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Branding Colts.

A Preacher Hushed.

During the heat of the anti-slavery agitation while on a railroad train, Wendell Phillips was thus addressed by a clergyman: "Mr. Phillips, why do you and your associates continue do you and your associates continue to excite our people of the north when no slavery exists here? Why do you not go to the south where slavery does exist and stop the importation of slaves?" I believe you are a minister of the gone! Said are a minister of the gospel, said Phillips. "That is my vocation," replied the clergyman." And your mission is to save souls from hell?"
"That is my mission," replied the other. "Then," replied Phillips, "why do you not go there and stop the importation of souls?"

Worldly Wisdom.

There is a young minister in Philadelphia who has been remarkably successful in paying off the debts of the various churches to which he has been assigned from time to time. A brother minister, who was laboring earnestly by means of bazaars, fairs, and other affairs to accomplish a like happy result at his own church, went to him and inquired the secret

of his success. And I observe that you never have to resort to my present methods," he concluded.

The successful one smiled.
"No," he replied. "You see, when we need money, some good sister suggests a bazaar. Then I call on the husbands of the married ladies of the membership and explain to them that in order to raise a certain sum we are finding it necessary to hold a bazaar. We have never had to actually bring the affair off."

Competition Too Keen for Him.

A farmer during a long-continued drought invented a machine for watering his fields. The very first day that he tried it there suddenly came a downpour of rain. He put away his machine. "It's no use," he said, "ye can dae naething nooadays without competition."

"Isn't that a pretty book?"
"Charming."
"I am sure Ella would like that."
Then to the clerk, "Till take this book."
As the clerk was wrapping it up she added: "What is it, by the way? I didn't look."

Lady's Retort.

At a contest a ready answer secured one lady canvasser a Conservative vote. She had fluently advanced severvote. She had fluently advanced several reasons in favor of her candidate to a grumpy elector, who told her that she could talk the hind leg off a donkey. "Well," she replied, "it would give me much more pleasure to drive you to the polling-station than to the hospital!"

The retort so tickled the voter that he promised to support her side.

No Need to Prove It.

A Manchester paper tells this story, which is appropriate to the season, and shows how Irishmen are

gifted with discretion.
One morning Mrs. Murphy, a customer, came into the tailor-shop and found the tailor busy with pencil and paper. She asked him what he was

doing.
"Oi'm makin' a lisht av the min in this block who Oi kin lick," said he.
"Hev ye got Murphy's name down?" asked she.
"Marche heads me lisht"

"Murphy heads me lisht." Home flew Mrs. Murphy and broke

the news to her man. He was in the tailor-shop in a jiffy. 'Me woman tells me that ye're afther making a memorial tablet uv the min that yiz kin lick, and that ye've got me at the head of it. Is that true?" "Shure, an' it's true. What of it?"

said the tailor.
"You good-for-nothin' little grasshopper, I could commit suicide yez with me little finger. I could

wipe up the flure wid yez with me hands tied behind me."

"Are ye sure of that?" asked the

"Shure? I'm shure about it."
"Well, then," said the tailor, "if ye're shure of it, I'll scratch ye off the lisht."

"I thought," said her mother, "that I thought, said her mother, that I heard you and Mr. Rockingham quarreling down in the parlor last night." "Ye-es; but we made up before he went away." "What was the matter?" "He said when he was holding my hand that it was like a little bird fluttering in a case, and I little bird fluttering in a cage, and I insisted that it was like a little mouse in a trap. We just had an awful time for a while."



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