



tor in a Georgia quarry, told Zeb, the general utility man, to go to a blacksmith shop across the road and bring back a drill that was to be sharpened. About half an hour later the major saw Zeb come poking around the corner of the office.

"Here," he shouted, "where have you been?"

"I ain't been, boss," responded Zeb cheerfully, "Is gwine."

UNREPENTANT

Marie had been naughty at the dinner table and her mother had sent her into the next room to remain until she was sorry for her behavior.

Marie cheerfully complied. Making no expression of repentance after a suitable time had elapsed her mother called from an adjoining room:

"Marie, dear, aren't you sorry?"

No answer. On a repetition of the question, however, Marie replied, with a sweet and patient dignity:

"Mamma, please don't ask me any more. I'll tell you when I'm sorry."

A SEA TALE

On clearing the harbor the ship ran into a nasty, half-pitching, choppy sea, which was especially noticeable as the 25 passengers at the

