

BROKEN STOWAGE.

"There are two ways of looking at it," said the cross eyed man.

Toddles—"Papa, what's the reason that when I drop my ball it falls down, and if I drop my balloon it falls up?"

Morton—"Strange happening at the police station this morning." Horton—"What was it?" Morton—"Deaf and dumb man was arrested and given a hearing."

Up-to-date Burglar (turning his X ray lantern on his victim)—"In addition to a watch, you have in your pocket 213 marks in gold and silver. Out with it, or I'll shoot."

Mrs. Benham—"Do you suppose that kings and queens talk like ordinary mortals?" Benham—"Certainly; I have no doubt that a queen asks her king if her crown is on straight."

Following—"And did the groom kiss the bride?" "Oh, yes." "Before everybody?" "No; after everybody, except the sexton and the organist."

"Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, vicious children, like those at your gate, and—, 'Sir, those children are mine.' and the slamming of the door could be heard in the next street.

Sir Francis Scott, the commander of the British expedition to Ashanti, addressing his troops expressed his disappointment that they had no chance to show their bravery in battle. "But," added he (and he is not an Irishman), "if there had been fighting, there would have been many absent faces here to-day."

Captain Boycott, who was much before the public when his supplies were cut off by the agrarian agitators in Mayo, Ireland, sixteen years ago, has just been interviewed by an American journalist. The captain, who is now well advanced in years, avers that instead of being the most hated man in his country he is to-day one of the most popular. Thus does time bring its revenges.

"During a recent a session of Parliament, Sir William Harcourt found himself," says a writer in the Leeds Mercury, "unexpectedly in view of an important speech, and having no notes, went into the stenographers' room to prepare some. He procured a lady typist, and dictated to her for some time. As he wound up a glowing peroration, the lady typist suddenly gasped and burst into tears. 'Would you mind saying all that again?' she said plaintively; 'I've forgotten to put any paper in the machine!'"

Travelling in a second-class carriage a gentleman had a little misunderstanding with a lady, the only occupant of the compartment besides himself, with reference to the opening of a window. "You don't appear to know the difference between the second and third class," said the lady, cuttingly. "Oh, madam," replied he, "I am an old railroad traveller: I know the class distinction. In the first class the passengers behave rudely to the guards; in the third the guards behave rudely to the passengers; in the second"—with a bow to his fellow-passenger—"the passengers behave rudely to each other."

The following note on scientific organ-blowing is a guinea prize anecdote from The Strand Musical Magazine: "It was the custom of the organist of a certain church to hand the blower a copy of the music to be sung: in fact the later, who had a high opinion of his own professional importance, demanded it as his right. On one occasion, the regular organist being from home, a deputy took his place, and the bellows-pumper did not receive his usual copy. All through the 'Te Deum' and 'Benedictus' the wind came in intermittent streams; sometimes there was a cessation, and once a few jerks. It was enough to try anybody's temper; and naturally after service the organist vented his wrath on the pumpist, who meekly replied 'Well, sir, what was the service you was a-singing of?' 'Calkin in D,' was the answer. 'There you air,' responded the blower triumphantly; 'I had no music given me, and here was Hi you see, a-blowin Clark Whitefield in E flat.'