

The Scrap Book

The Best That Was Offered. A prominent attorney of Kansas City succeeded in getting his client out of a bad situation by means of an alibi...

THE TOUCHSTONE

I told mine enemy the truth. His brow at first grew stern, and from his angry eye...

Welcome to Him.

"Good morning, ma'am," began the temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' home and—"

When the Czar Proposed.

The czar of Russia had met the lady whom he wished to make his wife, and he had obtained his father's consent to the match...

Nerve, Sure Enough.

"The nerviest individual that ever I encountered," says ex-Senator Mason of Illinois, "was a chap that dashed into an accommodation train running from Chicago to Evanston on an occasion when I was occupying a seat near the door."

Might Be With the Butters.

"I hope," said the new made widow, with a dry sob, "that poor Thomas won't be raged with the goats instead of the sheep."

He Wanted to Know the Worst.

A miner who was suffering with dyspepsia consulted a doctor and took his prescription to a druggist.

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He Won the Dog. A minister, walking along the street one day, saw a crowd of boys sitting in a ring, with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them he asked:

"What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a silence for awhile, until one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"

TEARS. Not in the time of pleasure Hope doth set her bow, But in the vale of sorrow, Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we On beyond the years, The soul would have no rainbow Had the eyes no tears. —Century.

Unseemly Bravado. The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of skyrocket and flares brought to the rail and with his own hands ignited them in the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship.

Amid the rockets' glare an austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows: "Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration." —Everybody's.

Correct. "Now, can any of you tell me what is water?" asked the teacher at the end of an object lesson.

"Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you put your hands in it!"

Infantile Knowledge. Little Rosalie, aged six, was watching her mother label some glasses of preserves.

"Mother," said she suddenly, "what kind of preserves does God make?"

"Why, God doesn't make preserves, Rosalie."

"Yes, he does, mother. I say it every Sunday in Sunday school. The teacher says, 'Why should you love and serve God?' and we say, 'Because he makes preserves and redeems us.'" —Lippincott's.

Some Thoughts on Love. It is difficult to know at what moment love begins. It is less difficult to know it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand messengers betray it to the eye.

Tone, act, attitude and look, the electric telegraph of touch—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance and renders retreat impossible. —Longfellow.

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say and to finish without knowing what you have written. —Rousseau.

The first symptom of true love in a young man is timidity; in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other. —Hugo.

His Preference. A little boy was sitting on one of the benches in Central park, New York, watching people ride the donkeys. An exceedingly fat woman hired a donkey and was about to mount when she saw the small boy and said to him: "Little boy, don't you want me to hire a donkey for you too?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather sit here and laugh." —Ladies' Home Journal.

A Baptismal Episode. An eminent judge when asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that when one of the female converts was dipped back into the water the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said: "Brethren, this sister hath departed. Hand me down another."

Dumas and the Thermometer. One day when Dumas pere was manager of the Theatre Historique he happened to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for thirty years.

"Where are you going to dine to-night?" he asked the friend.

"Tonight I shall dine nowhere," was the answer.

"Oh, no," said Dumas; "you are mistaken. You will dine with me." And he led the friend into his house and gave him the upper place at his table. Evidently the poor man had not had such a dinner for a long time. So the generous-hearted Dumas at the end of the meal casually remarked:

"It is a matter of course that I expect you tomorrow at the same time."

The friend came the next day and the day after this, and so on for ten years up to his death. One day he told Dumas that as he was eating bread that he did not earn this arrangement could not continue.

"If I am not able honestly to earn my meals, I shall not come again. Tell me in what way I can be of service to you."

Dumas thought a moment, then said: "You can do me a great favor. You may go to the new bridge every day and take the temperature by Chevallier's thermometer. The temperature, you must know, is of great moment in the matter of the sale of tickets. Could you do this?"

The poor fellow answered affirmatively and from that time on reported to Dumas every day:

"At noon the thermometer showed so and so many degrees in the shade."

And Dumas, who of course did not care in the least about the temperature, replied with the same regularity: "I am very much obliged. If you only knew what a service you are doing me!" —Harper's.

Causes For Envy. "Many a married woman envies you your place here as a cook for us, Bridget."

"Yes'm—'cause I can leave and they can't." —Lippincott's.

Expensive. His restless nature had made him a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. "I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't you do it."

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"'Cause he's a doctor and charges \$2 a visit!"

In the Wrong Flock. Mrs. Philpots came panting downstairs on her way to the temperance society meeting. "Addie, run up to my room and get my blue ribbon rosette, the temperance badge," she directed her maid. "You will know it, Addie—blue ribbon and gold lettering."

"Yes'm, I knows it right well." Addie had no trouble in finding it and fastening it properly on the dress of her mistress.

At the meeting Mrs. Philpots was too busy greeting her friends to note that they smiled when they shook hands with her.

When she reached home supper was served, so she went directly to the dining room, where the other members of the family were seated.

"Gracious me, mother!" exclaimed her son. "That blue ribbon—you have not been wearing that at the temperance meeting?"

"Why, what is it, Harry?" asked the good woman, clutching at the ribbon in surprise.

"Why, mother dear, didn't you know that was the ribbon I won at the show?"

The gold lettering on the ribbon read: "Interstate poultry show. First prize. Bantam." —Ladies Home Journal.

When Lincoln Swore. It is said that the only time Lincoln was ever heard really to swear was on the occasion of his receiving a telegram from Burnside, who had been ordered to go to the relief of Rosecrans at Chattanooga, who was in great danger of an attack from Bragg. Burnside telegraphed from Jonesboro, farther away from Rosecrans than he was when he received the order to hurry toward him. When Burnside's telegram was placed in Lincoln's hands he said, "Damn Jonesboro!" He then telegraphed Burnside as follows:

Sept. 21, 1863. If you are to do any good to Rosecrans it will not do to waste time at Jonesboro. A. LINCOLN.

May Have Succeeded at Home. A physician went rabbit shooting and returned, tired out and empty handed, telling his wife he hadn't killed a thing. Thereupon she remarked: "I told you so. If you had stayed at home and attended to your legitimate business, you might have been more successful."

Prudence. A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a boy of about twelve.

"S-s-say," he said, "d-d-do y-you know h-how late this train is?"

The boy grinned, but made no reply. The man stuttered out something about kids in general and passed into the station.

A stranger asked the boy why he hadn't answered the big man.

"D-d-d-y'e wanter see me g-g-get me fa-fa-face punched? D-d-dat big g-guy'd t'think I was no-mo-mocking him." —Everybody's.

No Exceptions to This Rule. "Willie," said a fond mother, "you should go to bed early. Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise, you know. You should go to bed with the sun. The chickens go to bed with the sun."

"Yes, I know they do, mamma, but the old hen—she always goes with 'em!"

She Wanted to Know. It was at a New York Symphony orchestra concert conducted by Walter Damrosch. The audience was anticipating an exquisite rendition of choice selections from some famous composers, conspicuous among whom was Richard Wagner, the opening number in this instance being one of his compositions.

As was usual, the leading performers of the orchestra as they appeared upon the platform were met with enthusiastic applause, the climax being reached with the appearance of Mr. Damrosch himself.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided and the concert was about to begin a well-dressed woman, seated quite near the front, turned to the woman beside her and said in an audible voice, "Pardon me, but would you kindly tell me which one is Wagner?"

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