

### She had a Strong Will.

A theatrical man relates the following very amusing anecdote:—

Miss A—, besides being perhaps the most prominent character in the play, was also the manageress, and it was she who regulated the salaries of the actors.

Mr. Y—, one of the actors, had long contended that his salary was not one-half what it ought to be, and Miss A— declared as firmly that this was neither here nor there, for the salary would remain unchanged.

This condition of affairs did not make the two love each other as good Christians expected to do. Such scenes as these—behind the scenes of course—became frequent:

"When are you going to raise my salary?"

"Never."

"All right then. I leave tomorrow."

"Very well; why don't you?"

Or the war might be varied to this form:

"Well, are you going to raise my salary this week?"

"No."

"Next week?"

"No."

"When!"

"Never."

That determined "never" was a disagreeable check to the argument.

Finally Y— worked out a sub-plot in the play. In one act he, the noble hero, carried Miss A— from a top story to the ground down a ladder. One night, when this scene came on, he stepped upon the top round of the ladder as usual, holding in his arms his fair burden. But instead of coming down quickly, as usual, as a vigorous, invincible hero should, he stopped.

"Now, raise my salary," he whispered in her ear.

"Never."

"Raise my salary, or I drop you."

Here was a crisis. Two things were in danger—the success of the scene, and the actress's bones.

"Raise my salary, or I drop you."

The house was waiting. Miss A— closed her eyes.

"Never!" she said—and he carried her safely down the ladder.

### Help Yourself.

"Can you help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country shop.

"Why don't you help yourself," said the proprietor angrily.

"Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of whiskey and two loaves of bread, and disappeared like a flash of lightning.

He was followed by several lumps of coal and the village constable.

### Thought he was "Operating."

"Come, doctor, you are very skillful; I will give you the honour of carving."

"With pleasure, madam." And immediately the doctor begins his task.

He is very absent-minded, and when he has finally made a deep cut in the leg of mutton he stops, takes a roll of linen and some lint out of his pocket, and carefully bandages the wound.

Then, after regarding it critically, he remarks with professional gravity, while the guests are stupefied with astonishment:—"There, with rest and good care there is nothing to fear."

### How Mr. Symms Got Rid of the Cats.

Mr. Symms' back yard has been for years infested with cats. Affliction sore, from this particular cause long time he bore, and bootjacks were in vain. The voices of the cats were to the last degree exasperating to his nerves, and a month ago Mr. Symms was apparently on the way to fall a victim to persistent insomnia.

One night a peculiarly melodious sound floted up to Mr. Symms' back windows. It was a gentle soothing sound of delicious *timbre*, and while totally different from the yell of an ordinary cat, it did suggest what the voice of a celestial and glorified cat in another and better world might be.

Mr. Symms listened with admiration and delight, and in a short time was lulled to slumber by the melodious voice.

In the morning an investigation in the back yard resulted in the discovery of what was apparently a new species of animal, half cat, and half tin can—a sort of connecting link between live cat and canned sausage. It appears that a can containing a little preserved salmon had been carelessly thrown into the back yard. A predatory cat had squeezed her head into the can, in order to get at the salmon, and had found, when it was too late, that the fragments of tin around the mouth of the can, prevented her from withdrawing her head.

In these circumstances she wandered about the yard, blind, and unable to escape. The voice was so modified by the can, that it lost its harsh and distinctive feline character, and became the delicious music which had charmed Mr. Symms' midnight ear.

Mr. Symms at once saw that the means of rendering all the cats of the neighborhood harmless, was at his command.

The next night he placed twenty-four salmon cans in his back yard, and in the morning he found that twenty-four cats had bonneted themselves.

For nearly a week these animals wandered about the back yard, unable to steal, fight, or destroy Mr. Symms' geraniums, while the neighbours called on that gentleman to thank him for the public spirit which had induced him to place in

his back window the most delightful Æolian harp they had ever heard.

It was not necessary to use more than the original twenty-four salmon cans, for the remaining cats of the neighbourhood, the moment they caught sight of the modified cats, were so shocked and alarmed, that they completely deserted the place.

At the end of a week or ten days, the modified cats gave up the effort to live with their heads permanently canned, and Mr. Symms buried them in his celery bed.

### Homœopathic Payment.

HAHNEMANN, the homœopathic doctor, once cured one of his patients by merely putting a flask under his nose and telling him to smell it.

A month afterwards he sent in his account, and the next day the patient—a Parisian—called on him.

As Hahnemann was rather hard-up, being very badly paid by his *clientele*, he received his visitor with the greatest pleasure, expecting to receive his fee.

"My dear doctor," said the patient, "I'll pay you with the same readiness as you have cured me. Here is a hundred franc note; smell it. We are quits."

### Encouraging to Youth.

Young men should never give way. In the darkest hour something is sure to turn up.

We knew a young man, a poor young man who lived in a hovel.

And yet with only his two hands and a crowbar, he opened a jewellery shop.

Now he is living at a large stone residence at Sing-Sing.

Such is the truly great reward of virtuous labour.

The young man is not a bit proud.

### The Cat was Drowned in it.

"Madam," said a polite traveller to a testy landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to the milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean: but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you have struck the wrong house!"

"There ain't a first hair in the milk; for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me the cat was drowned in it, I went and strained it!"

The horrified young man declined partaking of the cat-flavoured milk.

Teacher: "We call transparent those bodies which we can see through. Emma, name a transparent object."

Emma: "The key-hole!"