

BROKEN STOWAGE.

"DOCTOR, I want a tooth pulled. I'm a great coward when it comes to enduring pain, and yet I'm afraid of both laughing gas and chloroform." "You might be happy with either."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I CAN see no reason," said the S. P. C. A. "boarder, why it should be thought advisable to dock a horse's tail." "Probably," suggested the Cheerful Idiot, "they are docked for being behind."—

Indianapolis Journal.

I HAVE before me a letter from a Persian friend, a gentleman of some literary note in his own country, who informs me that he is learning English by the aid of a small text-book and a dictionary, without any other instructor, and he adds: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come to the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."—*Methodist Herald*.

A LIQUOR CASE was on trial, and one of the officers who had made the raid testified that a number of bottles were found on the premises. "What was in the bottles?" asked the judge of the witness. "Liquor, your honour." "What kind of liquor?" "I don't know, sir." "Didn't you taste it or smell of it?" "Both, your honour." "What! Do you mean to say that you are not a judge of liquor?" "No, sir; I'm not a judge; I'm only a policeman." The witness was excused from answering any further questions.—*Green Bag*.

A PARROT YARN.—A man whose niece had coaxed him to buy her a parrot, succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home, and after putting it in a cage, stood before it and said, "Say uncle, Polly." The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen times or more with no better success, the uncle put his hand into the cage, and, grabbing the bird by the neck, shook him until his head wobbled around, all the time yelling to him, "Say uncle, confound you, say uncle!" The bird looked limp and

lifeless, and, disgusted with his purchase, the old fellow took the parrot out into the yard, where he had a coop of thirty chickens. Thrusting the half-dead bird in with the chickens, he exclaimed, "There, by gosh! you'll say uncle before you get out!" Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting on. Looking into the coop, he counted twenty-nine dead chickens, and in the centre of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth chicken by the neck and shaking it till its head wobbled, and screaming, "Say uncle, confound you, say uncle!"—*New Bedford Steward*.

There is no Unbelief... Little York Case... *Detroit Free Press*

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the most High.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever sees 'neath Winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no Unbelief!

Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

There is no Unbelief!

The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no Unbelief!

For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.