

"I tuk it to de post office, sah, and put it in de hole."

"What did you do that for? Did you not see that there was no address on the envelope?"

"I saw dar was no writin' on de 'velope, but I 'lowed ye did dat ar on purposs, so I couldn't tell who yer was a-writin' to. I's an edicated negro, I is."

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Two young men who move in the very best Austin society, went on a spree not long since. After they were pretty well under way one of them said, in an inebriated tone of voice:

"Let's bid each other good-night, Bill."

"Why, you ain't going home already? It's right in the shank of the evening."

"Of coursh I'm not goin' home now, but after a while we won't know each ozzer from a shide of sole-leather, sho lets shay 'good night' right now before it'sh too late."

They embraced.

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HARD TO TELL.

"Have you read Governor Roberts' book?" asked Gilhooly of Gus De Smith.

"Yes," responded Gus; "there are eight of us young men at our boarding-house on Austin Avenue, and we have all read it carefully."

"What do you all think of it?"

"Well, you see, there are eight chapters in the book, and each one of us thinks that one chapter in particular should have been omitted."