



SANDY, the local fox-destroyer (enquiring about new tenant). "What's he when he's at home?"  
 GILLIE. "They tell me he does naething but hunt foxes; keeps saxty dogs and twenty horses for 't."  
 SANDY. "Losh me! It maun be a fine trade doon there."

—Punch.

#### ONE BEST BET

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—"So you think I will get the money, do you?"

His Counsel—"I think we will get it."—Puck.

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#### THE LATEST

"What are her days at home?"

"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone, hours."—Smart Set.

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#### IN THE SWIM

A reviewer in the *New York Nation* illustrates his own comments on a certain new volume of essays by a story that is worth putting into circulation. Three hearers, he says, of the admired Dr. X. were talking in the vestibule after the sermon. "We must admit," remarked the first, "that the doctor dives deeper into his subject than any other preacher." "Yes," said the second, "and stays under longer." "And comes up drier," added the third.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

#### NOT TO BE LOST

"Dr. Junks and I were chasing his hat for a quarter of an hour this morning."

"What did you want to chase it for?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose sight of him. When his hat blew off he was just starting to propose to me."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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#### UNPALATABLE

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

\*

#### A WISE COURSE

The Author—"Would you advise me to get out a small edition?"

The Publisher—"Yes; the smaller the better. The more scarce a book is at the end of four or five centuries the more money you realise from it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.