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served that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

NO SKY PILOT

A good many years ago a steamer was sailing down the river, with a shrewd old Yankee captain in command. Suddenly the engine stopped and there was nothing doing for several minutes. The passengers began to talk it over among themselves, and one of them, a portly, persistent sort of person, advanced pompously to the captain.

"What seems to be the trouble, cap?" he inquired. "Why have you stopped?"

"Too much fog," answered the skipper curtly. "We can't see up the river."

"But I can see the stars overhead quite plainly," argued the persistent party.