

The captain overheard the remark, and ordered the Irishman a substantial dinner in payment of his double-barrelled pun.

The father of Mr. William Dean Howells, the well-known American author, was remarkable for his dry vein of humor. When he wished to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome, he had recourse to this formula. He would be called out on some business, and would say to the guest—

"I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I will wish you good-bye!"

Even more original was the superb stratagem ascribed to another Ohio worthy in such emergencies, who used to say in his family prayer after breakfast—

"May blessings also rest on Brother Jones, who leaves us on the ten o'clock train this morning."

"WHAT'S A VISITATION?"

Two honest farmers in riding along together encountered a large number of clergymen; and one of them said to the other:—

"Where be all these parsons coming from?"

To this his friend replied: "They've been at a visitation."

The other, no wiser than before, says: "What's a visitation?" and the answer was: "Why, it's where all the parsons goes once a year and swops their sermons."

His friend, on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked—

"Hang it, but oor chap mun get the worst on it every time."

EQUAL TO IT.

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with water-works. As he halted at the top of the bank to give his team a rest before proceeding to make his round with the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up, and, after passing the time of day, asked—

"How long have you been hauling water for the village, my good man!"

"Tin years or more, sor," was the simple reply.

"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"

"From tin to fiteen, accardin' to the weather, sor?"

"Yes. Now I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied—

"All the wather that yez don't see there now, sor."

LOGICAL.

A philosophic Oxford professor was walking by the Bodleian Library one evening, when his attention was arrested by a man who was leaning out of one of the windows, and shouting to him to ask some one to come and unlock the doors, and let him out, as he had been locked in by the caretaker. The philosopher stopped, gazed at him solemnly, and said, quoting from the rules of the library—

"'No man can be in the library after 4.30 p.m.' You are a man; therefore, you are not in the library."

And having delivered this logical utterance, the learned professor calmly continued his perambulations, unmoved by the cries of the unlucky student above him.

TO THE LAST.

A story is told of a dying miser, by whose bedside sat the lawyer receiving instructions for the preparation of his last will and testament.

"I give and bequeath," repeated the attorney aloud, as he commenced to write the accustomed formula.

"No, no," interrupted the sick man, "I will neither give nor bequeath anything. I cannot do it."

"Well, then," suggested the man of law, "suppose we say *lend*. 'I *lend* until the last day.'"

"Yes, that will do better," assented the unwilling testator.

TO DRAW HIS SALARY.

The genial pastor of one of the suburban churches, whose salary is somewhat in arrears at present, stepped into the hardware store of one of his parishioners the other morning, and asked to see some corkscrews—very large and strong ones, he explained.

"Why, Dr. —, what in the world do you want with such an article, anyhow?" said the dealer.

"My dearsir," replied the doctor, as quick as a flash, "I want a corkscrew large enough to give me some assistance in drawing my salary."

The story reached the ears of his congregation, and the indebtedness was cancelled forthwith.