

Sawdust and Chips.

A boy staggered his mother on Sunday by asking if "bats were mice angels."

An editor asked his subscribers to pay him that he may play the same joke on his creditors.

A Connecticut paper solemnly asserts that a man fractured the ceiling just above a chair in which there had been placed a hot poker.

Somebody says a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. A scamp adds: "And without any sauce."

"This is not my element" said a young snob as he sat down into a slushy street. "Yes it is" retorted a bystander, "because it is terribly soft, but not very deep."

A gentleman, recently arrived from London, in giving his experience of a New York boarding-house, said it was "most 'straordinary; but by Jove! it seemed to be hash Wednesday every day in the week."

The Chicago man who stepped behind a pair of mules that he intended to purchase, asked with much feeling, when he was picked out of the gutter, "if the derrick killed anybody else?"

A drunken Dutchman by the name of Cain, staggering through the streets one day, was asked if he was the man that slew his brother. "No," said he; "I was the one that got slewed."

Uncle L.—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you read the story of Joseph?" Sam—"Oh, yes, uncle." "Well then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" Sam—"They sold him too cheap, I think."

"Why, Biddy," said Mary, "how long are you going to boil those eggs, you've had 'em on ten minutes already." "Well, faith, an' missus told me to boil 'em soft, an' I'm goin' to 'em till they're soft, if it takes all day."

The Danbury News says: There was a fight between Danbury and Norwalk roosters in this place lately. The pain every good citizen must feel over such a brutal display is somewhat mollified by the fact that our rooster licked.

A Frenchman, soliciting relief of an English lady, gravely said to his fair hearer, "Madame, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von wife, vid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make der bread out of but de perspiration of my own eyebrows."

A clergyman who left a notice in his pulpit to be read by the preacher who exchanged with him, neglected to denote carefully a private postscript, and the congregation were astonished to hear the stranger wind up by saying: "You will please come and dine with me in the parsonage."

"If you would have an idea of the ocean in storm," says a temperance orator, "just imagine four thousand hills and four thousand mountains, in a state of intoxication, running over newly ploughed ground, with lots of caverns in it for them to step into now and then."

A Scotch postmaster puzzling out a very uncertain superscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to Scotland. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman; "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

WOULDN'T YOU.—We always get mad when we walk along the street about nine o'clock at night, and passing a shaded porch where a young man is bidding his beloved a good night, hear the girl exclaim in a loud whisper: "Oh, stop, George; you haven't shaved!"

Cheerful Party: Hullo, Browd! you look dowd id the bouth, old bad! What's the matter? Depressed Party: O, beastly cold id the head—. Cheerful Party: Ah! that cubs frob livid id that edervatig hole, South Kestigtd! Why doct you cub ad live id St. Jod's Wood, as we do?

ANOTHER WAY.—Somebody is advertising a preparation which, among other merits, is warranted to keep a lady's hand free from chaps. 'Pauch knows another way to effect this. Let her dress in the present fashion, and have it known that she has no money. Chaps, if they are sensible chaps, will let her hand alone very severely.

Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot. "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes sir; highest mountain over Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up this side, and never came back again." "Indeed—why; what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

In a letter to his friends at home, an intelligent foreigner states that "when a great man died in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to raise part of the necessary money; next, to forget to order any statue, and last, to wonder what became of the money." The remark shows close observation and clear judgment.

An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that

one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful? Just like the men!

Here is another proof that dogs have the power of reasoning. A sagacious canine at Rumney, N. H., lately pursued a woodchuck, which continually foiled him by running through a drain. When he had played that trick two or three times the dog gave him a rest in the drain, and trotted over to a neighbor's and brought another dog, a frequent sharer in his youthful sports. Stationing his companion at one end of the drain he entered the other and stirred up Mr. woodchuck, who started again for daylight only to be grabbed by the faithful sentinel. If this isn't reason, what is?

In an old Lanarkshire kirk, long ago, the minister was accosted, in connection with "the occasion," to enumerate in detail different classes of offenders. "Laddy Betty," an elderly spinster, sat erect in her family pew, and in the pew next to that of her ladyship sat a certain old bachelor laird, a neighbor and acquaintance. When the minister made mention of "card-players and gamblers," the laird used politely, but wickedly, to offer his snuff-box across to the fair Laddy Betty, hoping that "her laddyship was hearin'." Then, when the minister, in due course, came to "profane swearers," &c., Laddy Betty quickly leant over; and, tapping the laird with her fan, said, "Ye're no sleepin', I hope, laird?"

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TO THE MECHANICS OF THE DOMINION.

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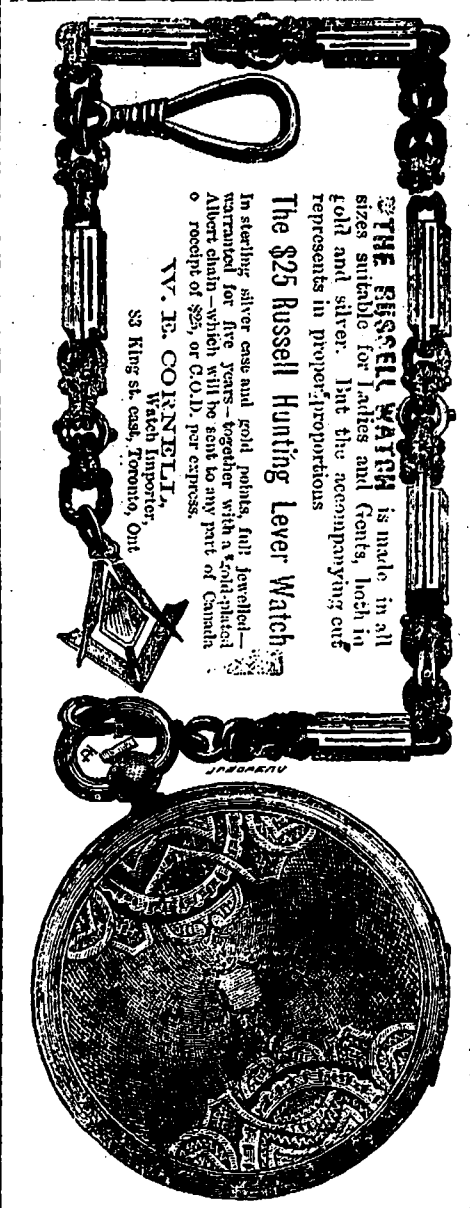
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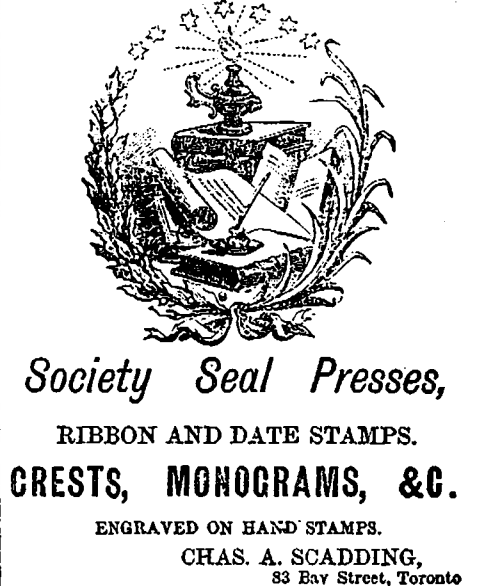
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