

The Shah of Persia is said to have once told the Duchess of Westminster that the fame of her beauty had reached Teheran. "Ah," said she to some one who stood by, "he takes me for Westminster Abbey."

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions. A little hand went up and he asked, "Well, my boy?" "Can I ask?" said the boy. "Certainly," said the bishop: "what is it?" "Well?" asked the boy. "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under them?"

One day as he was leaving his office in Portland, the late Thomas B. Reed was accosted by a stranger who had been imbibing so freely that he was "seeing things double." After apologizing profusely, the stranger managed to ask the Congressman where he could get a car for the depot. Mr. Reed replied: "Go to the next corner; there you will see two cars; take the first one; the other won't be there."

M. Sato, one of Japan's representatives at the Peace Conference, was chatting with some newspaper men, one of whom suggested that a plain statement was enough for a treaty of peace, and that elaborate wording was not necessary. The Jap dissented from this view, and, by way of illustration, told of an African traveller who was relating a harrowing adventure. "I peered into the jungle," said the traveller, "and saw a trunkless body." One of his auditors said, sarcastically: "Whoever heard of a trunkless body?" The traveller answered calmly: "This was the body of an elephant."

A bald Scot on a visit to Ottawa paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder. "I've got the very thing for you, sir," he said: "let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age." "Is't guid, eh?" said the Caledonian. "Good? It's marvellous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours." "Aweel," said the Scot in his dry, cautious way, "aweel ye can gie the top o' yer heid a rub wi' it and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

#### Modern Fables.

There was once a steer that was a wonder from the time of his childhood. When he was a yearling he outweighed any 2-year-old in his township and before he was 3 he could make a steer that weighed a ton look like 30 cents. Then a man bought him and took him around to a country fair and exhibited him to the people at 10 cents per look. And still the steer continued to get bigger and bigger until it was necessary to knock out the side of a barn to let him in. And the steer grew proud and haughty on account of all this public notice, and concluded as he chewed his cud that he was about the best thing that ever came down the pike. Finally, his owner concluded to go out of the show business and decided that he would sell the steer at auction. There was a rattling big crowd at the sale, for everybody in the state had heard of the steer. The crowd, in fact, was so big that it blocked the street so that it was necessary to call the police to clear the road for the street cars. As the fat steer looked around on that crowd and heard the bids, he said to himself, "I am certainly a very warm number. The governor could not attract half as big a crowd as this." Finally he was bought by a local butcher and led carefully away to a stall in a cattle shed. In the next stall was an undersized runt of Texas steer, which would weigh about 250 lbs. The great steer sniffed at the runt, and was led into his stall, but the runt said as he gathered in his hay, "You are a great many just now, but unless I am badly off

my trolley I can see your finish within the next 24 hours." And within 10 hours after this the carcass of the great steer was hanging up on exhibition in front of the butcher shop with a tag attached stating that choice cuts from the carcass could be had for \$1 per pound. Then the runty Texas steer tossed his head in triumph and said, "What did I tell you?" In less than two months the runty Texan was filling tin cans and being devoured by an unsuspecting public under the impression they were eating choice roast beef.

Moral: All classes get it in the neck sooner or later.

#### More Fish Yarns.

"Speaking of fish," said Turner, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "reminds me of the time when the fish were so plentiful that you didn't even have to put in a hook for them. Why, one time when I was fishing on the Fox River, in Wisconsin, the fellow who was with me in the boat suddenly said, 'I have him,' and reaching in the water, he grabbed a three-pound black bass with his hand, and threw him into the boat."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Moore. "One time I was camping on the bank of a small trout stream in Colorado. The fish were so plentiful that the sport of catching them grew tame because there was no trick in it at all. There were two of us, and we had been out after bear all day, but not a sign of Bruin was visible, and we returned to camp hungry and tired. We built a fire put over the frying pan with some lard in it, and were just about to put in a fish, which we had cleaned in the morning, when we saw a fox dash out of the woods and make for the timber on the other side of the clearing."

"We both grabbed our guns and ran in pursuit, but he was lost sight of in an instant, and we returned to camp. But the funny part of it was that while we were gone a fish had leaped out of the water into our frying pan and was cooked to a turn when we arrived."

Moore deftly dodged a soft pillow, and then Johnson spoke.

"Speaking of cooking fish reminds me of the way we used to cook 'em when I was out in the Yellowstone. You know, they frequently have out there an ice-cold trout stream on the side of a hill and a boiling hot spring on the other. When we wanted some fish to eat we just went down to one of those hills with a rod and tackle. We would throw the fly into the cold spring, and in less than it takes to tell it a big trout would be on the hook. Then we would fling the line with the fish on it over into the hot spring, and in about ten minutes that trout was boiled to a turn."

But here the meeting broke up.

#### What Misled Him.

Sir Robert Ball, the noted British astronomer, went to a remote town in Ireland to lecture on his favorite topic. Arriving at the station he looked for the expected conveyance, but found none.

After all the other passengers had disappeared a man stepped up and said:

"Maybe you're Sir Robert Ball?"

After receiving an affirmative reply the man hastily apologized, saying:

"Sure, your honor, I'm sorry I kept you waiting, but I was told to look for an intellectual gentleman."

Bridget was told to wash the windows. She washed them very carefully on the inside but entirely neglected to clean the outside. Her mistress asked her the reason for this omission, thinking perhaps she was too timid to sit out. Imagine the lady's surprise when Bridget exclaimed, "Sure, mum, I cleaned them inside so as we could look out, but lift the dirt on the outside so's the people could not look in."

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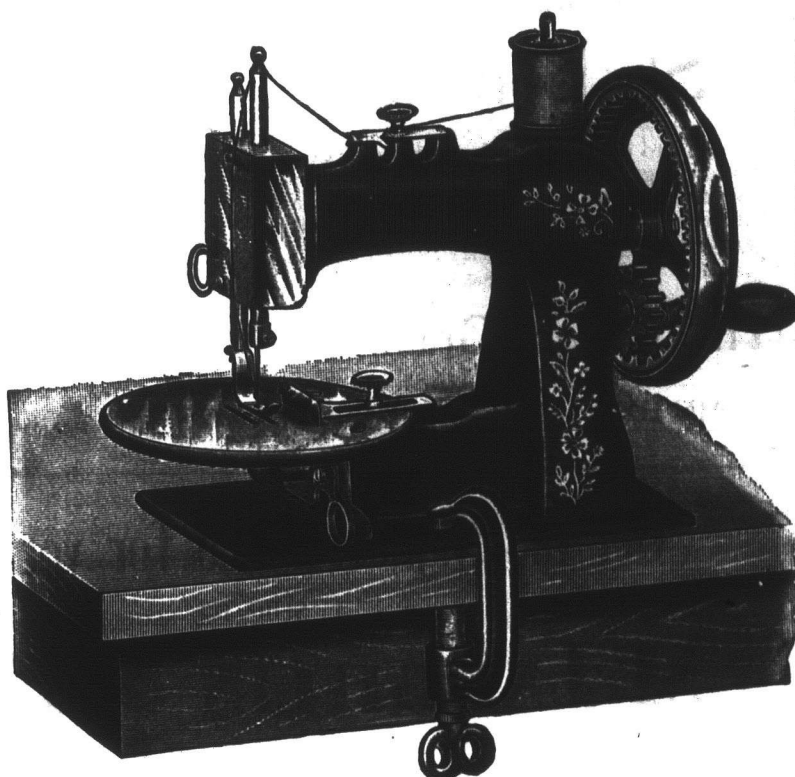
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