

CONSCIENTIOUS.—A congregation raised the salary of their minister from \$300 to \$400. The good man objected, for three reasons. First, said he, you cannot afford to give more than three hundred; secondly, because my preaching is not worth more than three hundred; thirdly, because I have to collect the salary myself, which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labours among you, and had I to collect an additional hundred it would kill me.

A NICE QUESTION.—*Sam*—You'll get it for hooking dat turkey last night. *Mas'r* knows it. *Pompey*—I did'n't hook it. War'nt de turkey *mas'r's*? Well. Ain't I *mas'r's*? Well, I eat de turkey, did'nt I? Well. Ain't de turkey part o' me? *Mas'r* ain't got so much turkey, but ain't he got more nigger? I tell you de turkey only changed places.

A CANDID LAWYER.—“Do you think I will get justice done me?” said a culprit to his counsel. “I don't think you will,” replied the other, “for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging.

CONVINCE a wise man of his error, and he will thank you; convince a fool and he will insult you.

WHITE MAN VERY UNSARTIN.—Boy, who do you belong to? asked a gentleman the other day as he stepped on board of a steamboat and saw a darkey listlessly leaning on the guards. I did b'long to Massa William, Sir, when I came aboard, but he's been in the cabin playing poker wid de captain 'bove an hour; *I don't know who I belong to now.*

PATIENCE.—A parson who could better preach of patience than practise it, was always irritated when he found his grandchildren in his study. One day one of those little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. Ma, said he, I don't want to go to heaven. Don't want to go to heaven, my son! No, ma, I'm sure I don't. Why not, my son? Why, grandpa will be there, won't he? Why, yes, I hope he will. Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, *Whew, whew! what are these boys here for?* I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpa is going to be there.

FLINT AND CHESTER.—Several merry farmers of Chester were drinking at an inn, in Chester, when a Welshman from Flintshire joined them. One of the Cheshire fraternity, supposing himself wiser than ordinary, commenced teasing the poor Welshman, saying: Why are you Welsh folk allowed to speak *twice*, and *we* only *once*? O, quoth the Welshman, the reason is quite plain—you Englishmen are such *blockheads* that you must be spoken to *twice* before you will understand. The Welshman proceeded, permit me, sir, now to ask you one question. What is the reason that your beard is *white*, when your *hair* has preserved its original color? The sage acknowledged his ignorance. Well, said the Welshman, the reason is, that your *chinbone* has been *exercised much more* than your *brains*.