

A member of Parliament, well known for his ready and unfailing humor, had lately to undergo a serious operation for an abscess in the leg. It was at one time feared, but without cause, that amputation of the limb would be necessary. Just as the operation was about to begin, the honorable member quietly remarked to the surgeon, "Remember that if you cut off my leg, I can't stand for the city any more. But," he added, after a short pause, as if for consideration, "after all, I shall be able to stump the county."

A good story is told by our contemporary of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, of a venerable colored gemman, Old Ike, who met another ducky with a carpetbag: "Whar is you gwine to now, Ebenezer?"

"Dis town is too dull fo' me, Uncle Ike, an' I's gwine fo' to take der train."

"Jess so. Is you gwine *froo* on de ke-ars?"

"Dat 'pends, Uncle Ike, on de weakness of de bridges an' de tressles. Ef one o' dem gits tired hol'in' itself up in de cold wedder jess about de time de ke-ars I's on comes along, *den I'm gwine froo.*"

"Well, my boy, you take my advice, an' set on de tail gate o' dat ar train o' ke-ars, an' de minnit you heah dat slowcomoter gin a yell, an' heah somefin crack, you frow yer kearpot-sack an' jump; kaze I bin dar twice. De fus time de ke-ar frowed me, an' de las' time I fo'got fo' ter jump, an' I nebber did wake up, boy, ontel some white folks fotch me a pint o' corn oil and frowed it inter me. You jump. *S—o—long!*"