

Sandy's Eleventh Commandment.

Bishop Brooks was at one time interested in Sandy McKenzie, a well-known character in and about Boston. Sandy was a pretty good fellow, but not much of a churchman.

One day the Bishop was taking him to task for playing cards and becoming intoxicated on Sunday.

"I am afraid, Sandy," he said, "you don't know much about the Ten Commandments."

"What's Ten Commandments?" asked Sandy.

The Bishop explained.

"Oh, aye nay, I dinna ken aught about the Ten Commandments," said Sandy, "but I ken the Eleventh Commandment richt weel."

"The Eleventh Commandment," said the mystified Bishop. "Why, Sandy, there is no Eleventh Commandment."

"Oh, aye," said the imperturbable Scotchman.

The Bishop, becoming rather curious, asked: "Well, Sandy, and what is the Eleventh Commandment?"

"The Eleventh Commandment, ye ken," said Sandy, "is for ivery mon to mind his ain business."

A Stubborn Eclair.

An amusing story is told of a New York man growing out of his extreme near-sightedness.

No Reason for Delay.

Author—I have a clause in my will ordering my executor to burn all my manuscripts.

Cynical Friend—Why put it off so long?

On Top.

Church—Do you think the times are improving?

Gotham—Well, I don't know. I notice that the largest strawberries are in the same relative position in the boxes.

Dangerous.

"Ain't you rather young to be left in charge of a drug store?"

"Perhaps so, ma'am; what can I do for you?"

"Do your employers know that it's dangerous to leave a mere boy like you in charge of such a place?"

"I am competent to serve you, madam, if you will state your wants."

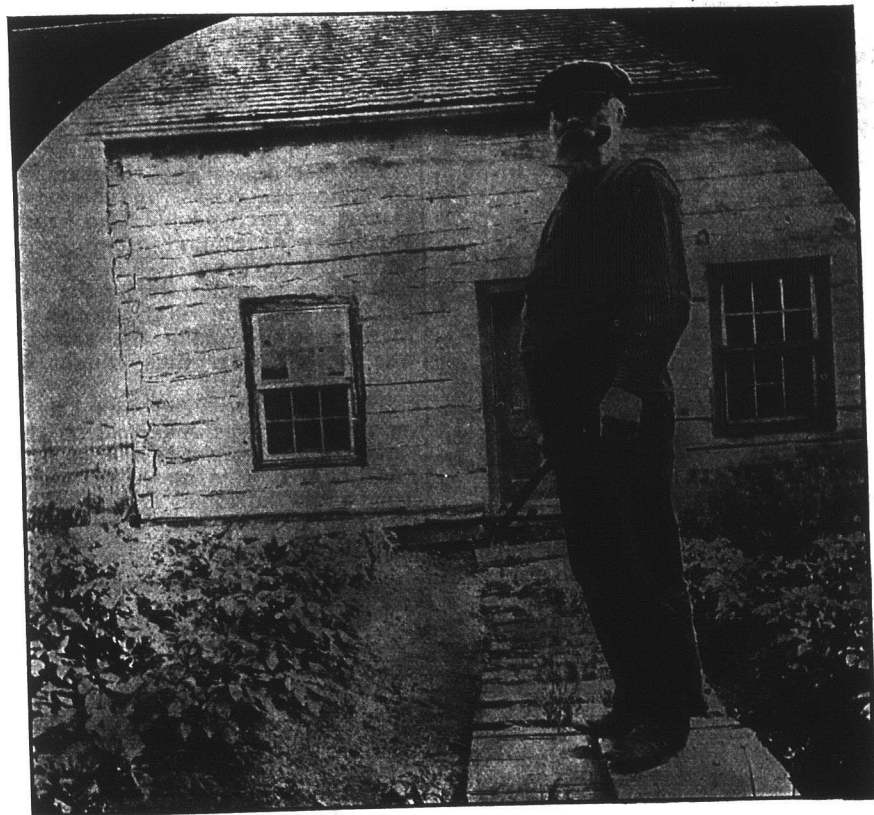
"Don't they know you might poison someone?"

"There is no danger of that, madam; what can I do for you?"

"I think I had better go to the store down the street."

"I can serve you just as well as they can, and as cheaply."

"Well, you may give me a two-cent stamp, but it don't look right."



"A PROSPECTOR"

Strawberry culture forms a pleasant interlude in the search for gold mines in the Lake of the Woods country.

The New Yorker, in company with friends, was dining at a hotel in Florida. At dessert the near-sighted man had considerable difficulty in removing from the plate, passed him by the colored waiter, what he took to be a chocolate éclair. The New Yorker thrust his fork under it and tried again and again to pry it from the plate, but without success.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that his friends were convulsed with laughter, which much surprised him, for he saw nothing particularly humorous in the situation. This surprise was turned to astonishment when the darky servitor remarked in an apologetic way:

"I beg yo' pardon, sah, but dat's my thumb."

A Last Request.

"Will you grant me one last favor before I go?" asked the rejected suitor.

"Yes, George. I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips into shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, please. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want you to scare him away."

Too Much for Him.

The inspector in the English school asked the boys of the school he was examining:

"Can you take your warm overcoat off?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

There was silence for a while and then a little boy spoke up:

"Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

No Wool Over His Eyes.

Uncle Abe, a grizzled old negro, visited a zoological garden. He stood fascinated before a cage containing a chimpanzee, and could not be induced to move. After a while the animal came to the front of the cage, and Uncle Abe spoke to him.

"Howdy?" he said; "howdy?"

The chimpanzee not making any response, Uncle Abe chuckled and winked at him knowingly.

"Dat's right, dat de way ter do! Doan you nebber 'gin ter talk. Ef you does, white man put er hoe in yer han', en meck yer wuk!" he said.



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