

## Miscellaneous

A farmer had hired a man to plow. "Now, Pat," said he, "you want to make your first furrow straight, so you'd better choose a mark and plow at it." By-and-by the farmer came out to see how Pat was getting along. He found that the plow had been wandering zig-zag all over the field. "Why, Pat!" he exclaimed, "I thought I told you to choose a mark and plow at it." "Sure, and I did, sor," replied Pat. "I plowed straight for the cow on the hill beyant, but the craythur wouldn't kape still!"

### A FOOLISH BOY

Once a careless little boy  
Lost his ball at play;  
And because the ball was gone,  
Threw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing,  
You and I agree;  
But I know another boy  
Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy,  
Old and wise as you;  
Yet, because he lost his kite,  
He lost his temper too.

### AT THE SEANCE

Mr. Harkway, after much solicitation, was persuaded to attend a spiritualistic seance. His friend, who believed in mediums, assured him that the present genius of the spiritualistic parlors was by no means a fraud, and that he would see many very wonderful manifestations. Prompted by sheer curiosity, Harkway, though a man of fifty-odd years, and rather set in his prejudices, consented to go along and, as had been promised, the medium was found to be in great form.

Harkway's incredulity showed in his face so strongly, however, that the medium was piqued to a more convincing exhibition, and suddenly he grew rigid, stared tensely into the depths of space and clutched Harkway excitedly by the arm.

"Do not move," he whispered hoarsely. "We are about to have a communication. A graceful form is bending over you. It stretches out its hands affectionately and strokes your hair. It is a woman. What an extraordinary likeness."

Harkway shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Again she pats your head, and sighs, and strives to speak."

Harkway shivered slightly and crossed his feet nervously.

"It is your mother, sir," said the medium.

"Fine," said Harkway. "Go ahead."

"She is smiling and wishes me to tell you that she is happy," said the medium. "She knows no cares, has no worries and is waiting patiently and happily there for you."

"Dear, dear mother," ejaculated Harkway.

"She says that it will not be long before you meet again, and bids you be prepared for the summons."

"Tell her that I am ready," said Harkway.

"She wishes to know if you have any other message for her?"

"Yes," said Harkway. "Tell her that I am sorry to say that I forgot to stop at the grocer's on the way down town this morning, so if she wants those pickles for dinner to-night she would better send a messenger boy for them. You might add that if I don't get home until late, she needn't worry. My friend Binks who brought me here ought to blow me to a dinner after this. And, say, just ask the old lady to leave the latch-key under the mat, will you?"

### THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH

If an S and an I and an O and an U,

With an X at the end spell Su,

And an E and a Y and an F spell I,

Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if, also, an S and an I and a G

And a H E D spell side

There's nothing much left for a spell-er to do

But go commit siouxeyesighed!

### OPEN YOUR EYES AND TELL US WHY

You can see any day a white horse; did you ever see a white colt?

How many kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for?

Why does a horse nip grass backward and a cow forward?

Why does a hop vine wind one way, and a bean vine another?

Why does a horse when tethered with a rope unravel it in grazing, while a cow twists it into a knot?

Why do leaves turn upside down just before a rain?

As usual at the end of his speech, the spell-binder announced he would be glad to answer any questions of a political nature of interest to the audience.

For some time he tried to "dodge" a prim, middle-aged woman, who looked as though she might be a prohibitionist.

After vainly trying to attract his attention, she called out in a harsh voice: "Mr. Speaker, honestly now, don't you think that plenty of water is beneficial to health?"

"Well, er, ahem. Not always, madam. In fact, a friend of mine was seriously injured by it."

"Indeed! How so?"

"Madam, he was drowned."

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Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist and playwright, knows from long experience much of the inns and outs of stage life. One of the early vicissitudes of his life as an actor was to be offered his choice of playing the part of either a soldier or a donkey in a pantomime—a real donkey with four legs. After careful consideration he thought the red coat the more becoming disguise, and chose the part of the soldier. Apparently he made a mistake, from the point of view of success at all events, for a few days afterwards the manager came to him and said, "You made a great mistake, Jerome, in not taking the part of the donkey. It would just suit you and there's five shillings a week more in it."

### A SOUVENIR

I found them in a book last night,

These withered violets,

A token of that early love

That no man e'er forgets.

Pressed carefully between the leaves,

They keep their color still,

I cannot look at them to-day

Without an old time thrill.

"Ah, me, what tricks does memory play!

The passing years have fled,

And hopes that lived in vigor once,

Alas! have long been dead.

And this is all that I can say,

When all is said and done,

Those flowers remind me of some girl—

I wish I knew which one!

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It is told of the late Ira D. Sankey that one day in Geneva he entered a music-box shop, and asked to see some music boxes.

The salesman graciously showed him a number, but none was what he wanted.

"Have you none that plays sacred music?" he asked.

"Why," answered the salesman, "we have some that play a kind of half-way sacred music."

"What?" inquired Mr. Sankey.

"Oh, these Moody and Sankey hymns; I can't imagine what the people see in them, but we sell thousands of the boxes that play them. We have enormous orders for these boxes," continued the salesman, "from every part of Europe," and then he added, apologetically, "it's a matter of business, you know with us."



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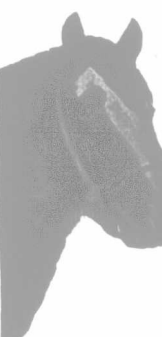
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