

A DIALOGUE ON VEGETARIANISM.—James (to his fellow-workman, William)—‘Well, William, they say your manager is a great vegetarian; he lives on little else than milk, noo.’ William—‘Milk? Ye dinna ca’ that a vegetable diet, d’you? I aye thocht it was an animal diet; at any rate its an animal product.’ James—‘Toots, man! although it comes frae a cow, that’s no to say it’s an animal diet. The cow is only the beast it’s made in, and it makes’t out of vegetables. You couldna say that kail was iron, although they’ve made it in an iron pot, ye ken.’ The argument being new to William, he took it to avizandum.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his ‘constituents,’ got into conversation with an ancient ‘Varmount’ lady who had taken up her residence in the ‘backwoods.’ Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked, ‘Waal, master, what do you think he larnt the scollards?’ ‘Couldn’t say, ma’am. Pray what did he teach?’ ‘Waal, he told ‘em that this ‘ere airth was reound, and went areound, and all that sort o’thing! Now master, what do you think of sich stuff? Don’t you think he was an ignorant feller?’ Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked, ‘It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things.’ ‘Waal,’ said she, ‘if the airth is reound and goes reound, what holds it up?’ ‘Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction,’ he replied. The old lady lowered her ‘specs,’ and by way of climax, responded, ‘Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down?’

American Exchange.—He: ‘I have resolved that I’ll ne’er smoke again.’ She: ‘And I that all my dresses shall be plain.’ He: ‘I mean to get along without my beer.’ She: ‘I will not buy a bangle all this year.’ He: ‘From

lodge and club I mean this year to fly.’ She: ‘One bonnet in each month is all I’ll buy.’ He: ‘I’ll not lose cash at poker now each night.’ She: ‘All dry-goods shops I’ll banish from my sight.’ He: ‘Billiards and pool and cards I’ll throw aside.’ She: ‘I’ll wear old frocks and get my kid gloves dyed.’ He: ‘I’ll parties shun, and only dance with you.’ She: ‘I’ll buy no jewels, save a ring or two.’ He: ‘I’ll find some place where I can buy cheap clothes.’ She: ‘And I’ll stop buying costly broidered hose.’ He: ‘Of resolutions, dear, there’s quite a stock.’ She: ‘Enough, when broke, to pave below a block.’

Woman’s softening influence.—‘It’s astonishin’,” remarked an old Yankee forty-niner, as he nodded over his glass to a friend, ‘what a coward a man is at home—a reg’lar crawlin’ sneak, by Jove! I’ve travelled a good bit, and held up my head in most o’ the camps on the coast since ‘49. I’ve got three bullets inside o’ me. I’ve shot and been shot at, an’ never heard nobody say I hadn’t as good grit as most fellers that’s goin’. But at home I’m a kyote. Afore I would let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn’t A 1 when it’s like stiff amalgam, I’d fill myself as full as a retort. I’ve done it lots o’ times. Most o’ my teeth is gone from tuggin’ on beef-steaks that the old woman fried. D’ye think I roar out when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I’m rubbin’ my shins and keepin’ back the tears, I’m likewise sweatin’ for fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn’t use to be so,’ sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. ‘When we first hitched, I thought I was the superintendent; but after a year or two of argyin’ the pint, I settled down to shovin’ the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o’ my age an’ size,’ cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. ‘I’ll shoot, stand up, or rough-and-tumble for coin; but, when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an’ take off my muddy boots, an’ hear the old woman ask if that’s me, I tell you the starch comes right out o’ me.’