

Anecdotal.

The Scot's Retort.

At the annual meeting of a certain Free Kirk, the other night, an elder was called upon to "say a few words" anent the congregational reports which had just been read.

Choosing as his text the Sustentation Fund, he made an eloquent appeal for more support, and mentioned the amount per head which the congregation had subscribed. This was a few shillings each.

"I hope," he added, "that we're 'a bound for the land of Canaan, but surely this'll no tak' us there; it wad barely tak' us to Edinburgh—even on a spring holiday."

No Need to Cross.

Booker T. Washington told the following story of a member of the "po' white trash" who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man:

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I ain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. 'Er man what's got no three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er de river as on de odder."

A Letter for a Lifetime.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a letter from Professor Edward S. Morse, and found the handwriting illegible. In due time there came to Mr. Morse the following reply: "My Dear Morse: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasant if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I know, and the signature, which I guessed. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, and it never loses its novelty. One can say every morning as one looks at it: 'Here's a letter of Morse's I haven't read yet. I think I shall take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those "t's" that look like "w's" and those "i's" that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime."

A Pronouncement on Pronunciation.

Judge Roger S. Greene, of Seattle, is one of the best known members of the bar of the State of Washington. He has had a wide experience both on and off the bench, and is looked up to by both lawyers and laymen as one of the first men of the State. But judge facts do not in the least prevent the judge from admitting the truth of the following turn on himself:

B. F. Dennison, of Olympia, the state and territorial capital, the oldest member of the bar in that city, was once arguing a case before Judge Greene, when the latter was on the United States bench. In the course of

his remarks, Mr. Dennison had occasion to refer to a certain set of reports of one of the Philadelphia courts, now very old and not often quoted. Judge Greene listened (unlike some other judges), and after a while said:

"Mr. Dennison, I notice in the reports which you quote you pronounce the name of the reporter as though it had a final *e* to it. What is your authority for that pronunciation, Mr. Dennison?"

"The spelling, your honor, B-r-o-w-n-e, Browne."

"Well, Mr. Dennison, my name has a final *e* to it; you would not call me 'Greenie,' would you?"

"That depends entirely on how your honor decides this question."

Bringing Him Round.

R-bert Carrick, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions towards a new hospital, he signed for two guineas. When one of the gentlemen expressed disappointment at the smallness of the amount, he replied: "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried: "What! Carrick only two guineas!"

When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson remarked: "Wait; I will give him a lesson."

Taking his cheque-book, he filled in a cheque for ten thousand pounds, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared, breathless, and asked: "What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me," replied Wilson, "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. 'Hello,' thinks I, 'if that's the case, there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible!'"

Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas, and substituted fifty, on which Wilson immediately tore up his cheque.

His Eyesight Too Good.

Much is said in these days of the importance of training the young to habits of observation. It's well to keep one's eyes open, but there are times when it is a man's first duty to see everything that is going on.

Stray Stories illustrates the idea with the following incident:

A farmer hired a man, so the story goes, and put him in his field to work. After a while the farmer came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a carriage go down the road awhile ago?"

"Yes, I did. One of the horses was a gray horse and the other was a roan, and lame in his off leg."

"I thought I heard some men shooting over there on the edge of the woods?"

"Yes, one of them was Colonel Jones; he was the tall one. The second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom Mc-Sniffer. Colonel Jones had one of them new-fangled breech-loadin' guns which breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em? Rather. There were nineteen of 'em. They lit in that old cornfield down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. When I want a man to keep watch what is going on I'll send for you."

Varnished.

Although Alexander Pope says that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," there is a wife in New York who is vexed that she didn't know the difference between a druggist's and a painter's turpentine. The *Mail and Express* tells the story:

Peter H. George, of the upper West Side, has been troubled with rheumatism, and on damp days suffers severe pains in the muscles of his chest, back and arms. His wife rubs him vigorously with turpentine, and he usually gets relief. One of the muggy days recently brought on an attack, and Mrs. George was disappointed to find the turpentine bottle empty.

The servant was sent out to buy a quart, which she did at a neighboring paint-shop. It cost ten cents less than at the druggist's. Mr. George was rubbed well, dosed with colicium, and put to bed. Early next morning he called loudly for his wife:

"My dear," he said, "will you oblige me by getting the hammer out of the tool-chest?"

"The hammer?" echoed Mrs. George.

"Well, what in the world—"

"The hammer," I said," repeated Mr. George, "and the cold-chisel."

"The hammer and the cold-chisel!" Mrs. George echoed again. "Are you out of your head?"

"No," replied Peter, "I am not out of my head, but I want to get out of my shell. I want to be broken open. I am the great human upper West Side oyster. 'Look here,' and Mr. George sat up in bed and exposed his arms from shoulder to wrist. They were both as highly glazed as a well-polished piano, and his back and chest were in the same condition.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. George. "I do declare, the painter has given us turpentine mixed with shellac, and I have been varnishing you just as if you were a sideboard."

Investigation proved the truth of Mrs. George's statement, and it took an hour to get the veneer off Mr. George's skin, during which process he made many emphatic remarks. The drug store will hereafter supply the George family with turpentine.—*Youth's Companion*.

A LITTLE girl was begging her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at some distance. He said: "It costs ten dollars every time, Florence, and ten dollars don't grow on every bush." "Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl, promptly. They went.

A FEW years ago the logs in a river in a northwestern lumber district had jammed into a nasty snarl, and no one hankered for the job of going out with a cant-dog and starting the key log. In the crew was an Indian who was noted for his coolness and his keenness. The boss finally looked over his direction. "Lacote," he said, "you go out and break that jam and I'll see that you get a nice puff in the paper." The red-skin looked at the logs and then at the boss. "Dead Injun look nice on paper," he grunted and walked away.

THE late Rabbi Wise, of Cincinnati, was fond of telling a story about a time, many years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe and he took dinner together. After dinner Mr. Beecher told Mrs. Stowe that her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been translated into Italian by a monk; that a letter full of adulation had been received from him, and he stated that if he could kiss the woman who wrote the book he could die happy. Mr. Beecher then added: "Well, I sent him a picture of you, Mrs. Stowe, and nothing has been heard of him since."