

"Well," said the deacon, "I sold old Bill to-day."

"Who to?" asked his wife.

"Jim Allenbaugh. Got \$50 fer 'im."

"Fifty dollars! I don't see how your conscience ever let you let anybody pay that much for a balky horse that ain't worth more'n \$15."

"Well," said the deacon, thoughtfully, "I don't believe I could have done it only I know that Jim will take him out on one of his Sunday fishin' trips, an' old Bill will balk and Jim will hev a chance to set fer three or four hours meditatin' on the sin of Sabbath breakin'."

Clara—Why so melancholy? Belle—Oh! I had the worst shock this afternoon that I ever experienced. You know those flowers I was going to take down to the gaol to that poor man who murdered all his first cousins? Well, I got into the wrong cell, and gave them to a big, blear-eyed brute, who was there for robbing a banana-stand —*Puck*.

Avoiding a Delicate Matter. Assistant Tailor (of Pizen Creek tailor shop, in whisper to proprietor)—Say, shall I ask the parson if he wants a flash pocket in those new trousers? Proprietor (*sotto voce*, tacitly)—He likely wants one, Bill; but he's temperance, an' he might get touchy if you asked him that. Ask him if he wants a pistol pocket in 'em.—*Judge*.

Bobby—Is oxygen what the oxen breathe all day?

Daddy—Of course, and what everything else breathes.

Bobby—And is nitrogen what everyone breathes at night?  
(Daddy gave it up).

"A professor at one of the universities," says *The Christian at Work*, "is the subject of a queer anecdote. Last winter he was married, and went to house-keeping outside town. This spring he thought he would add a few hens to his stock; he always had a dog. He set a couple of hens, and in good time had two large broods of chickens. He was very proud of them, but in a week or so the fowls began to die. The professor called in a neighbor to look at the chickens and offer advice. They were certainly a dilapidated lot of chickens that the neighbor viewed. They were thin and apparently without ambition.

"What do you feed them?" asked the neighbor after a brief survey.

"Feed them?" responded the professor, as though he didn't hear. "Why, I don't feed them anything, I thought the old hens had enough milk for them."

Master—Well, Tommy, you were not present yesterday. Were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather?

Tommy—No, sir; 'cause of the rain.—*Tit-bits*.

She—Oh, Jack! do you know Mr. Gibon punctuated his tire yesterday?

He—You mean punctured, my dear.

She—Well, anyway, he came to a full stop.

Mrs. Kniver—Mary, whatever are the children quarrelling about?

Mary—It's only in fun, mem. They do be playing they're married.