

Anecdotal.

Took an Easy Word.

Doctor—“Why, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating you had been attacked by measles, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.”

Patient—“Well, you see, doctor, it is like this: there wasn't a soul in the house who knew how to spell rheumatism.”

A Capped Climax.

The absent-minded professor—his occupation is never otherwise—was hurrying with a friend to catch a train, when he suddenly halted, and exclaimed: “What? How? I've come away and left my watch.”

“Let's go back and get it,” suggested the friend.

“No; I don't believe we shall have time,” said the professor, and he drew the lost watch out of his pocket, looked carefully at the dial, counted the minutes, and added: “No there won't be enough time.”

Then he pressed on toward the station, saying: “Oh, well, I suppose I can get along all right for one day without a watch.”

He Promised to Obey.

A good story is told of a Scottish clergyman who, while going through a village, was requested to officiate at a marriage in the absence of a parish minister.

Just as he had told the bridegroom to make the usual promise to love and honor his wife the man interjected the words “and obey.” The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment. He was going on with the service when the groom interrupted, with emphasis, “Aye, and obey, sir; love, honor and obey, ye ken!” A few years afterward the clergyman met the hero of the wedding incident. “Dye mind sir, you day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Well, ye may now see that I was in the right. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed her; and, behold, I am the only man that has a two-story house in the hale toon!”

The Scot even went farther than Franklin, who said, “The man who would thrive must ask his wife.” It seems to have been good policy too.—*Charmate*.

How Kitchener Saved the Farm House.

The following story of how Lord Kitchener negated his own orders is vouched for by Mr. C. A. McMullen, a Johannesburg engineer.

While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Peisaka rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation. In the doorway of the doomed farmhouse stood a pretty young Dutch girl, her hands clasping the doorposts, and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sunbonnet.

The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruction was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of “Arrah, darlint; wisha now, acushla,” etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed.

Kitchener's sharp “What's this?” put a climax to the scene. The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself.

Kitchener gazed sourly at the girl, standing bravely, though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. “Put down,” he growled, “that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out owing to unexpected opposition. Forward, gentlemen!”

Something Worth Remembering.

An anecdote recorded of Thomas Fuller illustrates the goodness of his heart as well as his ready wit.

Dr. Fuller had an extraordinary memory. He gave names, in order, the signs of the zodiac, the way from the beginning of Pater-noster Row at Ave-Maria Lane to the bottom of Cheapside. He could dictate to five several annuities at the same time, and each on a different subject.

The doctor, making a visit to the Committee of Sequestrators, sitting at Waltham, in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory, to which he replied: “Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and, if you please, I will give you an experiment of it.”

They all accepted the notion, and told him they should look upon it as an obligation, praying him to begin.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worship has thought fit to sequester an honest, but poor, Cavalier parson, my neighbor, from his living, and committed him to prison. He has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his parish, I will never forget the kindness while I live!”

Letters to the Bank.

Savings banks, which often have many depositors who are totally unfamiliar with business usages, and are also unskilled in the use of the English language, receive many strange letters. A teller in a Boston savings bank sends *The Youth's Companion* some interesting examples of such missives. Here is a threatening one:

“Mr. Treasurer of the — Bank I have writ ont befor to send for munny. If I don't get it by next Tuesday too gether with four cents postage I will contest it with my life.—sure without fail

“Timothy Sullivan.”

As Mr. Sullivan gave no address, and as the postmark on his envelope could not be made out, the bank did not, at last accounts, know whether he had “contested it with his life” or not.

The following note was received from a man who thought it very hard that his “order” was refused payment:

“Mr. Treasurer I give this mon the privilage to lift tin dollars off of your bank.

“Pat Flanagan.”

And probably this good woman thought her case a hard one also:

“Mr. Treasurer of the Savings Bank. Little johnny have the whooping cuff and so I need two dollars. Will I get it I don't know, Mrs. McCarthy.”

Here is another curious communication:

“This book belongs to me mother-in-law and she promises to die most every day, and I want to get your advice about the best way for me to draw her money.”

This pathetic and quite charming letter was from a depositor who had gone to Ireland:

“Killarney, Ireland, March — 189 .

“Mr. —, Savings Bank Treasurer:

“Dear Sir: You was so good to send me my money. I got it all right. If you will

please let me know the size of your feet I shall be very glad, for I will nit you a nice pair of socks. It will be a great favor. I hope you will. Yours humble servant,

“Mary B.”

He Never Bought Books.

The agent for a handsomely illustrated book to be sold on long time credit—a feast to the intellect and an adornment to any library—leant against the side of the house, caught his breath, clenched his fist, and looked skyward.

“What's the matter?” asked a policeman. “I've met the meanest man,” he answered. “I've heard of him, and I've read about him in papers, but I never expected to meet him face to face.”

“Where is he?”

“Up in that building.”

“How do you know he's the meanest man?”

“By the way he acted. I showed him this work of art, pictured on it for half an hour, pointed out the engravings, and when I hinted it would be a good thing to order, what do you think he said?”

“I don't know.”

“He said he never bought books. He didn't have to. He just waited for some idiot of an agent to come along and tell him all that was in 'em, and turn over the leaves while he looked at the pictures. Nice, isn't it?”

His Vote Preferred.

As incident worth telling occurred at the prohibition mass-meeting of the Methodist Conference at Brandon, Man. An old gentleman who is known to be a very ardent Liberal, closed his remarks with the statement:

“Most of you look upon me as a strong party man, who would have little sympathy with political opponents, but when I read the prohibition bill I was so delighted with it that I got right down on my knees and prayed God to bless and sustain Hugh John Macdonald in carrying it into force.”

Mr. W. W. Buchanan, who is reputed to have an appropriate story for every occasion, immediately followed and said: “My friend's prayer for Hugh John recalls a story that is told of the Premier's illustrious father. Sir John called on a clergyman and solicited his vote, but in an apologetic tone the preacher explained that he was already pledged to the opposing candidate. At the same time he confessed a growing favor of Sir John, and assured him of his good wishes and prayers for his success. A mingled expression of gratitude, doubt and humor radiated from Sir John's genial smile as he replied: “Parson, you are a good man; I appreciate your kind wishes, and I am sure your prayers will be efficacious, but you could put me under great obligations if you could fix it so as to vote for me and pray for the other fellow.” It is not necessary to say that this brought down the house.

Evarts and the Farmer.

William M. Evarts, who went to the United States Senate with the reputation of being as good a lawyer as the State of New York possessed, was always an exceedingly slender man. His face, even when he was in his prime, had a look of emaciation which suggested hunger.

One day, says Mr. George S. Hilton, in a recent volume, a solid, substantial-looking farmer from the interior of New York seated himself in the visitors' gallery of the Senate Chamber, and asked the doorkeeper, standing behind him to point out Mr. Evarts.

It was nontime, and only a few members were in the chamber. Pretty soon Senator Voorhees entered, and strode majestically to his seat.