

# 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."