

the parson "I ken that, but then I dinna drink as mickle as you do," said the guilty person. "What, sir! How's that?" "Why, gin it please ye, dinna ye aye take a glass o' whisky and water after dinner?" "Why, yes, Jemmy, surely I take a little whisky after dinner, merely to aid digestion." "And dinna ye take a glass o' whisky-toddy every night before ye gang to bed?" "Yes, to be sure, I take a little toddy at night to help me to sleep." "Well, continued the parishioner, "that is just fourteen glasses a week, and about sixty every month. I only get paid once a month, and then, if I'd take sixty glasses, it would make me dead drunk for a week. Now ye see the only difference, ye time it better than I do."

—On Johnson's return from the Hebrides, a particular friend of his was saying that, now that he had a view of Scotland, he was in hopes it would cure him of many prejudices against that country, particularly in respect to the fruits. "Why, yes, sir," said the doctor, "I have found out that gooseberries will grow there against a south wall; but the skins are so tough that it is death to the man who swallows one of them." About the same period he was asked by a native of Scotland what he thought of his country. "That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly he did," replied Johnson; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotsmen."

—"Is my face dirty?" asked a young lady from the backwoods, while seated, with her aunt, at the dinner table on a steambath running from Cairo to New Orleans. "Dirty! No. Why did you ask?"—"Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and every time he comes round he puts another one before me."

—There is a blithesome maiden that lives next door to me; her eyes are black as midnight, and handsome as can be; her cheeks are full of dimples, and red as any rose; and then this love of mine, too, has got a Roman rose. I asked her if she'd have me (that was the other night), and this was her reply, friends, "Why, Jimmy, you are tight!" Says I, "I know I have, love, aboard a little wine, but that is not the question—will you, or not, be mine?" And then she put her face, friends, as near as mine as could, and with the sweetest smile, friends, said simply that she would—escort me to the door, if I was ready to depart. And thus it was the girl next door declined my hand and heart.

—Last summer a Yankee called in at a wayside inn where a friend was invigorating, and asked for a glass of cider. After a little delay it was brought. The stranger tasted it, and spat it out. "Say," said he, "how much cider did you brew this year?" "Fifteen barrels," said the host, in a surly tone. "Wal, I guess," returned the other, "if you could have scared up another apple, you'd have had sixteen."

—THE secret of thriving is thrift; saving of force; to get as much work as possible done with the least expenditure of power, the least jar and obstruction, the least wear and tear. And the secret of thrift is knowledge. In proportion as you know the laws and nature of a subject, you will be able to work at it easily, surely, rapidly, successfully, instead of wasting your money or your energies in mistaken schemes, irregular efforts, which end in disappointment and exhaustion.

—"WHAT'S that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendome during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered. "Well I never did?" she exclaimed; "and that is his pillow—he was a great man to use that! But it is more like a bolster. And it is made of iron, I do believe. Ah! Isaac, see what it is to be great. How hard his hand must have rested on his ironical pillow!"

—A gentleman standing in a crowd felt the pressure of two feminine feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful, but soon the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable. "Madam," he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet." "Your feet, sir?" "Yes, madam." "Goodness! Beg your pardon, sir; for I thought I was standing on a block of wood—they are quite large, sir." "Quite; but yours covered 'em, madam!"

—At one of the late Scottish electioneering contests, a respectable-looking voter, evidently one of the newly-enfranchised classes, and knowing nothing of election formalities, advanced to the Sheriff's table, when the following colloquy ensued:—Sheriff—Do you wish to vote, sir? Voter—Yes. Sheriff—What is your name? Voter—What's your's? Sheriff, after having got his name—Who do you vote for?