John and the Ghosts

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCE ("O")

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the kingdom of Illyria there lived not long ago a poor woodcutter, with three sons, who in time went forth to seek their fortunes. At the end of three years they returned by agreement to compare their progress in the world. The eldest had become a lawyer and the second a merchant, and each of these had won riches and friends, but John, the youngest, who had enlisted in the army, could only show a cork leg and a medal.

"You have made a bad business of it," said his brothers. "Your medal is worthless, except to a collector of such things, and your leg a positive disadvantage. Fortunately we have influence, and since you are our brother we must see what we can do for you."

Now, the king of Illyria lived at that time in his capital, in a brick palace at the end of a great park. He kept this park open to all and allowed no one to build in it. But the richest citizens who were so fond of their ruler that they could not live out of his sight, had their houses just beyond the park, in the rear of the palace, on a piece of ground which they called palace gardens. The name was a little misleading, for the true gardens lay in front of the palace, where children of all classes played among the trees and flower beds and artificial ponds, and the king sat and watched them, because he took delight in children and because the sight of them cheered his only daughter, who had fallen into a deep melancholy. But the rich citizens clung to it, for it gave a pleasant, neighborly air to their roadway and showed what friendliness there was between the monarch of Illyria and his people.

At either end you entered the roadway (if you were allowed) by an iron gate. And each gate had a sentry box beside it and a tall beadle and a notice board to save him the trouble of explantation. The notice ran: "Private-The beadle has orders to refuse adgars, disorderly characters or per- incidents to follow one another with sons carrying burdens." A sedentary great rapidity. life had told so severely upon one of the two beadles that he could no longer enter his box with dignity or read his newspaper there with any comfort, locks the body of an old man. A He resigned, and John obtained the young girl followed, weeping and propost by his brothers' interest in spite

of his cork leg. scarlet pipings, a gold laced hat, a herself forward on the old man's body, fashionable address and very little to do. But the army had taught him to be from it by force. "The money!" deactive, and for lack of anything better he fell into deep thinking. This came near to bringing him into trouble. One at his feet. "My promise!" demanded evening he looked out of his sentry box and saw a mild and somewhat sad as the priest stepped forward. "Quick featured old gentleman approaching the gate.

"No admittance," said John. "Tut, tut," said the old gentleman.

John looked at the face on his medal. and, sure enough, there was a resemesty carries a burden"-here he pointed to the notice board-"and the folks along this road are mighty particular."

The king smiled and then sighed heavily. "It's about the princess, my daughter," said he. "She has not smiled for a whole year."

"I'll warrant I'd make her." said "I'll warrant you could not." said the

king. "She will never smile again until she is married." "Then," answered John, "speaking in

a humble way, as becomes me, why the dickens alive don't you marry her up and get done with it?" The king shook his head. "There's a

condition attached," said he. "Maybe you have heard of the famous haunted house in Punsinby square?"

"I've always gone by the spelling and pronounced it Ponsonby," said John. "Well, the condition is that every

suitor for my daughter's hand must spend a night alone in that house, and if he survives and is ready to persevere with his wooing he must return a year later with his bride and spend the night of his marriage there."

"And very handy," said John, "for there's a wedding cake shop at the cor-

The king sighed again. "Unhappily none survives. One hundred and fiftyhave undertaken the adventure. and not a man of them but has either lost his wits or run for it." "Well," said John, "I've been afraid of a great many men"-

"That's a poor confession for a soldier," put in the king.

-"when they all happened to come at me together. But I've never yet met the ghost that could frighten me. night.

It could not be done in this free John had visited the palace and taken sound sleep. an oath in the princess' presence the lord chamberlain, who admitted him to the black front hall and, slamming the door upon him, scuttled out into his brougham.

John struck a match and as he did so heard the carriage roll away. The drive back and tell his majesty at walls were bare and the floor and great once." staircase ahead of him carpetless. As the match flickered out he caught glimpse of a pair of feet moving up the stairs; that was all-only feet. "I'll catch up with the calves on the land- me there, for I have a document here ing maybe," said he, and striking another match he followed them up.

The feet turned aside on the landing and led him into a room on the right, side the lord chamberlain and there He paused on the threshold, drew a had his leg stamped and filed for refcandle from his pocket, lit it and stared erence and, having purchased another, about him. The room was of great size, bare and dusty, with crimson hangings, gilt panels and one huge gilt chandelier, from which and from the and had frequent opportunities of seeceiling and cornice long cobwebs trail- ing and conversing with the princess. ed down like creeping plants. Beneath with whom he soon fell deeply in love. the chandeller a dark smear ran along But as the months passed and the time the boards. The feet crossed it toward drew near for their marriage he grew ers, but they are more cautious,-Atchthe greplace, and as they did so John silent and thoughtful, for he feared to ison Globe.

saw them stained with blood. They expose her, even in his company, to NEW SHORT STORIES reacked the fireplace and vanished. Scarcely had this happened before the end of the room opposite the window began to glow with an unearthly light. John, whose poverty had taught him to be economical, promptly blew out his candle. A moment later two them. They rested it upon the floor and, seating themselves upon it, began to cast dice. "Your soul," "My soul," £1,000." they kept saying in hollow tones, according as they won or lost. At length one of them, a tall man in a powdered wig. with a face extraordinarily pale, flung a hand to his brow, rose and stag-

waiting and twirling his black mus-

tache, with an evil smile. John, who by

this time had found a seat in a far cor-

ner, thought him the most poisonous



John thought it time to interfere. as the minutes passed and nothing happened he turned his back to the light and pulled out a penny dreadful. mittance to all wagons, tradesmen's His literary taste was shocking, and carts, hackney coaches, donkeys, beg. when it came to romance he liked the

He was interrupted by a blood curdling groan, and the first ruffian broke into the room, dragging by its gray testing, with disheveled hair, and behind her entered a priest with a brazier He had now a bright green suit with full of glowing charcoal. The girl cast but the two scoundrels dragged her manded the dark one, and she drew from her bosom a small key and cast it the other and seized her by the wrist -over this coffin-man and wife!" She wrenched her hand away and thrust him backward. The priest retreated to the brazier and drew out a redbot iron. John thought it was about time to interfere. "I beg your pardon," said he, stepping forward, "but I suppose you

really are ghosts?" "We are unhallowed souls," answered the dark man impressively, "who return to blight the living with the spectacle of our awful crimes.'

"Meaning me?" asked John. "Aye, sir, and to destroy you tonight

if you contract not upon your soul to return with your bride and meet us here a twelvemonth hence." "H'm!" said John to himself. "They

are three to one, and after all it's what came for. I suppose," he added aloud. some form of document is usual in these cases?" The dark man drew out pen and

parchment. "Hold forth your hand," he commanded, and as John held it out, thinking he meant to shake it over the bargain, the fellow drove the pen into his wrist until the blood spurted.

"Now, sign!" "Sign!" said the other villain. "Sign!" said the lady.

"Oh, very well, miss; if you're in the swindle, too, my mind is easier," said John, and signed his name with a flourish. "But a bargain is a bargain, and what security have I for your part in

"Our signature!" said the priest terribly, at the same moment pressing his smell of burnt cork arose as John stooped and clapped his hand over the scorched stocking. When he looked up again his visitors had vanished, and died away.

But the coffin remained for evidence that he had not been dreaming. John It a candle and examined it. "Just the thing for me!" he exclaimed, finding it to be a mere shell of pine boards, loosely nailed together and painted black. "I was beginning to shiver." and if your majesty will give me the He knocked the coffin to pieces, cramlatchkey I'll try my luck this very med them into the fireplace and very soon had a grand fire blazing, before which he sat and finished his penny and easy way, but at 8 o'clock, after dreadful and so dropped off into a

The lord chamberlain arrived early (which was his first sight of her), he in the morning and, finding him was driven down to the house beside stretched there, at first broke into lamentations over the fate of yet another personable young man, but soon changed his tune when John sat up of the porch as quickly as possible and and, rubbing his eyes, demanded to be

told the time. "But are you really alive? We must

a brother of mine, a lawyer, in the city. He will be arriving at his effice about this time, and you must drive of a sort and must have it stamped to

be on the safe side." So into the city he was driven bewas conveyed to the palace, where the

king received him with open arms. He was now a favored guest at court he sights he had witnessed in

He thought and thought until one fine afternoon he snapped his fingers suddenly and after that went about whistling. A fortnight before the day fixed for the wedding he drove into the men entered, bearing a coffin between city again, but this time to the office of his other brother, the merchant.
"I want," said he, "the loan of

"Nothing easier." said his brother. "Here is £850. Of the remainder I shall keep £50 as interest for the first year at 5 per cent, and the odd £100 should purchase a premium of insur gered from the room. The other sat ance for £2,000, which I will retain as security against accidents."

This seemed not only fair, but brotherly. John pocketed his £850, shook his

hurried westward. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and in the evening the king, who had been shedding tears at intervals throughout the ceremonies, ccompanied his daughter to the haunted house. The princess was pale. John, on the contrary, who sat facing her father in the state coach, smiled with a cheerfulness which under the circumstances seemed a trifle ill bred. The wedding guests followed in twentyfour chariots. Their cards of invitation had said "2 to 5:30 p. m.," and it was now 8 o'clock. But they could not resist the temptation to see the last of "the poor dear thing," as they agreed

to call the bride. The king sat silent during the drive He was preparing his farewell speech, which he meant to deliver in the porch. But, arriving and perceiving a crowd about it, and also, to his vast astonishment, a red baize carpet on the perron and a butler bowing in the doorway, with two footmen behind him, he coughed down his exordium and led his daughter into the hall amid showers of rice and confetti. The bridegroom followed, and so did the wedding guests, since no one opposed them

The hall and staircase were decorated with palms and pot plants, flags and emblems of Illyria, and in the great drawing room-which they had entered while John persuaded the king to a seat-they found many rows of morocco covered chairs, a miniature stage, with a drop representing the play scene in "Hamlet;" a row of footlights, a boudoir grand plane and a man seated at the keyboard, whom they recognized as a performer in much demand at suburban dances.

The company had scarcely seated itself before a strange light began to illuminate that end of the room at which the stage stood, and immediately the curtain rose to the overture of M. Offenbach's "Orphee aux Enfers," the planist continuing with great spirit until a round of applause greeted the entrance of the two spectral perform

Its effect upon them was in the high est degree disconcerting. They set down the coffin, and, after a brief and hurried conference in undertone, the black mustachioed ghost advanced to the footlights, singled out John from the audience and, with a terrific scowl, demanded to know the reason of this extraordinary gathering.

"Come, come, my dear sir," answered John, "Our contract, if you will study it, allows me to invite whom I choose It merely insists that my bride and I the somewhat unexpected reply."must be present, as you see we are. New York Times. on with your past, and assur yourself it is no use to try the high horse with me."

The dark ghost looked at his partner who shuffled uneasily. "I told you," tial evidence is very strong, as said he, "we should have trouble with you find a trout in the milk." it when he came to spend the night here without bringing a bulldog. That frightening of the bulldog out of his wits has always been our most effective bit of business."

Hereupon the dark ghost took another tone. "Our fair but unfortunate victim has a sore throat tonight," he announced. "The performance is consequently postponed." And he seated himself sulkily upon the coffin, when the limelight man from the wings promptly bathed him in a flood of the intolerable!" he exclaimed, starting to served that my eyes are shut." his feet.

"It is not first rate, I agree," said John, "but such as it is we had better go through with it. Should the company doubt its genuineness I can go around afterward and show the brand on the cork." Here he tapped the leg which he had been careful to

bring with him. branding iron into John's ankle. A ghosts' resistance collapsed. They Before this evidence of contract the seated themselves on the coffin and be gan the casting of dice. The performance proceeded, but in a half hearted and perfunctory manner, notwithstanda moment later the strange light, too, ing the vivacious efforts of the lime-

The tall ghost struck his brow and fled from the stage. There were cries of "Call him back!" but John explained that this was part of the drama, and no encores would be allowed. whereupon the audience fell to hissing the villain, who now sat alone, with the most lifelike expression of malignity.

"Oh, hang it!" he expostulated after awhile. "I am doing this under protest, and you need not make it worse for a fellow. I draw the line at hiss

ing.

"It's the usual thing," explained John affably. But when the ghostly lady walked on and in the act of falling on her fa- often led him into fistic encounters, in gray eye. "I have some friends in that ther's body was interrupted by the pianist, who handed up an immense of it. bouquet, the performers held another hurried colloquy.

"Look here," said the dark browed villain, stepping forward and addressing John. "What will you take to call It quits? "I'll take," said John, "the key which

the lady has just handed you, and if per's Weekly. the treasure is at all commensurate with the fuss you have been making about it we'll let bygones be bygones." Well, it was, and John, having counted it out behind the curtain, came forward and asked the planist to play "God Save the King," and so, having bowed his guests to the door, took posession of the haunted house and lived

Some people are not better than oth-

renown and prosperity.

When Read Worked Opie Read, the novelist, recently at tended a press club reception given in honor of F. Hopkinson-Smith. The author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" was surrounded by a group of women, who felt it a great privilege to come into the presence of a real literary lion and were making the most of the op-portunity. "When," inquired one of them, "do you write your delightful

stories?" "I am a very consistent worker," answered the artist-engineer-author. "My literary work is done regularly between the hours of 11 and 2 o'clock.' There was a murmur of polite "Ohs!" "And when, Mr. Read," said one of

the group, turning to the author of creditor affectionately by the hand and "The Kentucky Colonel," "do you do your work?" Running his fingers through his thatch of brown hair, the tall humorist

> and necessity-invariably!" Then Mr. Smith began to talk of the difficulties of lighthouse building .- Suc-

Surely Nonpartisan Congressman Richard Bartholdt of Missouri, chairman of the congressional committee which acted the role of host to the visiting peace delegates, is an old New York newspaper man. From 1878 until 1884 he was a reporter and a good one too. In discussing the political situation in his state the other way he was reminded of an incident in his newspaper career. It was apropos of the control of affairs in St. Louis by the Democratic party.

"Things in St. Louis are very much as one of the Tammany representatives in the legislature would have had



"FOUR DEMOCRATS, OF COURSE."

them in New York back in 1880," he said. "This particular brave, to the great surprise of his colleagues, took the floor one day and made an impasnonpartisan election commissioners. 'I want four nonpartisan men in

each district,' he declared earnestly. "One of his brother members interrupted him, scenting something wrong. "'What do you mean by four nonpartisan commissioners?' was asked. "'Four Democrats of course,' came

Emerson Stories

Emerson enjoyed quoting certain sayings of Thoreau, as: "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when "The this fellow. I had a presentiment of chub is soft fish and tastes like boiled brown paper salted."

When Thoreau was in Concord jail because he refused to pay his taxes Emerson called upon him and remarked, "Henry, I am very much surprised to see you here." To which Thoreau replied, "I am very much surprised that you are not here."

Emerson told the story of Mrs. Tho reau's call on his Aunt Mary. Observing that Mrs. Thoreau wore pink ribbons, Miss Emerson closed her eyes for a time. Presently she observed, "Mrs. most beautiful rose color. "Oh, this is Thoreau, I don't know if you have ob-"Yes. madam, I have observed it." "I don't like to see a person of your age guilty of levity in dress."-Christian Register.

Mere Bowing Harmless. His former parishioners in this city recall now many just and smart observations of the late Rev. Dr. George Lorimer in his private intercourse. A few weeks before he left for Europe on that ill fated journey he met at her residence a wealthy and capable New York woman who, under the influence of one of the oriental propagandists among us, had fallen into curious religious practices. She received him in room where rested on a pedestal a hideous Indian idol.

"Do you object, doctor, to idols as such?" she asked, half deprecatingly half in the tone of challenge. "Not at all, madam, not at all."

"You would be shocked, I suppose, to "Certainly not. Bow as often as you please before your idol, so long as you do not forget that it is an idol."-New York Mail.

A Good Rule. Delegate McGuire of Oklahoma tells

of a conversation between two Irishmen living in that territory. The one was lecturing the other upon his frequent exhibitions of ill temper, which which he did not always get the best

"Remimber, Mulcahy," said the first celt, with an oracular air, "that whin you're angry ye ought niver to say a word. Bear in moind the sayin', 'Silence is golden."

"'Tis a good rule," replied Mulcahy, "waste no words, smash 'im!"-Har-

"Yes," said the young drug clerk who had been trotting in double harness for nearly two weeks, "I've got a boss

"Well, you have my sympathy," re toined the man who had come in to buy a bottle of hair restorer. "I've in it many years with his bride in high got that kind of a wife too."—Chicago News.

wife."

The man who always stops to think before he speaks may not say much but he seldom has to take any of ! back.-Somerville Journal.

MENTAL PROPS.

Various Things That Give Is Con fidence In Ourselves.

We each have the need of our men tal "prop." One woman tells me that when she wishes to give decided orders to her cook she always puts on her hat and gloves, then, as she floats into the kitchen surrounded by a cloud of dignity and courage, she feels equal to he could to his progenitor's side. the occasion. Good and well fitting clothes are

tain confidence in ourselves, a sort of breath when the tumblers rushed forth mental pat you on the back, which to turn flipflaps high in the air over says, "Brace up, old boy; the shell is herds of elephants. He saw the trapeze perfect; let's hear from the kernel."

the bristling blue sash. The doctor depends much upon his daring one from going down to destrucgloves. He can be busy with them tion. Then came suddenly upon the when vital or difficult questions are seene a milk white steed, and sitting

solemnly responded, "Between anxiety valve. For the bashful boy who is deprived ry and fluffs. She was kissing her in the hall of hat and gloves before en hands to the people, the band having tering the room filled with people if some good fairy would only hand him air that added to the unreality of it a book to occupy his hands so he need all. The ringmaster said something: only look after his feet what a prop then he snapped his whip, and the one it would be to him! in pink and ivory and fluffs stood upo

A clergyman's prop lies in well fit the toes of one foot on the back of the ting vestments.

As for the writer of this article-I to float away. Little Willie excitedly can speak with the authority of most intimate acquaintance she must have ther's ear, asked: her hair arranged in the way she affects it and her shoes on to cope with life's emergencies. She finds the waggish old world rather a jolly place and loves to watch frail humanity leaning gently upon their "mental props," while they are happily quite unconscious of her scrutiny.-Jeannette Young in Critic.

THE ROBIN.

Doesn't Mix Mortar.

The robin is a very adaptive bird cer tainly. It adjusts itself readily to new Thus there are persons who seem to take their chance."-Baltimore Sun. believe that when mud is scarce the robin will bring water in its beak to the dust of the road and so make the mortar that it needs. This notion is, of course, absurd. How could the robin know that water and dust will make mud? This knowledge is the result of reflection and experiment and is not within the reach of an animal. More than that, if the robin could find the water he could certainly find the mud somewhere. I have known them to use a substitute for mud furnished by the cows.

Another equally absurd claim for the robin comes from a correspondent. A robin had her nest in a tree under his chamber window in such a position that he could see all that happened in the nest. He says that when the young robins were nearly grown he saw the mother bird take them, one by one, by sioned appeal for a law to provide for | the nape of the neck and hold them out over the rim of the nest to teach them to use their wings! I suppose "our modern school of nature study" would accept this statement without question. It is such preposterous natural history as this that furnishes the stock in trade of this "school." Some persons deceive themselves in what they think they see, and not a few, I am convinced, are she'll be glad if you'll come to tea on deliberate falsifiers .- John Burroughs Monday. in Outing

History of the "Five Minutes" Bell. There is a history attached to the tolling of a single bell after a peal which is not generally known. Popularly it is described as the "five minutes" bell, and it is thought to be a final warning to the people that if they do not really hurry up at the end they | lately?" will be late. As a matter of fact, it has a far older history. In earlier days it was not customary to have sermons so frequently as is now the case. On special occasions an instruction was given or a sermon was preached, and on these special occasions the little bell was tolled after the peal in order that the faithful might understand that it was one of the special occasions on flocks.-London Globe.

Words Without Rhyme. Bulb has no rhyme. Culm, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst, are other rhymeless words having the sound of u as in but. Few patrician words in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. Thus has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, inglorious, etc.-London Chronicle.

A Pleasant Prospect. He-Here is good news for women. A high medical authority says that the | zine. little toe will gradually disappear. She -Why is that good for women? He-Why, if the little toe disappears, why not the others? And if they all dis appear women will be able to wear

smaller shoes.—Brooklyn Life Taking Him Down. "Yes," said the pompous man, "we

move in the best society when we're at home.' "Yes." replied the man with the cold business too. Do you use the padded vans?"-Exchange.

Advice to the Doctor. Doctor-Oh, we'll cure you in a very short time! Patient-You'd better. The longer it takes you to cure me the longer it will take me to pay your bill. -Philadelphia Ledger.

Righteous Indignation. "Do you remember that \$5 you borrowed of me last June? "Well, I should say I did. I lent \$2 of it to Jones, and the skunk hasn't paid me vet!"-Puck.

Very Careless. Mrs. Tufty-Didn't Mrs. Green leave her card? The New Maid-Yes'm, she lef' it, an' I had to chase her two blocks to give it back to her .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself .- Plato.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Paradise Found.

Little Willie's father, being a man, had taken him to the circus. I was the child's first experience, and with his eyes bulging he watched the performers as they made "the grand entrance." His little hand stole into his father's as he moved as closely as circus music rang in his ears, half be wildering him. He saw the clowns go props to us all and bring about a cer- through wonderful antics and held his Of melody. Hush, thee, my heart and its performers, in dazzling tights, as they To the little school miss on the day did their wonderful turns high in the of the entertainment what a prop is air, and he gasped, clutching at his father's hand, as if to thus protect the asked. They are a sort of moral safety upon his broad back was a smiling beautiful creature, all in pink and ivo suddenly switched to a soul stirring

> rose and, placing his lips near his fa-"Papa, is she an angel?"-Chicage Record-Herald. The Hopeful Young Man.

milk white charger and seemed about

other night some one said to a medical student: "Don't you despair of ever building

up a practice in medicine?" "Indeed, no," he answered. "But you will admit that the profes

sion is already overcrowded." "Oh, perhaps it is," said the young man, and then, with a laugh, he added, "But I propose to graduate in mediconditions, but it falls far short of the cine just the same, and those who are intelligence that is often ascribed to it. already in the profession will have to

The Return Invitation



"Please, Mrs. Smith, mamma says

"With pleasure, Bessie. Tell your mother it's really too kind"-"Oh, no! Mamma says she'll be glad when it's over.'

Possible Way Out. "John," said Mrs. Bjenkins, looking up from the evening paper, "you know

how many dishes Kate has broken "Yes," said John. "What of it?" "Well," continued Mrs. Bjenkins "there is something in the paper here about steel plates. I don't know just what they are, but I should think they might be indestructible."-Somerville

Journal. Where Money Talks.

"I am a poor man," he began, "but which the clergy would address their if the devotion of a true and loving heart goes for anything with you I"-"Oh, it goes with me all right," interrupted the fair but practical maid "but I'm afraid it won't go with the grocer and butcher."-Cleveland Plain

> Not Up to the Mark. Bragg-No man can call me a liar

with impunity. I'd fight him if he was seven feet high. Quarles-I said you were a liar. What are you going to do about it? Bragg-Huh! You're not seven

high.-Philadelphia Ledger. Pat's Trouble.

An Irishman came to a doctor com plaining that he had noises in his head. "Oi have thim arl the toime," he said, "an' sometoimes Oi can hear thim fifty feet away!"-Lippincott's Maga-

A Man's Opinion. Lady Customer-Do you think that a photograph of a woman in order to be good should necessarily be deceiving? Photographer-If it is a true like-

ness-yes.-Detroit Free Press. When Marguerite Proposed to Me. When Marguerite proposed to n Oh, subtilely she did the deed,

And not as mankind did she plead When Marguerite proposed to me. She uttered not a single word, Her drooping eyelids hardly stirred, But well I knew, though naught heard. When Marguerite proposed to me

When Marguerite proposed to me She used her own persuasive arts And power that love alone imparts, When Marguerite proposed to me— Proposed to me that I propose— But is it needful to disc How I to the occasion rose
When Marguerite proposed to me?
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Typographical Error A pompous Englishman entered fashionable New York restaurant and soup and registered his complaint with plays around sometimes. - Harper's the head waiter.

"I say, old chap, that's rawther hard on a fellow. There's a needle in the soup," exclaimed the Britisher. "Oh, not so bad, after all," replied the head waiter; "not so bad, simply a typographical error. It should have

been a noodle."

Gems In Verse

Purpose of Son Hark to the bird in the willie

Songs in the fullness of joy to the air. Hark to the lark in the blue heaven singing. Bidding the weary heart listen and

Music flung free as the air he is cleaving. Joy mingled strains in a wonderful weavgrieving. Hark to the wild bird and banish thy

Far, far above the dull earth he is soar-Drifts the song downward from heaven

Floods of sweet, unstudied music are pouring
Tides ebb and swell of his rare melody. Rising now further, returning now ner Ebbing now fainter and swelling

clearer. God made thee carcless that thy entranc-Forget his grief when he listens to thee. What careth he of the world? He is fling-

Heaven born songs of delight to the air. God bade him flood earth with rapturous singing
That the soul, weary, might listen and

Heaven, if thou hast me with melody

Teach me the heights where the wild bird Let thou my song like the lark song be irifted

The Man Who Is Twelve Years Old. There's a man that I know, and he lives

The hopefulness of some young men near you In a town called Everywhere; You might not think he's a man from his is unbounded. At a dinner table the or the clothes he may chance to wear.
But under the jacket with many a patch
Is a heart more precious than gold—
The heart of a man 'neath the coat of a

> He only is walting to wear the crown That is already made for his brow, And I pray that his mind will always be

warm And free from life's canker and mold, And may he be worthy his waiting estate, This man who is twelve years old!

will make
Of the boys that we carelessly meet, For many a statesman is doing the chores, And presidents play in the street.

The hand that is busy with playthings

The reins of power will hold: So I take off my hat and gladly salute This man who is twelve years old. —Maurice Smiley in Collier's. When Old Age Comes

Gray hairs do not a patriarch make Nor wrinkled brows a sage; In subtler ways we deftly take The finger marks of age. Ceasing to love; forgetting friends

When the warm heart turns cold— Then the recording angel bends And writes, "He's growing old!" —Woman's Life.

Peculiar Custom That Prevails In Northern Australia.

ordering Torres strait, where the relationship between maternal uncle and nephew is regarded as being closer than that between father and son. There a man is bound to stop fighting when ordered to do so by his mother's brother, and the uncle is entitled to bid his sister's husband cease any hostilities in which he may be engaged. Moreover, the quelled combatant is required to make a present to the uncle

who stops him. nal uncle who makes the actual payment and who acquires the credit at

A man in those parts may not utter the names of his wife's relations, and er-in-law he must lower his voice and speak humbly, the underlying idea being probably a pretense that he has carried his spouse away forcibly from

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Business, like your salary, might always be better.

When you abuse a boy for being worthless, remember how worthless you were at his age. Some people say farming is so much easier than it used to be. Still, if a

days he knows he has a job. There is a good deal in print about the contagious laugh, but how often do you hear it? The writer of this quaintance who have a laugh that is contagious .- Atchison Globe

The Kicker's Trademark. In the English hunting field it is the custom to mark kicking horses by tying a piece of red ribbon around their tails. Experienced hunters are on the careful lookout for all such animals, and should it happen that the steeds are running close to one another the equine with the ribbon bedecked tail is given a wide berth, as it is more than probable that it will lash out with its hind legs to the serious disadvantage of its neighbors. In the excitement of the chase horses almost lose their heads, and an animal that naturally is not in any way vicious or inclined to be bad tempered will do the most unexpected things in the way

Not That Kind of a Dog. Friendly Old Lady (to little girl sitting on porch beside dog)-Ah, my dear, ordered a meal. While disposing of your dog is a setter, isn't he? Little his soup he discovered a needle in the Girl-Oh, no, ma'am. He gets up an'

"Why, where did you get that iden?

is he not?"

Into some sad heart to banish its care.

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

boy, A man who is twelve years old.

His body as pure as snow, His heart always fresh and sunny and

We never may know what the future

WHERE UNCLES RULE.

Uncles rule among the native tribes

or brother-in-law, as the case may be, When a man marries in these parts his father provides the wherewithal to purchase the bride, but it is the mater-

tached thereto. when he speaks to his father or moth-

her home and must sue for peace.

The croquette is the old fashioned hash ball after it gets into society.

Some people are too insistent on the right to be fools in their own way. When a young man refuses to work, that is the beginning of all his other

troubles.

farmer does his duty even in these knows but two people of all his ac-

of kicking, rearing and biting.-London Telegraph.

Weekly. Squaring Him. "He is considered a clever financier,

He never beat anybody out of anything in his life!"-Clevelana Leader.