

Anecdotes and Sketches

ONE MORE PARROT STORY.

The twins, two odd ones, and a small six-year-old, and a cat struggled into the train, followed by a much-worried father, who seemed at a loss just what to do with his little family.

Then the mother, panting and perspiring, arrived, clutching the very smallest baby in one arm and a bird-cage in the other. From the cage peered a much-excited parrot, and as the woman sank breathlessly into a seat beside the rest of the family group, the parrot eyed the pater knowingly, and shrieked: "We're all here, old man, don't worry!"

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A MATTER OF OPINION.

"Can you direct me to Wilson's Cascade?" asked a traveller of an old man who sat in the doorway of a barn close to the road.

The old man squinted his eyes and took an exhaustive survey of the questioner.

"Take your first right and follow it till you come to a fork where there's a clump o' bushes," he said slowly, "and then strike off to the left. Follow that road till you come to the next cross-road, and then bear off to your left again. When you've gone a piece on that road—'tish't much more'n a path—you'll come on Simmons's house. You'll know him because he wears plaid trousers, and I never saw anything like 'em anywhere else. Green and blue plaid they are, and she makes 'em for him. Some say they like the looks of 'em, and some don't. I've heard different feelings expressed, but, anyway, you can't keep from laughing when you set eyes on 'em, I'll wager. There was a man—"

"Excuse me, but I have only just so much time," said the traveller. "Will Mr. Simmons direct me to the cascade?"

The old man blinked at him for a moment.

"I think he can," he answered; "but after you've seen them plaid trousers a little water running over rocks will seem pretty tame to ye."

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A CAREFUL SELECTION.

An Oxford man, now a distinguished cleric, had a perfect mania for practical joking. He was, and is, a very large man, of solemn aspect, and he went into a post office and asked the clerk if they kept stamps. The clerk, with a tolerant smile, admitted that they did, but was a little taken aback by the next question:

"What sorts do you keep?"
 "All the values, sir, that are issued; from a halfpenny to a pound," he replied.

Whereupon the would-be customer shyly intimated that he would like to look at some penny ones.

The clerk produced one of the huge sheets which hold twenty shillings' worth of stamps, and spread it out on the counter.

"There you are, sir," he said; "if you want penny stamps, there are some."

The customer appeared dazzled with the display, and seemed unable to take his eyes off the stamps. He looked and looked, and at last, after a careful examination which had comprehended every part of the sheet, he pointed to a stamp in the middle, and said:

"I think I'll have that one," please."

THE COURT ADJOURNED.

A certain magistrate, upon opening his court, observed one of his litigors whose face was covered with wounds, and asked him what was the matter (relates a Chinese chronicle). Replied the litigator:

"Yesterday evening I was reclining and enjoying the fresh air under my grape arbour, which was suddenly upset by a gust of wind, and fell on me, and caused these injuries."

But the judge was sceptical, and said: "That is too thin; it is easy to see the marks on your face were from scratches from nails. It must be that you have had a row with your wife and got a clawing from her; is this not so?"

The litigator crimsoned all over, and replied:

"Your Honor has truly guessed it." Then said the judge:
 "Why is your wife so fierce as this? Wait till I summon her and give her a beating, and you your revenge."

While he was yet speaking, the judge's own wife suddenly came out from the house and fiercely said:

"Who is this you are going to beat?"
 The magistrate hastily announced to the litigator:

"This court stands adjourned; disperse instantly. It seems as though the court's grape arbour is also about to collapse!"

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A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

Stranger: "Beg pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favour, and one that I will gladly repay."

Bankrupt (sadly): "If I am afraid you have made a mistake: I am of no use to anybody. I have just failed for half a million, with no assets."

"So I heard."
 "You know it, and yet you say I can be of service to you?"

"Yes, sir, I beg you will not refuse."
 "But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for anyone?"

"I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit?"

HE MADE ONE RUN.

It was a close game. Towards the finish a man was seen speeding from the cricket ground towards the railway.

"Is the game over?" queried an excited villager.

"Not quite," responded the runner.

"Have you been playing?"

"I have!" came the prompt reply.

"What did you make?"

"Only one. Run, out."

"Hi! Very poor score."

"Quite enough," ejaculated the man-in-a-hurry. "You see, I was one of the umpires. Your team were going to maul me if they lost; so were the other fellows. As I said, it was a close game, so I made one run—out of the field. If I can get a train, I'm all right; if not, I shall be a short, pathetic newspaper paragraph! Ta-ta!"

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HEAR, HEAR!

When the question of Home Rule was the talk of the moment some ten years or so ago, a well-known M.P., although not an Orangeman, distinguished himself by his intense bitterness against his fellow countrymen, the Irish.

He was one of those who threatened, if Home Rule were carried, to rise in armed rebellion against the established Government, and set all law and order at defiance.

"I will shed the very last drop of my blood in defence of the Union," he exclaimed, passionately, in the Cambridge Guildhall, with clenched fists raised aloft to the high heavens, "as I did over a score of years ago in defence of the Irish Church!"

The applause was terrific.

"Just for the day I'll be away."
 "Remarked his wife last Saturday."
 "If every dog must have his day."
 "Then why not every cat her day?"
 "I'll take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, because that's indispensable."
 "And ma will go with me, I'm sure."
 "You ought to think that's sensible!"
 (He did!)

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