

"You did? When did you last see him on board the boat?"

"Vell, ven I see Mr. Jones de last time he vasn't on de boat."

Mr. Smart, certain that he had won his case, with a triumphant glance at the jury, asked: "He wasn't? Well, Mr. Deitzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"

"Vell, when de schmoke pipe and me vas goin' up ve met Mr. Jones comin' down!"

AN AFFAIR OF PROVIDENCE

A young man in want of money wrote to his uncle as follows: "Dear Uncle—If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for \$25, and do not know how to express myself. I prefer to die. I send you this messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest Uncle, your most obedient and affectionate NEPHEW.

"P. S. —Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may get lost."

The Uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He wrote as follows:

"My dear Jack—Console yourself and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger has lost your letter. Your affectionate UNCLE."

TOO HOT FOR HIM

Young Dodkins came to the conclusion that city life was unsuited for his special abilities, so he decided to go "back to the land" and applied to a farmer to give him a job. The farmer was willing, and set Dodkins to clear up the farmyard, clean out the pigpen and cowshed and generally make the homes of the animals sweet and comfortable.

The young man from the city set to work with a will and presently the farmer left him and remarked to his wife that "the town chap warn't such a bad fellow to work, after all."

A few hours later, when the farmer was at dinner the door burst open and in tumbled the new hand, his lips swollen, both eyes almost closed up and red lumps protruding all over his features.

"Here," he gasped, "gimme mv coat; I'm off!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said the farmer.

"Matter? No more country jobs for me. What's the matter? Blamed if I know quite; but it happened when I started to clean out those boxes you call the bee-hives."