

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

You know all you need to know about a man when you know the company he keeps.

Mrs. Hale (just married): Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner. Maria: How much ought I to get, ma'am? "I think twelve yards will be sufficient."

Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect to this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you.

"Do you like this business?" said a lawyer to a barmaid. "No," she said, "not as well as I should yours." "Why mine?" said he. "Well," she replied, "your client-age generally sober up after you present your bill."

Two well-dressed women were examining a statue of Andromeda, labeled "Executed in Terra-cotta." Said one: Where is Terra-cotta? The other replied: I am sure I don't know, but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was.

Countryman (to dentist): I wouldn't pay nothin' extra fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt. Dentist: You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth. Oh, tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher. Publisher: I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name. Poet: That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken. "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith."

Mr. McSwat: Lobelia, we shall have to give up that trip to the seaside. We can't get away on account of the strike. Mrs. McSwat: It's a shame! Yes, it's too bad. But we'll save the money the trip would have cost. That's some comfort. Oh, yes! And now I can have those lovely diamond ear-rings you said we couldn't afford on account of the trip to the seaside!

H. Reeves states that a British traveller, walking one day in the suburbs of Boston, saw a woman on a doorstep whipping a screaming child. "Good woman," said he, "why do you whip the boy so severely?" She answered, "Because he is so ugly." The Englishman walked on, and put down in his journal: "Mem. American mothers are so cruel as to whip their children because they are not handsome."

John Randolph, of Virginia, had a very tender ear for good English, and when, one day, a member of Congress used the word *transpire* repeatedly, and always in the sense of occurring or taking place, he bore it for a time, but finally lost all patience. "May I interrupt the gentleman a moment?" he said. "Certainly," said the Speaker. "Well," said Randolph, "if you use the word *transpire* once more, I shall expire."

When a newly-appointed vicar in an English town made his first call upon an eccentric parishioner, a shoemaker named Goff, of whose piety he had heard, he expressed his pleasure that a man of such humble occupation should have such concern for religion. Goff at once resented the application of the term humble to his work. "I

don't know," said he, "that my occupation is more humble than yours. Here is a pair of shoes I have made. Now if these are not the best shoes I could make for the money, God will say to me at the Judgment Day, 'Why didn't you make better shoes?' You preach sermons, but if you preach poorer sermons than I make shoes, God will ask you why you have failed in your duty."

Here is another equally good: I was taught some hymns before. I could read them, with curious results in some cases. For instance, I remember a hymn, beginning "I have a Father in the Promised Land," the refrain of which ran sometimes, "I'll away, I'll away, to the Promised Land," and sometimes, "We'll away, we'll away," etc. Not understanding the elision, I had to put my own meaning to the sound, and this I did as far as I could, being perfectly content with "Wheel away, wheel away, to the Promised Land," for that seemed vaguely intelligible, covering all means of transport, from chariots of fire down to bicycles, though "Isle away, isle away," etc., was not, and much puzzled me.

This, from the *London Spectator*, is rather rich: A friend, whom we will call Mr. Smith, was visiting the wife of a farmer. Mr. Smith: How's your husband now? Mrs. Brown: Worse than ever; he's got a new bolus, which is tearing him to bits. But he's never well. How can a man be well, whose inside is as full of pills as a pease-cod of peas? I often say to him: John, it's just flying in the face of Providence when you've got your lawful regular doctor within a mile of you, and you going off to these impostors (impostors). Mr. Smith: It's certainly very foolish. Mrs. Brown: Foolish! it's all that—but it's far worse; it's downright wicked. It beats me how a man can go down on his knees in church and pray against such nastiness, and then go back like a dog to his vomit again. Mr. Smith: And does he pray in church against quacks? Mrs. Brown: Of course he does. Don't we pray against them every Sunday in the Litany? Don't we pray against "all false doctorin (doctrine)?"

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy, death.—*Heinrich Heine.*

No human power can force the intrenchments of the human mind, compulsion never persuades, it only makes hypocrites.—*Fenelon.*

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