

The Scrap Book

Why We Can Sit.

A Boston schoolboy gave the following definition of the spine: "The spine is a long bone reaching from the skull to the heels. It has a hinge in the middle, so that you can sit down; otherwise you would have to sit standing."

THE BIRDS AND BEES.

I think the bees, the blessed bees,
Are better, wiser far than we.
The very wild birds in the trees
Are wiser, for, it seems to me,
For love and light and sun and air
Are theirs and not a bit of care.

What bird makes claim to all God's trees?
What bee makes claim to all God's flowers?

Behold their perfect harmonies,
Their common board, the common hour!
Say, why should man be less than those,
The happy birds, the bounding bees?
—Joachim Miller.

Presence of Mind.

One of Mrs. Hamilton Fish's rules when her husband was secretary of state in Grant's cabinet was to return every call she received. Her husband was continually folding public receptions, and many women would come who had no desire that Mrs. Fish should call upon them.

One such woman attended a "Fisher" reception, left her card and a little later was duly honored by a call from Mrs. Fish.

It was a beautiful, mild afternoon. The Fishes, equipped, all a-glimmer in the white sunshine, strolled down the narrow street and halted before the entrance little lounge with a modest fringe of silver chairs. The footman looped from the box and opened the carriage door, and Mrs. Fish descended.

The woman of the house was kneeling on the sidewalk beside a bucket of hot water, with a scrubbing brush in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. She was scrubbing the front steps.

Bending graciously over her, Mrs. Fish asked politely: "Is Mrs. Henry Robinson at home?"

And Mrs. Henry Robinson replied: "No, ma'am, she ain't" and went on scrubbing—Lippincott's.

Her Position.

An applicant for teacher in a country school was asked: "What is your position with regard to the whipping of children?"

"My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward," was the reply.

A Noisy Eater.

Ex-Senator William E. Chandler has an admirer in New Hampshire who has ideas on how the government should be conducted and writes Mr. Chandler about them at great length.

After Chandler was defeated for the senate and before he was appointed president of the Spanish claims commission the friend wrote, concluding with the senator:

"He said it was a shame that the nation and New Hampshire should be deprived of the services of so able a man as Mr. Chandler and closed with this prophecy: 'Nevertheless, I do not think republicans are marvellous. I am confident that your great merits will again be recognized and that at no late date we shall hear of you feeding again at the public crib.'"

All the Same to Him.

One of a party of gentlemen left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his place. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protest of his fellow passengers, the seat had been usurped by a woman clad in handsome clothes. With flashing eyes she turned upon him.

"Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."—Ladies' Home Journal.

What She Was Like.

"Do tell me what Mrs. Towler is like," she asked of her husband.

"Well, she's a woman of sixty who looks fifty, thinks she is forty, dresses like thirty and acts like twenty."

A Nice Distinction.

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species you must have understood me to say 'species' which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

Unique Post Holes.

The foreman and his crew of bridge-men were striving hard to make an impression on the select board provided by Mrs. Rooney at her Arkansas eating establishment.

"The old man sure made a funny deal down at Piney yesterday," observed the foreman, with a wink at the man by his right.

"What'd he do?" asked the new man at the other end of the table.

"Well, a year or so ago there used to be a water tank there, but they took down the tub and brought it up here to Cabin Creek. The well went dry and they covered it over. It was four or five feet around, ninety feet deep and plumb in the right of way. Didn't know what to do with it until along comes an old lollypop yesterday and gives the old man \$5 for it."

"The dollars for what?" asked the new man.

"Well," continued the foreman, in the interruption, "that old lolly-

pop borrowed two jacks from the trackmen and jacked her up out of there and carried her home on wheels."

"What'd he do with it?" persisted the new man.

"Say, that old lollypop must've been a Yank. Nobody else could have figured it out. The ground on his place is hard, and he needed some more fence, so he calculated 'twould be easier and cheaper to saw that old well up into postholes than 'twould be to dig 'em."

Thereafter the new man bit more on his fust and less on the conversation—Everybody's.

Seven Hens Cannot Lay One Egg.

Isaiah Webster when he was secretary of state was one day residing at a cabinet meeting a draft of a message he had written for the president to introduce to congress. He was constantly interrupted by one of the members with suggestions until, losing patience, he turned to him and said:

"Sir, you might as well expect seven hens to lay one egg as seven men to construct one message."

He Tipped Them All.

A New Yorker was shown to a room in a hotel in Brussels, where he found twenty candles stuck in a chandelier. As it was dark, the attendant lighted them all, but the guest put them out immediately.

In his bill next day, however, he found them charged "Twenty candles, 10 francs."

He went back to the room and took down all the candles stuck in a bit of paper and slipped them into his pocket.

When he was about to leave, the landlady found the candles drawn up by the strings in the hall in the fireplace and all scuttled and ready for the carpeted by. Then he drew out his package and distributed the candles one to each as he passed out.

"Allow me, madame," said he, with a bow, "permit me, madame. They are very superior candles, I assure you. I paid 10 cents apiece for them."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Outwitting Her Lawyer.

"Will there be no objections when I marry?" said the chief beneficiary of a will, said Mrs. Stover's Jackson. "I know of none," said a friend of mine in Virginia, "and a railroad company for damages and secured a verdict for \$20,000, which was paid, and the whole amount is now in bank subject to her order. Her counsel didn't get a penny of it."

"How was that?"

"She found the only way of outwitting him—she married the lawyer."

Bible Authority For It.

Mr. Rindlett, at one time a merchant in the town of Newcastle, Me., instructed his clerks to strictly follow the precepts of the Bible in all of their dealings.

One day a lady came in to buy a piece of dress goods, and one of the clerks spent a great deal of time showing her various cloths, which she said weren't good enough. The clerk said he had a better piece in the rear of the store. He showed her this piece, which she had already seen, but told her it was much finer and worth 10 cents a yard more. She said that she could readily see that it was better and made her purchase.

Mr. Rindlett, who had seen the transaction, corrected the clerk, who replied that he could refer to the Bible to justify his action.

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, she was a stranger, and I took her in."

The Same Effect.

There had been a brilliant company at the house of a society leader in the Minnie, but a woman whose husband was known better for his wealth than for his moral attainments.

"Well, friends," she said after the last caller was gone, "it was a complete success, wasn't it?"

"Sure!" observed Francis.

"Did you notice Professor Billing-

ton?"

"The man with the bandage around his neck?"

"Yes. What an astonishing vocabulary he has!"

"That's the way he had his head I thought it was a carcinoma."—Lippincott's.

Long Name, Short Lived.

"In Boston, there used to be a stammering college kept by Professor Graves," says Governor Guild. "Next door to this college was a flower store. Professor Graves' method was to ask each pupil what phrase he would like to learn to say perfectly. Then the professor would drill the pupil on that one phrase or sentence, and when the stammerer repeated it smoothly a cure was pronounced. One day a friend of mine, who was afflicted with the stammering habit, decided to patronize the professor. Before he went into the study, however, he stopped to look in the flower store at some chrysanthemums.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Professor Graves, "is there anything particular that you would like to learn to say perfectly?"

"Well, well, yes, there is. I sh-should like to be able to to say er-crys-crys-er-crysanth-um-mum before the darn th-thing fades!"

Unkind.

Miss Folia La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, was wearing a collection plate one day when she was passed by by a man distinguished for his wealth and parsimony.

"Nothing," he said gently, "I have not."

"That's something, then, this collection is for the poor, you know?"

MAN TORTURED FOR 33 YEARS

suffered from Disease of the Skin, But Found a Cure at Last.

A story written in the own words of the sufferer has just come from Covington, O., which has caused a big stir among specialists and those suffering from Eczema and other forms of skin diseases. George Flannet, of that city, an old and honored resident, suffered from Eczema for 33 years before he was able to find a cure and was then saved from further suffering by D. D. D. Prescription. Here is what he says about it:

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We know that this remedy is absolutely reliable and that it has cured eczema and the patients appear to be cured forever. Come in and let us give you a booklet on medicine, bathing and other necessary things if you are a sufferer from skin disease.—W. A. UNDERWOOD, Randleman, N. C., Druggist.

Obituary.

Mr. W. J. Armfield, wife of Mrs. Eliza Morris, died August 18th, 1884, aged 81 years.

She was a devoted and pious church member and had been a member of the church since her marriage. She had been married 50 years and had three children, two sons and one daughter. Her husband was a member of the church and had been a member since 1834. She was a very kind and loving mother and was very much loved and in our loss. May the husband and aged parents, brothers and sisters look to Jesus for comfort, for she has crossed the river of death, which we all have to cross, and at the call may be prepared for the same.

MINISTERS.

Holiday Entertainments.

Are you going to give a party for your children, or for your friends of your own age during the Christmas holidays? Do you want some ideas which no one has had a chance to try before? Get the December number of the New Era Woman's Magazine and read "Mrs. Santa Claus at Home," and "Christmas Crochets for the Youngsters." Send your friends one of the original invitations illustrated in an article on this subject and make the affair complete. We publish this month words and music for a charming Christmas carol which the children can learn, as well as four programs for amateur musical entertainment. "Good Housekeeping is full of good recipes, not only for the dainty things such as Christmas cakes, sweetmeats and puddings, but the method of roasting stags and fish on a wooden plank—a method not known to many housewives—is also discussed. "Marketing for Small Families" will help all those who have to make the best of a small income.

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