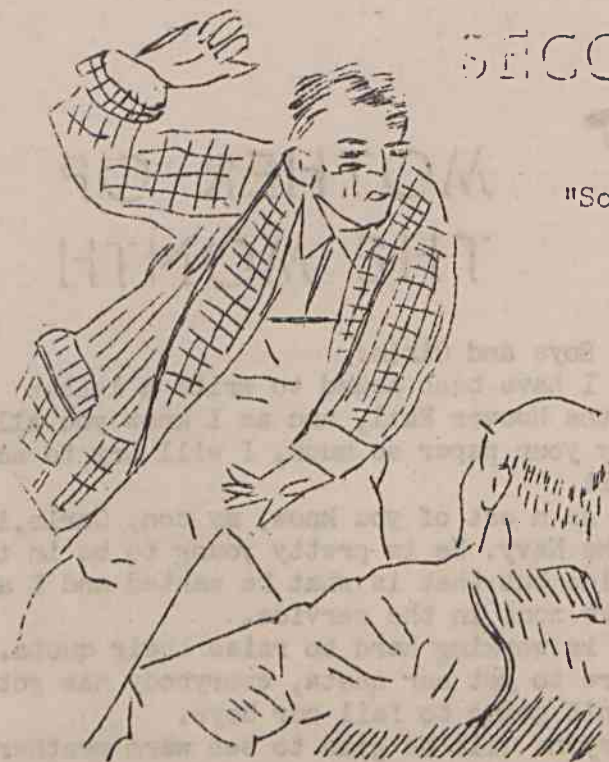


SECOND HAND TALES

By - Professor M. L. Turner

"Some re-written - some just told -
Some new - some old."



The master of the house returned from business somewhat early. He did not find his wife about, and so called downstairs to the cook: "Bridget, do you know anything about my wife's whereabouts?" "No, sor," Bridget answered, "Sure I know nothin' but I'm thinkin', sor, it's likely they're in the wash."

When the bishop was entertained at an English country house, the butler coached carefully the new boy who was to carry up the jug of hot water for shaving in the morning. "When you knock," the butler explained, "and he asks, 'Who's there?' then you must say, 'It's the boy, my Lord'." The lad, in much nervous trepidation, duly carried up the hot water, but in

answer to the bishop's query as to who was at the door, he announced: "It's the Lord, my boy!" The butler overheard and was horrified. He hammered into the youth's consciousness, the fact that a bishop must be addressed as my lord. Finally he was satisfied that the boy understood, and permitted him to assist in serving the dinner that night. The youngster was sent to the bishop to offer a plate of cheese. With shaking knees, he presented the dish to the bishop, and faltered: "My God, will you have some cheese?"

The kind lady stopped to tell the sobbing little girl not to cry, and she offered as a convincing argument: "You know it makes little girls homely." The child stared belligerently at the benevolent lady, and then remarked: "You must have cried an awful lot when you was young."

Some wasps built their nests during the week in a Scotch clergyman's best breeches. On the Sabbath as he warmed up to his preaching, the wasps, too, warmed up, with the result that presently the minister was leaping about like a jack in the box, and slapping his lower anatomy with great vigor, to the amazement of the congregation. "Be calm, brethren," he shouted. "The word of God is in my mouth, but the De'il's in my breeches!"

The subject of kissing was debated with much earnestness for a half hour between the girl and her young man caller. The fellow insisted that it was always possible for a man to kiss a girl at will, whether she chose to permit it or not. The maiden was firm in maintaining that such was not the case. Finally, it was decided that the only solution of the question must be by a practical demonstration one way or the other. So, they tried it. They clinched, and the battle was on. After a lively tussle, they broke away. The girl had been kissed - ardently for a period of minutes. Her comment showed an undaunted spirit: "Oh, well, you really didn't win fair. My foot slipped. Let's try it again."

The colored man was before the court, accused of horse-stealing. The prosecuting attorney read the indictment sternly and then asked: "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" The prisoner wriggled perplexedly, and then grinned propitiatingly as he said: "Now, suh, boss, ain't dat perzally de ting we've done gwine diskiver in dis-yere trial?"