Edward Blake: College Student.

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Continued from last issue

Twe tried to practice with one hand and a foot, but it doesn't work. It's a difficult feat. Say, it wouldn't be a thad scheme, would it, to get the girls to tie my ties for me? Do you think any more of the girls than you used to, you old misogynist? Have you been falling in love with anybody?"

The unexpected question embarrassed Edward in a way he had not anticipated. He did not venture to that? say a word, and, to his relief, Willis did not wait for an answer, but rattled

on about something else. Mother sent her regards to you, of course, and she's awfully glad to have -us together again. Mother thinks isn't far out. Hope you'll keep me going straight." And then Willis started to whistle, and Edward did not ask him about his drinking-whether it down.

The fact that he "All right," said Willis quietly. Then parently without having indulged in Edward, and there was actually a tear anything was hopeful, and Edward in his eye. was relieved at the thought that Willis thad reformed.

But in a few days he was undecelvset in college and in great demand at whist and poker parties. The society dinners were frequent that fall. He shad plenty of money, and Mrs. Preston very foolishly indulged him in that respect. It was no secret to Edward that Willis bet and gambled. They were two vices that Edward had a perfect horror of. In so far his morality was Christian. He could not bear the thought of either vice, in which Willis vindulged without scruple. At the football game that fall Willis lost \$50 which he had put up on the game. He

ementioned it with a laugh to Edward. "I'll get even when we play the retturn game. One season I cleared \$200 on the games." Edward listened to him coldly and dld not even remonstrate. If he had been a Christian, he might have pleaded with him, but his self righteousness simply made him scorn the whole affair. His esteem for Willis suffered. Nothing but the reccollection of Willis' generosity to him kept him from threatening to leave him that and his mother's appeal.

But matters grew more and more verying for Edward as the fall term went on. One night Willis came home very late and, in company with a crowd boisterous students, all of them partilly under the influence of liquor, broke into the physiological cabinet and took out the college skeleton. They dung this outside the window of one of the quietest, most inoffensive men read: "This Is My Funeral. Services All Day. No Flowers." After perpetrating this nonsense, which they call-He had been such a stickler for the truth and for keeping his word that this one thought made him uneasy. It was Saturday and there were the chooses his course. I never to your hard his grandfather was a drinking not be the chooses his course. I never to your hard his grandfather was a drinking not be the chooses his course. I never to your hard his grandfather was a drinking not be the chooses his course. I never to your hard his grandfather was a drinking not be the chooses his course. body, had a little fight with the janitor was Saturday, and there wer and wound up the night by opening the college hydrant and flooding the the ladies' hall, thinking to see Freeda thasement of the chemical laboratory.

The next morning Edward, who had been awakened and kept awake for several hours by the disturbance, said to Willis just before they went over to chapel, "If you get drunk and make a stool of yourself again, you can get some one else to room with you."

"Oh, pshaw! What's the use making a fuss over a little fun?" exclaimed Willis, with a short laugh. But he was evidently somewhat disturbed by Edward's manner.

"I mean what I say," replied Edward briefly.

For two weeks after that Willis astraightened up and behaved beauti-

fully. Several of the offenders of that might were apprehended by the authoriwies and suspended. Willis escaped, with his "usual good luck," he said, commenting on it afterward.

But one morning, about 2 o'clock, he came back from one of his nights out and came into the room singing bolsterously. He was very noisy and took out his blacking materials, whisthug a lond tune as he worked.

in the morning, before Willis came of his bedroom, Edward was busy in his own room, and finally when Wilhis came out and called to him he did not answer. He crossed over the large roun and stepped to the door of Edman's room.

"Hello, old man! What you doing?" To doing what I said I would. I'm leave you. I can't room with Taker ony more."

Edward had his trunk out and was sagicing the things into it. The sight completely tobered William "Do you . on he asked quietly

and mark maked up at him. Teertalut dall exclaimed Edward.

"Then," Willis, "you are willing cimy I should be to the devil alone? You're n n = 1clend, you are."

Figured looked up at him, still kneeling by his trunk. CHAPTER X.

"It's not a batter of friendship," becan Edward, with even more than his sachal dogge how ... a simply a matfor of necessity. In stood the racket as long as I can stand it. If you're it. Do you know"-Freeda stopped ginning from his talk with Freeda, bound to make a feet of yourself. I and looked at her brother very thought-don't know that I so bound to room fully as if she was in doubt about givwith you and suffer from it."

"No, you'll look after Edward Blake all right mough." detorted Willis either purposely or unconsciously prob-

utes. Then Edward came out of his bedroom and gathered up his books and a few other things that belonged to him and went back into his bedroom with them. He packed them in and flung down the lid, locked it, strapped the trunk and came out into the room and took down his coat and put on his

"Want any help about getting your trunk down stairs? You had to have some about getting it up," said Willis as he wheeled about from the window where he was standing and faced Edward, his hand in his pocket and a smile on his face that hurt Edward more than if he had struck him. The words and the tone reminded him irresistibly of that first meeting, when he had befriended him during that first blow of great trouble. And here he was leaving him when perhaps he ought to stay by him. And the promise to Willis' mother - was he true to

If Willis had uttered a plea then, it is possible Edward might have reconsidered his action. But Willis turned around to the window again and began to whistle a tune. It was, unfortunately, the same tune he had whistled the | didn't know, and soon went away to you're a paragon or a peri, and she night before, and the sound irritated Edward again.

"Here's my key." he said shortly. going over to Willis' table and flinging

he suddenly turned around and faced

"Won't you shake hands, Ned, before you go? I don't blame you a bit. By fast enough without your helping to all. push."

The unexpected attitude of Willis his mind. But he turned around to his mail with increasing nervousness. the window and resumed his whistling, and Edward slowly went over into his bedroom and dragged out his door and went down stairs, leaving the the upper passage.

He had not the slightest idea as to where he would go or what he would it and probably never would. do for a room; but he felt the need first of a bit of solitude, and he went off into a piece of woods down in one corvinced that he had done the right peace and quiet, that he had left Will's. thing for himself. The only thing that troubled him much was the thought of would do all in his power for her son? prised him. Had he exhausted all possible efforts to save him, or had be deserted him Preston wrote—that you had let Wilha just because of the annoyance and writes me every week, and he said nothing ab in college and put under it a sign that just because of the annoyance and discomfort of a few appleasant times

> He had been such a stickler for the classes, so he walked slowly over to and any man was a fool to let the habi and tell her about the matter, with a more or less vague feeling that in arguing with her about it he could persuade himself that what he had done was justified by the facts.

Freeda came down into the parlor after a few moments, and Edward with his usual directness told her what he had done. She looked very serious and questioned him rather closely.

"Do you think Mr. Preston has been drifking more this term than he used

"There's no doubt of it," Edward replied decidedly. "He's been out oftener. He is getting worse all the time."

"Are you sure you have taken the best way to help him?" "Well Freeds, what can 1 do? I can't stand the breaking into my sleep and the annoyance generally. I've got

myself to consider some, haven't I?" "I suppose so, yes," replied Freeda slowly. "Did he seem to care much about your going?"

Edward teld her something of the attentively. "He's not altogether bad, do you

"By no means, Willis has some noble qualities. Why, Freeda, I'm in college now, perhaps, on account of his generosity. That's what plagues me

some. That, and-and-my promise to | Your friend, Mrs. Preston." "What did you promise her?"

"Why, I made a general sort of promise to her that I would do all in my power to help Willis. But what can I do in this drink matter when he himself confessed that he had repeatedly broken the promise he had made to his own mother? I don't seem to have any influence over him in this direction. That is what I said to Mrs. Preston!

"Do you think you will have any influence over him now?"

he's wrong, and he can't blame me for his own foolishness.

"It seems dreadful, though, Ned, to think of him going to the bad this way and no one doing anything to stop fully as if she was in doubt about giv- unsatisfactorily for him. He was dising him her confidence-"do you know, Ned, if-it is possible some one of the and was not getting out of the corresponding girls might have influence with Mr. what satisfied him. He had a real | de

Edward to be is went back into the packing, and the is went back into the Edward looked at Freeda anxiously. managed to retain interest enough in

There was a silence of several min- | Willis' feeling for his sister. Was it began to interest him, and, for a time possible she He asked a question cautiously, but

> at the same time with his usual love of the truth: "What girl could help him?"

not breathe it to a soul-I am sure a large room at the top of an office Ida thinks a good deal of Mr. Preston. Ever since his return from the Philippines she bas admired him. If she should use her influence, she might help him to break off his drinking." Edward listened in silence. Here was

For the first time in his life he knew what jealousy meant. It was true he had, ever since his talk with the president, been able to control and even direct his feelings in regard to Miss of bitterness to his feeling for Willis lessly kicked the paper on the floor if that he had not yet experienced. He was so disturbed by this feeling

that he did not stay much longer with Freeda. In answer to her question as to whether he didn't think Ida could help Willis he replied shortly that he brood over this new chapter in his own little tragedy.

Before the end of the day he had found an empty room in one of the other halls and had moved his trunk into it. He secured a few pieces of furniture from a student who was selling out, and very late that night he went to bed thoroughly unhappy, restless over the whole business, angry with Willis, with Freeda for making George, I wonder you've stood it as the suggestion about Ida and with ed. Willis was popular with the fast long as you have. But I don't want himself in general for being several you to bear me ill will. I'll go to hell kinds of a fool in coming to college at

Next morning he felt a little better, and a little ashamed of himself bealmost upset Edward. He put out his sides. But all through the day he was hand silently and shook Willis', and haunted by the dread of getting a letas he did so his eye traveled down the ter from Mrs. Preston. He could not empty coat sleeve. And, again, if make his action seem quite right in Willis had waited just a second Ed- the face of his promise to her. And ward might even then have changed as the week went by he watched for

But when another Saturday had gone and the letter the truth dawned on him that perhaps Mrs. Preston trunk, put it out in the hall, shut the knew nothing about the affair. Edward had a returning wave of his old trunk against the wall at the end of liking for Willis come over him as he began to realize that Willis had not written anything to his mother about

It was at this point that Edward showed the better side of his character, especially in the matter of his ner of the campus and had a time all truthfulness. He sat down that night by himself, during which he cooled off and frankly wrote Mrs. Preston a full a little, although when he came back account of his leaving Willis. He did up on the hill he had not changed his not attempt in this letter to hide the mind concerning the step he had taken fact that it was largely on his own and was, if anything, more deeply con- account, for the sake of his own

An answer came promptly that week. It was in some particulars and Willis' mother. Would she consider actly what he had antequated. Indignately places are there on the Edward false to his promise that he other ways parts of the letter sur-

It was a matter of great surprise to me- M it in his letter that I received yesterday. I more grieved and pained than I can tell you. ourse I do not excuse Willis for his conduct better of him. He also claimed the t .ty, he called it, to do as he picused, and ... occasions that I know of he resented att me restrain the liquor drinking to his own neighb bood. His son, Willis' father, was born witho any taste for liquor, and I think he never touch a drop, but Willis is suffering from the sins of his grandfather. Willis is apparently a civilm of the passion that his granulathet indulged in a boastingly and without any apparent personal harm. Oh, when will men learn the terrible trut that what they do or are will be repeated some where, some time in the third or harris genera-tion, and if they don't suffer some one will in the future? It seems to be one of the inenorable laws of God. But what have you done, Mr. Blake? Are you sure you have acted in the hest way? Was there no other way for you to do but to leave my son alone? What influence will you have now? Did you plead with him as you might, or did you leave him in anger? Suppose I, his mother, had shandoned him after all the

times he has annoyed and disappointed and even times he has annoyed and disappointed and even ignored me and my prayers. For more than seventy times seven I have forgiven him on my knees before God. That is because I am his mother, while you were only his friend. But did you do all that a friend ought to do? God help me not to be un-just to you. I have tried to realize the position in which you were placed. But if our Father in heaven dealt with us too severely how were heaven dealt with us too severely how many of us would ever come into the kingdom? What I fear for Willis now is that he will go down faster. He scene that took place. Freeda listened will become more and more reckless and make his friends more among the fast set than heretofore. If in any way you can still prevent this, I pray God you will do so. I do not know any other student in college who has any power over wim. I have thought to write the president, but I know he is burdened with a great load, and I sitate. If I have said in this letter things thould not, pardon me. You never can know the heartache of a mother for her firstborn and only The Lord bless you and give you success LUCIUS PRESTUX.

Edward reread this letter gravely The last part of it added to his self accusation. At one time that same evening he was almost on the point of going over to see Willis and talk over matters. But his pride and also his natural obstinacy in keeping at a thing he had once decided upon kept him back. He answered the letter, after a fashion, and said in it that he would serve Willis in any way he could if opportunity offered. All the time be was writing it he felt more or less like a hypocrite. Was this friendship? Had "I don't know. Anyway, he's to be done all that a friend could do? The blame for all this trouble. He knows questions faced him repeatedly as he tried to go on with his college work and were seldom out of his mind. Along with it all was present that tinge of jenlously and bitterness toward Willis that dated their real be-

So the winter term went on, rather contented from a number of causes Preston. I think I know of one who in keeping up his rank in class however, and in spite of his troubles he It was the first time in the conversa- his regular work to do his best There was another matter, also, that

at least, it drew his mind away from thoughts of Willis.

his paper route was in the heart of

the city and took him into stores, businesses dees of lawyers and doctors and "I think Ida could. In fact, Ned-this vinto some places that he knew were is entirely confidential and you must evil. There was one place, especially, block, that he very soon came to understand was nothing more nor less than a professional gamblers' résort. Generally he simply opened the door and flung the paper in without stopping. He had too many stairs to climb and a little complication with a vengeance. too big a load of papers to stop anywhere on the route. But occasionally, as men were going in and out, as he came up to the door, instead of throwing the paper down inside where they would step on it, he walked in and put Seton. But the thought that she might the paper on a table. The proprietor care more for the reckless Willis than of the place one day asked him to do for himself, the upright, added a touch so every time, as his customers care-

> It was thrown down there. So, after awhile, as Edward fell into the habit of entering the room regularly, he gradually came to understand just what was going on there. There was an ordinance in Raynor that winter against gambling devices; but it appeared to be a dead letter, and there was hardly a pretext of secrecy about and the tables. In this particular place the violation of the law was open and bold. Crowds of young men thronged it every night. One evening, when the paper was delayed by an accident and the carriers were all two hours late, Edward noticed when he went in several college men from the fast set, and among them Willis, who was trying one of the new machines recently set up in the establishment.

It was this sight of Willis in this place that really started Edward to think about the iniquity of the whole business. We have spoken of his wholesome horror of the vices of gambling and betting. This horror was inborn in him. With all his faults of self righteousness, his firm love of truth and fairness gave him a real feeling of indignation toward such a vice as gambling, and the sight

of Willis and the though of what it meant to him gave him sober thoughts them away. Mrs. Preston's prediction concerning Willis' more rapid fall smote Edward as he thought of all he owed Willis for the paper route and many other old time kindnesses.

This feeling grew on him until he could not resist the growing conviction that he ought to do something. But he did not know just what to do, and finally, in his perplexity, he went to President Royce and told him about the affair. The president listened with growing

"I had no dea that matters were so

had in Raypor. How many of these MITTER T "I don't know, sir. Williams, who

carries a route on the other side, told me the other day that there were two

big places in the west block. I know of three smaller places at the end of the proprietor in the very act of remy route down by the river." "How many of the students did you

see in this one place?" "I think eight or ten course I didn't stay long enough to er many delays of the law and much

that many." among them?"

"Yes, sir," said Edward, with some reluctance.

han ever lately. I've had to have him guilty under the ordinance, but an atin here twice within the last two weeks tempt to convict him failed owing to and warn bim. I fear he is in a very bad way. I'm sorry for his mother. Of course I know you have left him. Are you sure that was a right step?" "No, sir, not altogether." replied Ed-

ward in a low voice. "Well, my boy, we will not discuss that now. The question is what to do have it in their power to defeat justice about these gambling dens in Raynor. They must be stopped if possible."

The president was silent a moment. Then he spoke abruptly.

"Are you willing to testify against the place, Blake?" Instantly Edward confronted the situation and understood what it might mean. In the first place it would mean an enemy on the part of the proprietor. Then rose in his mind the question of spying. He entered the place unchallenged because he was on the paper route. If now he used that advantage to bring testimony against it, the fact. when it came out in court, would mean the loss, not only of that one customer for his paper, but probably of several other keepers of disreputable places. He would have the whole crowd of

lawbreakers down on him, and it would damage his prospects seriously, But, on the other hand, here was g The president was a citizen, like other real moral danger. These men were enemies of society. Had he no duties as a citizen toward society? Was he Well-it was a very undignified thing to plend as an excuse for nonlinter- to act as a spy-to enter such an inference the probable loss that would famous place-to contaminate himself come to him if he testified against the with touching the thing, so these wrong? Was not this just what the good citizens said, and yet they were average citizen was constantly doing? the very men who never did anything He knew well enough that the real themselves except to find fault with so."-Baltimore American. owners of the block where the gam- the people for electing bad men to bling was going on were the members office or for not enforcing the law in of the business firm on the ground some way. The good citizen of this floor. They were men who passed as country, of this type, will take his respectable citizens in Raynor be rightful place some time alongside the cause of their wealth and social stand- lawbreakers and be labeled with his ing, and yet they took the reut from true name, which is "Bad" citizen, these gamblers and knew what was with a capital letter "B" for "Bad." going on and all for the sake of the

money that was in it. Edward was not too young to know and understand these facts, and in his heart he had long had a contempt for can be obtained at the Red Front House, a crew of about 225 men. of which 174 these real owners of the building who, while walking about like good citizens, were in reality accomplices and deserved stern punishment for their own

in wlessness due to their love of gain. closely and knew exactly what was the remedy that cures a cold in one day

passing in his mind. When Edward looked up, he was strengthened in his final resolve by the look on the press dent's face.

"Yes, sir; I'm willing to testify in the case," he replied.

"Are you? Then I will go with you." sald the president quietly.

"You go with me!" exclaimed Ed ward slowly.

"Yes. Why not? Are these young men in peril not my young men? Is It not the duty of the citizen to do his part in the republic in times of peace and lawlessness as well as in times of physical war? What I have asked you to do is nothing more than what the law expects every good citizen to do. According to the ordinance, if I remember it rightly, all that the law requires is that an eyewitness of the gambling testify to the use of the gambling device. I know enough about the condition of local politics in Raynor to feel convinced that appeals to the authorities will do very little good. Preaching and praying and teaching have got to be supplemented with some kind of action that the people of Raynor will respect. We need an old fashloned revival of righteous-

ness in Raynor." Edward listened in astonishment, and yet his admiration for the presithe matter of running the machines dent increased as he went on. He had a respect for that kind of courage and began to think less of his own possible losses and more of the probable amount of criticism that the president would suffer for such a course.

"When do you think we had better ed you, but we had a dispute and go, Blake?" the president asked after a short silence.

"One time is as good as another," said Edward.

"Say this evening, then. I'll start with you from the newspaper office." Edward Blake will never forget that little experience with President Royce that evening. When the time came, they went up the stairs and entered the room together.

It was, as usual, preffy well filled, although there was a much larger crowd present later in the evening.

Their entrance provoked no especial notice at first. Several boys and young men were at the tables and a number were trying the new device that Edward had seen Willis try So they had on the subject, and he could not drive time enough to take note of details and had started to go out again when the proprietor of the place, who had seen the president when he came in, rose and went over to the door.

"State your business here, you!" he said, planting himself th front of the president.

"State yours, sir. first!" replied the president, standing up with an athletic strength that made the man recoil. The president and Edward walked together to the door, and the man backed away from it. The crowd in the room nearest them had turned to see what was going on, but before anything else was said the proprietor had turned back. The president and Edward went

out and down the stairs unmolested. They at once went to the authorities and swore out a complaint under the ordinance, and that evening the place

was raided by the police, who arrested moving his apparatus, having a suspicion of what was coming. To relate briefly the results of all this action on Of the president's and Edward's part, aftnotice much. But there were at least technical skirmishing on the part of the attorneys for the normed, the pro-"You say that Mr. Preston was prietor was convicted and sentenced. The conviction frightened all the other gamblers in Raynor and closed every den in the city, for a time at least, "Preston has been going down faster The owner of the building was also his social influence and the use of his means, and nothing ever came of the attempt. And yet it is said that the poor man as well as the rich man has equal justice shown him in our courts. Does any one in America today dare deny that wealth and social position in our courts? If they do not have that power, how does it happen that so often wealthy offenders escape the penalty of the law they have violated?

The entire affair caused a great stir in Raynor. There was a good deal of criticism of President Royce's course, Good citizens who were very indignant always when mention was made of lawlessness in the city and wanted to know over their coffee and morning paper why something was not done by somebody to prevent such lawlessness said that President Royce had done a thing unbecoming a president of a college. So undignified and-and-wellso lacking-in the-the-best judgment. But the ordinance expressly provided for testimony to convict. The law of duty of every good citizen to inform the authorities of a breach of the law. men, and he had simply done his duty. What was there wrong about that?

To be continued.

First-class board at reasonable rates

This signature is on every box of the genuine The president was watching him Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets

A Midnight Escapade. It was midnight as a thundering knock came at the door of room No. 48 Phenix hotel.

"What is wanted?" asked the occupant as he sat up in bed with furlously

beating heart. "We want you! Open this door!"

"Never!" "Then take the consequences." The man sprang out of bed and hur. riedly dressed himself. His face was pale and his hands trembled, but he shut his lips with a determination 40 sell his life dearly. He heard footsteps moving in the hall, and presently his door was burst from its hinges and a dozen men burst into the room. They found him standing with a revolver in each hand and the light of battle in his eyes.

"You may hang me," he said in a low. tense voice, "but 12 of you will go into the other world before me,"

"Who said anything about hanging?" inquired a voice.

"But you have come for that. Twelve years ago in this sown I killed four men. You have recognized me and have come for revenge." "Not much, stranger. We don't know

anything about the four men and don't want to. You live in Missouri, don't you?" "Well, what we wanted to ask was

whether three of a kind beat a straight in your state." "They do not." "Then that's all, and you can go back to your snooze. Sorry to have disturb-

wanted to settle it."-New York Sun.

Man's Fool Age. A medical man has discovered that neither in youth nor old age is a man likely to make the biggest fool of himself. Extreme youth usually is considered not to have arrived at the dignity of years of discretion, yet a homely proverb would have us believe that there is no fool like an old fool." This medical observer has broached the theory that there is an "aberration period of middle life," between the ages of 57 and 62. "If," he says, "a careful examination be made of the preventible disasters of the last 20 years and of the ages of those who were held responsible by the verdict of mankind for such lamentable issues, there will be found a strange coincidence in the range of their ages."

Here is an interesting and practically inexhaustible field for investigation. Politicians who are "agin the government" may trace the blunders of an administration to the sinister influence of some boss who was passing through the fatal period at the time, and "regrettable incidents" of all kinds, in war or peace, may be traced to their true origin. In time no doubt we shall appreciate the necessity of requiring all public men, on entering the fatal period, to take a five years' hollday and to resume work only when they have passed the age of aberration. -New York Press.

The Hardest Hend Yet, Cheerful Rastus hobbled painfully into the office of the city physicians, supported by two abbreviated broom handles.

"Well, Rassy, how is the limb today?" inquired one of the young men

"Tol'ble, tol'ble," replied Rastus, grinning like a new moon

"Ah tell ye." he said as the dressings were changed. "Ah'ze heerd all kin's stories about niggers' halds-how hawd dey is an how presumshus it becomes er white man ter 'tempt ter break 'em -but lennae tell ye ye donn know aboot it tel ye runs ag'in de real t'ing. Me an dis feller wuz wo'kin togedder puttin up a b'ller, an a dessertation ariz between es, an Ah in de 'zuberance of me for his bloked wid all me mite. Well, Ab reckoned ter strike him on de bank an Ah did. 'Deed Ah did! Caught him squar' He nevah moved-no, sah But de reaction didn't do er t'ing but orenk t'ree of me toes, an dat's what Ah'm here fo'-ha, ha,

ba! Huh, buh!" And cheerful Bastus, with the broken toes, laughed bilariously while the physician readjusted the splints.-Detroit

Like a Cat on a Wall.

A Scotch highland minister was very fond of commenting on each verse as he read it out. On reading the precept, "Walk circumspectly." he said: "Ye've all seen a cat, my brethren, walking on the top of a wall covered wi' broken bottles and bits of glass. See hoo it lifts ae fit and then anither fit and boo slowly and carefully it puts it doon, to keep clear of the sharp bits of glass. And so, my brethren, in this warld o' snares and pitfalls, we should be like the state pininly said that it was the the cat on the wall-we should walk circumspectly."

Close Resemblance. Mrs. Talkso's husband was reading an advertisement which asserted that "the mail is quick, the telegrapher is quicker, but the telephone is quickest, and you don't have to wait for an an-

swer. "Ah," he reflected, "in one particular that reminds me strongly of Mrs. Talk-

Thought It Was a Proposal. Scene, cab stand near London. Lady, distributing tracts, hands one to cabby, who glances at it, hands it back and says politely. "Thank you, lady, but I'm a married man." Lady nervously looks at the title and, reading "Abide with me," hurriedly departs, to the great amusement of cabby.-Spare Moments.

The men-of-war of the Romans had were earsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

Never mind who was your grandfather. Who are you?-Proverb.