

GEMS IN JEST.

A Winter Tale.

A boy once took it in his head
That he would exercise his sled.

He took that sled into the road,
And, Lord a massy! how he slode.

And as he slode he laughing cried:
"What fun upon my sled to slide."

And as he laughed, before he knewed
He from that sliding sled was slude.

Upon the slab where he was laid,
They carved this line, "This boy was slade."

Even a blind man can see a joke.

How to KEEP DRY.—Eat freely of red herrings and salt beef, and don't drink.

It may be the powder on the cheeks of fair maidens that blasts the hopes of so many young men.

"Inconsistent with strict veracity" is the way they put it in England, instead of calling a man a liar.

We can't understand why it was so awfully dark in Egypt when there were so many Israel-lights there.

"Fruit Jars," he said, as he looked at a sign; and then continued, "yes, it does, unless it is real ripe."

A man never looks so much like a red-handed villain as when he is told by a photographer to "look pleasant."

The Cat is the greatest American prima donna. If boot-jacks were boquets her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

The difference between a thief and a defaulter is, that the defaulter steals enough to hire lawyers to defend him, and the thief doesn't.

"John," said a teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll forgive you this time," responded John.

Human nature, says a writer, is fond of the mysterious. This explains why the present generation takes so kindly to mince pie.

"Sambo, what am your 'pinion ob rats?" "Wal, I tink de one with de shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest. Yah, yah."

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

"Why is a Fool in high station like a man in a balloon?" Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody."

The Detroit *Tribune* warns the Boston girls who have taken to wearing helmet hats that if they imitate the Boston police they will never catch a man.

In a German village the following official notice was posted: "Those who catch frogs' legs must first kill them. Those who kill them alive will be fined."

A middle-sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes" remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."—*Waif*.

Aunt—"Has any one been at these preserves?" Dead silence. "Have you touched them, Jimmy?" Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation—"Pa never 'lows me talk at dinner."

YOUTHFUL ARTIST, to countryman: "Might I go over there and paint those trees?" Countryman: "Paint the trees, maister! Don't thee think they look very well as they are?"

"What pretty children and how much they look alike," says C., during a visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of 'em!" exclaims C., greatly interested.

Silver dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous, but they are not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars in them.

Punched coin has been driven out of circulation, except when you are in a hurry and the grocer knows you to be a man who don't count your change.

The speaker had failed to awaken a very deep interest in his hearers, but when the small boy had stolen quietly out after leaving red pepper on the stove, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

New style of Western joke: "Suppose there was a man named Icular and he had a dog. When they were together they could not lie down because they would have to remain purp-and-Icular."

A Jerseyman was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train; when he picked himself up, he looked around for his hat, and remarked: "Well, if I don't find that er hat I'll make the company pay for it."

"Poor fellow! he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything!" exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship; it's living in poverty that puts the thumb-screws on a fellow."

A gentleman was promenading the street with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow cried out, "Oh pa, there goes an editor." "Hush, hush!" said the father, "don't make sport of the poor man—who knows what you may come to yet."

A railroad conductor was recently chosen deacon of a church. When it became his duty to take up a collection, he surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation: "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was large.

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

Gus De Brown, who has prolonged his call considerably after 10.45 p. m.: "So you don't admire men of conservative views like myself, Miss Angel?" Miss A., with vivacity: "No, indeed, I prefer people who have some go in them." De B. reaches for his hat.

Said Kate to her new husband, "John, What rock does true love split upon?" Quoth John, and grinned from ear to ear, "The rock of yonder cradle, dear."

Pat was reading a letter from Australia when he suddenly came to "Reply by return mail." "Shure," he exclaimed, "how can I reply when he hasn't sent never his address, the careless spalpeen? What shall I do now? Och, shure, I'll write and ask him what his address is, begor?"

In response to a toast to the fair sex a speaker became poetical and mixed his quotations thus:

"Oh, woman, in thine hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A story is told of an old gentleman who always took notes of his minister's sermon, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop! stop!" said he, at the occurrence of a certain sentence; "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

Such a Thick-Head.

Country woman (to parson, who had called to ask why Johnny, the eldest, had not been lately to school.) "Why he was thirteen years old last week, sir! I'm sure he've had school enough. He must know a'most everything now!" Parson.—"Thirteen, Mrs. Napper. Why, that's nothing. I didn't finish my education till I was three-and-twenty!"

Country woman.—"Lor, sir! You don't mean to say that you were such a 'thick-head' as that!"