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The Spice of Life.

Cook—"The cheese has run out, mum. Mistress—"Why didn't you chase it?"

When you are asked to drink, my son, and have half a mind to accept the invitation, remember that if you had a whole mind you wouldn't.

It did Jack good to marry his stenographer, for she continues the habit of the office in their home.

"How so?" "When he starts to dictate she takes him down."

"What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom. "Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband, enthusiastically. "You are right," said the henpecked man, gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."

"An hoo 's yer husband this morning, Mrs. Tamson?"

"Oh, he's awfu' bad. The doctor said his temperature has gone to 150."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake. Sandy's temperature could never be as muckle as 150—at least no in this world."

The teacher asked, "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful, she ordered:

"Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered, "Moses, 4,000."

"Now," said the teacher, "why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."

The other evening a countryman took his sweetheart into a west-end theater. Going up to the ticket office, the girl hanging on to the sleeve of his jacket, he banged down a sovereign and said:

"Twa seats?"

"Stalls?" inquired the ticket clerk.

"Look here, my man," said the countryman, rather sharply, "dinna think because we come frae the country that we're cattle. Gie's twa cooshioned seats!"

A group of farmers were sitting round the fire in a country inn and telling how the potato pests had got into their crops.

"The pests ate all my whole crop in two weeks," said one.

"They ate my crop in two days, and then sat around on the trees and waited for me to plant more!" said another.

"Well," said a commercial traveller for a seed merchant, "that may be, but I'll tell you what I saw in our own warehouse once. I saw four or five beetles examining the books about a week before planting-time to see who had bought seed!"

A travelling salesman for a wholesale grocery firm, recently back to New York from a trip through the rough lands of Eastern Pennsylvania, tells this possibly true tale:

"One day on my last trip I had a six-mile ride to make to the county seat, and the small village in which I was had only one horse that I could hire and no other form of conveyance.

"Well, I got away on the sorriest specimen of a horse I ever straddled, and I was to send him back by the mail-carrier, though not as a parcel-post package. It took me two hours to cover the distance—I was sorry enough I hadn't walked—and as I passed the county jail on my old bag of bones a face grinned at me from between the bars of a small, square window. I was too sore to smile, but I nodded to the grin, and the prisoner called to me:

"Say, mister," he said, 'how'd you like to trade that critter for thirty days in jail?"

"Just then I should have been glad enough to trade, but the law wouldn't let me, and I rode on."

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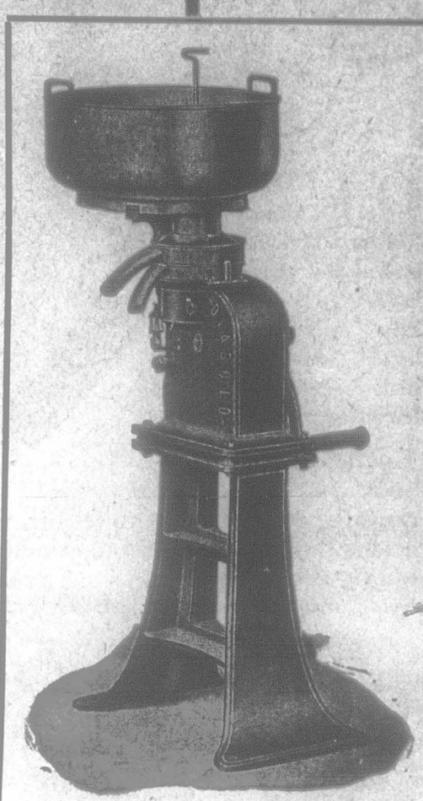
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