

It is said that the Princess Louise when she is touring in the north has a fashion of talking the purest "Hielant Doric," and, as she is a capital mimic, the effect is sometimes rather comic. Her Royal Highness very much disconcerted a decent salmon-fisher the other day by approaching him with the query: "Iss yer net oot chust now, Sandy?" Sandy lost his head; he had never found royalty so confusingly affable before. "Yiss, yiss, my Grace, your Sovereign," he stammered out, "but she will no be oot if your gracious Sovereign wid like her to be in."

Bridget—Now yer back, tell me phat ye saw in Noo York.

Pat—The ferry boats, sure, they-ve got a bow at both inds av thim, so they kin go both ways at wanst.

PAT'S SCORE ON THE PARSON.

A good-natured Anglican parson was riding one day in a jaunting-car near the Lakes of Killarney, whose famous echoes sometimes repeat a sound as many as eight times. Wishing to "take a rise" out of the driver, the parson said:

"Do you know, Pat, there are none but Protestant echoes here?"

"No, sir, I niver heard it, and I don't believe it ayther," was the reply.

"Well, you shall hear it very soon," said the Anglican. Arriving at a favorable spot, he called out softly, raising his voice to a loud pitch on the last word: "Do you believe in Pio Nono?"

And the echo replied, "No, no! No, no! No, no!"

Pat was delighted at the joke, and, rubbing his hands gleefully, said:

"Bedad, whin Oi droive wan of the raal clargy here won't Oi have the sport out av him!"

And the Anglican rather doubted the success of his ruse.

A bachelor editor who had an unmarried sister wrote to one similarly circumstanced: "Please exchange." They did.

AFRICAN ELOQUENCE.

The Chap-Book tells of a darkey preacher who prayed for "publishers and sinners." This reminds a New York *Sun* reader of that other dusky brother who besought the Lord "to prepare us for that gaol to which we are all hastening." We can match these by the true account of an African clergyman who fervently ejaculated in the course of his supplications: "O Lord, make all dose what is intemperate temperate, and all dose what is industrious, dustrious."

THE BISHOP'S KNEE BREECHES.

It is told of a certain Bishop that, while dining at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy, and asked:

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a glance at the bishop's knee breeches, "You're all right; only" (hesitatingly) "won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT

A certain rector in a Suffolk village who was disliked in his parish had a curate who was very popular and who, on his leaving, was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said, "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial." "Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd been a-going I'd 'ave subscribed double."

Saveloy Man—I don't b'lieve literatooor ever was any good to any bloke.

News Boy—Wot yer givin' us! Wot 'ud I do fer a livin'. an' wot 'ud you wrap yer all-'ots in if it wasn't fer littrytoor?