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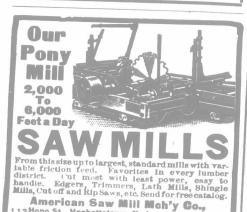
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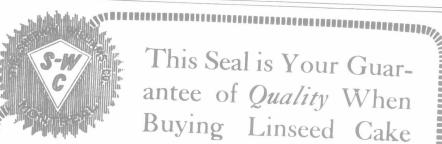
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"Chumpley's auto got away from him and ran fourteen miles on a country road." "I'll bet he was mad." "No. he was tickled. He said it was the best run his car had made without adjust ing."

THE SPICE OF LIFE

In the studio of Guzun Borglum, $$\operatorname{the}$$ sculptor whose female angels of the Annunciation and the Resurrection had recently to be destroyed, a woman was taking an interested look around.

'Tell me, Mr. Borglum," she cried, impulsively, "is sculpture very difficult? "No," replied the artist, smiling, "it is very simple and easy. You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want!

In a little Ontario settlement the Presbyterian church was discussing the matter of more modern improvements. One of the newcomers remarked that he thought it would be a good idea to have some cuspidors installed, meaning thereby to convey a gentle hint to certain members who were addicted to the use of tobacco.

A canny Scot, whose great love for the church outran his knowledge, immediately expressed himself as pleased with the suggestion, and said:

"I heartily agree wi' the remarks of the last speaker, and in order to breemg this maitter to a vote, I now move that John McTavish and Alexander Macpherson be appointed cuspidors for the ensuing year.'

SLOW-ACTING JOKES.

Observation leads us to the conclusion that the Scotchman's proverbial reputation for cranial density is misunderstood. However, there are enough pawky Scots to furnish plenty of fun for the jesters and keep the reputation alive. We have all heard the story of the Scotchman who awoke in the night to laugh at the wrong end of a joke. The following yarn is about one into whose ..ead it evidently required nearly a day for the point of a sally to penetrate: A Scotsman up for the week end had been asked by his friend to go to a music hall-" Na, na, man! D'ye no ken I never visit a music hall on th' Saturday, for fear I should laugh in th' kirk on th' Saw

ODD USE FOR THE TONGUE.

The brakeman groaned and sighed, a cinder in his eye.

"I'll tongue it out for you," said the conductor, and he bent over his associate, ran his tongue over the pupil of the man's eye, and in a jiffy had out the

"On railroads, in foundries, in stokeholes," the conductor said, afterward, "wherever cinders get continually eye, there everybody extracts them in one way-with the tongue. The tongue removes things better than any instrument would do-it sweeps the eye clean as a flood sweeps clean a riverbed. Further, it is painless; its passage over the eyeball is, indeed, a rather pleasant sensation. As regards the sensation of the owner of the tongue-well, to do good we should be willing to undergo a little nastiness."

The public-spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her. She stared at him in her near-sighted way. The Lady.-Little boy, haven't you any home?

The Little Boy.—Oh, yes'm; I've got a home.

The Lady.-And loving parents?

The Little Boy.-Yes'm.

The Lady.—I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare? The Little Boy.—Yes'm.

The Lady.-Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?

The Little Boy.-Yes'm. The Lady.—Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on "When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?" next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, at Lyceum Hall?

The Little Boy (explosively).—What's th' matter with you, ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!