Anecdotes and Sketches

CONVERTED.

A wicked sailor was going to die, and the parson asked him if he felt all right. "Yes," he said; "I once did a right. "Ies, he said; I once that a good action—I converted a Jew." "How was that?" "He fell overboard and I jumped after him. 'Now,' said I, will you be a Christian?' 'No', says the Jew; so I shoved him under again. 'Now,' says you be a Christian? "No, says the dew, so I showed him under again. 'Now,' says I, when he came to the top, 'will you be a Christian?' 'No,' he says; so up he comes for the last time, and says, 'Yesh, yesh, I'm a Christian!' 'Well, then,' says I, 'die a Christian!'

IN LONDON TOWN.

It was the darkest hour of the foggy day-just before dinner-time.

Four Bohemians -authors and pressmen were united in the diggings of the only

were united in the diggings of the only one of the talented lot who possessed a few chairs, a table, and a lamp. "Suppose we wrote a drama?"
"No, no—a grand musical comedy!"
"A diaily farthing newspaper would pay better."
The fourth man grouned, and shook his head moodily, scattering the dandruff from his coat-collar freely over his companions, as he hoarsely nummured.

panions, as he hoarsely nurmured:

My idea is that we ought to pawn
the lamp and get a bit of something to

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ALL ABOUT A DOG.

"Prinny is a very naughty, wicked little doggy!" she said, with mock severity, as she held the little beast of a mongrel: with the cherry ribbon bow up to within an inch of her own delightful lips; "and his barking this morning has given his mistress a splitting headache, which nothing seems to relieve." "Ever tried chloroform? asked he who

was loved occasionally.
"No! Is that good? How do you use it?"

use it?"
"Saturate a bath-sponge with it, stuff it in his nuzzle, and stick him under an upturned pail while the stuff works!"
He says he doesn't care. He wanted to break with her, anyhow.

. + " + " + TIT FOR TAT.

A doctor, and a strict Papist, in Ireland quarrelled with the priest because he insisted on going to a dance given in the Protestant Parochial Hall. The priest said no more, but the doctor found after this that he was continually being called out at night for most trivial cases. At last he began to suspect and care this. tinually being called out at night for most trivial cases. At last he began to suspect, and one filthy winter's night was sent for to an ungetatable place at the end of everywhere. He went, and found an old woman with a slight touch of bronchitis. So he looked very serious, and said: "My poor, good woman, yours is a fearful case. You've only a few hours to live, and must send for Father O'Leary at once."

'The doctor left, and the terrified household ran hard for the priest. After his

hold ran hard for the priest. After his reverence's visit he cried a truce, and the doctor got no more night calls.

+ + + A GOLF STORY.

A Scotch golf story is told which says A Scotch golf story is told which says that there were two local players, both Scotsmen, and they went out to the links to play a match in the dark. Each Johnnie had cut a hole in his pocket, and had a ball ready to drop down the leg of his trousers just in front of the sther ball. Off they drove, and on they balked, and presently one says to the sther!

bether;
"I say, Jock, my mon, I'm thinking
byre overwalking your be."

L. Na, na, says the second. "Mine

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was a fine clean drive, but whaur's yours?"
"Eh, mon! Mine was an awful clure."

So they went another fifty yards. Then the first said:
"Eh, Jock, mon! I'll take my davy

we're past yours the noo."
"Then whaur's your ain?"
"Eh! mine was an awful clure

Another fifty yards brought them to

the nutting green.
"Eth, Jock! I'm no seeing your ba"
on the green."
"Maybe you'd best see if it's in the

hole '

"My certes! Why, there it is. And, ch! but it's curious, but there's mine in the hole beside it! Mon, it's awfu' curious."

'Het's halved, then."

"Het's halved—one each—good play."
They turned up for the next hole solemnly. Then they stood looking at each other for a moment before they drove off.

"Say, Jock, my mon, d'ye think it's any use to gang on playing like this?" "I'm just thinking it would be a halved match."

"Het's my own very thocht, Jock."
"A' weel, we noo ca' it a halved atch gang home."

match gang home."
"I'm thinking twould save a world of hother."
"I'm of the same openeon myself."

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A SLIP OF HIS TONGUE.

Irascible and indignant father to flippant son:

rou young scoundrel, how dare you speak to me like that? If I had said such a thing as that to my father he would have kicked me out of the house." Son: "Well, you must have had a pretty sort of a father."

Old Gent (in a towering rage): "He was a jolly sight better father than you've got." "You young scoundrel, how dare you

A TRUTH THAT IS HALF A LIE.

A nart of the truth is apt to be equivalent to none of it. A young man was asked how he could be happy in a country town, where he had been residing for three months, entirely without com-

for three months, entirely without company."

"But I was not without company."
he explained, "for I spent every evening with two sisters who live in the house adjoining, and I can assure you the time passed away very agreeably."

"Yes, but you never spend your evenings with your two sisters when you are in town," someone said, "and how can you do it in the country?"

"Oh." he answered, "I forgot to say that they were not my own sisters, and that I am engaged to one of them."

RATHER SMART.

Barney and Tam were thirsty and very impecunious.

"Let's have a go," said Barney; "here's an undertaker's."

Making still longer his usually long Making sun longer his obtain long and lachrymose countenance, he, follow-ed by his worthy friend, entered Mr Mould's establishment, sat down, leant his head upon his hands, and wept copi-

ompose yourself, my dear sir," "Compose yourself, my dear sir," said
Mr Mould, as he placed a bottle of old
port on the table. "Compose yourself.
We'll provide everything very comfortably." But Barney refused to be comforted. He continued weeping and
drinking until the bottle was empty;
then, rising slowly, he said:
"You provide everything"
"Oh vers sir, everything—and very

"Oh, yes, sir, everything—and very comfortably indeed."
"Then," said Barney, as he and his friend stalked to the door, "provide the

corpsel."
And Mr Mould was left lamenting.



Coughs

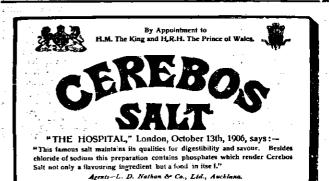
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