

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 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 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 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 daily farthing newspaper would pay better." The fourth man groaned, and shook his head moodily, scattering the slandruff from his coat-collar freely over his companions, as he hoarsely murmured: "My idea is that we ought to pawn the lamp and get a bit of something to eat!"

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?" "Saturate a bath-sponge with it, stuff it in his muzzle, and stick him under an overturned 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 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 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 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 other ball. Off they drove, and on they walked, and presently one says to the other: "I say, Jock, my mon, I'm thinking you're overwalking your ba'." "Na, na," says the second. "Mine

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 non." "Then whaur's your ain?" "Eh! mine was an awful clure." Another fifty yards brought them to the putting-green. "Eh, 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, eh! 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 thoct, Jock." "A' weel, we noo ca' it a halved match gang home." "I'm thinking 'twould save a world of bother." "I'm of the same opeenion myself."

A SLIP OF HIS TONGUE.

Irascible and indignant father to flip-pant son: "You 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."

A TRUTH THAT IS HALF A LIE.

A part 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 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 and lachrymose countenance, he, followed by his worthy friend, entered Mr Mould's establishment, sat down, leant his head upon his hands, and wept copiously. "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, yes, sir, everything—and very comfortably indeed." "Then," said Barney, as he and his friend stalked to the door, "provide the corpse!" And Mr Mould was left lamenting.



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