The Scrap Book

How the Old Man Spelled It.

"Look here, Charley," said one young collegian to another who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you've spelled jug g-u-g!"

"I know," said Charley, "but, you see, I need the cash and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

A TRAGEDY.

That's him thar on his coffin in the cart,
An' that's his wife a-creepin'
In the crowd, 'way off, an' weepin',
Oh, the law is jest a-breakin' of her heart!

That's him thar on the scaffol'. See! He speaks.
Thar's a woman thar a-holdin'
Of the hands they'll soon be foldin',
An' the tears is jest a-rainin' down her cheeks.

That's him thar in the coffin, lyin' low,
An' the woman—first to love him
An' the last to bend above him
Is his mother—but I reckon you would know. —Frank L. Stanton.

Emancipated the Mule.

When the mule cars in Jacksonville, Fla., were replaced with modern electrics, an old time darky watched the first car go by with a great deal of interest.

"Um-m-pah, dem Yankees sho is cuyus folks," he mused. "Fus' dey cum down yar en 'mancipate de nigger, den dey cum down en 'mancipate de mule."

He Couldn't Oblige Her.

An American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat pleased in a western hotel when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose without saying a word. He received a note the following day reminding him of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," he wrote in reply, "I should be glad to send you the seats you ask for; but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Helped the Mayor Out.

An imposing cemetery was about to be opened in a western town. The mayor, who had charge of the laying out of the grounds, was puzzled for an appropriate inscription to put over the gate. Riding along in his automobile one day, he was cogitating over different holy texts, so he explained his difficulty to his chauffeur. "What would you suggest?" he asked.

"We have come to stay," was the prompt reply.

Where She Should Live.

"What under the sun," asked a father of his daughter who wanted her to make a match with a young man whose only qualification was the possession of a goodly fortune—"what earthly objection can you possibly find to Mr. Spriggins?"

"He has habits," replied the daughter, "which I detest! When I marry I want a husband who does not smoke, chew, drink, swear, belong to clubs, play cards, stay out late or go motoring by himself."

The father looked at his daughter for a moment or two in silence and then said:

"My child, you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

One of Whittier's Admirers.

An admirer of Whittier's works was granted an interview and talked incessantly for over an hour. In speaking of the patiently endured infliction to a friend the poet paused for a moment and then added, with the suggestion of a smile, "And all the time he called me 'Whitaker.'"

Jefferson Didn't Know.

The home of Joseph Jefferson at Buzzards Bay was not far from the Wareham road. Some years ago when certain ladies affected the bloomer costume when riding bicycles Jefferson came upon a lady in such a garb who had evidently mistaken her road. As Mr. Jefferson approached she asked:

"Will you kindly tell me if this is the way to Wareham?"

"Well," said Mr. Jefferson, "I'm sure I don't know; it's the first time I've ever seen any."

No Time For Conundrums.

During the war a teamster with the Cumberland army got stuck in the mud and let fly a stream of profane epithets. A chaplain passing at the time was greatly shocked.

"My friend," said he, "do you know who died for sinners?"

"Damn your conundrums! Don't you see I'm stuck in the mud?"

The Educated Flea.

It was at a banquet. A rule had been agreed upon to the effect that every person called upon for a toast must respond with speech, song or story. As a last number on the improvised programme, a retiring sort of chap was called upon to do his part.

"I—I can't make a sp-speech," he stammered, "b-but I heard that fleas could be trained to do tricks, and some time ago I tried to train one. Would you care to see him?"

A place was cleared off in the center of the snowy tablecloth, and in the middle the owner set the small pillbox he had taken from his vest pocket. Removing the lid of the box the trainer called out:

"Jump out, Henry!" Henry jumped out.

"Play dead, Henry!" Henry played dead to perfection.

"Lie down and roll over, Henry!" Henry did so.

"Jump backward, Henry!" Henry obeyed.

"Jump forward, Henry!" Henry jumped forward with such enthusiasm that he landed upon one of the ladies.

Quite a search was necessary before Henry could be recovered from the lady's clothing, but finally the black mite was retaken and set in his accustomed place.

"Jump through there, Henry!" Henry didn't move.

"Henry, I say, jump through there!" Still nothing doing.

"Henry, jump through there, I tell you!" Still the most abandoned disobedience.

The flea trainer bent low above his pet and looked at him a moment intently. Then straightening up, with a look of relief on his face he said to the woman from whom the flea had been taken:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but that's not my Henry."—Lippincott's.

Jenny's Problem.

A little girl stood at her mother's knee and from the expression of her face was evidently evolving some knotty problem.

"What is it, Jenny?" asked the mother.

"Mamma," said the child seriously, "if I grow up and marry, shall I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so."

There was a long pause. Then the youngster asked:

"And if I don't marry, shall I grow up to be like Aunt Susan?"

"I hope so."

Then the little girl put her hands to her head and said in a tone of despair, "Well, I am in a fix!"

Wanted to Be Obliging.

A lady visitor, wishing to be polite to the little son of her host at table, said:

"What a pretty dimple you have, Benny!"

"You think that's a pretty dimple?" said the boy. "Mamma, can I show the lady the one on my stomach?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Detailed For Baptism.

At the beginning of the civil war Colonel Brown and Colonel Smith were raising regiments in Wisconsin. One day Colonel Smith's chaplain paid a visit to Colonel Brown. On leaving he stated that the cause of religion was prospering in Colonel Smith's regiment; that no longer ago than the last Sabbath day he baptized ten of Colonel Smith's men.

"Sergeant major," exclaimed Colonel Brown, "make a detail of fifteen men to go and be baptized. I'll be blamed if I allow Colonel Smith's regiment to get ahead of mine in point of religion."

Wanted a Permanent Grievance.

An Irish landlord returning home after an absence of several weeks saw one of his tenants sitting on a stone wall whistling away to his heart's content. The moment that he greeted him, however, the man scowled and began abusing him.

"Why, what's the matter, Pat?"

"Matter enough when your stheward is afther evicting me, bad luck to him!"

"Evicted you! What for?"

"The ould liar pretinded me cabin wanted repairing, and as Oi wouldn't let him in, shure, he put me out."

"Never mind, Pat. I hear the cottage you have always wanted is vacant, and I'll let you have that at the same rent."

"No, thanking your honor, I couldn't think of it."

"But why not? What is to hinder you?"

"No, your honor; Oi'd rather have me grievance."

How She Got In.

A lady accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict and, after some little conversation, said:

"How does it come that you live in these flats? I thought they would not take in children. How did you get in?"

"Why," replied the child, "I was borned in."

Not Needed In His Business.

An Irish clergyman wandering over the fields one quiet Sunday afternoon saw a young fellow well known to him by reputation, accompanied by a fierce looking bull terrier. He was evidently engaged in the reprehensible sport of "ratting." The clergyman, observing the ragged appearance of the man, thought to accomplish good in a roundabout way.

"George Cullen," said he, "I am afraid times are hard with you. Now, if you would mend your ways you could mend your clothes. That dog is probably worth something. Sell him, and you could buy a good pig, which, fattened, would be far more valuable."

"An' wouldn't I look fine goin' rattin' wi' a pig."

"A Devil of a Show."

A Massachusetts town recently installed a trolley system. Pedestrians among the visiting rural population still come to a standstill when the cars go by.

One countryman was watching the other day as a trolley car, with a crowd on board, whirled up the hill and dashed by. He asked a bystander where it came from.

"Down by the depot," was the reply.

"Consarnsakes, they sure' ter give her a devil of a shove!" he exclaimed.

How Much Could You Get For Your Farm?

You are a farmer. You live near this town. You own land. Let us say that you own more than you need and would like to sell a hundred acres.

How much could you get per acre?

Land values have risen lately. But has the value of your land risen as you think it should?

Your land is good land. You think it is worth considerably more than anybody has offered you. Well, let us see.

A man buying farm land naturally prefers to locate near a thriving, up to date town. He wants good home markets for his crops. He wants good schools.

Let us say your land is three miles from town. A farm that looks very much like yours is three miles from a town twice as big and twice as prosperous as this town.

If you were going to buy a farm for your own occupancy, wouldn't you pay a whole lot more for land near the town that is twice as large and twice as lively?

Of course you would. It would be good business.

Now, what makes a town big and bustling? Money. Money in circulation. Not in circulation in Chicago, for instance, but right in the town that wants to grow.

How much money have you sent to the big Mail Order houses in the city the past ten years? How much have your neighbors sent? How much have all of you together put out of circulation here at home?

It is probably beyond calculation. If all that money had been spent in your own home town, isn't it reasonable to assume that the town would have grown more than it has grown?

Wouldn't this town be a bigger and better town?

Wouldn't it have more stores to buy your produce?

Wouldn't it have more public improvements to make it more attractive to outsiders who might come here to live, to go into business, or buy your surplus land at a good figure?

TO TRADE AT HOME MEANS TO HELP THE TOWN AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD. TO HELP THE TOWN AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD MEANS TO HELP YOURSELF.

A CASTILIAN BRAVADO

Revolting Scene Pictured by a Spanish Novelist.

NERVE OF THE HAUGHTY DON

Striking Description of the Daring and Courage Displayed by the Old General Who Would Not Permit an Englishman to Outdo Him.

The realistic Spanish novelist, Valdes, in one of his most popular stories ("Sister San Sulpice," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole) gives a description of a retired Spanish general's afternoon out which will illuminate many chivalric incidents in Spanish life and aptly illustrates the reckless daring and courage of which the average haughty don is liberally possessed. The scene is a sort of picnic grounds in the outskirts of Seville:

"Meantime the animation had been on the increase among the ruffians. The period of unmannerly action had come. One of them climbed upon a table to make a speech, and then the others, by way of applause, threw sherry and manzanilla in his face. Another was trying to lift with his teeth a companion whom drunkenness had stretched out on the floor. He did not succeed. He merely tore his sack coat. Still others were committing absurd and extravagant actions, making a great noise and uproar.

"The count remained grave and silent, drinking one glass of sherry after another. But his eyes were no longer, as usual, incomprehensible and unfathomable, like those of a man tired of life. Though he did not speak or move about he seemed a different man.

"The Englishman had taken off his jacket and waistcoat and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, was exhibiting his biceps, which were really powerful, and trying to break empty bottles on his arm. Once blood had come, but he went on breaking the bottles without paying any attention to it. Then he asked the waiter to bring a bottle of rum and a large glass. He filled this to the brim with the liquor, and then slowly, without moving a muscle or even winking, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sat down at the table opposite the count and said solemnly:

"'You can't do that.'

"A flash of fury gleamed through the harebrained nobleman's eyes, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and, turning the rest of the bottle into the glass, he calmly ordered the waiter to bring him some pepper. He threw in a pinch of it, then threw into it the cigar ashes heaped up before him and, without saying a word, with the same resentful, contemptuous smile, drained the glass and, not content with that, ate it in pieces. We saw his lips spotted with blood. The company received with oles and shouts of triumph this proof of an unconquerable stomach, in which it seemed as though the national honor were concerned.

"Our neighbors in the other booths must have reached the same happy grade of temperature, for nothing was heard but extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses, coarse laughter and swearing.

"The count was not yet satisfied with his victory over the Englishman. While he was swallowing with apparent calmness the glasses of liquor which were offered to him he did not cease to devour him with his eyes, carried away by a dull madness, which soon broke out. His eyes, which were the only part of his impassive face that moved, gleamed more and more ferociously, like those of a madman when a straitjacket has been put on him. The Englishman continued to boast of his strength. He was now thoroughly intoxicated and talking impudently enough to the others, who were not so drunk.

"'So you are very valiant, are you?' asked the count, still smiling disdainfully.

"'More than you,' retorted the Englishman.

"Don Jenaro started to spring at him, but the others restrained him. Soon calming himself, he said:

"'If you are so brave, why not put your hand on the table?'

"'What for?'

"'To pin it down with mine.'

"The Englishman without an instant's hesitation stretched out his large, brawny hand. The count took out of his pocket a damaskeened dagger and laid his delicate, gentlemanly hand on the Englishman's, and without hesitation and with a ferocious grip he nailed the point with the other and drove it through both into the table.

"The women uttered a cry of terror. All of us men ran to their assistance. A few left the place in search of help. In an instant our booth was filled with blood. From the wounds great drops of blood streamed, staining the handkerchiefs which we applied to them.

"A doctor who happened to be among the bystanders dressed the wounds provisionally with the few means at his disposal. The count smiled while they were dressing his hand. The Englishman was as sick as a horse, and soon the count was the same, and both were taken to such rooms as the establishment had to offer and went to bed. Every one left, commenting on the barbarism of the deed."

Hit Harder.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet"—

"Well?" she queried as she hesitated.

"And yet," she continued, "man is the offensive lader."—Exchange.

Be sick to patience if thou in goods be poor.—Dekker.

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Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition due to menstrual irregularities are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood cleansing properties of P. P. P., Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of W. A. Bunch, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned duly verified, on or before the first day of March 1908, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This March 10, 1907.

W. A. Bunch,
Administrator.