

Quite Sure He Wouldn't

When Secretary Blaine died in Washington, he was missed, among others, by the colored bell boys of the Hotel Normandie, though, when he was quartered there, they stood in considerable awe of his preeminent demands upon them. Naturally they had some anecdotes of the Secretary, one of which is repeated in an exchange:—

One frightened little fellow who was called to the Secretary's room in the early morning found him walking the floor and running his hands through his hair in deep thought. Turning suddenly on the youth Mr. Blaine said, in stentorian tones. "Boy, don't you ever be Secretary of State!" "Deed I won't, Mars' Blaine, 'deed I won't," said the little negro, his eyes rolling in fright.

Absent-Minded Professor

Oliver Peebles Jenkins, of Stanford University, is head professor of the department of zoology. He is a scientist, and therefore a deep thinker, and, consequently, often preoccupied and absent-minded.

His most recent adventure attributable to his absent-minded propensities is at present furnishing much amusement for the faculty.

He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached, and, touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly: "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go upstairs and put on your other coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"O, to be sure, the Branners," he said, when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I guess I was a little absent-minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept right on undressing and went to bed."

A Bold Confession

A Parliamentary candidate was being heckled. One of the questions had reference to the religious denomination to which he belonged.

"Well," he said "you have asked me an honest question, and you shall have a straightforward answer. My grandmother was a Scotswoman, a rigid Presbyterian."

Obvious disappointment was shown on the faces of the audience, so the candidate proceeded.

"My grandfather was English, and therefore a member of the Church of England."

Still no enthusiasm, but rather the reverse.

"My father, on the other hand, was a good Baptist," went on the desperate candidate, who was still unrewarded by applause. He grew anxious, so hurriedly added, "But my dear old mother, long since dead, was a Methodist."

Instantly all faces were radiant; so he concluded:—

"And, gentlemen, I follow the precept of my dear old mother. I'm a Methodist and I don't care who knows it!"

The new teacher at France's school caused that maiden no small amount of bewilderment. There's no use in my trying to do this example," she exclaimed despairingly to her mother, "because the old way I understand I've forgotten and the new way that I know I don't understand!"

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