



BEREAVEMENT.

WIDGERY—"Congratulations, old boy. I hear your Uncle Rufus bequeathed you his entire fortune."

BILLINGTON—"So he did, but the other relatives are contesting the will and giving me no end of trouble. (*Sighing.*) Sometimes I almost feel sorry the old man died."

DEACON PUNKIN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A MITE BOX.

CHURCH finances in Mudville is allus in a totterin' condition, and so our pastor, the Rev. Josephus Wilder, keeps up a keen hunt arter any noo idee in the collection line. The last thing that took his notice was mite boxes. He said everyone should keep a mite box, an' whenever anything bad happened to a neighbor, put in ten cents or a quarter, for thankfulness that it wasn't himself. Also when anything good came to him he should put in another piece from thankfulness that it wasn't a neighbor. So he said there would be lots of chances to fill up the box, with great spiritooal benefit to the giver. An' when it was full the proceeds could be applied to religious or benevolent pupposes.

Now ez I make a pint of never fallin' behind with my pew rent, I haint no call for sech contraptions to help me pay church dues. But I thought if I could secure all the noble an' elevatin' feelins the parson spoke of, at secha reasonable rate, it was my dooty to invest in a mite box.

So I got an old match box, cut a slit in the bottom, set it upside down on the top of the clock an' laid low for opportunities for thankfulness. The first that came along was when the wind blew down a streak of fence and let in my cows on neighbor Jones' wheat. I felt thankful that it wasn't my part of the line fence that blew over, or his cattle would have got on my turnips. So I put ten cents in the box.

Then Jake Simmons' colt runnin' in the pasture, broke its leg in a pile of logs, an' they had to shoot it. I had offered Jake within five dollars of his price for that colt just a week before. Jake's one of the meanest men around anyway, an' did me brown in a cow trade last summer. So I thought it all had happened for the best, an' put a quarter in the box.

Then some greenhorns came here from the old country lookin' for a place, an' I got one of them quickern anyone else, an' sold them a lot I bought from Sam Snaggs for a song three years ago when he went to Texas. I made a round sum on that trade and could afford a fifty-cent thank-offerin', for such an opportunity to take in strangers unawares.

So the funds accumulated till I thought it was time to open the box, an' devote the contents to some good cause. Havin' derived such moral an' spiritooal benefit from contributin' of it, I was determined that the spendin' should be ekally meritorious. I wasn't goin' to empty it like as it was a slop bucket, on the first tramp that came along. I was bound to question every claim.

There was home an' furrin' missions of course, which our parson holds up as reliable outlets for any spare cash. But a friend of mine that had been in India, said that missionaryin' there, principally consisted of bein' carried about in a palenkeen, an' drivin' with the Governor General, an' other big bugs. An' when I hunted up the statistics, an' found out how much the converts cost per head, I concluded that the middleman had too large a margin of profits to make it worth while to invest in that kind of stock.

Then I remembered Gen. Booth had a detachment workin' in India, in a cheap, practical way, an' thought I mightn't do better than just to dump my match box into the war chest of the Salvation Army. But a nevvay of mine what's studyin' at college, sent me a tract by Professor Huxley, which proved the Army to be nothin' but a family compact affair, to bring fame an' fortune to the Booth's. So I had to give up that idee.

I next thought of helpin' those kind of people that send out English orphans, to these hospitable shores. But after readin' some papers which condemned the whole system for floodin' the country with neer-do-weels, I thought I'd better wait for more light.

Then I concluded to hunt some partickler case of destitution, under my own personal supervision to whom I might become a peculiar providence and momentary gleam of hope. My hired man who was an English immigrant, told me a harrowin' tale of his early home, and the cryin' wants of those he had left behind him. I was just goin' to give him the cash on hand to send to his folks, when the low bred scum sloped with the proceeds of a load of potatoes, he had marketed, an' I saw him no more.

Then ses I to myself, is there no needy an' hard-working person to whom this sum might be given, who would use it wisely, an' be grateful for it? "Yes, thank Heaven," I replied to myself, "there is at least one poor and honest man known to me, for whose worth I can vouch, who will properly appreciate the gift. I shall bestow it u on him." Actin' on this generous resolution, I took those \$5 85, an' went down to Raggs & Tatters clothing store, where I fitted myself with a neat, all wool, tweed suit, suitable for wearin' out.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

"TWAS a very pretty wedding," the fashion journal said, ("Tis one of Mr. Jenkins' common phrases—A sort of social chestnut that is getting somewhat played in the list of his discriminating praises.)

Yes, it was a "pretty" wedding, there is not the slightest doubt, Tho' everything was very plain, we're told; For the groom was pretty rakish, and pretty bald and stout, And the bride was pretty rich and pretty old.