

Anecdotal.

Not in Order.

In a certain Lanarkshire village, a meeting was called to consider the advisability of erecting a bridge over a burn which had been heretofore crossed by means of stepping stones.

The schoolmaster, who presided over the meeting, warmly advocated the erection of a bridge in an eloquent speech, when a local worthy, who was something of a character, and noted for his outspokenness, got up and interrupted:

"Hoot, toot, schulemaister, you're fair haiverin', man! Wha wad gang an put a brig over siccan a wee bit burnie as yon? Losh, man, I cud cross it wi' a standin' jump!"

"Order, order," exclaimed the chairman, angrily. "You are certainly out of order."

"I ken I'm out o' order," rejoined the interrupter, amid the laughter of the audience. "If I was in order I cud jump as faur again!"—*Tvt Bits.*

Hard to Satisfy.

In Scotland, when an infant is to be baptized, the father is bound to show some kind of speaking acquaintance with the Shorter Catechism. One day a collier went to his minister's to bespeak him for the christening of his child. "How many commandments hae ye?" asked the minister. "Twenty," rejoined the collier, who was forthwith sent back to pursue his studies in elementary theology.

On his way he met a brother miner, who was going to the minister on a similar errand. "How many commandments hae ye Jock?" asked the first. "Ten." "O ye needn't trouble him wi' ten; I offered him twenty the while, but he wassna satisfied."

All the Merrier.

The Empress of Germany is a good woman and a good mother. She has brought up her boys to wait upon themselves and do useful things, and so far as her position has permitted, has tried to make their lives simple and unostentatious. A clergyman told me an interesting story the other day, which illustrates her disposition in this respect.

Frau Frommel is the widow of a former court pastor, who, until his death, about a year ago, was the religious instructor of the kaiser's boys, and they were all very fond of him and her. She now lives in a quiet little house provided for her by the emperor, in the suburbs of Potsdam, and the empress and the princes visit her in an informal way as frequently as possible. One afternoon last summer a carriage drove up to Frau Frommel's door and the empress and three of her sons alighted.

"We have come to take tea with you, Frau Frommel," exclaimed the empress. The good woman threw up her hands

and expressed her regret that she had allowed all of her servants a holiday, and that she was alone in the house.

"Then it will be all the merrier," said the empress. "The boys and I will assist in making tea," and so they did. The crown prince built the fire. Eitel-Fritz set the table, and Oscar cut the bread. Then they sat down and had a jolly time of it, just as if they were ordinary people, and when the empress kissed Frau Frommel good-bye she declared that they hadn't had such a pleasant afternoon for months.—*W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.*

Paddy Minded the Telephone.

One morning my sister went to see a friend, and took with her our little dog. When she left she quite forgot the dog; and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail.

Some hours passed and he was still there.

So they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my sister.

One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear.

Then my sister whistled, and called, "Come home at once, Paddy."

Immediately he rushed to the door, barking to get out, and soon afterwards arrived at home.—*Mayflower.*

King Oscar and the Young Reporter.

Not long ago Oscar II. went to Gothenburg to attend a dedication or the opening of something or other, where he was expected to make a speech. An enterprising reporter intercepted him at a railway station upon arrival to ask for a copy of his manuscript in advance in order that it might be published the same afternoon, for there would be no time for a stenographer to write out his notes after delivery. The king greeted him pleasantly and explained that he had no manuscript; that he intended to speak without notes. The reporter was very much disappointed. He told the king frankly that he was a new man and that his future standing with his employer might be seriously affected if he failed to get the speech. King Oscar responded sympathetically, motioned to the reporter to get into his carriage, and while they were driving to the hotel gave a brief synopsis of what he expected to say.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Classed Among His Own.

If Ernest Seton-Thompson chose, he could write a book on his lecturing adventures that might prove as interesting, though in a very different way, as "Lives of the Hunted." The other evening he was stopped at the theatre door by half a dozen ragged boys, one of whom said:

"Say, Mister, are you de jay dat talks about de animals?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, won't you give us a pass?"

"How many are there of you?"
"On'y eleven (others not appearing)."
Mr. Seton-Thompson called his manager and said:

"Pass these eleven boys."
"There's eighteen now," said the spokesman.

"All right, pass eighteen," said the man of the beasts, for he never sends a child away if he can help it.

During the hour and a half lecture he had no more appreciative hearers than those eighteen newboys. After it was over he stepped out the back way and there were the eighteen awaiting as before.

Their spokesman now came forward and expressed the sentiments of the others in language more forceful than ornithologically correct.

"Say, Mister! that—was—great! You're no jay. You're a bird—a reg'lar bird!"—*Exchange.*

A Fairy Tale in Real Life.

The Chicago Tribune tells an interesting story, which illustrates the worldly wisdom of the injunction of the apostle James to have respect to persons, or to not be above showing to the poor and lowly the same consideration as to the well-to-do and influential.

Mammy Pleasant, an aged colored woman of San Francisco, was an old acquaintance of Mr. Samuel P. Davis, of the same city. To all outward seeming she lived in extreme poverty. Recently Mr. Davis hunted her out to discover how he could help her, and found her living without the necessities of life. He gave her \$5.00 to get some food. She said to him that she wanted to go down to the stores and was afraid to trust herself alone, she being eighty-seven years old. She asked him if he were willing to go with her and see that she got on the right street cars. "Certainly, I will," said Mr. Davis. "I'm so old and shabby that I just hates to have folks see you with me," said the fairy godmother. "I'm not over-dressed myself," said Mr. Davis, and besides I don't care what people think." The two made the trip, and Mammy Pleasant declared that the prince was treating her like his "best girl." "You are my best colored girl," said Mr. Davis.

The next day Mr. Davis was asked if he would not bring a lawyer to Mammy Pleasant's home. He did so, agreeing to pay the fees for the making out of any papers she might wish. When the attorney was through the fairy godmother handed Mr. Davis a deed to \$50,000 worth of San Francisco real estate and showed him her will, in which she made him heir to \$50,000 in money. "I was just playing poor to see who my fren's was," said the fairy godmother, "and I've found out." Mr. Davis, she said, was a man after her own heart. By the action of Mammy Pleasant, Mr. Davis receives \$100,000, given by a woman supposed to be too poor to buy her own bread.

A SMALL damsel of ten, who disliked boys, wrote an essay upon them, in which she said: "If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls, and the other half would be dolls."