

Anecdotes and Sketches

WHAT WOULD HE DO?

When Mrs Eddy, the head of the Christian Science Church, was young, she conducted a temperance campaign for a time. A tramp asked her for help. "I'll help you, my friend," said Mrs Eddy, "but first you must answer me one question. Do you or do you not drink beer?" The tramp, a hardened customer, looked at her in amazement. "Why, lady," he said, "ye cert'nly don't think I squirt it into me arm wid a syringe!"

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WAITING FOR IT.

A judge in Kentucky, by reason of his bad temper, found considerable difficulty in controlling individuals in the courtroom. On one occasion there was unusual disorder. At last the judge could stand it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court," exclaimed his Honor, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There followed a long silence in the court. Finally one of the leading counsel arose and, without the suspicion of a smile, asked: "If it please your Honor, on what date will your resignation take effect?"

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A BAD CASE.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, recently told this story. A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead. The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic. He was stopping at a hotel, and hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped over the transom to see what the matter was. He saw and rushed madly down to the office and shouted to the clerk: "The man in 103 has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"

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NOT TRESPASSING.

A well-known comedian is an ardent lover of angling, and the lake in his grounds is well stocked with fish. Recently he discovered a stranger fishing in the lake. The actor didn't know it, but the stranger had been fishing all day and caught nothing. "Are you aware that this lake is private, and that you are not permitted to catch fish in it?" he demanded. "I'm not catching your fish," said the stranger, in a curt tone; "I'm only feeding 'em."

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THE COCKNEY HIGHLANDER.

He was a Highlander—a private in the famous Forty-second—and he came from somewhere near the Seven Dials, London. He was sitting in the bar-rack-room writing a letter. "I say, chums," said the Cockney Highlander, "How do yer spell fawt?"

Several: "F-a-u-g-h-t."
Cockney: "Nah! nah! Fawt, I mean."
Several: "F-a-r-t."
Cockney: "Nah! nah! I don't mean the fawt yer live in. I mean the fawt yer sink abart!"

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LATEST IN SHOWER BATHS.

A Scotchman was once advised to take shower baths. A friend explained to him how to fit up one by the use of a cistern and collander, and Bandy accordingly set to work and had the thing done at once. Subsequently,

he was met by the friend who had given him the advice, and being asked how he enjoyed the bath: "Man," said he, "it was fine. I liked it rate weel, and kept myself quite dry, too." Being asked how he managed to take the shower and yet remain quite dry, he replied: "Gracious, ye dinna, surely, think I was sae daft as stand ablow the water without an umbrella?"

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SHE NEVER TOUCHED ONE.

"I've been reading an article on electricity, John," said Mrs Talker, to her husband, as she laid down a copy of a technical newspaper she had been perusing, and looked over her glasses at her better half; "and it appears that before long we shall be able to get pretty well everything we want by just touching a button."

"It will never pay here," growled Mr T. "You'd never be able to get anything that way."

"Why not, John?"
"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

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NOT WHAT HE THOUGHT.

An author recently had a visit from a friend who still lives in the town where the two were boys together. He gives this account of one memory of that call: "Smith," said he, with the pleasantest kind of a look on his face, "you remember that little old house on Main-street where you were born? When he said that, it brought up a vision of that house as clear as the reality. I saw the queer little windows, the nice, friendly door, the yard, the lilacs—everything. 'Yes, Bill,' I said with emotion, 'I remember very well.' 'Well,' he said, 'the folks have gone and put a tablet on that old house.' At first I couldn't speak. I had all I could do to keep the tears from coming. The folks hadn't lost sight of me, then! They knew what I had been doing. A tablet was, I admitted to myself, somewhat beyond my deserts, but—but there it was. When I could speak I said: 'And what does the tablet say, Bill, old man?' Bill looked away out of the window. 'Main-street,' said he, softly."

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BRIEF BUT TO THE POINT.

Dr. B. D. Evans, the mental expert of the Thaw trial, was criticising at a physicians' dinner the browbeating method of cross-examination that the courts permit. "But my criticism," Dr. Evans ended, "has been feeble, and what good is feeble criticism? The critic, to score, must be epigrammatic, unexpected, humorous. Thus, in my native Bridge-town, a candidate for Congress spoke at a mass-meeting, and afterward a politician asked an old farmer what he thought of the speech. 'Wall, I dunno,' said the old man, soberly, 'but I think six hours' rain would 'a done us a lot more good.'"

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GOES THE OTHER WAY.

An irascible man was on a tramcar late at night, and was complaining about the slowness with which it went. He fumed and fretted, and annoyed everyone by his frequent remarks. At last he addressed the conductor, a big, good-natured looking Irishman, and said:

"Look here, does this car go this way all the time?"

The conductor smiled at him benignly, and answered in a soft tone of voice: "No, sir, when we get to the car barn we turn around and come back."

The grumbler subsided while the rest of the passengers smiled, contented with the soft answer that turned away wrath.



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