

Parson Whangdoodle supposed this to mean that Uncle Nace was going to give him some stolen wood, so he replied:

"Uncle Nace, as long as I gets de wood, I don't keer much whar it comes from."

"Den, Parson, you don't keer whose wood you burns up."

"Hit's all de same ter me, Uncle Nace."

"Well, I am gwine," said Nace.

"Whar is yer gwine?"

"Ter lock up my wood-shed."

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ON HIS FEET AGAIN.

Col. Bill Snort, editor of the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator*, was in Austin a few days ago, and paid a complimentary visit to *Texas Siftings*. There was a merchant in his town who had written us, offering to subscribe for our great weekly if we would wait for the cash till fall, so we asked Snort how the merchant was coming on, if he had recovered from the effects of his failure a few months ago.

"Well, he is on his feet again."

"Glad to hear it. Is he making money?"

"Not much. When I said he was on his feet again, I only meant he had to sell his horse and buggy, and do all his riding on foot."

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THE MODEST DRUMMER.

Ike Schwindelmeyer is a relative of old man Schwindelmeyer, of the well-known Galveston firm of Schwindelmeyer & Co. Ike is a recent importation from Germany, and travels for the firm. He has a very