

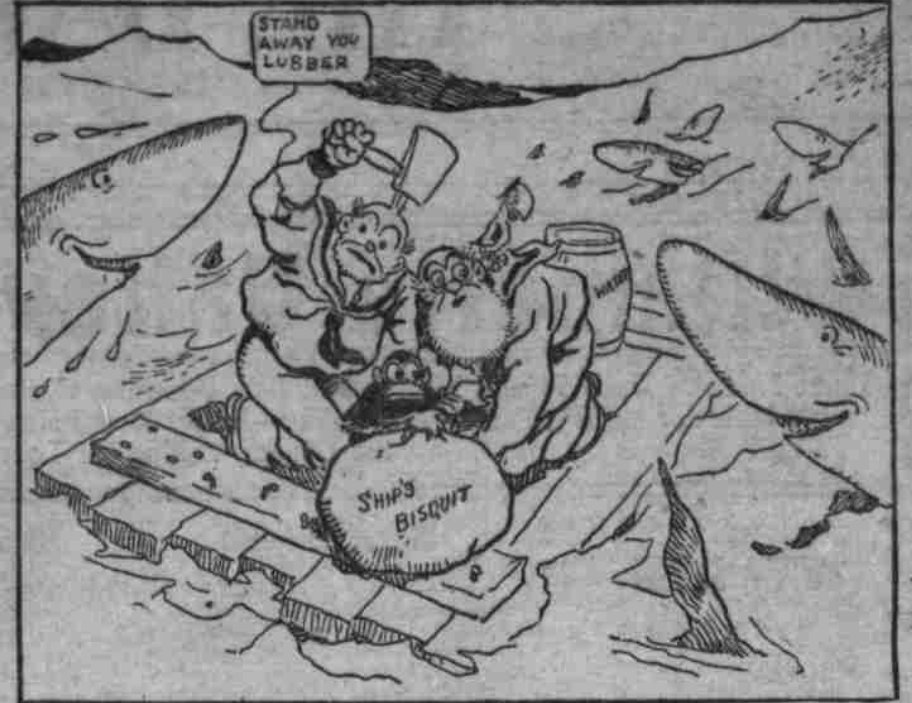
BINICLE JIM TELLS HOW HE AND MATIE WORE STRIPES.



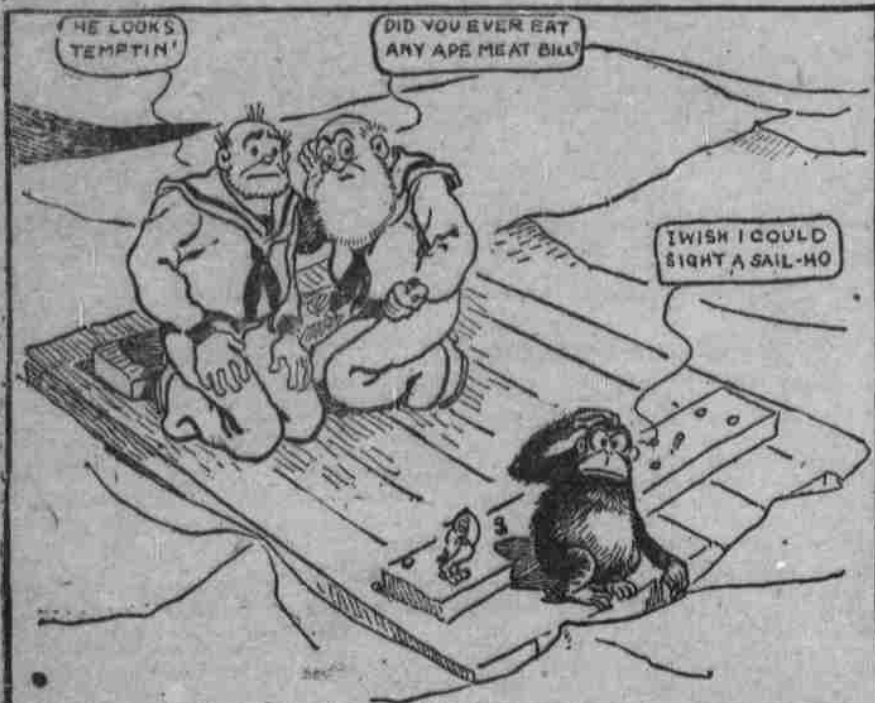
Man and boy, afore the mast, I've stood con-sid-er-able abuse in my time, but I'm no hand to complain, not me, but when Captain Soakum o' th' brig Dancin' Sally, ordered me t' lay twenty-nine stripes on my old mate Bill, I rebelled, I did, an' you can lay to that.



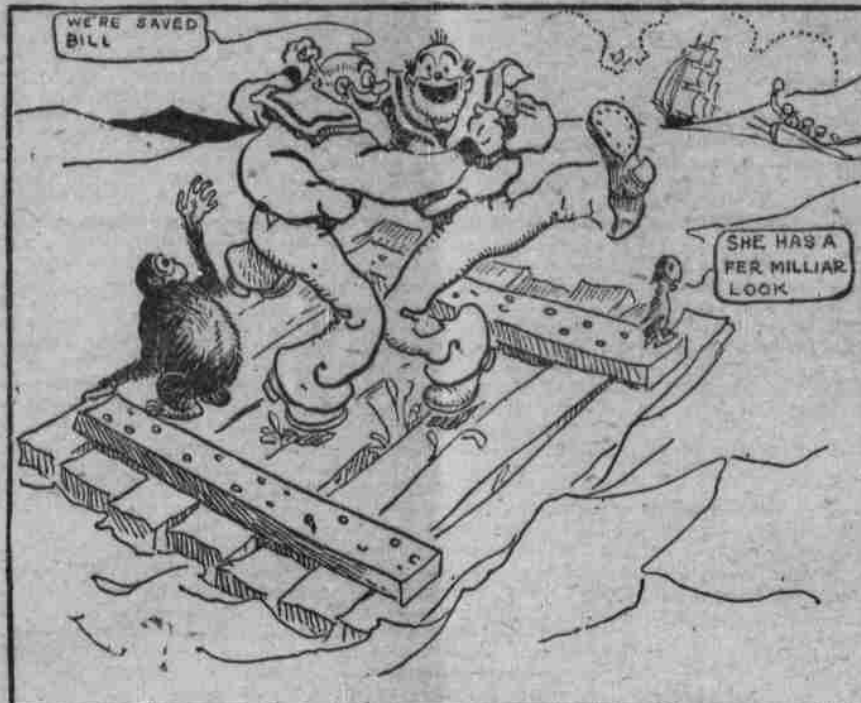
I never see th' master o' a craft take on as did this same Captain Soakum. It was sumpin' ter-rif-ic t' see, but that night arter we'd been clapped in irons wot d'ye s'pose, if that ape o' Bill's didn't sneak down t' th' bulkhead there 'ith a lantern an' turned us loose.



Arter driftin' out o' sight o' th' vessel on a sort o' raft th' se-gacious critter had rigged up, stove my sides if we didn't bump into a school o' man-eaters that 'us a caution, an' if Bill ha'n't brought along th' ship's ax, which he most generally always did, we'd a been swamped sartin.



Arter three weeks 'thout sightin' a sail th' supplies run out, an' poor Bill's mind begun to wander in his head. At mess-time he'd think o' th' crew safe an' snug on board th' Dancin' Sally an' say 'at Captain Soakum wusn't such a bad man at heart arter all, an' then he'd abuse that poor ape shameful.



Just as things 'us githin' desprit an' sumpin' had t' be done, an' it looked like th' ape, poor feller, that animal, who'd been keepin' a uncommon t'right lookout, sighted a full rigged ship an' we proceeded t' make signs o' distress, if dancin' a hornpipe can be considered sich.



Well, sir, we 'us that glad t' git aboard 'at we never took our bearin's nor noticed the trim o' th' craft, an' blow me a breeze if it wusn't no more nor less than that same Dancin' Sally 'ith Captain Soakum in charge. Well, to wind up a long story short, Bill an' me wore stripes from that 'ere cat-o'-nine-tails for many a long dav arter.

International Cartoon Co., N. Y. 178

THE NEW-COMER

BY MERLE S. BRANNON.

WHEN first he saw her she was seated on the low wooden stoop of the poor farm, the sunny side where soft silver sunbeams filtered through the verdant green of young budding trees. By her side was an Indian basket filled with old potatoes which she was preparing for the noontide meal. She glanced up at the stranger, the newcomer to the home, sauntered around the house, his arms plunged into his pockets up to his elbows. A little old man he was, sullen of face, rather unattractive in every respect save a sort of human expression in his eyes when they spoke of the past, not the future.

He glanced at her, noted the blue of her eyes, saw the faded pink of six ofttime washed pink apron, even the patch thereon. Then he sat down, drawing a jack-knife from his trouser pocket and whetting it on his heavy shoe preparatory to peeling potatoes. "How do you stand it?" he blurted out by way of an introduction. "I came last night, and I have been over every inch of the place, and I can't, I simply can't stand it. I just came from the second floor and while walking there I saw—"

ing into the home. Ill at the time, friendless, hopelessly alone, bereft of husband, children, relatives, it was imperative. Never could she forget that day when they brought her to the poor farm. It was the 9th day of April, and the trees were sending forth their young fruit blossoms. Late that night a light spring snow fell, and as she gazed from her window at the rear of her new home she very naturally compared these elemental conditions to her own life—spring flowers touched by the snow-white hands of winter.

The man possessed no imaginative powers. He had been an ordinary man, content in his little home. Then she, the only woman in his life of any consequence, had died, and his children were scattered over the state, not one wanting the old man!

He had no more pets. What was the use? She went about the homely tasks assigned her, but nothing they did took from her any of her innate sense of light heartedness. Let fate be ever so unkind, she could find something which made it worth her while to be cheerful.

Spring merged into summer and the little old man, miserable all the time, would walk around to the stoop and talk with her when there was an opportunity. He was dull enough in his way, and she knew it, but she reasoned that he desired to talk with some person, and why should it not be herself? True, he did nothing but make complaint, quite a departure from her sunny replies, but at any rate they were congenial.

One hot morning during the summer he came to the stoop and found her musing. She was ill. It was many days before he saw her, and when he did he was surprised at the sad little figure who sat pathetically near her usual work. But when he came up to her she looked up and smiled. Then he realized that her smile meant a great deal to him, that she had been smiling for many months and he had never noticed before.



OLD MARTIN.