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In Lighter vein.

A Pagan Hymn.

I'm weary of strife and sin, God knows,
And the gray road beckons home
To a Land of Rest where the freed wind
blows
Through the heart of the scented
gloom.

There would I quaff of the Wine of
Sleep
And lay me down for a space,
And list to the wide sea's tender sweep,
With the breath of God in my face.

O weary am I of toil and haste,
Of spire and storied dome;
And I long for the great sea's desert
waste,
And the purple hills of home.

—"Harper's Weekly."

Ambiguous.

"Did you deliver my message,
Rosalie?"

"Yes, madame, I told Mme. Durand
that you were ill and that as soon as
you had recovered you would call on
her, and she said she was very sorry
to hear it."

Not at All Overawed.

Archie, whose automobile had broken
down when half-way through the
village, hunted up the only restaurant
in the place and sat down at one of the
tables.

"Have you—aw—any crab meats a la
Maryland?" he asked.

"No sir," said the proprietor, briskly
brushing the crumbs off the table; "but
we've got some cat-fish meats a la
Podunk. That do?"

Underhanded Method.

"George," sharply demanded Mrs.
Ferguson, "what was it you cut out of
this paper?"

"It was this, Laura," responded Mr.
Ferguson, promptly producing the
clipping from his vest pocket and hand-
ing it over.

It was an article on the wastefulness
and extravagance of housewives, and he
knew, the designing wretch, that in no
other way could he have succeeded in
bringing it to Mrs. Ferguson's attention.

Outside Help.

Devlin—"All you got for that maga-
zine story was \$10? You didn't make
days' wages on it."

Tomwalker—"O, I don't know.
The manufacturers of the particular
make of automobile that figured in that
story have sent me a check for a
hundred in token of their appreciation
of it."

Terminology.

"Did Miss DeThumppe execute her
musical number well?"

"Did she? Why, she lynched it."

Near.

"He is one of my closest friends."

"I didn't know that."

"Yes. He's never got a cent with
him when I want to make a touch."

Great Ideas.

"I've got a fortune in my grasp if
I can just get things to going right."

"What is it? Some great mechanical
device?"

"No. I just perfected a magnificent
government subsidy plan and now all
I've got to do is to think up something
to hitch it to and get a few congress-
men interested."

Brain Storm.

Last night I took a hammer
And some nails to fix a chair—
My mind was gay and happy
And all the world seemed fair.
The first nail that I hammered
Was on my finger. See?
And the brain storm then that followed
Wrecked my whole mentality.

Symptomatic.

"Cholly Van Ness was acting queer-
ly last night. Do you think he is suffer-
ing from a brain storm?"

"Hardly. But it might have been a
little mental cloud."

Circumlocution.

The unhappy prisoner was consulting
with his attorney.

"What will you do?" asked the
prisoner.

"We will first attempt to have the
indictment nollied."

"And then, if that fails?"

"Then we will demur to the indict-
ment."

"Then what?"

"Then we will take a change of
venue."

"Then?"

"Make an affidavit for continuance."

"And then?"

"Take another on the ground of not
being able to get service on important
witnesses."

"Well, what then?"

"If all these fail we will then go to
trial."

"What will be the defence?"

"First emotional insanity."

"If that don't work?"

"Then we'll switch to justifiable
homicide."

"But if that fails?"

"Well, we'll ask for a new trial."

"If we don't get it?"

"Appeal the case."

"If it goes against us?"

"Take it to the supreme court."

"And then?"

"Then we'll have to petition the gov-
ernor for a pardon."

"But if that fails?"

"Then we'll have to make it a
political issue."

"But if even that is useless?"

"Well, by that time your great-
grandchildren will be doddering
around with old age and you'll be long
past taking any interest in the case.
I tell you our methods of legal pro-
cedure are wonderful, sir: wonderful."

—The Commoner.

Resorting to the Higher Methods.

The pickpocket had been caught in
the act and arrested.

"What is the meaning of this?" he
exclaimed, pale with indignation, and
struggling violently. "Gentlemen, this
is an outrage! I can explain it all!
You have no right to meddle in my
business affairs! Besides, I can prove
an alibi!"

"But he was too insignificant an
operator. He was hurried off to the
lock-up."

Finis.

"Remember Bilkins, the fellow who
cut such a wide financial swath here
a few years ago?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he went out west and started
in on the same course, but I see by the
papers that he has reached the end of
his rope."

"Can't work the people any more,
eh?"

"Nope. Stole a horse and they hung
him."

A Prayerful

Howard, aged
the sand man,
things. One ever
don his little ni
his mother's knee
when she hears h
an exceptionally s
to our surprise
fused the game
with his devotion
Now I lay m
I pray the Lo
If he hollers
Blue, mean.

Ad

Small Robbie
drawing which w
importance.

His mother, w
room, got up to s
"What is it y
she said, as she st
Robbie was en
to cover his nerv
with an air of gr
"Oh, it's papa
don't care anyth
I'll put a tail to
dog."

Logic

I paused to
"Fishmonger," s
do you fishmong
He answered
"I fishmong beca
before me."

"And have y
long?" I asked fu
"Yes," was th
mong for seven
mas."

"You are a v
responded, "and
mong the best of

An Accoun

One day, aft
been pointing o
explaining the
passengers whisp
"Conductor, can
brakeman lost hi
be a very nice f
he should be cri
nat's just it,
fellow. He is so
wore his finger
scenery along, th

An elderly Qu
in a carriage w
decked with a
heard her com
Shivering in her
as light as a c
"What shall I do
"I really don't
Quaker, solemn
put on nother br

With his u
wobbly Mr. Bill
long after his a
"Whew, what
ing?" queried M
"Just a few
m'dear," said M
up against the
hat in a chair.
"Well, I guess
plenty big enoug
who knew a thin

In

"Come in,
mother. You h
long enough."

"Presently, m
little Boston girl
carnivorous qua
Felix to slacker
and pass by i
into a condition