

bargain.”

The traveler handed over his money and Sandy handed over the pistol; but no sooner had the man secured the gun than he turned it point-blank at Sandy, and said:

“Now, sir, I want you to give me back the money you have taken from me, or I’ll blow your brains out.”

Sandy looked at the traveler for a few seconds with a canny Scotch smile, and slowly replied: “You may blow away; there’s no pouter in it.”

AN AGED EGG

At a political function some time since, a commuter was speaking of his suburban home and expatiating on the great advantage of having a daily supply of fresh eggs, when Governor Fielder of New Jersey broadly smiled. He said he was reminded of the experience of a party named Smith in a North Jersey cafe.

Smith according to the Governor, rambled into the grubbery one day, ordered a boiled egg, and then unrolled a paper napkin with beautiful expectancy.

Eventually the egg was served, but hardly had the Smith party hurled himself against the lunch before there was a yelp in his direction that sounded like real indignation.

“Come here, waiter,” he called, in an expressive voice, “take this egg at once!”

“Yes, sir! Yes, sir!” responded the