

FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

A MISCONCEPTION.

A census taker while on her rounds called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in the family?" The answer came without hesitation, "Three a day, mum!"

Mrs. Casey: Pwhat's the matter, Mrs. Dooley? Mrs. Dooley (between sobs): Me Dennis is nearly dead, an' I can't get his medicine. Mrs. Casey: Why? Mrs. Dooley: The pubs are closed.

"QUEER EPITAPHS"

John Burton, he lies buried here,

He was both hale and stout,
Death stretched him on this bitter bier

His wife now hops about

The editor of the *British Medical Journal* (November 23rd) quotes the following "queer epitaphs" from the *Chicago Medical Recorder*:—

"Stranger, approach this tomb with gravity;

John Brown (Dentist) is filling his last cavity."

"Beneath this stone our baby lays,

He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one-and-twenty-days,
And cost us forty dollars.

SIX MILES FROM DRUMTOCHY

English Tourist (in the far north, miles from anywhere)—"Do you mean to say that you and your family live here all winter? Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor?" Scotch

Shepherd: "Nae, sir. We've just to dee a natural death!"—Doctor's Domicile (U. S. A.)

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The meeting had not begun. A nervous little man shifted uneasily from one part of the hall to the other. At last he rose and called out in a high penetrating voice: "Is there a Christian Scientist in this hall?" A lady stood up and said, "I am a Christian Scientist. What do you want?" "I want you to change seats with me, ma'am, as I'm sitting in a draught!"—Daily News.

HOSPITAL "NOURISHMENT"

A caterer who had met with an accident was sent to the nearest hospital, where, among other things, a nurse put a thermometer into his mouth to take his temperature. During the afternoon the man's employer called to see him. "Well, Nathan," he asked, "how are you?" "Fairish, sir," the invalid replied. "Have you had any nourishment?" "Yes, sir." "What did you have?" "A lady gimme a piece of glass to suck, sir."

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked what incident in his life caused him the most amusement. "Well," he said, "I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking rather freely. The mule finally got his foot caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, Pat remarked: "Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on I'll be gittin' off!"—West Drug-gist.