

MISCELLANEA.

THE man who "carries [everything before him]."—The waiter.

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HEALTH.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

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EPICURE.—One who lives to eat, instead of eating to live.

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GOOD BREEDING.—The key to good breeding.—B natural.

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DREAMS.—Invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep.

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ANCESTRY.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

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COFFIN.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

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BOOK.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

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THE LITTLE DIFFERENCE.—There is a little difference between a pinch and a punch; it consists of the difference only between "u" and "i."

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"SIRE, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

RICH HERBS.—"Time is money," is a sage saying. Thyme may be money, but the mint produces it. Shakespeare tells us of "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." A sweet time a man would have in trying to get money out of that bank! Bah! Time is a very good thing to be allowed when a bill falls due; but, after all, we would rather have a mint of money, and we should then be sure of having a good time.

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MAKING A CHICKEN COOP OF HIMSELF.—I happened to be dining at a friend's house upon one occasion, and amongst the other guests were Dr. Tucker and a country patient of his, to whom he had recommended a diet of chicken. The principle dish was stewed fowl, and as the doctor's patient sat on the right of the host, the platter was passed to him first. The man helped himself very freely—more so than politeness allowed—not only to the annoyance of the host, but also of the doctor, who happened to sit at the far end of the table, and who began to think his chance was slim of getting any. Gazing for a moment at the contents of the patient's plate, the blunt doctor asked, in a tone of half rebuke, half ridicule,—“Hello, Jones, what are you doing?” “Why, doctor, you told me I must eat chicken,” the patient replied. “Yes, I know I did, but I didn’t tell you to make a chicken coop of yourself,” retorted the man of physic, amid the laughter of all at the table.