

CHOICE DIALECT



HD WIDENER



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Choice Dialect and Vaudeville Stage Jokes

CONTAINING SIDE SPLITTING STORIES,
JOKES, GAGS, READINGS AND RECITATIONS
IN GERMAN, IRISH, SCOTCH , FRENCH,
CHINESE, NEGRO AND OTHER DIALECTS, AS
TOLD AND RECITED BY SUCH WELL KNOWN
HUMORISTS AS EZRA KENDALL, GEO.
THATCHER, LEW DOCKSTADER, ROGERS
BROS., WEBER AND FIELDS, JOE WELSH,
MARSHALL P. WILDER, J. W. RANSOM AND
OTHERS.



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CHOICE DIALECT

THE ART OF KISSING.

DEDICATED TO HOBSON.

Kissing is indulged in by everybody, old and young, fat and thin. A kiss is a wonderful thing when performed by two people of opposite sexes who are old at the business and know how to work it properly. When one young woman kisses another young woman that don't count worth a cent, but when a moustache tickles a maiden's lip that's a different thing. She just gets right up against it and sticks there glued to the spot, as it were. She could die right there and never complain. She gives you a long, tight, squeeze, and murmurs, "Let her rip," when your two big fat faces meet, and you both smack and break away with a report that you can hear across the street. It's delicious—the girls all say so, and they ought to know. Even old maids know the value of kissing, although they don't indulge in it, because nobody asks them; but there's many an old maid in this town would be tickled to death if she could be kissed and kissed all over the mug by some pudding-faced, hairy old gent that knew his business. And, by the way of no harm, every young fellow ought to know how to

kiss a young woman correctly. It's a thing that has to be done, and you might as well do it right. If you notice that your best girl is fond of a kiss never let a chance go by; but don't get too rough, you know. Just place your left arm around her waist, and gently lay her head over on your shoulder, then lift up her chin with your right paw, and when she puckers up her kisser and gazes up in your eyes with a "give it to me quick" look, that's the time for action. But don't get excited and chew the hair-pins in her hair, or knock the enamel off her front teeth and bruise her gums. Take it cool! she wants it as bad as you do, and she'll stay right there till she gets it; so go at it like an old hand. Just rest your ugly phiz against her chin and glue your blubber lips to hers, and sip away till it begins to tickle you in the feet, and then push your face right into hers till she hollers, "Do it again. I want some more!" then kiss her again, and kiss her good; don't let her get away. Put your whole heart into the work, and if she starts to kick, and says "mamma says you mustn't," keep right on; that's only a bluff on her part, she loves to give and take it as well as you do. Don't choke her, you know; and, above all, don't bite. Always remember you're not in a dog-fight. Just press her and caress her nicely, and keep whispering soft, mushy things to her till she begins to roll her eyes, then kiss her again; give her a good, long, lingering kiss, kiss her till you're out of breath, and then she'll nestle in closer to you, and she'll put her arms

up around your neck, and murmur in your ear, "You'll never lose me, Charley," and then you'll know you've made a hit. She'll come out and meet you every night after that, whether her father likes you or not. She knows a good thing when she gets it, and she's not going to lose any of it, either, I'll tell you that.

A SHORT CONVERSATION.

What was that story about George Washington getting cut with a hatchet when he was a boy?

He never got cut with a hatchet. I'll tell you that story. You see, George had a father.

Well, every boy has a father.

Yes, but his father's name was George also. I thought it was George Washington.

Oh, they were both named George.

Oh, I see; old George and young George.

Yes. Well, one day he went down Baxter Street.

Who did—young George?

No; old George; and he bought a second-hand hatchet for his wife.

Whose wife, young George's?

No; old George's.

Oh, he had a wife, the old rascal? Was he happy?

Dry up. Well, one day George Washington went out.

Old George Washington?

No. Young George went in his papa's orchard.

Did the old guy have an orchard?

Yes. And George had this very hatchet in his hand.

Yes. He couldn't hold it in his foot.

Shut up. And he looked around for something to hack.

Why didn't he hire a hack?

You'll drive me crazy.

Well, I won't have far to drive you.

Now, listen. George wanted something to chop.

Some pork chops, maybe.

No.

Mutton chops?

No, no.

Veal chops?

No.

Was it lamb chops?

No; he wanted to do some chopping.

Oh! he wanted to go shopping. Why didn't he go to Macy's and buy a yard of socks?

I'll sock you in the nose.

Oh, I don't take any stock in that.

Now, pay attention. Little George waltzed up to his father's favorite water melon tree and cut it down to the ground, and when the old man came home—

I'll bet he was as drunk as a lobster.

No, he wasn't. And when he saw the tree cut down he was very angry; but little George came forth—

Who were the other three?

What other three?

Why, if George came fourth there must have been three ahead of him, wasn't there?

Oh, you're ignorant. George came forth and went up to his father, and, with tears of contrition—

Tears of a chicken?

No; tears of contrition running down his cheeks—

If he was cross-eyed they'd have run down the back of his neck, wouldn't they?

Shut up. Well, little George looked his father square in the eye. That is as near as he could catch him. You know the old man was terribly squinty.

Was he as bad as your sister?

Don't get personal, And little George says, "Papa, papa, I cannot tell a lie; it was I that did it with the old woman's axe."

Then the old man jumped on his collar and kicked the starch all out of it, didn't he?

No; he took him upon his knee and forgave him, and says, "That's right, my boy; never tell a lie;" and he taught him one good lesson.

He taught him how to play penny ante for the beer.

No; he taught him to be truthful and honest; and in all his after life George Washington never told a lie.

CHARACTER STORIES.

An Irishman, walking down the street, sees in front of a hardware store the sign, "Patent Skylights," only the word "patent" was spelled "Pat." for brevity's sake. The Irishman stopped, looked at the sign, and says, "That's the first time I ever knew of an Irishman by the name of Pat Skylights."

An Irishman sticks up for Robinson's circus as the best; his friend says Barnum's was the best. Barnum's show comes to town and opens on September 1st. First mick sees it billed, and calls second mick up, and says, "What did I tell you? They admit it themselves. Look at the printing, 'Barnum's show the greatest on earth. Sep. 1.' "

Two Irishmen meet in depot. Rich mick calls poor mick into his car. Poor mick is going to New York—rich one to Chicago. They chat awhile, and train starts. The poor mick looks at Pullman car in wonder, and says: "What a great country it is where we are both riding, one to New York, and the other to Chicago, and both on the same train!"

A friend of mine was shaving and he cut his nose off. It fell to the floor, and he picked it up and stuck it on his face quickly; but he turned it upside down, and it grew that way. He was all right, only he had to stand on his

head to blow his nose, It killed him eventually, though; for, one day, when it was raining very hard he went out, and the rain ran up his nose and he got drowned. How silly!

Mick sees Chinaman coming up out of coal hole. "Look at the heathen coming through the earth! Begorry, I knew if they passed a law to keep them yellow divils out of the country they'd get in some way."

Mick looking through a lot of bricks. "Last night my daughter told me that ice cream came in bricks, but the devil a bit can I find in this pile."

Mick doing lookout duty on board ship. "Hello, officer." Officer says: "What's the matter? What do you see?" "There's something ahead sir, and it has red and green lights. I think it must be a drug store."

Mick at the theatre to his wife: "Fly for your life, Bridget; a man says the next act will bring down the house."

A GOOD BET.

I was in a saloon the other day and drank four beers, one after the other. I commenced to brag about it and the bar-tender said, "that's nothing. We have men coming here that will

drink four quarts of beer. Why, here's a man now that will drink four quarts of beer without taking the measure from his mouth." So I said to the man, "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't do it." He said, "I'll take it, but wait ten minutes 'till I come back." Well he came back and drank the four quarts of beer without taking the measure from his mouth. I paid him the ten dollars. "I didn't think you could do it," said I. "Neither did I," said he, "until I went next door and tried it."

A man was up before Judge Mott the other morning for picking pockets and the Judge fined him \$20. They searched him and found only \$16. "Turn him loose in the crowd till he gets the other \$4," said the Judge.

A small boy rushed into a drug store and excitedly called for some liniment and cement. When asked why he desired them both at once he said nervously: "Pa hit Ma with a cup."

"Have you any children?" asked Luther Baker of a flat-seeker.

"Yes, six in Rural Cemetery."

"Better there than here," said Luther as he signed the lease.

(And at night the children returned from the cemetery where they had been playing.)

A boy laid a bad half dollar on the sidewalk thinking I would pick it up, so he could say, "April fool." I let it alone. I went right by

11. Then a policeman arrested me for passing counterfeit money.

A man arrested for murder bribed an Irishman on the jury with a hundred dollars to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said, "I'm obliged to you my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irishman. "A h—ll of a time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer."

HOW A DUTCHMAN WAS DONE.

HUMOROUS RECITATION.—DUTCH AND IRISH DIALECT.

Hans was in a terrible sweat. One of his finest calves had broken its leg, and he knew not what to do with it. At this juncture Pat happened along, and offered Hans for his crippled calf a pig, which in his oily brogue he described as "an illigant craythur, sur." After some hesitation, Hans agreed to accept the pig as an equivalent for the calf, taking Pat's word for the many good qualities of the pig, all of which combined rendered him a "jewel, sur."

A few days passed, and Pat had killed or otherwise disposed of his calf, when Hans thought he would go and look after his pig. He found Patrick at his home in the suburbs, mending a wheelbarrow. Hans made known the

object of his visit, when Pat said, "All right, sur. You'll find him in good health and fine spirits sur. This way, sur," and Pat led the way through some beds of cabbages to a corner of the lot surrounding an-unpretending "cot," where, in a much patched board pen, stood Hans' porcine property. The beast arose as the two men rested their arms upon the top of the pen and looked down upon him. As he elevated himself upon his long, slender limbs, he gave a loud snort, and shaking his head till his long, pendulous ears flapped against his cheeks like leather aprons, he elevated his snout, and, backing towards the rear of his pen, began smacking his chops, at the same time uttering a low, dissatisfied and distrustful muttering sound. Where not hairless, he was sandy; was of the masculine persuasion; had white eyelashes, and a good deal of white surrounding his glittering eyes—indeed, he had not at all a prepossessing look.

"He's a bit bashful," said Pat, in explanation of the somewhat dubious conduct of the dissipated looking beast, and naturally anxious to remove any unfavorable impression said demeanor might have created in Hans' mind. "He's a bit bashful, sur, not having seen many jintlemen out o' me own family: but he's sure, sur, to be very fond o' ye when ye've been a little while in his society, sur."

"Yaw," answered Hans, "das ist a ferry offectionous look vot ye hafe got: ton't it?"

"Indade, sur," warmly replied Pat, "ye may

well say that. I've been upon tarms of intimacy wid pigs ov ivery kind all me loife, sur, an' though I say it meself, sur, an' ov one o' the family like, still I will say, sur, that a pig ov a swater an' more forgivin' disposition I've niver had to do wid in all me time, sur."

"Yaw, oxactly. You vas grief to part mit dose peautiful pig, now, ain't it? So schweet mit his dispositions."

"Sure, an' how can I help it, sur? He was born wid me, an' he's bin wid me all the days of his loife, sur, a-lookin' up to me an' a-dependin' on me, till his voice is as familiar as my own."

"He look like der woice of him most pe fery sthrong. Look on dose chests of him; mine himmel, he is more as dree inches vide!"

"Faith, sur, his lungs is as sound as the bells o' Brandon, an' when he obsarves me comin' home o' evenings, it's a loud whisper he spakes wid."

"Yaw, vell, I dink now, he ton't cares fery mooch about his fittals—he eat shoost pooty moosh about anydings vat you gif 'im?"

"Not the laste partickuler, sur. He puts up wid the same as the rest o' the family, sur, an' divil a growl out o' his head, when pigs as has bin raised wid some families I know, sur, would roar night an' day about it, sur."

"Oxactly. Now, pesides dat he ist an offectious pigs; he got considerations about him—ain't it? Too berlidge to put on some hiferlutin airs about grub matters. Vell, vell, dose man-

ners! He vos most decisively ein fine pig—some pigs ton't got no considerations."

"He's bin well raised, sur, an' is a credit to the family, as you can see for yourself, sur. There he stands, sur, all modesty, and observin' ye wid the greatest respect, bashful as he is."

"Yaw, oxactly. A reckular yewel yenerally, ain't id? Bote vot for he does make his eyes dat vay oud fon his het? Py plitzen! look on his mout, how he slobber, and how like ter teufel he pegins to whirler aroundt! Vot for ish dese? By Shupiter! he ist grazzy—he vill tie right away oude!"

"Ah, sur, it was that I had in me mind to tell ye. In some respects he is not robust, sur. Fits, sur, he some times haves fits. But you must bear wid him, sur, an' when he's done wid 'em he's so conthrite, sur, ye haven't the heart to find fault wid him. It's a species o' epperlap-tic, sur, prejudiced by former indispositions, sur; so a man tould me as had a dale o' practice wid physic as a cow doctor, sur. In his younger days the puir baste was much afflicted, sur, an' this brought on the fits, so the man said, sur. 'Pat,' says he, 'have he iver had the kidney wurrum?' 'He have, sur,' ses I. 'The maisels?' ses he. 'He have,' ses I. 'The thumps?' ses he. 'He have had 'em,' ses I. 'The cholera?' ses he. 'He have, sur,' ses I. 'Zounds,' Pat,' ses he, 'that accounts for the fits,' ses he. Ah! poor divil, he is aisier now. Shall I lep intil the pen and pass him out till ye, sur?"

"Oxkoose me, mine goot frient, der pig ist ein

peautiful pigs, a reckeler yewel as vot you yenerally can find; but for mineself, I more radder have ein pigs vot tont't got some fidts simile like dose of him. I ton't took 'um."

Hans makes a break across the cabbage patch, when Pat sings out:

"Sure ye's betther take 'im sur: a gratefuller baste ye never had to do wid."

"Yaw, but I ton't took 'um. You yoost keep dose pig; I don't gone to preak your heart mit a separation mit der vamily, oxpecially to take away der prightest ornament vot it hafe got."

DOT LAMBS VOT MARY HAF GOT.

PARODY ON "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already:

Dose vool vas vite like shnow;

Und every times dot Mary did vend oued,

Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of der school-house,

Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der school-master,

Alzo, vich dit caused dose schillen to schmile out loud

Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of der school-house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oued,

Likevise, dot lambs dit loaf around on der out-
sides,
Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently
aboud
Until Mary did come also from dot school-house
oued.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick to
Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
Like he would said, "I dond vos schkared,
Mary would keep from droubbles ena how."

"Vot vos der reason aboud it, of dot lambs und
Mary?"
Dose schillen did ask it, dot schoolmaster;
Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose
lambs already,
Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, alzo, dot moral vas,
Boued Mary's lambs' relations:
Of you lofe dose like she lofe dose,
Dot lambs vas obligations.

ISAAC ROSENTHAL ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

ADAPTED FROM AN ARTICLE IN "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

At the time that Congress was debating upon the bill restricting immigration from China, I was endeavoring to gather from various sources the general opinion of the public on the question.

Mr. Rosenthal, who was the proprietor of a clothing store in Avenue A, had been mentioned to me as an unusually intelligent German Hebrew, and I met him at the door of his store looking out for customers. As I paused for a moment he addressed me thus:

"Gome righd in, mein liebe Herr! Don'd mind dot leedle dog. He vill not pide you. I geeb him to trive away de bad leedle poy in de sthreed. You like to puy zome very coot clothing? I can zell you dot goat—for—Nein? *Teufel!* It is not dot? So! And you vant to speak to me aboud de Shinamen? Vell, I dell you dot you gome yust to de righd blace. You beder don'd go no funder. You yust gome in de back shtore, you take ein glas bier, you smoke ein gut zigar—no, not dot—I call him real Havana, bud I make him up-shtairs. I gif you a bedder one as dot. So! I lighd him for you. Now I shpeag mit you aboud dem Shinamen, und you put vat I say in de baber, pecause de public ought to know vat bad beobles dey ish. I keeb

last year ein kleine shop mit mein bruder—hish name is Zolomon.—and ve haf yust as coot glothes as dem dot you zee dere, and von day dere gome in ein, zwei, drei Shinamen, and zay to me, ‘How do, John?’ and I dell him dot my name ish not John; but he only laugh. Den he zay, ‘You got some coot glothes, John? S’pose hab got, mi likee see.’ I haf such vay of shpeaking nefer heard, but I can a leedle undershtand, and I t’ink dot he vill not know a coot goat ven he zee id, and I show him some dot ish not of the brim qualidy, and vill not last so long as dot kind as I show you, and I sharg him a coot brice, and he look at him, and dry him on, and I dell him dot it vill him very vell fit. Und den dish great rasgal he say to me dot he has not much money got, but some leedle box of very coot tea, und he make a pargain and shwop mit me. Und I t’ink dot I make mit him a coot trade, und I give him the goat, and dake de dea; and he say, ‘Chinchin, John,’ and go out, and I don’d never see him no more. Und vat you tink? ven I open dot dea, I find him one inch coot, and below dot nodding but yust rubbish, and some schmall bieces of iron to make him heavy. Und so, mein liebe Herr, you can de reason undershtand dot I like not to have dot Shinese beobles gome to New York.’’

THE YANKEE FIRESIDE.

A CELEBRATED YANKEE RECITATION.

I need not occupy your time by describing minutely what I mean by a Yankee fireside. It is sufficient to say that it consists of one of those old-fashioned fire-places where they use the wood without splitting or sawing, and throw on from a quarter to a half cord of wood at a time; and where there is sufficient room under the jams for a dozen little children to sit down and warm their little feet before going to bed.

It was at one of these firesides that I happened to drop in on a cold winter's night, and witnessed the scene I am about to relate.

The heads of the family were a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who were honored that evening with a visit from a plain sort of a man, who told me, in course of conversation, that he taught school in the winter, and hired out in haying time. What this man's name was, I don't exactly recollect. It might have been Smith; and for conveniency's sake we will call his name *John Smith*. This Mr. Smith brought a newspaper with him, which was printed weekly—which Mr. Jones said, as it did not agree with his politics, was a very weakly *consarn*.

Mr. Jones was seated on one side of an old pine table, and Mr. Smith on the other. Mrs. Jones sat knitting in one corner, and the children under the fire-place—some cracking nuts, others whittling sticks, etc. Mr. Jones, after perusing the paper for some time, observed to Mrs. Jones, "My dear."

MRS. JONES.—“Well.”

MR. J.—“It appears—”

MRS. J.—“Well, go on.”

MR. J.—“I say it appears—”

MRS. J.—“Well, law souls! I heard it; go on.”

MR. J.—“I say it appears from a paragraph—”

MRS. J.—“Well, it don’t appear as if you are ever goin’ to make it appear.”

MR. J.—“I say it appears from a paragraph in this paper—”

MRS. J.—“There! there you go agin! Why on airth, Jones, don’t you out with it?”

MR. J.—“I say it appears from a paragraph in this paper that—”

MRS. J.—“Well, I declare, Jones, you are enough to tire the patience of Job! Why on airth don’t you out with it?”

MR. J.—“Mrs. Jones, will you be quiet? If you get my dander up, I’ll raise Satan round this house, and you know it tue. Mr. Smith, you must excuse me; I’m ’bliged to be a little peremptory to my wife; for if you wasn’t here, she’d lick me like all natur’. Well, as I said, it appears from this paper that Seth Slope—you know’d Seth Slope, that used to be round here?”

MRS. J.—“Yes,, well, go on; out with it.”

MR. J.—“You know he went on a whalin’ voyage.”

MRS. J.—“Yes, well?”

MR. J.—“Well, it appears he was setting on

the stern of the vessel, when the vessel gave a lee lurch, and he was knocked overboard, and hain't written to his friends since."

MR.: J.—"La, souls!—you don't say."

Before going farther, I will endeavor to give you some idea of Seth Slope. He was what they term, down east, a poor shote; his principal business was picking up chips, feeding the hogs, etc. I will represent him with this hat. (*Puts on an old hat.*)

"Mrs. Jones says I don't know nothin', and Mr. Jones says I don't know nothin'—(*laughs*)—and everybody says I don't know nothin'; and I say I *do* know nothin'.—(*laughs.*) Don't I pick up all the chips to make a fire?—And—and don't I feed the hogs, and the ducks, and the hens?—(*laughs*). And don't I go down to the store every mornin' for a jug o' rum? And don't I always take a good suck myself? I don't know nothin'—ha!—(*laughs*). And don't I go to church every Sunday, and don't I go upstairs? and when the folks gets asleep, don't I throw corn at 'em, and wake 'em up? And don't I see the fellers winkin' at the gals, and the gals winkin' at the fellers? And don't I go home and tell the old folks? And when they come home, don't the old folks kick up gooseberry with 'em?—(*laughs.*) And don't I drive the hogs out of the garden to keep 'em from rootin' up the taters? And don't I git asleep there sometimes, and don't they root *me* up?—(*laughs.*) And didn't I see a fly on Deacon Stokes' red nose t'other day, and didn't I say,

'Take care, Deacon Stokes, you'll burn his feet!' I don't know nothin', eh?'' (*laughs.*)

This Mrs. Jones I have spoken of was a very good sort of a woman; and Mr. Jones was also considered a very good sort of a man—but was rather fond of the bottle. On one occasion I recollect particularly he had been to a muster, and came home so much intoxicated that he could hardly stand, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-place to prevent himself from falling. And Mrs. Jones says to him: "Now, Jones, ain't you ashamed of yourself?—Where on airth do you think you'd go to if you was to die in that sitewation?"

JONES—(*very drunk*)—"Well, I don't know where I should go; but I shouldn't go fur without I could go faster than I do now."

As soon as Mr. Jones had finished the paragraph in the paper, Mrs. Jones threw on her shawl and went over to her neighbors to communicate the news. I will endeavor to give a better idea of this Mrs. Jones by assuming a shawl and cap. (*Puts on shawl and cap.*)

"Well, Mrs. Smith, I 'spose you hain't heard the news." "La, no! What on airth is it?" "You recollect Seth Slope, that use to be about here?" "Yes, well?" "You know he went out on a whalin' voyage?" "Yes." "Well, it appears from an advertisement in the paper that he was settin' on the starn of the vessel, when the vessel gave a lee lurch, and he was sent overboard and drowned, and hain't written to his friends since. Oh, dear! it's dreadful to think

'Take care, Deacon Stokes, you'll burn his feet!' I don't know nothin', eh?'' (*laughs.*)

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JONES—(*very drunk*)—"Well, I don't know where I should go; but I shouldn't go fur without I could go faster than I do now."

As soon as Mr. Jones had finished the paragraph in the paper, Mrs. Jones threw on her shawl and went over to her neighbors to communicate the news. I will endeavor to give a better idea of this Mrs. Jones by assuming a shawl and cap. (*Puts on shawl and cap.*)

"Well, Mrs. Smith, I 'spose you hain't heard the news." "La, no! What on airth is it?" "You recollect Seth Slope, that use to be about here?" "Yes, well?" "You know he went out on a whalin' voyage?" "Yes." "Well, it appears from an advertisement in the paper that he was settin' on the starn of the vessel, when the vessel gave a lee lurch, and he was sent overboard and drowned, and hain't written to his friends since. Oh, dear! it's dreadful to think

on. Poor crittur! he was sich a good-natured, clever soul. I recollect when he was about here, how he use to come in the house and set down, and get up and go out. Then he'd go down to the barn, and throw some hay to the critters, and then he'd come in the house agin, and git up and go out, and go down to the store and git a jug of rum, and sometimes he'd take a leetle suck on't himself. But lor souls! I never cared nothin' at all about that. Good, clever critter! Then arter he'd come back with the rum, he'd sit down a little while, and git up and go out and pick up chips, and drive the hogs out of the garden; and then he'd come in the house, and kick over the swill-pail, and set down and stick his feet over the mantel-piece, and whittle all over the harth, and spit tobacco-juice all over the carpet, and blow his nose in the buckwheat cakes, and make himself so *sociable*! And poor feller! now he's gone! Oh, dear! Well, Mrs. Smith, it goes to show that we are all accountable *critturs*!"

THE CUNNING JEW.

Goldstein—"I know a rich girl dat wants to get married. Get a bath, clean yourseluf up and you can vin her sure. She'll marry you in a minute."

Bernstein—(cautiously) "Y—as. Suppose I clean myself up und she von't marry me?"

“You know Fatty Thompson the butcher. What do you suppose he weighs?”

“I don’t know, what does he weigh?”

“Meat.”—Empire Comedy Four.

The idea of talking about having policemen vaccinated. Leave them alone. They’ll never catch anything.—James J. Morton.

“Hello, Central! Connect me with Abe Hummel.”

“Can’t do it, lady, he’s married.”

“That detective is a handsome fellow.”

“All first-class detectives are good lookers.”

“He’s awful thin.”

“A shadow.”—Lester & Jermon.

“Say, do you know that I walk in my sleep?”

“I wish my brother could. He’d be on the force yet.”

“Do you believe that people follow the same occupations in the next world that they do on earth?”

“My mother-in-law won’t. She makes ice-cream.”

“How’s your brother?”

“Why, my brother’s away for three years.”

“Yes, I was there. I thought he’d get ten.”

“Well, my brother’s smart.”

“You bet. I didn’t think they’d catch him.”

“Well, you never mind my brother.”

“I don’t have to. There’s men paid for mind-
ing him.”

A man fell in a barrel of whiskey, but he died
in good spirits.

“Riley drank a quart of whiskey at the wake.”

“Did anyone know he was drunk?”

“Sure. The fellow in the coffin was dead next
to him.”

“I hear you have buried six wives and are
about to marry the seventh.”

“Yes. If the Lord will take ’em, I’ll furnish
’em.”—Conway & Staats.

“What did the egg come from?”

“The hen.”

“What did the hen come from?”

“The egg.”

“Well, which got here first?”

“Have you been eating oranges?”

“No. Why?”

“I see the skin all over your face.”

Rube saw a sign on a guide post in the coun-
try: “This will take you to Paxton.” He sat
on the sign for two hours and then said: “I
wonder when she’s going to start.”

• The other day my wife was very sick and I
sent for the doctor. He said: “The best thing

you can do is to send her to a warmer climate.” I went into the woodshed, got the axe and handed it to him. I said: “You hit her, Doc, I haven’t got the nerve.”

An advertisement in the *Vermont Times* reads: “A respectable widow wants washing.”

COHEN AT THE SEASHORE.

Levi Cohen went to Rockaway Beach for the salt water bathing. He decided he wouldn’t plunge into the surf for a few days so he walked down to the beach with a bucket and asked the man who had charge of the life-boat what it would cost for a little salt water so he could take a sponge bath at the bath house. The man sized Cohen up for an easy mark and told him 25 cents a pail. Cohen paid the quarter and started off with the bucket of water. The next morning he appeared again on the beach, bucket in hand. The tide was out about 700 feet. Cohen turned to the man and said: “Vat a bizziness you are doing.”—J. W. Ransome.

New foreman—“What are you doin’ there, Rafferty?”

Rafferty—“I’m oilin’ the wheelbarrow.”

New foreman—“Well, lave it alone. I’ll do it meself. What do you know about machinery.”

A Jew boy enters a grocery store and says to the clerk: "Take this order. 10 lbs. sugar at 6 cents. 11 lbs. coffee at 25 cents. 8 lbs. tea at 30 cents. Add that up. How much is it?"

Clerk—"Five dollars."

Boy—"Are you sure?"

Clerk—"Of course I'm sure."

Boy—"Thanks. That's my arithmetic lesson for to-morrow."

One day I went to Washington to see if I couldn't get an appointment from President Roosevelt. Well he told me there was nothing vacant. I strolled along the banks of the Potomac and I saw the body of a man floating in the river. I recognized him as a watchman in the treasury building. I hurried to the President, told him of the vacancy and asked for the job. He says: "You're too late. I've just appointed the man that saw him fall in."—George Thatcher.

HEAR HIM RAVE.

Casey was dying and sent for a lawyer to make his will. His wife was in the room and the following conversation ensued:

"State your affairs briefly," said the lawyer.

"Timothy Brown owes me fifty dollars."

"Good," said the prospective widow, "sensible to the last."

“John Casey owes me thirty-seven dollars.”

“Sensible to the last,” put in the old lady again.

“To Michael Kelly I owe three hundred dollars.”

“Ah,” said the old woman, “hear him rave.”

Little Boy—“I want the doctor to come to our house.”

Servant—“Where do you come from?”

Little Boy—“Don’t you know me? Why, we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week.”

“Are mosquitoes religious?”

“Yes. They first sing over you and then prey on you.”

An Irishman who keeps a saloon found his cash was always short so he said to his Jew bartender one day:

“Levi, did you take any money out of the register last night?”

Levi says: “Yes, I took my car fare home.”

The Irishman says: “Where do you live? In San Francisco?”

An Irishman saw an anchor. He stayed around watching it for three days. He says: “I’m waiting to see the man that uses that pick.”

One day while the minister was calling on me, my parrot began to swear. I threw a bucket of

water over her. She shook herself, noticed the minister was not wet and said to him: "Where the h—ll were you when the cyclone struck us?"
—Lew Dockstader.

I see they're talking about having negro policemen. That's not right. It's hard enough to find a white policeman after dark.—Lew Dockstader.

THE ORTHOD-OX TEAM.

"Hold on, stranger? Turn out yonder close to the wall!

For the road's rather narrow, and I've got it all!

Whoa, back, haw, there, old Baptist! Whoa,

Methodist, whoa!

These are oxen that need all the road, you must know.

Yes, I drive without swearin', though strange it may seem,

For I'm drivin', good stranger, my orthod-ox team!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed.

He's more noted for style than he is for his speed.

Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,

But he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work,

He's a good, pious ox, never losin' his way,
For he reads all the signboards and goes not ~~to~~
stray!" Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's hard shell to
the bone;

Close communion in diet—he eats all alone!

Shakes his head when it's raining and closes his
eyes;

He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes from
the skies!

Why, he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by
the team!

He'll go nowhere, I swan, but down into the
stream!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Presbyterian, gee! Congregational, haw!

They're good stock, let me tell you, and know
how to draw!

They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few
folks

Can tell 'em apart when they're out of the yoke!

But you see a slight difference when it is shown:

One leans on his elders and one stands alone!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel, oldest of all;

Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's
fall;

He went into the Ark at the time of the flood,

And when Pharaoh starved he was chewin' his
cud!

There's an ancestry, sir, full of glory no doubt,
But for goring the Master they're scattered
about!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"I've an ox over there who tends strictly to
'biz!"

He's the Catholic ox—what a monster he is!
And he keeps growin' big, while he keeps grow-
in' old!

And he never lets go when he once gets a hold!
He's a strong one, you bet! why I never yet
spoke

But he started right off, with his neck in the
yoke!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's old Methodist, one of the best on the
road!

You'd suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged
the load!

How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout;
But the worst of it, he keeps changing about!

He was bought on probation, and works like a
top;

But I've had him three years, and suppose I
must swop!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That suave Universalist many admire
Think's the devil's a myth with his great prairie
fire!

There's an Adventist claimin' to have second
sight;

If he keeps on a guessin' he'll guess the thing
right!

And the Seventh Day Baptist—their numbers
are such

If they do break the Sabbath they don't break it
much!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Got a Spiritist? Yes, sir, I bought one by
chance:

When it comes to hard work he goes off in a
trance!

Nothin' practical, sir, in a medium ox

When you have to keep proddin' with rappin's
and knocks!

But I must keep movin' and ploddin' along

With my orthod-ox team, or the world will go
wrong!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Take the road that I came, and beware of short
cuts!

You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts,

I am sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out,

But this is the regular lumberman's route!

On the road of life, stranger, my right is su-
preme:

All the world must turn out for my orthod-ox
team!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Och ! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say ? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin yer could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me tolin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes' o' them ! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks)—an' it's myse!, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens ? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive soon'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was a granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter-man which was brought out from Californy. "Hee'll be here the night," says she ; "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a fur-riner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och ! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' schared : "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to

mind his bein' a little strange.'" Wid that she shoots the doore; and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up, and—Holy fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenesests shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin'; an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had with that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowl-

edge of the family—bad to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen and he a-atin' wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayter proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrt it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtraced. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, do ye mind, that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him parin' apples or tomaterases. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be payling anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin! You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains morn 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well,

what should it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer-boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belonged. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanket and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

MARY M. DODGE.

DOT LEETLE TOG UNDER DE VAGON.

AS RECITED BY VON BOYLE.

“Goom, wife,” says goot oldt farmer Gray,
 “Git on your tings: dot’s market-tay.
 Ve’ll go so quick vot ve can to town,
 Und pack again ’fore dot sun coomes down.
 Shpot! No: ve’ll leave oldt Shpot behint.”
 But Shpot he parked, und Shpot he vhined,
 Und soon made out his toggish mind
 To shteal away under dot vagon.

Avay dey vent at a merry pace;
 But some sad coomes into dot farmer’s face;
 Und he said, “Poor Shpot! he, did vant to come,
 But maype dot’s petter he’s leaved at home.
 He’ll vatch de parn, und he’ll vatch de cot,
 Und keep dose cattles out of de lot.”
 “I’m not so sure of dot,” growled Shpot,
 On a dogtrot under dot vagon.

So soon as all dose tings vas sold,
 Und he gits his pay in silber and gold,
 He shtarted home, a quarter past dark,
 Across a lonesomely forrest. Hark!
 A robber shumps from pehind a tree:
 “Your money or your life!” says he.
 It’s a cross-eyed moon, so he don’t can see
 Dot leetle tog under de vagon.

Den Shpot parked vonce, und vonce he vhined,
 Und he grapped dot tief py de pants pehind;
 He dragged him down in de mud und dirt;

He teared his coat, likewise his shirt;
 Und dot tief in de mud got nearly drowned;
 Und he don't could rise pooty kvick off de
 ground.

So his lecks und arms de farmer bound,
 Und histed him into dot vagon.

So Shpot he safed de farmer's life,
 Also his money, likewise his vife.
 Und now a hero grand und gay,
 A silber necktie he vears to-day..
 He goes verefer his master goes;
 Und you bet he holds pooty high his nose,
 Mit lots of friends und not any foes,—
 Dot leetle tog under de vagon.

THE WINDOW.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
 Und wipe my nose away;
 Und if a lump vos in my troat,
 It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
 Und if dot tale of woe
 Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
 Den I don'd pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
 Und effery night I goes
 Across to Brooklyn by dot bridge,
 All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder womans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in dis colt vorltd
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a shtocking stout,
I put away my gold und bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so soundt as nefer vos,
While rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says, "Vill you be mine?"
She says, "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

Before the wedding day was set,
She whispers in my ear
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

“I owns dis house und two big farms,
 Und ponds und railroad shtock;
 Und up in Yonkers I bossess
 A grand, big peesness block.

“Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
 Der market vos no good,
 Und if I sell”—I squeezed her hant
 To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
 Dot shtocking took a shrink:
 I counted out twelve hundred in
 Der cleanest kind o’ chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
 Dot vidder shlopes away;
 Und leaves a note behindt for me
 In which dot vidder say:

“DEAR SHAKES
 “Der rose vos redt,
 Der violet blue—
 You see I’ve left,
 Und you’re left, too.”

AT A RURAL GATE.

“Purty night, ain’t it, Tillie?”
 “Yes, purty enough; good night, Hank.”
 “What’s yer rush?”
 “I’d say ‘rush,’ if I were you.”
 “Why, we ain’t been standing here but a few
 minutes.”

“O—o—o—h. Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We’ve been here over an hour.”

“Well, what if we have?”

“Well, that’s long enough, that’s what. We’d ought to be ashamed of ourselves anyhow.”

“What for?”

“For being so silly.”

“I reckon we ain’t the only silly folks in the world then.”

“That don’t make no difference. Good-night.”

“No, wait a minute, Tillie.”

“What for? You s’pose I’m going to stand here all night?”

“Nobody wants you to stay here all night: but I don’t see why you should snatch yourself away like this.”

“Pa’ll be calling me first thing I know.”

“Let ’im call; it won’t hurt him.”

“It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out, or to set old Boze loose.”

“Pooh! Who’s afraid?”

“You’d better be. Good-night.”

“Wait a minute.”

“I shan’t. Let go my hands!”

“I don’t have to.”

“You mean thing, you. I—I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!”

“Oh, I daren’t, eh? There.”

“Hank Sparks!”

“There’s another.”

“I’ve a notion to call for pa. I will, if you kiss me again, sir!”

“Oh, you will? There! Now call him!”

“You’re the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!”

“Pooh! I pity a fellow who ain’t grit enough to kiss his girl when he can.”

“I’d be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good-night.”

“Good-night, Tillie.”

“Good-night. Don’t forgit that we’re going to the singing-school Friday night.”

“Maybe we will, and maybe we won’t.”

“You better look out, or I’ll kiss you again.”

“Yes; you daren’t! Good-night.”

“By-by.”

“Goodby.”

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! Shust look here
und see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn’t pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise ;
 He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,
 Says “mamma,” und “bapa,” und somedimes
 “ah-goo !”

You don't find a baby den dimes out off nine
 Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings
 aboutt,

Und poots efryding he can find in his mout ;
 He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his
 chair,

Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare ;
 Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat boreu-
 pine,

Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off
 mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty
 vell ;

To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutscher
 yell,

Und dravel der ped-room midout any clo'es,
 While der chills down der shpine off mine pack
 qvickly goes ;

Dose leedle schimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine,
 Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den ;
 Dey vill veear a vite shirt vront inshted off a bib,

Und wouldn't got tucked oop at night in deir
crib—

Vell! Vell! Ven I'm feeple und in life decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off
mine.

CHAS F. ADAMS.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped
into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile
on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly
doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas
Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped
them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball
into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled
Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtl-
ing thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty gran-
deur there;

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded
sped—

“That ain’t my style,” said Casey, “Strike
one,” the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went
up a muffled roar,

Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and
distant shore;

“Kill him! kill the umpire!” shouted some one
on the stand.

And it’s likely they’d have killed him had not
Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey’s
visage shone,

He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game
go on;

He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the
spheroid flew,

But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said,
“Strike two.”

“Fraud!” cried the maddened thousands, and
the echo answered “Fraud!”

But the scornful look from Casey and the au-
dience was awed;

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw
his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn’t let that ball
go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey’s lips, his teeth
are clenched in hate,

He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
 plate;
 And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he
 lets it go,
 And now the air is shattered by the force of
 Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is
 shining bright,
 The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
 hearts are light;
 And somewhere men are laughing, and some-
 where children shout,
 But there is no joy in Boston—mighty Casey has
 struck out.

AS RECITED BY MR. DE WOLF HOPPER.

SCHNITZERL'S VELOCIPEDE.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

Hans Schnitzerl made a velocipede,
 Vone of dot newest kind;
 It didn't hafe no vheel before,
 Und der vasn't none pehind.

Aber dere vas vone in de middle, dthough,
 Dát's shust as sure as eggs;
 Und he shtraddled across dot axle,
 Mit de vheel between his legs.

Und vhen he wants to shtart it off,
 He paddled mit his feet,

Und soon he made it gone so fast
Dat eferytings he beat.

He took it out on Broadway vonce,
Und shkeoted like de vind.
Phew! how he passed dot fancy schaps!
He leafed dem all pehind.

Dem fellers on dose shtylish nags
Pulled up to see him pass;
Und der Deutschers, all ockstonished, cried,
“Potz tauzand! Vas ist das?”

But faster shtill Herr Schnitzerl flew,—
On, mit a ghastly schmile:
He didn't touch de ground, py Jinks,
Not vonce in half a mile.

So vas it mit Herr Schnitzerl
Und his velocipede:
His feet both shlipped right inside out
Vhen at its extra shpeed.

He falled upon dot vheel, of course:
Dot vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl, he vas schnicht in vacht,
Dot schliced him grode in two.

THE CREAM PUFF STORY.

I went into a bakery the other day and ordered
200 cream puffs. The baker said he would have
them for me in about an hour. Then I went
across the street to a clothing store and selected

a suit of clothes—price \$50. I asked the man if he would trust me for the suit and he refused. I said: “Do you know the baker across the street?” He said: “Yes.” I said: “Will you let me have the suit if he stands good for it: He said: “Yes.” Well, the baker was standing in front of his store and I called out across the street: “How about the 200 you promised me?” He said, “in about half an hour.” I pointed to the clothing store man and said, “give him 50.” He nodded and the clothing store man said, “Come inside and I’ll have the suit wrapped up for you.”

Cohen left the ball-game because, he said, the umpire looked right at him when he called, “three balls!”

“Did you ever read “The Skyscraper?”

“No.”

“You ought to. There are 18 good stories in it.”

“Were you bashful the first time you called on a girl?”

“Yes, but her father helped me out ”

“Jones is going to have his name stamped on 50,000,000 toothpicks.”

“Yes. He wants his name in everybody’s mouth.”

A Hebrew entered the store of Dr. Vineberg,

the Albany optician, and said: "Meester, I vant to get my eyes tested fur a pair of glasses."

Well, Doc sits him in a chair and places a card about 15 feet away from him and says: "Can you read that plainly?"

"I can't do it, Meester, says the Hebrew.

Doc pushes it to within about 10 feet of him and says: "Well, can you read it now?"

"No, I can't," says the Hebrew.

Doc sticks the card under his nose and says, "Well, can you read it now?"

"No," says the Hebrew, "I never learned to read."

BIDDY'S TRIALS AMONG THE YANKEES.

FROM HARPER'S BAZAR.

Faith! Ann Hooligan, an' I don't deny that these Amerykans has plinty o' beautiful convyences to work wid in their kitchens, more'n iver the likes cud be found in the whole of ould Ireland, where we was usen to bake the brid and cook the petaties all in the same iron pot; and shure, along wid so many bewilderin' things, it wad be ixpicted that a girl wud make a mishtake sometimes. An' is it the Aistern papele ye'd be afther praisin'? May the saints defend us! an' it's mesilf that's lived among thim Yankees till I was that sick of their haythenish way of shpak-in' that I had to lave. What wud ye think, Ann Hooligan, of bein' axed the firsht day as ye lived at a place if ye cud pail (provincialism for milk)

the k-e-o-w! fur that's the outlandish way thim pape has o' sayin' cow. Of coorse it's not fur the likes o' me to be braggin', but I can pale petaties an' apples wid the bisht o' thim. But to take the palin' off of a cow! Howly St. Patrick! did they take me for a bootcher? Yer-silf knows the wake shtomach of me, an' how it goes against me to shkin aiven a bird or a toorkey; an', begorra! cud it be ixpicted that I cud tackle a big anymal like a cow? All the flish an' blood in me rose up forninst such a prosayd-in'. But I cud shtand the chewin' and twisht-in' up o' their words if they wudn't be afther mixin' up the names o' things. An' thin they're always radin' books, and gittin' that litherary, they don't know annything. Wud ye belave it, Ann Hooligan, some o' thim missus I lived along wid was that fond of radin' that they aiven cooked out of a book.

His riv'rence, Father Ryan, taught me to rade before I lift the ould country, an' I wud have just suited thim Yankey ladies if it hadn't been for thim awful words I was tellin' ye of. Ye see, one day the missus I was livin' wid ixprished a wish to have a chicken-pie fur dinner, an' sez she, "Biddy, ye'll find the rissypee in my cook-in' book. Ye can follow thim direcshuns, an' not come to bother me wid questions; for I'm goin' to paint this mornin', an' I don't want to be disturbed," sez she, an' wid that she gits up an' goes up-shtairs. Of coorse I was a little shcared, but I wint to work, and began a-shcald-in' and a-shkinnin' the chicken; but when I came

to look at the rissypee, millia murther! if it didn't say it was to be butthered an' sazoned an' put in a spider! I thought there was some mishake, an' I shpelled the radin' all over agin, but there it was right in print before the two eyes o' me; so I shlips up-shtairs to the missus's door to ax if the book was corriect, an' she was busy paintin' on a chiny plate the beautifulest boonch o' roses an' pinks an' heart's-disease ye iver saw. But she heerd me; an', widout turnin' her head, sez she, "Plaze don't annoy me now, Bridget. I want to finish this paintin' before dinner, an' I don't want to be throubled wid annything." "Faix, mem," sez I, "but I musht shpake till ye about the chicken-pie. The rissy-pee sez to put it in a spider, an'—" "Of coorse," sez she, interruptin' me; "jist follow the rissypee; it's an ixcellent one, an' ye naden't fear but your pot-pie will be all right."

Well, I was in dishpair, but I knew there was plinty o' cobwebs in the cellar, and mabby I cud find a spider's nest, an' pick out a good-sized one that wud be big enoof; but, faith! I didn't like to be afther touching wan wid me bare hand, for I've always been afeard o' the craythurs; but I tuk a broom, an' I shwept the bames an' the walls o' that cellar claner than they'd been for tin years, an' I cudn't find one bigger nor the end o' my finger. Jist wid that the missus called me to bring her a crickit to put her feet on. "A cricket," sez I, wringin' me hands. "Howly Virgin! what shtrange notions these Yankeys has! Two varmints wanted, an' I don't

know where to find aither o' thim!" I'd heer'd o' thim haythen Chinessers, who supped on rats and birds' nists, but, bedad! for an Amerykan family that purtinded to be respictable to be afther wantin' thim dirthy insex, faith! I didn't consider it nayther Christian nor daycent. But the missus was callin', an' thinkin' the wood-house wud be the likeliest place to get the baste she was inquiren' for, I wint in there; an' though I got a big shplinter under me nail, an' toor me driss, an' nearly broke me leg fallin' over the wood, niver a crickit did I find. The missus was gettin' impayshunt, an' was schram-in' to me to hurry an' bring it. "I can't find one," sez I. "Won't anny other kind of a boog do as well? I cud aisy git ye a grasshopper or a muskeety," sez I. "Don't be impident," sez she, scowlin'. "I'll wait on meself, so go back to your work!" an' she shut the door.

By me sowl! Ann Hooligan, I was nearly druv wild intirely betwixt the crickit an' thinkin' how I was to git the pizen creepin' thing the rissypee called for, an' so I sarched agin all over the dark corners of the closets an' in the stable; but all that I found was too shmall, for by the time ye wud take the ligs off thim there wudn't be much left. At lasht afther a while, all at onst the missus kem into the kitchen, an' whin she saw there was no dinner cookin' she flared up, an' give me sich a look as if a clap o' thunder was goin' to bursht an' kill me flat, an' sez she, "Is it possible that ye hasn't got the chicken-pie ready to bake yit? Really, I can't put up wid

such slowness.” “Begorra! mem,” sez I, for I was gittin’ mad too, “I hunted ivery place on the primises for a spider big enoof to cook it in, an’ annyhow I ain’t accushtomed to live wid papple who has sich a relish for venymous insex as ye has here. I’ve waishted me whole mornin’ tryin’ to fulfil the demands o’ yersilf and that haythenish cookin’ book, not to mintion the crickit ye wanted to crush under the two feet of ye. But ye may as well know crickits is shcarce around here, as ye can see fur yerself, bedad! how I toor me driss, an’ skinned the leg o’ me on the wood-pile whin I was a-huntin’ one.” “Ye musht be crazy,” sez she. “I don’t kape me crickits in the wood-house. Come into the parlor, an’ I’ll show ye wan,” sez she. “That’s what I call a crickit,” sez she, wid a scornful shniff o’ her nose, pinting wid her finger; an’ wad ye belave it, Ann Hooligan, it was only a little wee shmall shtool to rest yer fut on whin ye be tired! “Begorra! that’s a fearful on-Christian name to give to her furnytoor,” says I, shtickin’ up me nose as high as hers. “An’ the spider, mem,” sez I, “belike it’s some haythenish title yez bin devisin’ to toor-mint papple wid too.” She tossed her head an’ lid the way to the pantry. “There, Bridget, ye musht be blind in both eyes if ye don’t know what this thing is,” sez she. “It’s a skillit,” sez I, shakin’ me fist at her, “and it’s a blaggard trick to be christenin’ it afther anny kind of a riptile that iver crawled. I’ll shack the dust o’ ye Yankeys off me fate foriver,” sez I. “I’ll not deny that in

some ways yer shmart enoof, but as long as ye mixes up skillits and spiders, an' crickits an' shtools, an' porches an' shtoops, bedad! ye're not fit fur the society of anny intelligent person!"

THE PINE TOWN DARKEY DEBATING SOCIETY.

FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Question for Debate: "Which hab produce de mos' wonders—de lan' or de water?"

The meeting having been called to order the chairman said, "Water takes de lead."

Dr. Crane came forward. He said: "Mr. Chaarman geografers tell us dat one-quarter of de yaarth's surface is lan' an' three-quarters is water; in one squaar foot of dat water is more wonders dan in forty squaar rods of lan'. Dese chillen settin' round hyar can figger on dat. Dat's a argyment I introduce jus' to keep the chillen quiet awhile. When you spill water on a table it spreads out all thin,—on a clean table, I mean. Now, sposen de table dusty. Note de change. De water separates in globules. (For de information of some of de folks, I would explain that globules is drops, separated drops.) Now, why is dat? Isn't dat wonderful? Can de lan' do like dat? No, saar. Dere's no such wonder in de lan'."

Mr. Laukins said: "Mr. Chaarman, I don't see nothin' wonderful in de water gettin' in drops

on de dusty table. Dat's the natcher ob de water. Dere's nothing wonderful in anything actin' accordin' to natcher. Sposen it wasn't its natcher, what causes it to get into drops? De dust. De dust! de lan! de lan! De wonder's in de lan', after all. Mr. Chaarman, Dr. Crane makes no argument for de water at all, but all for the lan'. He makes a p'int dat de table should be dusty. De dust makes de wonderful change in de water, an' dust is lan'! I wants no better argyment for de lan' dan Dr. Crane makes."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "Mr. Chaarman, speakin' ob de wonders in de water, I take my position on Niagara Falls—de gran', stupenjuss, majestic wonder ob de hole world. Dere's no such or-inspiring object in de lan'. Den see de waterfalls ob minor importance scattered all ober de face ob de yaarth. Whoever saw de lan' rollin' ober de precipice like de water? See de mitey oshun. She hole up de ship full ob frate and passengers widout props, and yit de ship move along in de water if jus' a little wind touch her. Put de ship on de lan' an' load her; forty locomotives tear her all to pieces 'fore she move. Dr. Crane tells us dere's more wonders in one square foot ob water dan in forty rods ob lan'. He's right. Why, one night las' week I's ober to Doc Russell's house, an' de ole doctor he ax me would I like to see a drop ob water in his glass (his magnifyin' glass, I mean); I tole um sartinly. So he rig up de glass, an' when he got um all right, he tole me to take a good look. Well, Mr. Chaar-

man, in dat one drop ob water I seed more wonders than I eber saw in de whole course ob my life. Dere was a animal like a gran'-mother's nightcap wid one string, a-scootin' roun' after another thing like a curry-comb wid a flounced handle. Dere was a year ob corn wid a ruffie down each side, an' de fuss ting I knowed a six-legged bass drum come swimmin' along an' jus' swallowed it. Talk about wonders on de lan', dey ain't a patchin' to de water!"

Mr. Lewman said: "De fuss part ob Mr. Hunnicut's argyment, seems to me, is all for de lan'. Dere would be no Niagary or any odder falls if de lan' wasn't in such a mos' wonderful shape to make falls. De water falls 'cause dat's its natcher. Jus' look right here in Mount Vernon. Dere's Norton's dam; dere's de same principle, de same law ob natcher. Take away de dam, de water is no more dan common water. No, saar, dere's no wonder in de water at Niagary. De wonder is in de lan'."

Dr. Crane said: "Perhaps it's not generally known, but still it is a fac, dat if it's not for de water in de air, we'd all die. Dere mus' be water in de air we take into our lungs to sustain life, An', strange as it may seem, dere mus' be water in de air to sustain combustion. You could not kindle a fire were it not for de aqueous gases ob de air. (By aqueous I mean watery.) I call dat wonderful—I can see nothing like it in de lan'—dat de water which put out de fire is necessary to make de fire burn."

Mr. Morehouse said: "Mr. Chaarman, I hope

dat you'll rule out all dat Dr. Crane jus' said. Instruct de committee not to take no 'count ob it. Sich talk's too much fool nonsense. (Excuse my 'spression, but I get so excited when I hear sich tomfoolery an' ridiculus slush in a spectable meetin', dat I forgets myself, an' don't know for de minit wedder I's drivin' a mule waggin' or in meetin'. Scuse me, and I'll try to keep my feelin's down. But, as I say, when sich trash is lugged in as sinsible argyment, it riles me.) Dr. Crane says we mus hab water to breeve. I daar him to de trial. He may go down and stick his college hed (excuse me, saar) his eddicated hed, in de creek, an' take his breevin' dar, saar, an' I'll take my stan' an' my breevin' on dis platform by de stove an let committee decide the case on the ments of the proof on who holes out de longest. Den listen to what he says about water makin de fire burn. Did you eber—did you eber hyaar de like? Now, 'cordin' to Dr. Crane, s'posen I wants to start a fire in dis yar stove. I gits some shavin's an' den pùts in some pine kindlin's, den berry carefully pour on a little, jes' a little, karysene, den puts on a few nice pieces ob coal, lights a match, sticks her to de shavin's, and she don't burn; I lights a newspaper an' frows her under de grate; de shavin's don't light. I gits mad, an' I slaps in a bucket ob water, an' away she goes, all a-blazin' in a second. Oh, shaw! sich bosh! Don't take no

'count ob dat. It would be a wonder if it was true; but, oh my! what cabbage it is! Jedges, don't take no 'count ob sich idle talk. I say, saar, dat de lan' produce the mos' wonders. Look at de trees, de flowers, de grain, de cabbages, de inyuns, dat spring up out ob de lan'. Look at de Mammoth Cave, more wonderful dan all de falls dat eber fell. See how dey bore in de groun' fifteen hundred feet an more, and out come coal-oil two thousan' bar'l a minit. I'd jus' like to see any dese water folks bore a hole fifteen hundred feet down into de ocean, an' pump out one gallon ob coal-oil in an hour. Can you dig down in de ocean or in de lakes an' git out gold an' silber, an' iron, an' coal? Can you build a raleroad on de ocean, an' cut a tunnel thru de waters? No, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "It's jus' 'curred to my mind, on Mr. Morehouse speakin' 'bout de trees an' de grass an' 'de inyuns an' cabbages, dat when I was out in de far Wes', I allus notice dat on de plains, on de mountains, anywhere away from de streams, no timber grows, no wegitation, no grass, mos'ly barr'n; but all along de streams dere's de grass, de trees, de wegitation. Why? 'Cause ob de moistureness, de water. So, 'pears to me dat de cause ob all de b'utiful wegitation, after all, is de water. Ain't dat so, saar?"

Several other speeches were made on both sides. No pen description can convey any idea of the "get up," the gestures, the intonations, and the style of the oratory. It must be seen and heard to be fully known. The committee

decided about as follows: “De advocates ob water hab made a good showin’, considerin’ how little we really know about water. But as we is more sure ob de lan’, we mus’ decide in favor ob de lan’, but recommend de water side as deserbin’ high credit for deir investigations, an’ de instruction an’ edifyin ob de meetin’.”

ANON.

HANS AND FRITZ.

Hans and Fritz were two Deutchers who lived
side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments
were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and
content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *gelt*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
“Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note.”

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
“I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars
to-day”—

When the question arose, the note being made,
“Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?”

“You geeps dot,” says Fritz, “und den you vill
 know
 You owes me dot money.” Says Hans, “Dot
 ish so;
 Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
 Und I prings you der note and der money some
 day.”

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
 Paid back the amount, and from debt he was
 freed.
 Says Fritz, “Now dot settles us.” Hans replied,
 “Yaw;
 Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?”
 “I geeps dot now, aind’t it?” says Fritz; “den
 you see
 I always remempers you baid dot to me.”
 Says Hans, “Dot ish so, it vas now shust so
 blain
 Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again.”

UNCLE PETE AND MARSE GEORGE.

ANONYMOUS.

He sat in musing mood on the top rail of a
 worm fence, and gazed wistfully across a forty-
 acre field toward the double log-cabin of a Mis-
 souri landed proprietor. Peace and good-will to
 all were written in every feature of his ebony
 countenance. A few gray hairs were visible in
 his beard and wool, and as he got down off the

fence and started across the half-plowed stubble field toward the mansion at which he had been gazing, a limp was noticeable in his left leg, the knee of which bowed outward somewhat.

This venerable colored man was known in the neighborhood as "Uncle Pete." As he neared the double cabin he halted, shaded his eyes with his hand, and, after gazing a moment, muttered:

"Yes, dar he is; dar is Marse George a-sittin' on de poarch a-readin' his papah. I coch um at home!"

"Marse George," said Uncle Pete a few minutes later, as he hobbled into the veranda, seated himself on a bench, and decorously adjusted his old worn hat over the glaring patches on the knees of the trousers, "Marse George, I'se come to see you once mo', once mo', befo' I leaves you fo'ebber. Marse George, I'se gwine to de odder shoah; I'se far on de way to my long home, to dat home ober acrost de ribber, whar de wicked hab no mo' trouble and whar water millions ripen all de yeah!

"Youns has all bin berry kine to me heah, Marse George, berry kine to de ole man, but I'se gwine away acrost de dark ribber. I'se gwine ober, an' dar on dat odder shoah I'll stan' an' pick on de golden hawp among de angels an' in de company of the blest. Dar I'll fine my rest; dar I'll stan' befo' de throne fo' eber mo' a-singin' an' a-shoutin' susannis to de Lord?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Pete, you're all right yet—you're good for another twenty years."

"Berry kine o' you to say dat, Marse George

—berry kine—but it's no use. It almos' breaks my heart to leab you an' to leab de missus an' de chillun, Marse George, but I'se got my call—I'se all gone inside."

"Don't talk so, Uncle Pete; you are still quite a hale old man."

"No use tálkin', Marse George, I'se gwine to hebben berry soon. 'Pears like I can heah de singin' on de odder shoah. 'Pears like I can heah de voice ob 'Aunt 'Liza' an' de odders dat's gone befoah. You'se bin berry kine to me, Marse George,—de missus an' de chillun's bin berry good—seems like all de people's bin berry good to poor ole Pete—poor creetur like me."

"Nonsense, Uncle Pete (*kindly and encouragingly*), nonsense, you are good for many years yet. You'll see the sod placed on the graves of many younger men than you are, before they dig the hole for you. What you want just now, Uncle Pete, is a good square meal. Go into the kitchen and help yourself—fill up inside. There is no one at home, but I think you know the road. Plenty of victuals of all kinds in there."

"'Bleeged t'ye, Marse George, 'bleeged t'ye, sah, I'll go! For de little time I has got to stay, I'll not go agin natur'; but it's no use. I'se all gone inside—I'se got my call. I'm one o' dem dat's on de way to de golden shoah."

Old Pete's limp was hardly noticeable as he departed for the depository of eatables, and a saintly smile illumined his wrinkled face.

Left alone, the planter was soon absorbed in his paper, and he noted the long absence of

Uncle Pete. At last, however, he was aroused by hearing the old man's voice, as he merrily caroled as follows:

“Jay bird, jay bird, sittin' on a limb,
He winked at me, an' I at him;
Cocked my gun and split his shin,
An' left the arrow a-stickin' in.”

“Zounds!” cried the planter, “if that old thief hasn't found my bitters bottle! Pete! Pete, you rascal!”

“Snake bake a hoecake,
An' set the frog to mind it;
But the frog he fell asleep,
An' the lizard came an' find it.”

“Pete, you rascal, come out of that,” cried the planter.

Pete heard not, for he was dancing a gentle shuffle and singing:

“De beble catch de groun' hog
A-settin' in de sun,
An' kick him off de back-log
Jes' to see de fun.”

“You Pete! Blast the nigger!” cried the now thoroughly aroused planter, throwing down his paper and rushing to the scene of this unseemly hilarity.

Unconscious of the approach, or of his presence in the world, Pete sang:

“De weasel went to see de polecat's wife,
You nebber smelt such a row in yer—”

“Pete!” broke in the irate Missourian, “Pete, you infernal old rascal, is that the way you are crossing the river? Are those the songs they sing on the golden shore? Is this the way for a man to act when he has got his call—when he is all gone inside?”

Old Pete, looking very much as he would had he been caught in a hen-roost, at last found courage to say: “Marse George, I’s e got de call, sure, I’s e gwine acrost de dark ribber soon, but I’s e now braced up a little on de inside, an’ de ’scursion am postponed—’scursion am postponed, sah!”

“WHAR’S DE KERRIDGE?”

MR. BERRY’S OVERSIGHT IN TRYING TO TAKE A YOUNG LADY TO A BALL.

He was a new bootblack, but already seemed quite at home at the old stand so long a familiar object on the line of our daily peregrinations.

“Sartin, boss, shine ’em up in less’n no time,” said he, and we mounted to the hurricane deck of his place of business.

“Wall, yes, boss, not been here long, but I’s e gettin’ insight inter de ways mighty fast. De ways here, sah, is different to what dey is down in ole Massissip. Bin in Massissip, sah? Fine ole State, sah.”

“The colored people here appear to be quite as happy as in any part of the world,” we ventured to remark.

“No, sah, beg leave to diffah; you’s not on de inside, sah; dar’s too much elewation; dat’s what’s the matter. Give you an instance: Las’ week, you know, sar, he cullud folks had a ball; quite a high-tone affair, sah. Well, I engaged a young lady for de party, sah; one dat I at dat time looked on as de pride ob de country, sah. I am not indifferent to dress, and I put on clothes, sah—clothes dat don’t every day see de light ob de sun—and went to de residence ob de gal.

“I ’rived at de ’pinted time. De gal was in de bes’ room an’ in her bes’ clothes, waitin’ my arrival on de scene. De ole man was dar an’ de ole woman also figgered in de tableau, wid a few juvenile supernumerary members ob de family.

“Miss Augusta smiled on me in dat meltin’ way ob de eyes dat allers guv me a movement of de heart. I was interjuced to de more influential members ob de household, an’ de discours was agreeable. Presently I suggested dat it would be well to be movin’ for de party, an’ Miss Augusta rose in all de pomp and circumstance of her high-priced attire.

“We arrived on de stoop of de door, an’, offering my arm, I supposed we should progress. No, sah, not a bit of it. Dat gal receded. She rose eric’ to an astonishin’ height, an’ as she transfixed me wid a gaze, she uttered dese memorable words: ‘Whar’s de transpotation?’

“‘De what?’ says I, feelin’ dat suffin was agoin’ wrong.

“ ‘De trans-pot-ation! Whar’s de transpotation?’

“ ‘What’s de transpotation?’ says I.

“ ‘De wehicle—whar’s de wehicle?’ she says.

“ ‘I don’t know nuffin ’bout no wehicle,’ says I.

“ ‘Whar’s de kerridge?’ says she.

“ ‘De kerridge?’ says I. ‘I haven’t seen no kerridge!’

“ ‘Mistah Berry, does you pretend to tell me dat you’ve come to take me to de ball without a kerridge?’ and she became of a still greater height.

“ ‘Why, of course,’ says I. ‘I thought we could walk. Down in ole Massissip de gals think nuffin of goin’ miles an’ miles’——

“ ‘So you expects me to hoof it, Mistah Berry? You tell me ’bout de gals in Massissip, Mistah Berry; do de gals in Massissip know anything ’bout proper attire, Mistah Berry?’ An’ she guv a sort of kick an’ a sling of her body an’ trailed out about four yards of train.

“ ‘De ole man an’ de ole woman an’ all de rest now put in dar ’pearance, an’ says de ole man, ‘What’s all dis confusion of tongues?’

“ ‘Mistah Berry doesn’t consider de honah sufficient to warrant him in de outlay necessary for de furnishing of propah transpotation,’ said Miss Augusta.

“ ‘Sah!’ said the ole man; ‘Sah!’ said de ole woman; ‘Sah!’ said all de little members.

“ ‘I said nuffin’.

“ ‘Does de niggah ’spect he’s gwine to lead

our darling off on de hoof like she was a cow!’
said de ole woman.

“ ‘Who do you call niggah, ole woman?’ says
I. ‘Why, I’s drove better lookin’ heifers nor
yours to de plow in ole Massissip!’

“De gal shriekt!

“ ‘Dar you talk to me an’ my darter in dat
bituminous manner?’ said de ole man, an’ he
guv me a lift wid his ole stogas dat raised me
off’n de stoop and follered it up wid numerous
of de same dat was much assistance to me in get-
tin’ out de gate.

“ ‘Dar’s too much elewation, sah, creepin’ into
pullud society. I turns my back to it, sah!’”

SUNDAY FISHIN’.

Heyo! you niggers, dah, I like ter know
Wut dat you up to yere! Well, toe by sho!
Ef you ain’t fishin’ on de good Lawd’s day,
Des like you done gone clah forgit de way
Up to de meetin’-’ouse! Yere, come erlong
Er me, en I’ll show you de place you b’long.

I tells you wut, boys, dis yere chile is had
Spe’unce er Sunday fishin’, en he glad
Dat he’s alive! De las’ time dat I broke
De Sabbaf-day dis way, it wa’n’t no joke—
You heered me now! Dat wuz de time you
know,

I ketched de debble, en I thought, fer sho,
Dat he'd ketch me!

You see dish yere de way
It wuz: I tuck my pole one Sabbaf-day
En went down to de river, at de place
Wut I kep' baited up above de race.

Dey use ter be a little dogwood tree
Up on de bank, des big enough fer me
To set en fish in; en I use ter clime
Into it alluz in high-water time;
It growed right on de steep bank's aidge, en lent
'Way out above de water.

W'en I went
Up dah dat day de muddy river den
Hed riz en overflowed 'bout nine or ten
Feet frum de bank, en so I tuck en role
My breeches up, en waded wid my pole
Out to de tree, en clime into de fawk,
En 'gin ter fish.

'Twa'n't long befo' my cawk
Duckt down clean outer sight, en den I felt
De pole jerkt mos' away. I lay, I helt
On to dat pole, but 'twa'n't no mortal use—
Dat fish was boun' to make sump'n come loose.
I had a monst'ous strong big cat-fish line,
En so I tuck en fix my legs en twine
Erround dat tree, en froze on to de pole,
'Termint to swing 'twell sump'n los' der hol'.

But, Laws-a-massy! twa'n't no yerthly use;
 Fo' long I felt dat tree a-givin' loose;
 En treckly down she come, sho 'nough, kerflop,
 Into de b'ilin' water, me on top.
 Yes, sir, right in de river; den dat thing
 Wut I done ketched hit gave a sudint swing,
 En' way hit tuck straight down de stream, wid
 me
 Er-follern arter, settin' on de tree!

Sakes, haw we trabbled! en'z we rolled along,
 Hit struck me all to wunst sump'n 'uz wrong
 Erbout dat fish! He wuz a pow'ful sight
 Too peart.
 De fus' thing wut I thought I better do
 Wus tu'n aloose dat pole; but, thinks I, "Shoo!
 I couldn't fool him dat away, en he
 Mout tu'n loose, too, en grab aholt er me."

Putty quick
 I seed out in de river, right ahead,
 Joe Taylor's fish trap, en de good Lawd led
 Us long up side it, en you mighty right,
 I jumpt on to it mighty free en light;
 En Mr. Smarty Nick, wid his ole tree,
 Sailed on, a-thinkin' still he haulin' me!

Dat's wut de matter!
 Niggers, dat de way
 I quit dis fishin' on de Sabbaf-day.
 Dah ain't no pole ermong yo' all I'd tech;
 En if you ain't a-hankerin' to ketch
 Sump'n yoo didn't barg'in for, I lay
 You better put dem hooks en lines away.

Fer members uv de church, dish yere gits me!
 Uv all de owdacious doin's I ever see,
 Dis tak'n de Sabbaf-day in vain's de wuss
 Fer mortifyin' de morals ov— You Gus!
 Look at dat bite you got! Law bless de Lam'.
 He's a joedahter! Look out dah, doe jam
 Dat pole up dah! You trine, peahs like to me,
 To knock de fish fum off dat 'simmon tree.

Now look! Doe jerk dat way! Law love my
 soul,
 You gwiner lose 'im! Yere, gimme dat pole;
 I'll show you how to lan' 'im! Stiddy, now—
 Pulls like a cat-fish. Hit's de boss, I vow!
 Des wait a minute; one mo' pull is boun'
 To git 'im. Dah he is, safe on de groun'.

Haint he a whopper, dough! Hoo-wee! I lay
 Y'all dat ah fish dis blessed day 'ull weigh
 'Bout forty—Laws-a-massy! ef I ain't
 Done broke de Sabbaf' 'fo I knowed it! 'Tain't
 No use to laugh—you reckon I wuz gwine
 Ter let dat fish take off dis pole en line?

DUTCH SECURITY.

Said Jake Metzenmaker to his sweetheart:
 “Loweeza, you vas a poody gal!”
 To which the bright-eyed young German dam-
 sel replied:
 “Shake, dot vas nice; say it again!”

Jake exclaimed: "You vas more peautiful ash a budder-cup, und I hope you vill marry me right away."

Then that sensible young woman responded: "Shake, I lide dot marriage idea poody vell. I pelieve it vas a cinsible peezness. Und I like you, Shake, more ash a gooble dimes. But I vants seguridy."

"Vants seguridy! I undershtand no such dhings," said Jake in amazement.

"Nein? Right away I dole you. Ouf you read dose babers, you find out it vas a great peezness by married fellers to run aroundt the saloon, und don't like vork, und oufter the vife say some dhings she got a plack eye, and then she vas goome by the bolice court for some seguridy for make him do petter."

"Put you don't vas pelieve I do such dhings, Loweeza? I schwear dot, my lofe—"

"Schwear vas a leedle fence not more ash a gooble feed high, und you shump over him ash easy ash you like. I pelieve you vas righdt now, Shake. Put there vas a great risk, und I vant seguridy for dose dimes when you vill be poss."

"Und you von'd marry me vidout dot seguridy?"

"I pelieve me, Shake, it vas petter ve got him now, ash py-und-py ouf dot bolice court—ain'd id?"

"Vell, vat seguridy you vant?"

"I dink, anyvay, a tousand tollar pond would be apout right."

"A tousand tollars! I don't ouver I find some

man vhat like schain hisself by such a gueldt.”

“If you don’d could find a friend mit dot much gonfidence py you, Shake, vat sort of a shance you dink I dake?”

THE SHIP OF FAITH.

ANONYMOUS.

A certain colored brother had been holding forth to his little flock upon the ever fruitful topic of *Faith*, and he closed his exhortation about as follows:

My bruddren, if yous gwine to get saved you got to git on board de Ship of Faith. I tell you, my bruddren, dere ain’t no odder way, dere ain’t no odder way, you can’t do dat way my bruddren, you got to get on board de Ship of Faith. Once ’pon a time dere was a lot ob colored people an’ dey was all gwine to de promised land. Well, dey know’d dere want no odder way for ’em to do but to git on board de Ship of Faith. So dey all went down and got on board, de ole granfadders and de ole granmudders, an’ de pickanninnies, an’ all de res’ ob ’em. Dey all got on board ’cepting one monsus big fellow. He said he’s gwine to swim, *he* was. “W’y!” dey said, “you can’t swim so fur like dat. It am powerful long way to de promised land.” He said, “I kin swim any whar, I kin. I git board no boat, no ’deed!” Well, my bruddren, all dey could say to dat pore disluded man, dey

couldn't get him on board de Ship of Faith. So dey started off. De day was fair, de win' right, de sun shinin' and everything butiful, an' this big feller he pull off his clos an' plunge in de water. Well, he war a powerful swimmer dat man, 'deed he war. He were dat powerful he kep right long side de boat all de time. Well, bimeby, my breddren, what you tink that pore man seen? A *horrible, awful shark*, my bruddren, mouf wide open, teef more'n a foot long, ready to chaw dat pore *man* all up de minute he catch him. Well, when he seen dat shark, he begun to git awful scared, an' he holler out to de folks on board de ship, "Take me on board! Take me on board, quick!" But dey said, "No, indeed. You wouldn't come up here when you had an invite, you got to swim now." He look over his shoulder an' he seen dat shark a comin' an' he let hisself out. Furst it was de man an' den it was de shark, an' den it was de man again; dat away my bruddren, *plumb to de promised land*. Dat am de blessed troof I'm tellin' you dis minute. But what do you tink was a waitin' for him on de udder shore when he got dere? A *horrible, awful lion*, my bruddren, was stannin' dere on de shore a lashin' his sides with his tail an' a roarin' away fit to devour dat pore nigger de minute he git on de shore. Well, he *war* powerful scared den; he don't know what he's gwine to do. If he stay in de water de shark eat him up; if he go on de shore de lion eat him up; he dunno what to do. But he put his trust in de Lord and went for de shore. Dat lion he gave

a fearful roar an' bounce for him, but, my bruddren as sure as you live an' breeve, dat horrible awful lion, he jump clean over dat pore feller's head into de water, an' *de shark eat de lion*. But, my bruddren, don't put your trust in no sich circumstance. Dat pore man he done got saved but I tell you *de Lord ain't gwine to furnish a lion for-ebery nigger*.

THE FOXES' TAILS, OR SANDY MACDON. ALD'S SIGNAL.*

Minister—Well, Sandy, man, and how did ye like the sermon the day?

(Precentor—Eh?

Min.—I say, how did ye like the sermon?

Pre.—Oh! the sermon—weel—a—a—the sermon—'od—a—I maist forget how I likit it.

Min.—D'ye no mind the sermon, Sandy?

Pre.—Weel—I—wadna jeest like to say that I didna mind it, but—

Min.—Weel, d'ye mind the text, then?

Pre.—Ou, ay—I mind the text weel eneuch—aye mind the text.

Min.—Weel, d'ye no mind the sermon?

Pre.—Bide a meenit—bide a meenit—I'm thinkin'—ay! I mind the sermon noo—ay, I mind it fine.

Min.—What d'ye mind about it?

*If desired, the matter in parentheses may be omitted in recitation.

Pre.—Ye said the world was lyin' in wickedness.

Min.—Toots, man! any fule kens that. What did ye think of the discourse as a whole?

Pre.—I thocht it was owre lang.

Min.—Tut, tut, tut! Weel, what did ye think o't in the abstract?

Pre.—The abstract—well, I thocht the abstract was not clear noo and then, as a whole, like.

Min.—Man, d'ye understand your ain language? I ask you what was your opeenion o' the nature—the gist, pith, marrow of the discourse?

Pre.—Ay, jeest that. Weel, it was—it was evangelical.

Min.—Evangelical! Of course it was evangelical—wasn't no more than that?

Pre.—Ou, ay, it was connectit.

Min.—You thickhead! Was the sermon good, bad or indifferent—there, can you fathom that?

Pre.—Oh! that's what ye've been speirin' a' the time, is't? What for did ye no speak plain afore? Weel, it was a gude sermon—'deed it was the best I ever heard ye preach.

Min.—Hoot—toot! Sandy, now you're gaun owre far.

Pre.—Aweel, aweel, I never saw sae few folk sleepin' afore.

Min.—Oh! And are you in the habit, sir, o' fallin' asleep during my pulpit ministrations?

Pre.—I wadna say but what I tak a blink noo and then.

Min.—Oh! but still ye thought it was a gude sermon?

Pre.—Ay, it was a mooch better than any other.

Min.—I'm mooch obleeged to you, Sandy, for your gude opinion.

Pre.—You're perfectly welcome. But, at the same time, if ye'll excuse me, I would jeest like to make one observation about the discoorse the day—and, in fack, aboot a' your discoorses.

Min.—Ay, what's that?)

Pre.—Weel, it's rather a venturesome pint tae handle; but, if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was joost gaun to say that in your discoorse the day—we'll no gang any farther than the one the day—in the midst o' it, like—when ye was on the tap o' an illystration—it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll no feel offended at what I'm gaun to say?

Min.—Say awa, man, and I'll tell ye after.

Pre.—Ay, weel, in your discoorse the day—every noo and again—in the midst o't, like—when ye was explennin' some kittle pint o' the Scriptures—or when ye was in the heat o' an argyment, or that—or else when ye—a—but noo, ye're sure ye'll no be offended?

Min.—Ye idiot! wull ye either say what ye've gotten to say, or else lit it alane?

Pre.—I'm coming to the pint directly. All I was gaun to say was jeest this, that every noo and then in your discoorse the day—I dinna say oftener than noo and then—jeest occasionally—

it struck me that there was maybe—frae time to time—jeest a wee bit of exaggeration!

Min.—Exagger—what, sir?

Pre.—Weel, maybe that's owre strong a word. I dinna want to offend ye. I mean jeest—amplification, like.

Min.—Exaggeration! amplification! What the mischief d'ye mean, sir? Where got ye haud o' sic langwords as these?

Pre.—There, there, there! I'll no say anither word. I didna mean to arouse ye like that. All I meant to say was that ye jeest stretched the pint a wee bit.

Min.—Stretched the pint! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I teel lees?

Pre.—Weel—a—but I didna gang sae far as that.

Min.—Ye went quite far enough, sir. Sandy, answer me this: Are ye sayin' this a'out your ain head, or did somebody else put ye up till't? Did you ever hear the Laird say I was in the habit o' exaggeratin'?

Pre.—I wadna say but what he has.

Min.—Did ever ye hear the elders say I amplified, or stretched the pint, or whatever ye like to call it?

Pre.—I wadna say but what they hae, too.

Min.—Oh! So the Laird, and the elders, and the whole o' ye, call me a leear, do ye? Haud yer tongue, Sandy, ye've said owre muckle already; it's my turn to speak now. Sandy, although I'm your minister, still I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm a sinful, erring crea-

ture, like anyone o'ye; and the only difference between me and the rest o' ye is just this: I've been to colleges and universities and seats o' learnin', and I've got some sense in my heid; but as for the rest o' ye, ye're a puir, miserable, ignorant set of creatures, that don't know your right hand frae the left; that's all the difference between us. At the same time, as I said before, I am free to admit that I myself am a human being, Sandy—only a human being—and it's just possible that being obleeged, Sawbbath after Sawbbath, to expound the word to sic a doited set o' naturals—for if I wasna to mak ilka thing as big as a barn door ye wadna see it ava—I say it's just possible that I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; and it's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and it's a waur thing to be accused o't, and therefore Sandy, I call upon you, if ever ye should hear me say another word out o' joint, to pull me up there and then.

Pre.—Losh! sir; but how could I pull ye up i' the kirk?

Min.—Ye can give me some sort o' signal.

Pre.—A signal i' the kirk?

Min.—Ay. Ye're sittin' just down aneath me, ye ken; so ye might just put up your heid, and give a bit whustle (*whistles*) like that.

Pre.—A whustle!

Min.—A whustle! What ails ye?

Pre.—What; whustle i' the Lord's hoose on the Lord's day? I never heard o' sic a thing in a' my days!

Min.—Ye needna mak such a disturbance

about it. I dinna want you to blaw off a great overpowering whustle, and frighten the folks out o' the kirk, but just a wee bit o' a whustle that naebody but our two selves could hear.

Pre.—But would it no be an awfu' sin?

Min.—Hoot's, man; doesna the wind whustle on the Sawbbath?

Pre.—Ay; I never thocht o' that afore. Yes the wind whustles.

Min.—Weel, just a wee bit souging whustle like the wind (*whistles softly*).

Pre.—Weel, if there's nae harm in't, I'll do my best.

So, ultimately, it was agreed between the minister and the presentor that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came; the sermon had been rigorously trimmed, and the parson seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile as he thought of the prospective discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy sat down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon that day, he would have done very well, and have had the laugh against Sandy which he anticipated at the end of the service. But it was his habit, before the sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of difficult points, so that his marvelous powers of "eloocidation" might be called into play. On the pres-

ent occasion he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter which describes Samson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As he closed the description, he shut the book and commenced the “eloocidation” as follows:

“My dear freends, I dare say you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. It takes a great company of dogs and horses and men to catch a fox, and they do not always catch it then—the cra’ter whiles gets away. But lo and behold! here we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundred of them! Now, how did he do it?—that’s the pint; and at first sight it looks a gey an’ kittle pint. But it’s not so kittle as it looks, my freends; and if you give me your undivided atention for a few minutes I’ll clear away the whole difficulty, and make what now seems dark and incomprehensible to your uninstructed minds as clear as the sun in his noonday meridian.

“Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived; and, further more, we are told in the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he was a very polite man; for when he was in the house of Dagon he bowed with all his might—and if some of you, my freends, would only bow with

half your might it would be all the better for you. But, although we are told all this, we were not told that he was a great runner. But if he caught those three hundred foxes he must have been a great runner, an awfu' runner—in fact, the greatest runner that ever was born. But my freends—an' here's the eloocidation o' the matter—ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we are not told that he was the greatest runner that ever lived, still we're not told that he wasna; and therefore I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of logic and scientific history, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born; and that was how he caught the three hundred foxes!

“But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up—after he has caught his three hundred foxes, how does he manage to keep them all together? This looks almost as kittle a pint as the other—to some it might look even kittler; but if you will only bring your common sense to bear on the question, the difficulty will disappear like the morning cloud and the early dew that withereth away. Well, then, please to mind, in the first place that it was foxes that Samson caught. Now, we do not catch foxes, as a general rule, in the streets of a toun; therefore, it is more than probable that Samson caught them in the country; and if he caught them in the country, it is natural to suppose that he bided in the country; and if he bided in the country, is is not unlikely that he lived at a farmhouse. Now, at farmhouses you have stables

and barns and other kinds of outhouses, and therefore we may now consider it a settled pint that, as he catched his foxes one by one, he slapped them into a good-sized barn, and steekit the door, and locked it. Here we overcome the second .umbling block; but no sooner have we done that than a third rock of offense loupes up to fickle us. After he has catched his foxes—after he has got them all snug in the barn under lock and key—how in the world did he tie their tails together? There's a fickler! You or me couldn't tie two of their tails together, let alone three hundred of them; for, not to speak about the beasts girm'n' and biting us all the time we were tying them, the tails themselves are not long enough. How, then, was Samson able to tie them all? Ah! that's the question; and it's about the kittlest pint you or me has ever had to eloocidate. Common sense is no good till't; no more is Latin ,or Greek, or Hebrew either; no more is Logic or Metapheesics; no more is Natural Philosophy or Moral Philosophy; no more is Rhetorik or Belle Lettres even—and I've studied them all myself. But it is a great thing for poor ignorant folk like you that there's been great and learned men that have been to colleges and universities and seats o' learnin'—the same as mysl', ye ken—and that, instead of going into the kirk like me, or into pheesic like the doctor, or into law like the lawyer, they have gone traveling into foreign parts. And they have written books o' their travels, and we can read their books. Now, among other places,

some o' these larned men have traveled into Canaan, and some into Palestine, and some few into the Holy Land, and these last mentioned travelers tell us that, in the Eastern or Oriental climes, the foxes there are a total different breed o' cattle altogether from our foxes—that they are great big beasts; and what's the more astonishing thing about them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samson's, is that they have all got most extraordinary long tails; in fact these Eastern travelers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually forty feet long!" (*Sandy whistles.*)

(*Minister aghast*) "At the same time I ought to mention that there are other travelers, and later ones than the ones I have just been speaking to you about, and they say that this statement is rather an exaggeration on the whole, and that these foxes' tails are never more than twenty feet long!" (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Before I leave this subject altogether, my freends, I may just add that there has been considerable diversity o' opeenion about the length of these animals' tails, so that the question has come to be regarded as a moot pint. One man, you see, says one thing, and another another; and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mysel', and after examining one authority, and another authority, and putting one against the other, I have come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails, on an average, are seldom more than ten feet long." (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Sandy Macdonald! I'll no tak' another

inch off thae beasts' tails, even gin ye should
whistle every tooth out o' your head!"

LAUGHIN' IN MEETIN'.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

We were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason of it was this: we had laughed out in meeting time! To be sure, the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves.

But by Sunday evening, as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gayety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and penitent state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, and Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our old friend Sam come in and set himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for, though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow-feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose-jointed, easy-going style of his individuality.

"Lord massy, boys—yis," said Sam, virtuously, in view of some of Aunt Lois' thrusts, "ye ought never to laugh right out up in meetin'; that are 's so, but then there is times when the best of us gets took down. We gets took una-

wares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur will git the upper hand afore they know it.”

“Why, Sam, *ministers* don’t ever laugh in meetin’, do they?”

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought; it was approaching the sin of Uzzah, who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

“Laws, yes. Why, haven’t you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrell for laughing out in prayer-time?”

“Laughin’ in prayer-time!” we both repeated, with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather’s mild face became luminous with a supressed smile, which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

“Yes, yes,” said my grandmother, “that aî-fair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on’t. But Parson Morrell was a good man, and I’m glad the council wasn’t hard on him.”

“Wal,” said Sam Lawson, “after all, it was more Ike Babbitt’s fault than ’t was anybody’s. Ye, see, Ike was allers for gettin’ what he could out o’ the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin’-house green. Somehow or other Ike’s fences allers contrived to give out come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive ’em back, Sunday, and so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, ’cause, ye see, to have sheep and lambs a ba-a-n’ and a blatin’ all prayer and sermon time wa n’t the thing. ’Member, that are old meetin’-house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill,

the land sort o' sloped down, so as a body had to come into the meetin' house steppin' down instead of up.

“Fact was, they said 't was put there cause the land wa' n't good for nothin' else, and the folks thought puttin' a meetin'-house on 't would be a clear savin'—but Parson Morrell he didn't like it, and was free to tell 'em his mind on 't, that 't was like bringin' the lame and the blind to the Lord's service—but there 't was.

“There war n't a better minister nor no one more set by in all the State than Parson Morrell. His doctrine was right up and down good and sharp, and he gave saints and sinners their meat in due season, and for consolin' and comfortin' widders and orphans Parson Morrell had n't his match. The women sot lots by him, and he was allus ready to take tea round, and make things pleasant and comfortable, and he had a good story for every one, an' a word for the children, and maybe an apple or a cookey in his pocket for 'em. Wal, you know there ain't no pleasin' every body, and ef Gabriel himself, right down out o' heaven, was to come and be a minister, I expect they 'd be a pickin' at his wings, and sort o' fault-fandin'. Now Aunt Jerusy Scrان and Aunt Polly Hokum, they sed Parson Morrell wa' n't solemn enough. Ye see there's them that thinks that the minister ought to be just like the town hearse, so that ye think of death, judgment and eternity, and nothin' else, when you see him round; and if they see a man rosy and chipper, and havin' a pretty nice sociable sort of time,

why they say he ain't spiritooal minded. But in my times I've seen ministers that was the most awakenin' kind in the pulpit was the liveliest when they was out on 't. There is a time to laugh, Scriptur' says, tho' some folks never seem to remember that are."

"But, Sam, how came you to say that it was Ike Babbitt's fault? What was it about the sheep?"

"O, wal, yis—I'm comin' to that are. It was all about them sheep—I expect they was the instrument the devil sot to work to tempt Parson Morrell to laugh in prayer time.

"Ye see there was old Dick, Ike's bell wether, was the fightin'est old crittur that ever you see. Why, Dick would butt at his own shadder, and everybody said it was a shame the old crittur should be left to run loose, 'cause he run at the children and scared the women half out of their wits. Wal, I used to live out in that parish in them days, and Lem Sudoc and I used to go out sparkin' Sunday nights to see the Larkin gals—and we had to go right 'cross the lot where Dick was—so we used to go and stand at the fence and call, and Dick would see us and put down his head and run at us full chisel, and come bunt, agin the fence, and then I'd ketch him by the horns, and hold him while Lem run and got over the fence t' other side the lot, and then I'd let go and Lem would holler and shake a stick at him, and away he'd go full butt at Lem, and Lem would ketch his horns and hold him till I came over—that was the way we managed Dick

—but if he come sudden up behind a fellow, he'd give him a butt in the small of his back that would make him run on all fours one while—he was a great rogue, Dick was. Wal, that summer I remember they had old Deacon Titkins for tithing-man, and I can tell you he give it to the boys lively. There war n't no sleepin' nor no playin' for the Deacon had eyes like a gimblet, and he was quick as a cat, and the youngsters hed to look out for themselves. It did really seem as if the Deacon was like them four beasts in the Revelation that was full o' eyes behind and before, for whichever way he was standin' if you gave only a wink he was down on you and hit you a tap with his stick. I know once Lem Sudoc just wrote two words in the psalm book and passed to Keziah Larkin, and the Deacon gave him such a tap that Lem grew red as a beet, and vowed he'd be up with him some day for that.

“Well, Lord massy! folks that is so chipper and high steppin' has to have their come-downs and the Deacon he had to hev his.

“That ar Sunday, I remember it now jest as well as if 't was yesterday. The parson he giv us his gret sermon, reconcilin' decrees and free agency—every body said that ar sermon was a masterpiece. He preached it up to Cambridge at Commencement, but it so happened it was one o' them bilin' hot days that come in August, when you can fairly hear the huckleberries a sizzling and cookin' on the bushes, and the locust keeps a gratin' like a red-hot saw. Wal, such times, decrees or no decrees, the best on us will

get sleepy. The old meetin'-house stood right down at the foot of a hill that kep' off all the wind and the sun blazed away at them gret west winders, and there was pretty sleepy times there. Wal, the Deacon he flew round a spell, and woke up the children and tapped the boys on the head, and kep' every thing straight as he could till the sermon was most through, when he railly got most tuckered out, and he took a chair, and he sot down in the door right opposite the minister, and fairly got to sleep himself, just as the minister got up to make the last prayer.

“Wal, Parson Morrell had a way o' prayin' with his eyes wide open. Folks said it wa' n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrell's anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he could n't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out toward the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin'-house door.

“Lem and me we was sittin' where we could look out and we could jest see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the Deacon. The Deacon had a little round head as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there makin' bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' pussonel. Lem and me was sittin' just where we could look out and see the whole picter, and Lem was fit to split.

“‘Good, now,’ sas he, ‘that crittur'll pay the Deacon off, lively pretty soon.’

“The Deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shooked his horns and stamped at him

sort o' thretnin'. Finally the Deacon he gave a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and come down on him ker chunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t' other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe, that broke up the meetin' for while, for Parson Morrell laughed out, and all the girls and boys they stamped and roared, and the old Deacon he got up and begun rubbing his shins—'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

" 'You don't orter laugh,' says he, 'it's no laughing matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he; 'I might have been sent into 'tarnity by that darned crittur,' says he. Then they all roared and haw-hawed the more to see the Deacon dancin' round with his little shinyhead, so smooth a fly would trip on 't. 'I believe on my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he.

"Wal, the truth on 't was, 't was just one of them bustin' up times that natur' has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 't was just like the ice breakin' up in the Charles River—it all come at once and no whoa to 't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed till they cried, and could n't help it.

"But the Deacon went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Sudoc he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playing tithing-man, wan'n't he, Deacon? Teach

you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerushy Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they had a pot of tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrell to set such an example, and suthin' had got to be done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrell hadn't no spiritooality, and now it had broke out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it; and Mrs. Titkins she said such a man wa' n't fit to preach; and Miss Hokum said she couldn't never hear him again, and the next Sunday the Deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lothrop's and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed till it seemed as if there war n't nothing else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerushy Scran they did n't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot everybody else a talkin'.

"Finally it was 'greed they must hev a council to settle the hash. So all the wimmen they went to chopping mince, and making up punkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gettin' reddy for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eat powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a ginerall trainin'. The hosses, they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a stompin' and switchin' their tails, and all the wimmen was a talkin', and they hed up everybody round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrell he says, 'Brethren,' says he, 'just

let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give up.'

"The parson he was a master hand at settin' off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in such a roar they did n't know where to leave off. Finally they gave sentence that there had n't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shut, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what ye look at, ef ye want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

"I dreampt I was eating flannel cakes last night and when I awoke half the blanket was gone."—Gilbert & Goldie.

I went into Stanley's the other day and saw a friend of mine seated at a table with a lady. She had false hair, false teeth, a glass eye and a wooden pedal. My friend says: "Let me introduce you to my wife." I took him aside and speaking in an undertone, said: "How could you ever marry such a looking woman? I see that she has false teeth, false hair, and a glass ee." He says: "Speak out, my boy, she's deaf, too."—Jack Norworth.

The way my brother got out of jail was this,

The governor visited the jail one day and my brother accidentally stepped on his foot. He said: "Pardon me, governor" and the governor did.

"I don't object to the hash your mother makes and I'm willing to stand for it six days in a week, but when on Sunday she puts raisins in it and calls it a pudding, I think it's time to kick."—Rae & Brosche.

Judge—"What's your occupation?"

Mike—"I'm a sailor."

Judge—"You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship."

Mike—"Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?"—Mark Murphy.

"Did you ever notice the difference between a German picnic and an Irish picnic? The Germans meet at the hall and march right out to the picnic. Do the Irish do that? Not on your life. They've got to march around town about three hours. Every man in the procession wants to pass his own house."—J. W. Kelly.

"I was walking along Fourteenth street the other day and picked up a nickel. I went a block further and found a saloon."—Gilbert & Goldie.

A party of college students knew an Irishman who used to go through a cemetery on his way

home, and determined to frighten him. They dug a grave, and placing a few loose boards over it, disguised one of their companions as a ghost, and then, hiding behind the grave stones awaited the denouement.

Along came the Irishman, stubbed his toe, and biff, down he went into the grave. As he arose the ghost said to him, in sepulchral tones:

“What are you doing in my grave?”

“Begorra! what are you doing out of it?”—
Marshall P. Wilder.

(Two Jews in a street car.) First Jew—“I vill nefer go py Far Rockaway agen fer de summer. Nodding but Irish everywhere.” Second Jew—“It’s de same at Saratoga, Abey, it’s alive mit Irish. I vish I could go vere der vas no Irish.”

Mrs. Clancy (on the opposite seat).—“Yez can both go to h—l, y’ll find no Irish there.”—
Joe Welsh.

“Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man a farmer.”

—Rogers Bros.

“What must a man be that he shall be buried
with military honors?”

“He must be a captain.”

“Then I lose the bet.”

“What did you bet.”

“I bet he must be dead.”—Dave Warfield.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Who man swim best, 't'hat man most gettee
drown;

Who lidee best, he must catch' tumble down.

One piecee blind man healee best, maskee;

One piecee deaf man best look-see.

One-time in taushan wise man not talk light;

One-time in taushan folee shinee blight.

Supposey you no make look-see for mollow,

You velly soon to-day make catchee sollow.

One piecee farmer for t'hat lain make play;

Traveller chin-chin for sunshine allee day.

You findee no needle sharp at bot' he ins;

You catchee no all-good man 'mong your flins.

You tongue he soft,—you tongue he long time
last:

You teet'h he hard,—but teet'h he wailo fast.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Littee Jack Horner

Makee sit inside corner,

Chow-chow he Clismas pie;

He put inside t'um,

Hab catchee one plum:

“Hai yah! what one good chilo my!”

EXCELSIOR.

That nightey-time begin chop-chop,
 One youngman walkee, no can stop,
 Maskee snow, maskee ice,
 He cally flag wit'h chop so nice:
 Top-side galow!

He muchee solly; one piece eye
 Look-see sharp—so—all-same my;
 He talkee largely, talkee stlong,
 Too muchee curio—all-same gong:
 Top-side galow!

Inside house he can see light,
 And evely loom got fire all blight;
 He look-see plenty ice more high
 Inside he mouth he plenty cly:
 Top-side galow!

Olo man talkee, "No can walk;
 By'm-by lain come,—velly dark:
 Hab got water velly wide."
 Maskee, my must go top-side:
 Top-side galow!

THE SENATOR'S DILEMMA.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

Our Senator was a man who, by mere force of character, apart from the adventitious aids of culture and refinement, had attained wealth and position. He found it agreeable, as so many other Americans have done, to take a trip abroad.

He chanced to be in Florence during the recent struggle for Italian independence. While there he met a remarkably brilliant woman, the acknowledged leader of the liberal part of Florentine society, generally known by the name of La Cica. She did not speak the best English in the world; yet that could not account for all the singular remarks which she made. Still less could it account for the tender interest of her manner. She had remarkably bright eyes. Why wandered those eyes so often to his, and why did they beam with such devotion—beaming for a moment only to fall in sweet innocent confusion? La Cica had the most fascinating manners, yet they were often perplexing to the Senator's soul.

“The Countess,” he thought, “is a most remarkably fine woman; but she does use her eyes uncommon, and I do wish she wouldn't be quite so demonstrative.”

At last the Senator came to this conclusion: La Cica was desperately in love with him.

She appeared to be a widow. Now if the poor Cica was hopelessly in love, it must be stopped at once. For he was a married man, and his good lady still lived, with a very large family, most of the members of which had grown up.

La Cica ought to know this. She ought indeed. But let the knowledge be given delicately, not abruptly.

On the following evening they walked on the

balcony of La Cica's noble residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

The conversation of a fascinating woman does not look so well when reported as it is when uttered. Her power is in her tone, her glance, her manner. Who can catch the evanescent beauty of her expression, or the deep tenderness of her well-modulated voice? Who indeed?

"Does ze scene please you my Senator?"

"Very much indeed."

"Youar countrymen haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway."

"It is a beautiful place."

"Did you aiver see any thin moaire loafely?" And the Countess looked full in his face.

"Never," said the Senator, earnestly. The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment.

The Countess sighed.

"Helas! my Senator, that is not pairmitted to moartals to sociate as zey would like."

"Your Senator," thought the gentleman thus addressed; "how fond, how tender—poor thing! poor thing!"

"I wish that Italy was nearer to the States," said he.

"How I adamiar your style of mind, so differente from ze Italiana. You are so strong—so nobile. Yet would I laike to see moar of ze poetic in you."

"I always loved poetry, marm," said the Senator, desperately.

"Ah—good—nais—eccelente. I am plees at

zat," cried the Countess, with much animation. "You would loafe it more eef you knew Italiano. Your lingua ees not sufficiente musicale for poatry."

"It is not so soft a language as the *I-talian*."

"Ah—no—not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?"

"The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days."

"Ah, now—you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator."

"I have heard you speak often," said the Senator naively.

"Ah, you compliment! I sot you was aboove flattera."

And the Countess playfully tapped his arm with her little fan.

"What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?"

"Poet? English poet?" said the Senator, with some surprise. "Oh—why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot!"

"Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is naturale zat you loafe him best."

"Steam-engine? Oh no! This one was a minister."

"A meeneestaire? Ah! an abbe? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos all of youar poets."

"He made up hymns, marm, and psalms—for instance: 'Watts' Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.'"

"Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I mus at once

procuaire ze works of Watt, which was favorite poet of my Senator."

"A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts," said the Senator firmly. "He is the best known by far of all our poets."

"What? better zan Shakespeare, Milton, Baïron? You much surprass me."

"Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America."

"Merciful heaven! what you tell me! ees eet possibl! An' yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell me some words of him which I may remembraire."

"I have a shocking bad memory."

"Bad memora! Oh, but you remember something' zis most beautiful charm nait—you haf a nobile soul—you must be affecta by beauty—by ze ideal. Make for me one quotatione."

And she rested her little hand on the Senator's arm, and looked up imploringly in his face.

The Senator looked foolish. He felt even more so. Here was a beautiful woman, by act and look showing a tender interest in him. Perplexing—but very flattering after all. So he replied:

"You will not let me refuse you anything."

"Aha! you are vera willin to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitare your regards. You are fill with the grands ideas. But come—will you spik for me som from your faverit Watt?"

“Well, if you wish it so much,” said the Senator kindly, and he hesitated.

“Ah—I do wish it so much!”

“Ehem!”

“Begin,” said the Countess. “Behold me. I listen. I hear every sin, and will remember it for aye.”

The only thing that the Senator could think of was the verse which had been running in his head for the last few days, its measured rhythm keeping time with every occupation:

“‘My willing soul would stay—’”

“Stop one moment,” said the Countess. “I wish to learn it from you,” and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

“‘Ma willina sol wooda sta—’”

“‘In such a frame as this,’” prompted the Senator.

“‘Een socha framas zees.’ Wait—‘Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees.’ Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?”

“‘And sit and sing herself away,’” said the Senator, in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

“‘Ansit ansin hassaf awai,’” repeated the Countess, her face lighting up with a sweetly conscious expression.

The Senator paused.

“I—ehem! I forget.”

“Forget! Imposibl!”

“I do really.”

“Ah now! Forget? I see by your face—you desave. Say on.”

The Countess again gently touched his arm with both her little hands, and held it as though she would clasp it.

“Have you fear? Ah, cruel!”

The Senator turned pale, but finding refusal impossible, boldly finished:

“‘To everlasting bliss’—there!”

“‘To affarlastin bliss thar.’ Stop. I repeat it all: ‘My willina sol wooda sta in socha frame as zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar.’ Am I right?”

“Yes,” said the Senator, meekly.

“I knew you were a poetic sola,” said the Countess, confidingly. “You air honesto—true—you cannot desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poatry!—at sooch a toime! I nefare knew befoare zat you so impassione!—en you air so art-aful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty—to poatry—to zee poet Watt—so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madre! how I wish you spik Italiano.”

The countess drew nearer to him, but her approach only deepened his perplexity.

“How that poor thing does love me!” sighed the Senator. “Law bless it! she can’t help it—can’t help it nohow. She is a goner; and what can I do? I’ll have to leave Florence.”

The Countess was standing close beside him

in a tender mood waiting for him to break the silence. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love; and she—“a widow! a widow! wretched man that I am!”

There was a pause. The longer it lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What upon earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows? What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Assuming an elegant attitude she looked up, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude.

“What ails my Senator?”

“Why, the fact is, marm—I feel sad at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles.”

Oh, base fabrication! Oh, false Senator! There wasn't a word of truth in that last remark. You spoke so because you wished La Cica to know that you had a wife and family. Yet it was very badly done.

La Cica changed neither her attitude nor her expression. Evidently the existence of his wife, and the melancholy situation of his unfortunate children, awakened no sympathy.

“But my Senator—did you not say you wooda seeng yourself away to affarlasiteen beles?”

“Oh, marm, it was a quotation—only a quotation.”

But at this critical juncture the conversation

was broken up by the arrival of a number of ladies and gentlemen.

THE IRISHMAN'S PANORAMA.

BY J. S. BURDETT.

Ladies and Gintlemen: In the foreground over there you'll observe Vinegar Hill, and should yer be goin' by that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, an' if yer ar' yer'll foind at the fut o' the hill a nate little cot kept by a man named McCarty, who, be the way, is as foine a lad as you'll mate in a day's march. I see by the hasp on the door that McCarty's out, or I'd take yez in an' introduce yer. A foine, noble, ginerous fellar this McCarty, shure, an' if he had but the wan peratie he'd give yer the half it, an' phot's more, he'd thank yer for takin' it. (Move the crank, James. Music be the bagpipes, Larry.)

Ladies and Gintlemen: We've now arrived at a beautiful shpot, situated about twinty moiles this side o' Limerick. To the left over there yer'll see a hut, be the side of which is sated a lady an' gintleman; well, as I was goin' that way wan day, the following conversation I heard 'twixt him an' her. Says she to him: "James, it's a shame for yer to be ratin' me so! Yer moind the time yer come to me father's castle a-beggin'?" "Yer father's castle, me woife? Shure yer could shtand on the outside, stick yer arm down the chimney, pick peraties out o' the

pot, and niver a partition betwixt you and the hogs but shtraw!" (Move the crank, James, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemen: We have now arrived at the beautiful and classical Lakes of Killarney. There's a curious legend connected wid these lakes that I must relate to yer. It is that every avenin', at foor o'clock in the afternoon, a be-beautiful swan is seen to make its appearance, and while movin' along transcendently and glidelessly, ducks its limbs, skips under the water, and yer'll not see him again till the next afternoon. (Turn the crank, James, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemen: We have no' arrived at another beautiful shpot, situated about thirteen an' a half miles this side o' Coruk. This is a grate place, noted for shportsmen, an' phile shtoppin' over thare at the Hotel de Finney, the following tilt of a conversation occurred betwixt Mr. Muldooney, the waiter, and meself. I says to him, says I, "Mully, ould boy, will you have the kindness to fetch me in the mustard?" An' he was a long time bringin' it, an' I oppertuned him for kapin' me, and says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune (that's me), I notice that you take a great dale of mustard wid your mate." "I do," says I. Says he, "I notice that you take a blame sight of mate wid your mustard." (Move the crank, James, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemen: Before I close my Panaramma, I'll show you one more picture.

While traveling in the States, some years ago, for the benefit of my health, I took the cars for

Chin-chin-nat-ti, State of Oh-ho-ho, on me way to Mont-real and Que-bec-que, in Can-a-da, down the river Saint Larry-o-mae, till a place called Buff-lo, after which I struck a party going about eighteen an' a half miles north, till a place celebrated for its great waterfall, an' called Ni-a-ga-ra.

While passin' by the falls wan evenin' I overheard the followin' remarks pass between a lady an' gintleman. Says he to her, "Mary Ann," says he, "cast your eyes up on that ledge of rocks, and see that vast body of water a-rushin' down over the precipice. Isn't that a great curiosity?" "I know that," says she; "but wud-dent it be a greater curiosity if they'd all turn round and pass back again?"

(James, turn the crank. Larry, give us "Home, Swate Home.")

SIGNS AND OMENS.

"Hans, what do you think of signs and omens?"

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pelieve averydings; but I dells you some-dimes der is some ding in sooch dings ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sits und reads mine newspaper, und mine frau she speak und say:

" 'Fritz, de dog ish howlin'!'"

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say:

“ ‘Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen—de dogs ish howlin’.”

“And den I gets oop mit mineself und looks out troo de vines on de porch, und de moon vas shinin’, und mine leedle dog he shoomp right up und down like averydings, and he park at de moon dat was shine so prite ash never vas. Und as I hauled mine het in de vinter de old voman she says:

“ ‘Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog ish howlin’.”

“Vell, I goes to pet und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howl outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howlin’ vors-er ash nefer. Und in de mornin’ I kits oop und kits mine freestick (breakfast), und mine frau she look at me und say fery solemn:

“ ‘Fritz, dere ish somedings ish happen. De dog vos howl all night’.”

“Und shoost den de newspaper comes in, und I opens him—und by shings! vot you dinks? dere was a man died in Philadelphia dot fery night!”

AN EXAMINATION IN HISTORY.

ANONYMOUS.

“You say,” I remarked to the old negro who drove the hack, “that you were General Washington’s body servant?”

“Dat’s so! Dat’s jus’ so, massa. I done

waited on Washington since he was so high—no bigger's a small chile."

"You know the story then about the cherry tree and the hatchet?"

"Know it? Why, I was dar on de spot. I seen Massa Gawge climb de tree after de cherries, and I seen him fling de hatchet at de boys who was stonin' him. I don chase dem boys off the place myself."

"Do you remember his appearance as a man—what he looked like?"

"Yes, indeed. He was a kinder short, chunky man, sorter fat and hearty-lookin'. He had chin whiskers and moustache and spectacles. Mos' generally wore a high hat; but I seed him in a fur cap wid ear warmers."

"You were not with him, of course when he crossed the Delaware—when he went across the Delaware River?"

"Wid him? Yes, sar, I was right dar; I was not mor'n two feet off'n him as he druv across de bridge in his buggy. Dat's a fac'. I walked 'long side of the offhand hind wheel of dat buggy all de way."

"You know all the general's relations, too, I suppose? Martin Luther and Peter the Hermit and the rest?"

"Know'd 'em all. Many and many's de time I don waited on de table when Massa Gawge had em to dinner. I remember dem two gemmen jes's well's if I'd seed 'um yesterday. Yes, sah; an' I druv 'um out often."

KATARINA'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

Vell, von morning I says to Hans (Hans vos mein husband) :—"Hans, I tinks I goes down to New York, und see some sights in dot village."

Und Hans he say: "Vell, Katrina, you vork hard pooty mooch, I tinks it vould petter be dot you goes und rest yourself some." So I gets meinself ready righd away quick, und in two days I vos de shteam cars on vistling away for New York.

Vell, ven I got dere, dot vas Saturday mit de afternoon. I vas tired mit dot day's travel und I goes me pooty quick to bed und ven I vakes in de morning de sun was high oup in de shky. But I gets me oup und puts on mein new silk vrock und tinks me I shall go to some fine churches und hear ein grosse breacher. Der pells vas ringing so shveet I dinks I nefer pefore hear such music. Ven I got de shtreet on de beobles vos all going quiet und nice to dere blaces mit vorship, und I makes oup my mind to go in von of dem churches so soon as von comes along. Pooty soon I comes to de von mit de beobles und sits me down on ein seat all covered mit a little mattress. De big organ vas blaying so soft it seemed likes as if some angels must be dere to make dot music.

Pooty soon de breacher man shtood in de bulbit oup und read de hymn oudt, und all de beobles sing until de church vos filled mit de shveetness. Den de breacher man pray, und read de Pible, und den he say dot de bulbit would be

occupied by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas.

Den dot man gommence to breach und he read mit his dext, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." He talks for so mooch as ein half hour already ven de beobles sings again und goes home. I tells mein brudder-mit-law it vos so nice I tinks me goes again mit some oder churches. So vot you tinks? I goes mit anoder churches dot afternoon und dot same Villiam R. Shtover vos dere und breach dot same sermon ofer again mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." I tinks to my ownself—dot vos too bad, und I goes home und dells Jawcup, und he says, "Nefer mind, Katrina, to-night ve goes somewhere else to churches." So ven de night vas come und de lamps vos all lighted mit de shtreets, me und mein brudder-mit-law, ve goes over to dot Brooklyn town to hear dot Heinrich Vard Peecher.

My, but dot vos ein grosse church, and so many beobles vas dere, ve vas crowded mit de vall back. Ven de singing vas all done, a man vot vas sitting mit a leetle chair got oup und say dot de Rev. Heinrich Vard Peecher vas to de Vite Mountains gone mit dot hay fever, but dot the bulbit vould be occupied on this occasion by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas. Und dot Villiam R. Shtover he gots mit dot bulbit oup und breaches dot same sermon mit dot same text, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever."

Dot vos too bad again und I gets mad. I vos

so mad I vis dot he got dot fever himself.

Vell, ven dot man vas troo Yawcup says to me, "Come, Katrina, ve'll go down to dot ferry und take de boat vot goes to New York!" Ven ve vas on dot boat de fog vas so tick dot you couldn't see your hands pehind your pack. De vistles vas plowing, und dem bells vos ringing, und von man shteppped up mit Yawcup und say "Vot vor dem pells pe ringing so mooch?"

Und ven I looked around dere shtood dot Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas—und I said pooty quick: "Vot vor dem pells vas ringing? Vy for Simon's wife's mudder, vot must de died, for I hear dree times to-day already dot she vas sick mit ein fever."

THE DARKEY PREACHER.

ANONYMOUS.

There was a negro preacher, I have heard,
In Southern parts, before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;
His was a mind deep reaching and profound.
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,
And help amuse the silly girls and boys;
But as for him, he was a man of thought,
Deep in theology, although untaught.
He could not read or write, but he was wise,
And knew "right smart" how to extemporize.
One Sunday morn when hymns and prayers
were said,

The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,
 “Bredren and sisteren, and companions dere,
 Our preachment for to-day, as you shall hear,
 Will be ob de creation—ob de plan
 On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.

When God made Adam in the ancient day,
 He made his body out of earth and clay,
 He shaped him out all right, den by-and-by,
 He set him up agin de fence to dry.”

“Stop!” said a voice; and straightway there
 uprose

An ancient negro in his master’s clothes.

“Tell me,” said he, “before you farder go,
 One little thing which I should like to know,
 It does not quite get through this nigger’s h’r,
 How came that fence so nice and handy dar?”

Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
 Or one nonplused, astonished, thunderstruck,
 The preacher looked severly on the pews,
 And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
 “Bredren,” said he, “dis word I hab to say:
 De preacher can’t be bodered in dis way;
 For, if he is, it’s just as like as not,
 Our whole theology will be upsot.”

THE DUTCHMAN’S SERENADE.

ANONYMOUS.

Vake up, my schveet! Vake up, my life!
 Der moon dot can’t been seen abofe.
 Vake oud your eyes, and dough it’s late,
 I’ll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
Und dhere vas no good blace to set;
My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
So blease get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe!
Am you avake ub dhere abofe,
Feeling sad und nice to hear
Schneider's fiddle schrabin near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear,
Und try to saw of you kin hear
From dem bedclose vat you'm among,
Der little song I'm going ter sung.

Oh, lady vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
Oh, you vot's schleebin' sound up dhere,
I like you pooty vell!

Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
Ven you'm ashleep—so vake!
(Yes, hurry ub und voke up quick,
For gootness cracious sake!)

My schweet imbatience, lofe,
I hope you will oxcuse;
I'm singing schveetly (dere py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

Oh! putiful, schveet maid!
Oh, vill she ever voke?
Der moon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhere
Anoder shtring vent proke!)

Oh, say, old schleeby head!
 (Now I vas gitting mad—
 I'll holler now und I don't care
 Uf I vake up her dad!)

I say, you schleeby, vake!
 Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
 Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
 Oh cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl schleebed—dot rain it rained
 Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
 Ven mit my fiddle I sneaked off
 So vet und shlobby like a mool!

FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and

as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reprov'd very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way toward the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven, to address her thus:

“Agnus Dei. You’d betther jump over the rails of the althar, I think. Go along out o’ that, there’s plenty o’ room in the chapel below there—”

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

“Orate Fratres! Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o’ that, there’s room below there. Thrue for you, Mrs. Finn,—it’s a shame for him to be thrampin’ on you. Go along, Darby Cosey, down there and kneel in the rain,—it’s a pity you haven’t a decent woman’s cloack under you, indeed!—Orate Fratres!”

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and casting a backward glance, he would say,—

“I hear you there,—can’t you be quiet, and

not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

“You'd betther kill the child, I think, thramp-in' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that,—your conduct is scandalous—Dominus vobiscum!”

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

“Here it is,” said Father Phil, “—here it is, and no denying it,—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the upholding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty?—aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds that you are coughin' and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance

of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this minute a strame o' wather that might turn a mill, running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly was under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughin' you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, that he might reprove it. "Laughin' is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God,—laughin' because when you come here to be saved, you are lost intirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill,—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see,—very well, very well,—take care then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefactors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in

his head! I say, 'your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor' (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't speak to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't; but no, them naked rafters grins in your face to no purpose,—you chate the house of God,—but take care, maybe you won't chate the devil so aisy.'" (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depind on something better, but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. O dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making viva voce marginal notes as

it were, upon the subscribers, which were not infrequently answered by the persons so notified, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort.

* * * * *

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

For the Repairs and Enlargement of Bally-slough-Gutthery Chapel.

Philip Blake, P. P.

“Micky Hickey, £0 7s 6d. He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is better than no bread.”

“Plaze your Reverence,” says Mick, from the body of the chapel, “sure seven and sixpence is more than half of ten shillings.” (A laugh.)

“Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky.”

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

“Billy Riley, £0 3s. 4d. Of course he means to subscribe again.”

“John Dwyer, £0 15s. 0d. That’s something like! I’ll be bound he’s only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o’ paint for the althar; it’s as black as a crow, instead o’ being as white as a dove.”

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

“Peter Heffermann, £0 1s. 8d.

“James Murphy, £0 2s. 6d.

“Mat Donovan, £0 1s. 3d.

“Luke Donnely, £0 3s. 0d.

“Jack Quigley, £0 2s. 1d.

“Pat Finnegan, £0 2s. 2d.

“Edward O'Connor, Esq., £2 0s. 0d. That's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.,—*a Protestant in the parish*,—two pounds.”

“Long life to him!” cried a voice in the chapel.

“Amen!” said Father Phil; “I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer.

“Nicholas Fagan, £0 2s. 6d.

“Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5s. 0d. Young Nick is better than owld Nick, you see.

“Tim Doyle, £0 7s. 6d.

“Owny Doyle, £1 0s. 0d. Well done, Owny na Coppal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings.

“Simon Leary, £0 2s. 6d.; Bridget Murphy, £0 10s. 0d. You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon; a lone widow woman gives more than you.”

Simon answered, “I have a large family, sir, and she has no childher.”

“That's not her fault,” said the priest—“and maybe she'll mend o' that yet.” This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

“Judy Moylan, £0 5s. 0d. Very good, Judy; the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll

have their reward in the next world.

“Pat Finnerty, £0 8s. 4d. I’m not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d.”

“It was three and fourpence I gave your Reverence,” said Pat, from the crowd.

“Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o’ my word, so bring me five shillings next week.”

“Sure, you wouldn’t have me pay for a blot, sir?”

“Yis, I would—that’s the rule of backgammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark you pay for it.”

Here his Reverence turned around, as if looking for some one, and called out, “Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?”

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued—

“There now, be active—I’m sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can toward the repair, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you—and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!

“SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0s. 0d. Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—a *Protestant in the parish*—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don’t take care.

“Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0s. 0d. Not her own parish either—a fine lady.

“James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1 0s. 0d. And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown—I will read it separate.” He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner: “James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundtown, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there is an example for you!—

“But what are you about, Rafferty? I don’t like the sound of that plate of yours—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don’t. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a trifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you.

“Mathew Laverty, £0 2s. 6d. *He* doesn’t belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will

prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place.

“Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d., Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; John Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. One would think they had all agreed to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy the name—we’ll call them the poor apostles from this out!” (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) “Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you.” (Here the laugh was louder.) A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, “I’ll make it ten shillin’s your Reverence.”

“Who’s that?” said Father Phil.

“Hennessy, your Reverence.”

“Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?”

“We will, your Reverence.”

“Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we’ll call you now the faithful apostles—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you.

“I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked her for it—don’t go by that other woman there—Oh, ho! So you won’t give anything, ma’am? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an

elegant shtraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now, afther that, remember—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces.

“Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0s. 0d. It's not his parish, and he's a brave gintleman.

“Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0s. 0d. *A Protestant out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh faith, the Protestants is shaming you!

“Dennis Fannin, £0 7s. 6d. Very good indeed for a working mason.

“Jemmy Riley, £0 5s. 0d. Not bad for a hedge carpenter.”

“I gave you ten, plaze your Reverence,” shouted Jemmy; “and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's.”

“So you did, Jemmy,” cried Father Phil, “I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther; and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings.”

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, “Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!” and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock

as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—*they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings

found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

BY CHAS. F. ADAMS.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises “garden sass and sich.” Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of the story in his own language.

“Vell, I valks shust a liddle while roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters vot vos so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself outside about a gau-ple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedide vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin’ of dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty goot bite out of dot, und vas chewin it

oup pooty quick, ven—by chiminy!—I dort I had a peese ov redhot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing uop dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, already, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears, und I mate vor an 'olt oken bucket' vot I seen hanging in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

“Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vos der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick, und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust been bicking; unt, mine cracious, how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red peppers* dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life I vas mat. I radder you give me feefty tollars as to eat some more of dose bepper-sauce dermaters.”

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

BY IRWIN RUSSEL IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Belubbed fellow-trabelers, in holdin' forth
to-day

I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to
say;

De sermon will be berry short, an' dis here am
de tex:

Dat *half-way* doin's aint no 'count in dis worl'
nor de nex'.

's worl' dat we's a-libbin' in is like a cotton
row,

Where ebery cullud gentleman has got to line
his hoe;
An' ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a growin' for to smudder up
de crap.

When Moses led de Jews across de waters of de
sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin' jus' as fas' as fas' could
be;
Do you suppose dey could eber hab succeeded in
dere wish,
And reached de promised land at last, if dey had
stopped to fish?
My frien's dere was a garden once, where Adam
libbed wid Eve,
Wid no one roun' to bodder dem, no nabors for
to thieve;
An' ebery day was Christmas, and dey had dere
rations free,
An' eberything belonged to dem except an apple
tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came
snoopin' round,
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de
ground;
How Evé and Adam ate de fruit, an' went and
hid dere face,
Till de angel oberseer came an' drove dem off de
place.

Now, s'pose dis man an' 'ooman, too, hadn't
'tempted for to shirk,

But had gone about dere gardenin', an' 'tended
to dere work,
Dey wouldn't have been loafin' where dey had
no business to,
An' the debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em
what to do.

No *half-way doin's*, bredren, 'twill nebber do, I
say!
Go at your task an' finish it, an' den's de time
to play;
For even if de crap is good, de rain will spoil de
bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your
souls.
Keep a-plowin', an' a-hoein', an' a-scrapin' ob
de rows;
An' when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what
you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is
hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebb'y upon eberyting you's
got.

Whateber you's a-dribin' at, be sure an' drike
it t'ro;
An' don't let nufin stop you, but *do* what you's
gwine to do;
For when you see a niggah foolin', den, sure as
you are born,
You's gwine to see him comin' 'out de small end
ob de horn.

I tank yo for de 'tension you has gib dis after-
noon;
Mister Williams will obleege us by a-raisin' ob a
tune,
I see dat Bruddah Johnson's gwine to pass
around de hat,
Don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes
to dat.

A DUTCHMAN'S TESTIMONY IN A STEAMBOAT CASE.

Several years ago, the steamboat Buckeye blew up on the Ohio river near Pittsburg, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Mrs. Rebecca Jones lost both her husband and her baggage. In due time she brought suit against the owners of the boat for damages for the death of her husband, as well as compensation for the loss of her clothing. On trial, the defense denied everything. It was alleged that neither Jones nor his wife was aboard the Buckeye, and therefore he could not have been killed, or any clothing lost. The Jones family being strangers in Pittsburg, where they went on board the boat, it was difficult to find any witnesses to prove that the missing man was actually on board, or that he was killed. Finally Mrs. Jones remembered that a Dutchman who took their trunk from the hotel at Pittsburg was a deck passenger, and he was soon found and subpoenaed as

a witness. His name was Deitzman, and being called to the stand he was questioned as follows:

Counsel for Mrs. Jones—Mr. Deitzman, did you know the steamboat Buckeye?

Witness—Yaw, I vas plow up mit her.

Counsel—Was you on board when the boiler collapsed?

Witness—Yaas, I vas on de poat ven de piler bust.

Counsel—Did you know Mr. Jones, the husband of this lady? [pointing to plaintiff.]

Witness—To pe sure I know him; I pring his trunk on de poat at Bittsburg, and ve paid our passage togedder at der captain's office.

Counsel—Well, did he stay aboard; did you see him on the boat at the time of the explosion?

Witness—Nix: I didn't see Mr. Shones on der poat at dat time.

Counsel for Defense [eagerly]—So, he wasn't on the Buckeye when the boiler exploded, that you know of?

Witness—I didn't say dat.

Counsel [with a triumphant glance at the jury]—What did you say then? When did you last see Jones?

Witness—Vell, I shtood by der shmoke bipe ven der piler pust, and I didn't see Mr. Shones den; but ven me and der shmoke bipe vas goin' up in de air, I see Shones coming down! Dat's der last time I see him.

This testimony being thought conclusive, the jury gave Mrs. Jones a verdict for five thousand dollars.

TIM MURPHY'S IRISH STEW.

Tim Murphy (*solus*). I saw Teddy Reagan, the other day; he told me he had been dealing in hogs. "Is business good?" sez I. "Yis," says he. "Talking about hogs, Teddy, how do you find yourself?" sez I. I wint to buy a clock the other day, to make a present to Mary Jane. "Will you have a Frinch clock?" says the jeweler. "The divil take your Frinch clock," sez I. "I want a clock that my sister can understand when it strikes." "I have a Dutch clock," sez he, "an' you can put that on the sthairs." "it might run down if I put it there," sez I. "Well," sez he, "here's a Yankee clock, with a lookin' glass in the front, so that you can see yourself," sez he. "It's too ugly," sez I. "Thin I'll take the lookin'-glass out, an' whin you look at it you'll not find it so ugly," sez he.

I wint to Chatham Sthreet to buy a shirt, for the one I had on was a thrifle soiled. The Jew who kept the sthore looked at my bosom, an' said: "Mine got! how long do you vear a shirt?" "Twinty-eight inches," sez I. "Have you any fine shirts!" sez I. "Yis," sez he. "Are they clane?" sez I. "Yis," sez he. "Thin you had betther put on one," sez I.

You may talk about bringin up childher in the way they should go, but I believe in bringin them up by the hair of the head. Talking about bringing up childher—I hear my childher's prayers every night—the other night I let thim up to bed without thim. I skipped and sthooed

behind the door. I heard the big boy say: "Give us this day our daily bread." The little fellow said: "Sthrike him for pie, Johnny." I have one of the most economical boys in the city of New York; he hasn't spint one cint for the last two years. I am expecting him down from Sing Sing next week.

Talking about boys, I have a nephew who, five years ago, couldn't write a word. Last week he wrote his name for \$10,000; he'll get tin years in Auburn.

They had a fight at Tim Owen's wake, last week. Mary Jane was there. She says that, barrin' herself, there was only one whole nose left in the party, an' that belonged to the tay-kettle.

UNCLE TURNER'S LAST WORDS.

(From Detroit Free Press.)

This was the picture in front of "Old Daddy Turner's" cabin in the "Kaintuck" quarter the other afternoon: Two colored men sitting on a wash-bench, silent and sorrowful; an old dog, sleeping in the sun at their feet, and a colored woman calling to a boy who was on the fence: "Now, Jeemes Henry, you git right down from dar! Doan' you know dat Daddy Turner am jist on de p'int of dyin' and gwine up to Hebben?"

Here was the picture on the inside. The poor old white-headed man lying on his dying bed,

flesh wasted away and strength departed. Near him sat his faithful old wife, rocking to and fro and moaning and grieving. Further away were a colored man and woman, solemn-faced and sad-hearted, and shaking their heads as they cast glances toward the bed. For a long time the old man lay quiet and speechless, but at length he signed to be propped up. A sun as warm as spring-time poured into the room. He took notice of it, and a change came to his face as his eyes rested upon his grieving wife.

“Ize bin gwine back in my mind!” he whispered, as he reached out his thin hand for her to clasp. “Fur ober fo’ty y’ars we’s trabbled ’long de same path. We sarved de same master as slaves ’way back in de dim past. We sang de same songs—we prayed de same prayers—we had hold of han’s when we ’listed in de Gospel ranks an’ sot our faces to’rds de golden gates of Hebben. Ole woman, Ize gwine to part wid you! Yes, Ize gwine to leave you all alone!”

“Oh! Daddy! Daddy!” she wailed, as she leaned over him.

“Doan’ take on so chile! It’s de Lawd’s do-in’s, not mine. To-morrow de sun may be as bright an’ warm, but de ole man won’t be heah. All de arternoon Ize had glimpses of a shady path leadin’ down to de shor’ of a big ribber. Ize seen people gwine down dar to cross ober, an’ in a little time I’ll be wid ’em.”

She put her wrinkled face on the pillow beside his and sobbed, and he placed his hand on her head and said:

“It’s de Lawd, chile—de blessed Lawd! Chile, Ize tried to be good to yer. You has been good to me. We am nuffin but ole cull’d folks, po’ in eberything, but tryin’ to do right by eberybody. When dey tole me I’d got to die, I wasn’t sartin if de Lawd wanted a po’ ole black man like me up dar in His golden Hebben ’mong de angels, but he’ll take me—yes chile, He will! Dis mawnin, I heard de harps playin’, de rustle of wings, an’ a cloud sorter lifted up an’ I got a cl’ar view right frew de pearly gates. I saw ole slaves an’ nayburs dar, an’ dey was jist as white as anybody, an’ a hundred hands beckoned me to come right up dar ’mong ’em.”

“Oh, Daddy! I’ll be all alone—all alone!” she wailed.

“Hush, chile! Ize gwine to be lookin’ down on ye! Ize gwine to put my han’ on yer head an’ kiss ye when night shets down an’ you pray to de Lawd, I’ll be kneeling ’long side of ye. Ye won’t see me, but I’ll be wid ye. You’s old an’ gray. It won’t be long before you’ll git de summons. In a little time de cloud will lif’ fur ye, an’ I’ll be right dar by de pearly gates to take you in my arms.”

“But I can’t let you go—I will hold you down heah wid me!”

“Chile, Ize sorry for ye, but Ize drawin’ nigh daat shady path! Hark! I kin heah de footsteps ob de mighty parade of speerits marchin’ down to de broad ribber! Dey will dig a grave an’ lay my ole bones dar, an’ in a week all de world but you will forget me! But doan’ grieve

chile. De Lawd isn't gwine to shet de gates on me 'cause I'm ole an' po' and black. I kin see dem shinin' way up dar—see our boy at de gate—h'ah de sweetest music dat angels kin play!—Light de lamp, chile, 'cause de night has come!"

"Oh! he's gwine! He's gwine!" she wailed, as her tears fell upon his face.

"Chile, hold my han'! Ober heah am de path! I kin see men an' women an' chil'en marchin' long! Furder down am de sunlight. It shines on de great ribber! Ober de ribber am—de—gates—of—"

Of Heaven! On earth, old and poor and low—beyond the gates, an angel with the rest.

PAT AND THE PIG.

We have heard of a Pat so financially flat,
That he had neither money nor meat,
And when hungry and thin, it was whispered by
sin,
That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
"Arrah now," said he, "what a trate that'll
be,"
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he rejoiced; then he went to a judge,
For in spite of the pork and the lard,

There was something within, that was sharp as
a pin

For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, "Will your Riverence
hear

What I have in sorrow to say?"

Then the story he told, and the tale did unfold
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the judge to him said, "Ere you go to your
bed

You must pay for the pig you have taken,
For 'tis thus, by me sowl, you'll be saving your
sowl,

And will also be saving your bacon."

"Oh, bejabers," said Pat, "I can niver do that—

Not the ghost of a hap'orth have I—

And I'm wretched indade if a penny it nade

Any pace for my conscience to buy."

Then in sorrow he cried, and the judge he re-
plied,

"Only think how you'll tremble with fear
When the judge you shall meet at the great judg-
ment seat,

And the widow you plundered while here!"

"Will the widow be there?" whispered Pat with
a stare,

"And the pig? by my sowl is it true?"

"They will surely be there," said the judge, "I
declare,

And, oh Paddy! what then will you do?"

"Many thanks," answered Pat, "for telling me
that,

May the blessings upon you be big!
On that settlement day, to the widow I'll say,
Mrs. Flannigan, here is your pig!"

A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH.

ANONYMOUS.

An enthusiastic French student of Shakespeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth:

"Ah! your Mossieu Shak-es-pier! He is gr-r-aand—mysterieuse—sooblime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess—ze scene of Moisseu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh? Superb sublimitee! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ye, Vitch!' she go away; but what she say when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no name! Ah, ha! she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aa-t vizout ze tail, but I'll do! I'll do!' W'at she do? Ah, voila le grand, mysterieuse Mossieu' Shakes-pier! She not say what she do!"

This was "grand" to be sure; but the prowess of Macbeth, in his "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor:

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by; he say (proud empressement). 'Come-o-o-n, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say enuffs!' Zen zey fi-i-ght-moche. Ah, ha!

voila Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-i-ight r-r-
apier, 'pink ' him, vat you call, in his body.
He 'ave gots mal d' estomac; he say, vis grand
simplicite, 'Enoffs!' What for he say 'Enoffs?'
'Cause got enoffs—plaanty; and he expire r-
right away, mediatly, pretty quick! Ah, mes
amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La
Belle France!"

JOHN AND TIBBIE DAVISON'S DISPUTE.

BY ROBERT LEIGHTON.

John Davison and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toasting their taes ae nicht,
When something statit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidewife," quoth John, "did ye see that
moose?"

Whar sorra was the cat?"

"A moose?" "Aye, a moose." "Na, na, guid-
man,
It was'na moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang aboot the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon was'na a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?"

Sae haud your tongue and say nae mair,
I tell ye, it was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see't,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose,
Sae I tell ye it was a rat!"

"Weel, weel, guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what you please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toasting his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And aye their lips played smack
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, guidwife,
Aboot a moose—" "A what?
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say it again,
It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw crosse!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
'Twas a moose!" " 'Twas a rat!" " 'Twas
a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she struck him over the pow—
 “Ye dour auld doit, take that;
 Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph—
 'Twas a rat!” “ 'Twas a moose!” “ 'Twas
 a rat!”

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
 As he hirpled ben the hoose;
 Yet he shoved oot his head as he steekit the door,
 And cried, “ 'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!”

But when the carle was fast asleep
 She paid him back for that,
 And roared into his sleepin' lug,
 “ 'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!”

The de'il be wi' me if I think
 It was a beast ava!
 Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
 She faund wee Johnnie's ba'!

JOHN CHINAMAN'S “COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.”

(*From Harper's Magazine.*)
 Spose man lun slam-bang flont of gal
 Walkee though le lye;
 'Spouse man make kisses pidgin gal,
 What fo' cly?

Evly man pickee up some gal,

Speakee all loun no got 'im;
 All same lookee so evly gal loun my way,
 Walkee through le lye.

SCOTCH PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING.

(From Harper's Drawer.)

Oh, if it wasna lawful,
 Lawyers wadna allow it;
 If it was na holy,
 Ministers wadna do it.

If it wadna modest,
 Maidens wadna take it;
 If it wasna plenty,
 Poor folk couldna get it.

MY AIN WIFE.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCH.

O ken ye no' my ain wife,
 Sae cherry, young, an' free;
 O saw ye ne'er my ain wife,
 She's mair than gowd to me,
 Sae bonny, thrifty, neat and kind,
 Sae fu' o' sense and glee;
 O wha kens no my ain wife,
 Kens no' what wives should be!
 Sae patient, loving, blithe, an' true,
 At least she's sae to me!

O, I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

Our hame, it is a cosy hame,
Our garden is na' sma',
My wife amang her blossoms blooms
The sweetest of them al';
The rose an' lily on her cheeks
Are mingled baith sae fair,
I often think the blushing things
Hae found their beauty there:
She's mair sweet than the sweetest
flower,
At least she's sae to me!
O, I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

The mavis on the sycamore,
The lintie on the spray,
The laverock quivering up the sky,
Sing sweet at break o' day.
O ilka bird that ever sang,
On tree or joyous wing,
Wad cease its sweetest happy strain
To hear my wifie sing!
Sae fu' o' feeling is her voice,
At least she's sae to me!
O, I wadna gie my ain wife
For ony wife I see!

THE HOOSIER AND HIS HANNER.

BY W. W. FINK.

It was here in Indianner
That I sparked and married Hanner,
Which is probably the reason
I've a story to relate.
Well, the world was all agin me,
And there were n't no good luck in me,
And my toes grew sore a-kickin'
'Gin the horny shins of fate.

On the farm, somehow or other,
Storms kept chasin' one a-nuther
Till they trampled down my harvest
And they mildewed out my hay.
Still I'd time enough to gather
All my crops in purty weather,
If I had n't run for office,
Which (the office) ran away.

But my Hanner, in a manner,
Held aloft the fam'ly banner;
For she kept the pot a-bilin';
Day and night she'd spin and weave,
While I kept a-lectioneerin',
Till the nighbors got a sneerin',
Jest because she made the livin',
And I thought we had better leave.

Well, we kind o' took to roaming
Till we landed in Wyoming.
It's the most confounded kentry

That a Hoosier ever struck!
 Injen fighters, women's righters,
 Long nosed Yankees, pome inditers;
 I'm old business, but what's the business
 Where no one but fools have luck?

Fust I murchandised and busted
 Till I could n't ur got trusted
 For a plug of black terbacker,
 Let alone a bag of flour;
 But my Hanner went to cookin',
 And, fust thing I know'd, she took in
 Twenty boarders, and the money—
 Goodness sakes! she made a power.

Well, my life was growin' sunny
 With the shine of Hanner's money;
 But the women's righters ran her
 For a justice of the peace,
 And you bet it riz my dander
 For to see her turnin' gander,
 Supersedin' uv her husband,
 Leavin' him among the geese.

But the long-nosed poem inditers,
 Injen fighters, women's righters,
 'Lected her! but you can bet your
 Boots I did n't 'lectioneer;
 And I told her. that's what I did,
 That I'd finally decided
 That the kentry wa n't healthy.
 And we'd better come back here.

So we came to Indianner,
 And I must confess that Hanner
 Had electioneered so honest
 That she had n't spent a dollar;
 And my life is once more sunny;
 Hanner's keerful of my money,
 And she's now a modest female,
 Not ashamed her spouse to foller.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S PROTEST.

Melican man no wantee John Chinaman ally mo'
 He no slay, "John, you velly good washee."
 Not muchee; he slay, "John, I wipee flo'
 Withee you if mo' comee this countlee."

What fo'
 Melican man
 No wantee
 John Chinaman
 Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no gettee dlunk heap:
 He mind his own washee, washee,
 Alle dayee long, and takee sleep,
 Boil watel fo'—what you call him?—oh,
 hashee!

What fo'
 Melican man
 No wantee
 John Chinaman
 Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no punchee head much;
 He no, like Melican man, say ‘‘Helle!’’
 He usee sloap, watel, sclubbin’-blush,
 Ebly dayee to help fillee bellee.

What fo’
 Melican man
 No wantee
 John Chinaman
 Ally mo’?

John Chinaman he vellee pool man;
 He no have timee to fool away;
 He workee allee dayee fast he can:
 He no workee he no gettee pay.

What fo’
 Melican man
 No wantee
 John Chinaman
 Ally mo’?

John Chinaman no loafee lound the sleets;
 He workee hald fo’ makee livin’;
 He washee collals, shirtee, cuffee, sheets;
 He do no beggin’ or t’iefin.

What fo’
 Melican man
 No wantee
 John Chinaman
 Ally mo’?

John Chinaman he havee no votee:
 Is that leason why he no wantee here?
 He no go lound ’lection day, and shoutee,

Fightee evelybody, smokee cigal, or dlink beer,
 What fo'
 Melican man
 No wantee
 John Chinaman
 Ally mo'?

“John Jones caught the hay fever dancing
 with a grass widow.”—Joe Flynn.

“If my folks knew I was on the stage they'd
 die of shame. (They think I am a shoplifter”).
 —Bonnie Thornton.

“A man owes my brother forty-seven dollars.
 Someone hit him on the head with a rock the
 other day, and the doctor says he's going to
 lose his memory.”—Dave Lewis.

“Every time I get on a ferry boat it makes
 me cross.”—Rogers Bros.

“We have German bands and French bands
 and American bands, but you never hear of an
 Irish band. You couldn't have one. Every
 man would want to be leader.”—J. W. Kelly.

There is a well-known saloon in Brooklyn
 which has three entrances. Casey enters and
 the bartender refuses to serve him because he is
 intoxicated. After an argument Casey leaves
 the saloon and soon discovers the second en-
 trance. He goes in and looks at the bartender

with considerable surprise and again calls for a drink and is again refused. He leaves, but soon comes back through the third entrance. He walks up to the bar unsteadily and looking the bartender in the face says disgustedly, "Say! do you own all the saloons in town?"—J. W. Kelly.

"Are your folks well to do?"

"No. They're hard to do."—Cook & Sonora.

"I saw a man yesterday with a 'deaf and dumb' sign on. So I gave him a nickle. He said: 'Thank you.' I said, I thought you were deaf and dumb. 'Oh,' he said, 'I'm only minding this place till the other fellow comes back.' Well, where is the other fellow, I asked. 'Oh, he's over in the beer garden listening to the music.'"—Ward & Curran.

"A man stole a harness the other day and never left a trace."—John T. Ray.

"My brother is an A 1 prize-fighter. He's won over thirty battles."

"That's nothing. I've got a brother that puts them all to sleep."

"Is your brother a prize-fighter?"

"No. He's a preacher."—Smith & Campbell.

A lady was walking along Market street, in San Francisco, holding a little girl by the hand,

who showed all the symptoms of having a flea on her somewhere. A newsboy rushed up and exclaimed "Examiner! Examiner!!" "I'll wait till I get home, I guess," said the lady, reflectively.—Charles R. Sweet.

"Your father was pretty wealthy when he died, wasn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did he leave your mother much?"

"Oh, about twice a week."—Frank & Don.

When Beau Nash was ill, the doctor asked him if he had followed his prescription. "No, doctor," said Nash, "if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the second story window."

"Do you call a man kind who remits nothing to his family while away?" said an actor. "Call that kindness?" "Yes, *un-remitting* kindness," was the reply of Jerrold.

A lady meeting Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, after his recovery from a severe illness, remarked to him: "Oh, doctor, I rejoice to see you about again; had we lost you, our good people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam," he replied, "but now I fear they will *die by the gross*."

Sambo, who was at sea, says: "All de passengers was a heaving, and the captain gave orders for the ship *to heave to*."

An officer on parade was thrown from his horse. He said to a friend: "I thought I had

improved in my riding, but I see I have *fallen off*."

A good-natured passenger fell asleep in a train, and was carried a few miles beyond his destination before he awoke. "Pretty good joke on you, wasn't it?" said a friend. "Rather too *far-fetched*," was the reply.

"Why do lean over that empty cask?" "I am mourning over *departed spirits*."

"Illustrated with cuts," as the boy said when he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "*Illustrated with cuts*," repeated the teacher, as he drew a rod over the boy's back.

Strange, Moore and Wright, three noted punsters, were dining together, when Moore observed: "There is but one knave among us, one *Moore*." "Ah," said Strange, "that's *Wright*."

A party praising as very old a small bottle of wine, a lady present said: "It is very *little for its age*."

Lamb said to a player of whist: "If dirt were trumps, what *hands* you'd have!"

A gentleman who had a carpenter working at his house, said: "Why don't you take care of those nails; they will be lost?" "No, *you'll find them in the bill*," was the reply.

Colman being asked if he knew Theo. Hook, said: "*Hook and I* (eye) are old associates."

A man, when tried for stealing a pair of boots, said he merely took the boots in joke. It was found that he was captured with them forty yards from the place he had taken them from.

The judge said he had *carried the joke too far*.

Sydney Smith seeing two women abusing each other from opposite houses, said: "They will never agree; they argue form *different premises*."

Pat, upon being told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed: "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the *fall* of my best friend."

"Why did you set your cup of tea on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said the landlady. "It is so weak, ma'am, I thought I would let it rest."

A drunkard's nose is a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes beneath.

Porson returned a friend's manuscript saying it would be read when Homer and Virgil were forgotten—but not till then.

"I speak *within bounds*," as the prisoner said when standing in a dock.

During the representation of one of Byron's plays a harsh, grating sound was heard behind the curtain. "They're *cutting out* the third act," said Byron.

A fop, speaking of the opera, said: "Oh, there was one air so enchanting it carried me away." "Can any one whistle it?" said Jerrold.

Reynolds, the dramatist, calling a friend's attention to the thinness of the house at the representation of his own play, attributed it to the war. "On the contrary, it's owing to the *piece*," was the blunt reply.

"Put out your tongue a little farther," said

a doctor to a lady patient. "Do you think, sir, there is no *end* to a woman's tongue?"

A man said he had seen a ghost. "What did it say to you?" "How should I know? I am not skilled in the *dead languages*."

"My friend Casey had a friend named Sullivan, who was very sick, and as there was no one else available Casey told the physician that he would sit up with him. Well, the doctor told Casey to administer a powder at 10 o'clock and to give him just what he could get on a dime and no more. He took a dime from his pocket and showed Casey the necessary portion and cautioned him against giving an overdose. Casey said he understood and the doctor left—of course without leaving the dime. The next morning when he called he found the man dead. He said to Casey, 'Did you give him the dose I prescribed?' Casey said, 'Of course I did. I didn't have a dime so I put it on two nickels.' "

—George Fuller Golden.

"One day in the dining car, the boy across the aisle got to laughing so, he couldn't stop. I said to his mother, 'That boy needs a spanking.'

She said, 'Well, I don't believe in spanking a boy on a full stomach.' I said, 'Neither do I. Turn him over.' "

—Ezra Kendall.

A landlord said: "Sir, I am going to raise your rent." The tenant replied: "Sir, I am much obliged to you, I cannot *raise* it myself."

A traveler said he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run. "They ran after us."

The husband who devoured his wife with

kisses found afterwards she disagreed with him.

Bus—to kiss; re-bus—to kiss again; blunder-bus—to kiss the wrong person; omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room; bus-ter—a general kisser.

Of a blind wood-sawyer—none ever saw him see, but thousands have seen him saw.

Mr. Stubbs is a man of means; he is reckoned the *meanest* man in town.

“Is that clock right over there?” “It certainly ain’t anywhere else.”

May the man who has a good wife never become addicted to liquor. (Lick her.)

A man asked for a bottle of hock, and said hic, haec, hoc. The waiter, who knew a little Latin, did nothing. “Did I not order some hock,” said the man. “Yes,” said the waiter; but you afterwards *declined it*.”

“Father, why is neighbor Smith’s liquor-shop like a counterfeit coin?” “I can’t tell.” “Because you can’t *pass it*.”

A man, while being tried, was dissatisfied with Lord Erskine, his lawyer. The man finally said: “I’ll try my own cause.” Erskine scribbled on paper: “If you do, you’ll be hanged.” The man wrote back: “Then, *I’ll be hanged* if I do.”

“Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after death?” “No doubt of it, ma’am; I have heard the *dead march*.”

Who is he?” said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated person. “Can’t say, sir,” replied the policeman;

“he can’t give an account of himself.” “Of course not,” said the other; “how can you expect an *account* from a man who has *lost his balance?*”

A gentleman coming into the room of Dr. Barton told him that Mr. Vowell was dead. “What,” said he, “Vowell dead? Let us be thankful it was neither *U* nor *I*.”

“Are you fond of tongue, sir?” “I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it *still*.”

A public functionary once sent in his resignation in a very angry letter. It was humorously remarked that the letter did not at all indicate *resignation*.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are *sophistical*.

“Would you not love to gaze on Niagara forever?” said a romantic young girl to her less romantic companion. “Oh, no; I should not like to have a *cataract* always in my eye.”

Coleridge once being asked which of Wordsworth’s productions he considered the prettiest very promptly replied: “His daughter Dora.”

I whip my child to make him *smart*.

A bachelor says: “It is a woman and not her wrongs that ought to be redressed.”

Unbleached domestics—Negro servants.

The more smokers fume, the less they fret.

“Dis nigga is full of de truth; he nebber let any out.”

Foote once asked a man why he for ever sang

one tune. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote, "you are continually *murdering* it."

"How shall I stir the fire without interrupt in the music?" "Between the bars."

I have asked her to marry me, and I have the refusal of her."

Foote expressed his opinion that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye if he could sell the timber.

Graduates of female seminaries seldom know how to *decline* marriage.

Never marry a girl named Ann. "An' is an indefinite article."

A lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied: "Oh, no; I'll *dye* first."

A witty fellow slipped down on an icy pavement. He exclaimed: "I have no desire to see this town burn down, but I sincerely wish the streets were *laid in ashes*."

A little man should never marry a large widow. He would be the widow's mite.

Sign in a corset maker's window: "All sorts of ladies stays here."

A printer's boy went to see a preacher's daughter. The next Sunday the minister's text was: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a *devil*."

A clergyman receiving but a small income resigned his church, saying: "I must give up my living to save my life."

A curate being chided by the bishop for at-

tending a ball, said: "My lord, I wore a mask."
 "Oh," said the bishop, "that puts a *new face* on the affair."

"Step over and see how *old* Mrs. Brown is."
 The boy returned, saying: "Mrs. B. did not know how *old* she was."

A gentleman bespoke a friend's cloak, when he should be done with it. "I should be very sorry," said the other, "to find you take up my *abandoned-habits*."

A gentleman, praising the charms of a very plain woman to Foote, the latter advised him to claim her, as he had the right of a first discoverer.

Powers, the Irish comedian, as he was about to sail for Europe, declined an invitation to the annual dinner to the Hibernia Society, saying: "Gentlemen, it would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, but I expect to be at that time, where you will be yourselves, *half seas over*."

"I have risen from the bar to the bench," as the young attorney said when he quit law and went to shoemaking.

A bachelor, having advertised for a wife to share his lot, was asked what the size of his lot was.

A customer told a shoemaker that his only objection to a pair of boots was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," said Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has

been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

A dentist at his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

The young woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her, she was skimming the sea.

Infantile kleptomania: We saw a little rogue the other day, only two years old, who had his father's eyes and his mother's nose and chin.

Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through a scaffold he had been constructing, said: "He liked to see a mechanic go *through his work* promptly."

You can't marry a miss if you marry a widow.

Great singers are often in debt; but is it because they get into the way of running high scores?

Mark Twain was in a mining camp when the colored cook having taken too much whiskey fell into the fire and was burned to death. Twain was asked to write the epitaph, which he did as follows: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

No farmer can plow a field by turning it over in his own mind.

A coquette is one who first steals your heart by her address, and then *steals* her own heart to your addresses.

A Yankee clergyman said he wrote a sermon a day, and thought nothing of it. His congregation coincided with him in opinion.

A baker is a man who kneads much and sells everything he kneads himself.

A little boy, when reproached for breaking a new rocking-horse, said: "What's the good of a horse till it's broke?"

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah, but I've seen them *kill mice*."

Very few horses eat pickled salmon, but we saw one standing the other day before a grocery with a bit in his mouth.

Two destructive wretches were recently seen *tearing* up the street, avowing their intention to *pull up* the river.

An auctioneer always looks *forbidding* when conducting a sale.

A correspondent inquires when that much-talked-of Anglo-Saxon race is coming off.

When a shoemaker is about to make a boot, the first thing he uses is his last.

A man observing two crows flying side by side, said: "That is as it should be. I hate to see one *crow over* another."

"How close you are, husband; you quarrel about trifles. "Well, I always thought the *less* one quarrels about the better."

A young gentleman being pressed very hard to sing, asserted that the company intended to make a butt of him. "No, my good sir, we only want to get a stave out of you."

"My dear the striped hose on our boy make his legs look like barber-poles." "That is all right; he's a little *shaver*."

A comedian had arranged to pay Mr. Berry, his greengrocer, quarterly; but the latter on one occasion being hard pressed for money, sent in the bill prematurely. The comedian indignantly said to the grocer: "I say, here's a mul-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 shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

"Come out of there, and I'll lick the whole of you," said the urchin to to some sticks of peppermint candy in a confectioner's window.

The daughter of a toll-gate keeper always allowed her lover to pass free. She never *tolled* her love.

Sheridan once entering a committee room and finding every seat occupied, said: "Will any one move that I may take the chair?"

The more checks a spendthrift has, the faster he goes.

Burglars' advertisement: Goods carefully removed.

A wag, speaking of the embarkation of troops, said: "Notwithstanding many left blooming wives behind, they went off in *transports*."

When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

Companions-in-arms—twin babies.

"Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren or Bulwer?" "Warren wrote 'Now and Then,'

Bulwer wrote 'Night and Morning,' and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round." "

A man named Smith, being indicted for forgery, said that he ought not to be punished, as *forging* was the proper business of a smith.

A wag said of an egotistical writer: "Somebody should take pity on his readers, and put out his I's."

"I am happy, Ned, to hear that you have succeeded to a large landed property." "And I am sorry, Tom, to tell you that it is *groundless*."

A question may be queer, but the questioner is the querist.

Dr. Johnson said of the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland, which was poor in purse but prolific in its distribution of its degrees: "Let it persevere in its present plan, and it may become rich by *degrees*."

"Don't you think my execution of Othello a capital performance in my line?" said an actor to Cooke, the tragedian. "Why, yes," said the punster, "all executions may be considered *capital performances*, and Othello is executed so effectually in your line that, as soon as you lay hands on him, he is no *moor*."

Counselloer Garrow, while examining an old female witness to prove that a tender was made of money, received on a slip of paper from his opponent these words: "Garrow, submit. That tough old jade will never prove a *tender made*."

Foote told Garrick he had a light guinea, which he could not pass. Garrick advised him

to fling it to the devil. "Well, David," said Foote, "you are ever trying to make a guinea go *farther* than any other man."

Foote was asked whether he had ever been in Cork. He said, no; but he had seen a great many drawings of it.

Foote, hearing of a poor fiddler straining harsh discord under his window, asked him to play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

A lady, with a very unharmonious voice, attempted to sing a piece called "The Tempest." A sea captain present said to a friend: "Don't be alarmed; it is not a tempest; it's only a squall and will soon be over."

Captain Silk was the name of an English officer in India. The name was a good one, for silk can never be *worsted*.

A dog got into the House of Commons, and interrupted Lord North, who was opening one of his budgets. His lordship pleasantly inquired by what new oppositionist he was attacked. A wag replied: "A member from *Barkshire*."

A man, being upbraided for contracting a number of debts, said: "On the contrary, I have invariably done everything in my power to *enlarge* them."

Hogg, alluding to the marriage of Dr. Parr in a clandestine way, to a woman beneath him, said: "He married *below par*."

A person handed Foote an original comedy for his personal opinion. Foote returned it,

saying: "Depend upon it, sir, this is a thing not to be *laughed at*."

"Who is that gentleman walking with Miss Flint?" "Oh, merely a *spark* she has *struck*."

As two merchants were conversing about business, a flock of birds flew over their heads. "How happy those creatures are," said one trader; "they have no acceptances to pay." "You are mistaken," said his friend; "they have their *bills* to provide for as well as we."

An unpopular judge was requested to vacate his seat on the bench. He refused, asserting that he did not possess the virtue of resignation. A man said he had a gun which went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, although it was not charged. "How can that be?" said a friend. "Because the thief carried it off, and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

Collins was much attached to a young lady who was born one day before him, and who did not return the passion. He said he came into the world a *day after the fair*.

Sterne said that apothecaries and lawyers differed in this, that the latter never deal in scruples.

The king possessed a timepiece so small he could wear it as a ring. Wharton, referring to it, said: "The king wears this to show that time does not hang heavy on his hands."

A person reading in a paper that a large piece of land had been carried away by an inundation,

said, even if it were true, there was no *ground* for the report.

A crusty old man was struck by the fore-foot of a horse. "This action of your horse," said he to the owner, "is quite new to me. I never saw a horse kick *before*."

A gentleman at dinner was so pleased with a glass of Cape wine that was handed him that he asked for a second one. Failing to obtain it, he said: "As we cannot *double the Cape*, suppose we go back to Madeira?"

A countryman walking along the streets of New York was stopped by a wooden barricade. He was told it was placed there to stop the yellow fever. "Oh," said he, "this must be the *board* of health."

A home missionary said the cause of his poverty was his preaching so much *without notes*.

"Is that a horse-pistol?" "No, sir, it's only a Colt's."

Counsellor Lamb told Erskine he felt himself growing more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," said the latter; "every one knows the older a lamb grows the more *sheepish* he becomes."

Some one called a clergyman a fool. The latter threatened to complain to the bishop. "Do so," said the former, "and he will *confirm you*."

Talleyrand, while playing whist, was asked: "How could Madam S demean herself so low as to marry her valet!" "Ah," replied he, "it

was late in the game; at nine we don't *reckon honors*."

"Stove-wood wanted immediately at this printing office. Don't bring logs that the devil can't split."

A drunken man falling on the ice, said: "If, as the Bible says, the wicked stand on slippery places, I must belong to a different class, for it's more than I can do."

An actor named Priest was playing at a theatre in London. Some one told Bentley that there were a great many people in the pit. "Probably," said he; "clerks who have taken Priest's orders."

"You are a nuisance, sir. I'll commit you," shouted an irate justice to a noisy bystander in his office. "You have no right to *commit a nuisance*," was the reply.

"A splendid ear, but a very poor voice," as the man said of the donkey.

In cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends upon a good *deal*.

A friend of Campbell, the poet, fell down a long flight of stairs. Campbell shouted from his room: "What's that?" "'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly," said his friend.

A spoiled child. The one that played with the kerosene lamp.

A young barrister commenced his argument by saying: "My unfortunate client, my Lord." Lord Ellenborough said: "There, sir, the court is with you."

An accident took place on the railroad by the axle of a tender giving way. A lady asked the cause. The reply was: "A sudden breaking a *tender attachment*."

'My wife died last night, and I can't cry to-day,' observed the town-crier to one of his customers.

When Mr. Alex. Gunn was dismissed from the custom-house, the entry made against his name in the books was: "A gun discharged for making a false report."

A visitor at Surgeons' Hall, when shown a number of dwarfs preserved in alcohol, remarked: "Well, I never thought that the dead could be in such *spirits*."

Some land in Ireland is so poor, that one cannot *raise a disturbance upon it*.

"I go through my work," said a needle to an idle boy. "But not until you are *hard pushed*," said the idle boy to the needle.

"The iron has entered my sole," said the shoe to the shoemaker. "I give thee *awl*, I can no more," was the reply.

A country youth, who had been in the city, was asked by his father if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "I was guarded by two policemen part of the time."

A brilliant conversationalist was told by a lady: "Sir, there is really no end to your wit." "Heaven forbid," replied the humorist, "that I should be at my *wits' end*."

An Irishman, looking over a physician's bill,

said he had no objection to paying for the medicine, but his *visits* he would return.

Charles Matthews, the comedian, being asked what he was going to do with his son, said he intended to make an architect of him; he could then *draw houses* like his father.

A friend of a man who had absconded, was asked why he left. He replied: "I apprehend, he was apprehensive of being apprehended."

A vegetarian is a man with carrotty hair, reddish whiskers and a turn-up nose.

A lawyer placed on his office door: "In from ten to one." A wag wrote underneath: "Ten to one he is not in."

Two rival shoemakers lived opposite one another. One had a new sign painted: "Men's conscia recti." The other one, not to be outdone, put up: "*Men's and women's conscia recti.*"

A man told a friend that he had drunk two bottles of champagne and six of port. His friend replied: "That's more than I *can swallow.*"

If a woman keeps a secret, it is pretty sure to be with *telling effect*.

A brewer was drowned in his own vat; the coroner's jury gave a verdict: "Found floating on his *watery bier.*"

Swift's Stella, in her last illness, was told by her physician: "Madam, I hope we shall soon get you up the hill again." "Ah," said she, "I am afraid before I get to the top of the hill, I shall be out of *breath.*"

An Irish judge, in passing sentence of death on a thief, convicted for stealing a watch, said: "That in grasping time he had reached eternity."

A young man, hearing one lady say to another: "I have something for your private ear," exclaimed: "I protest against it, for *privateering* is illegal."

Some women believe that powder on their faces has a similar effect to powder in the barrel of a gun. It assists them to *go off*.

Never run in debt with your shoemaker, for then you can't say your *sole* is your own.

A child having plucked some roses was reproved by her father, who said: "Didn't I tell you not to pick any flower without leave?" "Yes, papa," replied she; "but all these had *leaves*."

"Did you know I was here?" asked the bellows to the fire. "Yes, I always *get wind* of you," was the reply.

A gentleman said that a notorious borrower was one of the most *promising* men of his acquaintance.

We know a man who hates monarchy so much that he will not wear a crown in his hat.

A gentleman seeing a notice read "This cottage for sail," asked the occupant when the cottage was to sail. "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the *wind*," was the reply.

An old toper invariably sat down when he took a drink. He said he could *stand drinking*, but could not drink standing.

The breaking both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

“You have played the deuce with my heart,” said a gentleman to his lady partner in whist. “Well, it’s because you *played the knave*,” she archly rejoined.

“Comin’ thro’ the rye,” as the whiskey said while being distilled from the grain.

“Why do you always come after tea?” said a young lady. “I come after T,” was the response, “in order to be near U.”

A wag said that he was journeying in a stage with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. In turning a corner the stage was upset, “and then,” said he, “*I found them all out.*”

“I love thee *still*,” said the quiet husband to the chattering wife.

Some one crossing a bridge asked Theodore Hook who built the bridge. He replied: “I cannot tell, but if you go over you’ll be *tolled*.”

A drunken man staggering along the street, told Swift he had been spinning it out. “Yes,” replied the Dean, “and you are *reeling* it home.”

Whatever the reputation of a man may be when alive, all argue that when dead he is a *finished* gentleman.

A gentleman traveling was endeavoring to impress an argument upon a fellow-passenger, who was rather dull of comprehension. At length being irritated he exclaimed: “Why, sir,

it's plain as *ABC*." "That may be," replied the other, "but I am *DEF*."

It is a noticeable relic of ancient barbarity that the unfortunate militia are first drawn and then quartered.

A Miss Gilmore was courted by a gentleman whose name was Haddock, who told her that he wanted only one gill more to make him a perfect fish."

"I know very well how to cure hams," said Grips, "but the trouble with me just now is how to find out the way to *procure* them."

A wit asked Lord Lennox on the failure of Sir John Paul's bank: "Were you not upset?" "No," he replied, "I only lost my balance."

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it, and no questions asked.

"I'll never marry a woman who can't carve, because she would not be a helpmeet for me."

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

A musical author was asked if he had composed anything lately. He replied: "My last work was a *composition* with my creditors."

A gentleman who had a very deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied he; "that poor creature could never *hear* of another situation."

The best way to secure a legacy is to go at it *with a will*.

Bishop Broomfield was told that an arch-deacon had lectured on the art of making sermons, and also on the subject of churchyards. "Oh,

I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition."

The horse is a curious feeder. He eats best when he hasn't a *bit* in his mouth.

A Scotch minister, in a new parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle. "What do they say of my predecessor?" "Oh," said the beadle, "they say he is not sound." "What do they say of me?" "Oh, they say you are *all sound*."

An Irishman said that a friend of his had died suddenly. "Did he live high?" he was asked. "I can't say as to that," replied Mike, "but he died high,—*he was hung*."

A clergyman was censuring a lady for tight lacing. "Why," replied she, "would you recommend loose habits to your parishioners?"

A child in Maine, on being told that her father had gone to the polls to vote, asked whether the people in the South voted at the equator.

Three gentlemen dining at a tavern, ordered a brace of partridges. One of the party was requested to divide them, which he did by taking one on his own plate, and leaving the other for his friends, saying: "There is one for you *two*, and one for me *too*."

If a lady be asked how many rings she has she may say, with truth, that there is *no end to them*.

A woman's grief is very short. If she loses her husband she pines only *for a second*.

A Connecticut girl drank a pint of yeast at night to make her rise early the next day.

A short man was asked if he had fallen in love with a certain tall woman. "Do you call it falling in love?" replied he; "it's more like climbing to it."

A general should not stand erect. He should lean somewhat on his staff.

A woman says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot without *putting his foot* into it.

"It's a poor rule that won't work both ways," exclaimed the boy as he threw the ferrule at the teacher's head.

The man who, by mistake, took a drink from a bottle of mucilage has felt *stuck up* ever since.

Bowdle gets things cheap. Yesterday he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. *He kicked a dog.*

"I have passed through many *hardships*," as the schooner said after sailing through a fleet of ironclads.

There was only one man not spoiled by being lionized. His name was Daniel.

A hatter advertises that his hats fit so easily that the wearer can hardly feel them. They certainly cannot be *felt*.

The wife of a very ugly man said to Rogers, the poet: "What do you think! My husband has just laid out twenty guineas to buy me a monkey." "The dear little man," replied he; "it's *just like him*."

A man boasted that he owned a mule. A wag asserted this to be a case of self-possession.

A man said that he was never satisfied that a

lady understood a kiss, unless he had it *from her own lips*.

How young folks grow when they are in love. It increases their *sighs* wonderfully.

A physician was badly hurt by the caving-in of a well. He should have attended to the sick, and let the *well* alone.

A volume that will bring tears to your eyes —A volume of smoke.

“Going out with the tide”—Accompanying a bridal party out of the church.

A young lady, who was visited by a number of young lawyers, said she was still heart whole, for in a multitude of counsellors there is safety.

Railroads are built on three gauges nowadays. Broad gauge, narrow gauge, and mortgage.

When deaf-and-dump people marry, they may be said to be *unspeakably* happy.

When a lady stands with her intended at the altar, you may know she is about to draw her beau into a knot.

A young fellow, fond of talking, said he was no prophet. “No,” said his father, “no *profit* to yourself or to anyone else.’

Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

“This is a very rare picture,” for it is not *well done*.

A man who pawned his watch said he had raised money with a *lever*.

The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive *ears* for all of them.

Cutting off a dog's tail will stop his *waggin'*, but need not affect his carriage.

A young man has a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends. He terms them his *hair-breadth* escapes.

A doctor and a military officer became enamoured of the same lady. She said it was hard to choose between them, as they were such *kill-ing fellows*.

A dead hen is better than a live one, as she will *lay* wherever you put her.

A musical genius of this town is so full of *quavers*, that he always makes a *stop* when he comes to a *bar*.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to get a *bite* may get it outside the door.

"Do you love me still, John?" "Of course I do. The *stiller* the better."

Carpets bought by the yard are worn out by the foot.

How do you define "black as your hat?" Darkness that may be felt.

"You look as if you were *beside yourself*," said a wag to a fellow who was standing alongside of a donkey.

No matter how amiable a young lady may be, fashion demands she shall appear *ruffled* in public.

To put a horse on his metal—shoe him.

Scott having lost a number of books, which he had loaned, said: "My friends are bad arithmeticians, but good *book-keepers*."

When Mrs. Partington heard her minister state that there would be a *nave* in the new church, she observed that she knew well who the party was.

“‘*Tis false!*’” as the young lady said, when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

“‘Isn’t your bill awfully *steep?*’” asked a spendthrift of a tailor. “‘You ought to know best, for it was *run up* by you,’” was the reply.

“‘Oh, that my father was seized with a *remit-tent* fever!’” sighed a young spendthrift at college.

“‘If there’s no moonlight, will you meet me by gas-light, Julianna?’” “‘No, Augustus, I won’t. I’m no *gas metre*.’”

A beautiful young lady, who was blind, recovered her sight after marriage. Not uncommon for matrimony to *open people’s eyes*.

“‘I see you have *designs* on me,’” as the missionary mildly remarked when the cannibals had finished tattooing him.

A lady, speaking of her inebriated spouse, said: “‘He is a kind but *indulgent husband*.’”

“‘Does it hurt a joke to crack it?’”

Can a lover be called a suitor, when he don’t *suit her?*

A juror, who was deaf in one ear, was excused from duty, as it was necessary to *hear both sides*.

A bachelor says: “‘A woman’s heart is the sweetest thing in the world; it’s a perfect honey-comb full of *sells*.’”

Of the captain of a militia company it was

said: "His sword was only *drawn* but once, and that was in a raffle."

The mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

Is it murder to drown your sorrows and to kill time?

Rheumatism is sometimes a *joint* affair, and yet there is only one party to it.

A party, hearing of a dog after Landseer, wished to know why he was *after him*.

A teetotaler refused to sit for his portrait unless it was taken in water-colors.

Hot words usually produce a coolness.

Punning is the foundation of wit.

Tall gentlemen are always successful, for the ladies are in favor of *hy-men*.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said when he ran away from his creditors.

A gentleman, who asserted he was struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

A certain miser always took his meals before a mirror. He thus doubled his dishes.

As a man drinks he usually grows reckless; the more drams, the fewer scruples.

In marrying silly women, we "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

A man pronounced curiosity "*curo*sity." A bystander said to Curran: "How that man murders the language." "Not quite so bad," said Curran; "he has only *knocked an 'I' out of it*."

"That was a severe coughing fit," said a sexton to an undertaker, as they were drinking together. "Oh, it is nothing save a little ale

which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, that's just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the *coffin on the bier*."

A large man married a small woman. Of all evils, choose the least.

A man engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar. He first ordered a barrel of ale to be removed before the work commenced. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale," said the bricklayer. "I presume not, sir: but a barrel of ale would run at your appearance," replied the owner.

"He spends his money like water." "Then, of course, he *liquidates* his debts."

Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest, as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch.

A convicted murderer, when asked why sentence of death should not pass against him, said: "This joke has been carried far enough already; so, if you please, we will *drop the subject*."

"I thought you told me Tom Wilson's fever was gone off?" "Yes; but I forgot to mention that he has gone off with it."

An attorney died, and a friend observed that he had left but few effects. "I am not surprised at that," said another, "for he had few causes."

"I am sorry to say," said the sheriff to a young widow, who was handsome, "that I have an attachment for you." "I am happy to say, sir, that it isn't mutual."

THE END.