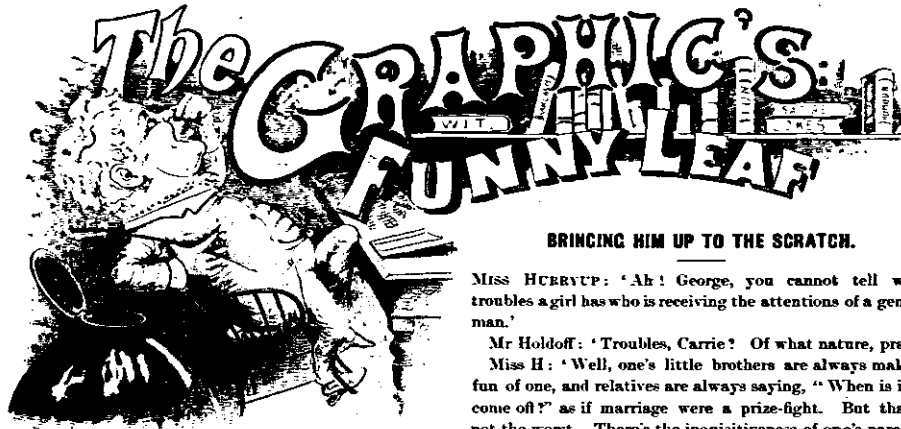


A MIXED WEDDING.



THE WRONG BOY.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster was told by the parson that he intended to bring a friend next morning to hear the boys put through their paces in religious teaching. They had not received much instruction of that kind; but it was necessary to do something. Accordingly he called his little grey-snocked 'first-class' before him, arranged the members in a certain order, grafted into each blossoming yokel the particular question he intended to put him in the morning, and likewise added the correct answer. After printing

BRINGING HIM UP TO THE SCRATCH.

Miss HERRYUP: 'Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.'

Mr Holdoff: 'Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?'

Miss H: 'Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and relatives are always saying, "When is it to come off?" as if marriage were a prize-fight. But that is not the worst. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as, "Carrie, what are Mr Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for, and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so angry when he asks these questions that I actually tremble.'

Mr H: 'And what answer do you make to his questions, Carrie dearest?'

Miss H: 'I can't make any answer at all, for you see, you haven't said anything to me, and—and—of course I—'

Then Mr Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear and next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

The following story of a wedding in the North is told by the *Newcastle Chronicle*:—Two couples had just been united in the bonds of holy matrimony at a local church. After duly tying the marriage knot the clergyman led the way to the vestry, expecting that the newly-married persons would follow him for the purpose of signing the register. No one appeared, however, for some time. He began to grow impatient, when a knock was heard at the door, and one of them appeared as spokesman, and began with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness' the following explanation:—'Sor,' said he, 'aa's very sorry to tell ye that me and the rest of us has been havvin' a lark wi ye, sor. Ye knaa, sor, me and my mate is but pitmen, and ben' as we're on the spree, we thout we had hev a bit o' fun wi the priest, an' the fact is the girls you've married tiv us is not wor lassies. We've swooped, and we want to knaw, sor, if ye will put it rest and marry us over agen to wor an lassies.' The clergyman, after angrily lecturing the man on the folly of his conduct, said that he was not sure that he could re-perform the ceremony as required, but said he would retire to consider the matter, and let them know in a short time. He closed the door of the vestry, and began to meditate on the best way of extricating the culprits from the puzzling predicament, when his reverie was broken by someone again gently tapping at the door. It was the spokesman of the party, his face quite bright with an expression of relief and satisfaction. 'Me and ma mate, sor,' said he, 'and the women people have been talkin' the thing over amangst worsels, and we divvent want to give ye oney mair trouble; so, if ye divvent mind, sor, we'll just let it stop as it is.'

'HE'S GOT IT, MA'AM.'

AMONG the passengers on a Pullman car a few days ago was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse girl and a self-willed tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks and kicks and screams and his viciousness towards his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face, without a word of remorse from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly:—'Harry musn't touch. Bug will bite Harry. Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother without opening her eyes or lifting her head cried out sharply:—

'Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once.'

'But, ma'am, it's—'

'Let him have it, I say!'

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The screams that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother awoke again.

'Mary?' she cried, 'let him have it.'

Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly:—'He's got it, ma'am!'

One for his Nob.

Landlord of an hotel in a mountainous district: 'Can you tell me, Herr Professor, how people manage to ascertain how high they are above the sea-level when travelling in the mountains?' Professor: 'By the height of the hotel bills.'

Very Cool.

A couple of burglars were trying to effect their entrance into a house. The master of the establishment heard them, and, opening the window, he courteously observed, 'You had better come again after a while, gentlemen, as we have not all gone to bed yet.'



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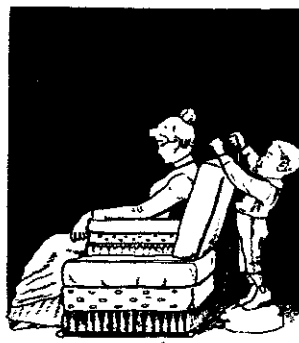
the young hopefuls over and over again with their respective answers, he ventured to dismiss them. Next morning, while the visitors were being awaited, boy No. 2 was told to carry out two stone ink-bottles into the back porch, and ordered to clean off the great streaks of ink and the patches of matted dust. Shortly afterwards the two visitors walked in. The master, quite forgetting that one of his first-class boys was absent in the back yard, commenced to put his questions to the class in the particular order which he had arranged and promised. Pointing to one boy, he asked: 'What is that part of you, my lad, which can never die?' 'My soul, sir,' smartly replied the rustic, with an air of confidence and decision which was really quite admirable and surprising in one so young. The visitors nodded their approval, and the dominie continued his interrogations. 'Now you, my boy,' he said, pointing to the third boy in the back row, 'tell us who made you?' Now, the lad thus addressed occupied the very position which had been vacated by the industrious pupil out in the porch. Accordingly, this was not his proper question; and, remembering the master's positive instructions that he was only to give a certain answer to a certain question, he bravely remained dumb and quiescent. 'Will you be quick and tell me, sir?' the master cried out angrily, never dreaming, of course, that any hitch had occurred. No: the lad never opened his lips or twitched a muscle. Possibly he thought the master was 'trying it on' with him. 'Come, my dear child,' the visitor ventured to interject, seeing the painful chagrin of the dominie, 'you should try and give your master some sort of an answer. Surely you know that it was God who made you?' 'No, sir, it wasna me!' the lad at last burst forth. 'I'm sure it wasna, sir! The boy as God made is outside wa-shin' 'inkpots'

He's Been a Poacher.

Mr Justice Williams was a capital shot, and whilst enjoying the sport upon some gentleman's preserves, and knocking over the birds right and left, the gamekeeper whispered confidentially to his comrade, 'They tell me this 'ere gent is a judge. I'd take my swan he's been a poacher.'



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Sour Grapes.

Miss Walnut: 'Oh! Claire, George and I are to be married next month. All the arrangements have been completed and—'

Miss Chestnut (who has had designs on George herself): 'I am glad, dear, and I do so wish that you will be happy. How good of George to say "yes," wasn't it?'

A Shrewd Nephew.

'Yes, certainly,' said a young man to an old bachelor uncle who was about to marry; 'settle as much on your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a penny.' The marriage didn't come off, and the young man became heir to his uncle's estate.

CEREMONIOUS.

FRENCHMEN are noted for their punctiliousness, but they have no monopoly of that virtue. A nice sense of propriety occasionally crops out in quite unexpected quarters.

'Pat,' said the superintendent of one of our New England manufactories, 'go down to the firm's office and wash the windows.'

Pat presently appeared in the outer room with his bucket and sponges.

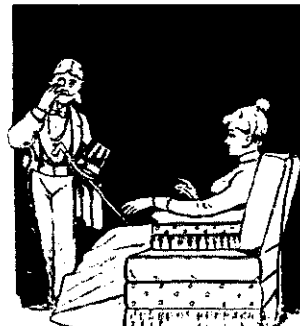
'An' I was tould to wash the windys in the firm's office,' he said to one of the clerks.

'All right, that's it right in there,' answered the clerk, pointing to the door.

'But they're in there,' said Pat.

'Oh, never mind, go right in.'

But Pat still hesitated. 'Faith,' said he, 'an' would ye plaze be after goin' in an' introducin' me?'



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