

and then. The late Sir Frank Lockwood had few superiors in the art of repartee. The genial lawyer was a tall man, and

for some reason, not altogether trans-parent, an unruly member of his aud-ience once called out to him in the middle of his speech, "Go it, tele-"My friend is mistaken in applying

that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said; "he ought to claim it for him-self, for, though he cannot draw me out I think I can both see through

". On another occasion one of his poltical opponents rudely called out in he middle of a speech, "All lawyers

e rogues." "I am glad," Sir Frank politely reoined, "to meet this gentleman as a aember of my profession, but he need ot proclaim our shortcomings to the not proc

Equally prompt and happy was the



ort of a youthful looking member of parliament, who was advised by a bibulous member of one of his aud-ences to "go home to his mother." "I think," the young candidate said, my friend might follow his own adice with advantage, for he does not seem to have outgrown his affection for the bottle."

PAYING THE PREMIUM.

Some few months ago a young maton telephoned to one of the young men she knew, who is connected with a large insurance firm, asking him to write a policy covering her new house-hold effects. "Don't tell Dick," she asked. "I

"Don't tell Dick," she asked. "I want to surprise him. He really thinks I have no business head at all." The young man assented and issued the policy. He waited a considerable time for the payment of the premium, His friendship for the young woman caused him to resist sending the bill, but he finally did so. The recipient complained bitterly to an acquaintance who is considerable of a wag, and he readily encouraged her in her ideas who is considerable of a wag, and he readily encouraged her in her ideas. "Now, really," she said, wrinkling her pretty brows, "this bit of paper costs next to nothing, I could have written it myself." "Yos," said he, "but if you have a

e the company will have to pay the

"Well," she suggested, "let them do-duct what they say I owe them. Then they won't be out anything."-Chio-ago Record-Herald.

HE GOT HIS PRICE.

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Robbie, the beadle of Kilwinning, once had to dig a grave for the wife of a well-to-do but niggardly farmer. When all was over the farmer assured Robbie that he was obliged to him for the trouble he had taken. "Oh," said Robbie, 'there's no sense in that, ye ken. It's just four and sax-pence." sax-pence." "Four and sax-pence! I thought you

eadles did this for nothing." "Oh, faith, no. I just ay get four

FROM THE NEW PRIMER.

"On, faith, no. 1 just ay get four and saxpence." "Till not give you half a crown." "Faith," Till no take it." "Well, if you'll not take half a crown you'll get nothing." "Very weel," said Robbie, digging his spade into the grave. "Dod, up she comes!" Robbie got his four and saxpence.

See the coal. Where has the coal been?

Has the coal been in the coal bin? Is the coal mine mine, or is the coal mine not mine? If not mine, where is mine? Has the coal been in the mine, and if the coal bin is mine?

It is the coal been in the mine, and if the coal bin is mine, why can I not mine in the coal mine for my coal bin? If the coal in the bin was mine, why has not the coal been in the coal bin instead of in the coal mine that is not

(Fublisher's Note-The author of this

easy primer for coal consumers was at this point put into his straitjacket for the evening.)

-Old King Coal, that "jolly old soul," has been kidnapped by the coal barons. Will the people pay the ran-som?

-The meat trust magnates ought to have a "fellow feeling" for the N. J. convicts who refuse to work without