

A PROVERB.

A proverb man must not forget,
And daily should repeat :
A corn upon the cob is worth
Six dozen on the feet.

—*New York Herald.*

HYPOTHESIS.

Judge—"How old are you, madam?"

Witness—"I've seen 18 summers."

Judge—"And 18 winters—36, Mr. Clerk."—
New York Press.

TRANSLATION.—*Felices animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primis, inque domos superas scandere, cura fuit.*

"O lively cats, to whom it was a care to know these things, and to climb to the tops of the houses."—*Ex.*

Tommy Jones—"Say, mister, I want to get a pair o' gloves."

Furnisher—"Kid gloves?"

Tommy—"Naw! naw! gloves for a grown pusson."

A PROMINENT PERSONAGE.

Jawkins—Who is that man yonder who goes along with his nose in the air?

Hogg—"Sh! He's a mighty important personage. His picture and biography are in all the papers.

Jawkins—What has he done?

Hogg—He's the man who was cured of catarrh.
—*Judge.*

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Fangle—"How did you happen to tell Mrs. Fangle that you go to Europe twelve times a year, when you have never crossed the ocean at all?"

Cumso—"She must have misunderstood me. I merely told her that I go over the *Atlantic Monthly*."—*The Epoch.*

A TRUE FRIEND.

Bronson—Do you ever read your work to any one before you send it out?

Funniman—No, not now. I used to read it all to my friend Banks, but he is dead.

Bronson—Poor fellow! No wonder.—*Life.*

"What have you in that box, Mr. Muller?"
"A handful of hair, a memento of my late wife."
"But your wife had no blonde hair." "No, but I had."—*Ex.*

"I tell you," said Mr. Schnadhorst in the lobby of the House of Commons, "the political situation in your district is something to raise your hair when you contemplate it."

"I think," said Sir Wilfred Lawson, as he took off his hat and disclosed his bald head, "that I'll go and take a look at it."—*S. H. Rev.*

Irate Subscriber—I demand to see the editor. Where is he?

Printer—He's in the loft. The citizens tarred and feathered him last night.

I. S.—Yes, and that's just what I want to see him about. The tar belonged to me, and I want the editor to pay for it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"He is a Dublin man, isn't he?"

"Not wholly."

"Why not wholly?"

"Because he has a *Cork leg*."

"Mamma, what's twins?" asked the smallest child.

"I know," replied an older one, before the mother could answer, "Twins is two babies just the same age; three babies are triplets, four are quadrupeds, and five are centipedes."

"James, I don't see you waiting at table any more."

"No, sah; I've been promoted. I've entry clerk now."

"You an entry clerk! I never knew you were a bookkeeper."

"Oh, I ain't. I jes' keep my eye on de umbrellas, hats, and things de bo'rders leave in the entry."—Kate Field's *Washington*.

ON A LONG JOURNEY.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I can't git work at me trade now anywhere around here, and wud you be so kind as ter help me along on me journey to a place where I can find work?"

"Lady—"Poor man! I didn't know business was so dull. Where do you expect to find work?"

"Considerin' the time o' year, mum, I'm afraid I'll have to go a long ways north of here."

"Indeed. What is your trade?"

"I'm a snow shoveller, mum."

As the class-regulations were removed from the study-hall door the other day, a new-comer queried whether they were soon going to replace the *Bill of Fare*.