

FOR IDLE MOMENTS

A Truthful Chemist.

Customer—"Have you any cure for the toothache?"

Chemist—"No."

Customer—"Let me shake hands with you. You are the first chemist who has told me the truth!"



True Word Spoken In Jest.

I opened a doctor's office sometime ago. One day a lot of ducks came in front of my office and began hollering, "Quack! quack! quack!" They seemed to know me. I pulled down the sign and shut up. I had not the patients to keep open after that.



A Bad Case.

The following is a literal copy of a letter sent to a medical gentleman: Cer,—Yole oblige me if yole kum un ce me. I have a Bad Kowld, am Hill in my Bow-Hills, and have lost my Happy Tight.



Fun From Tombland.

In a country churchyard in the west of England—

My wife's dead,
Then let her lie;
She is at rest,
And so am I.

A record—

Under this sod,
Enclosed in a box,
Lies Mr. John Fox,
Who died of small-pox.

On a doctor—

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

On a doctor—

Here lies a doctor destitute of drugs,
His soul has fled, his flesh is left for bugs!
He lived a life forever in the fault,
And stops at last where all his patients halt.

Miseries of Trade.

Druggist (awakened at 2 a. m.)—"What do you want?"

Voice (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage stamp of you."



The Other Way 'Round.

In a trolley accident in New England an Irishman was badly hurt. The next day a lawyer called on him and asked if he intended to sue the company for damages.

"Damages?" said Pat, looking feebly over his bandages. "Sure, I have them already. I'd loike to sue the railway for repairs, sor, av ye'll take the case."



A Hint.

A prominent Southern physician, upon reaching his office one morning, found an old negro who had been a servant in his family standing in the waiting-room. The old negro, after mentioning several painful symptoms, related his usual hard-luck story, and begged the doctor to prescribe.

The physician filled a small bottle and said, "Take a teaspoonful of this, Mose, after each meal, and come back in a day or two if you do not feel better."

"Mars' John, I can't take dat med'cine," answered Mose.

"You will have to take it if you want to get well."

"How'm I gwine take it? Whar'm I gwine get de meals?"



Animal Food.

"Have you any dog biscuit?" said Mrs. Flannigan to the grocer. "Yes, but what do you want them for? You don't keep a dog, do you?" "Shure, an' we don't," replied Mrs. Flannigan, "but the doctor has ordered me husband to eat animal food."



Hopes!

"Has the doctor given up all hopes?" "Oh, no; he thinks the estate will settle the bill if his patient dies."