

What are you
Laughing at?



It has been suggested that when the flying machine is perfected we shall be able to visit our castles in the air.

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The story is told that a certain very miserly man, who, during the greater part of his life, had never been known to give anything either publicly or privately, at last bestowed a chime of bells on a church in the town where he lived.

"What do you suppose he did that for?" some one asked.

"Oh, some one else answered, "he did it so that he could hear the ring of his money!"

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"Are you still troubled with your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass under the grape-vine, and every morning when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

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A Georgian negro was riding a mule, when he came to a bridge, and the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go ober disbridge," and with that he struck the mule over the head which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow, cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been standing close by unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I take de quarter out."

An Irishman was employed in a village, where he was well-known, to dig a public well.

The contract was made that he was to be paid a certain sum per foot, and warrant a free supply of water. At it he went with a will, and his daily progress was intently watched by interested parties. Early and late he delved away faithfully, deep down into the earth, full of confidence in the speedy completion of his labors. He had reached the depth of about twenty-five feet, and soon hoped to "strike water." Early one morning Pat repaired to the scene of his labors, and horrible to tell, it had caved in, and was nearly full. He gazed with rueful visage upon the wreck, and thought of the additional labor the accident would cause him. After a moment's reflection he looked earnestly around and saw that no one was stirring; then, quickly divesting himself of hat and coat he carefully hung them on the windlass, and speedily made tracks for a neighboring eminence which overlooked the village. Here, hiding amid the undergrowth, he quietly awaited the progress of events. As the morning wore on, the inhabitants began to arouse and stir out. Several were attracted to the well, thinking that, as Pat's hat and coat were there, he was, of course, below at work. Soon the alarm was raised that the well had caved and Pat was in it. A crowd collected and stood horrified at the fate of poor Pat. A brief consultation was held, and soon spades and other implements were brought to dig out the unfortunate man. To work they went with a will. When one set became wearied with the unusual labor, a dozen ready hands grasped the implements and dug lustily. Pat quietly looked on from his retreat on the eminence, while the whole village stood around the well and watched with breathless suspense the work go bravely on. As the diggers approached the bottom, the excitement of the bystanders grew intense, and they collected as near as safety would admit, gazing fearfully down the well. With great care and precaution the dirt was dug away, and when the bottom was at length reached, no Pat was found. The crowd, before so anxious, gradually relapsed into a broad grin, which broke forth in uproarious merriment when the veritable Pat walked up, with a smiling countenance, and addressed the crest-fallen diggers, who now stood weary and soiled with their labor. "Be jabers, gentlemen, and it's Patrick Fagan sure that is much obliged to yees for doin' of that nice little job of work."