

Miss Stewart to Strong—"Will you wear a wig when your hair turns grey?"

Strong (earnestly)—"No, I'll dye first."

McConkey—"I hear there was a row on Grub Alley the other night and that Sullivan sprained his wrist and that Waterman cut his lip."

Skinner—"Yes, but I wish it had been turned the other way round."

McConkey—"Why?"

Skinner—"Because Waterman has a fiddle and Sully is trying to learn to play the cornet."

Miss P——y—"Mr. James would dance well but for two things."

Miss E——n—"Yes? What are they?"

Miss P——y—"His feet."

Mr. Squirrel—"Sullivan, your head makes me think of a dollar."

Sully—"How's that?"

Mr. Squirrel—"One bone."

WORSE AND WORSE

On a dilapidated narrow gauge railroad in a certain State a traveler was struck with the general air of hopelessness of the entire country. Run down farms, fences falling to pieces and houses unpainted and dismal were seen as mile after mile was reeled off. Finally a countryman got on and the two fell into conversation. "Country around here looks fearfully dilapidated," remarked the traveler.

"Yaas, but jest wait an' ye'll see sumpin wuss," replied the countryman.

The train stopped. They looked out and saw a rail rising ahead. The entire train crew clambered out, crowbars in hand, proceeded leisurely to the rear

of the train and in due time loosened a rail and carried it forward. It was spiked into position and the train proceeded.

"Somebody stole a rail?" asked the traveler.

"Yaas, about twenty years ago, I reckon. Evah since then they hain't nobody bought a new one. When the train comes back they've gotter stop and tear up a rail behind em'. Ain't that the dilapidatedest thing ye ever see, stranger?"

A SPRIG OF HEATHER

'Twas just a wee bit heather,

It came across the sea;
Ye dinna ken hoo awfu' dear
That heather is to me.

It makes me think o' hameland,

The land where I was born,
The land wherein ma mither bides
Sae lanely an' forlorn.

O, precious is that heather;

Hoo it stirs my Scottish bluid,
And makes me think o' childhood's
years
And memories unco guid.

It brings to mind familiar scenes

O' Scottish hills an' dells,
O' Scottish hames an' Scottish hearths
An' Scottish sweet bluebells.

'Twas just a wee bit heather

Frae far across the sea;
It warmed the heart wi' Scottish pride,
Brought teardraps to the e'e.

'Twas grown among the upland slopes

On Scotland's grand auld hills—
A token drae the freens at hame
O' love and puir guidwill.

—*Scottish-American.*

Cessnock, N.S.W.