

## Anecdotal.

### Humors of Advertising.

These examples illustrate the curious effect which the misplacing of a comma, or of a word or two, often has upon the meaning of a sentence:

"Wanted, a servant who can cook and dress children."

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here"

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else."

"Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"For sale, a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same."

### They Stood Together.

There is a beautiful story told of the Herreshoff family in one of the month's magazines ("Success"). As is well known, the designer of the fast sailing yachts, John B. Herreshoff, is totally blind, and has been so from boyhood. There were several blind children in the family, and the mother was especially interested in their education. They seem to have been unusually loyal to each other. Speaking of his mother, the blind designer said: "If I have one thing more than another to be thankful for, it is her care in childhood and her sympathy through life." Speaking of his brother, Nat, John B. gives a loving picture of their relationship. "We have always been together, from boyhood. We have had the same pleasures, and the same aspirations; in fact, we have almost been one, and we have achieved nothing for which a full share of credit is not his just due. Whenever one found an obstacle or a difficulty, the other helped him to remove it, and he, being without my disadvantage, makes no mistakes." This story of "standing together" by these brothers is worth repeating into the ears of not a few families of boys.

### A Litt'e Dead Bird.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgenieff, tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments which have colored all his writings.

When he was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of the danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought—and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt which came to him at that

moment—the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done? as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said:

"Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I can not give life, I will not take it."

### How he Announced It.

Henry IV. of France had a magnificent horse which had carried him safely through many a battle. To the great grief of his master, this horse was suddenly taken sick. Hearing that his favorite was not likely to recover, he passionately declared his horse must not die; that the man who told him that he was dead should most certainly be hanged.

Every care was lavished on the poor beast, but in vain. Finally it died.

Now came the anxious question, Who shall tell the King? One man after another refused to make the announcement, as no one wanted to lose his life. At last a courtier was found willing to brave the King's anger and carry the news.

"With fear and trembling his friends saw him enter the King's private room.

"Alas, sire!" began the courtier, on entering. "Your horse—your noble horse—the charger, who so often carried you to victory—"

"Do not beat about the bush," said the King, angrily, "I know what you want to say. My horse is dead!"

"It is His Majesty, himself, who announces the fact!" said the courtier, with a low bow.

### In the Court Room.

The *New York Times* tells of some of the difficulties met by lawyers occasionally in examining foreigners who may be called into the witness box. An accident case was on and the lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede. This is the result:

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Sank you, but Aw am not vera well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas. Aw vewrk."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard vewrk; it ees puddy hard vewrk."

"Yes, but do you drive a team, or do you work on a railroad, or do you handle a machine, or work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw vewrk in a factory."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees vewry big factory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer addressing the court, "this keeps on I think we will have to have an interpreter."

Then he returned to the witness.

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory—what do you make?" he asked.

"Oh, yas. I un'erstan'—you want to know vat I make in factory, eh?"

"Exactly. Now, tell us what you make."

"Von dollar an' a half a day."

And the interpreter was called in to earn his salt.

### A Beautiful Impression.

Many of us would, no doubt, be surprised could we know the impression we make upon those who know us slightly. May we endeavor to be remembered as pleasantly as was the lady described in *Leaves of Light*:

She called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family was away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd call again.

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. H.

"Oh, I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H., "so we would know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which the lady had spoken to the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.

### Caught.

A worthy old gentleman who lived in the mountains had one weakness—a habit of absenting himself from church on a very slight pretext.

One Sunday, which was a little cloudy, but by no means inclement, he was not found in his place. The next morning, at an early hour, as the pastor was standing on his doorstep, who should come along but this old man, perched on a load of wood, his hat and overcoat, his hair and beard all white with the thickly falling and fiercely blowing snow. Seeing the pastor, he halted to pay his respects and exchange a friendly word.

"Good-morning," said the old man.

"All well?" asked the pastor, heartily.

"All well, thank you. Sorry I could not be at church yesterday."

"Yes, I missed you."

"Well, the fact is, it was such a bad day, and the weather threatened so much, that I thought it was too bad to venture out, and the"—

"Yes, it is fine, pleasant weather to-day," said the pastor. "If we should have as fine a day as this next Sunday, I shall look for you at church."

The old man blushed, and manifested a desire to break off the conversation, during all of which it seemed as if he were inwardly saying, "caught this time."