

'Are you dry, Pat?' was a question asked under the broiling sun in the Royal Show Yard at Derby last month: 'are ye dry?' 'Dry's not the word; shake me, and ye'll see the dust comin' out o' me mouth.'

Conversation is a serious thing with some people. One of this kind on board a train was asked a very simple question by a fellow-passenger. She made a deprecating gesture, and replied, 'Excuse me, sir, but I am only going to the next station, and it's not worth while to begin a conversation.'

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.—Scene—Church door—Antient (to enquiring parishioner): 'Wis't the beadle ye were waitin' to see?' Enquiring Parishioner: 'Aye, it wis jist him I wanted.' Antient: 'Man, he's away for his holidays the noo, but the minister has promised to dae his wark for him the time he's aff.'

'Mother,' said a fair-haired urchin, 'I don't want to go to Sunday-school; I want to go fishin'.' 'But the fish won't bite on Sunday, my son. They're good, and go to their Sunday-School.' 'Well,' responded the probable future president, 'I'll risk it anyway; may be there's some that's like me.'

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said, 'Come come, my dears, that kind of accomplishment will not help you to get husbands.' 'I know it, uncle,' responded one of the girls as she gave a lunge; 'but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have 'em.'

Some years ago a clergymen, walking in the churchyard at Alloway, remarked to the grave-digger, who was in the act of making a grave:—'Yours is an unpleasant avocation; no doubt your heart is often sore when you are engaged in it.' The sexton looked up and pawkily replied, 'Ou, ay, sir, it's unco sair wark, and wee pay.'

Let us do our duty in our shop or in our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in the great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

A young man recently called at a little domicile in Vicksburg. A small boy and a big yellow dog were snuggled on the doorstep, and the young man asked, 'Will the dog bite?' 'Well,' said the boy, 'it's owin to certain things ef he do or not. Ef yer want to colleck sewing-machine money, he's fierce as a tiger, but ef yer got anything to give us, he's harmless as a kitten—ain't yer, Towser?'

An important divine was preaching a sermon of scraps to a congregation of country people. At the end of each paragraph an old man in the audience would quietly remark, 'That's Boston, or that's Rutherford, or that's Doddridge, or that's Baxter,' as the case might be. At last the minister lost his patience, and cried, 'Tak' the fule body out!' 'Ay, that's his ain i the hinner en' ony way,' said the old man, and withdrew.

A worthy curate in a country town recently welcomed home a younger sister, who was to act as his housekeeper. She had come fresh from the polite society of a genteel watering-place. Her first meal in his house was of 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates.' The good man proceeded, as usual, to say the simple 'grace before meat,' and was startled, if not edified, by his sister's remark: 'Don't do that any more, John; it's not fashionable at tea-time.'

Some years ago, when a new railroad was opening in the Highlands, a Highlander heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into an adjacent park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbours asked him how he liked his drive. 'Oh,' replied Donald, 'I liked it fine: but they have an awfu' nasty quick way in puttin' ane oot.'

A person once asked John Prentice, the grave-digger, if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread. 'Dear sake, sir,' he answered, 'the Lord's prayer tells us that, ye ken.' 'Ay, but,' said the querist, 'do you think you can do that consistently with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbours?' 'Dear sake, sirs,' cried John, rather puzzled, 'ye ken folk maun be buried!' This was quite natural, and very conclusive.