

Getting Her Money's Worth—Hospital experiences are generally supposed to be sad, but there is an occasional merry one, as the experience of Miss—— will prove. Bridget Rafferty had served the best years of her life as a cook, and now that she was "wearin' awa'" and an operation became necessary, she haughtily declined to go to a ward, but took one of the best rooms. The operation was successful—but the patient was allowed very little food. She evidently pondered over the situation, and the result of her reflections was manifested in a most frequent use of the electric bell at her bed. Miss A——, a novice in her profession, would fly to her to be greeted with some trifling question or the remark: "I only wanted to know if you were there." As such frequent use of her bell suggested to the matron on that floor that Miss A—— was neglecting her patient, Miss A—— remonstrated and received the following unique explanation. "Well, you see, Miss, here I am paying thirty dollars a week and I'm not seeing anything, I'm not hearing anything, and Miss, I'm not eating anything. So I just ring the bell to get my money's worth, and anyways, I enjoy hearing it ring."

The Doctor's Papoose—Some years ago a banquet was tendered Generals Brooke and Crook in one of our Western cities. On this occasion all the speakers paid tribute to the fighting qualities of these gentlemen, especially with their Indian campaigns. Among the speakers was an esteemed friend of mine, who after rising, informed Generals Brooke and Crooke that he felt hurt that they should have monopolized all the Indian campaign thunder. "I have killed a few Indians myself," he said with a pretense of great pride. And while the banqueters were wondering how his remark should be taken he added: "You know I was a doctor and practiced quite extensively among the Indians." This "brought down the house," for probably a number of those present remember that the doctor's first patient was an Indian papoose—which was not permitted

to witness the wonderful progress of the city of its birth. In other words, the papoose died, but as the doctor explained, "It would have died, even had I not been the only doctor in X——."

FUNNY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are common in London papers, it would seem. A contemporary recently offered a prize for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result:

"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted—For the summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage."

"Lost—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a moveable headpiece as good as new."

The last is a copy of an inscription painted on a board which adorned a fence in Kent:

"Notis—If any man's or women's cows gets into these here otes, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."