

THE LOTT-TOOLE BURGLAR ALARM.—A Story of Calmy Beach.



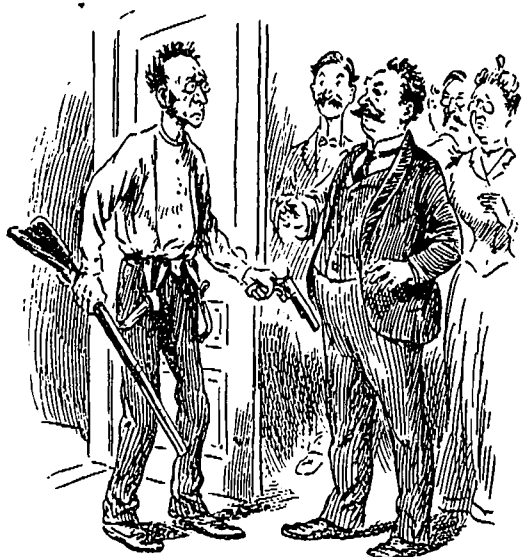
Mr. Howson Lott, and his neighbor, Mr. Gardner Toole, connect their houses by a wire, so that either can call the other, in case of burglars.



The same evening, Mr. Toole, while explaining the idea to some visitors, unwittingly pulls the wire.



Mr. Lott, who had retired, promptly responds to the summons.



Mr. Lott's sudden appearance at Mr. Toole's house causes surprise and amusement.



Mr. Lott accuses Mr. Toole of practical joking, and Mr. Toole accuses Mr. Lott of inebriety.



And now they meet as strangers.



SHOTS BY THE YOUNG IDEA.

The school examinations closed recently and some remarkable answers were gathered in by the teachers in the primary departments. One teacher reports the following:—

Give three rules for taking care of the eyes.
Answer.—First by straining your eyes to read in the dark, second, by looking up at the sun, third, by chewing gum.

Why should children sit erect?
Because they will get bogged and round-shouldered.
What effect has alcohol on the muscles?
It makes them sore and gives causers.

Other answers are:
The way you can grow strong is to eat a lot and work hard.

Alcohol has all kind of liquors in it and it weakens the muscles.

Steamboat is a very useful thing it carries cargoes of early peas and passengers backwards and forward.

Daniel Boone was a great hunter he used a gun soon as he put it to his shoulder.

The Atlantic cable was a great convention the great Eastern laid it.

JUDGE AND JURY.

Some good stories are going the rounds concerning Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, who died the other day. Here is one of them: In 1883 a man was charged in Victoria with having killed another man with a sand-bag, and in the face of the judge's summing up the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. This annoyed the chief justice, who at once said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, mind, that is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience will rest the stigma of returning such a disgraceful verdict. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce and the city of Victoria a nest of immorality and crime. Go, I have no more to say to you."

And then, turning to the prisoner, the chief justice added: "You are discharged. Go and sand-bag some of those jurymen; they deserve it."

A CASE OF HAD TO.

"I had a funny experience in a little town on the lower Mississippi," said R. C. Blackley, a travelling man. "The place had but one hotel, the landlord of which conducted everything except the cooking and house-cleaning, which his wife attended to. I was the only guest, and, when I told him that I wanted to go up the river on a packet due anywhere between midnight and 3 o'clock in the morning, I was shown to a room immediately over the office, and was going to sleep when I heard a shrill feminine voice call: 'John, you come to bed.' 'Sallie, you know I can't go to bed. Got to wake that blamed drummer.' I enjoyed the situation and laughed myself wide awake, not getting sleepy again for two hours. Then the feminine voice called again: 'John, I say come to bed.' 'I can't go to bed.' 'Let that pesky drummer wake himself.' 'Taint no way to run a hotel, and there was a silence again. Finally I went to sleep and was soon awakened by a most unearthly racket. The old man was pounding on the office ceiling with a broom handle. 'I'm awake,' I answered. 'I don't believe I'll go on that boat. I'm too tired. I'll wait until to-morrow.' 'I reckon you won't. You be down hyar in two minutes or I'll be arter you. I ain't goin' to set up fer nuthin.' I caught the boat."

The following appears in a small provincial paper: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."

At a country summer resort.—"Wilbur—" "Do they always keep that big bell on the cow?" "Papa—" "Yes, Wilbur." "Wilbur—" "I suppose it is to keep her from falling asleep in this quiet place."

Mrs. Liteheart.—"My husband gave me some money this morning." Mrs. Spendit.—"And are you going shopping to-day?" Mrs. L.—"No, indeed; no shopping for me to-day. I'm going downtown to buy something."

Wife.—"You made a pretty appearance last night! It's disgraceful." Husband.—"My dear, it was your appearance that made all the trouble. If you had not come to the head of the stairs you never would have known anything about my sleeping in the hall."

"How long did it take you to cross the ocean?" asked Gus De Smith of a very aristocratic young lady from Europe. "I was seven days on the water." "Seven days?" "Why, when my brother went across it took him eight days." "Probably your brother went over in the steerage. I was a first cabin passenger," she replied proudly.

The higher up a thermometer gets the lower it falls in the public estimation.

"There goes a man that keeps his word." "He does?" "Yes, no one else will take it."

It is true that doctors disagree, but then they don't disagree half as much as their medicines do.

"I saw a very curious thing to-day." "What was it?" "A woman driving a nail with a hammer instead of with the back of her best hair brush."

"Oh! you are leaving us early, Mr. Brown." "Yes, Mrs. Park, and I am very sorry that I must leave, but not expecting to have such a pleasant time this evening, I had made another engagement."

Counsel for defendant—"True, your honor, my client did call the plaintiff a donkey, but at the present high market rate of those valuable animals is this not rather a compliment than otherwise?"

Mabel—"Do you notice how attentive Tom Torrapin is to that elderly Miss Gotrox? I wonder if he really means business." Maude—"There is certainly little about her to lead one to suppose that he means anything else."

Mr. Dun—"But, my dear fellow, this account has been running seven years." Scientific debtor—"That's right, old man. But you know every atom of a man's system changes in seven years. I am not the man who bought the goods."

An American traveller relates that, in alighting at a hotel in Granada, he saw a man at the door put out his hand toward him.

The traveller supposed that the man was the porter of the hotel, and offered him his valise. The man stepped back, tossed his head, and frowned scornfully.

"Caramba!" he exclaimed. "Do you take me for a porter? I would have you understand that I am no porter."

"Indeed? Then may I ask you, senior, what you are?" "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms!"

Whether these answers to a lawyer's questions really occurred or not, they serve to illustrate the possibilities of our language for being fatally distorted. "Do you know the witness well?" "I never knew him ill." "No levity!" (sternly). "Did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "No; we are both teetotallers." "How long have you known him?" "From two feet to five feet ten inches." "Now, sir, will you tell me what you know about the case?" "His name ain't Case; it's Smith." "Stand down!" (sternly). "I can't. I'll sit down or stand up; that's all I can do."