

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

HE SAW IT—A brother who was trying to buy a cow from a poor widow at less than it was really worth, suspended conversation with her for a moment to raise a point with a friend standing by as to "the sin of dancing." Quick as thought came the reply: "Certainly it is not as much of a sin to dance as it is to cheat a poor widow out of her old cow." *Richmond Religious Herald.*

SOMETHING LIKE IT—One of our neighbors, a little boy of nine years, had learned a verse at Sunday school. "I have planted, Apollos watered." The next Sabbath the verse was called for. Not one in the class could remember it. Our little friend, however, had a glimmer of light, and holding up his hand, said: "I can't remember exactly what it was, but I know it was something about Apollinaris water!" *Babyhood.*

CAN'T ECONOMIZE WITH HER—"No," said Nannie in confidence to her best friend, Katie. "If Charlie should propose to me before Christmas I would tell him to wait, because if I accepted him he would make the ring do as a Christmas present, and otherwise he would be sure to send me something else nice. After Christmas I'll accept him and get the ring any way. He needn't try any economical dodge with me!" *Harper's Bazar.*

HURRAH! Change of Heart—Socialistic Mob: Bring him out! Hang him! Down with monopoly! Inventor (putting his head out of the window): Goodness me! What does this mean? Mob Spokesman: You must die! We hear you invent a machine that do de work off von hoo dret men. You take breath out off dere mouths, you—Inventor: This machine of mine is an attachment for breweries, and will bring beer down to one cent a glass. Mob (wildly)—Hurray! *New York Weekly.*

HOW HE HEARD—Omaha Teacher—"Will some member of the class explain how we hear things?" Bright Sprig—"Somebody tells pa something down town, then pa tells it to ma as a profound secret, then ma tells it at the sewing society meeting and then we all hear it." *Omaha World.*

CALL AGAIN—Brown—"Well, good-day call again." Spouter (who is in the professional line)—"Excuse me, sir; but I have resolutely set my face against encores of every kind." *Boston Transcript.*

HE WAS TOUCHED—A. "Wiggles is a tough man. He has a heart of flint. I don't believe anything could touch him."

B. "I saw him once when he was touched."

"Where was that?"

"On the race course. A pickpocket 'touched' him for his watch." *Texas Siftings.*

HIS NEW DODGE—Housewife—Go on! You can't get anything here. This is no harbor for tramps.

Hungry McCluskey (drawing himself up)—Ma'am, I am no tramp. I am a census enumerator, and if yer don't gimme sumthin' ter stop ther cravins' of my stummick the law'll be on yer. Thanks! (Departing with a roast chicken.) Smotherin' Jacob, ain't it a great go! I'll keep ther scheme dark or ther rest 'o ther fellers 'll get onto it.—*Lawrence American.*

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY—Proprietor of Store—So you want a position as porter. Do you think you are strong enough?

Porter—Don't worry about that. I caved in three ribs for the last boss I had and he was three weeks in the hospital.—*Texas Siftings.*

A DANGEROUS PROCESS—Jenks—I say, Jenks, can you tell me how to make a dollar or two?

Yes, but it would be dangerous to try to pass them.—*Jester.*

JUST WHAT HE WANTED—"Would you care to face a burglar alone in a house, Miss Waxey?"

He asked this because she had led the conversation up to a sort of household atmosphere, and he didn't know what else to say.

"Not if I had a man to protect me," she answered, bearing down hard on his left shoulder.

"Why, Miss Waxey, what—why—wouldn't I suit as well?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

WOULDN'T GIVE IT AWAY—Parson (returning from church, to small boy with a pole)—Do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath? Small boy (with pride and animation)—You just bet I do, and I ain't a-goin' to give the snap away, either.

SOURCE OF THE CONDENSED MILK—Farmer—Come out here to the bars, Miss Beacon Street, I want to show you my new Jersey calf.

Miss Beacon Street (enchanted)—Oh, what a lovely little cow! Now, I suppose that is the kind that gives the condensed milk, isn't it?—*Somerville Journal.*

THAT MADE A DIFFERENCE—Jeweler James, bring me the tray of fine diamond bracelets' (To his customer).—For your sweetheart?

Customer—"No, for my wife."

Jeweler—Never mind the diamonds, James. Bring that tray of bright cut silver bracelets."

A clock and a pretty woman are direct opposites. The one reminds us of the hours and the other helps us to forget them.

I went one night to court a maid,

The witching blue-eyed Kate.

The clock had stopped, and so I stayed
Until the hour was late.

"Why are you like that timepiece, Fred?"

The maiden murmured low.

I gave it up. She softly said

"Because you do not go."

WHY HE DIDN'T PAY—Dumley (who has sold a watch)—You told me, Robinson, that if I would let you have the watch, you would pay me in thirty days. It's a good deal more than thirty days now.

Robinson—"Not by the watch; that watch loses twelve hours out of the twenty-four." *New York Sun.*

COURTSHIP—Courtship is graced with the glitter of diamonds, but marriage has to scabble around very lively to get a supply of the plain black carbon.—*Puck.*

A PRACTICAL CLOCK—There was recently exhibited a clock which indicates the hour by discharging a pistol. This is probably done to kill time.

TRAMP LOGIC—Citizen—"No, I can give you no money; I don't like to encourage idleness. Why don't you go to work?"

Tramp—"It's easy to say that, but it isn't so easy to get a job. I've been trying to get work all the year."

Citizen—"What kind of a job have you looked for?"

Tramp—"Winding an eight day clock."—*Nebraska Journal.*

BOILED DOWN—I ditto *Jewelers' Weekly*—"This article about putting watches in hot water and how it acts on the works is too long.

Reporter—"Well, what shall I do about it?"

Editor—"Boil it down."

AN IMPOSING SIGHT—A street fakir selling brass watch cases as solid gold watches.—*Judge.*

MORE THAN VALUE—The man who buys a cheap watch sometimes gets a good deal of time for a very little money.—*Somerville Journal.*

A POLY-GLOT—A jeweler of our acquaintance has a parrot that can tell you the time in three different languages. He is a poly-glot.—*Ex.*

HOW IT IS DONE—When a watchmaker fails, of course somebody must be appointed to wind up the affairs of the concern.—*Boston Post.*

WHY THEY ARE CALLED—Paste diamonds are so called because people get stuck on them so often.—*San Francisco Examiner.*



ON A DARK NIGHT.

Voice (from upper window): "Is that you, Harold, dear?"
GUGGINSON (in a disguised voice): "Yes, dearest."
Voice: "Papa's asleep in the library, and if you'll take my trunk and jewel box we'll be off to the minister's."
GUGGINSON: "All right, love; just let 'em down an' wait till I get 'em over the fence." (To himself): "Howlin' mastiffs! what a snap!"—*The Judge.*