmony and Counterpoint.

He (moralizing): "Ah, how much unnecessary discord there is in life. Don't you often think so? And yet——" Fair Pianist: "Thank you; yes." (Shuts the piano with a bang.)

The other Way About.

"They say that one swallow does not make a summer," murmured little Binks, passing his hand across his mouth, "but all I can say is, a summer like this makes one swallow." "And teetotal drinks are so beastly expensive," sighed Tunker.

How He was Tried.

"You seem to be in trouble, lad. But cheer up, adversity tries us, remember, and shows up our best qualities." "But adversity didn't try me; it was a judge of assize, and he showed up all my worst qualities."

His Kingly Way.

It was Bluff King Hal, and he wanted Sir Thomas More to take a nasty message to his brother Francis of France. But Sir Thomas didn't like the job, and hinted that it might cost him his head. "Never fear," said the King, "if Francis should cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in London a head shorter." "I am obliged to your Majesty," said Sir Thomas, "but I am afraid that none of their heads would fit my shoulders."

Under the Hammer.

A gentleman having bought a table at an auction did not come to fetch it away. So the auctioneer said he was the most *un-com-for-table* man he ever knocked anything down to.

A Natural Inference.

The Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals had not been that way lately, or the jobmaster would not have had so many lean—fearfully and wonderfully lean—horses

standing outside. "Do you make horses here?" inquired a passer-by. "Make horses? No. Why?" "Oh! only I see you have several frames set up, that's all!"

Enfant Terrible.

A nice little boy one day lugged a wooden pail into the room where his maternal grandmother was sitting, and respectfully requested her to kick it. "Kick it! Why should I kick it?" asked the old lady. "Oh, I heard papa say yesterday that he had been waiting a long time for you to kick the bucket, so I thought I would ask you to do it." And papa, who sat on the other side of the room, felt a choking sensation, and when he tried to explain, the maternal grandmother was gone.

A Moving Spectacle.

Scarce a sound was heard, not a word was spoke,
As a van down a back-way hurried;
Some tenants were bolting, hard up or "stone broke,"
And looking confoundedly flurried.

They'd packed up in silence at dead of night,
And, having no thought of returning,
Had nailed up the shutter to keep in the light
Of the paraffin lamp left a-burning.

But just as they'd got all the loading done,
And with the last chair were retiring,
They heard Smith the butcher, that son of a gun,
At the door for his money inquiring.

Sharp and short was the answer I ken,
They told him it gave them much sorrow;
It wasn't convenient to settle just then,
But they'd certainly do so to-morrow.

Slowly and sadly they hurried away
From that snug little house of one story,
Threw the key in the water-butt out of harm's way,
And left it alone in its glory.

Well Out of It.

On one occasion Charles Dickens was upholding the theory that whatever strait we may be in there is always something to be thankful for; in proof of which, he told the following story:—"Two men were to be hanged at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll; the convicts were pinioned; the procession was formed; it advanced to the fatal beam; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sightseers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women and children, in front of the scaffold; when, just at that second of time, a bull which was being driven to Smithfield, broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns; whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, 'I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd.'"

Her Own.

They stood beneath the stars, and, silent as the heart-beats of the night, looked far away into the diamond-studded shirt-front of the sky. "Is that Mars?" he whispered, as he slipped his arm around her waist and gazed upon a glittering orb in that distant blue. "No, it isn't," she exclaimed, jerking herself away; "it's mine; and if you think you are embracing mother you are mistaken."

Did His Best.

A youngster who was guilty of some offence, was told by his father to go into the next room and prepare himself for a

severe flogging. The parent took his horsewhip into the room and there found the youngster with an immense hump on his back. "What on earth have you got on your back?" asked the wondering sire. "A leather apron," replied John, "three double. You told me to prepare myself for a severe flogging, and I fancy I've done the best I could."

Homœopathy.

With all his power of creating mirth and provoking laughter in others, Liston, the famous comedian, was, when at home, the dullest man imaginable, and a prey to low spirits, which frequently threatened his reason. By the advice of his wife, he went to the celebrated Abernethy, so well known for the *brusquerie* of his manner. Liston was ushered into the surgeon's room, and was received with a slight bow by the old cur, who was unacquainted with the name or person of his visitor. "Sit down, sir. What ails you?" said the doctor. Liston stated his complaint with gravity and deliberation. "Is that all?" inquired Abernethy. "There's nothing the matter with you. Low spirits! Pooh! pooh! Go to Covent Garden to-night and see Liston perform: if that has no effect, go again to-morrow; that will do it. Two doses of Liston will restore a melancholy madman. There—go." The actor tipped his guinea and made a theatrical exit.

Good Dog.

As Spintext one day, in the mansion of prayer,
Was declaiming a sermon he'd stolen from Blair,
A large mastiff dog began barking aloud;
"Turn him out," cried the doctor, enraged, to the crowd.
"And why?" answered one; "in my humble belief
He's an excellent dog, for he barks at a thief."

Sugg-cinct.

The conversation happening to turn on the improvements in gas-lighting, the burner of a certain well-known patentee was mentioned. "Ah, *that* was an idea!" exclaimed one. "Say rather, a *Sugg-estion*!" corrected another.

"Never Mind the Why or Wherefore."

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well—
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

Not a Free Pardon.

A dying negro was requested to forgive another darkey. He said: "If I dies, I forgive dat nigga; but if I gits well, dat nigga must take care."

According to Cocker.

An Irish barrister, having lost a cause which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed an able lawyer, and the other two very poor ones, was bantered by a brother counsel. "Who could help losing it," cried the unsuccessful one, "when there were a hundred judges on the bench, and all against me?" "A hundred," said the other, "there were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied the barrister, "but there was a figure of one and two cyphers."

Altered.

"Do you see any difference in our neighbour since he joined the church?" "Oh yes; when he went to work in his garden on Sunday before he joined, he used to carry his tools on his shoulder, whereas he now carries them under his coat."

Take it as You Please.

King Charles the First's jester was one day called upon to say grace in the presence of Archbishop Laud, who was not very popular. "Let great praise be given to God, and little laud to the devil," piously ejaculated the fool.

An Acceptance.

My thanks I'll no longer delay
For the birds which you shot with such skill ;
But though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them brought in his bill !

I mean not, my friend, to complain ;
The matter is certainly right ;
And when bills such as these come again,
I will always accept them at sight !

Paid in Advance.

Bridget : "Shall I lave the hall lamp burnin', ma'am ?"
Mistress : "No. I'm pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home till morning. He kissed me three times before he left and gave me two guineas for a new spring bonnet."

It Never Fails.

An ingenious wife tells her oppressed sister how to come it over the tyrant man. "When I want a nice snug day all to myself," she says, "I tell George dear mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him till one in the morning. Try it."

No Third Person.

In a trial before Baron Martin, a witness was called who interlarded his account of a conversation he had heard with so many "says I" and "says he" that he was hardly intelli-

gible. The counsel, failing to make the witness comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement, the Court took him in hand, with the following result: "My man, tell us exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he——" "No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person." "No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord, only him and me." "Look here, my good fellow—he did not say he had been keeping the pig, he said, 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

"What's in a Name!"

An undergraduate being asked why a certain figure was called a rhombohedron, replied, "Oh, well, you know, *you must call it something!*"

One the Less.

Bruce, the great African traveller, being asked what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia, said, "He thought he had seen several *lyres* there." "Yes," whispered George Selwyn, "and there is *one less* since he left."

Give and Take.

"I never give a kiss," says Prue,
 "To naughty man, for I abhor it."
 She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;
 She'll take one though, and thank you for it.

"Seeing's Believing."

Newton invited a friend to dinner and forgot it. The friend arrived and found the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner was brought up for "one." The friend, without disturbing Newton, sat down and ate it. Newton, recovered from his reverie, looked at the empty dishes, and said, "Well, really, if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined."

Tempest Fudge-it.

(As they say their last "good-bye" a clock strikes 10! 11! 12!) George: "How the hours do fly when you are at my side, dear!" Daisy: "Yes, George; but that's pa in the dining-room, setting the clock!"

On the Free List.

This was how the coloured preacher "improved the occasion" on the theme of Daniel in the lion's den:—"Dere he sot all night long, boys, looking at the show for nothing, and it didn't cost him a cent."

Their Affair.

Seeing his name in the Gazette, a friend hastened to condole with him, and expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "Thanks awfully, my dear fellow," replied the insolvent; "but it is not *I* who am embarrassed, don't you know, it's my creditors."

Slow Time.

Tom (excitedly): "Say, Jerry, your watch is gone." Jerry (feeling leisurely in his pocket): "Well, no matter. It can't go long enough to get far away."

Under Cost Price.

A lady wanted to know whether the linendraper over the way was really "selling under cost price," and whether she was likely to get any bargains there. "I can't say anything as to bargains," was the cautious reply; "but with respect to selling under prime cost, that is simply impossible: for to my certain knowledge he has never paid a single farthing for anything he has in his shop."

Give it a Rest.

"Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me." "There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse; "you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look at my tongue," she persisted; "what does that need?" "That needs rest, too," replied the doctor.

Mot by Her Majesty.

It is said that Queen Victoria, probably on a wet day, asked the great Duke of Wellington what boots he had on. "The people call them 'Wellingtons,' your Majesty," was the reply. "What an absurdity!" exclaimed the Queen: "where, I should like to know, will they find a *pair* of Wellingtons?"

Decoré.

In ancient times—'twas no great loss—
They hung the thief upon the cross:
But now, alas!—I say't with grief—
They hang the cross upon the thief.

Off Duty.

Young Lady: "O, doctor! how do you do? You look quite killing this evening." Young Physician: "Thank you, but I'm not! I'm off duty, you know!"

Of that Ilk.

The McLean was boasting of his family, and said that the clan had lived before the flood. "Well," said his friend, "I never heard of any one of the name of McLean going into the ark." "What, Noah's ark!" retorted the McLean; "who ever heard of a McLean that had not a boat of his own?"

Cause and Effect.

"So poor —, the barrister, is dead," said a judge in the *nisi prius* court, "and I hear that he has left but very few effects." "Not likely that he could leave many," said Lyndhurst, with a knowing look, "when he had so few causes."

Hard Luck.

"Did Jinks pay you the fiver he borrowed?" "No. He offered to toss me double or quits, and I won." "You were lucky." "Can't see it. He now owes me a tenner."

The Ruling Passion.

A few days preceding Curran's death he made a joke of the very illness with which he was suffering. His physician calling one morning, observed that he (Curran) coughed very badly. "That is very strange," said he, "for I have been practising all night."

That English again!

"Waiter, make a good fire at once, for I am awfully wet, and bring me a drink, for I am fearfully dry."

An April Fool.

A daily paper of April 2 says: "The half-crown nailed to the end of a stick driven down between the paving stones in

the street at the crossing of C. and B. streets yesterday, caused a great number of persons to stop and attempt to increase their finances, then start on with a metaphorical flea in each ear, muttering something about April fool. At length a small boy came along, kicked vigorously at the coin, comprehended the situation, and walked off. He soon returned, armed with a pair of blacksmith's pincers, and, seizing the head of the stick with a firm grip, pulled it up boldly and walked off with it in triumph, muttering, *sotto voce*, 'I guess somebody else is fooled this time.' But what is the world coming to? The half-crown was a bad one."

Boetry and Brose.

Charm'd with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaimed with glee,—
"Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
How goot their Athol Boetry must be!"—*Hood.*

A Difficult Task.

"I am here," said a famous French physician, to his class of students, "to teach you the Science of Medicine. Gentlemen, it does not exist!"

A Far Cry.

"Are there any wonderful curiosities to be seen in this region, driver?" "Wonderful curiosities? Well, I should say there were! Why, if you drop a stone down that gorge, and come back in three days' time, you will hear the echo."

Work or Play.

"How much you get one day for this?" asked the Indian of the base-ball player.

Entertaining.

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the owner if he had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other. "Your proposition entertained *me*."

You Bet!

"Here is an article entitled 'The World's Debt to the Jews.' Shall I read it, my dear?" "No, thank you, Maria. It's a chestnut on the face of it. Nearly everybody is in debt to the Jews; we all know that. Here, put this last pawn-ticket with the others."

Given it Up.

"Well, Mary," inquired her old mistress, "and where do you live now?" "Please 'm, I don't live anywhere now 'm. I'm married."

Nautical.

"Can you steer the main-mast down the fore-castle stairs?" asked a sea captain of a new hand. "Yes, sir, I can if you will stand below and coil it up." Captain didn't catechize that man any more.

The Great Panjandrum Himself.

Macklin was once lecturing upon literature and the stage, and in discussing the education of memory, boasted that he could repeat any formula of words after once hearing it. Foote was in the audience, and at once wrote and sent to the stand that rigmarole that has since grown so famous, and which forms the subject of one of the late R. Caldecott's most amusing picture books:—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie; at the same time

a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What; no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." Macklin failed, and so has everybody else that ever tried to repeat it.

Didn't Take.

A budding B.A. at Oxford, meeting a certain don who was suspected of not being quite so orthodox as he might be, asked, "By the bye, Mr. Blank, were you ever vaccinated?" "Yes," was the answer. "When I was a little boy I was vaccinated, and I was also baptized; but neither took."

Very Moving.

It is only with the aid of a strong glass that the street cars can be seen to move.—*Omaha Herald*. It must be poor liquor, then. One glass of some New York whisky will make the cars move in both directions at once, and fast at that.—*New York Paper*.

The Sort She Was Known For.

Tom Hood, on hearing the piety of a very loquacious lady spoken of, said, "Yes, she is well known for her *mag-piety*."

Broad as it's Long.

"Barber," said a farmer to tonsor, "now corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more; for, when corn's down, farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

Proving His Courage.

A nigger, on being charged by his master with being afraid of work, replied, "No, massa, no 'fraid of work; I'll lie down and sleep by it."

Resourceful.

A lady was reading to her five-year-old boy the story of a little fellow, who, having lost his father, set to work to help support his mother and himself. When she had finished she said: "Now, Tommy, if Pa were to die, wouldn't you work to help mamma?" "Why, Ma," said the little fellow, "what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in!" "Oh, yes, my child, but we can't eat the house, you know." "Well, ain't we got plenty of things in the pantry?" "Certainly, my dear, but they will not last long—and what then?" "Well, Ma," said the little incorrigible, "ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?" Ma gave it up.

Shouldn't Wonder.

Maud S. has beaten her own trotting, and the cow Bomba, before she died, beat her own yield of milk. The next *rara avis* will be a hen which shall beat her own eggs.

History.

In the course of conversation at a literary club, allusion was made to a member more remarkable for brilliance than principle given to borrowing money, but above the weakness of returning it. "And yet," said a miserly old member, "I once lent him ten pounds, and he returned it." "Never!" exclaimed one of the listeners. "You—once—lent a man—ten pounds? Why, this is history!" "Not the 'history that repeats itself,' at all events," was the old member's quiet rejoinder.

"'Tis wiser to forget."

"I say, old fellow, what do you think of the cigar I gave you?" "I don't think of it at all. I am trying to forget it."

No Rose without one.

Milton, when blind, married a shrewish wife. A friend, desirous of complimenting the poet on his choice, termed his spouse a rose. "I can't judge of colours," said Milton, "and it may be as you say, for I feel the thorns daily."

Worse than the Disease.

"Do you believe that Dr. Deane was right when he said that poverty is a cure for dyspepsia?" "Probably he was. I'd rather have dyspepsia."

Oh Dear!

"Mamma," anxiously inquired a little miss, "shall I wear my best silk dress in heaven?" "No, my child, dresses will not be worn there." "Well, but Ma, how will they know that I belonged to the best society?"

No Escape.

Minister: "As the air of the church seems chilly, I will ask the sexton to close the doors and windows. . . . My friends, we will now proceed with the collection."

Getting on.

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. Calling at the cottage some little time after, he found only the wife at home. "How's John?" asked he. "He's canny, sir, thank you," said his

wife. "How does he get on with his reading?"—"Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he can read his Bible very comfortably now." "Bible, sir! bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago."

Striking.

A mechanic his labour will often discard,
If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work, tho' it strikes !—*Hood.*

A Clincher.

A couple of children were boasting of their respective relatives, when one of them, a little girl of five years, being hard pressed, reflected a moment and then triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, anyhow, my Aunt Susan can take all her teeth out and put 'em back ag'in, and that's mor'n any of your relations can do!"

Don't you Forget it.

"Matches," said a single young lady one day whilst earnestly discussing the subject of marriage, "matches are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the cool rejoinder of a married lady, her friend, "but they are often *dipped* in the other place."

More than his Share.

"Martha, dost thou love me?" "Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another." "Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought perhaps that thou wast getting more than thy share."

Just what he Wanted.

A gentleman once advertised for a valet who did not mind confinement, and who had lived some time in his last place. He was applied to by a person who had borne confinement in his last place for several years. His last place was in Newgate.

That Man Again!

"Mother doesn't think she can go to the theatre with us to-night, Bertie." "Is that so? But I have three tickets. What shall we do with the third?" "Give it to the man that you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us and save you the trouble."

The Greater and the Less.

Barrett, the landscape painter, had two pets, a cat and her kitten. A friend, seeing two holes in the bottom of his door, asked for what purpose he had made them. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out. "Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly fellow," replied the artist, "how could the big cat get in through the little hole?" "But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?" "Egad," said Barrett, "so she could! I never thought of that."

Bad's the Best.

The other evening, at a concert, an old gentleman was much annoyed by the constant coughing of a lady who sat in the seat behind him. His patience giving out, he turned round and said, severely, "That's a very bad cold of yours, madam;" to which the lady demurely replied, "I know it, sir, and I'm very sorry for it, but it's the best I have." The old gentleman was silenced.

A Victim.

"I've lost my portmanteau ;"
I pity your grief.
"All my sermons are in it ;"
I pity the thief.

Not Quite the Same.

A farmer from the country, going into the Will Office in Doctors' Commons, and observing the large volumes ranged along the wall, inquired if they were all Bibles. "No," replied an attendant, "but they are all *testaments*."

A Fortiori.

That amiable prince, James II., when Duke of York, paid a visit to Milton, and asked him if he did not think his loss of sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles I. The poet answered, if his Highness thought his loss of sight a judgment upon him, he wished to know what he thought of his father's losing his head.

A Dreadful Injury.

Scene : A Parisian Theatre—house crowded. A woman falls from the gallery into the pit. Asked if she has sustained any injury, she answers, "I should think so : I have lost the best seat in the middle of the front row."

Retaliation.

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often." "Well, what did she do on those occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir." (Great laughter, and verdict for the lady.)

Race-y.

"Good morning, Sam. Fine day for the Race!" "Beautiful. What Race?" "The Human Race.—Ta, ta!"

"Oh! Lovely Woman."

One: "How dreadfully ill-fitting all Miss Dowdy's things are." Another: "Yes. She'll need to have apoplexy before she gets a fit."

Another Conundrum.

Host (to Editor of comic paper): "Do you ever get any good things from the outside public?" "Oh, yes, frequently." Rival Wit: "Then why do you never insert them?"

A Broad Hint.

"Uncle," said a youth, who thought that his guardian was rather sparing of his "tips," "is the Queen's head still on the sovereign?" "Of course it is, you stupid fellow. Why do you ask?" "Because it is such a length of time since I saw one."

Not a Crack Shot.

A Kansas farmer bought his wife a revolver, and made her practise at a target, so that she might be able to defend the house in his absence. After the bullet was dug out of his leg, and the cow buried, he said he guessed she'd better shoot with an axe.

What he was Driving at.

A witness was cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant. "You drive a wagon?" asked the counsel for the other side. "No, sir, I do not." "Why, my man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir,

I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?" "No, sir." "What is your occupation, then?" "I drive a horse, sir."

A Rub from Raphael.

Two cardinals objected that the Divine Raphael, in one of his pictures, had put too much red in the countenances of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. "Nay, my lords," explained the artist, "I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the Church so badly governed."

?

That little wasp, Pope, who was diminutive in stature and deformed, sneering at the supposed ignorance of a young man, asked him if he knew what a note of interrogation was. "Yes," said he, "it is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

A Secondary Consideration.

An explorer was recounting the sufferings of his party in crossing an uninhabited country, and said that at last, when they were all on the point of dying from thirst, one of them found at the bottom of a wagon a bottle of whisky, and their lives were saved. "Are there then no springs or streams of water in that country?" asked one of the audience. "Oh, yes!" was the reply; "but you don't suppose that people dying of thirst have time to think of cleanliness, do you?"

For Better or Worse.

"You may say what you please of him," expostulated Tunker, "but you never in your life saw him the worse for drink!" "No," drawled little Binks, "but I've often seen him very much the better!"

Over Nice.

An English farmer's wife, who, some time ago, found that a party of Baptists had performed the inaugural ceremony of their sect on her premises, exclaimed indignantly, "Drat the creatures! I'll teach them to leave all their nasty sins in my pond!"

Long Winded.

This was Henry Clay's reply to a wordy member of Congress, who remarked that he (Clay) spoke only for the present generation, while he (the member) spoke for posterity. "Yes, sir, and it seems as if you are determined to speak until your audience arrives!"

Sunday Art.

A little boy was drawing pictures on his slate one Sunday, when his father, who was a clergyman, gravely reminded him that it was the Sabbath. "I know it, Pa," said the little fellow, "and so I'm drawing clergymen and churches."

Clothed in Wickedness.

Said the Q.C. to the countryman, "You in the smock-frock, how much are you paid for lying?" "Less than you are, unfortunately," said the countryman to the Q.C., "or you would be in a smock-frock too."

That Puzzled the Quaker.

A quaker having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, the clergyman duly asked for his fee, which he said was a crown. The quaker replied that if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved that this was the right fee, he would pay it, upon which the clergyman turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4, where it is written, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."

"Thou art right," replied the quaker. "Solomon was a wise man; here is thy money, which thou hast well and truly earned."

Those Boys!

A fond mother in Valparaiso, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to a friend's in the country, so that they might escape it. In a few days' time, she received a note from the friend, saying, "Take your boys away, and send along the earthquake."

It Might Have Been Worse.

"What's *that?*" peevishly cried the worried editor, to a stranger who had handed in a suspicious-looking document. "Well, the fact is, it's a warrant." "Oh, all right," said the editor, with a sigh of relief; "you may leave it. I was afraid it was Spring Poetry."

Startling Transposition.

There was to be a confirmation at M——, and the Bishop was staying at the house of a gentleman where the men-servants were a butler, a very young footman, and a page, commonly called "the boy." The Bishop, before church, went into the library to write some letters; and when he had written them, he rang the bell, which was answered by the youthful footman, in a great state of nervousness, as he was going to be confirmed by his lordship. The Bishop benignly asked, "Can any one take these letters down to the post this morning?" To which the footman, in a very solemn tone of voice, replied, instead of "the boy, my lord," "the lord, my boy!"

How He Won.

Tom and Dick were disputing about religion; when Tom offered to bet Dick that he could not repeat the Lord's

prayer. "Done!" cried Dick, and at once rattled off the Thirty-nine Articles. "Well," said Tom, "I've lost, that's certain. I really didn't think you could do it!"

Penance.

To the Church I once went,
But I grieved and I sorrow'd;
For the season was Lent,
And the sermon was borrow'd.

Screwy.

Jones had been dining out, and as he lolled helpless in a chair, Mrs. Jones, who had just put one side of her hair in curl papers, regarded the sinner fixedly, and exclaimed, "You're drunk, Jones!" Jones smiled feebly and replied, "My dear, you are half screwed." Mrs. J. caught sight of the joke in the looking-glass just in time to save a faint.

Hops.

"Do you ever have any 'hops' in Maidstone?" asked a London belle, who was dressing for a ball, of a country cousin from Kent. "Oh yes, lots," was the reply; "Pa has forty acres of 'em."

Flattering.

He was very bashful—so was she. As they approached the fair one's domicile, she said, beseechingly, "Zekyl, *please* don't tell anybody you beau'd me home." "Sary," said he, "don't you mind; I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

She wanted Tone.

"I wonder you don't have your daughter taught singing!" "Well, you see she's so very delicate." "Oh, then you should have her taught on the tonic sol-fa system!"

A Twister.

A deformed gentleman, on his arrival at a provincial town, was asked what place he had come from. "*Straight* from London," was the reply. "Then," said the inquirer, "you must have got terribly twisted on the road."

"Ta-ra-ra! Ta-ra-ra!"

He was an American, and owned about the smartest trotter in the U-nited States, you bet. One day he was taking an English friend for a drive. "Very pleasant," remarked the Britisher, as they flew past a number of white objects; "but we're not allowed to drive through the cemeteries in England." "Whew!" whistled the Yankee; "guess those stones we're passing are *mile*-stones, not *grave*-stones!"

Elastic.

"Gentlemen," concluded the candidate, "them's my sentiments; and I assure you they are the sentiments of an honest man. But, gentlemen, if they don't suit you, they kin be altered!"

Carving and Gilding.

The dining-room was splendid, the dinner indifferent. "For my part," remarked one of the guests, "I had rather have seen less gilding and more carving."

A Case of Real Distress.

We pity him, who friendless and alone,
Sits down in some poor eating-house to dine
On Christmas Day, uncared for and unknown,
No kindred ties about him to entwine.

We pity him whose Christmas hearth is bare,
 Whose wife and hungry children round him cling;
 Whom bitter poverty forbids to share
 The joys that Christmas to all else doth bring.

We pity the poor sailor, forced to roam,
 Who spends his Christmas on the trackless sea;
 We pity all, to whom the joys of home
 Hard fate that day denies, whoe'er they be.

But oh, what pity e'er can reach his fate
 Who has agreed to dine—the rash unwary 'un—
 On Christmas Day with one whom he too late
 Finds a teetotaler and a vegetarian!

Wine and Wits.

“I resort to wine to stimulate my wits,” said the young spendthrift to the old one. “Ah,” replied the veteran, “that is the way I began, but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine.”

The Pilgrim's Progress.

One day a quaker called upon Bunyan in gaol, with what he professed to be a message from the Lord. “After searching for thee,” said he, “in half the gaols of England, I am glad to have found thee at last.” “If the Lord sent thee,” said Bunyan, “you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me, for He knows that I have been in Bedford Gaol these seven years past.”

Suppressio Veri.

Plaintiff to Witness: “Small thanks to you for what you said in this case.” Witness to Plaintiff: “Ah! but just think of what I didn't say.”

Mathematically Exact.

A Cambridge professor was invited to call on a friend in London, an address being given him in a certain square. Some time afterwards the professor was asked by his friend why he had not been to see him, and his answer was, "I did come, but there was some mistake; you told me you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram; so I went away again."

A Temperance Story.

Once upon a Time a very Good and Pious Person saw a Bibulous Man coming out of a Saloon in a State of Mild and Melancholy Intoxication. "Oh! my Friend," cried the Pious Person, "I am very, very Sorry to see you coming out of such a Place." "Is that so?" replied the Bibulous Man in a Thick and Tearful Voice. "Well, I will go right Back Again." And he Did.

It Comes Pat.

Quite a number of jokes begin with the words, "AN IRISHMAN." Here are a few:—

An Irishman, in passing through the streets, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," said he, "I'll have nothing to do with you; I lost three shillings by one like you only yesterday."

An Irishman was once bound over to keep the peace towards all Her Majesty's subjects. So he left the court exclaiming, "Well, then, Heaven help the first furrener I meet."

An Irishman, being assured that by using a certain stove he would save half the quantity of coal, exclaimed, "Be jabers thin, I'll have two, and save the whole lot!"

An Irishman, gazing at Niagara Falls with a somewhat dissatisfied air, inquired what there was to make such a fuss about. "Why," said his friend, "look at that mighty stream pouring over into the depths below." "And sure thin," remarked Pat, "what is there to hinder it?"

An Irishman, conversing with another at a time when the Armstrong Gun was making a sensation, asked, "Pat, howiver do they make them cannons without a jine?" "Arrah! sure, it's aisy to undershtand ye wor rared in a bog! Doesn't iverybody know that they get a round hole an' pour a lot ov iron round it!"

An Irishman was charged with stealing a door-mat. "Sure, yer Honour," was his defence, when brought before the magistrate, "it said 'Welcome' on it, in letthers as long as your ar-r-m."

"Handsomely Rewarded."

An editor having been robbed of his six-shooter, advertised that if the thief would return it he would give him the contents, and no questions asked.

Opinions Differ.

A lunatic, confined in an asylum for life, being asked how he came there, answered, "By a dispute. The world said I was mad, and I said that the world was mad, and they carried it against me."

The Polite Letter Writer.

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his piggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson,

and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'pigs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

How Indeed?

"I suppose you have heard that old Boosey is dead?"
"No! what did he die of?" "Water round the heart."
"You don't say so! However did it get there?"

Good Again!

Said the communicative passenger, "I have a wife and six children in New York, and have never seen *one* of them."—
"How on earth can that be?" asked the other, in surprise.
"Why, one of them was born after I had left the city!"

Bootless Guesses.

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, and asked his friends to guess how he came by them. Many guesses, more or less probable, were made. "No," said Sheridan at last, "none of you have hit it, nor ever will. I bought them, and paid for them!"

A Friend in Need.

A landlord called upon a tenant for his rent, and remarking how greatly the value of his property had been increased by the additions and alterations paid for by the tenant, said to him: "I am thinking of raising your rent." "Well," replied the tenant, "I am glad to hear that, as I have great difficulty in raising it myself."—*Funny Stories, by P. T. Barnum.*

Making a Noise About It.

Hearing the loud report of a gun from the castle, an old body from the country inquired, as she walked down Princes Street, Edinburgh, what the sound was. "Oh, I suppose it's just sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed the old woman, "mercy me! does the sun gae doon here wi' a bang like that?"

Taking Stock.

A few years ago, at a Chancellor of the Exchequer's dinner on the Queen's birthday, the chairman of one of the Revenue Boards, after tasting the soup, asked the Governor of the Bank of England, who happened to be sitting next to him at the table, "What is this?" "Deferred Stock, I suspect," was the reply.

Poor Old Lady.

"Grandmother," said Ike, seriously, to Mrs. Partington, "have you heard the report that the Prince of Wales's baby hasn't all its fingers on one hand, and that both its legs are not right?" "Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Then how could he ever wield the spectre of the realm, or walk as he ought to do?" Ike, however, pretended not to hear the remark, but began clipping the cat's whiskers, and grinning to think that his grandmother did not see that nobody has all his fingers on one hand, nor anybody two right legs.

All the Same.

Poet: "Does it make any difference if I write on both sides of the paper?" Editor: "Was it not you who recently sent me a poem entitled 'Gentle Spring'?" Poet (flattered): "Yes, yes!" Editor: "Then it does not make the slightest difference. Good day!"

Mutual Admiration.

One day Lord Eldon passing a famous beauty exclaimed, "What a lovely woman!" "What an excellent judge!" was the comment of the lady, who had overheard the remark.

The Quaker's View.

"This is the way to York, is it not?" said the traveller, who had lost his way on the moors. To which the quaker replied, "Friend, first thou tellest me a lie, and then thou askest a question."

Thoroughbred.

"Are these pure canaries?" asked a young gentleman, who was negotiating a gift for his fair one. "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidentially; "I raised them 'ere birds from canary seed."

Down on Him.

"Don't you think my moustache becoming?" inquired a youthful dandy of his partner in the dance. "Well," replied the fair one, "it may be coming, but it certainly hasn't arrived yet."

Taking the Cake.

The Bishop of Worcester was travelling through Banbury by rail. As the train drew up at the station, he beckoned to a boy, and inquired the price of the celebrated cakes. "Threepence each, sir," said the boy. Handing him a sixpence the bishop desired him to bring one to the carriage, adding, "And with the other threepence, buy one for yourself." The boy shortly returned, complacently munching his Banbury, and handing threepence change to the bishop, exclaimed, "There was only one left, guv'nor."

Up went the Price.

"How is this?" exclaimed His Majesty George the First, to the Dutch innkeeper. "A hundred florins! Eggs must be very scarce in these parts." "Pardon me, your majesty; eggs are plentiful, but kings are scarce."

Old Enough Now.

A puritan preacher rebuked a young girl who had just been making her hair into ringlets. "Ah," said he, "had God intended your locks to be curled, He would have curled them for you." "When I was an infant," replied the damsel, "He did; but now I am grown up, He thinks I am able to do it myself."

Rule of Contrary.

"Ma, you send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and make me get up when I am sleepy," complained little Tommy.

Skipped It.

"I was badly bitten by flies in every country in Europe except Belgium." "Have they no flies there?" "Don't know, I'm sure. I didn't go there."

Army and Navy.

Charles Mathews, in proposing the toast of the Army and Navy at his farewell banquet, said, "I have never been in the army, though I have been in many a mess; and the only chance I ever had of joining the navy was once when I had a narrow escape of getting into the Fleet!"

Not Bad, at a Pinch.

Bishop Hughes of New York, many years since, landed at Liverpool, and passing through the Custom House, was told

that he must pay five shillings for a bottle of snuff which he had with him. "Why should I pay five shillings?" asked the clerical snuff-taker. "For Her Majesty the Queen," was the officer's reply. "I should like to give Her Majesty a pinch!" said the bishop, quietly.—*Funny Stories, by P. T. Barnum.*

Sweet Simplicity.

A country girl coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. "No, indeed," was the simple reply, "that wasn't his name."

More Light.

Showman: "The blue light is the sky, the green light is the battle-field, and the red light is Blucher's army advancing to the relief of Wellington." Small Boy: "Please, sir, what's the yellow light?" Showman: "There ain't no yaller light." Small Boy: "Please, sir, there is—a big one." Showman: "Stand aside, my little man, and let's have a look— *Fee-rusalem!* the bloomin' show's afire!"

Not in the Vein.

A society wit was much disconcerted when the little daughter of the house brought him the hostess's message. "Please Mr. —, Mamma's compliments, and she would feel much obliged if you would begin to be funny."

On the Nail.

A schoolboy, going out of the playground without leave, one of the masters called after him, and inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a halfpenny," replied the youngster.

How He Prospered.

"That fellow," observed a man on 'change, pointing to a seedy-looking individual, "came to London a quarter of a century ago, bought a basket, and started rag-picking. What do you think he is worth now?" "Can't say, I'm sure. How much?" "Not a cent—and he still owes for the basket."

The One Thing Needful.

Wordsworth on one occasion told Lamb that Shakspeare was much overrated, and expressed an opinion that he could, if he had a mind, write as well. "But then you see," said Lamb, in relating the conversation, "he had *not* the mind."

Better than None.

"May I be married, mamma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen. "Married," said the astonished mother; "for what reason?" "Why, ma, the children have never seen a wedding; I think a marriage might please them."

He Wanted a Start.

It was a bad case of highway robbery, at the close of the assizes. The Chief Baron summed up dead against the prisoner, but the jury acquitted him. So said his lordship, "Mr. Sheriff, is there any other indictment against this innocent man?" "No, my lord." "Then you'll greatly oblige me if you don't let him out until I have had half an hour's start of him."

More Idiots.

A certain Dissenting minister was much annoyed while preaching by persons talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in chapel. In the early part of my

ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused, and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me, 'Sir, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reprov'd is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." There was good order during the rest of *that* service.

How's That, Umpire ?

An Eton boy, who was more disposed to cricket than to "Lemprière," one day manifested an intense anxiety to answer the question, "Name the three Graces." On yielding to the young gentleman's pertinacity, the master received the following eager answer: "E. M. Grace, W. G. Grace, and G. F. Grace."

Tell This to the Marines.

There are plenty of 'em at Dover, where he was spending the vacation, and lost a scarf-pin on the cliffs. He was what Mr. Squeers called "a educator of youth," and some years after obtained an appointment at that very seaport. One day, when he was demonstrating on the blackboard for the edification of the school, the chalk that he was using seemed somewhat scratchy. So he looked at it more closely, and found, imbedded therein, the identical article of jewellery that he had lost in the days long ago.

His Mark.

"What's this?" asked the teacher, pointing to the letter X. "Father's name." "No, no; look again." "Well, I tell you it is. I ought to know, I've often seen him write it."

With a Difference.

The Turk and the man who steps on an orange-peel have much in common. For instance, they both sit down without calling for a chair. The motions of the Turk, however, lack energy and enterprise as compared with those of the man who uses the orange-peel.

Cloven.

When he returned to his seat in the theatre and said he had just stepped out to see some one, she gravely responded, "It must have been the Evil One;" and when the young man asked if she saw the cloven foot, she turned up her pretty nose and said, "No, but I smell the cloven breath."

Getting Out of It.

Question asked: "Which are the greater and which the lesser prophets?" Answer given: "Oh, I shouldn't like to say- I never care to make invidious distinctions."

Can't do It.

Young lady, at the piano, is vocally reiterating, "What are the wild waves saying?" Cynical youth (gloomily): "It's no use. She can never find out." Charles (his friend): "Why not, old fellow?" "Because she can't reach the high C."

I Bale-ieve You.

The other day a man very much intoxicated was sent to prison. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend. "Bale him out," exclaimed the other; "why you could not pump him out."

Shut Up.

"I am waiting, my darling, for thee," he warbled; and yet, when the old man threw up his window, and assured him that "he'd be down in a minute," he lost his grip on the melody, and went out of the waiting business.

A Legal Tender.

The witty man of the Middle Temple students said at a City chop house, "I won't pay for steaks as tough as these; no law can compel me; they're not legal tender."

Any Excuse.

The late John Bright, when President of the Board of Trade, was dining with a well-known citizen of Cottonopolis, and the conversation turned on the growth and development of America. "I should like," said the host, an enthusiastic admirer of the great Republic, "to come back fifty years after my death to see what a fine country America had become." "I believe you would be glad of any excuse to come back," said Mr. Bright.

Antediluvian.

"Ha! ha! ha! That's a pretty good story, isn't it, Binks?" "Capital." "I told it well, too; didn't I?" "Well, yes; but I think my nurse used to tell it better."

The Hint was taken.

The captain who was chaffed about his baldness, and retorted, in the hearing of the Duke of York, that it was due to junior officers stepping over his head, obtained his promotion quicker than if he had sought the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth.

No Catch.

"I've lost my appetite!" cried a great hearty fellow. "I hope to goodness that no poor man has found it," remarked his friend, "for it would kill him in a week."

It's like this, you know.

"Men may say what they like about the extravagance of women; but a woman will dress on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby." "True. The sum that my wife dresses on keeps *me* looking shabby all the year round."

Taking his Word.

X., who is given to exaggeration, made a statement one evening at table which was so fabulous that he felt himself that he had gone a little too far. Turning to one of the guests who seemed to be smiling slightly, he said, "You don't believe that?" "Oh, yes," replied the other, "I believe it because you say it; but I should not have believed it if I had seen it myself!"

One of Barnum's.

In one of my journeys from London to Liverpool an Englishman sitting next to me in the railway car was bragging that he didn't know a single word in any language except the English.

"That language is good enough for me," he said.

"Oh, but you understand some French," I remarked.

"Not a word, thank Heaven."

"I will bet you a half-a-crown that you can give a correct translation of a French sentence."

"I will take the bet, but you are sure to lose."

We put our coins into the hands of a fellow-passenger. I then asked him what was the meaning of *Je ne sais pas*?

"I don't know," he answered emphatically.

"That is right," I said, "you have given it exactly."

"Given what exactly?" he inquired.

"Why, the meaning in English of the French words, *Je ne sais pas*, is exactly what you say, 'I don't know.'"

The Englishman looked rather indignant at first, but soon laughed and said, "Oh, that is one of your Yankee tricks, I suppose."—*Funny Stories*, by P. T. Barnum.

Wear and Tear.

He was a stern parent, who believed in Solomon's precept about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Noticing that one of his boys was in need of a new pair of trousers, he reproved him for wearing out his clothes so fast. "Pa," mildly observed the lad, "no trousers can last long the way you hit."

Fair Game.

"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot round here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here. But our schoolmaster is just over the hill, cutting birch-rods. You might walk up and pop him over."

"For this Relief."

Fond Mamma: Mr. Editor, my daughter has written a long and beautiful poem, 'On an Old, Old Tree,' and——"
Mr. Editor: "Phew! I thought perhaps she'd written it on paper, and brought it here. I'm so glad. Good morning."

Near Enough.

"Magna est veritas, et prevail-a-bit," and "Experientia does it," are popular methods of quoting two Latin proverbs by those who have never bothered themselves about false quantities or the niceties of translation.

The Noble Art.

"Now, sir, I mean to handle your witnesses without gloves," said a counsel, whose witnesses had met with rather severe treatment from the other side. "Indeed—that's more than I should like to do with yours!" smilingly retorted his learned friend.

A Quid pro Quo.

Scene—Stall at Fancy Fair. Gentleman asks presiding goddess for cup of tea. "How much is it?" "Sixpence: but" (touching the cup with her lips) "*now* it's a sovereign." Gentleman quietly pays the sovereign. "And now, if you please, be good enough to give me a clean cup."

Superfluous.

Foote, being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scrapper* at the door was sufficient.

The Company's Share.

"Why," asked the passenger, who had paid his one dollar ten cents fare—"why do you put the ten cents in a separate pocket?" "The company must have something, mustn't it?" explained the conductor.

The End and the Means.

A countryman travelling for the first time on one of the London tramways, and wishing to get out, gave a vigorous pull at the bell strap extending along the centre of the car, and the result was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing at both ends for?" exclaimed the irritated conductor. "Because I wish the thing to stop at both ends," replied the rustic.

Spun from Fact.

Mr. Cobb has married Miss Webb. He knew that they were meant to be joined as soon as he spied her.

A Bunch of Berries.

A certain famous comedian had long dealt with a tradesman named Berry, who, on one occasion, was a little premature in sending in his account. So the actor called on him, and thus eased his mind: "I say, here's a pretty *null*, Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you need not look *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry; and I sha'n't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry!"—(*Sometimes told of Charles Mathews, sometimes of Keeley.*)

Dead Language.

A man who pretended to have seen a ghost, was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said? I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

"Time!"

The learned counsel was annoyed at being interrupted, so warmly exclaimed, "I shall speak, sir, as long as I please." "You have already spoken, sir, longer than you please," retorted the other side.

Ambiguous.

A daily paper contained the following advertisement: "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the Channel in an oak case with carved legs." Probably it was the piano's legs that were carved, not the lady's.

Church and Steeple.

Encore Curran. He was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a colleague a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

A Cow and a Bull.

It is said that an absent-minded professor, in going out of the gateway of his cottage, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment, he raised his hat, and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street; in sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

English Verse.

Somebody asked Victor Hugo if he could write English poetry. "Certainement," replied the author; and, sitting down, delivered himself of the following:—

"Pour chasser le spleen,
J'entrai dans un inn,
O mais je bus le gin,
God save the Queen!"

Too Hard for Him.

A collier's wife one day entered a bookseller's shop in Sunderland, and requested the proprietor to change a dictionary her son had bought on the previous Saturday, "for an easier one!" She said it was too full of hard words for her son to learn, but if she could get an easier one it might suit him.

As for herself, she said, she never had any need for such a thing, and she wondered why people made books so hard that nobody could read them!

A Nashty One!

Beau Nash, the King of Bath, was noted for never mentioning his father. Dr. Cheyne used to declare he never had one. The Duchess of Marlborough one day said he was like Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. "No, your grace," he replied; "I never mention my father in this company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he might have some reason to be ashamed of me." And he bowed all round.

All Right There.

Doctor: "Well, my little man, and how is your father today? Is his appetite good?" Small Son of the house: "I don't know about his appetite, sir, but his *drinkatite's* as good as ever!"

Oh, Indeed!

A gentleman who follows the profession of school-teaching gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of *The Merchant of Venice* in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head."—"Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless it means he carried his papers in his hat."

Change and Rest.

He was a famous American wit, and, on his leaving the hotel, the landlord begged him to write "something characteristic" in the visitors' book. And he wrote, "I came here for a little change and rest. The waiter got the change, and the landlord got the rest."

Undertaken-in.

A common juryman applied to Mr. Justice Hannen, who was presiding at the Glamorganshire Assizes, for permission to be excused from attending as a juror on the following day. "Upon what grounds?" asked his lordship. "Oh, my lord, I am extremely desirous of being able to attend a funeral to-morrow, and cannot do so unless your lordship gives me permission to be absent," replied the applicant. Mr. Justice Hannen, anxious to oblige the juror upon such an occasion, immediately gave the required permission. Upon leaving the court, his lordship was informed by the Under-Sheriff that the juror who had just obtained a day's leave of absence was an undertaker.

A Shave.

The Mayor of Norwich told his guests at the British Association banquet that a friend of his went into a barber's shop, and the worthy tradesman said, "I don't think much of this Association; nine out of ten don't shave at all, and the others shave themselves."

Not to be Done.

The colonel of a regiment asked a cornet what his father was? He replied, a farmer. "Pity your father did not make you follow his trade." Upon which the cornet asked, "Pray, sir, what is your father?" "A gentleman." "Pity he did not make you one," replied the cornet.

Old Style.

It was in the old days of bribery and corruption, when candidates had to address the crowd from the hustings; and Charles James Fox was the victim. Somebody threw a dead cat at him. "It stinks like a *fox*," cried another. "No, like a *poll-cat*!" retorted the great Whig statesman.

What it Took.

About the year 1801, Mr. I——, a young law student, wrote a tragedy in five acts, founded upon early English history, which was performed without much success. Shortly afterwards he was at an evening party, where a young man of his acquaintance did something which Mr. I—— considered absurd; so he said to him, "That act of yours has made you perfectly ridiculous." "Excuse me, Mr. I——," said the young man, "it takes five acts to make a man perfectly ridiculous."

No Such Luck.

They had been having condensed milk all the long transatlantic voyage, and the little boy was heartily sick of it. "Mamma," he said at last, in a moment of confidence, "I do wish that condensed cow would die."

"Jimmy."

A would-be flatterer who had mistaken his man, said to Mr. Whistler, "I know of but two painters in the world—yourself and Velasquez!" "Why," drawled the gentle maker of enemies, "why drag in Velasquez?"

Another was expatiating on the beauties of some fine scenery through which he had recently passed, and wound up by declaring that it was, in fact, "a succession of Whistlers'." "Yes, Nature's creeping up—she's creeping up!" dryly commented the painter-etcher.

From His Own Lips.

The late Mrs. Jane W—— was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in this instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you

look well able to work." "Yes," replied the supplicant; "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W——, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On returning home she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so."

Good Hearing.

Sheridan, to test the acoustic qualities of a new theatre he had built, desired the carpenter to speak on the stage, while he would go and listen to him from the gallery. "Now then," said Sheridan, when he had ascended. The carpenter responded: "I and my mates have been working here for the last six weeks, and we should like to see the colour of your honour's money!" "That will do," said Sheridan, "the acoustics are perfect."

The Quick and the Dead.

Our Mr. Tompkins, "waiting on" a firm for orders, inquired as to the health of the principal, an old gentleman for whom he professed much solicitude, and was informed that he was dead. On his next visit, some two or three months later, he made the same inquiry. "Oh, *still dead!*" was the reply.

Correct on that Head.

A phrenologist, strolling through a churchyard, perceived a grave-digger tossing up the earth, among which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took one up, and after considering it a little time, said, "Ah, this was the skull of a philosopher." "Very like, sir," said the grave-digger, "for I do see it is somewhat cracked."

A Season Ticket.

A gentleman who frequented a circus, noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him. "My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?" "I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy; "it is a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night." "But why do you come?" "Oh, I can't help it—I must come—I *have a season ticket.*"

Not the K'rect Card.

Tom bought a gallon of spirits to take home, and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jar, quietly remarked, "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

Fresh as Paint.

An elegantly-dressed swell once went into a shop, and, leaning against a pillar, asked, "Have you anything fresh?" "Yes," replied the man at the counter, "the paint you are leaning against is fresh."

Justice or Chief Justice.

A couple of barristers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side." To which the older and warier counsel replied: "Quite true; but what we want is the Chief Justice on our side."

A Cure for the Gout.

Abernethy was once consulted by a gourmand as to the best cure for the gout. "Live upon sixpence a day—and earn it!" was the answer.

Cutting Him Short.

On a certain trial, the counsel for the plaintiff had just risen to state his case, and had got no further than "May it please you, sir, and gentlemen," when he was rudely interrupted by a small juror, whose head was just visible above the box, with, "Cut it short." To him straightway the barrister turned. "Sir, I will cut it short. Sir, I will cut it almost as short as you are." He was not interfered with any more by *that* juror.

Oxford Mixture.

"Do you call yourself a gen'elman?" said an Oxford bargeman to a Christchurch man, who, from the opposite side of the Cherwell, had beaten him to a standstill in slang. "I do," replied the gownsman. "Then I'm blowed if I arn't a lord," exclaimed the bargee.

Not Exactly.

"You say, Pompey, that you took the ham because you are out of work and your family are starving. And yet I understand you have four dogs about the house." "Yes, sah; but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs, sah!"

A "Sensational" Effect.

Jack ashore was enjoying the play from the pit of a seaport theatre, when part of the gallery gave way, and brought down a number of the "gods" with it. Some time afterwards Jack found himself witnessing the same piece at another theatre,

and when they came to that stage of the performance at which the accident had happened, he turned to the gallery and sang out, "Look out, my hearties, you're all a-coming down!"

Making a Living.

A lazy fellow standing by his brother's bench, while the latter was sharpening his chisel, said, "John, why do you work for a living? A fellow with your talents should not degrade himself with manual labour. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Frank, you can work with duller tools than I can."

Nothing of It.

On one occasion, when the late Lord Bishop of Lichfield had spoken of the importance of diligent painstaking preparation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said, "Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon; yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it." The bishop replied, "Ah well, that agrees with what I hear from your people, for they hear the sermon, and they also think nothing of it."

Helping Jim.

A schoolmaster was very partial to one of his pupils, and very severe to another. One day they were both tardy. He called them up on the floor. "James, my boy," said he to the favourite, regretfully, but kindly, "why were you late?" "You see, sir," replied James, "I was asleep, sir, and dreamed I was going to California, and thought the school-bell was the bell of the steamboat." "That will do, my boy," said the teacher, glad of an excuse to shield him; "always tell the truth, my boy. And now, sir," said he to the other, sternly, "where were you?" "You see, sir," said the urchin, candidly, "I was waiting to see Jim off."

A Bad Egg.

The following little story is very neatly told by a provincial paper: "On Friday afternoon a young lady sitting at a front window, tossing in her hand what might have been a ball of white yarn, attracted the attention of a middle-aged man in the street, whose gallantry prompted him to hold up his hands to catch. The interest she displayed in hurling it down to him was no deeper than that he showed in catching it, although, as several who saw the performance charitably remarked, no one could have known that the egg was a bad one."

Size and Value.

"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little personage who was in company with a half-a-dozen huge men, "I protest you are so very small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

Routs!

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called routs! Formerly rout signified the defeat of an army; and when the soldiers were put to flight or to the sword, it was said they were routed." "This term has some propriety now," said a gentleman, "for by these meetings whole families are frequently routed out of house and home."

Changeable Weather.

It was his first visit to Scotland, and it rained. Sometimes it rains at other places, so it didn't trouble him much at first. But after three or four days of it he got unreasonable. So he summoned the waiter. "Does it *always* rain here?" he inquired. "Na, sir, sometimes it snaws." He packed up.

Omen.

If we wish to know who believes in this Latin word, we must get our Latin answer by reading it backwards.

Keeping His Promise.

A gentleman much addicted to drinking often promised to leave off. One day a friend calling on him, was informed by his servant that he was out. "Has he left off drinking yet?" inquired the gentleman. "Oh yes," said the servant; "he has left off two or three times to-day."

Presenting the Plate.

A sub-committee of a school-committee were examining a class in a proprietary school. One of the members undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question:—"If I had a mince-pie, and gave two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should keep half the pie for myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the boys, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the committee-man. "The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. He was excused from answering any more questions.

Recommendation.

The late Sir William Gull's butler was a great character—a small dark man, always white-chokered and dressed in black, with a calm solemn manner. One day, summoned to the street-door by a more than ordinary fierce knock, he found an excited individual just alighted from a cab. "Sir William Gull in?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see him." "Have you an appointment, sir?" "Appointment? No! I'm very ill. I want to see Sir William." "Impossible, sir, without an

appointment." Naughty word emitted by visitor; then—"When can I see him?" "Well, sir"—after consulting paper—"at eleven on Tuesday next." "Tuesday next be hanged! I'm very ill! I tell you I must see some one! Do you know any one near who could see me?" Servant, after cogitation: "Well, sir, there's a gentleman over the way—a very respectable practitioner named Jenner—he might be able to see you."

An Unfair Advantage.

A beaten politician remarked, as the reason for his defeat in a debate, that his opponent happened to state just the only thing which he was not prepared to meet. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "The truth," was the reply.

Theosophy.

Dr. Wilkins had lent Dr. Marshall Hall the well-known book, "Body and Soul," and as it was not returned in due time, he sent this note: "Dear Doctor, do send back my 'Body and Soul;' I cannot exist longer without it." The servant who received the note read it (as servants sometimes will), and horror-stricken rushed into the kitchen, crying, "Cook, I can't live any longer with the doctor!" "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter enough," replied the man; "our master has got Dr. Wilkins's body and soul, and I don't care to stay where there are such goings on!"

A Sailor's Lot.

In a speech on woman's rights, the lady orator exclaimed, "It is well known that Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives!" Another lecturer, going further still, moved that women should be entrusted with commissions in the navy; to which a deep, gruff, nautical voice amongst the audience responded with the observation, that "Lot's wife was an old salt, you know."

Out of the Bag.

A lady, whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, had to get up an impromptu dinner, and was compelled to send to the nearest pastrycook's for some tarts. All went on well until the lady, wishing to show off by pretending not to know what was at her own table, inquired, "John, what are these tarts?" Whereat John innocently replied, "Fourpence apiece, ma'am."

Pertinent.

Sir Edwin Landseer once asked Sydney Smith to sit to him for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" was the reply of the witty divine.

Market Value.

"How some women change their minds," remarks an American paper, "about their husbands. Mrs. Symes was for ever telling hers that he wasn't worth his salt. But when he got killed in a railway collision, she sued the company for five thousand dollars damages."

The Will For the Deed.

Very much indebted customer enters a butcher's shop, remarking, "I'll take a leg of mutton, and I want to pay for it." "All right," replies the butcher, handing forth the meat, which customer takes, and starts to go. "Look here," cries the butcher, "I thought you said you wanted to pay for it." "So I do," was the reply, "but I can't."

'Twixt Eyes and Mouth.

An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain tavern, where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead,

rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to the Friend that "his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do them any good." "I'll tell thee, Friend," said the quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thy eyes would get well again."

Hearing It Grow.

It was once said of a penurious money-lender that he kept the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and lay awake to hear them accumulate interest.

Long Measure.

"It strikes me you have the longest miles in the world," said a pedestrian, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "No," answered the intelligent native, taking his pipe from his mouth, "it isn't the fault of the miles; but, as they were making the road they ran short of mile-stones, so they put only one down for every two miles."

Try it on—an Uncle.

A young neck-or-nothing Oxonian prevailed on his uncle to accompany him for a drive in his dogcart. The old gentleman observed that he was paying his nephew a great compliment; for that was only the fifth time he had ever been in a dogcart in his life. The nephew replied that his horse beat him hollow, for he had never been in one at all before that day.

The Critical Mind.

In the palmy days of the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith happened to call on a colleague whom he found, to his surprise, actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms,

his friend inquired how he managed when performing the critical office? "Oh!" said Sydney, "I never read a book before reviewing it; *it prejudices a man so.*"

The Right Thing to do.

The sermon was on the downward path of a sinner, and the clergyman used the illustration of a ship drifting on the rocks. A Jack Tar who had strolled in became deeply interested. "The waves dash over her!" exclaimed the minister. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her masts are shivered! Her helm is useless! She is driving ashore! There is no hope! What can save her now?"—"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" yelled the excited seaman. (He meant well, but they ran him in for brawling in church all the same.)

Athletics.

"I'm going in for athletics, George." "Don't say so, Old Chappie." "'Bliged to—doctor orders it." "Going to twy Indian clubs?" "No; I fancy I shall twy rolling my own cigarettes."

One Word More.

"Papa, I think you told a fib in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman. "Why, my boy, what do you mean?" asked the father. "You said," continued the child, "'One word more and I have done.' Then you went on and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them; but you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

Impudence.

A certain counsel, in examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and

utter words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them. She replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why, sir," replied she, "if *you* have not *impudence* enough to speak them how can you suppose that *I* have?"

How it Worked.

It had been notified on the placard of a Liverpool morning paper invariably to put the time of day in figures, to secure uniformity. A young and green compositor had departed from the rule once and been admonished by the foreman. He said it should never happen again. The next night a sub-editor, in reading over the proof of an article, inserted the well-known line of a sentimental song, "Meet me in the lane, love, at half-past nine." The proof was passed over to the youngster to correct, and this is how the line appeared the next morning—"Meet me in the lane, love, at 9.30 P.M." There was a vacancy in the office the next day.

Skimming the Cream.

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Dover to Calais, when a storm arose, and the savan seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. "That," observed the wit, "will suit your genius; as for me, you know, I only skim the surface of things."

What to Pray for.

"Mr. Smith," said a witty lawyer to his landlord, a boarding-house keeper, "if a man were to give you a hundred pounds to keep for him and he died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Smith; "I'd pray for another like him."

A Slight Acquaintance.

A certain smatterer in letters, being at a well-known literary club, took it into his head to abuse, with great freedom, all the modern *literati*, observing that there was but very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time afterwards one of our most popular writers came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his friend had been abusing "the moderns." "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," said the author; "he would abuse the ancients too, if he knew their names."

Too Horsey to be Caught.

A witness upon a trial concerning a horse was asked by the counsel for the defendant how plaintiff generally rode. "He pretty generally rides astraddle, sir," replied the witness. "How does he ride in company?" "If he has a good horse, he always keeps up." "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "Really, sir, I cannot say, as I never was in his company when he rode by himself." "You may stand aside, sir."

What to Take.

An old gentleman, who frequented one of the coffee-houses, being unwell, determined to make free with the professional men who attended occasionally, and steal an opinion on his case. Accordingly, seated perchance in the same box with one of the faculty, he inquired what he should take for such a complaint, naming his own. "I'll tell you," replied the doctor, sarcastically, "you should take advice."

P. S.

A striking illustration of the saying that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, was that of a young lady who, having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends

concluded with the following words :—"P.S. You will see by my signature that I am married."

Up with the Lark.

"What makes you get up so late, sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast table about ten o'clock. "Late! Why, father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, sir, for the future, don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast?"

Rival Candidates.

"I would rather vote for the devil than for you," rudely remarked the "free and independent" one to the candidate. "But suppose your friend shouldn't stand," blandly suggested the would-be M.P., "might I then count on your vote and influence?"

One from the Shoulder.

One day Abernethy asked a student what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the cool reply. "True," rejoined Abernethy. "And suppose I should kick you for this impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student; "for I should floor you directly."

The Russell Family.

A gentleman having called a *commissionnaire* to carry a message, asked his name: he said it was Russell. "And pray," said the gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," said the porter, "I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our coats."

Grace Before and After.

A gentleman whose custom was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence he said, "For what we are about to receive, and what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

"The Harmless Necessary Cat."

Tommy: "Are we going to take the cat with us when we go to see grandma next week?" Mrs. Figg: "Of course not: What makes you ask such a foolish question?" Tommy: "'Cause I heard papa tell Mr. Bragg that the mice would have a high old time while the cat was away next week—that's all!"

High and Low.

A naval chaplain who had long been out of the reach of English theological discussion, was eagerly asked on his return home by a partisan whether his floating chapel was High Church or Low Church. "That," said the chaplain, "entirely depends on the tide."

A Neat Way of Putting it.

"Mabel," said Henry, and in spite of his effort to control himself the voice was tremulous, and he spoke with the air of timid desperation which marks the elocution of a man about to ask for the loan of £5; "Mabel, I do not kneel at your feet" (and he wasn't—he was sitting bolt upright on the sofa) "to plead for myself. I come here only to beg you to think of my brother George. He—he loves you dearly, Mabel, and should you refuse his plea, I tremble for the consequences. He is alone in the world, and he wants a sister-in-law. Oh, will you not be one to him?"

A Little too Much.

A cooper out West was complaining of the parsimony of his customers, who persisted in having all their old tubs repaired, as long as they would possibly hold together, instead of buying new ones. "But I stood it," said he, "until one day a fellow brought in an old bunghole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I cut it!"

Insult to Injury.

At a certain West End club, a prominent member ordered some gooseberry fool. When it was brought, he did not like the look of it, so sending for the steward he complained that he had ordered gooseberry fool, and not "that stuff." On which the steward observed, "I can assure you, sir, that this was sent up for a fool."

Sympathy.

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out, with the child by his side, when a friend, accompanied by a greyhound, addressed him. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slight and slim a build, clasped the creature round the neck, with the impassioned cry, "O doggie, doggie! and do you live wi' your uncle, too, that you are so thin?"

A Dry Answer.

"Sir, you are drunk now!" exclaimed an angry creditor, who had often called in vain for his account: "you have wasted your substance in tippling and have turned everything into liquor." "Not exactly," coolly replied the other; "everything except my debts, which I regret, for your sake as well as my own, I see no prospect of being able to *liquidate*."

Domestic Asides ; or, Truth in Parentheses.

“ I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner !)

“ Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels !
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it perhaps, the measles !)

“ Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's ;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels !)

“ What ! little Clara left at home ?
Well, now, I call that shabby :
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby !)

“ And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah ! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy !)

“ Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage ;
You're come, of course, to spend the day !
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage !)

“ What ! must you go ? Next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure ;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure !)

“Good-bye ! good-bye ! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners !
(Now, David, mind, I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners !)”

Thomas Hood.

Wrong side up.

“It’s very strange,” muttered little Binks, picking himself up on his way home, after a night with “The Festive Frolickers,” “it’s very strange ; but when water freezes, it always freezes with the slippery side up !”

Defining the Difference.

“Madame,” said one French gentleman introducing another, “this is the Marquis de ——— ; and I assure you he is not such a fool as he looks.” “Madame,” quietly remarked the Marquis, with a bow, “my friend has just stated the exact difference between himself and me.”

A Regular Man.

Once upon a time a landlord, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said, “Mr. ——— is the most regular customer I have ; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It’s a grand thing being punctual.”

Capped.

Johnson on first coming to Pembroke College, Oxford, was poor, and hardly able to keep up a decent appearance. An acquaintance, meeting him one day, observed, “Why, Johnson, your shoes are ‘capped’?” “Capped,” answered Johnson, promptly ; “well, and why shouldn’t they be?—aren’t they fellows?”

Something to Remember.

"Remember me to your father, there's a good boy," said the minister. "It isn't worth while," replied little Johnny; "I heard him say he would never forget you after that big dinner you put away at our house."

Suitable Attire.

Two sailors seeing the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain climb up the side of his yacht in a marine jacket and trousers, "I think, Jack," said one, "this is the first time one ever saw a *short Chancery suit!*"

For Mercies Received.

One day, at the table of the late Mr. Pease (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality amongst the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy, the Lord's holy name be praised."

That Nice Boy.

"Nice child—very nice child," observed an old gentleman, crossing to the other side of the car and addressing the mother of the boy who had just hit him in the eye with a wad of paper. "How old are you, my son?"

"None of your business," replied the youngster, taking aim at another passenger.

"Fine boy," smiled the old man, as the parent regarded her offspring with pride. "A remarkably fine boy. What is your name, my son?"

"Puddin' and Tame!" shouted the youngster, with a giggle at his own wit.

"I thought so," continued the old man, pleasantly. "If you had given me three guesses at it, that would have been the first one I would have struck on. Now, Puddin', you can blow those things pretty straight, can't you?"

"You bet!" squealed the boy, delighted at the compliment. "See me take that old fellow over there!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the old gentleman, hastily. "Try it on the old woman I was sitting with. She has boys of her own, and she won't mind."

"Can't you hit the lady for the gentleman, Johnny?" asked the fond parent.

Johnny cleverly landed the pellet on the end of the old woman's nose.

But she did mind it, and rising in her wrath soared down on the small boy like a hawk. She put him over the line, reversed him, ran him backwards, till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped him into the lap of the scared mother, with a benediction, whereof the purport was that she'd be back in a moment and skin him alive.

"She didn't seem to like it, Puddin'," smiled the old gentleman, softly. "She's a perfect stranger to me; but I understand she is the matron of an Orphans' Home, and I thought she would like a little fun, but I was mistaken."

And the old man sighed sweetly as he went back to his seat. He was sorry for the poor little boy, but he couldn't help it.—
Colé's Fun Doctor.

Judah.

A discussion about Mr. H. A. Jones's play *Judah* was in progress the other day, and some one was dwelling on the nationality of the hero, Judah Llewellyn. "A Welsh Jew! It's a curious idea, isn't it? I should not have thought such a being existed as a Welsh Jew," some one observed. "I don't

quite see why not," a listener replied. "We often hear of a Scotch Moor, you know!"

Douglas Jerrold.

If all that is told of Jerrold is true, he certainly had more wit than manners. Take the following specimens:—

An acquaintance was once trying to convince him that in some particular matter their interests were identical, and wound up with the phrase, "We row in the same boat." "Perhaps so," remarked Jerrold, "but with what different sculls!"

A would-be musical enthusiast, speaking of a certain air in a new opera, exclaimed, "Oh, it is perfectly enchanting—it carries me away!" "Can anybody whistle it?" asked Jerrold, looking round imploringly on a little circle he was trying to talk to.

"Nature has written 'honest man' on his face," averred a man, speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!" replied Jerrold, "then Nature's pen must have been a very bad one."

A lady, who, though in the Autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its Spring, remarked, "I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn grey. I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary, with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it." "I should be afraid, madam," said Jerrold, "that it is the essence of thyme."

At an evening party a somewhat elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that lady?" "One of the Humane Society, I should think!" replied Jerrold.

"Well, what's going on to-day?" asked a reputed bore, meeting him one day in the street. "*I am!*" exclaimed Jerrold, darting past like lightning.

Sometimes, however, this choice spirit met his match. Once, at the weekly *Punch* dinner, the genial John Leech was being "called over the coals" for some alleged dilatoriness in sending in his sketches. After the editor and one or two others had spoken, Jerrold had his fling. "*Et tu little Brute!*" exclaimed the artist, towering above his diminutive opponent.

Notts so Bad.

Nottingham builders must have faith in their works, for they seem to fancy that a Wesleyan chapel, recently built, will stand for more than a thousand years. They have inclosed in the foundation stone of that edifice some information addressed "To Macaulay's New Zealander, or any other person it may interest, in or about A.D. 2960."

Only Two Faults.

A Dutchman offered a horse for sale. In answer to several questions by a would-be purchaser, the owner said that the animal had but two faults, and these he would not tell until he had been purchased. He was a fine-looking horse, and the man desiring to purchase finally concluded to take him, at the risk of whatever the two faults might be. After he had paid for the horse, he said: "Now what are his faults?" "The first," the Dutchman said, "is, that he is hard to catch." "Oh, I don't mind that," said the purchaser; "I always keep my horses in the stable. What is the next fault?" "That he isn't worth a cuss after he is caught."—*P. T. Barnum's Funny Stories.*

That's So.

"Say, Mister, how far is it to Tunkerville?" "Wal, stranger, kinder depends on the way you go. If you keep along here, I calk'late it's about four mile; but if you jest turn right round, and go straight on, I guess it's nearer four thousand!"

A Gentle Reminder.

The impetuous youth was not getting the best of the dispute, so he lost his temper. But the quaker kept *his*, and that made him mad. "Sir," he cried, "I don't know a bigger fool than you." "Stay, friend," mildly suggested Broadbrim, "thou forgettest thyself."

Taking Her at Her Word.

"My dear boy," said a fond mother, "never defer till tomorrow what you can do to-day." "Then, mother," replied the urchin, "let's eat the plum-pudding to-night."

Not Much of It Left.

A discharged engine-driver gave vent to his feelings by saying that it was about time he went, for the sake of his life. There was nothing left of the railway but two streaks of rust and the right of way.

A Legal Conveyance.

"May it please your honour," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from gaol on a habeas corpus." "Well," said a farmer in an under-tone, who stood at the back of the Court, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a cab at the court-door."

Sibylline.

Some time since two young ladies near Newmarket were bothered by an old gipsy to have their fortunes told, who at length stimulated their curiosity by promising for half-a-crown to show them their future husbands' faces in a pail of water. The water being procured they were told to look. They did so; when, discovering nothing strange, they exclaimed they saw only their own faces. "Well," replied the gipsy, "those will be your husbands' faces, when you are married."

Second Fiddle.

Bobby G. to Mr. S., who is spending the evening: "Won't you show me your fiddle one day, please?" Mr. S.: "Fiddle, Bobby? I have no fiddle." Bobby: "Oh, yes, you have! Papa says you've played second fiddle ever since you got married."

Just his Trade.

An old-fashioned clergyman, named More, was riding on horseback one stormy day, enveloped in a loose cloak of large proportions, and having a broad scarlet collar. By the action of the wind the cloak was tossing about in all directions, when a gentleman rode up on a spirited horse, which shied and almost threw the rider. "That cloak of yours would frighten the devil," said the gentleman. "You don't say so!" replied Mr. More. "Why, that's just my trade."

Litter-all.

A gentleman, who had the marvellous gift of shaping a great many things out of orange peel, was displaying his abilities at a dinner party before Theodore Hook and Mr. Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig. Mr. Hill tried the same feat; and after destroying a dozen oranges, and strewing the table with the peel of them, gave it up, with the

exclamation, "Hang the pig! I can't make him." "Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the mess on the table, "you have done more; instead of one pig, you have made a litter."

The Editor's Dodge.

A good story is told of a man who started a paper in a western town. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a smasher next day. Sure enough his next issue contained the promised smasher, and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man with a club in his hand, who demanded to know if the editor was in. "No, sir," was the reply, "he has stepped out; take a seat and read the papers, he will return in a minute." Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor vamoosed downstairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked him if the editor was in. "Yes, sir," was the quick response; "you will find him upstairs reading a newspaper." The latter on entering the room, with an oath, commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs and pounded each other to their heart's content.—*Cole's Fun Doctor.*

Mislaid.

Some gentlemen of a Bible Association calling upon an old woman to see if she had a Bible, were severely reproved with the spirited reply, "Do you think, gentlemen, that I am a heathen, that you should ask me such a question?" Then addressing a little girl, she said, "Run and fetch the Bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen."

The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble, but she insisted on giving them ocular demonstration. Accordingly, the Bible was brought, nicely covered; and, on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am you have come! Here are my spectacles that I have been looking for these three years, and didn't know where to find 'em!"

Scientifically Classified.

It was the custom of a certain professor to encourage his geology class to collect specimens and bring them into the class for analysis and classification. So, one day a number of specimens were laid upon the table, and among them one which, although disguised by streaks and stains, was neither more nor less than a piece of common brick. In due time the professor comes to the specimens. Taking up one, he says at a glance, "This is a piece of baryta from the Cheshire mines;" holding up another, "this is a piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries; the next is a piece of quartz from Hadam; and this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of this class."

Decidedly.

"You know, sir," remarked a toper to Dr. Johnson, "drinking makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir, if he sat next to me."

A Ladies' Man.

There is a young member of the diplomatic corps in Washington who is disposed to be polite, but who is not always judicious. He was conversing with a lady who combines intellectual and physical graces with a considerable degree of maturity. "I have enjoyed talking to you very much," he said. "It is a pleasure to be in the society of

some who have observed the world." "But, Mr. Brown," she said laughingly, "perhaps I am not so old as I look." "I was always sure of that," he returned.

The Genuine Article.

A youngster who was taken to a toy-bazaar by his doting mamma, was shown a number of articles by the attentive salesman. At last a papier-mâché model of a mouse was produced, and after being wound up by a key was set down upon the floor, where it ran about in the most mouse-like manner imaginable. The youngster's attention was enlisted at once; but the result was not as his mother or the salesman expected, for he shouted, "Oh, mamma, I don't want that; we've got lots of them at home, and don't have to wind 'em up, either."

Not Exactly.

When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with the cry of "Miss Wilberforce *for ever!*" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you; for, really, I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce for ever!*"

Arctic.

George Colman, the younger, was dining at Lord Mulgrave's, when, just before joining the ladies, he was loitering about the picture of Lord Mulgrave's brother locked up in the ice, in the Arctic expedition in which Nelson sailed as a middy. Lord Mulgrave, holding the lamp, said, "What is that my brother has got hold of? Is it a boat-hook?" "No, my lord," said Colman, in his half throttled, witty voice, "it's the North Pole!"

Are You ?

Two gentlemen in evening dress met in the lobby of a theatre. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one asks the other, "Pray, are you the box-keeper?" "No," is the reply; "are you?"

"To Stretch my Legs."

A tall Kentuckian, standing six feet seven inches in his stockings, was riding in an old-fashioned stage coach, which was filled with passengers. His extreme height caused his high knees, whilst he was sitting, to knock against the passenger opposite whenever the coach passed over a rough part of the road. After suffering in this way for twelve hours, and being covered with bruises, the coach having stopped for one of the changes of horses, the victim heard the tall man say:—

"I will get out and stretch my legs a little."

"Don't for Heaven's sake," was the victim's exclamation; "they are quite too long already!"—*P. T. Barnum's Funny Stories.*

Which he Preferred.

Some time since an admirer of the late Lord Derby, having heard of his sufferings from gout, sent him a case of white wine as a present, with the intimation that if he would drink that and forsake all other, he would never more be troubled with it. The Earl having tasted the wine, returned it, saying, "I've tried both, and I'd rather have the gout."

Excuse and Explanation.

On the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Rome, Count Herbert Bismark pushed rudely against an Italian dignitary who was watching the proceedings at the railway station. The dignitary naturally remonstrated against such

unceremonious treatment; whereupon Count Herbert said, "I don't think you know who I am. I am Count Herbert von Bismark." "That," replied the Italian, bowing politely, "is insufficient as an excuse; as an explanation, it is ample."

Not Irish.

At a meeting of the Hull Town Council an alderman complained of the absence of a certain councillor. "Sir," exclaimed a member, indignantly, "you ought to have made that complaint when he was present."

Wonderful, if True.

A man who liked hot rolls for breakfast, had a very clever dog. Every morning he would put a penny in this dog's mouth, and say, "Baker." The dog would then go to the baker's, place his paws on the counter and present the penny to the proprietor, who, taking the coin, would then place a bag containing a penny roll in the dog's mouth. This the dog would safely carry to his master. One day the dog had, as usual, brought his penny to the baker's counter. The man, in order to see what the dog would do, took a *halfpenny* roll, and, putting it in a bag, placed the latter, as usual, in the dog's mouth. The dog put down the bag on the counter, and went out and fetched a policeman.

Surely!

After a quarrel one friend called at the other's house and saw him coming downstairs. "Not at home, not at home," said he on the stairs. "How can you tell such a lie?" said the visitor. Replied the other, "I've taken your servant's word often enough, it's very odd you won't take mine."

Originality.

“Have you in your album any original poetry?” asked one young lady of another. “No,” was the reply; “but some of my friends have favoured me with original spelling.”

Expletive.

Two judges played cards on circuit. After a very exciting game, one of their lordships called the other “a dashed cheat.” A quarrel ensued, and the matter was referred to the arbitration of a well-known barrister, who ordered the omission of “dashed.”

Not Enough for His Money.

A famous dentist in Newcastle was once requested to use his powers over the decayed tooth of a pitman, which was giving him much pain. Geordie was requested to take a chair, and before he had got well seated the refractory member of his jaw was skilfully drawn, to his great relief and astonishment. “Ah,” exclaimed he, “that wis clivvorly dune! What’s thee chairge?” The dentist replied that his usual fee was above the ordinary means of a working man to pay, and he would merely ask a trifle—perhaps his patient would not think half a crown too much? “Thou’s joking, doctor,” said the pitman: “the last tuith aw had pulled out tuik the man half an hour—and he trailed me aw ower the room afore it gi’ way—and he only chairged a shilling for the job!”

Murder and Treason.

The majesty of justice was fearfully sustained by Lord Eskgrove, the English judge, who, it is related, once sentenced a tailor, for murdering a soldier, in these words, “And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or propel the lethal weapon through his regimental breeches, which were His Majesty’s.”

A Bootless Request.

A coloured bootblack, who kept a small shop, became bankrupt. The next day a gentleman called and asked for his boots, which he had left to be blacked. The bankrupt, hearing his knock at the door, looked out of the second-story window, and said: "I'se bankrupt; but I pays fifty cents on the dollar. Here's one of your boots!" throwing it out of the window.—*P. T. Barnum's Funny Stories.*

"Sometime a Paradox."

"This bread of yours, my dear, is a contradiction of the laws of gravity." "Indeed?" "Yes. It's as heavy as lead, but it won't go down."

Overshooting the Mark.

"Why, when I was your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark," said the Pater. "Then you had a nice sort of a father, you had," retorted the young profligate. Whereupon the Pater vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal!"

Proof.

"Doctor," said the patient, "I've derived very great benefit from that bottle of ale." "Indeed: and do you feel any stronger?" "Oh yes; I couldn't lift it at first; but now I can carry it quite easily."

Different Ways.

An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman; but it's not the way I make my bread."

Very Cool.

A countryman took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other; "I should think there was ice in it."

Force of Habit.

A man in Newcastle, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

A Slow Railway Train.

Artemus Ward addressed the conductor of a train while he was punching his ticket. "Does this railway company," said he, "allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be better to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling after us, getting into the car, and biting a passenger?"

Why Didn't You Say so at First?

During one of the battles in Mexico, a French officer was wounded severely in the thigh, and for four or five days several surgeons were engaged attempting to discover the ball. Their sounding gave him excruciating pain. On the fifth day he could bear it no longer, and cried to the surgeons, "Gentlemen, in Heaven's name, what are you about?" "We are looking for the ball." "Mon Dieu! why didn't you say so at first? It is in my waistcoat-pocket!"

The Seat of the Injury.

A gentleman relating an accident he had met with at Greenwich from a fall, was asked by a sergeant if it was near the *vertebræ* that he had been hurt. "No, sir," was the reply, "it was near the Observatory."

The Singular Part of it.

"Did you read about that young lady being robbed in broad daylight in Regent Street?" "Yes." "Singular, wasn't it?" "What was there singular about it? Such things often happen." "But didn't you read that she had a five pound note in her purse, and that she had just returned from shopping?"

No Telling.

One of the English princesses, when her tutor, a bishop of the Church of England, said to her, "I find that my instructions have made you but little better," replied, "Ah, but, my lord, you do not know how much worse I should have been without them."

Only his Politeness.

Blue Stocking Wife: "What does Shakespeare mean by his frequent use of the phrase 'Go to?'" "Matter-of-fact Husband: "Well, perhaps he thought it wouldn't be polite or proper to finish the sentence."

A Timber Toe.

A naval officer, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had left his leg, had been preferred to the command of a ship. In the heat of the next engagement a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman, thinking he had been wounded again, called out for a surgeon. "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do,"

The Pilgrim of the Mount.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

The shades of night were falling fast
(The day had been too good to last)
As o'er the slippery path he passed
His heel so sore.

He'd come to Cornwall, silly wight,
In nice new boots, which pinched him tight,
And made—it really served him right—
His heel so sore.

The walking wasn't very nice,
But on he went and scorn'd advice,
Observing merely once or twice,
“My heel's so sore!”

He hobbled o'er the rocky ground—
To “do” St. Michael he was bound—
The festive rabbits fool'd around
His heel so sore.

He brought it near with telescope,
And grasp'd the summit of the slope
Then up the turret stairs did grope
His heel so sore.

But when he'd reach'd the topmost stair
And made quite sure that he was there—
The trap was lock'd—it wasn't fair—
His heel so sore.

Then back he went with rapid stride,
He said, “These stones I can't abide,”
(He had to dodge the rising tide
His heel so sore).

The silver moonlight streak'd the sea,
The bats were blinking o'er the lea—
He'd left his boot upon the tree—
His heel so sore.

One for his Nob.

"Is a man and his wife one?" asked the wife of a man in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home very drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

Sherry and Shinbone.

Sheridan, the great wit and orator, was fond of practical jokes, one of which he played off on the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan was in the habit of frequenting Dolly's Chop-house, where he generally called for devilled shinbone of beef. One day, coming in rather later than usual, he was told that the only shinbone in the larder was being cooked for his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Sheridan, who knew the duke's person, though he was not acquainted with him, took a seat within earshot of him, and began a conversation with a friend in a loud tone of voice. "I always imagined," said he, "that Dolly's chop-house was one of the neatest establishments in London, but I made a discovery this morning which has convinced me that I was mistaken." The duke listened very attentively. "As I was passing the kitchen window," continued Sheridan, "I observed a turn-spit boy greedily gnawing a shinbone of beef. Presently one of the cooks ran up to him, and, giving him a blow on the neck, compelled him to drop the prize. 'You dirty little rascal,' said the cook, 'couldn't you find nothing else to eat? Here I've got to cook this bone for the Duke of Devonshire.'" Soon after the conclusion of this tale, a waiter entered the room, and advanced to his Grace

with a covered dish. "Your bone, sir," said he. "Take it away," roared the duke, with great disgust; "I can't touch a morsel of it." "Stay, waiter," said Sheridan, humbly; "bring it to me. If his Grace can't eat it, I can. Fetch me a bottle of claret."

Holding the Mirror.

"I see villain in your face," exclaimed the judge. "May it please your lordship," remarked the prisoner, "that is a personal *reflection*."

'Spect he'd Grown.

A few years ago a fat fellow asked old Sir Francis Burdett, while in Parliament, for some position, saying, "Don't you remember me? I used to be a page." "Well," responded Sir Francis, "you have grown into a volume."

T'other from Which.

They were wonderfully alike, those twin brothers. "Which of you two boys am I speaking to?" asked their mother, meeting one of them; "is it you or your brother?" "Why do you ask?" inquired the prudent lad. "Because if it is your brother, I will box his ears." "It is not my brother, it is I." "Then your brother is wearing your coat, for yours had a hole in it." "No, mother, I am wearing my own coat." "Good heavens!" shrieked the mother, looking at him intently, "you are your brother, after all!"

Jeu d'Esprit.

Mr. Spurgeon on one occasion was much annoyed by three young men persisting in wearing their hats in his chapel. He affected not to notice them, and proceeded to relate a visit he had paid to a Jewish synagogue. "When I entered," he said, "I took off my hat, but was informed that the great mark of

respect was to keep it on. I did so, though I can assure you I felt very strange wearing my hat in a place of worship. And now, as I paid this mark of respect to the synagogue, may I ask those three Jews in the gallery to conform equally to our rules, and kindly uncover their heads?" The young men uncovered.

One of Life's Shadows.

At eight o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for the city, and kindly said to him:—

"William, you know how sadly I need a blue serge dress?"

"Yes, dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress, and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great."

Forty minutes after that he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fishing-rod, bound up the river. In the basket was a chicken, pickles, cake, fruit pie, and a bottle of liquid of a rich colour, and he was just lighting a fourpenny cigar when his wife came along.

"What, you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; I was going to the market. Where are you going? What's in that basket?"

"I was going to carry this fishing-rod round to a friend," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket! Well, I was going to take it to the orphan asylum as a present to the children. It is a gift from six leading citizens."

"William, I don't believe it."

"Sh! Don't talk so loud."

"William, I shall talk louder yet," she exclaimed. "I'll bet you are going fishing."

"Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked.

"I never have. As proof of my sincerity, you can take this basket to the asylum yourself."

"And I'll do it," she promptly replied, as she relieved him of it.

"Mary, hadn't you——"

"No, sir, I hadn't. You'd better be quick with that fishing-rod, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand about in the hot sun."

She left him there. He watched her take the tram for home, and then he returned the fishing-rod, crossed the street, and said to an acquaintance—

"Tom, I'm suffering with neuralgia, and the excursion must be put off till next week. Too bad; but we never can tell what a day may bring forth."

There was chicken and pickles, and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when his wife wished she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and he saw it labelled "Good for little children," that he said—

"Mary, it must be an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded liar."

"It must be," she replied, as she took the other chicken leg.
—*Colé's Fun Doctor.*

Sickening.

"I have brought you this bill until I am fairly sick and tired of it," said a collector to a creditor, upon whom he had called at least forty times. "You are, eh?" coolly rejoined the creditor. "Yes, I am," was the response. "Well, then, you had better not present it again. There will be two of us pleased if you do not, for to tell the truth, I'm sick and tired of seeing that identical bill myself."

Keeping Time.

At one period, at the Court of France, it was the fashion to wear several costly watches, which were more ornamental than useful. One evening a certain nobleman was showing two or three of these expensive trinkets to a visitor, who unfortunately let them fall on the polished floor, where they were smashed to pieces. The guest was profuse in his apologies for his awkwardness; but the nobleman replied, "Say no more, my dear sir! I assure you it's the first time I ever saw them go together!"

Don't all Speak at Once.

The other evening Smith, the funny man, picked from the floor some false hair, and holding it up, asked if any one had lost it. Whereupon the hand of every lady in the party went impulsively to the back of her head. It was really too bad of Smith; but he protests it wasn't *his* fault.

Not a Good Dinner.

An Englishman in Paris went into a *restaurant* to get his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a plate of thin soup. This was very well, and when it was despatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him a vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he; "but it is a Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrowroot. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The bystanders now supposed that they saw an unfortunate individual who had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last

line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks! This was too much; the Englishman paid his bill, and left.

Both of a Mind.

An Irishman, in addition to his duties as gardener, had the care of the furnace which heated the house. To the irritation of the household, there came a morning, bitterly cold, when the furnace gave forth no heat, for the very good reason that, as investigation showed, there remained not one spark or ember in the grate. "Mike," cried the angry paterfamilias, "the furnace fire went out last night!" "So did I, sorr," returned the culprit, serenely.

A Thin Cat.

The skeleton of a cat walked into a butcher's shop. Ryan, seeing her, bawled out, "Mickey, didn't I tell ye a month ago to fade that cat wid a pound of mate a day until ye had her fat?" "You did; and I'm just after fadeing her with a pound." "Has that cat ate a pound this morning?" "Yes, sir." "Shure, I think it's a lie ye're telling. Bring me thim scales. Now bring me that cat." The cat turned the scale at exactly one pound. "There, didn't I tell ye she had eaten a pound of mate this morning?" "All right, my boy; there's the pound of mate; but where the devil's the cat?"—*Cole's Fun Doctor.*

A Widower.

A little girl who had been visiting in the family of a neighbour, hearing them speak of her father being a widower, on her return home asked him, "Pa, are you a widower?" "Yes, my child. Don't you know your mother's dead?" "Why, yes, I knew mother was dead: but you always told me you were a Londoner."

"The Punishment fit the Crime."

Recently a thief of the Mawworm type said to a judge on circuit quite confidently, "My lord, I really assure you I committed the theft in a weak moment; quite indeed against my own will, my lord, quite." "Oh! very well," said his lordship; "it is only right that you should have no cause for complaint. The offence will be met in a proper spirit. As you committed the act against your own will, you will be punished against your own will."

"Sampling."

The dish was a choice one, and the waiter handed a regulation "portion" to a youth who lived not wisely but too well. "If I like this, I'll *have* some," remarked the youth.

O Gemini!

Jerrold one day asserted that he could make a pun upon any given subject. So some one asked him whether he could pun upon the signs of the Zodiac; on which he promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Cancer."

Hear, Hear!

When a man says, "I can hear a noise," it probably never occurs to him that there is nothing in this wide world that anybody can hear *but* a noise.

A Good Prescription.

A lad swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. A doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he could manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note to the lad's father: "Sir,—Don't alarm yourself. If

after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder.—Yours, &c. — P.S. Don't shoot the boy at anybody."

"An old, old Man."

The young lady positively refused to marry the rich old banker, despite the solicitations of her parents. "But why do you refuse him?" persisted her mother. "He is rich, amiable, clever and distinguished; is it merely because he is an old man?" "Oh, Mamma, not merely because he is an old man, but because he has been an old man so many, many years."

National Characteristics.

In company, an English lady, half-jocularly, of course, attributed a very polite readiness for wine to the daughters of Erin. "I believe that in Ireland," she observed, "it is quite customary for a lady, if she only catches the eye of a gentleman earnestly directed to her, at a dinner-table, to say, 'Port, if you please.' Promptitude is the order of the day." "Yes," replied an Irish lady, "the promptitude takes another direction in your country." "How do you mean?" "Why, when an English lady finds a gentleman's eye upon her at table, I understand she averts her countenance, and, blushing, says in her gentlest tone, 'You must ask Papa.'"

"Pieces" with Honour.

Prince Bismark had to confer the Iron Cross on a hero of the rank and file. Thinking to try his humour (which is of the elephantine order) on the man, he said, "I am authorized to offer you, instead of the Cross, a hundred thalers. What do you say?" "What is the Cross worth?" quietly asked the man. "Oh, about three thalers." "Very well then, Highness; I'll take the Cross, and ninety-seven thalers." Which reply so pleased the man of blood and iron that he gave the soldier the Cross and the money too.

“Enough!”

Fellow Citizens!” cried an American candidate for Congress, “I have fought against the Indians! I have often had no bed but the battlefield, and no canopy but the sky! I have marched over the frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood!” His story told well till a dried-up looking voter came to the front. “Did you say you’d fought for the Union?” “Yes,” replied the candidate. “And agin the Ingins?” “Yes—many a time!” “And that you had slept on the ground with only the sky for a kiver?” “Certainly.” “And that your feet bled in marching over the frozen ground?” “That’s *so!*” cried the exultant candidate. “Then I’ll be darned if you ain’t done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I’ll vote for the other fellow!”

He Knew What was What.

Donald: “I’m seeking employment for the vacant laddie’s place.” Master: “We must have a boy who is good at figures, as well as possessing general information. What would twenty-four pounds of salmon at twopence a pound be worth?” Donald: “No’ worth a snuff.” Taken on.

Between Him and the Post.

A letter was posted at a village post-office. It had no postage stamp on it, but in place thereof the following note was written in one corner of the envelope: “Mr. Postmaster, don’t charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn’t stick, so I tore the thing up.”

Reflecting on Him.

An overbearing barrister, endeavouring to browbeat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face. “I never knew till now,” said the witness, “that my face was a looking-glass.”

Going to Court.

A St. Louis lady was asked on a homeward-bound steamer if she had been presented at Court while in London. "Wal, no!" she answered. "I didn't go to Court myself, but my husband did. But he got let off with merely a nominal fine."

A Pleasant Prospect.

"Glad to see you," observed the Cannibal. "Thank you for your kind reception," returned the Missionary. "I think we shall get on together famously." "I hope so," thoughtfully remarked the Cannibal; "your predecessor disagreed with me."

Mindful of His Title.

A French critic, writing of a certain late P.R.A., who had received the customary knighthood, and whose work was characterized by a somewhat insipid smoothness, alluded to him as *ce peintre titré*. (He didn't mean tea-tray.)

The Silent System.

"Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor, within earshot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison!" "Yes," sighed the merciless belle, "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

Two and One are Three.

A very smart boy on his return from college, attempted to prove that two were equal to three. Pointing to a roasted chicken on the table, he said, "Is that not one?" Then, pointing to another, "Is that not two? and do not one and two make three?" Whereupon the father said, "Wife, you take one, and I'll take the other, and our smart boy can have the third for his dinner."

The Bear.

A bear escaped from its cage at the "Welsh Harp," Hendon. It hid itself in a wood belonging to Lord Macclesfield at Hampstead. It almost frightened to death 200 navvies, who, although armed with pickaxes and massive hammers, fled in dismay at its sight. Their only excuse for their lack of ancient British courage is that they did not want any bear's grease at that particular moment.

Medicine by Proxy.

A poor girl called on an apothecary for some castor-oil, to be mixed with something which should disguise its taste. On being asked if she liked soda-water, she replied in the affirmative, when the apothecary gave her a glass seasoned with lemon, and the oil. But she still lingered waiting, and presently asked for the oil again, when the apothecary informed her that she had already taken it. "Oh, gracious!" she cried, "I wanted it for my brother, who is ill."

A Broad Hint.

Book-agent: "Here is that book, ma'am, *How to Play the Piano.*" Lady of the house: "What book? I didn't order any book." Book-agent: "No 'm; but the neighbours did, and they told me to take it to you."

Good Fellowship.

A bon vivant one evening told one of his bottle companions that he intended to leave the sum of £20 to be spent at his funeral. His companion asked, "Whether the said money was to be spent in going or returning?" and was answered, "*Going*, to be sure; for when you *return*, you know, I shan't be with you."

Bluff.

First Little Boy: "My father's going to have a new chimney-pot on *his* house."

Second Little Boy: "My father's going to have a mortgage on *his*!"

Digression and Argument.

Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in the actor's face, when Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

All the Difference.

A man who was reprimanded by a divine for swearing, replied that he did not see any harm in it. "No harm in it!" said the minister; "why, do you not know the commandment, 'Swear not at all?'" "I do not swear at *all*," said the man, "I only swear at those who annoy me."

To be Sure!

Mate of departing steamer delayed for cargo, at last sings out, "Any one for the shore?" "Yes! Yes! Yes!" eagerly cry a dozen voices. "Make haste then—this way!" "O, but we're for the *other* shore—and the sooner you land us there the better!"

THE END.



100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200

100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200

100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200