

OUR STORYTELLER



THE NEW SKIPPER OF THE NANCY.

is a beauty, Joe, and no mis- and fast, too." "That's her best point, in my estimation, a skillful turn of the wheel, that little as it seems almost a toy, brings around the trim steam gracefully around the end of the pier, and up beside the floating with a maneuver so clever that it is on the side of the little craft is scarped. Then, springing out upon the deck, and running his eye along the side of the boat, repeated his remarks, "Well, you take a little taste of this brandy?" he suggested, producing a flask. "It may save you from catching a severe cold." She took the flask, but only the merest drop passed her lips. "Well, in the first place, you're certainly wet, and you must be cold." "Oh, no; the night is too warm for that." "Won't you take a little taste of this brandy?" he suggested, producing a flask. "It may save you from catching a severe cold." She took the flask, but only the merest drop passed her lips. "Well, in the first place, you're certainly wet, and you must be cold." "Oh, no; the night is too warm for that." "Won't you take a little taste of this brandy?" he suggested, producing a flask. "It may save you from catching a severe cold." She took the flask, but only the merest drop passed her lips.

Anecdote AND Incident

The impatient "on-to-Richmond" people were disatisfied with the slowness of Gibson Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy. Once, when Mr. Welles was ill with an attack of malaria, some one remarked in the presence of one of these critics that the Secretary of the Navy was down with a slow fever. "Slow" was the comment; "you bet it's slow. That's the only kind of fever old Welles could ever catch." One day, Gottfried, on entering the room of Rossini, found him slumping the piano with all his might, but drawing the most discordant noise from the instrument. "What in the name of all that is good are you playing?" asked the Frenchman. "I am trying to play that new score of Wagner's," replied the Italian. "But the score is upside down." "That's true," was the retort; "I had it the other way up at first, but couldn't make head or tail of it, so I thought I might succeed in this way."

hold the office of chief butler, which entitles him to receive a cup of pure gold. The ceremony of enthroning is called "lifting to the throne," derived from the custom of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, who when their king was enthroned, lifted him from the ground. Among the various claims of service is that of a certain baron to carry the great spurs, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury to make a mess of potatoes, called Dillepot.

LET US ALL LAUGH. JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS. Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

He Followed the Text. Baron—Sorry you can't come in, Van Tintin. How was the sermon this morning?

Van Tintin—I didn't hear the sermon, but the text was good.

Baron—Indeed? What was it?

Van Tintin—It was that beautiful passage, "He giveth His beloved sleep."—Brooklyn Life.

Goodly. Eleanor—Is it true, then, that Mrs. Higgin stars her servants?

Nanette—Yes. She has heard that it is quite the swaggiest thing to have a lot of family skeletons about to house to give it tone, you know.—New York Journal.

The Dosology. "There, now," cried the boy, as the familiar tones of the harmonium broke the stillness of the night, "they are going to sing dog's holiday."

"Sing what?"

"The dog's holiday."

"Who told you that, Abel?"

"Oh, that's what the minister always says in church. 'Now we will sing the dog's holiday.'"—Household Words.

A Bad Place. Dennis—Arrah, Pat, and so yez have come back to sthlay. Why, didn't yez look it out West in that place where yez had such a good job?

Pat—Oh, it's no place for a Christian man, Dennis. There ain't a livin' soul about the place that hasn't died wid the malayrim.—Cleveland Leader.

Hard to Please. "There's the deacon praying for rain."

"Why, only last week he was praying for dry weather."

"Yes; he's one man that Providence can't please. If he were offered a chariot of fire to go to glory in he'd growl because they didn't throw in a garden hose to cool off with during the route."—Atlanta Constitution.

Shifting the Blame. The Host—I am afraid, old man, that the dinner wasn't very satisfactory.

The Guest—Well, old fellow, you must remember that you didn't know I was coming.—Detroit Free Press.

How They Adjusted It. Mrs. Tildenth Douspart—Henry, I'm not going to put up with this a bit longer. I'll take the baby and go right over to mother's.

Mr. Tildenth Douspart—Yesh, an' then I'll take th' jewelry and (tho' go right over to my uncle's.

Disgraced. "Is that report true about the cashier of the Confidence bank committing suicide?"

"It is, poor fellow. He was caught when he had embezzled only \$1,200. The disgrace was more than he could bear."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Ability. Fuddy—You say that Bilgin gets a salary of \$10,000. And there is positively nothing in Bilgin; he is not an educated man and he has no natural abilities.

Dudley—Except the ability to get a salary of \$10,000 a year.—Boston Transcript.

Unappreciated. Jagson—I tried to play the new woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated.

Jagson—What did you say?

Jagson—I said that the new woman would leave large footprints in the sands of time.—Clips.

A Definition. Teacher—James, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard?

James—I don't know exactly, but I suppose it's a yard that the Cuban children play in.—Boston Traveler.

Literally True. Funnicus—I tell you, I find it pretty hard work turning out a column of jokes every day.

McCabe—Yes; there's no fun in it.—Philadelphia North American.

A Short Sentence. Mugs—Hello, Cully, haven't seen you for a long time.

Slugs—I've been up in de country for two months.

Mugs—I thought the Judge gave you a year.

A Verbal Distinction. "There are a great many men looking for work," said the philanthropist. "Perhaps," said Senator Sorghum, as he laid aside a pile of letters, "but it seems to me there must be a great many more looking for positions."—Washington Star.

Extreme Cruelty. He—So you reject my proffered hand, cruel girl? I have nothing more to live for.

She—Oh, I don't know. The bars do not close for half an hour yet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Will Shrink. Moses Junior—Fader, a shentleman in de shop wants to know if dat all-wool nonshrinkable shirt will shrink?

Moses Senior—Does it fit him?

Moses Junior—No; it is too big.

Moses Senior—Yah, id vill shrink!—Tit-Bits.

Not So Serious. "It's a very serious charge," said the Judge, "throwing a brick at the plaintiff's head. Have you anything to say before I send you to prison for a fortnight?"

The Defendant—It was only half a brick.

"In that case," said the Judge, "you will be imprisoned for a week."—London Tit-Bits.

Elephantine Nurses in Siam. The women of Siam trust their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said the trust is never betrayed. The elephant, not being susceptible to the charms of the sauntering policeman, nor the social claims of its friends and relatives, is consequently able to devote its entire attention to its charge. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt the little creatures. And if danger threatens the sagacious animal curls the child gently up in its trunk and swings it up and out of harm's way upon its own back.

Microbes in Paper. Since the medical journals have recently agitated the public by discovering that the paper in which food is frequently wrapped is particularly suited to the constitution of the ubiquitous microbe, vegetable parchment is becoming very popular, as it is recommended on hygienic grounds.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Infidel Women.—There are as many prodigal mothers to-day as there are prodigal sons. I know more infidel women than infidel men.—Rev. C. H. Woolston, Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Greatness.—No matter from what class of society a man springs he can be great, for, after all, greatness is but goodness.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Unitarian, New York City.

Predestination.—Every human being is by his very creation predestined and elected to heaven, in that every human being is born with the capabilities of spiritual life.—Rev. T. A. King, Swedenborgian, Chicago, Ill.

The Bible.—The Bible is the great text-book of humanity. In American history it has been the character of our civil liberties and the source of our high civilization.—Rev. W. E. Boggs, Presbyterian, Athens, Ga.

Satan's Work.—If you do the work of the devil you are certainly his child, for the man that is dead and in sin Satan has. Dead fish go with the current, live fish against it.—Rev. D. L. Moody, Evangelist, New York City.

Cred.—We have no right to reject the fundamental basis of a creed and retain the denomination. We should be intellectually children if we wish to eat our cake and to have it.—Rev. Timothy Bronahan, Catholic, Boston, Mass.

Changing Conclusions.—The Christian is not justified in holding to the constantly changing conclusions of science rather than to the Bible. The Bible does agree with science, but not coincide with the conclusions of scientific investigation.—Rev. Frank H. Morse, Baptist, New York City.

Charitable Wage-Earners.—Wage-earners must themselves be enlisted in the services of those nearest them in their different stations in life. Why should they not be made to feel the obligation to sacrifice, if but a fraction of their earnings for the benefit of their fellows who are in danger of becoming paupers?—Rabbi Gotthel, Hebrew, New York City.

Purity.—It would be easier to put the scales back again on the wing of the butterfly than to restore the purity that has been stained by vice. Samson was the strongest man of his age, but he could not break the cords of his own lusts.—Rev. Dr. Gumbart, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

New Creeds.—Peddlers of new creeds daily offer us their vanished wares, but the cry "New lamps for old!" shall not rob us of the Aladdin's lamp of the old Gospel, which has wrought all the wonders of the Christian age.—Rev. W. H. Moreland, Episcopalian, San Francisco, Cal.

Newspapers.—The newspaper does more toward the maintenance of the prerogative of citizenship than any other instrumentality. It investigates science; it directs charity; it is the best auxiliary to the courts of law. Wrongdoers stand more in fear of the newspaper than of all the anathemas of the churches.—Rev. Dr. Ryce, Episcopalian, New York City.

Love.—No ambition can take the place of love. The man or woman who has a fine house, elegant equipages and not love is to be pitied. The man or woman who has no equipage but a baby carriage, whose books are the daily press, whose clothes are twice turned, but in whose hearts is love, needs pity from no one.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Followers of Christ.—Christianity is Christ. A Christian is a follower of Christ. He is one who adopted the rule of life which Christ announced in the Sermon on the Mount, and who earnestly and honestly endeavors to embody it in his daily speech and conduct. Christianity in its essential meaning is the religion of Jesus Christ.—Rev. C. H. Eaton, Universalist, New York City.

Very Accommodating. A young man from the country was walking along a certain street in Philadelphia the other day, says the Lancet, when he stopped in front of an engine-house and looked in.

"Have you many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No; not unless they're in our district, or there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can latch up?"

"Oh, yes."

At that instant there came an alarm, at the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the horse-cart, and within a few seconds men, horses and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The young man watched the performance with undisguised admiration.

"Well, now," he exclaimed, "that's something like! There ain't many towns in this country where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they could do."

The Comment. "I was telling Miss Cayenne about an accident with which I recently met," remarked Willie Washington, with a melancholy look in his eye.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I was getting off an electric car. Didn't realize how fast it was going and landed on my hands instead of my feet."

"What did Miss Cayenne say about it?"

"Not much. She merely remarked that I had at last succeeded in being original."—Washington Star.

He Was a Thief. First Rainmaker—What are you crying about?

Second Rainmaker—Somebody has been stealing my thunder.—New York Journal.

DOWNED BY A GIRL.

A Fair Amazon's Yawn and Giggle Spoiled the Orator. "I see," said the old graduate with an expressive rubbing of his hands, "that some of our Western colleges are arranging for a sort of battle royal to come off annually in the debating arena. I like that sort of thing. It teaches young men to reason quickly and accurately while they are on their feet in presence of an audience and to express their ideas intelligently as well as impressively. Great thing! I used to be something of a debater myself."

"So you were," laughed an old classmate present. "Guess I'll have to tell them about the time we went over to Big Ford to clean out the district school debating there."

"Never mind, now."

"Too good to keep. Old Tom, there, and I roomed together. We thought ourselves mighty strong on the debate for freshmen. When we heard they were going to discuss the good old question of capital punishment at the Ford we thought it a golden opportunity to show our prowess as well as get needed practice. In order to annihilate the rural orators we prepared ourselves on opposite sides of the question. I was a howling winter night, but I drove ten miles and whetted our wits all the way by wrangling over the subject for discussion. After we had warmed up at the big box stove the battle opened. When I had heard one or two of those young country fellows roar forth their arguments, minding their points with gestures that would fill an ox, I revised my former proud estimate of Tom and myself. The flowers of rhetoric were not scattered profusely, but there was a wonderful amount of meat in what they had to say. I got through my effort all right."

"Oh, of course."

"But poor Tom! He had scrawled beautifully to the very zenith. He was making a peroration worthy of immortality. When he had both hands aloft and was dealing directly with the angel of mercy a fair amazon on the front seat yawned and then giggled. Tom stopped as though he had been paralyzed. He never started up again. The Judges solemnly decided that Tom's side had been knocked gilly west, and on the way home he stopped on the top of the blindest hill to swear me to secrecy."

A Simple Old Lady.

A clergyman told me an amusing story the other day of an eccentric old lady in his parish, who was devoted to good works, and quite a second order in the parish, in spite of her eccentricities. Having to leave home on one occasion, she had to pay some small parochial account for him in matter of frequent occurrence when he happened to be away; but, knowing how punctilious he was about repayment as soon as he returned, she was much embarrassed that on this occasion he called several times without alluding to the subject.

Some six months later he suddenly remembered his omission, and hastened to discharge his debt and duly apologized. But the simple old soul had found a way out of the difficulty as she assured him, by repaying herself.

"But how did you do that?" said her vicar in surprise.

"Oh, when I saw you had forgotten all about it, I just stopped my usual contribution on Sundays until I had paid myself back."

Her surprise was immense when she was greeted by a hearty burst of laughter.—Lady's Pictorial.

In the Chinese.

A remarkable bibliographical curiosity is a Chinese engineering work, forming the first Chinese work on the construction of highways and railways. The title is something like that: "Easy Upon Construction; Mathematics Given and Chang Tien have translated it." The book is printed in large characters on fine rice paper, and is bound in rosewood covers, fastened with silk ribbons, silk inner covers including chapters.

Getting His Dad in Trouble. George—Say, ma; typewriting ain't like handwriting, is it?

George's mamma—No, George. Why do you ask?

George—Cause I heard papa down to his office say to the typewriter: "What a beautiful hand!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man's worth does not depend on how much he makes, but on how much acceptable work he does.

The Wheel on Wash Day.



—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Early Hint.

Old Bullion—What! Marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl yet.

"Yes, I came early to avoid the rush."—New York Tribune.

A Nicer Game.

De Garry—Why is it that when a fellow is alone with a girl he loves they seldom play cards?

Merritt—Because if they did she would have to hold her own hand.—Judge.

Fond of Show.

She—Women are fond of show. They always like to show the things which cost the most.

He—That is why they wear their hats in the theater, I suppose; they usually pay more for their hats than they do for their hair.—Yonkers Statesman.

How It Was Divided.

Mudge—Oh, yes, we had a real lively time, Simmons and I. It cost us nearly \$50.

Wickwire—Yes, I saw Simmons this morning and he told me he spent \$45.—Indianapolis Journal.

One Way of Getting Practice.

Boggs' Old Friend—Great heavens, man! Do I find you reduced to playing a cornet on the street corner to make a living?

Boggs—I ain't doing this to make a living. My wife won't let me practice in the house.—Tit-Bits.

Another Trouble.

"The present trouble is that there are too many men for the number of jobs," said the amateur lecturer on the situation.

"And that ain't all, mister," interrupted Dismal Dawson. "Another trouble is that there is too much work to the job after a man gets it."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Good Liar.



Editor—Are you the brainy genius that has been writing those sensational stories in the Evening News?

Mr. Pad—I'm happy to say I have the distinguished honor.

Editor—Mr. Pad, I would like for you to name your own salary to remain in my office and handle the church notes and not write a line.

Mr. Pad—How could you afford to bury such bright intellect?

Editor—I would be making money by it. It takes my entire staff's time going around verifying your infernal lies!

Explained at Last.

Mr. Roundabout (at the opera)—That lady is one of the "upper ten." She's in the swim, you know.

Mr. Country Cousin—Then I suppose that is why she has taken so much of her clothes off.—Pick-Me-Up.

An Expensive Toy.

"Hear about that American young woman paying \$1,000,000 for a cigarette holder?"

"Get out!"

"Fact, I believe it also had a title or something."—Cincinnati Enquirer.