

soprano, alto, and tenor successively took up the refrain, was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in any but a humorous spirit.

An old Scotch minister was obliged to avail himself of probationers as substitutes in the pulpit. One day a young man, vain of his oratorical powers, officiated, and on descending from the desk was met by the elder with extended hands, and, expecting high praise, he said:

"No compliments, I pray."

"Na, na, na," said the minister; "noo-a-days I'm glad of ony body."

The Old Man's Ghost.

Several days ago, a celebrated spiritualist came to Little Rock, and stated that before giving a public entertainment, he would give a seance, where any member of a small invited circle would call up the spirits of their friends and converse with them. By mistake a man from down the river was admitted, a man whose reputation for deeds of violence would not place his spirit above par in the soul market. After listening a while to rapping, horn-blowing, and gauze-veil materialization, the bad man arose and said:

"Say, cap'n, whar's the old man's ghost?"

"What old man?" asked the medium.

"My old man, the governor. Call him up!"

"What's his name?"

"Tom Bealick; call him up!"

"I don't think we are in communication with him to-night."

"What's the matter, wire down?"

"No; the old man is off on a visit."

"Now, here, jest shut up your wardrobe, and turn on your light. If you don't give the old man's ghost a show, the thing shan't run."

"Wait I'll see if he will come," said the spiritualist. "If he raps three times, he is willing; if only once, he has other engagements."

A sharp rap sounded.

"He is unwilling," continued the spiritualist.

"Now, here," said the bad man, "that wan't my old man's knock. Why, if he had hit that table, he'd splintered it. Call him up;" and the affectionate son cast a severe look on the medium.

"To tell the truth, I can't call him up."

"Tell him that I want to see him. That will fetch him."

"No; he won't come; but I beg you to be patient."

Wait; ah, he will come presently. He is here and desires to talk with you. He says that he is perfectly happy, and that he longs for the time when you will be with him. He is one of the rulers in the spirit-land."

"Cap'n, you're the infernalist liar in Arkansas."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because the old man is in the city prison, drunk."

Jilted.

As white as snow, once years ago.

See, now 'tis nearly amber!

Among these criss-cross hieroglyphs,

Abounding in her "buts" and "ifs,"

How I did like to clamber!

She always wrote on "White Laid Note";

Just feel—it seems so brittle

That one might crack it by a touch.

Love her? Yes, I did, very much.

Loved me? A very little.

You may peruse it, if you choose;

Love's fragile flower has wilted,

And this is but a faded leaf,

With which I mock the gnawing grief

That comes from getting jilted.

That blur of ink? I used to think,

When this was ante-yellow,

A tiny tear had left that stain.

Yes? No! He held it in the rain.

Who's he?—The other fellow!

F. D. S.

Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to Rev. Aminidab Bledso, of the Blue Light Austin Tabernacle, for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," replied Parson Bledso; "I has to support my poor ole mudder!" "But your poor ole mudder says you don't do nuffin for her." "Well, den, ef I don't do nuffin for my poor ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' to make me shell out?"

Precocious.

Senator Fair, of Nevada, has discovered a precocious four-year old in Washington, who, sometimes at least, knows how to speak the truth and shame her mother. The Senator was calling at her house one day, and the little thing took a great fancy to him. She had a very common doll, which she exhibited with a great deal of pride, and talked of it as children do of things that pleases them best. The Senator duly admired and praised it, and petted its owner, and in due course of time passed on to other calls. When he reached home he was much surprised to find the pet doll in his overcoat pocket the little one having doubtless deposited it there while he was not watching her. Thinking she would grieve over its loss, and wishing to mere than recompense her for any possible amount of sadness and loss and of tears, he made a temporary Santa Claus of himself, bought a whole box of dolls of all shades and sizes, with any quality of costumes, and despatched them to her by special messenger with his compliments.

Next time the Senator called the little one was in ecstasy. She told him all about them, and, obedient to maternal promptings, duly tendered her childish thanks for the possession. Then, after a moment's hesitation, as if there was something on her childish mind, she said: "My mamma said if you'd sent \$1,000 you wouldn't miss it any more than you do the dolls."

Other proud mammas whose confidential sayings have been similarly and unexpectedly "given away," at most inopportune moments, by bright children with too retentive memories, will best understand this one's confusion. What the Senator said on this occasion is not reported.—*Chicago Times*.

RUTH.

Light of my life, thou charming Israelite,

Thou art my Ruth, and I, a sheaf of corn,

Thine eyes the scythe 'neath which I helpless fell

One fair autumnal morn.

Oh loveliest gleaner in the teeming field!

Ah! smiling victress, pity, pity me!

Bind me with all thy arts, with all thy charms,

Bind me—to thee, to thee!

And when each to the other's bound forever—

Listen, sweet Ruth, my words are fraught with meaning—

You'll not be angry should I ask you to—

Well—stop your gleanings!

—L. C. Evans.

Pat's "Divershin."

A story is told of an Englishman who landed at Dublin, a few months ago, filled with apprehension that the life of any loyal subject of her Majesty was not worth a farthing there and thereabouts. The Land Leaguers, he imagined, were all bloodthirsty assassins, and all that sort of thing. But it was his duty to travel in the land—a duty he approached with fear and trembling. Now there happened to be on his route a number of towns the names of which begin with the suggestive "Kil." There were Kilmartin, and so on. In his ignorance of geographical nomenclature, his affrighted senses were startled anew on hearing a fellow passenger in the railway carriage remark to another as follows: "I'm just after bein' over to Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other, "am ather bein' over to Kilmarty." "What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassination so publicly!" But the conversations went on. "And there are ye goin' now?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled, "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd better be comin' along wud me to Kilumalle!" It is related that the Englishman left the train at the next station.