

ERRATA

VOLUME TEN, NUMBER THREE

*WE INVITE YOU TO CUT OUT THESE STRIPS AND PASTE THEM ON THE PAGES INDICATED.*

*(At the bottom of page 19 or the top of page 20)*

her (as antipated by the manuals when the bull's pizzle is employed), which she attempts to stifle by burying her face in the horsehair cushion. "Be

*(At the bottom of page 22 while deleting the top three lines from that page)*

ing" glories: there was also something about a Paphian grave), and a bee that flew in and stung him on his tumor, which kept getting mixed up somehow with his humor, such that, swollen, with pain, he was laughing like a dead man. . . "Sir?" "What? *WHAT—?!*" he cries, starting up, "Ah." His

*(At the bottom of page 36 or the top of 37)*

he didn't ask any questions or offer any comments. He began then to run his