

This and That

HAM AND EGGS.

There is an amusing story relative to some strange names among the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The Pilgrim says:

Mr. Ham is the road's advertising manager, with headquarters at Montreal, and the city ticket office there is in charge of Mr. Egg. Because of their strange names the two men became fast friends, and if they chance to be out of town, as they sometimes do, the question, "Have you seen Ham and Eggs?" is heard around both their offices.

By a more peculiar coincidence, they both report to Mr. Bacon, whose chief clerk is Brown.

A few days ago, Ham called on Egg at the latter's office. While talking, the telephone rang, and the messenger boy answered the call. He was asked if that was the Canadian Pacific office.

Before he answered as to that, he said, "Whom do you want, Ham or Egg?"

"Neither," was the reply. "I want the Canadian Pacific ticket office. I don't want any of your old ham or eggs. Central, get that cheap restaurant off this wire." Both Ham and Egg are now looking for that man.

WHOLESALE PATRIOTISM.

A speaker at a dinner told the following story to illustrate the Irishman's attitude toward his adopted country:

"There was an Irishman connected with the sutler's department in the civil war," he said, "who fell asleep on the battlefield after Bull Run. A party of Confederate scouts saw him, and as he had no uniform, their leader prodded him awake, and asked, 'Who are you? Where do you belong? What's your name?'"

"Them's too many questions," says Pat, rubbing his eyes, and be yure leave, I'll be afther askin' ye th' same."

"We're McClellan's men, just from Washington."

"I knew ye ware, gentlemen, and I'm thot same."

"O, ho—that's where we've caught you. Put him under arrest, men! We belong to Beauregard's army."

"Thin ye lied to me, an', suspecting thät same, I told ye the same thing ye told me," retorted the Irishman promptly. "Now give me the truth, an' I'll do the same by ye. What State do ye come from?"

"From South Carolina."
"So do I, an' from all the other States; an' that's where I'm thinkin' I've got the best of ye. Ye don't think I'd be sich a fule as to come all the way from Ireland to belong to wan State, do ye?"—Ex.

ENTERTAINMENT WITH SILHOUETTES.

In the August "Delineator," Janet Brewster offers a number of practical suggestions for utilizing the popular silhouette portrait as a basis for afternoon or evening entertainments. After the portrait-making, various modes of procedure are suggested. The silhouettes may be upheld before the guests for the purpose of guessing the original, or they may be exhibited as a group and a vote taken as to the most attractive specimens. As a variation, voting as to the handsomest, most finely shaped and modeled, chins and noses may be indulged in, and laughing and other fanciful portraits may be voted upon as well. In any case, much fun and merriment is sure to result from the entertainment. The paper is illustrated with silhouette portraits of ladies prominent in Chicago society.

NOT A GOLD BRICK.

Russell Sage boarded a Sixth avenue elevated train at Rector street one day last week. He carried under one arm a sample brick wrapped in a newspaper. It was one that the builder of the Emma Willard seminary had taken to the financier's office. Repairs to Sage hall are to be made, and Mr. Sage wanted to see the brick that is to be used. It was worth perhaps two cents. At Twenty-eight street a sporty looking youth, who evidently knew the great man, reached down, seized the brick, dashed to the door and was downstairs and away before Mr. Sage, much annoyed, could get to the door

and breathlessly explain to the guard what had happened.

"I felt sorry for him," said a witness, when he told of the experience. "He looked real sad at losing the brick, but I'd have given a dollar to see the face of the other fellow when he cut the string."—Pilgrim.

A GOOD APPÉTITE.

A Yorkshireman undertook for a wager made in a tavern to eat a whole turkey and three pounds of sausages.

The turkey was cooked and set before him. Slowly but relentlessly he got through it. Then the sausages; and, here the excitement began. Surely he would break down at the second pound. Surely, surely—but no; gallantly, solidly, on he went, bite, bite, bite—the audience holding their breath—till the platter was clean.

He received his money, took a glass of beer, and then, accompanied by a friend, set out for home. There was a strained silence between the two, till they were within sight of the victor's, and then he opened his lips and spake.

"Say, Tom, de'ant tha say ou'to ma missus about t' turkey?"

"For why, Jack?"

"Happen she won't gi'e me ma sooper."

MIXED THE BABIES.

A strange lawsuit has just been heard in the court at Amsterdam, growing out of the use of a baby incubator to rear a delicate child.

At the hospital a receipt was taken for the baby boy, and he was put in one of the incubators. Some weeks passed, and the parents received notice that their child was well enough to be taken away. Imagine the father's surprise when he went to fetch his son to have a baby girl thrust into his arms!

The hospital nurse declared some mistake had been made by the parents. The parents, nurse, and other witnesses declared that the mistake was on the part of the hospital authorities. The baby girl was not wanted by the parents of the missing baby boy, and nobody else owned her.

The father took proceedings against the city, and claimed £240 damages for his lost son. During the time the child was in the incubator the outside of the machine was painted, and, according to the plaintiff's advocate, the cards on which are written the particulars regarding the inmates were mixed up.—Ex.

Bigbee—"I say, Smallbee, you are just the man I want to see. You have known me now for five years, haven't you?"

Smallbee—"Yes."

Bigbee—"Well, I would like you to accommodate me with the loan of \$10."

Smallbee—"Sorry, Bigbee, but I can't."

Bigbee—"Can't? Why not?"

Smallbee—"Because I've known you for five years."—Sel.

THAT WAS IT.

First Little Girl—What's the difference between twins and other children, Maggie? I did know, but I have forgotten.

Second Little Girl—Why, the difference is that there isn't any difference between twins. That's what makes 'em different.—Ex.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

Mrs. Strongmind—(about to start with the picnic party)—"Let me see—here are the wraps, here's the lunch basket, here's the opera glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I think we've got everything, and yet—children, we haven't forgotten anything, have we?"

Husband and Father (standing meekly at the horses' heads)—"Shall I get in now, my dear?"

Mrs. Strongmind—"Why, to be sure, James. I knew there was something else."—Ex.

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THREE LITTLE INDIANS

Rob and Ruth and Bess were out in the orchard. They were Indians, and lived in a tent. The tent was an old sheet, it hung over a low branch of a tree.

Bess wore a red shawl for a blanket. Ruth had a string of bright beads around her neck.

There was a peacock feather in her hair. Rob had a bow and arrow.

"Me big chief," he grunted. "Me keep off wolves—bears."

Just then something soft and white was pushed under the tent. Then came two round eyes. Then, slowly, the whole side of the tent began to rise.

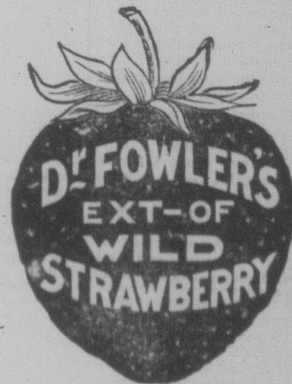
"It's a bear," screamed Rob. Ruth screamed, too.

They both tried to run. They fell over Bess in her shawl. Then they all three rolled over in the grass.

When they picked themselves up, a soft voice back of them said, "Moo!" And there stood—not a bear, but Pansy, the old white cow!—Mary Louise King, in Primary Education.

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