

"Is it me, avick?"
 "Yes, you are the prosecuting witness; that is your own case, and you filed the information on which the warrant was issued."

"An' it says that Morris McHogadan bate me?"

"It does, and it is sworn to."

"Oh, the devil an' all; who shwore to that?"

"You did."

"PHWAT?"

"You swore to all that."

"Oh, tower uv ivory! That Morris McHogadan bate me?"

"Yes."

"Wid a pavin' hammer?"

"Yes, so you declared."

"Oh-h-h, thundher an' turf! An' bate me teeth down the troat av me?"

"So you averred."

"Oh, the bloody-minded villin; an' broke me rib?"

"That's what you said."

"Oh-h-h, bones of the martyrs; and chawed off the ear o' me?"

"So you told us."

"Oh, to the devil wid the informashin that says sich a pack o' lies. Morris McHogadan bate me! Och, Moses an' Aarin, its tearin' ravin' disthracted mad I am! Why, yer anner, it's a bloody-minded lie. He can't fip one side o' me; why, the pig-eyed thafe ov the wor-rol'd, I clawed all the red hair out ov the ugly head of him and trowed him down the bank ov the creek, and welted him like an ould shoe wid a splinter ov timber I grabbed out ov the creek. He bate me? He can't bate nobody. I didn't leave a whole bone in his ugly carkiss, an' av he dares to say I did, yer anner, I'll ate off his other ear an' pound the flure wid him. Oh, the devil fly away wid sich infermashin. It's the beggar's own lie, an'—"

Here witness was cut short by the court fining him \$10.00 and costs for assault and battery, and Phelim, astonished into a terrific flow of volubility for such a taciturn man, went away with a policeman, arguing that it wasn't possible that he could be fined when he was the prosecuting witness, and declaring that the case never would have gone against him but for "the bloody-minded infermashin," which he firmly believed to be the evil work of the designing Morris McHogadan.

Cornering the Boys.

Only a few days before they moved the capital, a worthy lady of Peoria one morning detected her two sons laughing immoderately. Suspecting that she was the cause of their disrespectful mirth, the good woman

involuntarily loosened her slipper and called up the young culprits.

"Thomas, what made you laugh?"

"Nobody made me laugh; I laughed on purpose."

"None of your impudence, sir. John, why were you laughing at the door just now?" John (eagerly)—"Wasn't laughing at the door, I was laughing at Tom."

Tom—"And I was laughing at John."

The matron assumed a dignified attitude. "Now, my boys, what were you both laughing at?"

Boys (in a triumphant shout)—"We were both laughing at once!"

The good lady summoned all her energies for a final effort, and resolved to corner the boys by a settling question.

"Now, then, I want you to tell me, Tom, what made John laugh and you laugh?"

Tom—"John didn't laugh a new laugh; it was the same old laugh!"

Neither of the boys got whipped, the slipper slid back to its accustomed place, and to this day nobody knows what those boys laughed at.

The Seedsman.

How doth the busy nurseryman
 Improve each shining hour;
 And peddle scions, sprouts and seeds
 Of every shrub and flower.

How busily he wags his chin,
 How neat he spreads his store,
 And sells us things that never grew
 And won't grow any more.

Who showed the little man the way
 To sell the women seed?
 Who taught him how to blow and lie
 And coax and beg and plead?

He taught himself, the nurseryman;
 And when his day is done,
 We'll plant him where the lank rag weeds
 Will flutter in the sun.

But oh, although we plant him deep
 Beneath the buttercup,
 He's so much like the seed he sells,
 He never will come up.

Setting the Heirloom.

One afternoon, about a week after the big Fourth of July, a hungry-looking man made his appearance down near the post office corner, carrying in his arms an old-fashioned clock, about four feet high, with some ghastly looking characters scrawled across the dial, like the photograph of a fire-cracker label with the delirium tremens. He set the clock down, and in loud tones called upon the passers-by to pause, as he was about to make a sacrifice that would break the heart of the oldest horologer living. He was going to sell that clock, he said. An old family heirloom, and a genuine curiosity of antiquity,

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