

The Scrap Book

A Cutting Reply.

HE rejoiced in the pleasing name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and, naturally, a name like that was too good a chance to miss.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said, pleasantly; and how is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Wood; and how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

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Turning Away Wrath.

THE Abbe de Voisenon had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Conde and lose his favour. When the Abbe went to court to make his peace with the offended prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him.

"Thank Heaven, sir," the Abbe exclaimed, "I have been misinformed! Your Highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy."

"Why do you say that?" the Prince demanded.

"Because, sir," answered the Abbe, "your Highness never turns his back on an enemy."

The Duke of Wellington answered a similar insult with equal if more crushing cleverness. When the French King introduced one of his field marshals to Wellington, the marshal turned his back on his former enemy.

Louis Philippe was naturally indignant, and apologised to the Duke for such rude behaviour. "Pray, forgive him, sir," the Iron Duke said quietly. "I am afraid it was I who taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

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He Missed It.

SMALL boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but, on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear. "Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep lifting up his voice in loud wails.

"The b-baby fell d-downstairs!" blubbered Tommy.

"Oh! that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"

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Lord Rosebery and the Bishop.

AMONGST the many good stories told of Lord Rosebery, one of the best is the tale of his walking from Berkeley Square one morning to his hatter's in Piccadilly to buy a new hat. The shopman took his lordship's hat to the back of the shop, leaving him standing bareheaded to be fitted on.

While Lord Rosebery was waiting a Bishop rushed in, and snatching off his hat, exclaimed to Lord Rosebery, whom he had obviously taken for the shopman: "Have you a hat like that?"

"No," replied the peer as he examined it critically for a moment, "and if I had, I wouldn't wear it." — *M. A. P.*

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She Meant Well.

TEAZER: "Benedict does not seem happy with his wife."

Weazer: "No wonder. She tries to make home happy according to rules printed in a woman's paper." — *Cassell's Magazine.*

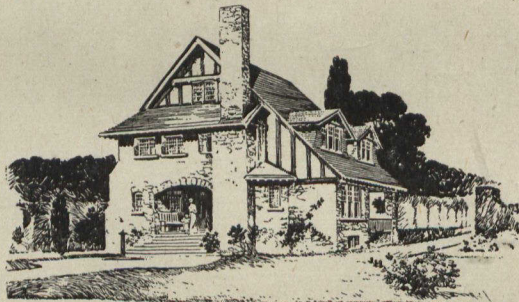
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