

HUMOR IN EPITAPH

Newly Compiled Specimens of Churchyard Curiousities.

In the churchyard of St. Joan, Worcester, is an epitaph which if brevity is the soul of wit, has high claim on that character.

Honest John

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques:

Here lies me and my three daughters, brought here by us to Chatham Water. If we had stuck to Boston calls We wouldn't be in these here vaults.

From a New Hampshire churchyard:

To all my friends I bid adieu. A move sudden death you never knew. As I was leading the old man to drink, She kicked, she killed me quicker than a wink.

On an East Tennessee lady:

She lived a life of virtue, and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 10 days. Reader, "Go those and do likewise."

The following was composed by three Scotch friends to whom the prison commemoated had left a legacy, with the hope expressed that they would honor him by some record of their regrets. The first friend composed the line which naturally opened the epitaph:

Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dundee. The second added:

Provost Peter Patterson here lies he. The third could suggest no other conclusion than:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The following must be taken as a fling at a noble profession:

Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard, Who led the half of this churchyard.

This is as bad as the unkind him conveyed in the following, in a churchyard near Newmarket:

Here lies the body of Sarah Foxon, Who never did ought to vex one. No like the woman under the next stone.

Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tombstone from the time of the Greeks and Romans. Here is a piece of atrocious doggerel to be seen in Selby churchyard, in Yorkshire:

Here lies my wife, a sad and slattern; If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

The following, which frequently appears in collections of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, may be mere wandering bits of epigrammatic misogynism:

This dear little spot is the joy of my life; It raises my frowns and covers my wife.

I am not grieved, my dearest life, Sleep on—I've got another wife; Therefore I cannot come to thee, For I must go and live with her.

My wife's dead, and here she lies, No man laughs, and no man cries; Where she's gone or how she fares, No body knows, and nobody cares.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket, Bed dead as a door nail, and God be thanked.

In the following the tables are turned: Here lies the body of heavy Ford, Whose soul we trust is with the Lord; But if he had changed his life, The better than being John Ford's wife.

Intentional drolleries frequently take the form of puns. Among these should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote of Norwich:

Here lies one Foote, whose death many thousands save, For Death let's now on foot within the grave, and the one on Mr. Box:

Here lies one Box within another, The one of wood was very good; We cannot say as much for 'other, also the famous one of Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer, That is strange!

A "happy conceit" it was doubtless, thought in 1610, to write over a member of Parliament named White:

Here lies a John, a burning, shining light, Whose name, like actions, all alike were white.

The following is by Swift on the Earl of Kildare:

Who killed Kildare? Who dared to kill? Death killed Kildare—who dare kill him will.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples, the first on a Mr. Fish:

Worms are bait for fish; but here's a sudden change: Fish is bait for worms—is not that passing strange.

On William Button, in a churchyard near Salisbury:

O sun, moon, stars, all ye celestial powers! Are graves, then, dwindled into Button holes?

On Foco, the comedian:

From his earthly stage 'tis as if buried; Death took him off who took off all the world.

Is the satire in the following examples intentional?

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confidence of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the 4th year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family—Current Literature.

Comments By The Crowd.

(The policeman has been to the depot and is bringing his wife's uncle home for a short visit.) Boy—"What's the old fellow picked for?"

Second Boy—"Dustin' his wife, I guess. He looks like a woman like."

Another—"He's a green-goods' man, that's what he is. I know him by the bag he's carryin'."

Still Another—"Ah! go long wid yer, he's bin a breakin' into a back, an' he's got tools in de grip."

The Climax—"He's been a murderin' some one, and when the contents o' that ere cap'n bag is seen, I'll bet they'll find a bloody hammer and a human skull!"—Life.

She Knew Him.

A railroad was about to be run through the best part of a western farmer's farm. He had had a stormy interview with the agents of the road, and was very wroth at them. He was expecting another visit from the agents when his little daughter said:

"There they come again."

"Who is it?" asked the father.

"Those road-agents again."—Pack.

Mer Pies For The Cashier.

Anna—"Don't prosecute him, papa. Let him go, and cover the matter up."

Papa—"But, Anna, he has embezzled two thousand dollars, and I trusted him so!"

Anna—"Yes; think of it; only two thousand dollars! Why, people will never believe we have money if it is known that a man in his position took so little."

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FRUIT AT BREAKFAST.

It is Good for Robust People but not for Delicate Pale Ones.

"The hygienic extremist is never tired of expatiating on the advantages of fruit as a breakfast dish," said an old doctor, "and there may be persons who are benefited by the use of fruit early in the day; but I know from careful observation that it is positively injurious to a great number of persons."

Robust people, with great vitality and strong digestion, often find themselves improved in condition by the use of fruit of all sorts; but thin, pale, cold blooded women and men rarely keep their health through a long course of fruit eating early in the day.

Just consider for a moment the absurdity of beginning the day with an orange or two, then some cereal with cream or milk. The acid of the fruit curdles the milk, and often causes indigestion and the most acute pain. I believe that fruit and cereal and milk should never be taken one after the other. If it is agreeable to the palate to take the fruit, omit the other, or take the cereal with a little butter and sugar. As there are so many people who depend largely upon oatmeal and other farinaceous food for their morning meal, it would be found an excellent plan to take fruit much later in the day. Indeed, I very decidedly approve of taking fruit between meals when one is the most likely to crave it. I know that many of my patients have declared that they ate fruit at breakfast simply because they had gotten into the habit of it, and because everybody said it was the proper thing to do. I have been obliged to forbid fruits of many sorts to scores of my patients. Fresh apples are almost always allowable, but when they are cooked they are to many persons a decided irritant. One lady can eat fresh apples at any time of day or night with great benefit, but when they are cooked in any way, especially when made into apple sauce, they cause indigestion almost as soon as they are eaten. Oranges disagree with many, especially when they are partaken of before meals, and two of my patients have had such violent prostrations of pain after eating them that their uses has been abandoned altogether.

"Rhubarb is another article about which there are many opinions. It is almost like a poison to certain temperaments," and even to agree with others. I have often remarked, however, that dishes of which people are very fond are likely to be the last thing that they will admit as disagreeing with them. It is always something else, or they are bilious, or have taken cold, or they invent some new and flimsy excuse for their indisposition.

"One once had as a guest a very delicate young woman who positively dissipated on a morning diet of fruit. I knew that it was bringing on dyspepsia, but whatever I said she met with a laugh and the assertion that she couldn't live without fruit for breakfast. It is no chance that our family went to the country for a few days, and subsisted on plain food, without a particle of fruit. The young woman improved in health every day, and when we returned the customary fruit was omitted. And this would be the experience of a large number of persons if they would try the experiment."

A Japanese Boy's Composition.

The following is the genuine production of a pupil in one of the government schools in Japan, according to The Mid-Continent:

"The whale live in the sea and ocean of all the country. He is a large and strong in among all kinds of fish, and its length reach to 90 foot from 70 foot, and he has a large head. When swim in the up water he is so large as island. When struck the water on angry he is so voice as ring great deal of thunder. If he danced make the storm without winds, and also when blow the water almost lay down the fog on the weather. He's the form is proper to live, for his front legs make him, and a tail is not, and the tail is a like that open on the up water, and the mouth have no leaves, but have leaves that is a hard narrow beard as with horns. His body is a fish, he is not a fish, but he is a creature. His leaves is names whaleleaves. The mea make the everything with it. Every years to seven or eight months from four to five month, the whale man catch on the sea or ocean. He may on the sea of North seaway or five islands, of Hiaroo on Higen country in Japan. Written by T. Hirakawa.

"P. S.—The tell of the whale is more, but I do not know fully to tell."

Sipping Liquids at Meals.

The matter of drinking is important in indigestion. Do not get into the habit of constantly sipping liquids during the course of a meal. Drink as little as possible until the meal is concluded, or, better still, drink nothing at all until half an hour or so later, and then only pure, hot water.

Never eat between meals, and let those be as regular as possible. One fruitful source of indigestion may be found in the fact that people who are subject to it often sit down to a meal immediately after coming in from a long walk or other fatiguing exercise. Rest a little while before beginning to eat, if you are very tired. And, if you are subject to indigestion, rest again for a short while when the meal is over.

I CURED A HORSE of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT. St. Peter, C. B. EDWARD LEMLEY

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WHAT TO DO NEXT.

How a Young Man got Even With his too Careful Brother.

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centred in themselves, and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B—was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind him, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot, and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were:

"Hi, Jim!"

"What?" shouted the brother on the pier.

"Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough, he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following telegram to his brother, who had assumed charge of the parrot:

"Be sure and feed my parrot!"

On receipt of this infuriated brother cabled back, at his brother's expense:

"I have fed her, but she is hungry again. What shall I do next?"

He Heard Jenny Lind.

A veteran musician of Philadelphia, Edward V. Ecker, who died recently, was very fond of telling the following story of his youth:

"It was about the beginning of the war," he invariably began, "I was then a clerk in a large music-publishing house on Chestnut street. One day a well-dressed, quiet little woman entered the store and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature. We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was then the talk of the town. She laughed and said: 'Oh, yes, I have heard her. Have you?' I told her that I hadn't had that pleasure, and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high. She laughed again, and then she handed me a song she had picked out, and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and with a rare smile, she said: 'You can not say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind!' She thanked me again, and left me dumfounded."