

**A CLEVER RECTOR.**

**How He Got All the Young Men to Church on Sunday.**

"Many interesting stories are told of Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee," said a clergyman. "A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister: "When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va., he was much worried by the nonattendance at service on Sundays of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes. Marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days. "Bishop Wilmer, then a parson not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good bishop asked several questions and finally challenged the lot to play him for 'keeps.' They readily consented. "Much to their astonishment, the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his 'winnings' in a bag, he remarked as he walked away, 'Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow I hope to see you all at church.' And he did."—Washington Herald.

**SERVED THE TERRAPIN.**

**Crossed the Ocean to Supervise One Course of a Dinner.**

George W. Harvey, the inventor of steamed oysters and a famous restaurant keeper, was once the hero of an incident that in some respects made the exploits of Lucullus and other noted gourmets of ancient Rome look cheap and commonplace. He made a 6,000 mile journey to cook or supervise the cooking of a single course of a dinner. A wealthy Englishman noted for his love of good living while on a visit to Washington was given a dinner at Harvey's, at which terrapin formed the piece de resistance. It was the first time the Englishman had encountered the famous Maryland delicacy, and it made an instantaneous and profound hit with him. He decided that he would introduce the dish to his London friends and at once entered into negotiations with Harvey to come to London and do the cooking. Harvey named his price, and it was accepted without a murmur, although it was a stiff one, as he was a very portly man and did not like to travel. At the appointed time he engaged his passage for England, took a sufficient number of live terrapin along with him and sailed for London. He supervised the preparation of the turtles in the kitchen of his generous employer, saw that they were cooked and served properly, collected his £200 honorarium and his expenses and took the next steamer back to New York.—Exchange.

**The New Kind.**

Among the passengers in a parlor car attached to a southern train leaving Washington were a reticent individual desirous of reading his paper and a talkative person equally desirous of engaging the reserved one in conversation. At first the reticent man took the questions of his neighbor in good part, returning short but polite answers. Finally, however, he grew somewhat irritated at the persistence of the other.

"The grass is quite green, eh?" was the idle query that next came from the garrulous one as he gazed through the window.

"Quite!" said the bored one, with a smothered growl. "But, then, consider what a change it is from the pink and mauve grass we've been having lately!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Encouraging.**

It was Bilkin's wedding day, and he was teasing his young brother-in-law. "Well, Johnnie," he said solemnly, "I'm going to take your sister a long way off and have her all to myself, where you won't see her any more."

"No; really, are you?" said the lad curiously.

"Yes, I am. What do you think of it?"

"Nothin'. I can stand it if you can."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Generous.**

"What's your fare?" asked old Flint-skin of his cabby the other day and was met with the stereotyped reply:

"Well, sir, I will leave that to you."

"Thank you; you're very kind," said old P., buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Fun.

**Not at First.**

"When you first saw Niagara falls did you feel that almost irresistible impulse to throw yourself over the precipice that so many experience?"

"No. I hadn't seen my hotel bill yet."—Cleveland Leader.

**Quite Simple.**

"What will you do with your money when you die?"

"I shall leave it to my children."

"But suppose you have no children?"

"Then it will go to my grandchildren."

Peace is not mere tranquillity, for tranquillity may be indifference.—Duffield.

**GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.**

**And Also the Reason Why He Was After the Medical Man.**

"Yes, your honor," said the man who had been arrested for driving his automobile at an illegal rate of speed. "I admit that I was running thirty miles an hour, but I was going for the doctor."

"Oh, you were going for the doctor, eh? Can you offer any proof to substantiate that statement?"

"Yes, I can bring in the doctor himself as a witness, if necessary."

"Um! That ought to make a difference. The law is explicit, but we must grant that there may be extenuating circumstances. There have been times when the court would have been glad to run thirty miles an hour if the court could have done so. Certainly a man should not be held to strictly to the provisions of the law if he happens to violate it for the purpose of trying to save a life. The court is very strongly inclined to dismiss the case. Did you explain to the officer who arrested you that you were going for the doctor?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Officer, what have you to say?"

"Well, your honor, I asked him, when he said he was going for the doctor, what he was going for the doctor for."

"Yes. That was very sensible. What was he going for the doctor for?"

"For to take the doctor and two young ladies for a ride, as I found out unbeknownst to him."

"Thirty dollars and costs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A COLLECTOR'S RUSE.**

**The Way He Secured a Rare Piece of Dresden Ware.**

We should cultivate our fancy for old china as did the late Mr. Wertheimer, the art dealer, concerning whom there is a story that every bargain hunter should take to heart. Wertheimer was one day passing through Mayfair when he noticed a sale about to take place of the "furniture and household effects of a deceased nobleman." He walked through the rooms where dealers were critically examining choice specimens of undoubtedly genuine Chippendale and Sheraton, interspersed among early Victorian furniture, his eyes apparently dwelling on nothing. But when the sale was about to commence he asked the auctioneer if he would take £5,000 for everything in the house. The offer was accepted. "Now you can resell everything for me," said Mr. Wertheimer, "except this," and he took down from the mantelpiece a dirty ornament some nine inches high and put it into his pocket. It was a piece of the rarest Dresden, bearing the coveted mark of the wand of Aesculapius, which he afterward sold for £10,000.

How the dealers metaphorically kicked themselves for overlooking it and how they bid against one another in the chance of securing a similar treasure is still a tradition in Bond street.—London Chronicle.

**She Makes a Suggestion.**

"How beautiful and clean the horizon looks," said Polly as on the second day out she came up on deck and threw herself down in the steamer chair beside me.

"Well it ought to be," said I, looking up from my book. "The captain has been sweeping it with his glass for the past six hours."

"That reminds me," said Polly, turning two very grave brown eyes upon me. "Did you remember to bring that vacuum cleaner along with you, as I suggested?"

"No," said I unwarily. "I remembered to forget it, however. What on earth does anybody want with a vacuum cleaner at sea?"

"It was only for you, dear," said Polly. "I thought you would like to have your brains massaged with it occasionally."—New York Times.

**The Minister's Tools.**

No workman can do good work without sufficient tools. Books are the minister's tools. He must have them if he is to serve his people well. Yet many a minister's salary is so small that he is unable to provide the common necessities for his family and have enough left to supply himself with needed books. The church that makes it impossible for its pastor to buy books harms itself even more than it harms the minister.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

**Etiquette.**

In our republican atmosphere old fashioned etiquette has ceased to be necessary, but the word "etiquette" is suggested whenever one hears the phrase "that's the ticket," and its etymology is French for "ticket," and its present English signification sprang from the old custom of distributing tickets or etiquettes which contained the ceremonies, etc., to be observed at any formal event, exactly like our word "program."

**An Alibi.**

Examiner—What is an alibi? Candidate For the Bar—An alibi is committing a crime in one place when you are in another place. If you can be in two other places, the alibi is all the stronger in law.—Puck.

**Marriage.**

"Marriage is a lottery," quoted the wise guy.

"Ob, that's an antiquated idea," observed the simple mug. "Nowadays it's a game of skill."—Philadelphia Record.

The fellow who doesn't allow an alarm clock to interfere with his morning nap illustrates the triumph of mind over matter.—Philadelphia Record.

**BROKE IT GENTLY.**

**The Reason the Brakeman Quit Rail-riding For Awhile.**

Danny Wilmarth was a brakeman. One day while his train was on a sidetrack at a town in Ohio another train that was doing some switching on the same track suddenly bumped into the caboose on the rear platform of which Danny was standing, and he was severely bruised. He was taken to a local hospital, where it was found that his injuries were so serious as to necessitate his remaining several weeks for treatment. At the end of a month he surprised his mother at her home in Pittsburg by walking into the house on crutches.

"Why, Danny," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? What has happened to you?"

"Why, I wrote and told you, mother," he answered with a grin.

"No, son, you didn't. All you wrote was that you were going to quit rail-riding for awhile, that you had found something else to do and that it was an indoor job. You didn't say a word about getting hurt or anything of the kind."

"I surely did, mother. I told you what happened to me."

"You surely didn't!"

"How did I say I came to be staying in that town?"

"You said you happened to be enough there between trains."

"Well, I was."—Youth's Companion.

**OUR MILLIONAIRES.**

**American Money Kings From a German Point of View.**

In a satirical article entitled "The Natural History of American Millionaires" a writer in the Berliner Tageblatt says: "They all came to New York, Chicago or Philadelphia with one shirt and with one cent in the pocket of the only other garment. All served as bootblacks, errand boys or even in more humble positions and in the second week had saved enough to buy a waistcoat. After one month they appeared before their respective employers clad in new clothes and told them with imposing self confidence that the organization of their business was defective and required reorganization. A year later the boy has become a partner, in two years he has outstripped the former boss in wealth, and a year later he has grown smart enough to kill off the benefactor of other days. All American millionaires arise at 3 in the morning, eat and drink almost nothing, cease their work at midnight and allow only those to live whom they think are good enough to invite. Every dollar king founds a university, an opera, a museum or a picture gallery. Life becomes a burden to them when there are no more competitors in their branch worthy of destruction. Then they lie down and die of ennui."

**Almost Heavenly.**

"That is Saturn you see now," explains the astronomer, while the visitor to the observatory peers through the telescope at the mysterious orb with its rings and with its moons showing as little points of light.

"It's away off, isn't it?" asks the visitor.

"Oh, yes. Saturn is so far off that it requires thirty of our years to make the circuit around the sun."

"Thirty years!"

"Yes."

"My! Saturn must be pretty close to heaven."

"I couldn't say as to that."

"I should call it almost heavenly hot to have to buy spring dresses and hats for my wife and daughters not more than once in thirty years."

For fear the visitor would have something to say about the summer engagements on Saturn being responsible for the rings, the astronomer quickly pointed the telescope toward Jupiter.—Chicago Post.

**Doing a Man's Work.**

The Widow Skinner has been twice bereaved, and she was telling me about her two husbands over a cup of tea.

"Boggs was the first," she said dreamily, "a ornery hound wot used to git drunk and come home and lambaste me all over the place. Arter Boggs died I married Skinner. He was a good for nothin', ornery critter wot 'ud turn up full, and I'd lam him till he couldn't see."

She chuckled with quiet amusement.

"Well," said a listener, "the last was better than the first, at least."

But the widow shook her head.

"No, 'twan't," she said. "I'd kinder got used to Boggs' little ways, and in Skinner's case I never cottoned to the idea of doin' a man's work about the house."—Exchange.

**Drifted Into It.**

"Yes, I've managed to get into debt pretty deeply," said Kayriss.

"Indeed," remarked Wise. "I gave you credit for more sense than you seem to have."

"H'm! The trouble was that my tailor gave me credit for more dollars than I seem to have," said Kayriss.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Nothing to Offer.**

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

"No, your honor," replied the prisoner. "My lawyer took my last farthing."—London Mail.

**Wise Poets.**

"Do poets ever write poems in their letters to their sweethearts?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No," replied the near famous bard. "We've got more sense than to queer the game in that manner."—Milwaukee Journal.

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**THE POET SAYS**

"Beauty draws us by a single hair."

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