

A Prayerful Hodge-Podge.

Howard, aged four, when attacked by the sand man, is prone to say funny things. One evening he was induced to don his little night-robe and kneel by his mother's knee, which is his custom, when she hears his prayers. He was in an exceptionally sleepy mood, and much to our surprise and amusement, confused the game he had been playing with his devotion in this manner:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If he hollers let him go,
Blue, meine, meine, mo."

Adaptable.

Small Robbie was laboring over a drawing which was obviously of great importance.

His mother, who was sewing in the room, got up to see what he was doing.

"What is it you're drawing, dear?" she said, as she stood behind him.

Robbie was embarrassed. Struggling to cover his nervousness, he answered, with an air of great nonchalance:

"Oh, it's papa I'm drawing, but I don't care anything about it. Guess I'll put a tail to it, and have it for a dog."

Logical English.

I paused to talk to a fishmonger. "Fishmonger," said I pleasantly, "why do you fishmong?"

He answered with a cordial smile: "I fishmong because my father fishmang before me."

"And have you been fishmonging long?" I asked further.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have fishmong for seven years come Michaelmas."

"You are a worthy fishmonger," I responded, "and I'm sure you always mong the best of fish."

An Accommodating Man.

One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out of the window and explaining the scenery, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor: "Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger? He seems to be a very nice fellow. It seems a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, ma'am. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

Barbaric.

An elderly Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable girl decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace gown and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on nother breast-pin."

Suspicious.

With his underpinning somewhat wobbly Mr. Billdong entered the house long after his accustomed hour.

"Whew, what have you been drinking?" queried Mrs. Billdong.

"Just a few Roosevelt lem'nades, m'dear," said Mr. Billdong as he leaned up against the hat-rack and threw his hat in a chair.

"Well, I guess the 'stick' in them was plenty big enough," said Mrs. Billdong, who knew a thing or two about politics.

In Bostonese.

"Come in, Waldonia," said her mother. You have been in that swing long enough."

"Presently, mamma," answered the little Boston girl. "I am permitting the carnivorous quadruped of the genus Felis to slacken its physical activities and pass by imperceptible gradations into a condition of total extinct vitality."

Not So Far Off

Gilbert was describing the first wedding he had ever seen.

"And the man that was married," he said in conclusion, "had on a cock-tail coat."

The Accepted Time.

"De choir am now about to vociferate," said good old Parson Bagster, during a recent Sabbath morning's service in Ebenezer Chapel, "and uh- whilst dey am a-doin' of it, I solemnly suggests dat de mothers of dem sassy child'en dat has been uh-'sturbin' de congregation take dis occasion to spank 'em. Dis special song will rise loud and high, muh sistahs, and so uh- whilst yo' do yo' duty dess do it wid zeal and loerality. Spar' de spanks an' sp'ile de chile—give it to the little varmint hot and heavy and de Lawd will bless yo', and de rest of us will owe yo' a vote o' thanks. De choir will now no' fo'th deir hozanners."

A Difference.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"Me enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!"

"So it was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

Musical Conversation.

A negro minister from Georgia, who was visiting friends in New York City, went one Sunday to the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

He was very much impressed by the service, especially by the choir-boys in the processional and recessional. When he returned to the South he resolved to introduce the same thing into his church; so he collected fifteen or twenty little darkies and drilled them until he had them well trained.

One Sunday the congregation were greatly surprised to see the choir-boys marching in, singing the processional. The minister noticed that something was wrong; the boy in front was not carrying anything. He leaned over the pulpit, and in order to avoid attracting attention, he chanted in tune to the song they were singing.

"What—have you done—with the in—cense pot?"

The little darkey, with great presence of mind, chanted back:

"I—left it in—the aisle—it was too—blame hot!"

The Marks of a Gardener.

A new Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation, the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend, who was present, evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

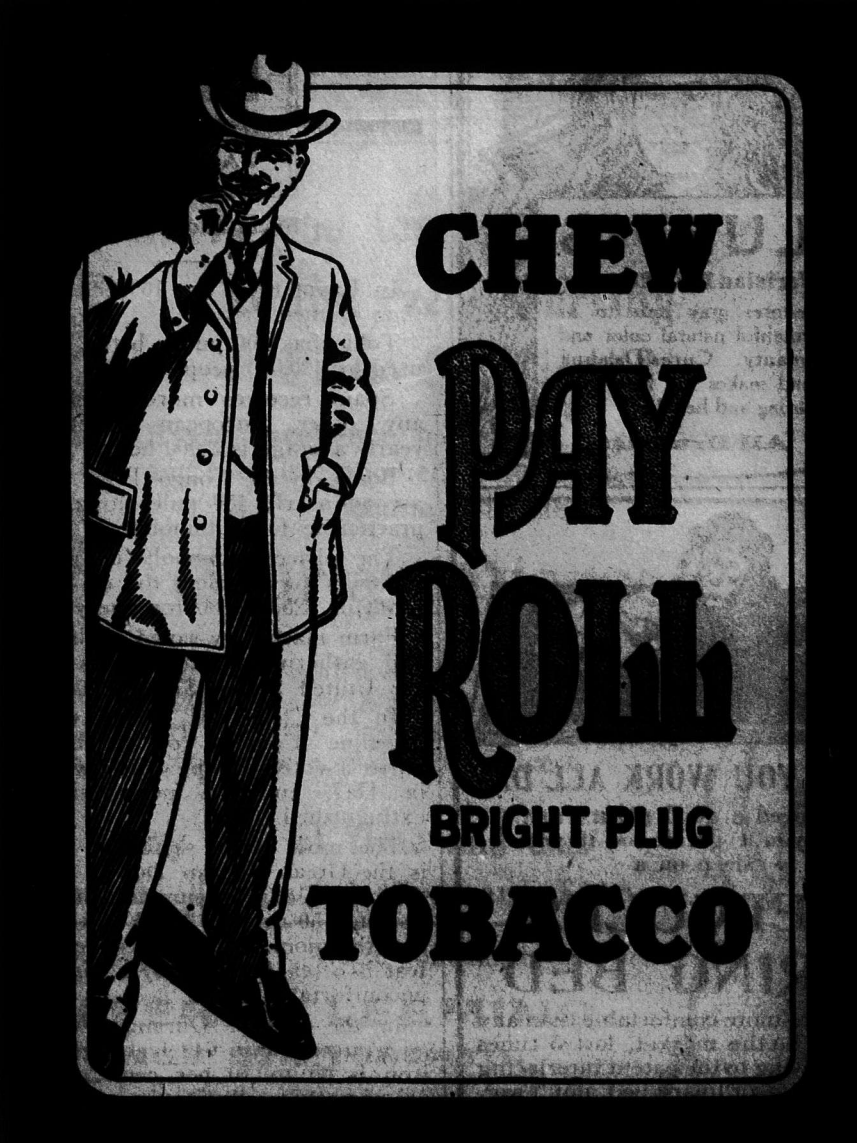
"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man?" The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the other in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of the trousers, you don't."

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