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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Strong Evidence.

Not long ago a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer. In giving his evidence the farmer was exceedingly careful, even nervous, and the solicitor for the defence endeavored to frighten him. "Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?" "I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it." "Ah! now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?" "Well, firstly, I caught him on my land wi' a gun. Secondly, I heard a gun go off an' saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four o' my pigeons in his pocket—an' I don't think them birds flew there and committed suicide."

Dr. Trumbull's Helpmeet.

An amusing anecdote in the life of the late Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D., has come to light. At one time he was a candidate for the office of mayor. Naturally, he expected the treatment which usually comes from political enemies; but he hardly anticipated the blow dealt him by his faithful wife.

"I'm getting used to unpleasant things," said the good doctor one night at dinner, "but I must say I've had a blow to-day. I really flattered myself I was popular in this district, even with the rag-a-muffins over on Sea Street."

"And so you are," interrupted Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," said her husband, "that bubble was pricked to-day. I find that the two posters on the old Higgins fence that announce me as a candidate have been almost torn off, evidently by sticks and knives, and the face on each poster has been almost obliterated. I felt quite depressed when I saw it on my way home."

"You needn't," said Mrs. Trumbull, with rising color, "for I did all that work with my umbrella and a hatpin."

"You!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, Henry Trumbull, I did it, and I should do the same thing again if I had the chance. There was nobody in sight as I came by there, and when I saw those dreadful pictures, not really like you at all, and with hideous turndown collar that you never ought to wear, it's so unbecoming, I just couldn't bear it!"

"I looked at them a minute, and then I went right to work; and the next time you run for any office, send the men that make the posters to me, and I will let them have the negative of one of your good photographs with your glasses on, so the little scowl between your eyes doesn't show, and a high collar. Then they'll be fit to put on Higgins' fence, or anywhere else."

Beyond His Limit.

During the civil war soldiers were very apt to become intoxicated, as liquor was sometimes the only drink they could get. One soldier who was in the habit of becoming intoxicated was remonstrated with by the Colonel of his regiment, the conversation which took place being as follows:

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, Colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it; it would kill me."

He Did Not Want The Paper.

As an illustration of the many curious letters received in an editor's office the following is given in "Public Opinion," the design of which is to give articles representing all kinds of public opinion:

"Guthrie, Okla.

"Deer Seer: I don't no how I ever cum to subscribe to your paper. It ant wuth

house room and that's no lie. You folks must be crazy. Fust you print an article on one side, and then you turn right around in your tracks and print one exactly agin it. You're turn coats that's what you are and anny body with ten dollars (10 dollars) can hire you. I am a populist and I don't want to read nuthing thats agin my belief. Don't send it to me anny more. You can have my money. You'll need it for you'll be down and out purty soon.

Was Worth More Dead.

Forbes Robertson, the English actor, tells this one: "A man fell overboard in stepping from a ferry boat. It was a bitter day. Cakes of gray ice floated in the black water."

"Nevertheless a ragged wharf rat plunged head first into the freezing stream, and after ten minutes' hard work rescued the man."

"What reward do you think this hero got? He got two shillings, which the other gingerly handed him from a purse heavy with gold."

"The poor fellow looked at the two shillings, and then said:

"Man, I'd have got five shillings for takin' ye to the deadhouse."

Grant Had Faith in Sherman.

A graphic account of how he carried to Grant before Richmond, the news of General Sherman's advance through North Carolina on his march to the sea in 1865, is told in a recent issue of Harper's Weekly by Adjutant S. H. M. Byers, of the Fifth Iowa Infantry. After a perilous trip he finally reached Grant's headquarters at City Point.

"I ripped open my clothing, handed him my despatches, and excitedly watched the pleased changes on his flushed face while he hurriedly read the great news I had brought from Sherman," says Mr. Byers. "General Ord happened in at the moment, and the good news was repeated to him. Ord clanked his spurs together, rubbed his hands, and manifested joy. 'I had my fears, I had my fears,' he muttered. 'And I, not a bit,' said Grant, springing from his seat by the window. 'I knew Sherman—I knew my man.'"

No Limit.

There is a certain pastor in a Pennsylvania town who not long ago announced that the usual weekly prayer meeting would be devoted to discussion of a certain question of general interest to his congregation. It appeared that many members of the church wished to participate in the discussion, and it was therefore decided to limit each speaker's remarks to five minutes, the expiration of the time fixed to be indicated by the clergyman's rapping with his pencil on his desk.

One of the deacons, who shall be called Robinson—an exceptionally long-winded speaker and exhorter—was one of the first to address the congregation. As had been anticipated by all he had scarcely become started on his remarks when the tap of the pencil was heard.

"Is it possible that my time is up?" asked he of the chairman.

"Sorry, deacon, but your five minutes have expired."

"And all general remarks are to be limited to five minutes?"

"Yes, deacon," was the answer; "you know that was the understanding."

Whereupon the deacon turned very deliberately to his fellow members:

"Brethren," he calmly observed, "in that event I shall put the remainder of my remarks in the form of a prayer."

And so the deacon kept the floor.

His Father's Son.

A professor of mathematics in a leading New England college had been much annoyed by the students coming to class without their text-books. Various reasons were given. One man said that some one had borrowed his book.