

Just For Fun.

MISTRESS—"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?"
Bridget—"Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so ye can look out; but I intentionally left 'em a little dirty on the outside so thim aignorant Jones children nixt door couldn't look in."

A STUDENT at one of the great missionary colleges was conducting a prayer service, and in an outburst of enthusiasm he prayed, "Give us all pure hearts, give us all clean hearts, give us all sweethearts," to which the congregation responded "Amen." — *The Evangelist.*

PAT and his friend Mike had killed a snake in the fields. As the tail of the snake continued to oscillate, Pat remarked to his friend: "And is he dead, Mike, div ye think?" "Oh, yis, sure," said Mike, "he's dead, but he ain't conscious of it yet."

NORTHERN Visitor (in Georgia): "I see you raise hogs almost exclusively about here. Do you find they pay better than corn and potatoes?" Native (slowly): "Wal, no; but yer see, stranger, hogs don't need hoeing!"

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning!" the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place." — *Cincinnati Inquirer.*

A MODERN teacher told her pupils about Queen Victoria and her family. Portraits cut from magazines illustrated the talk. Among them was a picture of the duke of York. The teacher held it up. "Nobody could tell her who it was." "Well," she said at last, "I will tell you. He is the duke of York. Now can any of you tell me what he is?" "Quick as a flash the hand of a little girl in the second row went up. "I can tell what he is, Miss Blank," she said proudly, "He's the heir consumptive of the British throne."

MEASURING CHRISTIANITY BY MUSCLE.—Two elders of the same Scottish church, meeting one day, began discussing the merits of a clergyman who had lately been appointed pastor of the congregation. "Weel, Tammas, said one, "what dae ye think o' our new minister?" "Ah, weel, Geordie," replied the other, "he daes no sae bad, but he's no up to the mark o' the ane we had afore." "Na, na," responded Geordie, "I sair doot if ever we'll get another like him; he was powerfu' preacher, na doot o' that, Tammas. The short time he labored among us he dang five Bibles out o' the binding, an' kicket the fronts clean out o' three pulpits."

Is his book, "On the Indian Trail," Rev. Egerton R. Young gives the following amusing incident that occurred during his journey to his mission field among the Indians: A talkative parrot in our party nearly frightened the lives out of some very inquisitive and superstitious Indians and French half-breeds. They had stopped their ox-carts one day at the spot where we, coming in the opposite direction, were resting for the dinner hour. Hearing about the wonderful parrot, they crowded around to see her. Polly stood their inquisitive gazings for a while; then, apparently much annoyed, with wings ruffled, sprang forward so far as she could in her large cage, and shouted out, "Who are you?" The effect upon the superstitious half-breeds and Indians was about as though his satanic majesty had suddenly appeared among them. They rushed away, and nothing that we could do would induce any of them to look at the bird again.

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