

Officer—Now tell me, Murphy, exactly what transpired between the two."

Murphy—"Well, sorr, I see Doolan atop of the wall. 'Paddy,' sez he, 'What,' sez I, 'Here,' sez he, 'Where,' sez I. 'Whist!' says he. 'Hush!' sez I, and then, begob, we had words."

Maggie had been to an excursion with her sweetheart Macpherson, and on her arrival home she requested her mother to make some tea, as she had nothing to eat all day, and was famished.

"Had nothing to eat!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "You dinna mean tae tell me that Macpherson had taken ye for a trip, and not gaen ye yere dinner?"

"Aye, that I dae," answered the starving Maggie.

"Well, of all the mean beasts," said her mother, as she ministered to Maggie's wants, "Gang awa' round his lodgin's, and gee him back the haulf-crown he paid for yer ticket, and that'll show him up in front o' his landlady."

So, after Maggie had filled the aching void, she donned her bonnet and shawl and set off for Macpherson's lodgings.

"If Macpherson is in, tell him I wad like to speak tae him," she said to the landlady, who answered her knock.

A moment or two later Macpherson made his appearance. Astonished to see who his visitor was, he asked what was the matter.

"There's naething the matter," said Maggie; "I only wanted tae gie ye the maney fur ma ticket."

"Hoots, toots, wumman, there was nae hurry. Saturday wad ha' been soon enough," answered Mac pocketing the coin.

LITERATURE.

By Walt Mason.

Most people who have things to sell now profit from H. C. of L. The farmer's butter, eggs, and oats bring in the plain and fancy groats. The man who sells us shoes and boots, the one who deals in all wool suits, the butcher, with his wholesome meat—all charge the limit, and repeat. But writers, in their

squalid lairs, can't raise the prices of their wares. The poet has to purchase meat, and leather caskets for his feet, and every hour the prices rise on things that threadbare singer buys. The prunes that cost ten cents a ton before this era was begun, now cost him twice as much a pound, and so it goes, the whole list round. But when he sweats in his abode, and grinds a grand and deathless ode, he cannot go around and say, "The price of rhyme's gone up to-day, so many poets have been slain, where armies rage on Europe's plain, that there's a dearth of noble rhyme, and so I've raised the price a dime." He cannot put this scheme across, for art is now a total loss. The men with henfruit, hay or cheese, may charge such prices as they please, but they who make the muses sweat must take whatever they can get.

YIDDISH MATHEMATICS.

A hard-working man asked his Jewish employer for a raise in pay. The following is the Jew's illusive answer to try and prove he did not earn the wages he was getting.

There are 365 days in the year. You work 8 hours a day out of 24, so altogether you work only one-third of the time, or 122 days.

Of the 122 days 52 are Sundays, leaving only 70 days. There were 52 half-days on Saturday you didn't work, and 52 half-days Wednesdays, leaving only 18 days.

You had two weeks' leave in the summer, leaving only 4 days. No work on Xmas, New Year's, Easter, or May 24th. So you really did no work at all last year.

I can't see that you deserve a raise.

The east-end doctor was attending an injured woman who came to his surgery with her arm severely bitten. He dressed the wound, and as he did so he remarked: "I cannot quite make out what sort of animal bit you. The wound is too small for a horse's bite, and too big for a dog's."

"Oh, it wasn't an animal!" exclaimed the patient. "It was another lady."