

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE.



A SMALL MISTAKE. —In the town of E—— there formerly lived an old miller, who was remarkably forgetful, usually taking one toll out of the hopper, and another from the trough, after it had come through the mill. He argued that it was better to be “twice right than once wrong.”

One day a dry old fellow sent a bag of wheat to be ground, which was of so excellent a quality, that the miller thought he must increase his toll. This he did so conscientiously, that the bag went home minus half the grist. Next morning the owner met him, and accosting him with a lengthened phiz, said, “Do you know what a plaguy **MISTAKE** you made with my wheat yesterday?”

“No, I don’t,” said he, “what was it?”

“Why nothing of any consequence,” replied the other, “only you happened to send home the **TOLL** instead of the **GRIST**.”