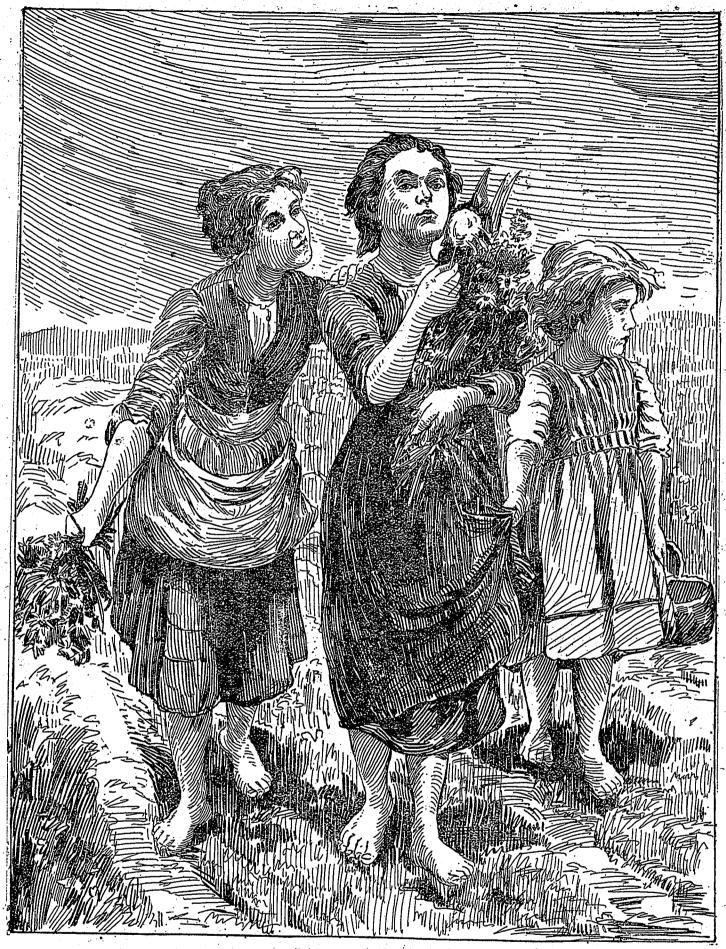
AGILITTLE FOLKSON



"WHAT O'CLOCK?"

'What O'Clock?'

There was once a clock-I am afraid it has by this time struck work never to go again-which belonged to an old gardener of my acquaintance.

'What time is it, Joe?' I used to enquire gravely, though if he had not been somewhat shortsighted he with a laugh that could not be en- hour and three quarters slow betirely suppressed.

'Time, ma'aster,' says he; 'why to be sure I'll go and look at ter clock in the stable.'

In a minute or two he returned. 'Her says a quarter to nine,' he would begin slowly, 'which if I don't misremember all she's lost ter-day fore, means it's just half-past six.'

. It was always the same rigmarole with Joe, and never once was his clock right. I fancy it is so with the thistledown clock in the picture.. When you blow for the time it is best to have a look at the sun. his Majesty is high in the heavens might have seen my lips twitching and yesterday, and bein' about one take your longest breath, and set