

SUSAN SIMPSON.

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly spreading shade ;
Silvery songsters sweetly singing
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs,
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
She stopped, showing some surpris.

" Say," said Stephen, " sweetest sigher ;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay ?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she —
So she signed some simple sketches —
Soul sought soul successfully.

Six Septembers Susan swelters ;
Six sharp seasons snow supplies ;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums side by side.

— [*Boston Globe*].

THE PREACHER.

A preacher once fell asleep over his
" work " and began to dream.

He dreamed that a messenger from the
Eternal came to him and revealed to him
all truth.

He was aroused from slumber by the
sound of a bell calling him to dinner. He
knew that he was now awake and that he
had slept ; but, strange to say, he believed
that his vision was real, and, stranger still,
no one has ever been able to convince
him that it was only a dream.

As his delusion was thought by most
people to be a harmless one, he was not
confined in a lunatic asylum, but was per-
mitted to pursue his wonted occupation.

— [*The Federalist*].

TOO MUCH TO SUEE.

Young Mother (whose baby has been
weighed by the butcher)—And how much
does the little fellow weigh, Mr. Bull-
beefee ?

Butcher—Twenty pounds, mmm.

Mother—Isn't he a splendid specimen ?

Butcher (dubiously)—From my point of
view, ma'am, he runs a great deal too
much to suee.

SAGES OR IDIOTS ?

A philosopher had long vexed himself
with the question as to whether the ma-
jority of taen were wise or stupid, and at
last hit on an idea tending to a possible
solution of the question. Entering a
crowd, he cried out several times :

" Hello, you clever fellow ! " " You
wiseacre ! " " You sage ! "

But no one paid any attention to him.

Then he cried out once : " You idiot ! "
At once, every one within hearing turned
about and looked daggers at him, some
even offering to strike him.

With difficulty he escaped the general
wrath,—but his problem was solved. —
[*Commonwealth*].

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Tourist in Scotland (to farmer's wife)—
Can you let me have a glass of milk, if
you please ?

Milk is produced and consumed, and
Tourist offers the customary penny.

Farmer's Wife—Man, dae ye no think
shame o' yersel' tae be buyin' goods on
the Sawbath ?

Tourist (re-pocketing the coppers)—Oh,
well, there's no harm done. I'm sure I'm
much obliged. But I'd rather pay for
what I get.

Farmer's Wife—Na, na ; I'll no tak'
less than saxpence for breaking the Saw-
bath. — [*Tid Bits*].

Dr. Walt. C. Smith, the popular Scotch
poet preacher, was once explaining to an
old lady the meaning of the phrase, " Take
up thy bed and walk," and told her that
the bed was simply a mat or rug.

" Na, na," replied the old lady ; " I
canna believe that. The bed was a regular
four-poster. There would be no miracle
in walking away wi' a bit o' mat or rug on
your back."

The report of an Irish benevolent so-
ciety says :

" Notwithstanding the large amount
paid for medical attendance, very few
deaths occurred during the year."

She—I hope, dear, you were not think-
ing of business in church this morning.
Your thoughts should be on higher things.

He—Well, I was thinking of that \$25
bonnet of yours. Is that high enough ?