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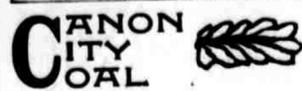
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EX-Judge Henry E. Howland, of New York, is a famous story teller. In abundance and variety his collection is "equalled by few and surpassed by none." Mr. Howland is essentially an after dinner story teller. He fills his after dinner speeches with new and eke with old.

Here are some samples of his stories:

THE DIGNITARY AND THE BULL

Once there was a very important state official of California who thought everybody knew him or ought to know him. One day he was walking through a field when a bull addressed him in an undertone and made for him with its head down and horns in a position to raise him. He was a state official, a man of dignity and political power and of natural pomposity.

But he ran. He ran surprisingly well. He ran even better than he did for office, and he got to the fence first. He clambered over, out of breath and dignity, and found the owner of the bull calmly contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the irate official, "by having an infuriated animal like that roaming over the field?"

"Well, I guess the bull has some right in the field," said the farmer.

"Right? Do you know who I am, sir?" gasped the official.

The farmer shook his head.

"I am General Blank."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell the bull?"

THE MAN AND THE TOMATO CAN.

A certain man's wife heard him in the adjoining pantry making explosive remarks. "What are you doing, my dear?" she asked.

"Opening a can of tomatoes," he answered.

"What are you opening it with?" she asked sweetly.

"With a knife," he replied savagely.

"Did you suppose I was opening it with my teeth?"

"No. From the language which you used I thought you were opening it with prayer."

A HIGH PRICE FOR CONVICTION.

Conkling had defended a man who was on trial for arson. He had been convicted below, and on appeal the conviction was affirmed and Conkling rendered his bill, which was questioned by the man's friends.

Conkling was rather new at the bar. He called upon Mr. O'Connor. He said: "There is Johnson, now whom I defended in an appeal at the general term. To be sure he was convicted, and the conviction was affirmed. But I had a great deal of trouble, gave my best services in the matter, and I only charged him \$500, and his friends decline to pay my bill. Don't you think the charge is reasonable and fair?"

Mr. O'Connor turned in his chair and said: "Well, Conkling, I have no doubt that you did the best you could. You had a severe trial. You exercised your best efforts in the higher court and \$500 is not a large bill, but I have no doubt he could have been convicted for a great deal less money."

THE LORD AND THE DAISY.

A Sunday school teacher was trying to impress upon his pupils the care of the Duty for all living things, great or small, and, getting to the peroration of his address, he said: "The Lord, who made the mountain, made the little blade of grass. The Lord, who made the ocean, made the pebble on the shore. The Lord, who made me, made a daisy."

THE SAGACIOUS BOY.

You never can catch a Yankee boy. You never can corner him. A gentleman traveling in the country at Stoddard, N. H., where it is all rocks and bowlders and abandoned farms—the old farmhouses going to ruin—saw a boy of twelve or fourteen hoeing in a cornfield on the side of what would be pasture land on anybody else's farm. The corn was rather poor looking. The traveler reined in his horse and spoke to the boy. He said to him, "Your corn looks rather small."

"Well," said the boy, "we planted dwarf corn."

"Well, it looks yellow, poor and thin."

"Well, we planted yellow corn."

"Well," said the traveler, "I don't mean that. It don't look as if you would get more than half a crop."

"I don't expect to. I planted it on shares."

A DEMAND FOR QUICK ACTION.

A man was working in a field with two of his sons. One of them was at work in one part of the field and the old man, with the other, was working down in a marsh. All of a sudden the youth who had been with his father ran up to the other and cried: "Come down and help the old man out. He has got mixed in the bog."

"How deep is he in?"

"Up to his ankles."

"Well, there's no hurry."

"Yes, there is. He's in head first."

AND HE CHOSE DEATH.

A certain artistic immigrant on arriving in the harbor of New York saw the statue of Liberty. He asked one of the crew, "Is that the statue of Liberty?"

"Yes, that is Liberty."

"Then give me death!" and he plunged overboard.

THE POWER OF DISCIPLINE.

This is historical and illustrates the devotion of Sheridan and Grant.

Sheridan and Grant were traveling on a steamboat together with other officers. Among the passengers was a young Englishman who used to take a hand at poker with them. The usual limit was fifty cents. The Englishman one day wanted to go out and light a cigar and asked General Sheridan to play his hand while he was gone. It was four jacks pot. The Englishman when he returned asked General Sheridan how it had panned out.

"Oh, the general bet me fifty cents," said Sheridan, "and I called him and won the pot."

The Englishman looked in amazement. "Well," he said, "I have heard of military discipline, but I never heard of it going that far."

Mr. Howland has a knack of hinting at a story by giving the point of one, leaving the hearer to fill out the rest. Some examples of that follow:

To censorious critics we reply in the language of the old verger of St. Mary's, Oxford, who on being congratulated by his rector on his constant attention to duty replied, "I have heard every sermon that has been preached from this pulpit for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still."

The comments and advice of outsiders are never particularly appreciated, and remind one of the toast given at a village firemen's ball by a crusty old bachelor, "Our brave firemen—may they be like our old maids, ever ready, yet never wanted."

If I should assume to interpose my ideas I should be like the gentleman who met a friend and was asked what he had been doing lately. "Lecturing in Boston," he replied. "I am glad of it," said his friend. "I always did hate those Bostonians."

We are here present in no vain spirit of boasting, though if our right to exalt ourselves were questioned we might reply in the words of the American girl who was

shows some cannon at Woolwich arsenal, the sergeant in charge remarking, "You know we took them from you at Bunker Hill." "Yes," she replied, "I see you've got the cannon, but I guess we've got the hill."

Speaking of a temperance lecture: "It would have been a great success," said one of the principal workers, "if our chairman hadn't been so absentminded." "Why, what did he do?" "Well, he tried to blow the foam off a glass of water."

A small boy's beautiful sister saw him standing on his head on the lawn. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Jimmy," said she; "I wouldn't." "Wouldn't?" he replied; "Why Jocks, you couldn't."—New York World.

A Great Success.



"I hear you took the west by storm." "Well, I should say so. Why, the first time I got on a cable car half the men offered their seats, the other half tried to pay my fare, the conductor gave me a pass, and the motorman came in and proposed to me."—Life.

Old Time Precocity.

French children of the last century had no kindergarten schools. Perhaps if they had had them they would have declined to attend them. Certainly it would have been a daring teacher who would have recommended blocks, pink and blue kindergarten papers and the like to the notice of Mlle. Necker, even in her early infancy. This young lady, who afterward became the famous Mme. de Staël, composed tragedies at the mature age of twelve years.

The aristocratic little French girls of the period began writing their memoirs at a tender age because that was the fashion of the time. They were taught elaborate manners and the art of conversation, and at the age of eight or ten years they dressed and appeared very much like their mothers. Along with social graces they were also taught how to be excellent housekeepers.

One may conclude that Mlle. Rambouillet led the ranks of brilliant children, since her remark to an unappreciative elder became famous. The subject of dolls or play or some trivial matter of that sort had been introduced for her benefit, and she said: "Oh, no matter about that, grandmamma. Let us talk politics. I am seven years old now."—Youth's Companion.

A Few Bulls.

A Chicago paper tells of a young man who had just returned from Europe and was showing his friends some photographs. He came to one of the tomb of Juliet, and after giving an account of it said, "Juliet's esophagus is full of cards." This would be a degree or two worse for poor Juliet than cold poison, to say nothing of its utter impossibility at this late date. He wound up with a glowing talk on Venice and the "Draht" sea. A pious old lady of my acquaintance happened in at a Christian Endeavor meeting, which is always held before the regular night church service. She was much impressed by the young people's earnestness and especially pleased with the singing. She said: "Oh, I do love to hear 'em sing! They sing with such venom!"

In No Hurry. Mrs. O'F.—Can I have my husband put in jail for slapping me in the mouth? Magistrate—Certainly. That is assault and battery.

"Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge."

"Why not have him arrested at once?"

"Well, you see, when he slapped me I hit him in the head with a rollin pin and he's now in the hospital, and the doctors say he won't be able to get out for a month yet."—Life's Calendar.

And He Understood.

Mr. Longstep (making an evening call)—By the way, Miss Quickstep, did you get anything nice for a Christmas gift with the Miss Quickstep—Indeed I did. I will show it to you with pleasure. It is on the mantelpiece.

Mr. Longstep looks in the direction indicated and sees a beautiful clock whose hands point to 11:30.—Chicago Tribune.

Where It Came From.

The Big Sister—Tommy, what do you mean by sniffing at Mr. Sloppy's overcoat? The Little Brother—I'm tryin to smell thimk. When pa thaw it he thaid the muht a been a fire thomewhere.—Clothiers' and Haberdashers' Weekly.

He Wanted Some Experience.

"Why did you arrest this man?" asked the judge sternly.

"For practicing law," returned the policeman.

"I'm new on the force and I wanted to learn how, your honor."—Harper's Bazar.

A Poet's Fancy.

Wife of His Bosom—What a touching description of conjugal bliss you have given in that last novel of yours, George, dear! I wonder where on earth you got it from!—Maudie's Magazine.

Her Only Chance.

A.—Why does Miss Elderly go on the ice every time there is skating?

B.—Because that's her only chance to see a man at her feet.—Texas Siftings.

Worse Still.

She—You will have to work hard if you win her.

The Post—I'll have to work harder if I don't.—Life.

Real Cause of His Grief. "Yes, I dabbled in futures once," said the man in the mackintosh reflectively.

"What?" inquired the man who had his feet on the table.

"No. And it wasn't corn or oats or barley or mess pork or potatoes or chips or whetstones. It was broom corn. I thought there was money in broom corn."

"Put much money in it?" asked the man in the shaggy ulster.

"More money than judgment," sighed the man in the mackintosh gloomily.

"How much did you lose?"

"I lost \$50,000 I had hoped to make out of the deal."

"Was that all?"

"All? No. I lost \$18,000 I had borrowed from friends."

"Have they got it yet?"

"And that wasn't all!" groaned the man in the mackintosh, unheeding the interruption and wiping his eye furiously with the corner of his handkerchief; "I lost \$87.65 of my own money!"—Chicago Tribune.

Crushed Hopes. "And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked as he knelt at her feet.

"James, I will be frank with you," she murmured.

"Oh, speak," he implored, "and relieve me from this agony of suspense."

"Then let me tell you it cannot be."

"Why so? Oh, why not?"

"Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband."—Texas Siftings.

HOW IT CAME THERE.

What Her Musical Collection Amounted to After All.

"Your musical taste, Miss Quickstep," observed the young professor, looking over the piles of sheet music that lay on the piano, "is highly creditable to you."

"I am glad you think so, professor," murmured the young woman.

"I am sure of it," he rejoined positively. "It is only the trained musician, whose taste has been carefully cultivated, and whose ear is attuned to the diviner harmonies breathed forth from the souls of the great masters, that is capable of making so unerring a selection of purely classical music as this. 'Schubert's Serenade,'" he continued, looking the pile over again and reading the titles, "'Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2,' 'Selections from Chopin'—"

"I do so love Chopin," interrupted Miss Quickstep so sweetly.

"He is adorable. 'Gems from Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words,' 'Beethoven's Symphony in A Minor,' 'Arias from Gluck's Iphigenie en Tauride,' 'Bach's Variations from Vom Himmel Hoch'—by the way, have you heard d'Albert in?"

"Dollbare is wonderful, wonderful!"

"Um—yes, in many things he is indeed admirable. Here, I see, are some rare selections from Handel's 'Rinaldo,' from Haydn's 'Die Jahreszeiten,' 'Gems from Graun,' 'Beauties of Judas Maccabaeus'—everything classical—purely classical! And yet I must not linger too long in mere anticipation. You will favor me, I am sure, Miss Quickstep, with something from?"

"Oh, professor!"

"I shall not presume to dictate your choice. Your own exquisite taste, I am persuaded, will guide you far better in the selection of?"

"Professor, I—I don't play."

"You do not play? Do I understand you aright, Miss Quickstep?"

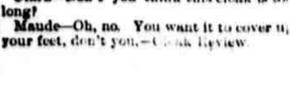
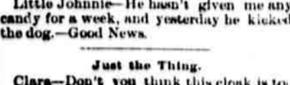
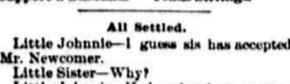
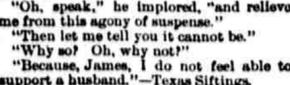
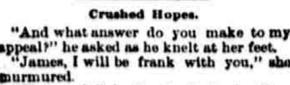
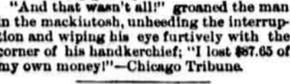
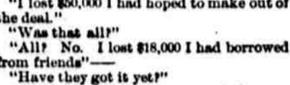
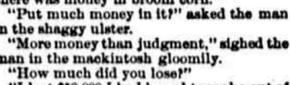
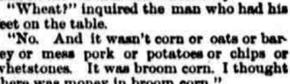
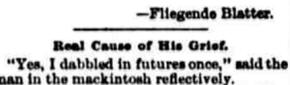
"Indeed you do. I can't play a note. This is a lot of music I got at the recommendation of a friend."

"You astound me! Then this—this remarkable collection is—pardon me—is—merely a?"

"You are right, professor," said Miss Quickstep, drumming carefully on the table with her fingers, "it's merely a bluff."

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