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A MOUNTAIN BRIGAND.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

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That night there was another carouse. The supplies just brought in were broken open in the most reckless way, and excepting the rations, which were taken charge of by old Kit, the people helped themselves as they pleased. Some raiders from the direction of McMinnville had returned that day with a number of fat cattle, one of which had been killed in anticipation of young Kit's return, and as soon as it was dark the fresh meat was being roasted at a half dozen huge campfires. The nearly naked children ran about with half cooked chunks of beef in their hands, and they flung it at each other, after their hunger was appeased, and shouted like young savages, as, in truth, they were. Even the yellow dogs had a happy night of it and lay down, gorged, by the fires. Old Kit's private table fairly groaned under its heap of food. A dozen bayonets driven into the rough planks answered for candlesticks, and, as was his habit, he asked a blessing before eating and seemed to regard his prosperity as a reward from heaven for leading an upright life.

After dinner, or rather supper, though the gang had the savage habit of disregarding fixed times for meals and eating whenever they were hungry, Molly McGee brought her father his fiddle and perched him on the head of a barrel near the fire. Whisky having been dealt out with unusual liberality, the people were wild with excitement, and the dancing that followed was even more fast, furious and abandoned than that which Collins took part in on the night of his arrival.

"Although I told Molly I was sick, she would have me out, and then she hung on to me and danced me about till I felt sick in earnest. She made me lie down on a blanket in one of the tents and said she would bring me some medicine, and she did. It was boiling hot whisky, sweetened with sorghum molasses. I objected, but she would have her own way. She lifted me up in her lap as if I had been a sick baby and she a drunken giant of a nurse. Then she held that tin cup to my mouth and told me if I didn't drink every d——d drop of it she'd hug me to death. I preferred to die drunk, so I swallowed all the stuff I didn't manage to spill."

Collins had now learned all that it was necessary to know about the rendezvous, strength and methods of these people, but to get safely back and communicate his knowledge to his superior officers at Cumberland gap would require more tact and daring than it did to join the gang.

The next day he was a sick man, sure enough, but to avoid Molly's attentions and her medicine he kept on his feet. On Saturday another raid was to start in the direction of the Kentucky line, and Collins, who now felt that he had won the confidence of the gang, insisted on being one of the party. Up to this time he had supposed that Molly McGee's attention was such as she might have bestowed on any recruit to her father's force, but as soon as he asked to go north with this expedition the old man startled him by saying:

"Molly and me's done talked hit all over. She's a mighty fine gal, is Molly, and thar ain't a unmarried man in the mountains ez she couldn't have ef so be she'd say the word. But she's mighty 'ticklar, is Molly, and from the fust she sot her eye onto you, so I reckon you uns mout's well git married. Ned Owen uster preach afoah the wah, and I reckon he remembahs enough of the business to make the hitch so she'll hold. And so, my son, I think you uns hed bettah not go this trip, for hit wouldn't look decent to git married and then run off."

Collins on his arrival had announced himself as a single man, so he could not well take refuge under the plea of being married. In the circumstances he must get married if he remained, so he determined to get away that Friday night. He still retained the arms he had brought with him, and, like his lawless companions, he carried them about with him as he did his hat or any other article of clothing. It was old Kit McGee's orders that the men should always have their arms within reach, but even without these instructions they would have done so from force of habit.

About 1 o'clock the next morning, and when even the tireless curs appeared to be asleep, Collins slipped from the blankets on which he had been lying, and, with his boots in his hands, been valuable to the extent of his single rifle only had he been present, for his father had entire command, and his men obeyed like veterans.

They were evidently surprised—that is, they did not expect an attack that morning, nor were they falling back by the route that had the promise of greatest security in front. As it was, with an hour to spare they could have thrown up defenses along the valley that might have enabled them to hold at bay a larger force. But then, outside a certain savage, reckless daring and the ability to shoot, they were not soldiers, and, as we know, valor is not a substitute for experience and discipline. Jordan's men halted to fire their spencers when within less than 200 yards of the outlaws. McGee—I have spoken of him as "the old man" to distinguish him from his son, though he was not more than 50—showed himself the bravest of his gang. He swore at them and called to them to stand when the soldiers again dashed forward, but as to stand meant a bullet or a halter many of the wretches broke away and fled into the hills.

When our men closed in, they shouted to McGee to surrender, but he answered by calling them dogs and yelling for them to take him if they could. In such circumstances quick work was made of the fellow, and he was shot down with the last of his men who had the pluck to remain with him.

An hour after this the horses and cattle, with the women, children and dogs, came pouring back into the valley. They had been headed off by the party which Collins accompanied. As soon as they saw their dead they sent up their peculiar deathcry, which resembles very much the keening of the western Irish to this day, and they forgot that they were prisoners in realizing that so many of them were widows and orphans.

Collins dreaded to meet Molly McGee even more than he did to fight all the men under her father, but he did not see her then or at any time afterward. Her companions said she had fled into the hills when the fighting began, but this certainly did not seem in accord with her character.

These women and children were kept in the same place under guard till all their outlaw kinsmen who had not fallen in the first fight were either shot or hanged. The gangs of Champ Ferguson and Tinker Dave Beatty were of the same character, though at first the Confederates claimed them as regular troops, but after the summer of 1864 they were given over to the destruction that overwhelmed them.

THE END.

The Clown and the Missionary.

By VIOLA ROSEBORO.

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It was a sunny May morning, and the Baltic was steaming out of New York bay for Liverpool. It was the old ship's last trip in these waters, and she made it under special conditions. She was given up entirely to second class passengers, who, of course, as a result, had in some respects first class accommodations. The consequence was a social mixture perhaps a shade odder and more varied than is usually seen. Two weeks before my friend Miss Milman had happened to see this arrangement advertised, and we had suddenly and happily discovered that at the rates given we could afford to drop work (our painting and writing) for a month or two and together "run over to the other side."

We were on deck in that May sunshine, our hands full of flowers—for our friends had graciously ignored our lowly second class estate in their farewells—the bright waters dancing around us, the workaday world behind us, enchanted lands of romance and beauty before us, and at our elbows a new and heterogeneous representation of the dear, dull, supremely interesting human race. By the time we had spent an eternity of two days in a universe of water and sky we had discovered beneath the prevailingly commonplace exteriors various pleasing features among our fellow passengers. The Irish ward politician's obvious moral heinousness, taken together with his tender devotion to a little sick wife, gave us an enjoyable incongruity. We relished the simple and profound moral patronage we received from a trio of professional feminine philanthropists, well meaning souls, dripping with self esteem, who were going over to investigate the workings of some society for the promotion of some sort of good works. We delighted in their genuine horror of a stunning, bouncing, good looking young woman who was said to be an actress, but whose normal position, it was perfectly clear, was at the head of a column of lightly clad amazons in a Kiralfy spectacle, and we liked her as a perfect specimen of her kind, but we had most pleasure in the simple admiration and respect we felt for a shabby, gentle, intelligent missionary from China, who was on his way to a great Exeter hall meeting in London, and in the curiosity aroused in us by a dumb, wooden youth with watery, pale eyes and a red head, who looked rough and "horsy," and whom we repeatedly saw sitting in his stateroom—it was opposite ours—reading a small Bible.

We thought it piquant when we found he knew the spectacular amazon, but that was but the beginning of satisfactions, for we soon discovered that he was himself a circus clown.

To look upon a little dull, faithful looking creature like that, to see him absorbed in reading a pocket edition of the Holy Scriptures and to be able to reflect that he lived by the violent vivacities of a sawdust buffoon was a privilege that, among other things, made me laugh till I cried. Perhaps the step from the one expression to the other was shorter than usual.

The sight of him gave me new thoughts as to the possible value of rites, of formal observances. There was nothing in his aspect as he read to suggest keen intellectual or spiritual activity. On the contrary, I could imagine him turning two leaves at once and being never the wiser or the less wise. The occasion was plainly one of ceremony, but it was equally plain that it was ceremony observed with religious feeling, and without going into the gloomy question of how far religious feeling may be removed from a sense of moral obligations I felt very sure to such a boy as this, English or American, and unflattered by the public opinion of his world, the ceremony of Bible reading was morally conserving.

The third day out I did a highly reprehensible thing. I had seen the clown on deck as I came down to my stateroom, and when near the open door of his I saw the Bible lying on one of the theatrical trunks with which the place was filled. The temptation was irresistible. I took it up and opened it at the front fly leaf. Yes, there was the inscription in a half formed, schoolgirlish Italian hand. American schoolgirls wrote something like it 40 years ago:

"To my beloved brother Teddy, from his loving sister Emmy. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

I called softly to Amy and held up the page.

"How could you be such a br"—brute she was going to call me, but she stopped to avail herself of my misconduct and to read the words, and then we laid the book where I had found it and slipped away.

"Yes," she said as we exchanged a look and a smile, "it would have been a pity to miss that because of any small scruples. And now you'd better stop. A little circus clown traveling over the earth like that is too picturesque an object for investigation. He'll never come up to the situation."

I thought she was probably right. Still my curiosity was not slaked.

During the several years spent by myself "on the stage" I had occasionally come in touch with circus people. To some extent they recruit the stage, and though actors affect a great superiority there is a degree of common understanding and on occasion of good fellowship between all show folks. I consider myself to hold rather originally favorable opinions of the sawdust performers as compared to other nomads, but I am not accustomed to see religion flourish among any such class, except semioccasionally in the case of Roman Catholics. One effect of Puritanism on Protestantism has been to unfit it for many Christlike ministration which the old church still better or worse performs. It was the loneliness of the little clown's religious aspirations that touched me most. I reflected on how many good people would be disconcerted to hear of them, on how many would feel that in some mysterious way such aspirations most irritatingly and unjustly weakened their own position of condemnation toward clowns and circuses in particular and the world, the flesh and the devil at large.

I smiled at the thought. I was lying on deck in my steamer chair, and just then the captain of the amazons, in much nautical splendor of blue serge and white anchors, whirled down the deck and collided in front of me with the shabby missionary.

The girl turned pale. It was pleasing to see the awe with which the cloth inspired her. In the confusion of her

He touched his hat.

apologies she dropped a pack of cards. The missionary picked them up, and with a kindly, faintly humorous smile handed them to her, and she got herself off expeditiously, though, so to speak, with much sail taken in.

It occurred to me that perhaps this preacher did not illustrate the points I had been making against the pious. We had arrived at a bowing acquaintance, the missionary and I, and now when he glanced my way I smiled my recognition of the moment's accident. He smiled, too, and said, "When I first went to China, I found that for the work I wanted to do I must dress like a Chinaman." The conclusion of his thought—that the clerical broadcloth might still interfere with his usefulness—he expressed only by a quizzical glance down the deck toward the young lady whose normal costume was tights.

Later in the long, fair, ocean girt day as the ship glided on between two still, blue wonder worlds—the water was like satin—Amy brought her water color box on deck and began to sketch.

Everybody was on deck. The clown, with a white bell shaped soft hat pulled down to his ears and his hands in his pockets, was doggedly taking a constitutional and chewing a toothpick.

I was planning to use my past connection with the stage to help me to his acquaintance when it appeared that we were to win that privilege through a quite different appeal. As I lay, drowsy with content, watching the dashes of color brighten Amy's pad, I became aware that Teddy Catty—that was his delightful name—was circling about us, his pale, white lashed little eyes blinking fixedly—if you will permit the paradox—upon Amy's work.

I looked up at him amicably as he came nearer. He touched his hat. There was a touch of the grotesque, something clownish, in his very organization, and the way he touched his hat was faintly funny, was dimly Andreylike. He came nearer shyly, cleared his throat and said, with a very good accent and in quite the usual English way:

"Beg pardon. I hope you'll excuse me for watching, but I take such an interest when I see any one painting."

"Do you paint?" I concluded my reply.

"Oh, no, no, no, indeed, but I have a sister who does. She paints wonderfully." Then, lowering his voice, he added hesitatingly, as if it were really immodest to speak of so much glory, "She has a picture in the Royal academy this year."

Now, this was exactly what I wanted to hear about. Amy was painting away. She had recognized the clown's presence by a civil glance only, so I encouraged him to draw up a stool and wait till her sketch was done.

I soon learned much of the little all that my week's acquaintance with him disclosed. The sight of a girl painting had melted him into a mood as communicative as a child's, and he only wanted a sympathetic audience to enjoy with him the music of Emmy's name. Yes, the heroine of the Royal academy and the dear giver of the little Bible were one—she was Teddy Catty's only sister.

Let me give such an outline of their history as I can in orderly sequence.

The father had been in charge of the workroom of a china painting firm. "That's all knocked off now," said Teddy Catty, and he explained lamely and naively how people wanted "high art" nowadays, and how consequently his father's old firm had gone out of business. His father had been with it 40 years, and "he died pretty soon after he lost his place."

The mother had been a ballet girl before she married, and she had numbers of relatives in various branches of the "show business." The children, four of them, were all put on the stage in pantomimes and such things when they were little. Of the family there were now left only the one brother and sister.

No, Emmy was not on the stage, "not in no way." Though his accent was so good, the little clown's grammar was not upon a dull level of correctness. "Emmy never exactly liked the stage, her mother never exactly wanted her to go on it," and just when they did not know what she should do she solved the problem the old way and married—married a scene painter at the Lyceum theater.

"You may know by that that he's a good one. He was only in a small position when Emmy married him, but he's one of the head ones now. Then, you know, he knew some real artist painters, and Emmy—she didn't have any children, and she thought she'd like to learn to paint pictures, and she did. Her husband's awful proud of her."

It was the fifth day out when, after much narrative that, as is the way of talk, did not advance the story, we reached this point.

We were again on deck, and Amy and I were lying in our chairs gazing over a tossing dark sea at a red sunset, while Teddy Catty sat facing us.

"You wouldn't think Emmy was my sister," he said. "She's like another kind. She's a beauty, and she's just like a swell, a nice swell, in her ways, and then she's good. My, she's good!"

"Is she religious?" I ventured.

"Now, you know—yes—but then it's hard to say exactly what different people mean," and the boy gave himself up with grave pleasure to the serious business of accurately informing us as to Emmy's spiritual life. "She is as religious as she can be one way," he went on, "and then the other she only goes as far as she can without feeling as if she was throwing over the rest of us. Her husband he thinks religious people ain't his kind, and of course I'm nowhere with 'em, and Emmy can't make herself up to contract with them that despises us. You wouldn't believe what she thinks of me, you wouldn't indeed. So she just goes without religion except what she can get reading the Bible and"—half hesitating and softening his tone—"and praying. She says she believes we can be good that way. She wants me to try. She is good, good. I wish, though, she could be with real religious people, some kind. Our grandmother, one of 'em, was a great chapel goer. She was an independent. I think Emmy would be happier that way."

He turned his face toward the angry gloom of the sea and the fading western sky, and we were all silent. What a comforting glimpse of human nature!

Presently Amy said, with an odd little accession of formal courtesy in her tone: "I hope, Mr. Catty, you have a picture of your sister that you can show us. I should like to know how she looks."

Yes, he had her picture in his stateroom. He wanted us to see it.

The limitless night was darkening around us in momentary pulsations. We left the wild, soul searching scene for the petty, pretty glare of the cabin. While we were drinking our tea Teddy Caddy brought us the photograph.

It seems out of harmony now with the fleshly reaction from the infinite things of the spirit that had just come upon us. We had to give our poor flagging souls a tug to make them respond to the unconscious awe that looked, Madonnalike, upon us. You never saw a little child's face more deeply, simply serious.

The next day I took the picture to show to the missionary. He smiled benevolently as I told of the quaint brother and sister, but being a missionary and not an artist and seeing nothing to do for them his mind inclined to wander. Yet once or twice afterward as he walked the deck with one of his small children by the hand—he always had one with him when he did not have two—he tried to join in our conversation with Teddy Catty, but when he saw the little fellow draw back overawed he readily enough, with a shade of relief perhaps, abandoned the gentle attack.

This trio was not often in session, so to say, for Teddy Catty was very modest and was scrupulously careful not to intrude upon us, but he was sure to be within beckoning distance whenever Amy was sketching. The sight exercised an absurd fascination upon him.

It was easy to see that he regarded me as of an altogether inferior race of beings as compared to Amy. With me he could talk on occasion, but to her he could scarcely more than speak when he was spoken to. This dumb shyness, together with his professional position, puzzled Amy.

"Do you suppose," said she, "that he is anything of a clown, that honest little owl?"

In truth, there seemed nothing clownlike about Teddy Catty except the clownishness of which I have spoken, the touch of oddity that made his identity seem a little humorous. But then I had seen successful comedians flourish on nothing more than a lesser degree of the same thing, and I knew, too, what is always puzzling to the world, that the possession of the technique of any art enables the possessor to mold into expression much of his nature which he may lack either freedom, will or desire to express in his life. So, you see, I was not surprised when my interest in Teddy Catty's artistic side was gratified by a chance verdict, but not a worthless one, that he was a good clown. It came from the spectacular amazonian captain on the occasion of my first conversation with her. It happened one afternoon as I was walking the deck that I stumbled, and simultaneously the ship gave a lurch, and I was thrown upon the histrionic amazonian breast. Upon such a provocation to unreasoning resentment her boundless good nature instantly asserted itself, with pleasure in the opportunity, and then in an instant more she realized another opportunity—she would gratify a thirst for knowledge. Having helped me to my feet, she hurried to say:

"I've heard Teddy Catty speak about you. He said you've been on the stage yourself. He's awful taken up seeing that friend of yours paint, ain't he? He's dead proud of that sister of his a-painting. Did you know anything about him before he came on board? Did you ever see him in the ring? He's a good clown, a real good one. They say he'll get with Barnum next likely. There's some fun to him—not all just as if you'd pulled a string. I tell him he ought to go on the stage—comic opera. He can't sing much, but that don't matter for a funny man. I've been in comic opera some, not a principal, of course, but I can get more with the Kiralfys and in pantomime over here," with a toss of the head toward the bow of the ship.

After having dreamed away half a lifetime in this little world upon the waters and having all but forgotten previous states of existence—at the end of ten days, that is—we anchored off Queenstown. There, according to expectation, we met a party of pleasant acquaintances of both sexes, and straightway we sank—rose?—were transformed from the lofty epicene patrons of Teddy Catty into something perhaps more like conventional young ladies than some old fashioned people would suppose possible.

It is strange now to think how unimpressively on this changed mood fell the news that Teddy Catty at Queenstown had met dark sorrow. A letter had come telling him his sister was dead. Not that we were indifferent. No. I remember feeling his bereavement with one of those appalling thumps of realization that visit most of us often enough to point the blessing of our usual "wadding of stupidity." But, after all, this heart stopping sensation—as usual, I think—came rather from a sudden vision of the tragic conditions of all life than from direct, simple sympathy with Teddy Catty. Poor Teddy Catty had all at once become a very remote little figure, all but invisible, and there was so much to talk over with our friends. News was to be heard, experiences were to be exchanged and plans to be made.

It was a relief when his roommate, a young man—we knew nothing more about him—came to me and with stammering, misplaced apologies asked if I thought, if I supposed, that the missionary would not mind, or did I think he would mind— "Does Mr. Catty wish to see the missionary?" I asked, with a sense of relief, and I went gladly to summon him.

The missionary was, as usual, occupied with his numerous little ones. His wife had been sick throughout the voyage and had scarcely left her stateroom.

He turned his bowed head a little from me as he listened, as if he were steeling himself against a personal misfortune.

"He begins where we leave off," I said to myself as I looked upon his pity moved face.

He came back to me after he had taken the children to his wife and said, "If I can comfort this poor boy through the word and love of my Master—there is no other comfort—I'll not forget it's to you I owe the opportunity"—there was self reproach in the missionary's tone. "I never should have known any thing about him."

It seemed that it took three or four people in this case to make one Good Samaritan. It happened, as it is always happening in this fantastic life, that

He pointed out the picture.

though I wished to ask the missionary about his interview with Teddy Catty, and had, of course, rational human motives for such an interest in the lad, one puerile triviality after another preoccupied me, so that I had just a word with him before the ship's company parted at Liverpool.

We were in the custom house. The missionary's wife, thin, pale, shabby, quietly executive and a lady, kept order among her children in a corner of the great, bare, overlighted, ugly place, and beside her sat Teddy Catty, with his hat pulled over his eyes.

I felt that I could not speak to him there. To do so would, it seemed, emphasize the cruel, bold publicity of the place. So I went to where the missionary stood over his bags and boxes, a queer lot, and asked him, if the worthlessness of the words did not choke him, to tell the boy goodby for us and to say that we felt for him. I stopped short, shamed with the thought of how little we felt, realizing for once not only the powerlessness of human sympathy, but its painfully absurd deficiency in quantity, the unnecessary thickness of our wadding of stupidity. Then I reflected as I stood there that this whole little episode of our acquaintance with the missionary and the clown, so slight, yet so dyed in the primary colors of life, its grotesqueness and comedy and inconsequence, its mystery and tragedy, was ending, or rather, as is the way of life, fading, passing, like a cloud, into something else, and that soon the quaint pair would exist for me no more, and I rebelled against the mutability of existence. I said to the missionary: "I shall be in London in a week or two. I don't suppose I'll ever be the least good to you or to Teddy Catty, and there is no reason in keeping up such an acquaintance as ours, but for no smaller reason than that we are all human beings"— The missionary's eyes responded so adequately with humor and a good deal beside that for a moment it did not occur to me to finish my sentence, and then I concluded: "Let me come to see you or your wife a moment to hear how things are. You'll probably know something of Teddy Catty for as much as a fortnight longer."

Yes, he thought his friendship with the clown might survive all devouring time so long, and he said he would be glad to see me again.

Yet I had been in London a week and had not looked up my fellow passengers, when one day as Amy and I were going through the amazingly crowded rooms of the Royal academy whom should we see but the little clown. He was sitting on one of the divans, dressed in the conventional mourning of a law loving Englishman, a frock coat and crape banded silk hat dignifying Teddy Catty's little figure. We saw him furtively wipe his eyes as he gazed at the gilt and canvas covered wall before him, and we knew Emmy's picture was there. We soon found it. It was a little one, hung rather high, and like several thousand others in that home of English art it was of a baby, and, again like the majority of them, it was a poor picture—dull, conventional. Whatever had been in poor Emmy's heart when she painted it was concealed under a false, frigid method faithfully carried out.

Teddy's face worked convulsively for a moment when he saw us. Then he pointed out the picture and gave us his place to sit in while we gazed. There was plainly no need of talking about it. He did not think of comment as becoming the occasion.

"It belonged to one of the dressers at the theater," he said softly after a time. "She had a lot of children, and her husband died, and—Emmy—Emmy helped her, and she was tremendously fond of that baby. She used to keep it at the house days and days to get chances to paint it." Teddy's voice failed him again.

After awhile in the moving of the throng he got a seat beside us, and I noted, as if it were something surprising, that in taking it he arranged his coattails with the same odd funniness of movement as of old. It did seem quite strange for a moment that his grief had not lifted him into ideal grace. He looked from one to the other of us and said: "I was going to try some way to see you ladies, but the missionary said you were going to come to see him. I wanted to tell you that I'm going back with him to China, and I'd never have known him if it hadn't been for you."

"Going with him?"

"Yes, Miss Milman. I'm going to see if I can help him—help him be a missionary, you know." Teddy's unfamiliarity with the phrases of the "work" pleased my ear. "I've got a little money," he went on, "and I feel as if I'd like to do something—something religious—some time, and it seems as if this was my chance. I fancy Emmy would like it. But I never could turn in with church or chapel people here at home. I know I couldn't. They think a circus man ought to repent a lot, you know, and that I ought to throw over the show business for good, and I don't see how I can, and I don't know that I want to. Long as Emmy didn't cut it altogether I don't know as I want to."

"But—what—how are you going to manage out in China?"

"Why, you know, the missionary's different from most religious folks. He just takes things naturally, and I've some money by me, and Emmy left me a little"— He stopped a moment and stared fixedly into space, then shifting his position a little went on in a different tone: "I can go out there, and then he says he can give me things to do for him as a lay worker—that's what he calls it—and that I can be some use to him, and that it'll be easier for me to be in good standing there than here. I don't care how it is, but I'd like to stay with him awhile and do something some way for religion, you know—the real thing. Yes," in answer to a question, "I suppose I'll come back and go in the circus after my money's all gone. They'd never want to support me as if I was a real missionary. I wouldn't be worth it, but they'll let me be a Christian there."

We shook hands with Teddy Catty at the door of Burlington House, and I saw him no more, but when I called on the missionary he confirmed the story of these queer plans.

"Yes," he said, "Teddy seems so little capable of the ordinary ways of entering into and feeling about the religious life that I don't know what channel of usefulness would be open to him here. He wants to come with me, and it seems to me it is a good step. Things are simpler out there. About his coming back—I don't think he'll come back. I think in time he can be taken fully into the work. If he does return, why, he'll have a fuller religious experience than he has now to fall back on."

And so, thanks somewhat to two modern young women professing grave philosophical doubts of the wisdom of foreign missions, this curious transaction came actually to pass, and the only circus clown I ever knew, without renouncing what I shall call his art, sailed away to China as a Christian missionary.

No philosophical doubts could stop us from bidding him godspeed, nor have they quenched since that day a high degree of interest in Chinese missions.

Teddy Catty has not yet returned. We feel it would be piquant to see him again fill his place in the ring, but withal other than artistic sentiments will make us contented if the missionary's predictions come true, and the circus knows him no more.

THE END.

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Having Fun.

A boy who was recently sent to a boarding school has just sent the following letter to his loving and anxious mother: "I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a good long while. The other boy has to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Lincoln, and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for fixing my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles, and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get 'em in my trunk."—New York Tribune.

Practical.

Sweet is sympathy, and thrice welcome are kind words, but there are times when the heart craves recognition more substantial.

In a western city not long ago a gentleman was surprised to recognize the face of a person who was hawking shoestrings and buttonhooks on a street corner as that of one of his regimental comrades during the war. He went up to the man, greeted him warmly and assured him of his sympathy. He was much grieved, he said, to see an old soldier in such a case.

When he had expressed himself at some length in this manner, he was suddenly interrupted by his former acquaintance.

"I'm much obliged for your pity," he remarked dryly, "but how many pairs of shoestrings will you buy?"—Youth's Companion.

An Odd Custom.

An old custom is still in vogue in High Wycombe, Bucks. After electing the mayor for the year the corporation solemnly proceed to the borough office of weights and measures and are there severally weighed, and their correct weights officially recorded.—*Liverpool Mercury.*