



But That's Another Story



A Large Appetite.

OF sporting offers made by the large eaters of old, that made to Charles Gustavus of Sweden when he was besieging Prague is worthy of recall. A peasant offered for the king's amusement to devour a large hog then and there. General Koenigsmark, so runs the tale, suggested that one with such an appetite ought to be burned as a sorcerer, on which the peasant said to the king: "Sir, if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig."

* * *

General Order.

A FRENCHMAN was teaching in a large school where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes.

One hot day he was talking to a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys he was very snappish.

Having punished several boys and sent one to the bottom of the form, he at last shouted out in a passion:

"Ze whole class go to ze bottom!"

* * *

The Unfortunate Part.

We have harried the germs, in spite of their squirms, and have slain the same in their lair;

We are after the fly with the baleful eye, and the 'skeeter must say its prayer;

We have purified wells, and killed off Smells that have risen unto the skies, But in spite of our toil, and the water we boil, the public ups and dies.

We have swept the streets, screened fruits and meats, we have had milk pasteurized;

No bacillus thrives upon human lives which we've properly sterilized;

The insidious bug in the barber's mug we have given a rude surprise, But what's the use?—some screw is loose—the public ups and dies.

In the days gone by no "swat the fly" was the usual summer sign;

But it somehow fell men lived as well—their lives were as yours and mine;

So something's wrong with the germ fiend's song—what it is we can't surmise,

But the truth remains that, in spite of our pains, the public ups and dies.

* * *

A Classification.

TWO women on a train, seated together, held each a covered basket. From one a faint shuffling noise proceeded; while from the other came, now and then, an indignant purr.

The conductor came by.

"Dogs ain't allowed on this train," said he.

"This is a cat," protested the owner of the purring basket.

"Makes no difference—dogs ain't allowed," repeated this stolid logician.

"Must I get off, too?" enquired the other woman, "I have a turtle in this basket."

"No, ma'am, turtles is insects, but cats is dogs."

* * *

A Long Drive.

"YOU must have struck it rich, old man. I see you in this taxicab every day."

"It isn't that. You see, one night I told the chauffeur to drive me around until I told him to stop. I fell asleep, and when I awoke I had not got enough money to pay his bill. So I've got to keep on riding in it until I die."—*Wind-sor Magazine.*

* * *

Cute Peddler He.

THE genuine Yankee peddler passed out of existence with the creation of the "notion store," but he was a most interesting character, astonishingly sharp and frequently amusing.

One such appeared in a general store in a Southern town on one occasion, deposited his pack on the floor and remarked to the merchant:

"I guess I couldn't drive a trade with you, colonel?"

"I reckon you calculate just about right," was the decided reply of the merchant, who had had dealings with Yankee peddlers on previous occasions. "Get out!"

"Oh, well, don't get riled up—no harm done. Now, just look at this dozen genuine razor strops, easy worth \$3.00—let you have 'em for \$2.00, colonel."

"I wouldn't touch any of your trash—you get out!" the merchant declared.

"Well, now, colonel, I always like to do some business in a place. Tell you what, I'll bet you \$5.00 that if you make an offer for them strops we'll make a trade."

"I'll go you," said the merchant, "and," he added, when the stakes had been put up, "I'll give you a quarter for the strops."

"They're yourn, colonel," said the Yankee, pocketing the wager.—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

Room for More.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND was urging one of his Senatorial friends to help the church with his presence, but the Senator declined to be a regular churchgoer, giving this reason:

"One finds so many hypocrites there."

"But there is always room for one more," said the genial prelate, as he gripped the hand of his statesman friend.—*Washington Herald.*

* * *

And She Knew.

A WISE woman once said that there were three follies of men which always amused her. The first was climbing trees to shake the fruit down, when, if they would wait long enough, the fruit would fall itself. The second was going to war to kill

each other, when, if they only waited, they would die naturally, and the third was that they should run after women, when, if they did not do so, the women would be sure to run after them.—*Atchison Globe.*

* * *

Timing the Eggs.

BRIDGET—"Please, mum, will ye lind me yer watch fer ter bile ther eggs?"

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, you have a clock in the kitchen, haven't you?"

Bridget—"Yis, mum; but the clock is slow, mum."—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

Remembering the Maine.

A TORONTO family were sitting about the hearth reading in the evening when a son spoke to the father.

"The Americans claimed, didn't they," he asked, "that the battleship Maine was blown up by the Spaniards? And didn't the Spaniards claim that the ship blew up from within?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Now that the Americans are at work raising the boat, what will they do if they find when they get her to the surface that she was blown up from within?"

"Let her sink again mighty quick."

* * *

Hygiene That Failed.

THEY say that the reaction and afterglow of cold morning baths are an infallible cure for neuralgia," said Mr. Shivers.

"Cold water, right out of the tap?" cried Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers smiled a superior smile.

"It is not one freezing plunge, but a gradual immersion, while you slowly count six. Like this: One, and you put in one foot; two, you put in the other; three, you sink on one knee; four, you kneel on both; five, you plunge in your arms; six, you immerse your body. Yes,

I shall certainly try it to-morrow morning."

Slowly and reluctantly, at the appointed time, Mr. Shivers crept from his warm bed, silently casting a look of reproach on his smiling spouse, and into the bathroom, and after a time she heard him say:

"O-o-onne! Ouch! Oh! T-wo-o. Ow, ow, ow, ow! Th-th-th-three!" followed by a blood-curdling yell, and a tremendous splash. Then there was a succession of agonized yells, and what Mrs. Shivers at first took for a streak of lightning flashed out of the bathroom, plunged into bed and rolled itself tightly up in the sheets.

"Why, Jeremiah!" gasped Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers simply glared and shivered. "Woman!" he roared, when he had controlled his chattering teeth, "did you put that lump of soap in the bottom of the bath on purpose?"—*Tit-Bits.*



A House for Sale

Continued from page 47

and Mrs. Henderson were also speeding to the city in a taxi hired in a local garage. They arrived just before noon in time to cash the cheque at the bank.

The Schmidts' parting from Corrigan was very cordial. "Remember," they said, "you have a standing invitation to visit us at any time. We are going to pack our trunks and will take possession of the house this afternoon. I should like to ask you as a personal favor to ask Miss Kitty to stay with us for a few days until we get accustomed to the house. You know, she can keep her father if she likes."

About 4:30 that afternoon the Schmidts arrived with their maid. Kitty was delighted with their invitation to remain a couple of days. Her father had gone a couple of hours before.

At that moment Corrigan's auto arrived. The Schmidts noticed a burly, red-faced man was at the wheel. If anyone had told him it was the consumptive invalid whom they had pitied so much, they would surely have demanded explanations, or perhaps their money back.

Corrigan's cheery greeting over, he glanced around and said, "Mr. Schmidt, you are monarch of all you survey. The birds are safely returned, including the parrot. The sick man is on his way to recovery I hope. I will leave you now to enjoy the comforts of your new home. You can rest assured from the bottom of my heart, I wish you long life and happiness."

Shaking hands cordially with the Schmidts and giving Kitty's hand a gentle squeeze, he lifted his hat and quickly walked to his auto. "Hit it up for the city, Jim. Old Henderson gave me two five-hundred dollar bills. That means the King Edward for ours to-night."

At daybreak the next morning a burly, red-faced man cautiously entered the grounds of the Schmidt's home. He seemed familiar with the place, for he went to a large shed in the rear and brought out a ladder which he placed against one of the apple trees and proceeded to strip off every painted apple. He treated the second tree likewise. Every one of the apples were placed in a large bag, which he staggered away with and dumped into a muddy river several blocks away. A second visit cleared all the apples from off the ground.

Five minutes after the man had left, Kitty's screams awoke the Schmidts. "Mrs. Schmidt," she shouted, "A lot of bad boys have stripped every apple from off the trees. See the ladder they left where they climbed up."

Mr. Schmidt tried to cheer Kitty up by saying, "Never mind, dear! We will have a nice new red crop next year," but Kitty knew better. Exactly a year later, Corrigan received the following letter from Mr. Schmidt:

Dear Mr. Corrigan:

Just a few lines to let you know we are more than delighted with our home. Also that the standing invitation for your visit is still open. Our apple trees were robbed last year the day after we got the house, and to my astonishment, this year the trees yield only little sour green fruit instead of those delicious apples which were one of the most potent factors in my deciding to buy the house. Can you give any reason for this?

With best wishes from Mrs. Schmidt and myself,

Sincerely yours,
CARL SCHMIDT.



"GIVE OVER, ROLEY; CAN'T YOU SEE THE PANSIES ARE LOOKING?"