

yes, if he would gib me a dollar I would risk it, although it was an awful night. So he gib me de dollar, and he jumped in de boat, and I commenced rowing him ober deriber; and when I got out a little piece from de shore, de man axed me if I knowed anything about frenologiam. I told him no. "Ah," says he, "den one-quarter of your life is gone." Finally he says, "does you know anything about grammar." I told him no. "Ah," says he, "den one-half ob your life am gone." Den I begin to get frightened a little, and I begin to row faster. So in another minute he axed me if I knowed anything about dikeshionary. I told him no. "Ah," says he, "den tree quarters ob your life am gone." I felt more frightened at his last remark, and pulled mighty fast for de shore; when all at once de boat struck a rock, knocked a hole in her, and filled her up in a minute. I axed de man if he knowed how to swim. He said no. Den, says I, de whole four-quarters of your life am gone—shure!"

Kelmsatin, Ont. PETER MITCHELL.

(573) —Selected.
Why Moses was not Blessed for What he Had Done.

The Sunday-school lesson was about Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness, and the teacher was asking questions of her scholars.

"What did Moses strike the rock for?" she inquired.

"For water," answered the class promptly.

"Was Moses blessed for what he had done?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?"

This was a poser for some time, but finally a tough looking small boy held up his hand.

"Well, Tommy, why not?" asked the teacher encouragingly.

"Cos, mum, he didn't strike it for beer."

Parkdale. MARY BROWN.

(574) —Selected.
Why he Didn't Eat Butter.

"Shall I help you to some butter, Mr. Smith?" asked the landlady of a boarding house.

"No, thank you."

"Don't you eat butter?"

"No, not now. I used to, but I've reformed, you know. I'm proud to say I am now a temperate man."

"I know; but I don't see why that should interfere with your eating butter."

"I don't take anything strong."

The landlady simply said "Oh," but she looked daggers.

Toronto. J. McCONNELL.

(575) —Selected.
Sweet Revenge.

Mr. Vanspook—"My dear, I wish you would have Sally take music lessons."

Mrs. Vanspook—"But dear, what's the use? She don't know 'Yankee Doodle' from 'Old Hundred.'"

"I can't help that. Just start her in, and do it soon."

"But why, dear?"

"Old Kinks, next door, has his daughter practicing five hours a day, and I want to get even with him."

Stratford. JENNIE DOUGLAS.

(576) —Selected.
A Position in Which Tommy Would Have Caught Thunder.

Little Jimmy Jones, aged seven years, came running home last Sunday, crying and spitting blood and teeth out of his mouth, while his lips were black and burned and swollen.

"Oh, mercy! Is my boy killed?" shrieked the agonized mother.

A hasty examination revealed the fact that most of her boy was at home, and that his life and health were also in the vicinity.

"Stop your noise," she commanded; "you are not much hurt. Tell me all about it, and mind that you tell the truth."

"Me and Tommy Toodle," said the boy between sobs, "was playin' in the stable, when my holler tooth commenced to achin',

and Tommy said he could cure it. He put some black powder in my tooth and touched it off with a match."

"Didn't you have any more sense than to let him blow your tooth out with gunpowder?" asked Mrs. Jones, severely.

"Tommy said it wouldn't hurt, and we'd have lots of fun," said Jimmy, brightening up and attempting to laugh.

"It was awfully funny, waca't it, to have your mouth burned and your teeth blown out," said his mother, ironically. "Tommy had all the fun."

"No he didn't, mamma. I lost all my teeth, I guess, but you orter see Tommy! Two of my teeth is stickin' in his nose, and one of his ears is clean gone!"

"Look here," said Mrs. Jones, turning Jimmy's head so he could see behind him. "How did you tear this hole in your new Sunday pants?"

This was a poser to Jimmy, who had torn his trousers on a nail while sliding down a board, so, in order to gain time to answer, he said:

"What hole?"

"You know what I mean," said his mother. "How did you tear that hole in your trousers?"

"I know now, mother. That's where the powder kicked back. Wouldn't Tommy have ketch'd thunder if he had got behind me to touch the powder off?"

Cobourg. MARION CRAWFORD.

(577) —Selected.
Very Thoughtful.

Mistress—(who has been writing a letter for Bridget) "Well Bridget is there anything more that I can add?"

Bridget—"I guess that's all, mum. Now, ye might jist ax them to plaze excuse mistakes and bad spelling."

Cataraqui, Ont. H. NORTHMORE.

(578) —Selected.
Dave Ciffin's Grouse.

Dave Ciffin, who keeps a boarding house at Emigrant Gap, says the Virginia, Nev., Enterprise, on the Central Pacific Railroad, is very hard of hearing—can hardly hear anything that is shouted in his ear. Dave is fond of hunting, and very often takes his gun and scouts about the mountains in search of grouse, quail and other game. A Comstocker, who was snow-bound at Cisco for a day or two last week, tells the following story about Ciffin:—

He had been out hunting, and was going home with a grouse he had killed. As he came out of the wood and struck the railroad, he was overtaken by a stranger, who asked, "How far is it to Cisco?"

"Yes," said Dave, holding up his grouse, "I got one of 'em."

"I don't think you understand me," said the stranger; "I asked you how far it was to Cisco."

"Yes, he is pretty fat," said Dave; "he'll make a very good stew."

"You must be a d—d fool!" cried the stranger.

"Certainly, certainly!" said Dave; "There's a good many of 'em flyin' about this year!"

Northport, Ont. JESSIE FOX.

(579) —Original.
The Number of Apples Adam and Eve Ate.

DEAR SIR, — Your correspondent, A. C. Walden, in the issue of the 2nd instant, proposed a very profound question in theology, but failed to give the correct solution, as the following calculation will show:—

Eve, when she 81,811,010y, so if Adam, then he 81,281,424,0fy his wife's spirits, both must have eaten 820,995,350.

But Eve said, 102814240fy her spirits; therefore she took and gave to Adam, who 81410281240fy his wife; therefore, together, they ate 81,513,095,480.

Wrong again; for if Eve, being 110814240fy her spirits, and gave to Adam, then 8012410281240fy his wife. Total eaten, 8,012,521,095,480.

Still astray; for if Eve said, if 1811028110ly, and gave to Adam, then 80124102814240fy his wife. Total, 80,125,013,842,350.

Not right yet. Eve said, being 110102814240fy her spirits, and gave to Adam, then 80124102814240fy his wife. Total, 8,012,520,305,028,480.

The following seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter:—

Eve said, if 102811028110ly; then, when Adam saw the 11078180124102814240fy his wife. Total, 1,101,818,013,438,313,095,350; Eve said, if one sigh for to eat one, one ought to eat one wantonly; then, when Adam saw the wanton one eat on, ate he one, too, for one ought to sigh for to eat one for to fortify his wife.

Cookstown. F. S. F.

(580) —Selected.
Plans for the Increase of Church Revenue.

A minister was complaining of the indifference displayed by the congregation during the passing of the contribution box.

"Yes," asserted a deacon, "the collections are very small."

"Cannot you suggest a remedy?" inquired the dominie.

"I think it would be a good plan, Mr. S.," replied the deacon, "if the collection were to be taken up before instead of after the sermon. Anticipation, you know, is always greater than realization, and a disappointed man is not apt to be generous."

London. J. S. THOMPSON.

(581) —Selected.
He Couldn't Help But Admire the Draft.

Captain Jasman, who owed a bill in a neighboring town, was drawn on through the bank.

"What's this?" he asked of the collector.

"It's a draft for \$50."

"The first one I ever saw. Now, they get 'em up in good shape, don't they? Well, sir, there has been a big improvement in such things since I could first remember. When I was a boy, circus bills were mere daubs of red ink, but now look at 'em."

"Are you going to pay this draft?"

"Oh, I don't want it. Tell that feller that I am much obliged for the kind attention he has shown me, but that I cannot afford to pay so large a price for such a small piece of paper. Good-day."

York P. O. JOHN HOTCHKISS.

(582) —Selected.
Always Something in the Way.

"Pat," he called to the man who was leveling down at the far end of the mud-scow, "why don't you bring your father over from Ireland?"

"Can't afford it."

"But the steamships and railroads are now carrying passengers for nothing and throwing in a Turkish bath as a premium."

"True, sir, as me old woman was saying last night, but the stage fare from the old man's home to the nearest port is a matter of fifteen cents, and that what bothers me and keeps him out of this blessed country."

Brantford. J. D. POPE.

(583) —Selected.
Both Ends Alike.

Pat helping his hatter.—An Irishman entered a hatter's in North Shields, and, approaching the counter, said he wished to purchase a hat. "What size, sir?" asked the assistant. "Bogorra, I don't know," said the Hibernian, scratching his head, "but I take noines in boots."

Mrs. C. GENTLEMAN.

545 Queen St. West, Toronto.

(584) —Selected.
An Unfortunate Legislator.

"I spent four months at the capital," said a member of the Legislature, "trying to pass a bill, but in spite of every effort on my part, I have failed."

"Couldn't agree, I suppose," said a friend. "Oh! yes, we could agree well enough. In fact, there was the utmost harmony."

"Then why couldn't you pass the bill?"

"Because the saloons wouldn't accept it. It was counterfeit. They all agreed on that."

Brooklyn, L. I. PARTIE LYMAN.

(585) —Selected.

Tracing the Authorship.

"Father," inquired a young lad, "who wrote the new edition of the Bible?"

"It is the work of a number of eminent scholars," replied the father, very much pleased that his son should show an interest in such matters; "but the old edition, such as we have on the parlor table, was written by King James of England."

Dover, Del. M. C. JAMES.

(586) —Selected.
The Economy of Roller Skates.

"James," said a fond wife, hesitatingly, "James, business is quite dull, isn't it?"

"Yes, terribly dull," growled her husband.

"But, James, don't you think you could afford to buy the four oldest girls roller skates and a season ticket each to the rink?"

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed her husband; "do you think with this large family on my hands and bankruptcy staring me in the face I have any money to waste on such frivolities?"

"Yes, but James dear, you know the four oldest girls are well along in life, and—haven't you read in the papers about all the oloplements they have had at the rinks, and—"

"Well, well, Maria, there is something in that. I'll think the matter over."

Hamilton, Ohio. MARY JUSTIN.

(587) —Selected.
He Wouldn't Remove it.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip sack off that seat," said a countryman, who got on a train at Luling, Texas.

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that grip sack stay right there?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"In case you don't remove that grip sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call in the conductor, the engineer, and the brakeman, if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station, and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train, and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that grip-sack, do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

(Great sensation.)

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that grip sack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."

Bellefonte. MARY G. TURNER.

(588) —Selected.
That Boy was Thoroughly Convinced that the Steps had been Painted.

Half an hour after a painter had finished painting the front steps of a house and had put up a board with the warning "paint!" in large letters, a boy came along and gave the job a thorough looking over. If the painter painted or had he not? Did that sign on the board mean paint on the steps or around the back yard? He pondered over these things for a long five minutes and then decided to investigate. If this was an old gag, all right; if it was a new wrinkle he wanted to catch on early.

Without stopping to spit on his hands the boy boldly advanced up the walk, removed the board and walked up the five steps and down again. He left tracks and he smelt paint, but it needed more than that to convince him. A woman came across by the side gate. She had the broom raised over her head in both hands. She brought the brush part down on the boy's head if she meant to drive his heels through the pine planks, and as he fell against a tree-box and rolled into the gutter she yelled: "Them steps has been painted!" "Y-e-s," replied the boy as he started off for a walk, "but I wouldn't hardly ha' believed it!"

Montreal. G. P. HIGGINS.