

THE IRON PIRATE

A Plain Tale of Strange Happenings on the Sea

By MAX PEMBERTON

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

No man has ever looked on a more awful sight. We had struck the battleship low amidships—we had crashed through the thinnest coat of her steel. She had heeled right over from the shock, so that the guns had cast free from the carriages, and the seas had filled her. Thus for one terrible minute she lay, and then, with a heavy lurch, she rolled beneath the waves; and there was left but thirty or forty struggling souls, who battled for their lives with the great rollers of the Atlantic. Of these a few reached the side of our ship and were shot there as they clung to the ladder.

For ourselves we lay, our bows split with the shock, our engine room in fearful disorder. The other warships were yet some distance away; but they opened fire upon us at hazard, and of the first three shells which fell, two cut our decks; and sent clouds of splinters of wood and of human flesh flying in the smoke-laden air. At the fifth shot, a gigantic crash resounded from below, and the stokers rushed above with the news that the fore stoke hold had three feet of water in it. The hands received the news with a deep groan. They bellowed like bulls at Black; they refused all orders. He shot down man after man, while I crouched for safety in the tower; and they became but fiercer. Our end was evidently near. Anon they turned upon the captain and myself, and fired volleys upon the conning tower; or, in their terrible frenzy, they pitched themselves into the sea.

Through all this our one engine worked; and so slowly did the great ironclad draw upon us that the end of it all came before they could reach us. Suddenly the men rushed to the boats and cast them loose. Fighting with the dash of madmen, they crowded the launch, they swarmed the jolly-boat and the lifeboat. We watched their insane efforts as boat after boat put away and was swamped, leaving the men to drown. When 6 o'clock came, Black and Karl and myself were alone upon the great ship. Black pulled me by the arm and said:

"Boy, they've left nothing but the dinghy. The old ship's done; and it's time you left her."

"And you?" I asked.

He looked at me and at Karl. He followed me slowly, as one in a dream, to the davits aft, and freed the last of the boats. Then he went to his cabin, and to the rooms below; and I helped him to put a couple of kegs of water in the frail craft, with some biscuit, which we lashed.

When all was ready, the captain went to the engine room and brought Karl to the top of the ladder; but there the German stayed, nor did threats or entreaties move him.

"He'll die with the ship," said Black, "and I don't know that he isn't wise; but he held out his hand to the genius of his crime, and after a great grip the two men parted.

For ourselves, we stepped on the frail craft with which men ever faced the Atlantic, and at that moment the first of the ironclads fired another shell at the nameless ship. It was a crashing shot, but it had come too late to serve justice, or to wreck the ship of mystery; for Karl had led the hydrogen into the cylinders unchecked. And in a cascade of fire, lighting the sea for many miles, and making as day the newly fallen night, the golden citadel hissed over the water for one moment, then plunged headlong, and was no more.

A fierce fire it was, lighting sea and sky—a mighty holocaust; the roar of great conflagration; the end of a monstrous dream. And I thought of another fire and another face—the face of Martin Hall, who had seen the finger of Almighty God in his mission; and I said, "His work is done!"

But Black, clinging to the dinghy, wept as a man stricken with a great grief, and he cried so that the oldest heart might have been moved—

"My ship, my ship!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

About midnight a thunderstorm got up from the south, and the sea, rising somewhat with it, wetted us to the skin. The lightning, terribly vivid and incessant, lighted up the whole sea again and again, showing each the other's face, the face of a worn and fatigue-stricken man. And the rain, and the sea beat on until we shivered, cowering and were numb. Yet Black held to silence, moaning at rare intervals as he moaned when the great ship sank. It was not until the sun rose over the long swell that we slept for an hour or more; and after the sleep we were both calmer. The captain was very quiet, and he gazed at me often with the expression I had seen on his face when he saved from his men.

"Boy," he said, "look well at the sun, lest you never look at it again."

"I am looking," I replied; "it is life to me."

"If," he continued, very thoughtful, "you, who have years with you, should live when I go under, you'll take this belt I'm wearing off me; it'll help you ashore. If it happen that I live with you, it'll help both of us."

"We're in the track of steamers," said I; "there's no reason to look at it that way yet."

"That's your way, and the right one," he answered; "but I'm not a man like that, and my heart's gone with my ship; we shall never see her like again."

The captain pulled himself together with a great effort, and sat aft, sculling with the short oar in a mechanical and altogether absent way.

Black continued to brood, and when the sun fell low in the west, and the whole heavens were as mountains and peaks of crimson fire, I knew by his mutterings that the frenzy of madness was upon him.

He raved with fierce threats and awful cries at the American he had buried, or made desperate appeals to some apparition

tion that came to him in his dreadful dream. But at the last he grew almost incoherent. I was high dead with want of sleep and fatigue, for I had not rested during the fight with the ironclads, and I went to sleep at last.

When I awoke for the third time, the dinghy was held firmly by a boat hook, and was being drawn towards a jolly-boat full of seamen. I rose up, rubbing my eyes as a man seeing a vision; but when the men shouted something to me in German, I had another exclamation on my lips; for I was alone in the boat, and Black had left me.

Then I looked across the sea, and I saw a long black steamer lying to a mile away, and the men dragged me into their craft, and shouted heroic words of encouragement, and fell to rowing with great joy. Yet I remembered dreaming, and it seemed to me that the voice I had heard in my sleep was the voice of Black, who cried to me as he had cast himself to his death in the Atlantic.

Was the man dead? Had he really ended that most remarkable life of evil enterprise and of crime; or had he by some miracle found safety while I slept? Had the man gone out of my life wrapped in the mystery which had surrounded him from the first? Or had he simply cast himself from the dinghy in a fit of insanity, and died the terrible death of the suicide? I could not answer the tremendous question; but I had not reached the shelter of the steamer which had saved me before I made the discovery that the belt of linen which had been about Black's waist was now about mine. I found that it was filled with some hard and sharp stones. Instinctively I knew the truth; that in his last hour the master of the nameless ship had retained his curious affection for me; had made over to me some of that huge hoard of wealth he must have accumulated by his years of pillage; and I restrained myself with difficulty from casting the whole there and then into the water which had witnessed his battles for it. But the belt was firmly lashed about me, and we were on the deck of the steamer before my numbed hands could set the lashing free.

It would be idle for me to attempt to describe all I felt as the captain of the steamship Hoffnung greeted me upon his quarter-deck, and his men sent up rounds of cheers which echoed over the waters. I stood for some minutes forgetful of everything save that I had been snatched from that prison of steel; brought from the shadow of the living death to the hope of seeing friends and country and home again. And then there came a great sense of thankfulness, and tears gushed up in my eyes, and fell upon my numbed hands. With many encouraging pats on the back, they forced me down their companionship way to the skipper's cabin, and so to a bunk, where I lay inanimate, and deep in sleep for many hours. But I awoke as another man, and when I had taken a great bowl of soup my strength seemed to return to me with bounds, and I set up to find they had taken away my clothes, but that the belt which Black had bound about me lay at the foot of the bunk, and was unopened.

It was not heavy, being all of linen finely sewed; but when at last I made up my mind to open it, I did so with my teeth, tearing the threads at the top of it, and so ripping it down. There fell upon my bed some twenty or thirty diamonds of such size and lustre that they lay sparkling with a thousand lights which dazzled the eyes, and made me utter a cry at once of surprise and of admiration. White stones they were, Brazilian diamonds of the first water; and when I undid the rest of the seams, and opened the belt fully, I found at least fifty more, with some superb black pearls, a fine emerald, and a little parcel of exquisite rubies. To the latter there was attached a paper with the words, "Take these; they are honestly come by. And let me write while I can that I have loved you. Remember this when you forget Captain Black." That was all; and I judged that the stones were worth five thousand pounds if they were worth a penny.

The Hoffnung was bound to Konigsberg, but when the skipper and I had come to understand each other by signs and writing he, with great consideration, offered to put into Southampton and leave me there. I put off in his long-boat with a deep sense of his humanity and kindness, and with hearty cheers from his crew.

I should have gone to the quay at once then, but crossing the roads I saw a yacht at anchor, and I recognized her as my own yacht Celsis, with Dan aboard. To put to her side was the work of a moment, and I do not think that I ever gave a heartier hall than that "Aho, Daniel!" which then fell from my lips.

"Aho!" cried Dan in reply. "Why, if it ain't the gov'nor!"

And the old fellow began to shout and to wave his arms and to throw ropes about as though he were smitten with lunacy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I had sprung up the ladder before Dan had gathered his scattered wits to remember that it was there. It was worth much to watch that honest fellow as he gripped my hand in his two great paws. I asked him if Roderick and Mary were aboard.

"They're down below, as I'm alive, and the hands is ashore, but they've come aboard for this. Shall I tell 'em as you've called in passing like? I can hardly see out of my eyes for looking at you, sir."

Poor old Dan did not quite know what he was doing. I left him in the midst of his strange talk and walked softly down the companion way to the door of the saloon, and I opened it and stood, I doubt not, before them as one come from the dead. Mary, whose childish face looked very drawn, was sitting before a book, open upon the table, her head resting up-

on her hands, and a strange expression of melancholy in her great dark eyes. But Roderick lay upon a sofa-bunk, and was fast asleep, with the novel which he had been reading lying crumpled upon the floor.

I had opened the door so gently that neither of them moved as I entered the room. It was to me the best moment of my life to be looking again upon them, and I waited for one minute until Mary raised her head and our eyes met. Then I bent over the cabin table and kissed her, and I felt her clinging to me, and though she never spoke, her eyes were wet with hot tears; and when she smiled through them, it was as a glimpse of bright sunlight shining through a rain-shower. In another moment there was nothing but the expression of great childish joy on her face, and the old Mary spoke.

"Mark, I can't believe it," she said, "holding me close lest I might go away again, and I always guessed you'd come."

But Roderick awoke with a yawn, and when he saw me he rubbed his eyes, and said as one in a dream:

"Oh, is that you?"

The tea which Mary made was very fragrant. It was a long story, and I could give them but the outline of it, or, in turn, hear but a tenth part of their own anxieties and ceaseless efforts in my behalf. It appeared that when I had failed to return to the hotel on that night when I followed Paolo to the den in the Bowers, Roderick had gone at once to the yacht, and there had learned from Dan of my intention. He did not lose an instant in seeking the aid of the police, but I was even then astern of the Labrador, and the keen search which the New York detectives had made was fruitless even in gleaming tidings of me. Paolo was followed night and day for twenty-four hours; but he was shot in a drinking den before the detectives laid hands on him, and lived long enough only to send Mary a message, telling her that her prettiness had saved the Celsis from disaster in the Atlantic. On the next day, both the skipper and Roderick made public all they knew of Black and his crew, and a greater sensation was never made in any city.

The news was cabled to Europe over half a dozen wires, was hurled to the Pacific, to Japanese seas—it shook the navies of the world with an excitement rarely known, and for some weeks it paralyzed all traffic on the Atlantic. Cruisers of many nations were sent in the course of the great ocean-going steamers; arms were carried by some of the largest of the passenger ships, and the question was asked daily before all other questions, "Is the nameless ship taken?"

Meanwhile Roderick and Mary, who suffered all the anguish of suspense, returned to London, there to hear the whole matter discussed in Parliament. Several warships and cruisers were dispatched to the Atlantic, but returned to report the ill result of their mission. Nor was my oldest friend content with this national action and the subsequent offer of a reward of £50,000 for the capture of the nameless ship or of her crew, for he put the best private detectives in the city at the work, sending two to New York and others to Paris and to Spezia. When the weeks passed and I did not come, all thought that I had died in my self-appointed mission—another of Black's victims.

It was but a few days after this sorrowful conviction that Black and I went to London, and were seen by Inspector King, who had watched night and day for the man's coming. The detective had immediately telegraphed to the Admiralty, and to Roderick, who had reached my hotel to find that I had already left. Then he had hurried back to Southampton, there to hear of the going of the warships, and to wait with Mary tidings of the last great battle, which meant life or death to me.

Long we sat discussing these things, and very bright were a pair of dark eyes that listened again to Roderick's story, and then to more of mine. But Roderick himself had awoke from his lethargy, and his enthusiasm broke through all his old restraint.

"To-morrow, why to-morrow, you'll astound London. My dear fellow, we'll go to town together to claim the £50,000 which the Admiralty offered, and the £20,000 from the Black Anchor Line, to say nothing of American money galore. You're made for life, old man; and we'll take the old yacht port to Greenland, and hunt up the place and Black's tender, which seems to have escaped the ironclads, and it'll be the finest trip we ever knew."

"What does Mary say?" I asked, as she still held my hand.

"I don't mean to leave you again," she answered, and as she spoke there was a great sound of cheering above, and a great tramp of feet upon the deck; and as we hurried up, the hands I loved to see crowded about me, and their shouting was carried far over the water, and was taken up on other ships, which threw their searchlights upon us, so that the night was as a new day to me, and the awakening from the weeks of dreaming as the coming of spring after winter's dark. Yet, as the child-face was all lighted with radiant smiles, and honest hands clasped mine, and the waters echoed the triumphant greeting, I could not but think again of Captain Black, or ask myself, Is the man really dead, or shall we yet hear of him, bringing terror upon the sea, and death and suffering; the master of the nations, and the child of ambition? Or is his grave in the great Atlantic that he ruled in the mighty moments of his power?

Ah, I wonder.

(The End.)

Willing to Oblige.

Wiggins—I'd like to borrow your lawn mower, old man. The doctor says I need a little exercise.

Higgins—All right. Come over and I'll let you have it long enough to mow my lawn.

New Idea for Play.

Manager—I've got a new idea for a melodrama that ought to make a hit.

Playwrite—What is it?

Manager—The idea is to introduce a cyclone in the first act that will kill all the actors.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Interviewer—And do you always wait for inspiration before beginning a poem?

Great Poet—Oh, no. Sometimes I need the money.



God's Messenger.

"I was visiting," said Arnot, "among my people in the wynds and closes of Edinburgh. I stood away back and looked up at the high houses to see whether Betty Gordon, an aged saint of God, was at home. I knew that she was at home by this sign, that her little flower pots were out upon her window sill, that the blind was up. I knew Betty was in, for when she went away she carefully took in the flower pots and pulled down the blinds."

"I knew that she was poor and needy, but she trusted God, and I was so glad that somebody had given me some money that morning to give to the poor, I put aside Betty's rent for a month in my pocket and went into the close, and climbed up the winding stairs to Betty's door. At first I knocked softly, but there was no answer. Then I pulled the bell, but there was no answer. Then I knocked louder, but there was no answer. At last I said, 'Betty forgot to pull down the blinds, and she has gone out, leaving her flower pots there. What a pity!' Then I went down the stairs."

"The next morning I went back and knocked at the door. After a little waiting Betty came and opened it.

"'Oh,' she said, 'is it you, Mr. Arnot? I am so glad to see you. Come in.' There were tears in her eyes and a look of care."

"I said, 'Betty, woman, what are you crying for?'"

"'Oh,' she said, 'Mr. Arnot, I am so afraid, I am so afraid of the landlord. He came yesterday and I had not the rent, and I dinn't open the door, and now I am afraid of his coming, for he is a hard man.'"

"'Betty, what time did he come yesterday?'"

"'He came between eleven and twelve o'clock,' she said. 'It was twenty-five minutes to twelve.'"

"'Well,' I said, 'it was na the landlord; it was I, and I brought you, Betty, this money to pay your rent.'"

"'She looked at me and said, 'Oh, was it you? Did you bring me that money to pay my rent, and I kept the door shut against you, and I would not let you in? And I heard you ringing, and I said, 'That is the landlord; I wish he would go away.' And it was my ain meen sister. It was my ain Lord who had sent ye as His messenger, and I would na let ye in.'"

"That is just like some sinners. When Jesus is knocking at their hearts they treat Him as if He were a hard landlord, and will not let Him in."

God's Power.

Men are apt to ascribe the limitation of God's manifestations in the world's affairs to His lack of power, to His lack of interest. The materialistic scientific view is that Nature's laws are inexorable; that they are not subject to modification or alteration, and that therefore prayer is futile. Too hasty acceptance of this view often paralyses or sterilizes the prayers even of the devout in heart. The limitations of God's intervention are put down to man's limitation of faith. We expect nothing and get nothing. We expect a little, and God stays His hand, but not without reminding us that absolute fullness of blessing is at the command of those who believe that God is willing and able to show His power to the uttermost. It is a form of natural law in the spiritual world that those who trust Nature fully and commit abundant seed to the earth, reap more abundant harvests than those who fear the apparent waste. It is a notable fact that the testimony of people with abundant faith is that God fulfills every promise to the uttermost.

Affliction.

Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; torches are the better for beating; spices smell sweetest when pounded; young trees root the faster for shaking; vines are the better for bleeding; gold looks the brighter for scouring; glow-worms glisten best in the dark; juniper smells sweetest in the fire; pomander becomes most fragrant for chasing; the palm tree proves the better for pressing; camomile, the more you tread it, the more you spread it. Such is the condition of all God's children; they are the most triumphant when most tempted, most glorious when most afflicted, most in the favor of God when least in man's; as their conflicts, so their conquests; as their tribulations, so their triumphs.

Heavy afflictions are the best benefactors to heavenly affections. And where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest, and grace that is hid in Nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is then most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it out.—Spencer.

Our Standing Before God.

In the Epistle, to Philemon, which gives us the story of the running away of Onesimus, his conversion under the influence of Paul, and his return to Philemon, his master, Paul uses this significant expression, "If thou count me, therefore, a partner, receive him as myself, if he hath wronged thee or oweth theught, put that on my account;" and it gives to me an illustration of what I am privileged to enjoy as a follower of Jesus Christ. My standing before God is the same as that of His Son, and all who have been born again may claim the same blessing because our standing is the same, our

fellowship is in Christ, and wherever the name of Jesus is spoken there is a band of union.—J. W. Chapman, D. D.

The Power of Prayer.

Prayer, not only in the morning watch, but prayer sent voiceless from the heart from hour to hour, then life is wakeful, hallowed, calm. It becomes beautiful with that beauty of God, which eye hath not seen. And day being hallowed thus, do not omit to make holy the night. Take by the power of prayer, through the wild land of dreams, the sanctifying presence of One who loves us. . . . Prayer, continually lived in, makes the presence of a holy and loving God the air which life breathes, and by which it lives, so that, as it mingles unconsciously with the work of the day, it becomes also a part of every dream. To us, then, it will be no strange thing to enter heaven, for we have been living in the things of heaven.—Stopford A. Brooke.

Our Own Company.

No company depends so much upon what we bring to it as our own. Solitude blesses when we bless, and curses when we curse. If we are noble, it gives us back our life's integrity, iridescent with the divine glory; if we have been pure, its quiet breezes chasten our purity and whisper peace. If we have been mean, it searches out our meanness and strips us naked. The night slumbers as the day, and in vain we try to hide ourselves. There is in the silence a forecast of wrath to come.—Rev. W. Charter Piggott.

The Life of Love.

We lose what on ourselves we spend; We have, as treasure without end, Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend, Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee, Repaid a thousandfold will be, Then gladly will we give to Thee, Who givest all—

To Thee, from Whom we all derive; Our life, our gifts, our power to give O may we ever with Thee live, Who givest all.

Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—Dr. Chalmers.

SALT RIVER IS NO FABLE.

Stream of That Name Flows in the Ohio South of Louisville.

Salt River, sacred to defeated candidates, is a real stream. While not navigable, it is used every winter as an ice harbor by the towboats which go out of Pittsburgh for the south.

Salt River empties into the Ohio about twenty-five miles south of Louisville. It is a small stream which flows from the Kentucky hills to the great water and is as tortuous, as crooked and as unpleasant to navigate as the mind can imagine. Yet it is navigated for a short distance from its mouth by steamers of light draft. Flatboats and rafts are floated down upon its bosom. Before the Civil War it was an important stream in the matter of bringing Kentucky whiskey down to the flatboats to a point where they could be unloaded to a river steamer. Refractory slaves were generally assigned to the task of bringing these boats down, as the work was arduous.

Salt River became a bugaboo among the negroes and it was from the unpleasant character of the work on this river that "a trip up Salt River" came to be used in politics to express the destination of a defeated candidate.

The name is supposed to have come from the salt springs which flow into it at its source.

Summer Falls in Storage.

"As everybody knows," said the householder to a New York Sun writer, "people send their winter furs to storage warehouses and to dealers for safe keeping through the summer. This is an ancient practice. But later this summer storage of winter-worn articles came to include many other things besides furs; people took to sending in winter garments of all sorts, woolen cloaks and overcoats and suits of woolen clothes, and in time there came to be included rugs and carpets, and now there are stored in summer fine furniture and tapestries and innumerable mounted heads of fur-bearing animals.

"Yet while I had had occasion to know something of all this, I had supposed that this form of storage was a summer business only, whereas now I discover that it is carried on throughout the winter as well.

"We found our summer clothes in the way and we needed the room they occupied. Why couldn't we store them, we thought, and really that seemed to us a bright idea, and we went down to the place where for years we had turned in our winter clothes in the spring for storage through the summer and asked them about it and they said, why, certainly, they took summer goods for winter storage and they'd send for ours right away.

"So we shan't be bothered with looking after those thin clothes any more through the winter and we shall have the space they occupied for other things. And incidentally we discovered that a business that once was confined to summer alone is now kept going the year around."—New York Sun.

Wise is the man who doesn't expect to get a square deal where the horses go round.

USE FOR OLD CARPETS.

Firemen on Ocean Steamships Need Them to Handle Slicebars.

The sailors' betel in Boston has found a new outlet for its activity, says the New York Tribune. It is collecting old carpets to supply the firemen on the ocean steamships with holders. The heat in which these men work is so great that a man who had not gradually got accustomed to it would find it actually insupportable. One of the hottest things around a boiler room is the slicebar, with which the firemen from time to time poke the fire to prevent the coal from caking into lumps.

These bars frequently become red hot and unless the fireman protects his hands serious burns result. Experiments have been tried with holders of various materials, but old pieces of carpet have so far proved to be the only thing which will surely protect the hands of the men. With pieces of carpet the bars can be handled without danger. An idea of the high temperature of these bars may be obtained from the fact that a single day's use will burn up even the thickest piece of carpet.

A representative from the betel has been scouring Boston auction rooms in search of old carpets which have served out their usefulness as floor coverings and could be cut up into strips for the firemen's use. He found several rolls that could be bought for a small sum each. These he purchased and divided into three or four lots, sending one lot to each of the several institutions doing work among the sailors. There they are being cut into strips and distributed as fast as they are called for by the firemen.

The betel has solved in this way one of the perplexing problems besetting the fireman. Hitherto he has often been unable to get the carpet. He had not the time to go after it, he could not afford to buy it and he did not know where to look to find it. When he burns his hands and cannot work he is laid off. The collecting and distribution of old carpets to the firemen is a real and practical help to them.

STANDING GUARD IN AFRICA.

However dull campaigning in Africa may be, no one could reasonably complain of guard duty by night on that score. In his book, "Campaigning on the Upper Nile," Lieutenant Vandeleur quotes a few entries from the records of a post commander. The entries, it is true, present great uniformity, but they are of themselves sufficiently exciting.

April 19th. Lion visited camp during night and carried off woman.

April 20th. Lion came again and took another woman.

April 21st. Lion carried off Bunyoro man. Seen by patrols and fired at. He visited cattle-house, and was wounded by guard.

April 22d. Section went out to look for lion and found him near river. Badly wounded, but very fierce. Was killed and brought into camp.

April 24th. Another lion (probably lioness) visited camp last night, and carried off Nubian child. Was seen by patrols and fired at.

April 25th. Lioness came again, and went to cattle-house, where guard fired at and wounded her. One of the shots struck house at considerable distance, and entered thigh of Nubian woman, where it still remains. Woman apparently little the worse.

Forster told me that he found that the tracks of the lions passed one night two yards from the door of my house. As the door was made only of grass and could easily have been pushed down, I congratulated myself on not having been at home.

Lions had never been heard of here before, and it was an extraordinary circumstance that they should have come here through the dense grass and undergrowth. Precisely the same thing happened at Kitanwa in July, when a lion visited the place three nights running, taking a child the first night, a woman the next, and a child on the third night, when I happened to be camping there on my return from Lake Albert.

Little Economies.

"I once made up my mind," said a London man, "that I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a shilling luncheon, as I often did, I kept it down to temperance. I put the twopenny saved toward my watch fund. You will hardly believe me, but with little economies like this I had in less than six months saved enough money to buy my gold watch."

"But," said a listener, "where is your gold watch? You are wearing a poor little gun metal thing."

"Well," was the reply, "when I found how easily I could get along without shilling luncheons I concluded I could get along with a ten shilling watch instead of a ten pound one. So that the watch fund grew until it purchased for me my own house."—London Mail.

The Souful Boston Messenger.

A short time ago a gentleman in Boston sent a small boy in his neighborhood to deliver a note to a young lady who lived a few blocks away. He gave the boy a quarter to make him hurry. After a short time the messenger came back and, handing the money, said: "Miss X says she will be glad to see you to-night, but she didn't want the quarter."—Judge's Library.