



“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 might have seen my lips twitching

with a laugh that could not be entirely 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 and yesterday, and bein’ about one

hour and three quarters slow before, 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. If his Majesty is high in the heavens take your longest breath, and set