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—:O:—
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PLUNGE BOLDLY into the thick of life. Each lives in it; not to many is it known; and seize it where you will it is interesting.

A GRAVEYARD in County Cork has the following notice over its entrance gate:—"Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here."

HERE is a birth intimation that will touch the heart of every father with its simple pathos:—"In this city, August 9, the wife of Wm. Lea, of a son—not twins this time."

THE WIDOW of the late Councillor Morgan, a cheesemonger, is so deeply affected by the loss of her husband that when playing the piano she only strikes the black keys.

"Is ALL over?" inquired a weeping friend of an undertaker whom he met coming out of the house. "Oh, no," responded the cheerful undertaker, "the funeral takes place day after to-morrow."

A KIND PHYSICIAN, wishing to soothe the last hours of a poor woman he was attending, asked her if there was any-

thing he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied—"Doctor, I have always thought I would like to have a new bonnet before I died."

IN KENTUCKY a ploughman became enamoured of a milkmaid on a neighbouring farm. His addresses were rejected; and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and vengeance, procured a rope—went to the farm—and tied all the cow's tails together!

A MAN lately walked into the office of a Judge of Probate, in a neighbouring State, and asked, "Are you the Judge of Reprobates?" "I am the Judge of Probate." "Well, that's it, I expect. You see, my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner!"

A PHYSICIAN attending a lady several times had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was going away, she gave him but one, at which he was surprised. "I believe, madam," said he, looking on the floor, "I have dropped a guinea." "No, sir," replied the lady, "it is I that have dropped it."

THEY WERE at a funeral. "You seem deeply affected, Madam," said one. "Y-yes," sobbed the other. "I-I used t-to—boo-hoo—p-play with the corpse w-when it was y-younger."

THE FOLLOWING inscription is to be read on a grave-stone in Pere Lachaise. "Here lies Gabrielle X., my adored spouse, an angel; I shall never get over her loss! * * * Here lies Henrietta X., my second wife, an angel also!"—*New York Ledger.*

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