

POOR MAN.—The N. Y. Mercury says: At the funeral of an esteemed lady of this city the bereaved widower, who was sobbing during the services on a black-bordered handkerchief, suddenly arose and approached a friend who was leaning bowed on the marble mantel. The officiating clergyman stopped in the middle of the address, supposing the bereaved one was overcome with sorrow. Friends looked up in deep sympathy as he whispered, in a grief-stricken voice, audible to all present:

"James, don't lean so hard on the mantel! It cost me a mint of money, and won't stand a heavy strain."

Then he resumed his weeping, and the services proceeded.

At a meeting of some colored brethren it was decided to make a collection. The president concluded to pass the hat himself, and, in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten-cent piece. After the collection, during which every hand had been in the hat, the president approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes with astonishment and exclaimed, "Fo' goodness, but I've eben lost de ten cents I started wid!" Then there was consternation on the faces of the assembly. Who was the lucky man? That was the question. He could not blush, or turn pale, for all were as black as night. It was evidently a hopeless case, and was summed up by one brother, who rose in his seat and said, solemnly, "Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson round 'eah somewhat."

AFRAID TO LET HER SING.—Mrs. Trulyrural has been in the city with her daughter to arrange for the vocal instruction of the young lady. She has not yet engaged a teacher, and is now in a terrible state of perplexity. "The first professor said," she explained to Mr. Trulyrural on her return, "that Almira sings too much with her borax. If she keeps on she will get digestion on the lungs. He said she ought to try the abominable breathing and practise selfdugery. Then the next teacher told me that she ought to sing more from her diagram and not smother her voice in the sarcophagus. Then the next, he poked a looking-glass down her throat, and said that the phalanx was too small, and the typhoid bone and polyglottis were in a bad way; and I never knew Almira had so many things down her throat, and I'm afraid to let her sing any more for fear it'll kill the poor girl." And that was the end of "voice building" in the Trulyrural family.—*Musical Herald.*

No Doubt Whatever.

"Is there any doubt about Pingrey paying me?" asked Brown. "He wants to borrow a hundred."

"No," replied Fogg, "I don't think there is a particle of doubt about it."

A month later Brown met Fogg again. "What did you mean," said he, "by allowing me to loan Pingrey that money?" "I've asked him for it a dozen times, and that's all the good it does me."

"I didn't suppose he'd pay you," replied Fogg, quite coolly.

"Didn't suppose he'd pay me!" yelled Brown. "What did you let me lend it to him for?"

"I?" said Fogg. "I had nothing to do with it. You asked me if there was any doubt about his paying you, and I said 'No.' I knew he wouldn't pay you. There was no doubt about it."

Brown went off mumbling to himself about some folks thinking themselves mighty smart, while Fogg turned to his paper with a serenity that was most engaging.

THE WHISTLING LABORER.—A mason was in the habit of whistling to his laborer whenever he wanted a fresh supply of lime, and, as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner noticing Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with the load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle

came from. He had not waited long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and sputtered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mess; and in the midst of this confusion heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle, my bhoys, when you want some more mortar."

IRISH HUMOR, hard knocks as it has received, is not dead yet. A friend of mine, a major in the county militia, and chairman of petty sessions in the province of Leinster, lately sentenced an old lady, who, had given the police a good deal of trouble through drunken and disorderly conduct, to two months' imprisonment. Perceiving she was rather astonished at the action of the bench, the major asked her if she had anything to say against it, when, advancing to the front of the dock, she thus delivered herself: "I have this to say—I have been divorced by two husbands; my youngest sister has been unfortunate; my eldest has been indicted for keeping a disorderly house; but—and here the old lady drew herself up—I'm proud to say that *I have no relashuns in the militia.*"—*London World.*

Absent-Minded.

It is an awkward thing to be absent-minded, says Progress. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman who discovered this at his cost. It so happened, the other day, that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absent-minded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man. "Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Well, never mind; take him his bill, and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated a moment, and then, appreciating the situation, went over to Mr. A. and handed his bill. "What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow. "For your dinner, sir." "My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter, in all innocence. "Dear me, I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake!" And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

Smith was Out.

A Griswold-street lawyer was sitting in his office, the other week, when a stranger appeared at the door and said:

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"

"Yes, sir—next door."

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer, he observed:

"Smith seems to be out?"

"Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place, I should have answered it by telling you so."

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer:

"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"

"O, about five dollars."

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away, when the lawyer said:

"My fee, please."

"I haven't a cent to pay you!"

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place, I should have answered by telling you so. Good-morning, sir."—*Free Press.*

Girls, don't throw your life away by marrying a man for the purpose of reforming him. It is the worst use you can put yourselves to. The proverb says: "The fox may grow gray, but he never grows good."