was a mere fourth?

words.

HE High street of Moxford was to be present, even if his father and crested in this June day in the | mother objected. fut eral of old Carmel Battersby. Joan had procured cake and sherry, seturesque bobble and long gray at the instigation of Mr. Cameron, But would never again enliven the she had not helped herself to a gines of

a fifty years. The old spinning the cake els sparrow-legged chairs, carved bureaus, chine of all sorts, war The tramp of strange feet in the room alk watches, coins, etc., would no over her did but make fresh tears well No. 50 almost as much as the quaint n of its late owner.

eter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were ty on the scene, in decent black. bey had extremely comfortable exrions. To be sure, for the last ten its official bine envelope. rs they had not interchanged many ofs with the late Carmel, who was tersby's opinion, a more borrid and disr's only brother; but as Mrs. Peter graceful last will and testament. arked when the news of her brothraw's death arrived, "he couldn't shame leave his money to any one sale of the deceased's goods, but what

ung Walter Battersby, Mr. and Peter's only son, dld not conceal joy in his uncle's demise. He told help them to train up more girls like a girl. boon companions at the Hen and Joan Smith." Those were the very ckens that he was in for a good

Blood, you know, as the saying is, is Peter the three largest mirrors in the icker than water," he said as he establishment of No. 59 were bequeathned his fourth pint on the evening ed, without comment. Walter Battershis avuncular bereavement.

Nor were the three daughters of Mr. Mrs. Peter. nd Mrs. Peter without discreet maldaly clation. Their uncle, while he livwas such a figure that they never I, was such a ngure tout the hadn't gred to look at him. Besides, he hadn't very civil tongue; liked to be caustic out their high-heeled shoes and exusive bonnets and hats, and to be ery rude with his inquiries why three ir. Rights did not press for the honor their small gloved hands.

It seemed unlikely, indeed, that a ingle tear would be shed for the old urlosity man.

Of course there was his little servant iri, Joan Smith. But she was only "a vorkhouse hussy," to borrow Mrs. Peer's elegant expression.

With his usual eccentricity, old Carnel had taken a girl from the Moxford nion after the death of his elderly usekeeper, Mrs. Poberts. Joan was that servant, and she had served him ruly for the last s'x years, being now but 22. A quiet, shrinking, dark-eyed ittle creature, who had revered ber dead master quite unaccountably, and levoted herself to him heart and hand and sour Save for Seth Perry, who worked for the Moxford Tin Plate Comonny, she had had no one else to care

Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the

"The idea of such a thing as that?" exclaimed Mrs. Peter, touching the wreath with the tip of her parasol. Joan was near at the t'me. She burst nto lears at these words.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "I should so like it to go with him. I picked them all myself."

"It shall do nothing of the kind, then: and your place is in the kitchen, not in the parlor," retorted Mrs. Peter. Joan retired, crying bitterly; and Mrs.

Peter flung the wreath into a corner. "The wench ought not to be allowed to leave this house, Peter," she said severely, "without being searched. The idea of her being with all these vallybles-all alone, too.'

But Peter was not as ernel as his "Cameron says she is entirely to be

trusted,' he replied, "and it's for him to act as he pleases, he says." Mr. Cameron was the Moxford law-

yer who had charge of the old curiosity man's affairs. Two or three others now arrived, including the lawyer, Mr. Hurst, the

Methodist New Connection minister, and old Craven, the silversmith, Then High street enjoyed its little sensation as the hearse and three

coaches solemnly passed along to the cemetery on the hill. Joan viewed the start from the back entry with tearful eye. She was periodically convulsed with sobs.

watched the procession as long as ever she could. The void in her life was im-So much so, indeed, that even the

soothing voice of Seth Perry, who had come upon her unawares, had no effect on her at first. "Never mind, lass," said Seth.

be proud to have you."

ner with my mother, Joan?"

this night as is I'll fetch you to home."

He took her in his arms in the pas-

had traveled during the last half cen-

"And now I mun get back to work."

It was a hot day even for June, and

when the funeral party re-entered the

house Mrs. Peter's face was extremely

Here they were met by Walter Bar

This was Mrs. Peter's arrangement

safer it'll be," she said, alluding, of

course, to the reading of her brother-in-

law's will. "Besides," she added, "they

may hear something nice for them-

As far as he was concerned, how-

The more witnesses there are the

tury, and kissed her wet cheeks.

tersby and the three girls.

and bright eyes.

stay till then."

he said.

"things'll all come out right." She answered him with tears, "He's boun' to he' left you summat,

Joan, my lass, to remember him by; and, whether or no, you've only to speak the word, and theer's one as "1 "Seth, I can't talk with you now."

she said, showing him her damp face else before the left No. 59.

"Nor come home and take your din-"No, no. I mustn't go yet. They'll turn me out soon, I know; but I must

"Well, lass," said Seth, "you know best; but I'm fair achirg for you, and blood for a workhouse brat." Mr. Peter left her to her own devices. sage, up which so many antique articles

Then Mrs. Peter studiously searched Joan's attic from wall to wall. She turned out the girl's one tin box, looked into the drawer of the washstand, ripped up the palliasse outrageously and threw the straw all about and treated

mother and son tapped and probed this antique piece of furniture. They even knocked off the head of the lion in relief at the top of it, to see if there was swered, and the teacher wasn't able ever, young Walter had fully intended any secret cavity behind the head.

But the wardrobe taught them no more than the palliasse and the bolster. "Well, I'm off to the Hen and Chickeus," said Walter Battersby at length.

T've had enough of this." So, too, had Mrs. Peter, for there was not an article in the room that she had

not thoroughly tested. The sun was still well above the cemetery hill when Seth called at No. 59 in his workaday grime and his workaday grease

"Art rendy, lass?" he inquired of Joan.

The girl began to make excuses. house with no one in it. He wouldn't have liked it," she said. "It's not right, Joan, to make a prom-

to mope your eyes out. Do you mean She continued alone in the kitchen, to make me carry you?" She was persuaded with difficulty.

ms was go to the bammer. Mox- up from the bountiful source inside her, to see how she locked one door after a historic example of incorruptible And so the funeral party and the another and pocketed the different journalism. When Gen. Crespo underothers sat around old Carmel's table keys.

and walted for Mr. Cameron to begin. The lawyer did not keep them waiting. all yourn," said Seth, admiringly. He smiled rather dryly, took a glass of "It's the same to me as if they were,"

Never was there, in Mr. Peter Bather in the little brick cottage he shared Certainly her husband was to receive with his mother.

a fourth part of the proceeds of the Old Mrs. Perry had in her younger a true woman's sympathy for Joan, and The other three-fourths were left-of discernment enough to know that her About this time an old friend of Mr. all things-to the Moxford Union, "to son might do far worse than marry such Bennett called upon him in Paris, and

> in Moxford, with the cat purring on the many millions of dollars in the Lonhearth all the time.

To the three girls of Mr. and Mrs. quests to Joan. by was not even mentioned, nor was



THEN MRS. PETER SEARCHED JOAN'S ATTIC FROM WALL TO WALL.

the deceased's old friend, Mr. Craven. a thing like that?" pointing to the scrap-Lastly, Joan was mentioned. She book. often plied scissors and paste, and marked!" which contained curious items of news-

"There, gentlemen and ladies, that is all," said Mr. Cameron, "and now you as a bank note for £100 appeared, must excuse me. I leave you with my corrustee, Mr. Craven."

"One moment, sir," interposed Mr. Joan Smith and no one else." Peter, to whom his wife had whispered much. "What became of all his money

in the bank? He must have had thousands."

"The balance to his credit on May 31," answered Mr. Cameron, referring to a note, "was £45 8s 10d. After the fun-

eral expenses are paid-"What's he done with it?" cried Mrs. Peter, redder of face than ever.

"I cannot tell you, madam. morning." said the lawyer, who then wisely left them to fight the matter out among themselves. But before he went he, with his own hands, carried to Joan in her kitchen the unwieldy old scrapbook, and told her that it was her property, as well as the furniture of her

"Come, cheer up, my girl," he said at parting. "Your master was fond of you, and he would rather see you bright than downcast. And remember that I am your friend, if you should ever happen to want one."

Joan thanked Mr. Cameron and then. having reverently kissed the old book. put it on one side.

Mrs. Peter, before she parted. thought well to trespass in the kitchen and say some cruel things to Joan. But somehow the girl dld not mind them very much now.

Then Seth looked in again, and said she was to come up to his mother's that evening. If she didn't he should fetch her. And to make sure of having her he carried off the scrapbook.

Mrs. John Battersby did something

Together with her disappointed son and darling Walter she climbed the stairs to Joan's little attic and took a hammer with her.

"It's the very kind of spiteful thing he'd be likely to do," she said, "but I'll not stand it-robbing his own flesh and

He, Mr. Craven and the three vexed (indeed, insulted) girls went away together.

the bolster with equal brutality.

There was also a handsome old oak wardrobe that would have graced even a royal bedchamber. This was for Joan's three or four poc- frocks.

It was quite laughable to see he

Mr. Cameron received £100 and so did | Mrs. Perry, "but the idea of leaving you

was to have a year's wages, all the "I used to be so fond of it," stam- the first act of Crespo, after he enterfurniture of ber own bedroom and the mered Joan. "The times we've sat to- ed Caracas at the head of his victorious large scrapbook for which she had so gether, him and me, cutting what he'd

She rose and lifted the big book on paper intelligence during the last twen- the table, untied its string and opened "Why, what's this?" exclaimed Seth,

Joan turned pale as she took it up. It was indorsed on the back, "Pay to

Ere they had finished looking through the book they found twenty-one other

notes of exactly the same kind. "They are certainly yours, my girl," said Mr. Cameron, when Joan called on him in the morning, "and I shall have great pleasure in telling Mrs. Peter Battersby what has become of

the money to her brother-in-law's credit at the bank."-Cassell's "Saturday Jour-

LATEST GOLD BRICK SCHEME. The Operator Does a Little Political

Arguing on the Side.

There is no end to the schemes to which swindlers resort. A pair of them are now working in Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of Susquehanna, who have the very latest in gold brick tricks. They get into an argument with each other on the silver question until they have attracted a good-sized crowd. They manage to work on the feelings of their auditors until the latter are prepared to take sides themselves. One of the men-he who has been advocating sound money-makes the statement that he can pound a double eagle into a shapeless mass of gold and that it will be still worth \$20, whereas a silver dollar so treated would not be worth 100 cents. His opponent says it is no such thing. To prove it the gold man takes a \$20 gold piece from his pocket and pounds it out of shape with a stone or something. Then he starts out to visit a neighboring bank, only to find that it is closed. By this time there will be some old fellow in the crowd, also an advocate of the gold standard, who is so anxious to score a point for his side that he will offer \$20 for the lump of gold. The money is paid and the rogues skip out, leaving the old fellow to discover that the gold he has bought is only a bit of alloy and not worth a dime. Savage Warfare.

"My voice," said the one in whose heart the fires of patriotism burned, "my voice is for war."

"And I suppose that in case of actual hostilities it would be your voice you cases. It was Joe Hawley who sat at would send," said the desiccated cynic. "No. In such a contingency I would

send the voice of my wife." The other was also married to a mu sical woman, and his sympathy, though not outspoken, was expressed by an eloquent glance.-Indianapolis Journal.

that has all the money." Tommy an-

to offer any better reason. -Tit-Bits.

"And why," the teacher continued, should we hold the aged in respect?" " Cause it is mostly the old men

A LEADER OF JOURNALISM. Opright Character of James Cordon

The character of James Gordon Bennetr as a leader or journalism is admirably summed up in an interesting article by James Creelman. As an edit or, says the writer, Mr. Bennett is impatient of political control or partnership. He scents danger in every approach, and he will deliberately attack a party to prove that he is not under its influence. According to him, an editor should be a man in a watch-"It's not right, Seth, to leave the Otherwise there would be conspiracy and compromise. Private promises are to be broken in the public interest. wine, even in spite of the kindly law- ise and not keep it," retorted Seth, for the editorial conscience. So Mr. Friendships are to be regarded as traps and kept the curiosity shop for yer's suggestion; nor yet to a crumb of "Come, now, I'm not going to leave you. Rennett is a lonely man in a crowd, a hermit in the midst of bustling life. I can tell one story that illustrates the

magnificent perversity and shrewishook to overthrow the rotten and tyran-"Anybody 'ud think the things were nical government of President Palacio, he had thirty badly-armed Venezuesherry and drew forth the paper from she answered, with the tone of fresh sanctioned by the people, but they were afraid, at first, to join Crespo's stand-But Seth hurried her off before she and. Gradually, however, he gathered could break down again, and soon had together a small army, and advanced upon the government forces. Palacio and his friends had looted the treasury, money was needed to crush the revoit. days been a servant herself. She had and a sum great enough for the purposes could only be had in Europe. explained that the Venezuelan govern-It was as comfortable a meal as any ment desired to place loan bonds for don market. He informed Mr. Bennett Afterward the talk turned solidly that he was to be the agent of Palacio upon old Carmel and his singular b> in the matter, and would make a fortune out of it. Then he asked for the "The money and the furniture'll be co-operation of the Herald, on the score useful enough to you, child," said old of old-time friendship, and finally be announced that if the Herald could belittle the revolutionary cause, and so stimulate the confidence of bankers in the government bonds, the transaction would be worth two or three hundred thousands dollars to Mr. Bennett. At

this Mr. Bennett smiled grimly. "It is worth a million dollars to the Herald to know these facts," be said. insanity. "I do not quite understand you," said the friend.

"It is worth \$1,000,000 to support the other side."

"Why, Mr. Bennett, am I too late? Have the other men seen you?" "No; not at all. But you have given me proof that the government of Venezuela deserves to fall. It is worth \$1,000,000 to the Herald to be on the right side. I shah back up the revolution, and let the truth be known to the

world." In vain the friend pleaded that bis conversation was confidential, and that a newspaper had no right to take advantage of facts communicated under the seal of secreey. Within an hour, a cable message set the wonderful machinery of the Herald in motion, and day after day its columns were crowded with dispatches from special correspondents in Venezueala, describing thiev yiwovi the revolutionary army and the weakness of the government. These dispatches were reproduced in all the European capitals, and Palacio's bonds could not find a purchaser. Without money or credit, the tyrant fell; and at the public expense, thanking the Herald, over his own signature, for its services in the cause of liberty and

constitutional government.

In a Mining Town. Clergymen are frequently good story tellers, but as a rule, a proper dignity prevents them from wanting to appear in that light publicly. The following was narrated to a reporter by a popular divine:

"In the days of my early ministry," he said, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered, and I am afraid I was sometimes not altogether discreet.

"My first work was in a Western min ing camp, and I had to remain over night at a rough hotel to walt for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage-looking man said,

"What might be yer line, young feller?

"Saving souls," I said, solemnly, "'Ugh,' was the only response.

"After supper, a coarsely dress man approached me and said: " 'Pardner, le' 's make some kind o' dicker. We're in ther same line, an' thar ain't room fer both. Thar's a

camp furder up the crick whar yo' could do well." "'I think you are mistaken, my friend,' I said, 'I am a minister of the Gospel.

"'Scuse me, parson; I thought yo' nis, the most celebrated antiquarian in was a cobbler."

the city.-Boston Globe. A Story of Senator Hawley.

Sitting by my side at the convention which nominated Lincoln for President, writes Isaac H. Bromley, was a newspaper editor who called me "Ike," as I called him "Joe." He was run- mighty dry.-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telning over with enthusiasm. When the nomination was made be interrupted himself in his hurrahing to say to me, who boked on in wide-eyed silence, "Why don't you hurrsh?" I don't know why I did not; but I remember that I felt queer and only said, "I ean't hurrah; I should cry if anyone touched me." I came nearer crying when, in less than twelve months, I saw him in uniform at the head of the first Connecticut company that auswered the call for troops. He was afterward a brigadier general, Gevernor of his State, and member of Congress, and has lately been elected to his third term as United States Senstor. There were probably other similar

Would Ewamp Him. Ethel-She sails immense; but is she liable to swamp anyone? Reggy-I guess she'll about swamp pa when he receives the bill for her .--New York World.

Strange. He-I can't get my wife to use the She-That's strange! I thought your

telephone. wife liked to have a voice in everything.-Whim-Whams.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young - Funny Sciections that You Will Enjoy.

Wearled. She takes very little interest in public questions, and her father and brothers had disturbed her reading. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "do stop talking about McKinley and Bryan. Anybody would think, from the way

you keep discussing them that they were base-ball players."-Washington Sighs of the Times. "Business is very poor," sighed the Then it was a revelation of character ness that have preserved the Herald as dermatological expert, "but I try to put a good face on it.

> "I have to put my best foot forward myself," said the pedicure. "My business used to be a paying one," chipped in the chiropodist, lans to follow him. The revolution was now too many people have a hand in



Weary Watkins-Ain't you afrald of havin' 'pendicitis? Mosely Wraggs-No. Why?

Wenry Watkins-Thought maybe you were. You're lookin' so seedy. Another Difference.

Watts-I guess it is a fact that there is no difference between genius and Potts-There is some, anyway. Man can't very well get out of a murder

scrape on the plea that he is a genius. -Indianapolis Journal. A Leason in Diplomacy. Mrs. Hendricks (proudly walking out

of the sewing room)-Well, Percy, how do you like my bloomers? Mr. Hendricks-Oh, they do very well; but, dear me, how much older than usual they make you look.

On the following day a neat package, intended for the far-away heath en, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.-Cleveland Leader.

No Time to Waste. He-My views on bringing up a fam-

She-Never mind your views. I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal.-Chips.

Not Complimentary. Mother-Did you tell your papa that Atr. Longjohn is here? Child-Yes, mamma. Mother-What did he say? Child-I can't tell.

Mother-Why not? Child-Because it is not polite to whisper in company.-Larks.



She-Two weeks from to-day we'll

He-Well, let's be happy while we

Couldn't Fool Him. Spirit (at the Lily Dale seance)-Don't you know me? I am the spirit of vour mother-in-law.

Investigator-You can't fool me. My mother-in-law always brought her trunk with her.-Buffalo Times. "My papa," sald the Senator's son, proudly, "helps makes the laws,"

"My papa," retorted the Federa judge's son, "unmakes the laws and nobody helps him, either."-Twentieth Century. Her Sweet Friend. Miss Antique-I can't help wonder-

ing who that old gentleman can be who has been staring at me all this even-Miss Frankly-Why, that is Prof. Nu

Depends on the Literature. Dukane-Do you believe that reading makes a full man? Gaswell-It depends to some extent

on the literature. Some reading is

Hard Luck. "That was tough on Davis." "He stepped on a banana peel, fell. and was arrested for giving a street

perfort ance without a license."-

Not a Bit. Amicus-Why do you use the expression funny joke? Aren't all jokes

funny? Editor-Not by a long shot. The jokes that other fellows get off at your expense are never funny.-Truth.

She-Dearest, am I the first girl you ever loved? He-Little sweetheart, the man who could look into thorn trusting blue eyes and tell a faisehood is not fit to live. So prepare yourself to hear the truth.

You are.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ananias.

With Exceptions, The L. A. W. Bolletin says a woman can be just as ladylike on a wheel as she can in a carriage. Yes, but what bappens when the

wheel strikes a bowlder? Is that a indylike way to dismount? -Cleveland Plaindealer.

The Reverse. Col. Bomb-I tell you, the country is going to the devil.

Misby-Ob, no; this is the time of year, my boy, when the devil goes to the country.-New York World.

Not Music. "I suppose you have music at the

"No, but we have a band."-Harper's Bazar

His Combative Bump.

Phrenologist texamining Rooney's head)-Now, this large, well-developed bump right here denotes combative-

Rooney-Schure and that's no lie fer yez, profissor. It wor in a fit of combativeness light night that Katle, me woife, hit me acrass the hid wid the schlore poker and raised that protuber ance.-- Up to Date.

Preparing for Emergencies. Jane-How did you ever happen to fancy such a man? Laura-Why, you see, Mrs. Wheels

has asked us to go slumming next fall and I wanted a husband whose clothes I could wear.-Cleveland Post. No Alternative.

rich wife of yours by having to stay with some flattering words from ME at home every night." "It was either that or go to work, my boy."-Detroit Free Press.

Literally True. "I understand, then," concluded the achieved at a bound?"

The India-rubber man nodded his head gravely.-Rockland Tribune. Good Evidence.



She-You won her hand, then? He-Um-er-I presume so. I'm un-

A Bride's Letter. pose that a bride really thinks for two pearance when they were bathing. or three weeks that her man is all right. -Atchison Globe.

Newed? I understand that since his marriage he and his wife have been living from hand to mouth."

All Right.

York Press.

"Does your country support a large population?" "Well, we manage to hold up pooty much everybody't comes 'long."-Detroit Tribune.

A Fairy Story. Willy-Grandpa, tell me a story. Grandpa-Once upon a time, before

people thought of marrying for money Willy-Oh, I don't mean a fairy story.

Norristown Herald. Not Necessary. Pastor (benevolently)-I hope you are a Christian, my little man. Do you say your prayers night and morning?

The Little Man-Nope; only nights

Pastor-Why don't you say them in the morning, too? The Little Man-Well, die kid can take care of hisself when he's awake .-Washington Times.

Guying the Speaker. Small Orator-When I think of the orrible consequences of drink, gentlemen, I boil, gentlemen, I boil. One of the Crowd-But it dinna take muckle to mak a wee kettle bile!-St.

Gone Too Far.



Young Duke-It's no use, Nelly, dear, we can't marry; my people won't hear

Chorus Girl-Oh, yes, they will, though, when the breach of promise that's the worst of it! Her mother comes on .- London Fun.

The Roberts' Keynote series is to be augmented by Marie C. Balfour's "Maris Stella" and Claude Nicholson's

"Ugly Idel." The complete edition of Kipling is to be in eleven volumes, each with a frontispiece by the author's father,

Lockwood Kipling. Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian scholar and poet, has undertaken to write a school history of Cauada. It is sure to be a good one.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson's sympathetic and dignified magazine articles on George Washington are about to be published in book form.

The general verdict appears to be that Max Nordan's volume of stories called "Soap Bubbles" must have taxed to the utmost his powers of duliness. The poems of Johanna Ambrosius,

the German peasant poetess over whom the critics have been so wideeyed, are to be published in English. The translation is made by Mary J. Safford Sir Richard Temple's autobiography. "The Story of My Life," soon to appear

In two volumes, covers an active public career of nearly half a century. Sir Richard spent twenty-nine years in administrative work in India, and during his membership in the House of Commons took part in 3,000 divisions. J. K. Huysmans, who is to be an il-Instrious member of the new Goncourt Academy of Ten, has about completed

a work called "La Cathedrale," in which he will continue the train of thought started in "En Route" and eventually to be completed in "Dosby, you're paying dear for that "L'Oblat." He prefaces his new book Gladstone.

Exit the Blue Jacket.

A proportion of the blue jackets of any full-rigged ship were necessarily athletes. The "opper yardmen" in a interviewer, "that your success was line of battle ship or a frigate were exceptional men in this way, and much more so, perhaps just about the time that sail power was receiving its death warrant than ever before. young men had to race aloft to nearly the highest points, at top speed eight or ten times a week whet the ship was in harbor, to keep their heads and maintain their breath while holding on hy "their eyelids," as the phrase goes, and manipulating with a careful and measured order of action the various and intricate arrangements for "crossing" or "sending down" the royal and topgallant yards. It was all done at full speed, for it was universally held that the upper yardmen gave a character to the whole ship; and that one which was foremost in this exercise was ever considered the smartest ship in the fleet. The upper yardmen were always the coming men. They had the most opportunities for distinguishing themselves, were the best known, and were most under the eye of the authorities. There is only one way to act at a fu- They developed great muscular power neral and only one way for a bride to in chest, shoulders and arms. Their write a letter-she always says she is lower extremities suffered, and one perfectly happy and that her husband always knew the men who had been is the best man in the world. We sup-upper yardmen by their tadpole-like ap-

But in the modern steam line-of-battle ship and frigates these extremely athletic specimens formel a very small "Isn't it too bad about Charlie minority of the ship's company, and none of them could lose his turn at being upper yardmen so long as the ship's reputation depended on the speed "Oh, I guess they're all right. It's with which the upper yards were crossher father's hand, you know."-New ed and sent down. In harbor the rest of the blue jackets had the handling of yards and sails for exercise once or twice a week, but at sea the use of sails for propulsion grew less and less important, and most of the work aloft was more of an exercise and less of a

In League with Satan.

Almost every renowned man of antiquity in the Middle Ages was believed to be in league with Satan. Probably the oldest legend of which the Faust legend is a continuous thread is that of Simon Magus. According to Justin, he was a native of Gitton, a village in Samaria; he was, no doubt, a man of great intellectual powers. He was the father of the school of the Gnostics. It is also reported of him that he could make himself invisible, that he could pass through flames unharmed, could transpose matter, make gold, and exorcise demons; in fact, he laid claim to all these powers, and his name as a miracle worker lived through many centuries. Unusual accomplishments, great erudition, were attributed to the supernatural influence, and the general disposition to superstitious assumption was strengthened on the one hand by dogmatic affirmation on the part of the church of the existence of a personal Satan, with his numerous household, and on the other hand by incorporating the magic arts among the practical sciences, of which astrology and sichemy occupied

An Exceptional Case. "You know old John Goodner?" "Yes."

John' for forty years." "Um." "County treasurer for twenty-eight years and guardian for half the orphans in the country? crusted by everybody.

"Never called anything but 'Honest

"Dead toree weeks and experts have gone over his books."

"They found that he was honest in every way." "More ple, Johnny? Why, child, you can't possibly hold another mouthful." "But, ma, our teacher rays there's al-

ways room at the top!"-New York A New Version. Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet Enting ice-cream and cake, While the young man with her was all of

a shiver To think of the cash it would take. -Law Bulletin. Brown-Does your wife ever threaten to go home to her mother? Jones-No.

boards with us -Puck.