

Around the Tea Table.

A Genius in Advertising.

"WHEN I was a youngster, say of twenty-one," remarked the veteran journalist of a Western city, "I was the editor of a country paper in a town of about five hundred people, and having lived for a year in New York, I had an idea that I was really the only person in town who knew anything. I had a pretty hard time making things come my way, but youth and enterprise are hard to cut down, and I kept at it. There was one firm in town, Smith Bros., which was the strongest and most conservative there, and I knew an advertisement from them would be the making of me, but they were very slow in letting me have it. However, I persisted, until at last I had it in my clutches, and I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a life-preserver. The senior partner, who was a most austere and particular old chap, and a descendent into the bargain, was anxious to impress me with the fact that they were doing a great deal for me, and I must return value received, all of which I agreed to do; and then the old gentleman surprised me by telling me he would give me the copy, and leave it to my new-fangled notions, as he called them, to make up an ad. that would show the Smith Bros. to be as progressive as any other merchants in town, and quite as ready to meet the modern ideas. When I reached my office I read the copy over again to find its strong points of display. It was as follows, for I never can forget it: 'Smith Bros., the well-known dealers in groceries, are pleased to make the announcement that they are in receipt of the biggest stock of canned goods ever seen here, and they will be sold at prices hitherto unknown. Some advertisers may be liars, but Smith Bros. are happy in knowing that they have a reputation for veracity which is worth more to them than gold.' That was good, plain stuff, with not much of a margin left for the play of my versatile fancy; but I was expected to do something that would attract attention, for the old gentleman had been especially strong on that point. He was tired of the plainly severe, he said, and wanted something that would not fail to stir things up. I sat up more than half the night with that copy, and when morning came I had it all in shape to fill a column, the amount of space he wanted it to occupy. He told me, when he gave me the copy, that if he didn't get around to see the proof, just to let it go and take the chances, which I did when he didn't appear, and when the paper came out, there, in the biggest and blackest letters I could set up, was this advertisement for a full column on the first page:

'SMITH BROTHERS,
the well-known dealers in groceries,
ARE
pleased to make
THE
announcement that they are in receipt
of the
BIGGEST
stock of canned goods ever seen here, and at
prices hitherto unknown. Some
advertisers may be
LIARS
but Smith Bros. are happy
IN
knowing that they have a reputation
in this
TOWN
for veracity which is worth more to them than
gold.'

"Well, when the Smith Bros. saw that ad. fairly shouting to them and at them and about them, they were the maddest men you ever saw, and they were only restrained by their religion from shooting me on the spot. However, they sued me in spite of all my defence of the attractive qualities of the display, and I would have gone to the wall for

my genius and Napoleonic brilliancy, had it not been for the fact that before the time of hearing the suit, the ad. had actually given Smith Bros. a boom that almost frightened them by its tremendous popularity; and though they never repeated the ad., and always made me submit matter before it was printed, we became great friends, and each of us did much for the other in financial and other ways."—*Washington Star.*

A Ticket for Life.

A young man who was porter on the Caledonian Railway went to Edinburgh to get married. Before his departure to the latter place he was supplied with a pass.

On his return he was surprised to find a new ticket collector, and when asked for his pass or ticket he produced by mistake his marriage certificate. The strange collector glanced through it, and then said gravely, "Eh, eh, mon! ye have got a ticket for a lang journey, but nae on the Caledonian Railway."

Two Kinds of Givers.

"My dear brudders an' sisters," remarked the venerable pastor of the only colored church in town, as he carefully cleared the brook table in front of him so that every nickel, cent, and button laid upon it would stand out in startling distinctness, "dere is some of de folks in dis ch'uch gives accawldly to deir mums, an' some accawldly to deir meashs. Le's not have any of de secon class heem de mawin!" After which the procession commenced, and everybody reached for his bottom dime.

Beware of the Back Seats!

A definition of a backslider, given by a little girl, is told in *The Home Magazine*. A minister's little girl and her playmate were talking:

"Do you know what a backslider is?" the former questioned.

"Yes, it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?"

"Oh, you see, when people are good they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slide back a seat, and keep on sliding till they get clear back to the door. After a while they slide clear out and never come to church at all."

A Fair Retort.

It is quite as hard as ever to get ahead of Pat. This was proved the other day during a trial in an English court-room, an Irish witness being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked, when Pat had been sworn.

"No, sorr, I only heard it," was the evasive reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at the contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir; but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

And this time everybody laughed, even the magistrate.—*Ex.*

"MAMMA," said little Freddy one evening, "may I go out in the street with the other boys and look at the comet?" "No, dear," replied his mother, "I'm afraid you might get hurt." "No I won't, mamma," he answered, "I won't go anywhere near it."

PHILANTHROPIST—What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one? Treadway Tatters (sarcastically)—Git a new coat, Mister, an' some supper, an' a night's lodgin', an' breakfast an' dinner tomorrow. Philanthropist—Here, take this quarter and support yourself the rest of your life.

AN English gentleman travelling through the county of Wexford came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost on the passage. "Niver," replied the boatman. "My brother was drowned here last week, but we found him next day."

AN Irishman was painting a fence. His face wore a troubled look. Suddenly a smile shot across it, and dipping the brush into the paint pot, he began to paint faster and faster.

"Why are you painting so fast?" asked a bystander. "You're in a rush all of a sudden to finish the job."

"Sure, an' that's all right," was his reply. "I haven't much paint left, an' it's finishing the job O'm an' after before it's all gone."

A PROMPT youth undergoing examination for admission to the office of the departments at Washington, found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't think the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He got it.—*Texas Siftings.*

AN exchange tells a story of a Scotch minister whose physician ordered him to drink beef tea. The next day, when the doctor called, the patient complained that the new drink made him sick.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "that can't be, I'll try it myself."

As he spoke he poured some of the tea into the skillet and set it on the fire. Then, having warmed it, he tasted it, snatched his lips, and said, "Excellent, excellent!"

"Man," said the minister, "is that the way you sup it?"

"Of course, what other way should it be sopped? It's excellent!"

"It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! Try it wi' that, and see how ye like it."

A PROMINENT New York lawyer is noted for his ready answers and skill in repartee. When a young practitioner he appeared before a pompous old judge who took offence at a remark the lawyer made criticising his decision.

"If you do not instantly apologize for that remark, Mr. Blank," said the judge, "I shall commit you for contempt of court."

"Upon reflection, your honor," instantly replied Mr. Blank, "I find that your honor was right and I was wrong, as your honor always is."

The judge looked dubious, but finally said that he would accept the apology.