

Finding His Initial.

The man with a soft, low voice had just completed his purchases.

"What is the name?" asked the clerk. "Jepson," replied the man.

"Jefferson?"

"No. Jepson; J-e-p-s-o-n."

"Jepson?"

"That's it."

"Your first name—initial, please."

"Oh, K."

"O. K. Jepson?"

"Excuse me, it isn't O. K. I said, 'Oh.' "

O. Jepson?"

"No, rub out the O and let the K stand."

The assistant looked annoyed.

"Will you please give me your initials again?"

"I said, K."

"I beg your pardon, you said, 'O. K.' Perhaps you had better write it yourself."

"I said, 'Oh'—"

"Just now you said, 'K.' "

"Allow me to finish what I started to say. I said, 'O,' because I did not understand what you were asking me. I did not mean that it was my initial. My name is Kirby Jepson."

"Oh!"

"No, not O, but K," said the man. "Give me the pencil, and I'll write it down for you myself. There; its O. K. now!"

— THE AUTO STROP. —

When the train stopped at the little Southern station the Northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native.

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister, jest stropping himself."