

"THE VERY MAN!"

A Parliamentary candidate for a Scotch constituency came across a crofter, who seemed to be dissatisfied with both candidates.

"It's nae use a-talkin' to me, sir," said the man to his would-be representative in Parliament—"not a bit o' use. The kind o' man we want here is a richt-doon rascal—one that dinna care a rap for man or beast!"

Hopeless as the case appeared to be, the candidate bravely persisted in expounding his views, and soon succeeded in interesting the seeming irreconcilable. Indeed, the crofter was so carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the vote-seeker that, glowing with satisfaction, and anxious to make amends for his reckless remarks, he seized the candidate's hand, and exclaimed:

"Sir, ma vote's yours! Ye're the very man for us!"

Magistrate—"What happened between yourself and complainant?"

O'Brien—"I think, sor, half a dozen bricks an' a lump o' pavin' stone!"

OATS FOR BOOT-TREES.

A pale clerk departed with a large paper bag of oats under his arm.

"No," said the feedstore man, "he don't eat 'em for breakfast food. He uses 'em for boot-trees."

"Oats for boot-trees?"

"Sure. Every night, as soon as he gets home, he takes off his wet and muddy boots, laces 'em up, and fills 'em with oats. What happens? The oats, like blotting paper, absorb all the moisture out of the leather and swells accordin', plumpin' the boots out splendid, restorin' 'em to their original shape, takin' every wrinkle away.

"So in the mornin' the man empties his oats back into the bag, and, no matter how slushy yesterday's walkin' had been, he now puts on a pair of perfectly dry, new-lookin' boots.

"Yes, I do quite a city trade in oats," ended the feed man. "Clerks and typists, male and female, all such as can't afford made-to-order trees—they cost, you know, 10 dollars a pair—are learnin' to use oat trees instid. Shall I put you up a pair in this here bag? Five cents is all."
—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

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"Yes, judge, the man who has just moved in next door threw a battered can over the fence and hit my wife."

"Where was your wife at the time?"

"She was looking over the fence."

"And your neighbor deliberately seized the can and smote her with it?"

"Yes, judge."

"Didn't she give him any provocation?"

"Sir?"

"Didn't she give him any provocation?"

"—no, sir. All she gave him was a piece of her mind and a couple o' clouts over the head with a clothes pole!"—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.



THE INCOMPATIBILITY OF CERTAIN "INTERESTS"
PORCUPINE—"You scratch my back and I'll scratch your'n"
RABBIT—"Not on your life!"