

# THE PEARL POACHERS.

In a nice life the smells of the place could have offended them monstrously if they were a matter for congratulation. The more the paterfamilias the ore the profit. They ripped the shells on the sea and spread them upon the meshes. The roasting sun beat upon spread out shellfish and melted away soft tissues in horrible decay. The dye was all a gamble. There might be only so much mother of pearl for the day work, or a seed pearl, such as the bluish green top for medicine, or rarer pearls of any size and color and shape from the humble oyster, even worth its meager half a crown, the black pearl, worth its score of pounds, or the great pear-shaped pink with a prince's ransom. It was a gamble, but none the less fascinating for that. Carnforth was mad over work. Kettle, with all his nonchalant ease, was nearly as bad.

But the process of realizing their wealth was none too fast and, in fact, seemed to them tedious beyond words. Still at last came the first moment of realization. They had toiled a month, did they had collected that day the bits of their first day's labor. The other of pearl shell was packed in the basin on the main table, and they looked over them as they sat down. Carnforth stirred them lovingly with a bit of his fork. "Pretty little lot, aren't they, skipper?"

"For that you amuse, though I like see a bit more color in a woman's maments myself."

"Matter of taste and matter of fashion. Pearls are all the rage just now, diamonds are slightly commonplace, but women will spend their money on something, and so the price of pearls is p."

"So much the better for us, sir. It's pity, though, that some of them seem a bit of color, like that big gray one, for instance."

"Gray, man? Why that's a black pearl, and probably worth any ten of the rest put together."

"Well," said Kettle, "I don't set up being a pearl merchant. Poaching isn't a trade enough for me."

"Pass the biscuit, will you?" said Carnforth yawning. "I suppose that the lot is worth anything over £1,000?"

"And with that he dropped back and asleep in his chair, with a forkful of food in his hand. Captain Kettle finished his meal, but he, too, man of fire though he was, suddenly tumbled forward and went to sleep, with his head on the table. It was no new thing for them to do. They had dropped off like this into unconsciousness more than once during that month of savage toil.

The next day had a smaller crop ready to glean—a bare £500 worth, in fact. But they did not lament. There could be an enormous quantity ready or the morrow.

That further realization of their wealth, however, never came. During the night another lugger sailed into the lagoon and upset all their plans. He was the consort of the lugger commanded by the Cambridge man, and he had taken away to a safe place the first crop of pearls and shell. Further, she was manned by 14 white, armed, and all quite ready to do and what they considered their poacher's monopoly. As a consequence they all crossed to the yacht some two hours before daybreak and Carnforth and Captain Kettle found themselves asked by three men who carried marlin spouting rifles, and were quite ready to use them if pressed.

But the little sailor was not easily roused. "By James!" he cried. "This is a funeral," said the man with the eyeglasses, "if you don't bring our hand out from under that pillow."

"Bring it out empty. Now don't ask it, skipper. I'm a good snaphot myself, and this is only a two pound rigger."

Captain Kettle did not check his life away useless. He let go his revolver and drew out his hand. "Well," he said, "what are you army pirates going to do best? By the look of you you've come here to steal our soap and brushes."

"Carnforth," shouted the man with the eyeglasses, "you're in here and be told that's going to happen. I say, you fellows, bring Carnforth into the skipper's cabin."

Martin Carnforth came into Kettle's cabin suddenly enough with his hands in his pockets.

"Now, I'll give you the whole case ticked small," said the spokesman. "A crowd of us found this place and discovered the pearls and the shell. We were all badly in want of a pipe, and a look the risks and started in to get it. Most of us went away with the set cargo, and only two white men came. You are told you're not wanted, but you gently hinted at it, and we were allowed to stay. Finally the rest of our crowd comes back, and it's force on the other side, and we've got to go. If you're the man of oysters, you'll go peacefully, here isn't enough for all of us. At any rate, we don't intend to share."

"Look here," said Carnforth hotly. "This is all nonsense. We've got as much right here as you."

"Right!" said the peatler. "Right! I'd better not enter into the question, it's all a blooming lot of poachers if it comes to that. You know that, Mr. Carnforth, or Carnforth, or whatever you come to call yourself for the time being. You came here under a purser's name, your yacht is gnyed out like a seditious tunny fisher, and I see you look upon the thing much as a did backing knockers and brass knuckles in the old days at Cambridge. Had the fun in dodging the day."

"Now, we're here on business. Yes, Carnforth, said business all the way. We're all of us poor men, and we've got all of us what we call the sea for more years than we like to count, and we want to wriggle out of a course of poverty once and for all."

"You're taking the wrong sort of me," said Carnforth. "I'm not used being hectorated at like this."

"I can believe it," said the peatler. "You are a successful man."

"And let me tell you this. You've got the upper hand for the present. I admit you may even force us out of the lagoon. But what then? I guess the

account would not be closed, and when a man chooses to make me his enemy I always see that he gets payment in full sooner or later."

"All right," said the man with the eyeglasses. "Pay away. Don't mind me. A hint at one of the Japanese ports as to what was going on would upset your little game."

"Not being fools," said the peatler coolly, "of course we've thought of that. We've—"

A hail came down the saloon sky-light outside from the deck above. "Scout, boys, scout! The Philistines be upon us!"

"What's that?" shouted the man with the eyeglasses.

"Well, it's one of those blasted Jap gunboats, if you want to know. Hurry, and we shall just get off. We'll leave these fools to pay the bill."

"Humph!" said the peatler. "Well, this settles the matter another way. I must go, and I suppose you'll try to look it over. I'm a skipper, you're a good sort. I like you. By Jove, Carnforth! Can't recommend the Jap jills. Hope you get caught, and that'll square up for your giving me a bad time at Cambridge."

He followed the others out on deck, and a moment later their wheelboat was pulling hard for where the luggers collected at their anchors. Carnforth and Kettle went after him, and the engineers and the yacht's crew, who had been held down in the forecastle at the side's muzzle, came on deck also.

It did not require any pressing to get the engine-room staff to their work. The boilers were cold, but never were fires lit quicker. Paraffin, wood, small coal, grease, anything that would burn



A last despairing hail came over the water.

was coaxed into the furnace doors. The coal ganges began to quiver, but as every man on board well knew, no human means could get a working steam pressure under half an hour.

On deck the crew had run the boats up to davits, had have short by hand, and then stood like men on the drop, waiting their fate. The luggers had masted their yards and were beating down the lagoon against a spanking breeze. One after the other they tumbled out through the passage and swung on the outer swell, and then, with their legs goose winged, fled like some scared sea fowl out over the blue, sun scorched waters.

But though the yacht had canvas, Kettle knew that she could not beat to windward, and so dare not break his anchor out of the ground till the engine had given her steam. There was nothing for it but to wait with what patience they could.

The Japanese gunboat had been sighted far enough off, and as she was coming up from the farther side of the ring of reefs she had to circle round them before she could gain the only entrance. Moreover, her utmost paper pace was eight knots, and she happened to be foul and so her advance was slow. But still to the watching men it seemed that she raced up like a west coast ocean greyhound.

Then the chief engineer called up to the bridge through the voice tube that he could give her enough steam for steering via in another minute.

"Foredeck there!" cried Kettle. "Break out that anchor! By hand!"

The men labored with the hand gear so as to save the precious steam. Then a thought flashed across Captain Kettle's brain and he quickly gave it to Carnforth. "It's only a beggarly chance, sir, but we'd better try it. I suppose?"

"Yes," said Carnforth.

"If only we hadn't painted out those names we might have done it more safely. As it is, we must risk it. Off with you below, sir, and get into some loose clothes. You'd give the whole helix here in those filthy rags. You may be a yacht owner, sir, but, by James, you look far more like an out of work coal trimmer."

Carnforth ran down the ladder, and Kettle gave crisp orders to the hands on deck, who disappeared also, and presently came back dressed as spruce rustabouts in white trousers, white drill tunners and straw hats, and by that time the yacht was underway and steaming slowly to the pass.

The gunboat was coming in with her crew at quarters, officers with swords in hand and everything cleared for action. The Japanese flag ran up to her peak. Promptly an English Royal Yacht club burgee broke out at the poacher's main truck, and a British blue ensign ran up to the mainmast, and dipped three times in salute.

Carnforth came up on to the bridge.

"Now, sir," said Kettle, "you must be the talking. I guess it's got to be done, and being a thing I can't do."

"What shall I say?"

"Say what's needed," replied Kettle. "I don't want to say it wrong. Remember, sir, you're lying for your liberty. It's neck or nothing. She's got two big guns trained on us, and a shot from either would send us to Jones here we could get in a smack in return."

"What ship's that?" came the hail in perfect English.

"Steam yacht Vestria, Lord Martin, owner," said Carnforth, who knew the value of titles on the foreigners. "I am Lord Martin."

"What are you doing in here?"

"See watching those poachers." "Heave to and explain."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, and if you dare to fire on me I will bring the British fleet about your ears."

The Japanese spokesman gasped and consulted with a superior, and the steamers drew abreast.

"You must have to."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"But you are in forbidden waters."

"Then you should put up a notice to that effect."

"I shall report this to my admiralty in London."

"Go it," said Kettle, sotto voce. "For blooming cheek give me an M. P."

"But you must stop," said the Japanese, "for I shall be compelled to fire."

"You can do as you please," said Carnforth. "I shall report to your commander in chief at Nagasaki. I never came across such insolence. You heard my name, Lord Martin. You'll hear more of it before long."

A steam was rising in the gauges, and the yacht was getting into her stride of 12 knots. She sped out through the passage and rolled in the trough of the glistening swells beyond. The crew of the warship stood to their guns, but the officers were in a dilemma. These pestilential Britishers always did make such a row if any of their vessels were fired on, and this apparently was a yacht, though grotesquely unkempt and crickled out with a black and white funnel, and, moreover, she was owned by a peer of the realm.

A last despairing hail came over the water, "Are you noble?"

"Yes. Haven't I told you? Lord Martin. You'll know it better when you're next in port."

And that was the last word. The gunboat turned and steamed out after them, but her turning circle was large and her speed slow. By midday she was hulled down astern. By evening her mast trucks were out of sight.

Carnforth strutted the deck complacently. "Rather a gorgeous bluff eh, skipper?" he said at last.

"You're the only man on this ship that could have done it," said Kettle admiringly. "It takes a parliamentary education to be like that."

Again the silence grew between them, and then Carnforth said musingly, "I wonder who that Cambridge man was."

"He seemed to hate you pretty tenderly."

"He did that. I suppose I must have played some practical joke on him. Well, I know I used to be up to all sorts of jokes in those days, skipper, but that's long enough ago now and all that sort of foolishness is past."

Captain Kettle laughed. "Have you done with pearl poaching, sir? Or are you going to have another try at it? But don't point out the name of your ship next time. If that Jap had had the eyes of a mole, he'd have seen the change and fired Governor L. C. Walthrop is no name for an English milord's yacht."

**The Richness of the Ocean.**

Some people gratefully reflect that we owe the clouds and the tides and the winds to the "Mother and Maker of us," but these are less numerous than the folks who "would like to know" what we should do for soles and cod and mackerel if there were no ocean. Yet think only how big it is: If you divide the whole globe's area into 14 parts, the sea covers eight of them, with an average depth of 2,000 fathoms. Try to imagine 12,000 feet of solid perpendicular sea water lying just eight-tenths of the entire globe.

A patient mathematician has been at the pains to inform us that this bulk of the world's water one and a half billion cubic miles of tons. For the most part this vast body of water is there set down in figures as 1,300,000,000,000,000 tons of the same composition everywhere, and as everybody knows, carries great quantities of oxygen.

But that same salt is itself singularly complex. Not only are there in it sulphates and sulphates of sodium, potash, magnesium and lime, which are familiar to many, but it contains also silica, boron, bromine, iodine, fluorine and the oxides of nickel, cobalt, manganese, zinc, silver, lead, copper, aluminum, barium and strontium. Arsenic and gold are also found in it, along with these rare metals lithium, cesium and cesium—London Telegraph.

**The Prince and the Captain.**

The admiral commanding the British Mediterranean squadron some 20 years ago, writes a correspondent, gave a dinner to the captains of the fleet at Malta. By 9:45 most of the captains had reached the flagship, been received on the deck by the admiral and ushered below. Next the Duke of Edinburgh arrived. The admiral received him, and keeping him in conversation, continued to keep the deck. All subsequent arrivals were duly ushered below to the saloon, but still the admiral kept the duke on deck. At last it occurred to the duke that the dinner hour had passed and he ventured to inquire if his host was waiting for anybody.

"Yes," replied the admiral, "I am waiting for the captain of the—"

"Instantly the duke took the hint, called for a hat and made posthaste for his own ship. He alone among the captains of the fleet had turned up in uniform, forgetting or not knowing that the dinner was official. On his return to the flagship in the quickest time on record and in full uniform the gallant but indubitable admiral was still pacing the deck and deprecating his royal highness' profuse apologies conducted him to dinner. I believe, concludes my correspondent, the admiral was Sir Michael Culme Seymour.—M. A. P.

**A Case of Color Blindness.**

"You're just joking," said the woman. "You said red purple and refer to all green as turkey red."

"Yes," replied the visitor, with a contented smile. "I fancy I was born that way."

"It's the most aggravated case of color blindness I have ever encountered in my professional experience."

"That's it. I want you to write me out a statement to that effect. Never mind what the fee is. You see my wife has a lot of samples she wants matched, and she'll ask me to tackle the job some time next week for certain."

And then the oculist had his suspicions.—Pearsop's Weekly.

# THE AKOUND OF SWAT

HE CALLED FOR THE MOON, BUT IT DID NOT COME DOWN.

An Englishman Which Opened His Eyes to the Difference Between the Theory and the Practice of Things and Incidentally Shortened His Grand Secretary.

(Copyright, 1909, by C. B. Lewis.)

One day, as the akound of Swat had returned from a trip around town, during which thousands of his subjects had knelt to do him homage, he called for his grand secretary and said:

"Remshen, I'm a good deal of a fellow, ain't I?"

"You are, O heaven-born!" was the reply.

"Would you call me the biggest thing on earth?"

"Truly, but you are!"

"While I'm around on this earth there can be no other boss, eh, Remshen?"

"All other things are but a fly on a bull wheel compared to your extra highness."

"But how about the heavens, Remshen?" continued the akound after chucking his satisfaction. "I am satisfied that I boss the earth, even to the mountains and rivers thereof, but I'm not exactly clear as to the sun, moon and stars. Don't they come under my rule as well?"

"I do not remember, O mighty ruler, that your title is Akound the Mighty."



He called out for the moon to take a drop.

He called out for the moon to take a drop, boss of the earth and owner of all the planets above? Your humble slave assures you that the sun, moon and every star will hustle to do your bidding."

"Thanks, Remshen. I must be a daisy for sure. Not being clear on the subject, I haven't given much attention to celestial matters, but now I think I'll give them a whirl. If a fellow is going to be boss at all, he might as well be a boss on wheels."

"That is true, O akound, and when you get ready to command the moon to come off her perch I will issue proclamation and gather the people."

Old Remshen was a fawning sycophant on skates. He had a good thing and did not want to keep it. He had said the same fawning words to his master a hundred times over, but nothing had come of it except to make his position above solid. A day or two after the above conversation and while he was going around the palace with a molasses grin on his face the bell jingled, and he was called into the presence of his master.

"By the way, Remshen, do you remember our little conversation the other day?" queried the akound.

"Can a slave forget his master's words?" asked Remshen as he lifted his hands in protest.

"I've been thinking, I'm a heap of a fellow, and you know it, and I know it, but there may be a man or two on the outside who differs with us. I want to do something big to knock 'em all out."

"Will it please thee to behold a thousand men?"

"Well, yes, it would, but as it is just about tax-time we'd better leave their heads on their shoulders until they have paid in the sugar. I think I'll go for the moon, Remshen. She'll be full tonight, and I'll order her to come down to earth."

"O ruler, she might be damaged in the fall," protested Remshen, beginning to quake with fear.

"I'll look out for that. We'll spread a feather bed for her to light on. Just issue a proclamation for the people to gather on the east side of my palace at 10 o'clock tonight."

"The moon, O ruler, is sometimes obstinate," suggested Remshen as he left a pain. "She has even been known to disobey mighty potentates."

"But she'll tumble for me, or I'll know the reason why! Is it not in my title that I am owner of all the planets above? Get along, old boy, and issue that proclamation. When my subjects discover that I can whip old Luna around at will, there'll be no more kicking about high-tops."

Old Remshen was bowed up and under a great load of trouble. He went away and issued his proclamation, and he busied himself to the grave of his father, the bones of his mother and his baby stars to send a dark night to knock the experiment on the head. He was looking illious when night came in all her glory. Everybody in town was out, and the odds were five to one that the akound would win. At the hour named he appeared on the steps of his palace and lifted his hands and cried out for the moon to take a drop. It was a lead failure. He cried out again and again, but the moon continued her exit.

"Remshen," said the boss of earth when he realized that he was knocked out, "dismiss the populace and come with me."

The populace went away with their eyes in their cheeks, and when the akound had reached his library he said:

"How is this, Remshen? Why didn't the moon come down?"

"O ruler," replied the old sycophant as his heart lurched his ribs, "there is a difference between theory and fact."

"I see. Theoretically I am owner of the planets. Practically I am an ass. I ought to have got to this, but being so busy it never occurred to me. Remshen, old boy, come out in the back yard with me."

"O mighty ruler, but what would you?"

"I'm going to give another illustra-

# DOG AND PUPPY CRATES.

MADE FOR THE CONVENIENT TRANSPORTATION OF THESE ANIMALS.

The dog that is shipped by express is likely to travel in these days not only in safety, but also in comfort. There are various kinds of dog crates made especially for such use, some of them flat topped and some of those of later design gable topped and some oval topped, so that nothing can be placed on top of them. Dog crates are made in various sizes as well as styles, some with open, slatted sides and ends, some closed all around, except for the open spaces left for ventilation. Crates for buildings and dogs that gnaw are made with slats that, whether separated or set close together, are iron bound, so that the dogs can't set their teeth in the edges.

The dog crate is provided with a cup for water which is so constructed that the water can't spill out of it, and this cup is secured in the crate under the end of a pipe to which there is an opening in the top of the crate through which the dog can be kept supplied without opening the crate at all. Attached to the front of the crate is the dog's buffet, like a long canvas wallet or envelope, in which the dog's food is carried. The dog crate has at the ends handles by which it can be picked up and carried as a trunk would be.

Besides these various sizes and styles of dog crates there are also made in various sizes smaller, lighter crates for puppies, and crates of one sort and another of special sizes are made to order.

First and last there are sold a good many dog and puppy crates, and they are regular articles of stock where dog supplies are sold.—New York Sun.

# THE BREAD WAS AN EXTRA.

An English Cafe Charge That Surprised an American.

"One of the strangest things about the management of English restaurants," remarked a gentleman who has recently returned from a visit to London to the writer, "is the custom of charging diners for every slice of bread which they eat. For instance, a day or two before my departure from the British capital I, as a mark of esteem, invited several English friends to dine with me at one of the most celebrated of the fashionable west end restaurants. Well, the repast was served in a private room, and everything went off splendidly until the coffee and cigar stage was reached and I asked that my bill be brought to me. There, to my utter astonishment, the head waiter in the hearing of the assembled company approached me and in a loud voice asked: 'And how many breads have you had, sir?'"

"This question I could not answer, as I had not been engaged in counting the number of slices consumed, but one of my guests, who had evidently kept track of the bread, motioned my embarrassment, said in my behalf, 'Four plates.'

"'Ah!' muttered the waiter, 'that's 12 slices of bread.' And after adding the amount to my bill he handed it to me for inspection."

"Of course I paid for the bread, but I have been wondering ever since I did so, why the American custom of not charging for the staff of life is not introduced over there."—Washington Star.

# Ant Slaveholders.

Many of the large red ants are slaveholders, and, oddly enough, their slaves are invariably black, much as is the case with the human race. When slaves are desired by a colony of ants, a regular army of invasion is formed, and skirmishers and scouts are sent on ahead to discover a nest of black ants. This having been found, the warrior ants—issued quite different from the ordinary workers, with powerful jaws—set out to invade their neighbor's territory and carry away the eggs and pupae to their own nests. A fierce battle ensues, but the invading ants are always victorious.

On returning to their own colony the young of their defeated foe are taken into their nests and carefully treated until they arrive at maturity, when they become the willing bondsmen of the conquerors of their parents, doing all the hardest work of the community, even to the length of feeding their captives. The latter, however, is not entirely a needless humiliation to subject them to, as some species of slaveholding ants are incapable of feeding themselves and would die of starvation in the midst of plenty were it not for their slaves.—Kansas City Independent.

# A Trick of Indian Thieves.

In some of the thieves' schools in India a regular course of training is gone through in the art of "pouching" or concealing articles of value in the throat. The Englishman, a newspaper published in Calcutta, thus describes the process:

"At first a small piece of lead is attached to a thread, is swallowed and guided by the action of the tongue to the office of the sac in the throat. As soon as this has been thoroughly learned the lead is coated with lime. The size of the article to be pouching is gradually increased until it is said that many of the Indian thieves can pouch 8 or 10 rupies at once."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

# Lasting Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract on cooling and therefore are not suitable for casting.

# Quick Collection.

"My! What a splendid library your husband has, Mrs. Flashington. It must have taken him years and years to get all those books together."

"Oh, no. We moved into a house two years ago that had book shelves built all around one room, and he done it in about three weeks."—Chicago Times Herald.

# BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

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# BAD COLDS.

Quinine is 10 years behind. Colds are not now to be vanquished. MEDCO's DYNAMIC TABLETS are the only medicine that cures a cold in a week's ordinary treatment. In 12 hours and about the worst of colds is over.

"It was the worst case of grip I ever had. A half dozen friends had sore throats. Still thinking of MEDCO'S DYNAMIC TABLETS. To my amazement they stopped my cold and cough the first night. I endorse and recommend them to the people."—HARVEY HENLEY, Ex-Member Congress and Attorney, 101 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, July 7, 1909.

Winter colds have always been serious things to me. They are hard and last for weeks. But the last was stopped suddenly by MEDCO'S DYNAMIC TABLETS. Both my cold and cough disappeared in a couple of days. My throat does not hurt. Mrs. EMMA L. HOLLIS, 1435 Mission St., San Francisco, Aug. 6, 1909.

"Five boxes of MEDCO'S DYNAMIC TABLETS are made. That is how I first took them. They stopped a throat that looked like diphtheria. I got the next day when I went to home."—H. L. VAN WYK, Capitalist, 207 Washington Street, San Francisco, August 20, 1909.

Send postpaid for 50 cents in stamps by INLAND LETTER CO., 209 Washington Street, San Francisco. Also on sale by drug stores agents.

# Printers' Snaps.

**Rooker News Cases.**

We have several hundred pairs of these cases. They are a little smaller than full size. Were used by the leading dailies before Lin's came in. They are just the size to facilitate composition in perfect order. Fifty cents per pair.

**Fine Gordon Jobber.**

Now styling No. 12, second-hand, with throw-off, in excellent condition. Has side steam fixtures and is one of the best second-hand presses we have had for a long time. It is a snap.

**Second-hand Cylinder.**

No. 2-column quarto. Will work 1000 an hour. A bargain for a country daily.

**Some Body and Display Type.**

Has not seen one month's use. Some of it hardly stained. Second-hand prices.

# PACIFIC STATES TYPE FOUNDRY

508 Clay Street, S. F.

# Holding His Job For Him.

"Of all the excuses I have ever heard from people for not paying their bills," said a collector for a prominent firm the other day, "I got the most today from a very wealthy man who always owes the house a bill. No matter whether the bill is for \$10 or \$100, he always pays \$5. I have got back the next week and got \$5 more, and once I went back twice in one week, and he paid me \$5 each time and seemed glad to see me. I got to know him pretty well and the other day I asked him why he did not pay it all, as I know he had the money."

"Well," said the old fellow, "if I pay you everything I owe you at one time you will collect so fast that pretty soon you will be out of a job for the want of something to collect."

"I don't know whether that was his reason or not, but I let the subject drop and am just going around there now for another \$5."—Memphis Scholastic.

# Gonard's Opinions.

Music is the most beautiful art, but it is the most detestable profession. But is not that right? That which belongs most to heaven should fare worst on earth.

The public moves much faster than the individual, and therefore the individual must place himself before his age, if he desires not to be behind it. Wagner has some idea of this sort. It is a necessity which every true artist must realize. Great men may be said to be for every age save their own. Small men are for their own and none other. "Reminiscences" in Maendlin's.

# The Congregation Smiled.

A certain clergyman when preaching extemporaneously touched on the subject of miracles. Some people, he said, had difficulty in accepting the miraculous stories of the Bible, as, for example, the story of the speech that Hahanak's ass made to his master.

Looking solemnly at the congregation the preacher hammered in his contention with the remark, "Why should not God make an ass to speak—he made me to speak."—New York Tribune.

# Tripped Mr. Hyatt.

Mrs. Newrich, that Mrs. Hyatt is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today—asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

# The Oldest Christian Hymn.

The oldest Christian hymn was composed not only by a pagan, the Roman Emperor Adrian, but by a persecutor of Christians as well. The hymn begins with the line "Vital spark of heavenly love" and was written between the years 70 and 138 A. D., the dates of the emperor's birth and death. The hymn was paraphrased by Alexander Pope in the early part of the eighteenth century.

# Not Self Conscious.

"I will say," remarked the young woman, "that he is not afflicted with that self-consciousness which marks the person of delicate culture."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "he isn't at all self-conscious. He will be tremble by the hour without being in the least aware of it."—Washington Times Herald.