

FUNNY THINGS IN PROSE



RUCTIONS IN THE CLASS

She is Young and Enthusiastic, but Sunday School Pickaninies Are Not in Her Line.

The daughter of a man prominent in Washington, D. C., had taught a Sunday school class for years, and, being used to colored servants, flattered herself that she understood the negro temperament. So, when a Washington friend who taught a class of negro children in the poorest quarter of the town was taken ill and obliged to miss a Sunday, the young woman of experience blithely volunteered as a substitute teacher.

"They are awfully ignorant little darkeys," remarked her friend. "Of course." "And they don't always behave well."

"Now don't worry for a minute. I reckon I can manage a roomful of pickaninies."

So the matter was arranged. Then the substitute teacher betook herself to earnest thought. She wanted to make a bit with the children, and she didn't intend to be tied down to any biblical order of sequence. She would pick out a lesson whenever she could find one to suit the emergency. The only problem was the choosing of the chapter that would prove most thrilling and appeal most strongly to the juvenile dandy.

Prepares Herself. The teacher went at the question intelligently. What did the negroes like most? she asked herself. She meditated a long time and went back over her experiences. Finally she decided that long names, gorgeousness and heat were as dear to the darky heart as anything in the world.

This fact being established, she ran a mental eye over the chapters of the Bible. At Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego she stopped in triumph. There was a subject ready to her hand—long names, pomp and circumstance, fiery furnace and all.

She studied diligently, and on Sunday morning sallied forth full of enthusiasm. In a stuffy little room on a narrow alley she found 15 preternaturally solemn little darkeys waiting for her. They rolled their eyes at her arrival and looked a shade solemn.

The teacher felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought of the coming triumph. She had decided that, since grandeur was beloved of the colored race, she would preface the entry of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego by a vivid description of the magnificence and extravagance of the times. Then, having captured the attention of her pupils, she would go on to the men of imposing names and the fiery furnace.

Her hearers interested. "Yes, lady; I done seen golden image big as de doll." "The boy next to him gave him a vicious nudge."

merchants of Hawville to make a living. We'll give it up and go and hang ourself on a crap apple tree exposed to the wise is sufficient.—Chicago Tribune.

MA GRANTED HER CONSENT.

But the Young Man Really Greatly Needs Advice.

It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home. She asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would.

"Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room. She had hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, said: 'I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with our Sarah he should have my consent. The young man started with alarm!'

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and whenever is for her happiness is for mine." "I haven't," stammered the young man.

"Oh, never mind; make no apology. I know you haven't much money, but, of course, you'll live in my house." "I had no idea of," he began.

"I know you hadn't, but it's all right," continued Sarah's mama, reassuringly. "With your wages and what the boarders bring in, you should get along as comfortably as possible."

The young man's eyes stood out like hat pegs, and he rose up and tried to say something. "Never mind about thanks," she cried; "I don't believe in long courtships. The 20th of May is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—but—" he gasped. "There, there! I don't expect any reply," she laughed. "I'll try and be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good tempered and kind hearted, though I did once follow a young man a couple of hundred miles with a broomstick for agreeing to marry my daughter and then backing out of the engagement."

She patted him on the head and called out. "And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or jump off the nearest bridge.—Exchange.

Unmasked at Last. They were quietly passing the sundown of their years. He had lived his three score and ten, while she was but four years his junior. People pointed them out as an ideal married couple.

Once as they looked through some old rolls of their young married days the wife came upon an old smoking jacket and held it up for him to see. Both recognized it as a present she had made for him shortly after they were married. As she turned it over, he lapsed into a reverie. Again there seemed to rest on him the sweet old glamour of the honeymoon. Suddenly he was called from abstraction by the utterance of his own name in dangerous tones:

"Henry?" He turned quickly. His wife's palest hand held a letter which she had found in the pocket of that old smoking jacket. It was addressed in her girlish hand to her mother.

"Henry," she said sternly. "You told me you had this letter to mama, and here it's been in your pocket since 1850." Philadelphia Inquirer.

An "Edited" Telegram. One of the most ludicrous mistakes made by the telegraph was in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read:

"Governor general twins first son," which the news agency "edited" and sent to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor-General of Queensland, yesterday gave birth to Government boys, Elizabeth, to twins, the first born being a son."

ILLUSTRATED TITLE "WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN."



out with conclusive force that someone had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy, Sir Arthur being a bachelor. The repeat message which followed, read: "Governor-General turns first son," referring to a railway ceremony.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Brute! She pictured the room with her photograph smiling down at him from over the mantel, while another of her pictures looked demurely at him from a leather case on the dresser. She could see him often standing in front of her mirror and making vows of constancy and fidelity. She knew he would rather part with anything he had than those pictures. But they had quarreled and she felt she must ask him to return her photographs and she wrote to him accordingly.

When she received his reply she nearly fainted. Here is what the scraw wrote: "Dear Mabel: I would like awfully much to return your pictures, but honestly, you girls all dress and pose so much alike for pictures that I can't tell any two of you apart. If you like I will send you over three or four hundred pictures that I have of miscellaneous girls and you can pick yours out. Hoping this will be satisfactory, I am sincerely, etc., etc."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Overheard at Matinee. It was such a dreadful experience, Don't you know. "When they play those 'Lohengrin' things it always makes me think of the day Jack and I marched down the aisle to day strains, only it wasn't a march, goodness gracious sakes alive! It was a quick-step or a gallop. Jack was late, you know—they had an awful time waking him up, it seems, and, mercy on us! when he did come he was yawning and out of breath, and his frock coat hung on him just like a bag for all the world, but—"

"Such a nervous time as I had of it waiting for him, too! I was all dressed, of course, hours and hours before the time, and there I sat waiting with the big bunch of flowers in my hands, feeling like some kind of crazy Ophelia! And the worst of it was my poor old grand-father had just arrived that morning. He was old, you know, and deaf, and forgetful, and all that, and he went wandering around the house, and they didn't have any better place to put him, and so they put him in the room there with me while I was waiting for Jack. He was the carriage coming up to the door."

"Humph!" said he to me, that was sitting there like a stick, 'looks like there's going to be a funeral here!'" "Now wasn't that a lovely wedding morning suggestion!"

"No, no!" I shouted in his ear. 'Not a funeral, but a wedding, grandpa—a wedding!'" "Oh," he said, "a wedding. Who might the bride be, now?"

"I am, grandpa, I had to fairly shout to him."

"You?" said he. "My, but we're growing up, ain't we? And who is the young fellow he?"

"And there I had to shout things like that at him for fully an hour, and he had been written all about it, and then when Jack did come in, breathing like as if he had been chased by a lot of policemen, and with his frock coat hanging on him like a bag, and his face all pearly, and—"

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OF NUTMEG'S SAYINGS.

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, an' at the same time it is a good idee tur keep a safe distance from the other end.

They's a good many ways uv breakin' the Sabbath besides drinkin' it with a golden stick or the butt end uv a fish pole. A workman who is continually complainin' uv his hard lot seldom realizes that 'twould be a lot harder if he had nothin' tur dew.

They's only one comfort fur the man with the handgog look—sometimes he finds a quarter that the other man he's passed by.—Joe Cone in New York Herald.

Slow But Sure. "Billtherby's restaurant has the slowest service I ever saw," said the Gentleman with the Gloomy Brow.

"How's that?" asked the individual with the Overworked Smile.

"I ordered some eggs there once, and I had to wait so long that they brought me—"

"Chicken?"

"No, eggs that had been laid by the chickens hatched from the eggs I had ordered."—Baltimore American.

He Had 'Em Again Sure. Man With the Dreamy Eyes Relates His Experience of a Night to Sympathetic Auditors.

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The man with the wary on his ear and the man with the triple chin looked up expectantly.

"Tell us about it," they said.

The man with the dreamy eyes sighed. "It is a long, sad story," he said. He sipped again from the wicked-looking glass. Then he added: "I have a very nice room, situated, as the poet would say, 'in yonder street that fronts the sun.' It is a big, square, pleasant room, and is kept in excellent condition by the woman who runs the house. There is just one drawback—"

"What is it?" asked the others.

"The goblin globe," returned the dreamy-eyed one. "The goblin globe is all right in its way, I suppose, but a decent bachelor's room is no place for it to do its stunt, and I'm going to make a vigorous complaint, if I find it doing business in my quarters when I get home."

"When I got in the other night—maybe the other morning—would be the correct expression—I turned on the gas and prepared for bed. Now, you know how scrupulously neat I am. Well, you may judge of my annoyance, then, when I tell you that as my eyes traveled over the room, they encountered a speck in the carpet. It was no bigger than the knot on a length of coarse sewing thread, but it annoyed me, and I stooped to brush it away."

It Wouldn't Budge. "To my astonishment the speck wouldn't budge, and I thought then it must be a tiny spot in the carpet. 'Oh, well,' I reflected, 'it's a small matter, and I'll let it pass.' I had reached to turn off the gas and jump into bed, when I happened again to glance at the speck, and continued myself of its reality. It was round and black, and so heavy I couldn't lift it. I determined to postpone bed for a bit while I studied this remarkable effect. As I looked, the thing actually grew before my eyes. It soon became the size of a baseball. I drew my easy chair to the point on the carpet occupied by the queer growth, and settled myself comfortably to wait."

Larger and larger grew the ball. From the size of a baseball it reached the proportions of a Georgia watermelon, all the time retaining its perfection of contour. Gradually, and without my having noticed it, the thing actually grew before my eyes. It soon became the size of a United States mail sack I thought it was about time to call a halt. I threw my whole weight on the thing, but I couldn't move it an inch. On the contrary, it continued to grow, only with increased rapidity.

POEMS WORTH READING

Rain in the Woods. When on the leaves the rain is falling, And every gust brings showers down; When all the woodland smokes with mist, And all the world is full of rain.

Dawn at Venice. One burnished cloud first turned a jagged lance, And the fireflies kindle shine, An' the wind is softly moanin' through the hemlock an' the pine; When the crickets are a-chirpin', An' the frogs 'll croak at night, Then you'd best be gettin' ready— For the fish is goin' to bite.

Summer Dawn. Moonlit, the dawn without my casement grows, Showing a hushed new world my sense scarce knows, Where Nature seems to stand with folded hands In dew-pearled fields, awaiting God's commands.

The Passing Band. A lone, deep drone, Thrummed a resonant monotone, Up soareth the horn with an undulant flare, That dies—in reborn—just a flash of an air, Through the rumble of drums, as their throbbing beat.

A Discouraging Model. James Whitcomb Riley. Just the ariest, faintest slip of a thing; With a Gainsborough hat, like a butterfly's wing, Tilted up at one side with the jauntiest air, And a knot of red roses worn in under there, Where the shadows are lost in her hair.

Picador, Don't Brag. Wan tam mon per he catch a feesh So big he look lak whale; She's mon' so long as 'r, four feet From wan end to her tail.

Her Job. My John don't go where the great folks be, But the way he goes is the way for me, An' the sweetest flowers in that way I see Forever.

The Fish is Goin' to Bite. When the shadders thicken events, An' the fireflies kindle shine, An' the wind is softly moanin' through the hemlock an' the pine; When the crickets are a-chirpin', An' the frogs 'll croak at night, Then you'd best be gettin' ready— For the fish is goin' to bite.

Good Over All. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cosmopolitan. On the river of life as I float along, I see with the spirit's light, That many a massed weed of wrong Has root in a seed of right.

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