

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XXI.

Rufus Dawes had been a fortnight at the settlement when a newcomer appeared on the chain gang. This was a young man of about twenty years of age, thin, fair and delicate. His name was Kirkland, and he belonged to what were known as the "educated" prisoners. He had been a clerk in a banking house, and was transported for embezzlement, though, by some, grave doubts as to his guilt were entertained. The commandant, Captain Burgess, had employed him as butler in his own house, and his fate was considered a "lucky" one. So, doubtless, it was, and might have been, had not an untoward accident occurred. Captain Burgess, who was a bachelor of the "old school," confessed an amiable weakness for swearing. Kirkland belonged to a Methodist family, and owned a plectrum utterly out of place in that region. The language of Burgess made him shudder, and one day he so far forgot himself and his place as to raise his hands to his ears. "I'll soon cure you of that!" cried Burgess, and forthwith ordered him to the chain gang for "insubordination."

He was received with suspicion by the fringe, who did not like white-headed prisoners. Troke, by way of experiment in human nature, perhaps, placed him next to Gabbett. When the muster bell rang, and the gang broke up, Rufus Dawes, on his silent way to his separate cell, observed a notable change of custom in the disposition of the new convict. Instead of placing him in a cell by himself, Troke was turning him into the Sward with the others.

"I'm not to go in there?" says the ex-bank clerk, drawing back in dismay from the cloud of foul faces which lowered upon him.

"But you are, then?" says Troke. "The governor says a night in there'll take the tart out of yer. Come, in yer go."

"Let him out, watchman!" said North, ho happened by.

"Can't, sir, without an order from the commandant."

"I order you, sir!" North cried, indignant.

"Very sorry, your reverence; but your reverence knows that I daren't do such a thing."

North rushed away to the commandant, and the instant his back was turned, the watchman, flung open the door and darted into the dormitory.

"Take that!" he cried, dealing Kirkland a blow on the head with his keys, stretched him senseless. "There's no trouble with you aristocrats than enough. Lie quiet!"

The commandant, roused from his slumber, told Mr. North that Kirkland ought stop where he was, and that he'd frisk the chaplain not to wake him up and use a prisoner set up a howling.

North returned to the prison discomfitedly, found the dutiful Hales at his feet, and all quiet. "What's become of Kirkland?" he asked.

He retreated himself to sleep, yet reverberated, said Hales, in accents of parental concern. "Poor chap! It's hard as such young 'uns as he, sir."

The morning Rufus Dawes, coming to his place on the chain gang, was struck by the altered appearance of the land. His face was of a greenish hue and wore an expression of bewilderment.

"Cheer up, man!" said Dawes, touching forth momentary pity. "It's no good in the mopes, you know."

"What do they do if you try to bolt?" sniggered Kirkland.

"I'll you," returned Dawes, in a tone of surprise at so preposterous a question.

"Thank God!" said Kirkland.

He was carrying of some heavy logs to the water-side, and Rufus Dawes observed that Kirkland was exhausted.

When the task was accomplished, they'll kill you, you little beggar!" he, not unkindly.

He had hardly uttered the words a hit the boy flung himself beneath the log, and in another instant the train would have been scrambling over his crushed form who had not Gabbett stretched out an arm and plucked the would-be sultron.

"I'll on to me," said the giant. "I'm enough to carry double."

Giant uttered a cry, and then, getting up his iron with his hands, started to run for the water.

"It, you young fool!" roared Troke, his carbine. But Kirkland kept on for the river. Just as he did it, however, the figure of Mr. rose from behind a pile of stones, and jumped for the jetty, missed and fell into the arms of the man.

"Well, how's Forrest?" cried Burgess. "Mr. Meekin—Dr. Macklewin."

"Dead," said Macklewin. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Meekin."

"Confound it—another of my best men," grumbled Burgess. Macklewin was tired and wanted to get home.

"I must also be thinking of repose," said Meekin; "the journey, though most enjoyable, has fatigued me."

"Come on, then," said North. "Our roads lie together, doctor."

Before the two clergymen had got half way down the steep path that led from the commandant's house to the flat on which the cottages of the doctor and chaplain were built, Macklewin rejoined them. "Another fogging to-morrow," said he, grumblingly. "Up at daylight, I suppose, again."

"Whom is he going to flag now?" "That young butler-fellow of his."

"What, Kirkland? You don't mean to say he's going to flag Kirkland? Oh, this must be stopped!" cries North, in great alarm. "He can't stand it. I tell you he'll die, Macklewin."

Captain Burgess was shutting his veranda window when North hurried up. "Captain Burgess, Macklewin tells me you are going to flag young Kirkland. I have come to beg you not to do so, sir. The lad has been cruelly punished already. He attempted suicide to-day—unhappy creature!"

"Well, that's just what I'm flagging him for. I'll teach my prisoners to attempt suicide!"

"Captain Burgess," protested North. "I assure you that he does not deserve punishment. I have seen him, and his

Kirkland was put into a separate cell that night; and Troke, by way of assuring him a good night's rest, told him that he was to have "fifty" in the morning. "And Dawes'll lay it on," he added. "He's one of the smartest men I've got, and he won't spare yer."

"You will find this a terrible place, Mr. Meekin," said North to his supplanter, as they walked across to the commandant's to dinner. "It has made me heart sick."

"I thought it was a little paradise," said Meekin. "Captain Frere says that the scenery is delightful."

The dinner went off successfully. Burgess—desirous, perhaps, of favorably impressing the chaplain whom the bishop delighted to honor—was urbane enough. "You'll find us rough, Mr. Meekin," he said, "but you'll find us 'all there' when we're wanted. This is a little kingdom in itself. Pray help yourself to wine."

"Thank you, none," said North, filling a tumbler with water. "I have a headache."

His manner of speech and action was so awkward that a silence fell upon the party, caused by each one wondering why Mr. North should grow confused, and drum his fingers on the table, and stare everywhere but at the deacon. Meekin was the first to speak. "Have you many visitors, Captain Burgess?"

"Very few. Sometimes a party comes over with a recommendation from the governor, and I show them over the place; but, as a rule, we see no one but ourselves."

"I asked," said Meekin, "because some friends of mine were thinking of coming. Do you know Captain Frere?"

"Frere! I should say so!" returned Burgess. "I was quartered with him at Sarah Island. So he's a friend of yours, eh?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting him in society. He is just married, you know. To Miss Vickers, a charming young person. They are going to Sydney, where Captain Frere has some interest, and Frere thinks of taking Port Arthur on his way down."

"A strange fancy for a honeymoon trip," said North.

"Captain Frere takes a deep interest in all relating to convict discipline. I sent it to make me think of this place. A romantic story, Captain Burgess. He saved her life, you know."

"Ah! that was a queer thing, that mutiny," said Burgess. "We've got the fellows here, you know."

"I saw them tried at Hobart Town," said Meekin. "In fact, the ringleader, John Rex, gave me his confession, and I sent it to the bishop. Captain Frere tried to make me think his letters contained a hidden meaning, but I don't believe they did. He seems to me to be truly penitent for his offenses—a misguided but not a hypocritical man, if my knowledge of human nature goes for anything."

"I hope he is," said North. "I wouldn't trust him."

"Oh, there's no fear of him," said Burgess, cheerily; "if he grows uproarious, we'll soon give him a touch of the cat."

Here attention was called by the strange behavior of Mr. North. He had risen and, without apology, flung wide the window, as though he gasped for air. "Hallo, North! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said North, recovering himself with an effort. "A spasm. I have these attacks at times."

"Have some brandy," said Burgess. "No, no, it will pass. No, I say, Well, if you insist. And seizing the tumbler offered to him, he half filled it with raw spirits and swallowed the fiery draught at a gulp. The Reverend Meekin eyed his clerical brother with horror.

"Ha!" said North, looking wildly round upon them. "That's better."

So they went on to the veranda, and looked down upon the lights of the prison, and listened to the sea lapping the shore. The Rev. Mr. North, in this cool atmosphere, seemed to recover himself, and conversation progressed with some sprightliness.

By and by a short figure came up out of the dark, and proved to be Doctor Macklewin, who had been prevented from attending the dinner by reason of an accident to a constable at Norfolk Bay, which had claimed his professional attention.

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"Captain Burgess," protested North. "I assure you that he does not deserve punishment. I have seen him, and his

condition of mind is pitiable."

"Look here, Mr. North, I don't interfere with what you do to the prisoners' souls; don't you interfere with what I do to their bodies."

"Then, Captain Burgess," cried North, his pale face flushing, "I tell you the boy's blood will be on your head. I am a minister of God, sir, and I forbid you to commit this crime."

"You're a dismissed officer of the government, sir. You've no authority here in any way; and if you interfere with my discipline, sir, I'll have you put in irons until you're shipped out of the island!"

This, of course, was mere bravado on the part of the commandant. North knew well that he would never dare to attempt any such violence, but the insult stung him like the cut of a whip.

He made a stride toward the commandant, as though to seize him by the throat, but checking himself in time, stood still, with clenched hands, flashing eyes and beard that bristled.

North returned home in great agitation. Twice he paused on his way to the sitting room, and twice was he driven on by a power stronger than his will. He reached it at length, and opening the cupboard, pulled out what he sought—a bottle of brandy.

With this in his hand, all moderation vanished. He raised it to his lips and eagerly drank. Then, ashamed of what he had done, he thrust the bottle back, and made for his room. He wept, he prayed, he fought with his desire as with a madman. He told himself that another's life depended on his exertions; that to give way to his fatal passion was unworthy of an educated man and a reasoning being. In vain. In the midst of his arguments he found himself at his lips, with the bottle at once ludicrous and horrible.

His disease was a terrible one. The Rev. James North—gentleman, scholar and Christian priest—was what the world calls "a confirmed drunkard."

CHAPTER XXII.

The morning sun, bright and fierce, looked down upon a curious sight. In a stone yard was a little group of persons—Troke, Burgess, Macklewin, Kirkland and Rufus Dawes.

Three wooden staves, seven feet high, were fastened together in the form of a triangle. The structure looked not unlike that made by gypsies to boil their kettles. To this structure Kirkland was bound. His feet were fastened with thongs to the base of the triangle; his wrists, bound above his head, at the apex. His body was then extended to its fullest length, and his white back shone in the sunlight. During his trying-up he had said nothing.

"Now, prisoner," said Troke to Dawes, "do your duty."

Rufus Dawes looked from the three stern faces to Kirkland's white back, and his face grew purple. In all his experience he had never been asked to fog before. He had been flogged often enough. He picked up the heavy cat, and drew its knotted lashes between his fingers.

"Go on, Dawes," whispered Kirkland, without turning his head. "You are no more than another man."

Rufus Dawes lifted the cat, swung it round his head, and brought its knotted cords down. The white back was instantly striped with six crimson bars. Kirkland stifled a cry. It seemed to him that he had been cut in half.

"Now, then, you scoundrel!" roared Burgess; "separate your cats! What do you mean by flogging a man that fashion?"

Rufus Dawes drew his crooked fingers through the entangled cords and struck again. This time the blow was more effective, and the blood headed on the skin. The boy did not cry; but Macklewin saw his hands clutch the staves tightly, and the muscles of his naked arms quiver.

The third blow sounded as though it had been struck upon a piece of raw beef, and the crimson turned purple. The fogging proceeded in silence for ten strokes, and then Kirkland gave a screech like a wounded horse.

"Oh!—Captain Burgess!—Dawes!—Mr. Troke!—Oh! oh!—Mercy!—Oh, doctor!—Mr. North!—Oh! oh! oh!"

The lad's back, swollen into a bump, now presented the appearance of a ripe peach which a willful child has scored with a pin. Dawes turning away from his bloody handiwork, drew the cats through his fingers twice. They were beginning to get clogged, a little.

"Go on," said Burgess, with a nod. (To be continued.)

Turtle Has Two Heads.

That nature is not without a latent sense of humor is often demonstrated by the strange abnormal creatures and freak growths she produces, and rarely does a week pass by that some one of the many illustrated publications does not contain a photograph of a curiosity of this character. Accordingly, the Scientific American adds one more to the list of oddities in a two-headed box tortoise, the property of E. S. Schmid, taxidermist of Washington.

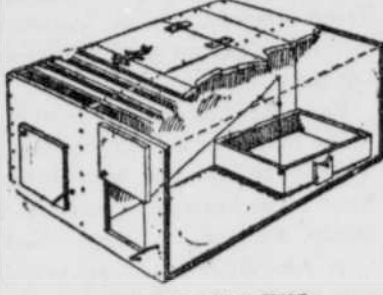
The turtle, which is of a common and well-known variety, and whose scientific name is terrapene carolina, was found in Fairfax County, Virginia, near Mount Vernon, and with the exception of its superfluity of heads appears to differ little from the ordinary representatives of its kind. The truth of this, however, could only be ascertained at the cost, we fear, of the creature's life, for its armor-like shell would make an investigation of its internal economy hazardous, if not impossible. The animal appears to be about four months old, and measures some two by one and three quarter inches, the shell being possibly a trifle larger than would ordinarily be the case. The two heads are nearly of the same size, and as far as can be seen are perfect in all respects. Its other visible members do not exceed the usual number, and it is probably not incorrect to conclude that the multiplicity is confined to the heads. These do not feed together, but do so separately and alternately, and appear, furthermore, to be otherwise independent.

Woman is a miracle of divine contradictions.—Michelet.



Effective Trap Nest.

A very simple trap nest is thus described by Orange Judd Farmer: One side and part of the top on one compartment is removed to show the interior construction. Each compartment should be 13 inches wide, 15 inches high and 30 inches deep, while the nest box is 12 inches square and 3 inches deep. Every poultry raiser knows the value of a trap nest, so it is not necessary to enter into its utility. Any number of them may be constructed side by side, and all equipped in the same manner. The doorway at the front is 10 inches wide and 12 inches high, the door is 12 inches square and is caught at one corner with a screw. When it is set the doorway is open, but



SERVICABLE TRAP NEST.

when the hen has sprung it the door falls and the opposite end to the screw catches in an iron staple which prevents it from being moved by the captive hen.

The top of the nests are provided with a few slats at the forward end for light and ventilation, and each compartment has a trapdoor hinged at the top so the hen can be removed from the nest. The nest box is provided with two screws at each side just forward from the middle. These rest on blocks with a V-shaped top.

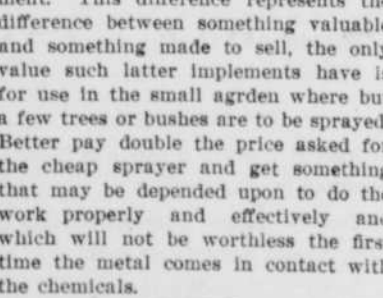
The nest is balanced so the weight of a hen when she steps on the front edge will tip it down, thereby releasing the wire end that holds the door and allows it to fall. Two pieces of wire are used. One is made fast to a screw eye driven in the front edge of the box and extends up nearly to the under side of the top, where a piece of cord is tied to it. The cord passes through a screw eye and toward the front of the box, where, four inches from the eye, it is tied to the longer piece of wire that extends to the door. The wire and string are adjusted so the front end of the wire passing through a hole in the board will project a quarter of an inch and support the door. When the hen steps on the box and draws the wire down that pulls the long wire in and the door drops. By opening the trap door at the top it is easy to set the door again.

Use Good Tools in Spraying.

Those who do spraying on a considerable scale fully realize the importance of the very best outfits for the purpose. Those who have but little spraying to do will find smaller implements which will answer the purpose, but will notice that there is a great difference in the prices for the same capacity implement. This difference represents the difference between something valuable and something made to sell, the only value such latter implements have is for use in the small garden where but a few trees or bushes are to be sprayed. Better pay double the price asked for the cheap sprayer and get something that may be depended upon to do the work properly and effectively and which will not be worthless the first time the metal comes in contact with the chemicals.

How to Throw a Steer.

Here is a very simple but sure way to throw a large or small steer. Use rope, three-quarter inch, about 25 feet



FOR THROWING THE STEER.

long, is best passing one end of the rope around the steer, and tying in a hard knot; pass the rope back around the body again in front of the hips, passing the end of the rope under the rope, so as to form a draw, extending the end of the rope straight behind the steer. By pulling 100 pounds on the end of the rope, a 1,000-pound steer can be thrown with ease.

Farm Notes.

Be slow to condemn an old sow that does good work.

More money is lost by feeding hogs too long than by selling too early.

For making good grafting wax melt together four parts resin (by weight); two parts beeswax; one part tallow.

If you desire to hit the bull's eye aim high and in doing so land so as to obtain more bushels from fewer acres.

In the spring the muscles of a horse are soft and they tire easily. Let them take it easy until they become accustomed to work and then you can "push on the lines."

When clover fields are infected with the root borer, allowing them to stand but two years will help to subjugate the pest in any locality.

Every farmer should have his seed corn testing patch, on which competing selections from his own fields and varieties secured elsewhere may be subjected to a careful field test under his own eye.

Breaking a Stall Kicker.

The chronic stable kicker, aside from being a nuisance, causes much damage and often injures other animals. To break him of the habit, fill a grain sack half full of sand and swing from ceiling with rope, so sack will hang where heels or horse will have good play upon it. Tie him firmly in the stall with a heavy, stout rope. At the first kick the bag will swing away, often as high as the ceiling, if kicked squarely. It will then return and give him as good as he sent. This will lead to a general mixup between the horse and sandbag, and the sack of sand will hold its own, returning all he sends, with considerable interest. He will soon find that he is up against a losing proposition, and, learning this, will be thoroughly cowed. Leave the sack behind him for a week or more and then remove. If he should at any time show any tendency to return to his old habit of kicking, arrange the sack as before and the cure will be final.—Successful Farming.

Don't Neglect the Stables.

Many dairymen who are inclined to be exceedingly cleanly about the stables during the winter give them little care during the summer when the cows are largely milked in the pasture, a plan of milking many follow. There are days and nights during the summer when the cows must be housed and the milking done in the stables, hence if they have been neglected the milk is surely to absorb any undesirable odor that may exist.

We find it an excellent plan to clean the stables thoroughly just as soon as the cows are turned out to grass, and this thoroughness consists in washing the walls with a strong solution of carbolic acid, then going over them thoroughly with whitewash. In this manner all germs and odors are destroyed. This is by no means all, for each week the stables are thoroughly purified, so that there will be no possible odor to spoil the milk.—Exchange.

Buggy Steps for Harness Hooks.

Old buggy steps make good harness hooks one gets at the stores, writes



GOOD HARNESS HOOKS.

an Indiana farmer. Cut off the step at the dotted line A, and nail the hook part up as shown in B.

Rank of Sheep Industry.

Sheep and wool are the seventh largest industry in the United States. The number of sheep in the world is estimated at 600,000,000; of this number one-third are classed merinos. The Leicester breed of sheep was founded in 1802 by Lord Polwarth, of Mercton. The Spanish merinos were first imported into England by George III in 1791. It is said that woolen goods were manufactured in Asia 2,000 years before the Christian era. The domesticated sheep were first introduced into America by the Spaniards about the year 1500. The Robert Taylor clip of Montana, 500,000 pounds, is the largest clip in the United States raised by one grower.

Summer Use of Grains.

The feeding problem, in some sections, is quite as formidable in the summer as in the winter, and this is particularly the case where the feeding is largely done in the barn, which, by the way, is becoming more popular every year among dairymen. What grains one shall use depends largely upon the methods which individual feeders have found most profitable in the past, but corn, in the summer ration, must be sparingly used. The stock foods or the concentrated grains, purchased already mixed, ought also to be handled carefully and particularly so when little or no pasture is given the animals.

The Farm Garden.

Do not plow the garden when the soil is so wet as to be lumpy or it will bother all the first part of the season. Harrow very thoroughly and lay off the space in as long rows as possible, planting in these all vegetables except lettuce, radishes, etc. Rows should not be less than three feet apart so that the horse cultivator can be used. If the space is limited it is, of course, better to use the hand-wheel hoe and garden-drill machine and plant more closely, but on the farm there is usually plenty of space that could be used to advantage in the labor saving plan of wide rows.

Hen Manure and Guano.

Never apply unadulterated hen droppings, or any other pure guano, directly on seeds or plants; applied pure it will destroy the germ on most plants. Properly prepared fowl manure may be applied with benefit to any crop, field or garden, broadcast or harrowed in, but is more economically employed in the hill or drill. As good a plan as any, probably, is to gather the droppings as often as twice a week, and mix with about twice their bulk of dry earth.



LASHES OF FORTUNE

Knicker—Few girls keep up the music after they are married. Bock—And yet some persons say that marriage is a failure.—New York Sun.

His Wife—Have you had a bad day dear? The Financier—Yes, I lost over \$250,000. And the worst of it is that nearly \$100 of that was my own money.—Life.

Uncle—How do you like your employer? Tommy—I think he's bigoted. Uncle—In what way? Tommy—Well, he thinks that words oughter be spelt the way all de time.

Molly—He is a student at one of the big colleges. Polly—Nonsense! He talked with us for an hour when he was here yesterday and never used a bit of slang.—Somerville Journal.

"This flower is strictly up-to-date," said the florist. "What do you mean by that?" asked the prospective customer. "Why," he explained, "it was obtained by grafting."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is she pretty?" they asked of the young man who was speaking of his fiancée. "Well, I don't want to boast," he replied, "but she always gets a seat in a crowded street car."—Stray Stories.

If the sweet girl graduate of last June hasn't got a school or an engagement ring yet, it is high time for her to study shorthand and hustle around to get a job at typewriting.—Somerville Journal.

Ferdy—Really, Patrick, I'd rather ride Stagers than take a spin in the touring car. The Groom—Sure, it's strange ye fule that way, sor, considering that Stagers is ownly a wan-hoss-power hoss.—Puck.

He claims that he built the first passenger elevators used in this country. "Nonsense!" The Mississippi steamboats were running and blowing up regularly long before he was born.—Philadelphia Press.

"No, my little girl, I can't lend you mother any flour or oil or butter or anything else that she sent you over for, but go back and tell her I have a lot of trouble she can borrow."—Baltimore American.

Mother—Come now, Will, if you'll only be good I'll give you a penny. Willie—No'm; I won't be good for less'n five cents. Mother—Why, you were good yesterday for a penny. Willie—I know, but yesterday was bargain day.—Philadelphia Press.

First Girl—What are you waiting for? Why don't you finish your letter to Ella? Second Girl—I don't know whether to say "Ever yours, with trust love," or simply "Yours affectionately." You see, I can't endure Ella—I think she's detestable!—Tit-Bits.

"See here!" snapped the landlord, who had responded to the tenant's hurry call for a plumber. "I thought you said the water in your cellar was two feet deep. 'It's only a few inches.' 'Well, that's as deep as my two feet,' retorted the tenant, 'and that's too much.'"

Clara—Did the papers notice your father at the great banquet? Johnny—Yes. Clara—Well, mamma said she could not see his name on the list. Johnny—No; but the list ends up with "and others." That means papa. They always mention him that way.—Illustrated Bits.

Magistrate and M. P.—After mature and careful consideration of your case, I have come to the conclusion that you are a lazy, good-for-nothing rogue. May I ask if you ever earned a shilling in your life? Prisoner—Oh, yes, I have, yer honor. I voted for yer honor once.—The Sketch.

Tom—Look at that crowd of women trying to get in that department store. Dick—Yes, it's a regular crush. Tom—But it's so early. Why, the doors aren't open yet. Dick—Yes, they're the women who followed the line of advice in the advertisement: "Come early and avoid the rush."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The desperate man, weary of life, opened an upper window in the skyscraper and threw himself out. He landed on top of a load of mattresses with which a teamster happened to be driving along at the moment. "Hang the luck!" he exclaimed, as he rose to him feet, shook himself, and found that he was practically uninjured. "I might have known this would be the result of jumping from the thirteenth floor!"

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego had just returned from her summer vacation. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, as she inspected the alterations that had been made in the house during her absence. "This isn't the kind of wall paper I wanted. It won't harmonize with my complexion at all!" "Well," irritably answered her husband, "you can change your complexion a good deal easier than we can repaper the whole house."—Chicago Tribune.

A clergyman who had accepted an invitation to officiate at Sunday services in a neighboring town entrusted his new curate with the performance of his own duties. On returning home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon. "It was the poorest one I ever heard," she replied, promptly—"nothing in it at all." Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he had got on. "Oh, very well," was the reply. "I didn't have time to prepare anything, so I preached one of your unused sermons."