

Editor's Drawer.

IN —, Massachusetts, not long since, a church anniversary was held. The Sunday-school children had a processional, as in the Episcopal church, and a good old deacon was to lead them. The choir sang the first verse of "Hold the fort," to which they were to march. The deacon stalked in, followed by the scholars, just as the choir commenced the second verse,

"See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."

THE funny and the fine are sometimes ludicrously blended by members of the oratorical persuasion. An instance of the sort occurred recently in Paris during the session of the Congress of Freethinkers, when one eminent thinker, striking an attitude, passionately exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am an atheist—*thank God!*"

WE find in our exchanges two fair specimens of the American way of putting things, especially when it is desired to do so in a deferential, gentlemanly, and perfectly truthful manner:

Recently at the railway eating-house at —, where passengers take hurried refreshment, a traveller found three flies in his tea. He called the waiter to him, and said: "You are in error about me. You evidently think I am travelling in a special car, and putting on a great deal of dog. I'm riding second-class, without baggage, and am only entitled to one fly. Give this cup to that big fat man at the corner table. He is a director of the road, and is entitled to three flies in his tea, and a dead cockroach between his pancakes. I can not travel second-class and usurp the rights of first-class passengers. Please pass the entomological mustard before you go, and set the adamantine prunes where I can reach them; I may want to throw one at the head waiter occasionally to attract his attention."

The other instance is described in the New Orleans Times, where an unfortunate woman, but perfect lady, found her husband lying in a state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated, she gently turned him over to a comfortable position, put her hand in his vest pocket, extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and remarked, "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for." She made a straight streak for the nearest millinery shop. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at her heroic devotion to a husband who had by strong drink brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessities of life.

Two American women, one of whom was not familiar with the French language, strolled into a garden in Paris which had a famous old well. One of them said, "Let us look down

into the old well to discover truth, which the proverb assures us is at the bottom." As they stood, a French abbé approached the well, and courteously saluting them, asked what they were looking for, displaying, as he spoke, beautiful teeth. An evasive answer was given by the lady who understood and could speak with him.

Her companion said, in English, "How I would like to know what dentifrice he uses!"

The priest asked what was the remark, and she simply and truthfully translated it.

He answered, "These are new teeth; I am just from my dentist."

"Then I must tell you, sir," said the lady, "that we were looking down the well in search for truth at its bottom; but we have found it much nearer—in your mouth."

Rather neat for the American.

AN ex-Senator, whose "inflation" sentiments were not entirely confined to the currency, was some time since invited to speak on the subject of education at a well-known college in North Carolina. He did speak for three hours without fatigue (to himself), and devoted the major part of his eloquence to the propriety of discontinuing Latin grammar in the schools, and called attention to the fact that he had never studied any grammar but the English. At the conclusion he was escorted to dinner by a very plain-spoken, common-sense friend of education and the college.

"What do you think of my views as to excluding Latin grammar from the schools?" asked the orator.

"You had no need to tell your audience that you had never studied Latin grammar," was the reply.

"Why not?"

"Because they knew that if you had, you would have spoken thirty minutes instead of three hours."

Good thing from Colorado:

A Connecticut man who had gone thither hoping to become prematurely opulent was staying at one of the mountain inns, and having what he felt to be a good time before entering upon his golden fortune. His principal resource in the good-time business was a frequent resort to the bar-room with newly made friends. After a while, as a mere matter of convenience to himself, he observed to the gentlemanly "mixer," "I say, Jake, instead of stopping to make change every time, s'pose you just chalk her down till the end of the month, and then I'll square up." Jake was agreeable, and at once entered upon his book-keeping. At the end of the month he presented the bill. His eyes went at once to the bottom, and saw the figures there written, and he intimated that he was surprised. Finally,

twirling the "account current" between his thumb and forefinger, he asked, in a confidential tone: "I say, Jake, are there two gentlemen of my name staying in this house?" Jake assured him he was the only one of the name in the establishment, though the total was a leetle larger than usual—for one.

A "WAR correspondent" says that "while the One-hundred-and-second Ohio was guarding the bridge and tunnel at Cowan, Tennessee, in 1863, a detachment came along driving a lot of scrawny cattle to the front. Each soldier carried a huge club as a 'cow-persuader.' As they passed our camp, a sarcastic Buckeye inquired of a driver if the beef was tender. 'It ought to be,' replied the soldier; 'we have pounded it all the way from Nashville.'"

MR. P—— was an interesting widower with two children; Mrs. R—— was a widow, also blessed with two offspring, the youngest a bright little fellow of six years. Mrs. R—— was employed as governess to the children of Mr. P——. After a time a different engagement was entered into. Mrs. R——, thinking it advisable to inform the older children of the proposed new relations, one day, after lessons, in her most pleasant manner, said she was soon to marry Mr. P——, and they were all to live together. They must all call her mother and him father. Little six-year-old Ned was greatly surprised, and said, "Does Mr. P—— know it?"

A CORRESPONDENT in Montana Territory says he was riding one day with Brother F——, a former slave-owner, and now a minister. He was upbraiding Bishop ——, of the Episcopal Church, for receiving to the communion all who believed in the Nicene Creed. "Do you know," he asked, "that old Nicene did not believe in the divinity of Christ? And to think of this creed being patched up by Nicene, and made a confession of faith for the Episcopal Church!"

It was a little rough on "old Nicene."

It is a good thing to have a boy who takes a practical view of things, as for example: In a certain Sunday-school in the backwoods of Pennsylvania the lesson for the day was that describing the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. The superintendent, as is usual, began asking questions relating to it, and among others propounded the following: "What happened to the Egyptians when they attempted to follow the Israelites into the Red Sea?" There was a short pause, when a little chap of five or six summers triumphantly exclaimed, "*They stuck in the mud!*"

Mrs. L—— was a devout Methodist, whose plump form showed that during her sixty or more years of pilgrimage she had fully enjoyed the good things of this life. Her regard

for the proprieties, even in attending the solemn duties of religion, is shown by this incident: One Sunday morning before service she was lamenting to a neighbor that the cold weather would keep her from church on communion Sunday, as she had only a summer bonnet. When told by the neighbor that it would do very well, and looked well enough, she replied, "I guess I *should* look pretty, *bobbing up to communion with my old chip bonnet on!*"

A CLERICAL friend in Ohio, to whom the Drawer has been indebted for many good anecdotes, says that the anecdote in the papers about Judge Jeremiah S. Black and his wig recalls another about the late Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity Church. An old college friend came into the vestry-room to see the doctor, and they had a warm greeting.

"But how is this?" said the friend. "You are older than I am, and yet you have not a gray hair in your head, while I am as gray as a rat."

"Oh, well," replied the doctor, "you know I am in the apostolic succession, and all the graces of apostolic life and doctrine flow down into my soul and into my body."

"Yes," added Dr. Ogilby, who was listening to the conversation, "our friend Dr. Vinton can say with St. Paul, '*I dye daily.*'"

DURING the long drought of the past summer the Ohio River became so low that all the boats built for that river had to tie up, and the *Mountain Boy* was taken from the Big Sandy and put on the Portsmouth and Cincinnati route. It was important for General John Echols to reach Maysville from Ashland by a certain hour, and he went by land to Portsmouth, reaching there before sunrise, and found, to his great disgust, that the *Mountain Boy* had left the wharf at three o'clock in the morning. Somewhat impatiently, he asked of the wharf-master why the boat left at such an unreasonable hour, and received the satisfactory reply, "General, he wanted to get the advantage of the dew."

THE following comes from Georgia, and its accuracy is vouched for by the stenographer who took it down:

Judge —— was noted for the way he got mixed in his charges to the jury. On one occasion a case was tried before him the points of which may be briefly stated thus: Smith brought suit against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse. Jones's defense was failure of consideration, he averring that at the time of the purchase the horse had the glanders, of which he died, and that Smith knew it. Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought.

The judge charged the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the charge of the Court. You have already made one mistrial of this case because you did not pay attention

to the charge of the Court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you can not possibly make any mistake. This suit is upon a note given for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones knew it, Jones can not recover. That is clear, gentlemen. I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper, and Smith knew it, then Smith can not possibly recover. But, gentlemen, I will state it a third time, so that you can not possibly make a mistake. If at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones had the distemper, and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones, nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury."

DURING the administration of Hon. John Schley, Judge of the Middle Circuit of Georgia, one day, in the trial of a case on the common-law docket before a petit jury, in which Hon. Charles J. Jenkins and Quintilian Skrine, Esq., were on opposing sides, a juror, after the conclusion of Mr. Jenkins's argument, and the introduction of Mr. Skrine's, suddenly rose, left the box, and rushed out of the court-house. Being brought back, to the Court's indignant demand why he had taken such a liberty, he answered: "Well, now, jedge, I'll jes' tell you how it is. I heerd Mr. Jenkins's speech, and he made out the case so plain that I done made up my mind. And then Mr. Skrine he got up, and he went intirely on the back track, he did, and he were gittin' my mind all confused up like; and I jes' thought, as for me, I better leave outwell he got through. Well, now, jedge, jes' to tell you the plain truth, I didn't like the way the argiment was a-gwine."

In ante-bellum days it was the custom of a good many gentlemen of Danville, Kentucky, to wait "for the mail to open," and while away the waiting by loafing in the bank of Mr. Rice, which adjoined the post-office. Here Rev. Drs. Robert J. Breckinridge, E. P. Humphrey, and John C. Young, and such citizens as General Boyle, Josh Bell (who was so personally popular in Kentucky that a county was named *Josh Bell*, so that there might be no mistake as to which Bell it was named after), General Fry, Will Anderson, and others, congregated, and talked theology, politics, farming, finance, and gossip, and many a rare jest and sparkling repartee was made. Among others who gathered there was a farmer who was a great Methodist, and from whom Dr. Breckinridge bought hay, oats, corn, and meat, and whose weights the old doctor sometimes thought were larger than his loads. One day, in the bank, when there was quite a party present, this farmer presented his bill for a late and rather unusually small load of hay, and the doctor turned to a desk to write a check for the amount, but was hesitating, holding his pen in his hand.

The conversation somehow had drifted on to David and the wife of Uriah, and to the subject of falling from grace. And as the doctor held his pen, and seemed to inspect the account, the farmer said,

"You know, doctor, I believe in falling from grace."

"Yes," said the doctor, with one of those sudden upliftings of his eyebrows and flashes from his eyes which those who knew him will so well remember, "and you live up to your privileges as well as any man I know."

ULSTER HUMOR.

In the days of the old volunteers there was a very eccentric countryman who could never be got to attend drill in proper time, or to come properly equipped.

"Jamie Priestly," was the colonel's remark one morning, "you're always late; you are the last man on the ground."

"Weel, colonel, somebody maun be last."

One day he came mounted, with only one spur on his boot. The colonel noticed the omission. But Jamie dryly observed, "Gif I get the ane side on, tither will no be far behind."

An astronomer was once lecturing in County Down, and a shoemaker who was present asked him what was the cause of the wet weather that had prevailed for some time before. The shoemaker's own account of the answer was this: "Oh, he gied a very guid reason; he said the clouds were so auld and rotten that they wouldna haud the patches."

A profligate blacksmith who seldom attended church once put in an appearance.

"Well, John, how did you like the minister?"

"I think a minister has the best trade a-goin', for he can serve all his customers at once."

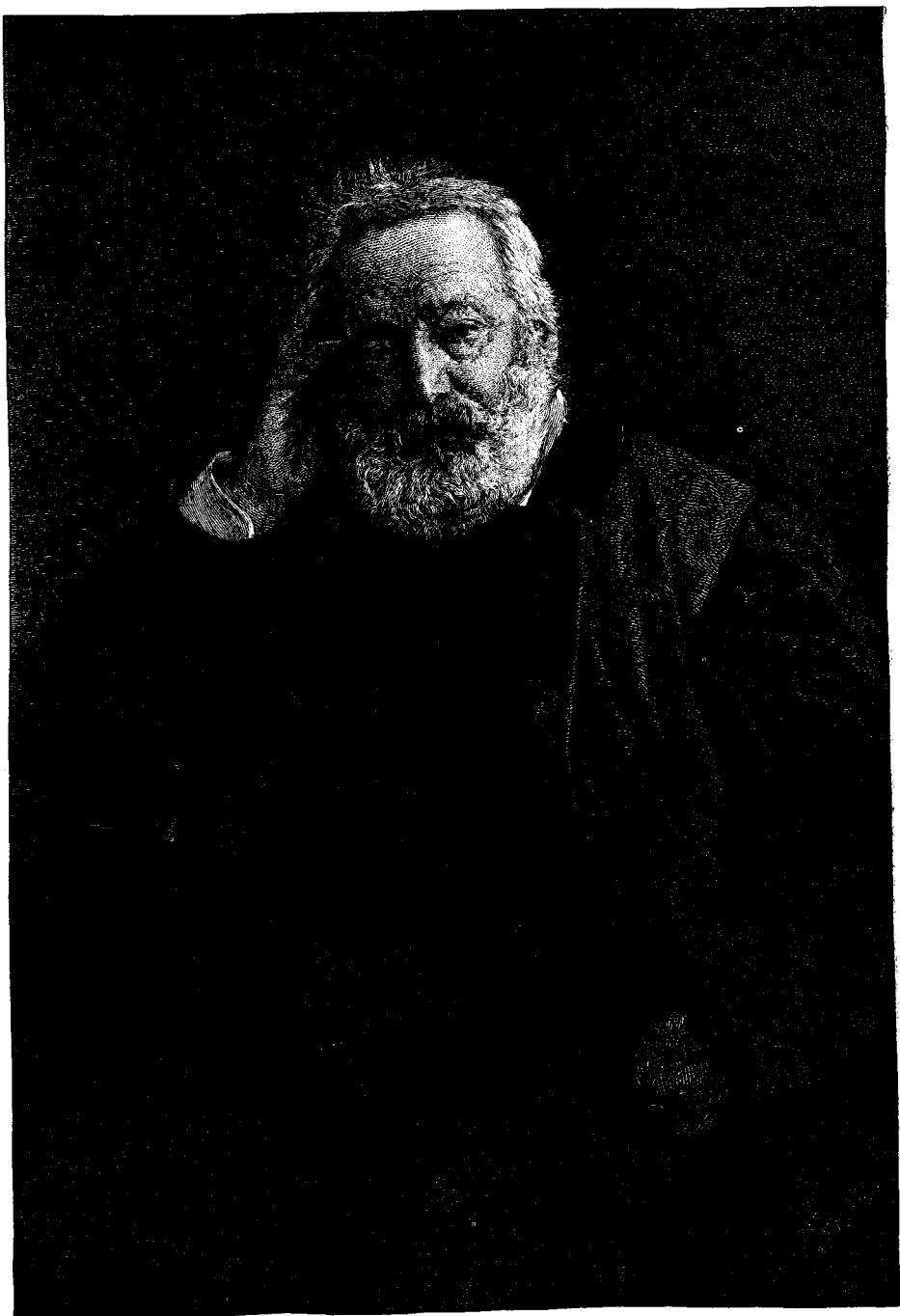
The humor sometimes comes out on the very scaffold. An old man was once hanged for complicity in a murder. The rope broke, and he fell heavily to the ground. His first utterance, when his breath returned to him, was, "Ah, sheriff, sheriff, gie us fair hangin'."

His friends demanded that he should be delivered up to them, as a second hanging was not contemplated in the sentence. But the old man, looking round upon the curious crowd of gazers, and lifting up his voice, said, "Na, na, boys, I'll no gang hame to my neighbors to hear people pointing me oot as the half-hangit man; I'll be hangit oot."

And he got his wish five minutes after.

A rather unintellectual minister was once talking of some particular notion that had got into his head. A friend, hearing of it, said: "His head! The man has got no head. What he calls his head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from ravelling out."

AN ULSTER MAN.



VICTOR HUGO.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.