

NOT EVEN EXPECTED

There is a certain veteran hotel clerk of a certain small hotel up in the Maine woods who is noted for two things—his peculiar choice of words and the fact that every day for forty-odd years he has inscribed on the top lines of the register the principle items of current news in the village.

Not long ago a New York editor, who chanced to be stopping at the hotel, borrowed the register long enough to copy down the following entries:

“Monday, October 12. Yesterday, while percolating round the milldam, George Bates fell into the water; and, owing to his wife’s failing to make him change his wet clothes, he is now threatened with pneumonia.”

“Tuesday, October 13. George Bates is rapidly becoming no better.”

“Last night his wife sent for Doctor Linden, who looked him over, collected two dollars, and departed, looked very unsatisfactory.”

“Wednesday, October 14. George’s symptoms are rapidly eventuating into fatalities.”

“Thursday, October 15. At seven-thirty this morning our fellow townsman, George Bates, went to his maker, entirely uncalled for.”

“Brudder Perkins, yo’ been figtin,’ I heah” said the colored minister.

“Yass, Ah wuz.”

“Doan yo’ ’membah whut de good book sez ’bout turnin’ de odder cheek?”

“Yass, pahson but he hit me on mah nose, an I’s only got one.”