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### THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The Indignant One.—The idea of 'im a-tellin' me 'ow children ought to be fed! Why, I've buried ten o' my own!

Two women came before a magistrate with a fine fat pullet, each declaring that it belonged to herself.

The magistrate, from his high seat, frowned heavily at the first woman.

"Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Jones?" he asked her.

"No, indeed, it don't, sir," she replied.

Then he turned to the other woman. "Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Smith?"

"It certainly does not," the second woman replied.

"The pullet," the magistrate then decreed, "does not belong to Mrs. Jones, nor does it belong to Mrs. Smith. The pullet is mine. Janitor, take it around to the house and give it to my cook."

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them, as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as my father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most congenial, and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish, and clear away these dishes."

Two men, rather close acquaintances, and both addicted to dabbling in stocks in an amateur way, met one day recently, and this conversation took place:

"Whenever one of the big magnates says to buy stocks, I always sell. That's the way to fool 'em," said one.

"I don't. When they say to buy, I always buy," replied his friend.

"But don't you know they never express their private opinions in public? They always say just the opposite of what they think."

"No, you're a back number. They're on to that scheme. When they say to buy, they know you will think they believe it is really time to sell. So now they say just the opposite of what they expect you to do. They say the right thing, because you will think it is the wrong thing. By the way, Gadd, did you ever make any money in stocks?"

"No."

"Neither did I."

The insurance agent climbed the steps and rang the bell.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the careworn person who came to the door.

"I want to see the boss of the house," replied the insurance agent. "Are you the boss?"

"No," meekly returned the man who came to the door. "I'm only the husband of the boss. Step in; I'll call the boss."

The insurance agent took a seat in the hall, and in a short time a tall, dignified woman appeared.

"So you want to see the boss?" repeated the woman. "Well, just step into the kitchen. This way, please, Bridget, this gentleman desires to see you."

"Me th' boss?" exclaimed Bridget, when the insurance man asked her the question. "Indade Oim not! Sure, here comes th' boss now."

She pointed to a small boy of ten years who was coming towards the house.

"Tell me," pleaded the insurance agent, when the lad came into the kitchen. "are you the boss of the house?"

"Want to see the boss?" asked the boy. "Well, you just come with me."

Warily the insurance agent climbed up the steps. He was ushered into a room on the second floor and guided to the crib of a sleeping baby.

"There!" exclaimed the boy. "that's the real boss of this house!"

Yankee.—I'll have you know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago.

Sandy.—Deed, an' wha'd hao thocht it? Frae the way ye've been speaking I thocht Chicago belonged to you.

"Norah," said her mistress, "I don't mind it if the policeman on the beat drops into the kitchen once in a while of an evening, but I object to your entertaining such shabby and disreputable-looking fellows as the one who was there last night."

"He's all r-right, m'am," said Norah. "He's me plain clo'es p'leecem'n."

Two Highland farmers met on their way to church. "Man," said Donald, "I was wonderin' what you will be askin' for you bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I was thinkin' I wad be wantin' fifty shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald; "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doin' business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shullin's is not business at all; it's just charity!"

A prominent pastor visited a certain school one day, where Bible instruction was part of the daily course, and in order to test the children's knowledge, asked some questions. One class of little girls looked particularly bright, and he asked the tallest one: "What sin did Adam commit?"

"He ate forbidden fruit."

"Right. Who tempted Adam?"

"Eve."

"Not really Eve, but the serpent. And how was Adam punished?"

The girl hesitated and looked confused. Behind her sat a little eight-year-old, who raised his hand and said:

"Please, pastor, I know."

"Well, tell us. How was Adam punished?"

"He had to marry Eve."

Prof. Charles Zueblin, the brilliant and original sociologist of the University of Chicago, enunciated before the League of Political Education in New York, a superb epigram:

"He who begins with saving to protect his family may end with neglecting his family to save."

Discussing the dangers of immoderate saving, Prof. Zueblin said the other day: "It's by saving immoderately that we come to inserting want advertisements like one I saw recently—'Wanted, capable office boy; salary, \$1 a week.'"

"A young man of Seminary Avenue, noticing this advertisement, couldn't resist replying to it. His reply ran:

"I beg to offer you my services. Should you require a premium I could furnish \$500. You do not mention Sundays—should I have to work on that day? Neither do you state whether the applicant must be clothed or not, but I have concluded that he must at least wear trousers, or he would be unable to carry home his wages."

### D. WARD KING EPIGRAMS.

Good roads are a matter of good heads; get the heads of the people right and the roads will take care of themselves.

The best material for filling a mud hole is mud.

The sort of a drag you use doesn't make so much difference; anything you can hitch a team to will make the roads better, if you have a man to drive it.

Let the man alone who won't drag his road. He has his reward—the neighbors sneer at him, his doctor throws it up to him, and once in awhile an unrighteous travelling man execrates him.

The more a road is rounded up in the middle, the better it will stand up through a wet spell.

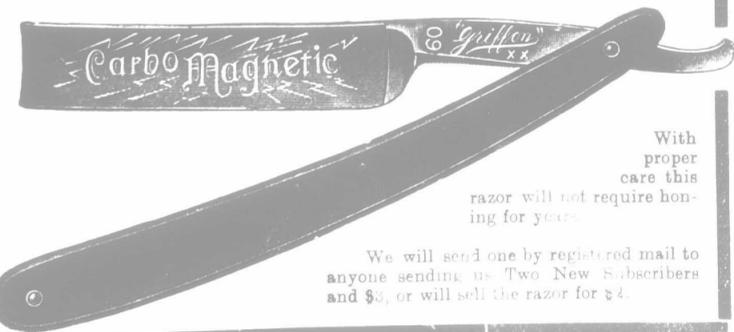
Nine times out of ten a man doesn't drag his road for fear someone he doesn't like will get the benefit of it.

You can't poison a hog, and some men won't take the good-roads fever.

Some people want their corn shelled. You can't have a rounded-up road and one that the horses won't slip on when wet. (Princeton (Mo.) Press.)

## The Griffin Carbo Magnetic Razor

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