

ODD COMPARISONS

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A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.

A blacksmith is always striking for wages.

A bull-dog bites before he barks.

A client told his lawyer that he had now told him the plain truth, and he could put in the lies himself.

A Congregationalist explains what is meant by lightning-bug piety: "Bright, while it lasts, but cold, and soon out."

A deaf old lady being asked if she ever had her ears pierced by the wail of distress, said she couldn't exactly remember but she believed it was done with a shoemaker's awl.

A diminutive potato.

A dog is counted mad when he won't take something to drink.

A drunken man who had slipped down, thought it very singular that water always freezes with the slippery side up.

A fit of anger is as dangerous to dignity as a dose of arsenic is to life.

A fool of the third story.

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.

A fool or an idiot expects things to take place contrary to nature; as for example: water to stay in a pail without any bottom.

A giant of brass on legs of clay.

A grain of gold will spread over a great surface, but not as much as a grain of wisdom.

A headstrong woman and a runaway horse are two things it's out of all reason to manage, the only way is to urge them on and being contrary by nature they stop of themselves.

A helm is a little thing but it governs the course of a ship.

A house is like a bird when it has wings.

A little force will break that which has been cracked before.

A man devoid of religion, is like a horse without a bridle.

A man often expresses the same idea by wagging his head, as a dog does by wagging his tail.

A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse.

A politician is tougher than India-rubber, and his conscience more elastic.

A politician without patronage is like a cat without claws.

A revenue officer charged Noah, with brewing beer in the ark, because he saw a kangaroo going aboard with hops.

A smooth speech is honeyed poison.

A sound conscience is a brazen wall of defence.

A sure sign of an early spring is a cat watching a hole in the wall with her back up.

A veritable Witworth gun in the army of liberalism.

A wife should be like roast lamb—tender and sweet, and nicely dressed, with plenty of fixings, but without sauce.

A wit must always have a butt for his sarcasm.

A young husband calls his wife, "Birdie," because, he says, "she is always associated in his mind with a bill."

Aaron Burr's notion was, that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth.

After having cried up their wine, they sell us vinegar.

After this outburst the gentleman ought to lie fallow awhile.

All the footsteps lead to the lion's den, but there are no marks of any returning.

Amusement is to the human mind what sunlight is to the flowers.

An army of stags under the command of a lion; is more to be feared than an army of lions led by a stag.

An eagle does not catch flies.

An ounce of reality is worth a pound of romance.

And it is from such a shallow cistern as this, that their party draws its water of life.

And with necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Any respectable gorilla might justly resent the idea of evolution from his tribe.

As a liar we know him to be like Capt. Cuttle's watch—"equalled by few and excelled by none."

As crest-fallen as a dried pear.

As cross as a baited bull.

As for the behavior of the ass, in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine.

As happy as clams at high water.

As happy as a flock of snow birds.

As lightning lurks in the drops of a summer cloud.

As little interest as the frontiersman's wife had in her husband's struggle with the bear; she didn't care a cent which whipped.

As natural as suction to a snipe.

As positive as ignorance and narrowness can make him

As self-conceited as it will do for one to be, and not crack open.

As sharp as a frosty morning.

As still as a cat in a milk-house.

As the ant does not wend its way to empty barns; so no friends will be found to haunt the place of departed wealth.

As the yellow gold is tried by fire, so the faith of true friendship can only be known in the season of adversity.

As touching faith and confidence as Simon's eldest boy had when he pulled the mule's tail.

Awful at lying, like the fellow who said he had such a bad cold he could not tell the truth.

Barking up the wrong sapling.

Because the cur has bitten me, must I bite the cur?

Born merely for the purpose of digestion.

Both virtue and birth, unless sustained by riches, are held cheaper than the seaweeds.

Bribery changes some men from their faith just as easy as a tadpole turns into a frog.

Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah!" said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

By gnawing through a dyke, even a rat may drown a nation.

By the sharp vinegar of truth.

Carlyle says: If you are in doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl or not, give her the benefit of the doubt.

Certain orators are very much like a great river—they are always the loudest and muddiest at the mouth.

Clergymen are like brakemen, because they do a good deal of coupling.

Coal when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, generally goes to the cellar.

Condemnation will come upon them swifter than a weaver's shuttle.

Courting a six-story house with a woman in the title deed.

Cutting like a scythe.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of the house on which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked, that he "liked to see a mechanic go promptly through his work."

Did he ever tie a knot in a cord of wood?

Dogs wag their tails not so much in love to you as to your bread.

Don't be all your days trotting on a cabbage leaf.

Don't hitch on too big a sinker.

Don't shie off as the devil would if pestered with holy water, or a foaming mad dog with water pure and simple.

Dragged on like a heavily loaded carriage without wheels, and were nearly got to what a countryman would understand by a dead pull.

Dregs rise to the top.

Egotists cannot converse; they talk to themselves.

Even savage bears agree with each other.

Experience (some one has aptly said), is a light hung at the stern of a ship.

Factions were balancing each other like children at the game of see-saw.

Fallstaff's soldiers were afraid of nothing but danger.

Famine drives the wolf from the woods.

Fanaticism, whether political or religious, has no stopping place short of heaven or hell.

Felt like the lady when the man of her heart finally offered her his hand: "as if every nail in the house had become a jews-harp."

Flares up like a turkey cock at a piece of red flannel.

For'ne when she caresses a man too much makes him a fool.

Fretting himself into quite a lather.

From such specimen bricks, you may judge the quality of building material.

Full of lies as a ram's head is full of horns.

Gathering the smutted sheaves.

Gold cannot heal the wound which misery has left in a heavy heart.

Good and bad fortune are necessary to a man, in order to make him adroit and capable.

Gray hairs are like the light of a soft moon, silvering over the evening of life.

Grew up like a weed in a summer day.

Growing up as in a single night into a luxurious development, like Jonah's gourd, it melts as rapidly away.

He came right at me, like a mad bull at a red shawl.

He carried the heavy end of the log.

He cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack.

He clings to his hobby still, like a broken down drunkard to his bottle.

He could boast of royal blood if the ass were the king of brutes.

He could not bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without smutting his own nose.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

He drove his pigs to a bad market.

He embraced the cause of his country as Judas Iscariot embraced our Lord and Saviour—for the purpose of betraying it.

He found himself, as the Bohemians say, "flat on his back."

He has been picked out from the flock of lambs as the particular wether to wear the bell.

He has gone to that country where the hail-storms and fire showers do not reach, and the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load.

He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells, and is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again.

He is a fool of twenty-four carats—without alloy.

He is a sort of mental reservoir that may burst upon you and overwhelm you in a moment.

He is as shallow as a rivulet and as filthy as a sinkhole filled with the vilest refuse matter.

He is drawing them with too loose a rein.

He is not a gun of great dimensions.

He is one who stinks and shines, and shines and stinks like a rotten mackerel by moonlight.

He is something like a wheel whose spokes tend to tire.

He is worth a million if a hundred per cent. were taken off for cash.

He's a locomotive in trousers.

He's like the miller's dog, he licks his lips before the pack is opened.

He laid up to him like a pig to a rough post.

He looks as if he had been rubbed down with sand paper.

He looked like a walking West Indian epidemic.

He must be taken, if at all, like bad paper, at a heavy discount.

He ought to be taken out of the dress circle and put into the pit, where he properly belongs.

He put himself in the condition of Bill Poller's celebrated plow; it turned up more than it could turn over.

He reminds one of a mouse sunning himself on the edge of his hole.

He screamed like a rantankerous tom cat with his tail under the cheese knife.

He set his face like flint against the abominable doctrine.

He skims his milk on the top, then turns it over and skims it on the bottom.

He skulked about the street like an unowned terrier.

He stands like the firm rock that in mid-ocean braves the war of whirlwinds and the dash of waves.

He swore to it as positively as the Irishman did to the identity of the gun, which he said he knew ever since it was a pistol.

He tells an old wife's tale rather pertinently.

He tripped it lightly over the thin ice, whereon he trod.

He was a cork that could not be kept under many moments at a time.

He was a worse nuisance than a cockroach.

He was in the condition of the boy who, while on his way to see his sweetheart, stubbed his toe, said he was too big to cry, and too badly hurt to laugh.

He was one who preferred reflected light to genuine sunshine.

He was used as the monkey used the cat's paw, to draw the chestnuts out of the fire.

He went down as if he were taken with a sudden desire to see the roots of the grass.

He went down like a stately ship foundering at sea.

He went in, lock, stock and barrel.

He who can levy a tax on the folly of mankind, has a rich estate to boast of.

He who feels himself scabby let him scratch.

He who knows not his way to the seashore, should take a river for his companion.

He who speaks of a doctor (or a professor) does not always speak of a learned man, but only of a man who ought to be learned.

He who would get at the kernel must crack the shell.

He will be compelled to walk on red hot ploughshares with bare feet.

He would not go off with a very loud report.

His conduct is a compound of rage and lunacy.

His disease might be insanity, but that presupposes intelligence; as it is, he has relapsed into his normal state of idiocy.

His explosions were deadly at the breech and harmless at the muzzle.

His head is an inn where good ideas often enter, but where they seldom remain over night; very often it is quite empty.

His word not only broke it, but pulverized it and blew it to the four winds of Heaven.

Hunted like partridges on the mountain.

Hunting a will-o'-the-wisp through the marsh.

I can see as far into a millstone as the picker.

I shall perform the office of a whetstone, which can make other things sharp, though it is itself incapable of cutting.

I will whisper his answer—loaves and fishes.

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman, when he told him he would take him to the station house if he did not move on.

If he could draw a check as easily as he can draw an inference, he might paper the universe with greenbacks, and have enough left for a border.

If sandwiches are not plenty where he came from, it is not for the want of tongue.

If Satan went into his body he would come out a greater rascal than he went in.

If some men's bodies were no straighter than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

If, standing between a donkey and a poodle dog, he were to ask, "When shall we three meet again?" he would be incontinently kicked and bitten by his two insulted comrades.

If the Government could only tax roguery what an income it would be to the country.

If the world is round, how on earth can it come to an end?

If this be not true, there is no kernel in the olive, nor has the nut any shell.

If you put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

If you tap the barrel, you must take the cider as it runs.

If you wish to find the best apples in the orchard, go to the tree under which the clubs lie.

If your bull has gored my ox, a great wrong has been done; if, however, my bull has gored your ox, it is a totally different thing.

In a vinegar manner.

In all matters except a little matter of the tongue, a woman can generally hold her own.

In every experimental science there is a tendency toward perfection.

In matrimony the hand is put into a bag where one may draw an eel, but, more probably a snake.

Inveterate diseases cannot be cured by the application of milk and water.

Irish boy's epitaph on his pig:

When he lived he lived in clover,
And when he died he died all over.

It comes as natural to him as kicking to a young ass.

It don't take long to curry a short horse.

It fell like moonlight on a frozen fountain.

It has concealed in it not only the wisdom of the serpent, but the malice of the devil.

It is a fungus growth from a rotten system.

It is a most singular fact, if you run your spring cart over a rough road, all the small potatoes will go to the bottom.

It is as easy as lying.

It is as much out of place here as a fancy harness would be in a drove of wild buffaloes.

It is asking if the bite of a flea is more fatal than that of a mad dog.

It is fair to derive instructions even from enemies.

It is not necessary to drink up the whole puddle to find that the water is dirty.

It is said that when Jonah saw the whale getting ready to swallow him, he looked down in the mouth.

It is the opposition wad upon the sanguine powder that gives force to the cannon ball.

It is the part of a good shepherd to shear his flock, but not to flay them.

It is the peculiar faculty of fools to discern the faults of others at the same time that they forget their own.

It is the wise head that makes the still tongue.

It is useless to attempt to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure.

It might act like a blunderbuss, whose discharge kicks the owner over.

It re-acted like a seidlitz powder, whose component parts have been taken one at a time, and allowed to fuse inside.

It reminds him of the Irishman who, shaking his fist at the digging machine said, "Be jabers, ye can't vote anyway."

It smells of the lamp.

It went down like a greased wad through a smooth bore rifle.

It went down like a streak of lightning and came up like a torchlight procession.

It will struggle on like the writhings of a venomous serpent until exterminated.

It would be like the trees of the forest saying to the brambles, "Come thou and reign over us."

It would improve him if he would now and then have a few flashes of silence.

It would operate the same way that a civil opinion of the devil would, against our future peace.

It's hardly worth while to swing a sledge to smash a fly.

It's worn as thin as charity.

Joseph was the straightest man in the Bible—because Pharaoh wanted to make a ruler of him.

Labor rids us of three great evils—irk-someness, vice and poverty.

Laws like sausages cease to inspire respect in proportion as we know how they are made.

Let loose the whole contagion of hell, and opened a vein that bleeds a nation to death.

Let us get down to the bottom of the well where truth keeps her little court.

Liars should have long memories.

Life is the champion conundrum; because every one has to give it up.

Lighter things are carried higher by the whirlwind.

Like a brook, noisy but shallow.

Like a caravan of empty wagons going down hill; the less load they have the more noise they make.

Like a child that is put to a nurse, who cares not for him.

Like a cinnamon tree, the bark is worth more than the bush.

Like a disabled ship in a fog, drifting among the shoals and breakers of a dangerous coast.

Like a leech that does not leave the skin until it is full of blood.

Like a mill-horse, goes still around in the same track.

Like a pig swimming against the stream, every time he struck he was cutting his own throat.

Like a pond, still but deep.

Like a river that becomes broader and deeper as it flows, and rolls onward with increasing force.

Like a subdued bull with a ring in his nose.

Like a tree that has more foliage than fruit.

Like a weather-cock, you turn as the wind if your master blows upon you.

Like a young thoroughbred in a drove of asses, he used his heels pretty freely.

Like base coins nailed to the counter.

Like casting bread upon the waters, and after a while coming back finely buttered.

Like Davy Copperfield, trying to sleep with one eye open, he found it could not be done.

Like drones in a beehive, exceedingly bellicose and threatening.

Like the boy who did not want to be born again, for fear of being born a girl.

Like the fellow who retreated from the enemy because he had a retreating nose.

Like the cat in the fable it had white-washed its coat, but teeth and claws are plainly discernible.

Like the chickens of a western settler, who changed his residence so often, every morning they came up in battalions, laid down on their backs, and stuck up their feet to be tied.

Like the cooper, who left the business in disgust after a man brought him an old bung-hole to which he wanted a new barrel made.

Like the dog in the fable: dropped the piece of meat to snap at the shadow.

Like the man who won the elephant and did not know what to do with it.

Like gunpowder, it flashed and ended in smoke.

Like the fellow who said he had such a bad cold, he could not tell the truth.

Like the India rubber man, who professed to have the singular faculty of swallowing himself.

Like the Irishman's frog, he always sat down when he stood up, and always stood up when he sat down.

Like the man who fell asleep in the street with his team—some roughtish boys unhitched the horse; when he awoke he came to the conclusion that he had either lost a horse or found a wagon.

Like the man who learned his horse to eat shavings, the horse died of his education.

Like the oil that makes the wheel go round without creaking.

Like the old lady who liked to read the dictionary, but thought it changed the subject rather often.

Like the old lady whose horse ran away down a steep hill, she put her trust in Providence till the breeching broke, and then she thought it about time to take care of herself.

Like the old man who prayed, good Lord, good devil; because he did not know into whose hands he might fall.

Like the old woman's eels, which eventually got used to being skinned.

Like the tailor's goose, both hot and heavy.

Likened to a species of Chinese thunder, full of sound and fury, but signifying some nothing.

Linked together with hooks of steel.

Love matches are often formed by people who pay for a month of honey with a life of vinegar.

Love often makes a fool of the cleverest man, and as often gives cleverness to the most foolish.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light, Placed in the window on a summer night, Inviting all the insects of the air

To come and singe their pretty winglets there;

Those that are out, butt heads against the pane;

Those that are in, butt to get out again.

Men are like wagons, rattle most when there's nothing in them.

Mix short follies with wise counsel.

Monsters to whom superstitions are as carriages to crows.

More flies can be caught with a drop of honey than with a barrel of vinegar.

Mrs. Brown says her husband is like a tallow candle, because he always will smoke when going out.

Mrs. Rundle's advice to carvers: "It is not necessary to cut up the whole goose unless the company is very large."

Narrow-minded and ignorant persons talk about people and not things; hence, gossip is the bane of the age.

Never split against the grain.

No animal but an ass kicks a dead lion.

No beneficial results can be expected where the base is unsolid.

No locomotive heavy enough to draw a train of thought.

No man can complain of being measured by his own yard-stick.

No wonder the dogs fight over such succulent bones.

Oil and water, woman and a secret, are hostile properties.

Old ladies of both sexes.

One has not lost his identity when he has parted with a tumor that afflicted his person.

One who will quarrel about goats' wool.

Other birds fight in flocks, but the eagle fights his battles alone.

Our debt is like a great bag of sand on the shoulders of a man starting out on a long journey.

Perspiring like a pitcher of ice water in June.

Pranced around like a short-tailed bull in fly time.

Press forward as a hero advances to the breast-works amid a storm of shot and shell.

Putting on more airs than you could grind out with a hand-organ.

Reddening their ravenous hands in a nation's blood.

Ripe fruit falls to the ground without shaking the tree.

Robes and fur gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.—*Shakespeare*.

Round as a wagon tire.

Sappers and miners are at work under the bastions.

Satire is a composition of salt and mercury, and it depends upon the different mixture and preparation of these ingredients that it comes out a noble medicine or a rank poison.

Scattered as the dew drops of the night the lion shakes from his mane.

"Scratch a Russian," said the Marquis De Custine, "and you will find a Tartar."

Shun the inquisitive person for he is a talker.

Small potatoes and few in a hill.

So very green that cows will make cuds of him before long.

Soap is sometimes made with a very powerful lie.

Some people say dark haired women marry first, we differ, it's the light headed ones.

Spreading himself like a Green Bay tree Springes to catch woodcocks.

Standing on the narrow bank of truth.

State bores should like other intrusive swine be distinguished by rings in their snouts.

Stew him in his own gravy.

Straight as the way to the grave.

Suspicion and persecution are weeds of the same dunghill and flourish together.

Swept away like the grass off the prairie before the devouring flames.

Takes to it as natural as pigs and ducks to a mudhole.

That is their spoonful of molasses in their vinegar of life.

That the sun woos him, and the moon pines for him, and the sea sobs because he will not come, and the daisies wait lovingly for his feet.

That voice will come in tones louder than the roar of Niagara.

That's where the pinch hurts.

The ass is still an ass, e'en though he wears a lion's skin.

The acorn is cast carelessly abroad in the wilderness, yet it rises to be an oak; on the wild soil it nourishes itself; it defies the tempest, and lives for a thousand years.

The bone of contention is said to be the jaw-bone.

The boy who lost his balance on the roof, found it on the ground shortly afterwards.

The building is not to be demolished that the scaffolding may stand, no matter if the scaffolding was of any use or not.

The burden of debt increases like that of purchasing a horse with a farthing for the first nail of the shoe and doubling it.

The cat in mittens catches no mice.

The connection between vice and meanness is a fit subject for satire; but when the satire is a fact, it cuts with the irresistible power of a diamond.

The crow, when stripped of her borrowed plumage, excites our laughter.

The curiosity of a woman would turn a rainbow to see what was behind it.

The dam is broken and the flood must come.

The devil deceived them into turning his treadmill.

The diamond with some spots is still more precious than perfect glass.

The dose is sometimes given whole, and sometimes in installments, with some little reference to the capaciousness of the public gullet.

The falsehood was thus nailed like base coin to the counter.

The fate of the poor fish that jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man letteth out the job to the lowest bidder.

The general prizes most the fort that took the longest siege.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep.

The greatest skill is in disguising our skill.

The gold that has been refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest.

The hounds follow the hunter, because he feeds them and bears the whip.

The immaculates.

The leaders are a confederated body of faithless, treacherous men, whose assurances are fraud and their language deceit.

The legislature is the heart of the State, the judiciary the brains, and the executive its head.

The longest pole knocks the persimmons.

The longest word in the English language is smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

The mate for beauty should be a man and not a money chest.

The miller does not see everything that floats by his mill.

The minister who said he could preach better without notes, owned that he did not mean greenbacks.

The old guard dies but never surrenders.

The old lancet newly sharpened is in requisition.

The pious and oily old hypocrite.

The poor working man is only a shuttlecock in the hands of the capitalists.

The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon, in view of the fact that their trains are always behind.

The question is, whether it is to be charmed from them as a rattlesnake charms a squirrel.

The recital had the effect of a loaded revolver at the head of an unarmed man.

The rider likes best the horse that needs most breaking in.

The shadow always accompanies the substance and is produced by it.

The smallest hair throws a shadow.

The smoke of one's own country appears brighter than any foreign fire.

The tongue and pen are the battering rams of good and evil.

The tongue of a woman is her sword, which she seldom suffers to rust.

The trembling lie would fester on their lips.

The turnout looked like an army wagon-train on the retreat.

The vinegar of vituperation.

The weaker any cord is, the less it will bear to be stretched, and the worse the policy to stretch it.

The wedge will rend rocks, but its edge must be sharp and single; if it is double the wedge is bruised in pieces and will rend nothing.

Their brains are Gibralters to all new ideas.

Their enmity is sticking out on all sides like the handle of a jug.

Their heads sometimes so little that there is no more room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

Their lies are all married and have large families.

Their malice blazes forth anew like the funnel of the pit of perdition.

Their noses were sharpened on their own grindstone.

Their power was broken like a wave on a mass of stone.

There are as good horses drawing carts as in coaches, and as good men are engaged in humble employment as in the highest.

There are some things a man cannot avoid; he could not avoid, if going along a street, having a mud cart scatter filth upon him.

There is an air of solemn fear in this, which is something like introducing a ghost in a play, to keep the people from laughing at the players.

There is no power in the world that should tear from our hearts the worship of the Republic.

There is no use barking when there is no thief.

There is no use pounding the straw after the wheat has been threshed out.

There ought to be another Delilah to shear this Samson of his intellectual locks.

There is quite as large an amount of craft on land as there is in the water.

There is very good beefsteak in a sturgeon, and very good fish too; and yet it ain't either fish or flesh.

They are asked not to wince when they are galled.

They are in much such a flutter as a motherly hen sometimes gets into on finding her chicks are ducks and take to the water.

They are no more alike, than a camel is like a whale.

They can use him like a telescope, open him, see through him and then shut him.

They have gone into the jaws of fanaticism as the cat bird is entranced into the mouth of the blacksnake.

They might as well attempt to lock up the winds, or chain the fury of the waves of the ocean.

They ran like a flock of sheep with a dog after them.

They resemble the labors of a puppy pursuing his tail.

They take it as a dog would a bone and go and dig a hole in the ground and bury it, only returning to it in the dark for private cranching.

They united the vanity of the peacock, and the obstinacy of the mule with the cunning of the ostrich and the sagacity of the goose.

They will disappear like a stroke upon the water, without leaving a trace behind.

They work together like the two pistons of a steam engine.

They would show their wisdom by imitating the coon, which voluntarily came down from a high tree to save Davy Crockett the trouble of bringing him down with his unerring rifle.

This acted like fusil oil on the stomach of the enemy.

This principle was set before us in letters of fire and blood.

Those who play with edge tools must expect to be cut.

Three lights—first, the sun; second, the moon, and third, himself.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

'Tis plenty that makes you dainty.

To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.

To assume the garb of folly is in some instances the most consummate wisdom.

To make a tall man short, try to borrow of him money.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility, is like striking a harpsichord with your fist.

Tost up and down like a ball in a fountain.

True goodness is like a glow worm in this, that it shines when no eyes are upon it except those of heaven.

Truth, duty and interest, are the three great subjects of discussion among men.

Truth lies within a little and certain compass, but error is immense.

Truth like roses often blossoms upon a thorny stem.

Turn them over as you please, you will find them the same old fox in a new hole.

Twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming bird.

Very good but rather too pointed, as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

Waist deep in transactions of the most corrupt and scandalous nature.

Wait not, if the sap runs, before you attempt to boil it down.

Walking around like a deranged baboon.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom, but waste of time never.

Watch others hiving the honey which he had helped to gather.

We always respect old age except when stuck with a pair of tough chickens.

We are sinning when we think we are.

We are the eel that is being flayed while the cook-maid gently pats us on the head.

We are willing to take one of the best steaks, but not willing to "go the whole hog."

We do not look at the fur on his tongue, and count the beat of his pulse to know he is in malady.

We go up the hill of life like a boy with his sled after him, and go down like a boy with his sled under him.

We have all heard of the wiseacres, who went out to gather wool and came home neatly shorn.

We have seen the unfortunate man hunted like partridges on the mountain.

We only ask to be put even on the whiffle trees.

We raise a terrible dust, said a fly perched on a wagon wheel.

We shall easily clip the wings and strip off the ruffling feathers of these vain glorious braggarts.

We shout the warning of the lookout on the forecandle: Breakers ahead.

We've just struck a large vein of typhoid fever.

Weddings often leave the old, familiar haunts and places as haunted and empty as funerals. They are the funerals of old associations.

Were it not for the clouds that darken us there would be no rainbow in our lives.

What does it avail to you if one thorn be removed out of many?

When a man and a woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one?

When a man has no mind of his own, his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging, and lets him—want it.

When the king takes a pinch of snuff the courtiers sneeze.

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You may beat it about the head until it seems to have given up the ghost; and, lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.

When two men ride on a horse, says Dogberry, "one must ride behind."

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?

Whose principles are as unfixed as the drifting sand before the fearful simoon.

Women should make better firemen than men, because they are accustomed to the use of longer hose.

"You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe, when he poked his nose in the belfry.

You look as frisky as a spring lamb.

You might as well hunt for an honest man with a lantern at noonday.

You might as well try to fatten a windmill by running oats through it.

You might just as well attempt to stamp out the fire of a volcano, or prevent it from explosion.