

IRISH HUMOR.

SOME CLERICAL EXAMPLES.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

In a remote country village, far from the raddling crowd, German speculative theories, with which he was more familiar than geography, would have seemed about the last thing likely to influence his flock, but he was ever haunted by an awful fear of the havoc that might be wrought among them by such pernicious doctrines if they were not duly warned. "My britheren," he said on one occasion, "there are some German philosophers that say there is no Resurrection, and, me britheren, it would be better for thim German philosophers if, like Judas Iscariot, they had never been born." And this recalls to my mind another discourse, where the preacher wound up with the comforting assurance that if we paid due attention to the instruction we had just received from him we would "all return to our several homes like bakes refreshed with new made wine."

It was on another occasion that the same speaker, having ascended the pulpit, gave out his text with all due solemnity as follows: "My text is taken from the thirty-sixth chapter of Genesis, and the second verse—And Esau took his wives of the daughters of Canaan—or, rather, I should say, the twenty-seventh chapter and the thirty-eighth verse—'Bless me, even me, also, O my father.'" And then, as one of his hearers aptly remarked, he proceeded to preach a sermon which had nothing to say to either of them.

Absent mindedness and a weakness for metaphor are no doubt responsible for much. To the former I credit a discourse in which the reverend preacher alluded to "Goliath fighting on behalf of the Israelites, while King Solomon sat by moodily in his tent," and to the latter a striking simile, which deeply impressed the feminine portion of the congregation, who were told that "the grave was the great wardrobe of the world, where we are folded up and put by, to be taken out new at the Resurrection." But both of these are eclipsed by an eloquent speaker who in the course of an extempore address had wandered into medieval history. "And that haythen Soliman," he said, "whin he was lyn' dead upon the ground, sat up an' said to his friends, 'Behold, you now see the end of Soliman.'"

I do not deny that there may occasionally be a want of comprehension on the part of the audience. "What was the sermon about to-day, Mary?" inquired a mistress of her domestic. "Please, m'm," said Mary, twisting the corner of her apron, "I've forgotten the text, but it was about young men." "Oh, really," said the lady, "and what else was it about?" "Please, m'm, it was about young women, too." "But can you tell me anything, Mr. B. said?" "I couldn't repeat it exactly, m'm, for it was a mixed up kind of sermon; but it was very interesting," added the maiden.

But any attempt to fathom the mind of a congregation is usually fraught with danger. A priest who had delivered what seemed to him a striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon to-day to y'r likin', Pat?" he inquired of one of them. "Throth, y'r reverence, it was a grand sermon intirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further. "Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?" he inquired. "Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, begorra, I'll tell ye. What tuk hold of me most was y'r reverence's perseverance—the way ye went over the same thing agin and agin and agin. Sich perseverance I niver did see in anny man, before nor since."

One sample more and I have finished, for I can-



MURPHY—WHIN THE WHARR'S OVER, I THINK THERE'LL BE A CONSCRIPTION.
CLANCY—NO! THERE'LL BE NO CONSCRIPTION, BUT I THINK THEY'LL FORCE EVERY WAN IV US TO BE VOLENTEERS!—(Punch.)



LIFE'S DUTIES.

"Man must eat—else he can't drink."—(Fliegende Blätter.)

not do better than bring my article to an end with the concluding words of a sermon on grace—"And, me britheren, if ye have in y'r hearts wan spark of heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually."

CASEY AND THE LAW.

From Law Notes.

A Canadian gentleman, Casey by name, was appointed to a Government place which technically had to be occupied by a lawyer, which Mr. Casey was not. The benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality, and appointed one of their number as a special examiner to examine him as to his knowledge of the law. "Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about law, anyway?" "To tell the truth," replied the candidate, "I don't know a single thing."

The examiner reported, stating in his affidavit "that he had examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law, and, to the best of his information and belief, he had answered the questions entirely correctly." Mr. Casey was admitted to the bar.

LOST CREEK OBITUARY STYLE.

From The Denver Post.

At 8:15 o'clock Wednesday night the immortal spirit of St. Hawkins escaped from its prison of flesh and soared into that great conundrum yclept "The Unknown," and the vacant body was laid to rest on the hillside on Thursday, Parson Gray doing the honors at the entombment.

"Death loves a shining mark," 'tis said,
And you can wage your stockin's
She got a top-notch thoroughbred
When she took a shot at Hawkins!"

May he request in the usual peaceful manner until Gabriel leads the last trump.

NOT LIABLE.

From The Kansas City Journal.

A Democratic farmer in Southern Missouri received some garden seeds from the Government in an official envelope, on the outside of which was printed the usual warning: "Penalty for private use, \$300." He immediately sent them back, with a letter to the effect that he had not used one of them, and was not subject to any fine.

A YOUTHFUL CRITICISM.

From The Philadelphia Post.

Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, the pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Memorial Church, of Philadelphia, was recently entertaining President Patton of Princeton, General John B. Gordon and other eminent men at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of a sermon the minister had just preached, and those who were versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he had brought out.

Dr. Hoyt's young son was sitting at the table, and President Patton, turning to him, said: "My boy, what did you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently to it"; at which praise Mrs. Hoyt smiled cordially, and all listened to hear what sort of a reply the lad would make.

"I guess it was very good," said the boy; "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

WHY HE APPEARED IN COURT.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

"So we have the middleman of the famous Darktown Black Diamond minstrel troupe," the Recorder remarked when he beheld Will Gabbe before him.

"Dem am mer entitlemints," replied the minstrel man.

"Why is Will Gabbe here?" the Recorder asked the officer.

"Why is Will Gabbe here?" repeated the officer.

"Yes," said the Recorder, "why is Will Gabbe here?"

"Because he can't help himself," stated the officer. "I brought him down here in the wagon straight from the minstrel hall. He was the interlocutor, and was answering conundrums right along when the row started."

"Tell me about the row," put in the Recorder.

"Tell the Recorder, Will Gabbe," the officer said to the prisoner, "why the row started."

"Jedge Briles," stated the middleman of the Darktown Black Diamond minstrel troupe, "I is de middleman in de show, an' I has ter answer

all de cornundrums. We's got a fool nigger fer bones, an' he is doin' somethin' er nudder all de time whut am kalkerlated to raise er rucas. De udder nite he axed me which one of de trusts de Dimmycrats hilt up ergin de 'publicans de mos'. An' I done er pow'ful lot ob guessin', an' when I axed him which one ob de trusts de Dimmycrats hilt up ergin de 'publicans de mos' he sed hit was dis-trust. Dat's what started de rucas, bekase de cornundrum was er beetle below de belt, an' was er ting at alister Merkinley. We was er fitin' rite when de cop cum in. Dey all sed I don de fitin', an' so I is here ter face de music."

CARVING.

From The Philadelphia Press.

"Wasn't that the dinner bell just rang?" inquired the man who was dining with the Carvers for the first time.

"Yes," replied the old friend of the family.

"Then where's the host going? I just saw him pass down the hall with his overcoat on."

"That wasn't an overcoat; it was a mackintosh. We are going to have roast duck."

APOLOGY.

From The Indianapolis Sun.

Appearances were against us last week, owing to a blunder of our compositor. We wrote an article as follows: "James Wilson called at our office yesterday and renewed his subscription. Mr. Wilson, it will be remembered, raised this year's prize cabbage head. Little Johnny, who accompanied

his father, is a fine little man." The above is the way we wrote it. In setting it up, however, our compositor omitted a period, which made part of it read as follows: "Mr. Wilson, it will be remembered, raised this year's prize cabbage head, little Johnny, who accompanied his father." We trust that Mr. Wilson and our army of readers will have faith in our veracity when we assert that no harm was intended.

HOMER ON GOLF.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

Patroclus having been killed by Hector before Troy, Achilles decides to do honors to the dead body by making sacrifices and holding games. The unrelenting grave Patroclus claims. And now behold the glorious funeral games;

Vases and shaving mugs in heaps are seen,
With bags of costly leather, on the green;
Balls of the various brands are there to view,
With brassies, bulgers and midirons, too;
These constitute the prizes to be won—
The pairs are drawn, and now the sport's begun.

First, wise old Nestor stands beside the tea,
His suit is something wonderful to see!
With trousers rolled high on his withered calves,
He drives away, and with Eumelus halves.
Next Diomed of Troas heaps up the sand
And makes a drive that all agree is grand!
Tydides slices, fiercely grinds his teeth,
And rolls into a hazard on the heath;
Diomed takes the hole and loudly laughs
To see the way his great opponent scuffs.

And now Antilochus, with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way;
He wiggles for a while above the tee—
First of the Spartan amateurs is he.
The ball goes high, he stands and watches it—
Alas! he's bunkered, and falls in a fit!
Atrides gains the green in three, to roll
In spasms when he's stymied at the hole!

Oileus and Ulysses next appear—
St. Andrew! how the latter whangs the sphere!
It flies out over molehills, whins and gorse,
And high above the bunker takes its course;
The players holler "Fore!" with all their might,
And still the ball continues in its flight,
Until, where Nestor stoops to make a putt,
It strikes him full upon the "cokernut!"
He falls upon the green—they drag him hence,
The things he says are awful and intense!

Thus, from the breaking of the rosy dawn
Till twilight falls, the noble game goes on;
Calypso, paired with Pallas, steals away,
Defeated seven up and six to play;
Fair Daphne wins from Briseis one up—
The victor's prize a costly shaving cup!
Niobe lost to Vesta; how she wept
As from the links, alone in shame, she crept!

Ulysses has the lowest score, his boast
Is heard all up and down the sandy coast,
While Ajax, frowning, tells the crowd about
The chances that combined to knock him out,
Till Zeus, wearied, groans and yawns and blinks,
And says: "I'd blast him who invented links,
If I could catch the fool—I would, by jinks!"

A CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

From The Yorkshire Post.

Sir Henry Howorth, one of the retiring members of Parliament, is a writer of mark, certainly of research; for his "History of the Mongols" took



REAL GRATITUDE.

Tramp (to chappie, who has given him a shilling)—
"I 'ope as 'ow some day, sir, you may want a shillin', an' that I'll be able to give it to yer!"—
(Punch.)

many years of steady and arduous inquiry. And thereby hangs a tale which, it is said, he has often told against himself. One evening, when taking in to dinner a lady who had been lightly primed as to his great subject, there was a strange conversation:

"I understand, Sir Henry, that you are fond of dogs; so am I!"

"Dogs, madam? I really must plead guilty; I know nothing at all of them!"

"Indeed! And they told me you had written a famous history of Mongrels!"

AN AMATEUR SAVANT FOOLED.

From Knowledge.

The stories are common enough of fire engines being turned out to quench an aurora, and, on the other hand, it has not seldom happened that a very mundane conflagration has passed muster for a "celestial display." In the memoirs of Baron Stockmar an amusing anecdote is related of one Herr von Radowitz, who was given to making the most of easily picked up information. A friend of the Baron's went to an evening party near Frankfort, where he expected to meet Herr von Radowitz. On his way he saw a barn burning, stopped his carriage, assisted the people, and waited till the flames were nearly extinguished. When he arrived at his friend's house he found Herr von Radowitz, who had previously taken the party to the top of the building to see an aurora, dilating on terrestrial magnetism, electricity, etc. Radowitz asked Stockmar's friend, "Have you seen the beautiful aurora borealis?" He replied, "Certainly; I was there myself; it will soon be over." An explanation followed as to the barn on fire. Radowitz was silent some ten minutes, then he took up his hat and quietly disappeared.

CONDENSED.

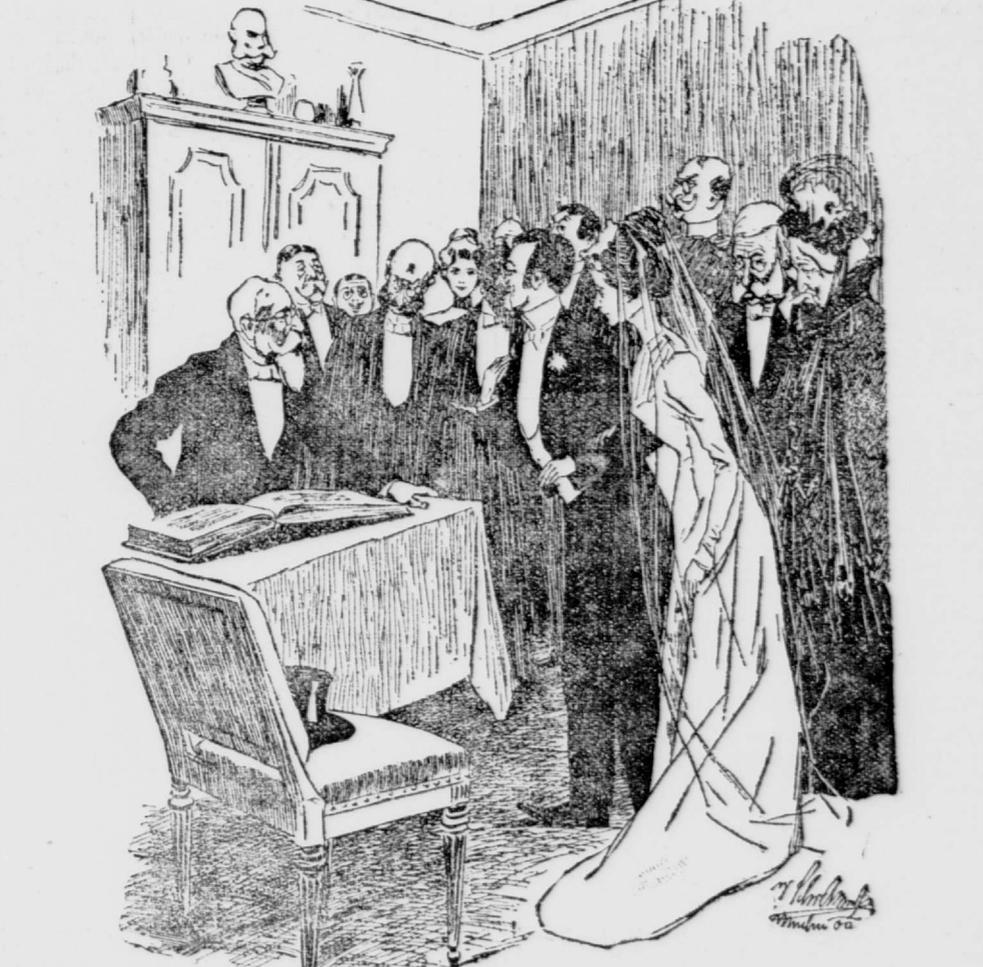
From The Chicago News.

Reporter—What should I do with this long article about the milk trust?
Editor—Condense it.

AS ADVERTISED.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"But suppose," one of the spectators said, "the parachute should fall to open after you have detached it from the balloon—what then?"
"That wouldn't stop me," answered the daring aeronaut, "I'd come right on down."



THE ALDERMAN—THERE ARE JUST THIRTEEN PERSONS PRESENT.
THE BRIDEGROOM—REALLY! THEN I THINK I SHALL RETIRE.—(Meggendorfer Blätter.)