



# Random Stories Hit or Miss



## Anti-Polygamy Text.

**L.** HARBOUR, one of the editors of the *Youths' Companion*, takes a lot of pleasure in rehearsing stories of the Sunday school. He tells the following as one of his favorites: "One Sunday a prominent exhorter visited the Sunday school. He was asked to make a few remarks and in some way brought his subject around to the matter of polygamy. He explained what it was, and then asked, 'Now, can any of you children tell me why polygamy is wrong?'"

"Yes, sir," piped up a small boy. "Because it says in the Bible that a man cannot have two masters."

## History Affirmed.

One of William H. Parson's favorite stories to illustrate the greatness of New York is that of the two Englishmen, one of whom had been in this country for a few months and the other of whom was just enjoying his first walk down Broadway.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the first.

"I have just been thinking," said the new arrival, "what a d— fool King George was."—*New York Times*.

## There Was Nobody Hindering Them.

Representative Clayton of Alabama and Representative Griggs of Georgia, whose districts adjoin, went hunting one day last fall. They stayed out later than they expected to and at sunset found themselves miles from home and without food or drink. They trudged along until they came to a cabin at the end of a lane they had been following. Clayton rapped at the door. An old man stuck his head out of the window and asked, gruffly: "What do you-all want?"

"We want to stay here all night," said Clayton.

"Well," growled the old man, as he banged the window shut, "stay there; nobody's hinderin' you."—*New York World*.

## Race With a Train.

Senator Dubois tells of a Kentucky mountaineer's first experience with a railway train. He had gone to the nearest station to see the transportation wonder, arriving ahead of schedule time, so that the train could not start by him unawares. After a while he started out to meet the belated locomotive. He met it as it rounded a curve. Turning about, the mountaineer ran along the track as for his life. "Toot, toot," sounded the locomotive, slowing up, but the mountaineer only dug the gravel more industriously than ever. He soon reached the station, completely out of breath. "Why didn't you cut across?" inquired one of the bystanders. "Cut across?" roared the mountaineer. "If I'd ever took to that plowed land the blamed thing would have caught up with me for sure."

## Gratitude for Small Comforts.

The thankful spirit finds occasion for gratitude for the smallest comforts. *Lippincott's* magazine tells this: A camp meeting was in progress in the wire grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of deep piety, but entirely innocent of book learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view, he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was: "If you're got any-

thing to be thankful for, git up and say so." One after another rose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sunbonnet and, with a beaming countenance, triumphantly exclaimed: "Well, Brother Mose, I hain't got but two teeth, but, thank God, they hit!"

## Forgot and Looked Back.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, famous for his post-prandial speeches, is the author of this story:

"One day I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a union man and I asked him in which battle he had been injured.

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."

## Why She Liked Clubs.

Mrs. Kate Bostwick, who is active in political work among Brooklyn women, recently endeavored to induce a lively young matron in that borough to join the Woman's Republican league, and met with a flat refusal.

"But your husband is a republican and you belong to the Woman's Suffrage association," persisted Mrs. Bostwick.

"I belong to the Suffrage association and also to the Anti-Suffrage association," was the placid reply. "I like the women in one and the refreshments in the other, but, honestly, I do not believe in either."—*New York Times*.

## Safeide and Poetry.

Nesbit Pinehurst had returned from the Adirondacks and was relating some of his experiences.

"Yes, Sydney," he said, "she made fools of both of us."

"What?" said Sydney. "In one short summer?"

"No," said Nesbit, "in two short weeks."

"What did George do?" inquired Sydney.

"George, poor fellow," replied Nesbit, "threw himself into Lake Champlain."

"Drowned himself?"

"Drowned himself."

"Well, what did you do, Nesbit, old boy?"

"What did I do? I didn't do a thing, Sydney. I wrote some verses about the affair and sent them to a magazine."—*Lippincott's*.

## The Doctor Saved.

Ex-Chief of Police Devery of New York tells this story about a young doctor:

"A young doctor had the habit of drinking too much in the evening, after working hours. One night his best patient, a rich and straight laced old woman, sent for him, and he decided he would make a call on her, though he was pretty far gone, and he knew it.

"So he took another drink to brace him, got in his carriage and drove to the rich woman's house. He found her in bed. He asked her a question or two, ashamed all the time of his thick voice, and then he took hold of her wrist to count her pulse.

"But he found he couldn't count her pulse; he was too far gone even for that. Turning a deep purple with mortification and shame, he said: 'Drink, by jove,' and without another word he staggered out of the room and went home.

"Next morning, as he lay in bed, putting off getting up because his head ached,

a letter was brought, to him, and he opened it with a groan, for he recognized the handwriting of his rich old female patient, and he knew that now she was giving him his dismissal.

"But when he opened the letter, out dropped a check for \$150, and he read something like this:

"Dear Doctor—I know only too well that you discovered on visiting me last night the unfortunate and shameful condition in which I had placed myself by accident; but I trust that you will regard what you witnessed as a professional secret, and I enclose a small check that will, I hope, be sufficient to repay you for your trouble."

## An Amusing "Bouquet."

President Hadley of Yale is considered a clever maker of phrases. His introductions, used at the commencement exercises for those about to receive honorary degrees, are usually little masterpieces; but his ability to say much in a few words does not render him immune from making "bulls." A year or two ago an art club, composed principally of professors at the university, gave a dinner to which the wives of members were invited. The tables were spread in the main gallery in the art school, and President Hadley acted as toastmaster. As is customary when women are present at a banquet, the toastmaster handed out a large line of "rhetorical bouquets," to which the women present were permitted to help themselves. One of the "bouquets" was a surprise to these of Dr. Hadley's hearers who caught its unintended significance. With a comprehensive wave of the hand, President Hadley pointed to the works of art on the walls of the room, and said:

"What need have we of all these painted beauties on the wall when so many are gathered here tonight around this festive board?"

The Art club is no longer in existence, and the only "painted beauties" present on that occasion are still on exhibition at the Yale Art school.—*New York Times*.

## Boutwell's Clever Rejoinder.

George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, secretary of the treasury under General Grant, was a most efficient executive officer, and won the good will of the employes by his generous treatment of his subordinates. He was a great enthusiast on base ball and on almost any fine afternoon, after the work at the treasury was over, could be found at the ball grounds applauding the good work of the home team. He encouraged the employes of the department to take plenty of outdoor exercise. He pointed out that it would be beneficial to their health and tended to fit the men for a better discharge of the more important duties of life.

During his term of office some of the less efficient men were removed to give place to new blood. One clerk who was dropped averred that he had lost his position because he was a democrat. He appealed to Secretary Boutwell for restoration.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "I am afraid that I have been removed because of my politics."

"What makes you think so?" asked the secretary.

"I think I was dropped because it is believed that I was a democrat."

"Indeed, and what are you?"

"I am not a democrat—at least not now."

"Not now?" was the amused comment, with a shake of the head. "Not now, eh?"

"Well, Mr. Secretary," was the rejoinder, with a little show of courage, "I

know the time that you were a democrat."

"Yes," was the emphatic reply; "but when I was there never was any doubt about it, and there seems to be some doubt in your case."

## Microbes on Bank Bills.

"Private" John Allen says that recently, while awaiting his turn to do business with a teller in a Washington bank, he overheard an amusing conversation between two darkies ahead of him in the line.

The teller had just finished counting some very dilapidated and dirty-looking bills.

"Did you know dat sometimes dere's a lot of dem pizen microbes in money?" asked one of the darkies.

"Yaas," replied the other negro, "but yo' caint make me believe it. De idear of a pusson gitin' disease dat way! Look at Mistah Russell Sago—he's 80 years old!"

## "Bish" Potter.

Bishop Potter has a fund of humor that makes his stories extremely entertaining. Not long ago he told the following:

"When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation, it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my lord' whenever any service is rendered. During my various trips to Europe I found it impossible to go anywhere or do anything without being 'lorded' right and left. At last I was in a fair way of becoming spoiled, when a little occurrence mercifully delivered me. I had reached home after a run abroad, and while descending the gang-plank met a friend, an old vestryman of mine. He was hurrying on board to receive his wife and daughters. Pausing midway up the plank, he grasped my hand and shouted:

"Why, hellow, Bish! How are you?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

## An Answer She Deserved.

A popular commercial traveler attended a large social gathering one evening, and after the supper was over was promenading with one of the guests, a young lady, to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of the conversation the subject of business came up, and she said:

"By the way, Mr. Scott, may I ask what your occupation is?"

"Certainly," he answered, "I am a commercial traveler."

"How very interesting! Do you know, Mr. Scott, that in the part of the country where I reside commercial travelers are not received in good society?"

Quick as a flash he replied:

"They are not here, either, madam."—*Louisville Herald*.

## Genius Perverted.

A singular feat in the forgery of banknotes has just been accomplished in Copenhagen, but with results that ultimately brought the authors to disaster in a most ludicrous way. With no apparatus better than a small lithographic press and one or two most imperfect and primitive tools a lithographer had succeeded in producing 10,000 notes of 10 kroner, each so perfect that only stupidity prevented a great success. The police quite refused to believe that notes so perfect had been produced with means so inadequate, but the lithographer, touched in his artistic pride, asked for his press and, going to work in his cell, soon demonstrated that it is possible to be at once a knave and a fine artist. And now in Copenhagen the strange spectacle is witnessed of forged banknotes for 10 kroner, worth nothing as money, selling freely among connoisseurs for 30 kroner, as beautiful specimens of lithographers' work.—*London Globe*.

