

# The Sea Scourge

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

A little while passed, and the pirate crew were becoming uneasy. The ship was ever and anon popping away at her bow guns, but none of her shot reached their mark. Laroon stood by the old gunner's side, and ere long he asked him how a bow shot would work.

"I'll try," was Ben's simple answer. And as he spoke he arose and set about leveling his gun. "I'll give 'em a run-in' shot this time," he continued, after he had calculated the distance and elevated the piece. He then watched for his opportunity, for he had pointed the gun a little astern to allow for head wind. With a keen, steady gaze, he marked the movement of the brig, and when the line of his sight along the gun struck a point about six inches abaft the ship's foremast, he fired. There was a quick report, a shock, and a trembling of the brig's spars, and then all hands sprang to the rails to see what was the result. The old gunner waited anxiously for the report, and his eye brightened as he saw the ship's men rushing up the forehounds.

"You've hit the foremast just below the futtocks," cried Storms, who had been gazing through a glass.

"Then we'll try once more in the same place," returned Ben, and thus speaking, he proceeded to reload his gun.

He loaded his gun with the utmost care, putting in an exact quantity of powder, and selecting a shot that would drive home snugly. When all was ready he took his aim with a calm precision, and the expression upon his face told that he meant mischief to someone. And surely he did, for hardly had the smoke cleared away ere the sloop-of-war's foremast was seen to go over the side, taking with it the main-topgallant-mast and jibboom.

"That'll do," said Laroon, as calmly as though he had been making some new disposition of the sails.

But the men were not so cool. They shouted with all their might, and when they felt that they had expressed their full feeling they relaxed into their usual quiet and orderly state.

Ben Martin carefully cleaned his gun, outside and in, and then replaced the tarpaulin, while Storms shut up his glass and placed it in its brackets upon the tinnacle.

"We'll go to Manila," said the captain. Accordingly the course was changed two points further north, and the yards trimmed. Two hours later the sloop-of-war could be discerned, still hampered by part of the wreck of spars that had so summarily fallen upon her.

## CHAPTER III.

Just at evening on the second day of the encounter with the sloop-of-war, the Scourge dropped her anchor in a little cove upon the western coast of Luzon Island.

There was a small village of one-story huts upon the shore, and close by the water, under a sort of bluff, stood quite a respectable house. The people were known to be the character of the brig well, for here it was that she took in many of her stores when she wanted them; and here, also, she had a hospital, where many of the inhabitants found places as nurses; for those who were laid up here with wounds and disease generally possessed golden pockets, and could afford to pay for good nursing.

As soon as the sails were all furled, and the deck cleared up, Laroon had his boat manned, and went on shore. It was nearly dark when he reached the little pier which was built out from the beach, and he took his way at once toward the house on the bluff, which was the hospital in question. When he reached the veranda he found the old surgeon—the same who had formerly sailed with him—ready to receive him. The two proceeded to one of the best drawing rooms, where a heavy hanging lamp was already burning, and there they seated themselves. Laroon first asked after the welfare of the sick ones, and he was informed, in general terms, that they were getting along well.

"But how many can you let me have to take away with me?" asked the pirate chieftain.

"Not over five, at the outside," returned the surgeon.

"But I must have more. I have seventy-five men on board now, besides Paul and myself, and I mean to take a short cruise if I can muster the men. There's more gold on shore than there is at sea. Down around the shores of Japan there live a lot of nabobs who own gold by the ton, and I want to feel of 'em. Do you understand?"

"Yes," returned the surgeon, with a sparkling eye, for the thought of such plunder had yet a charm for him. "But can't you make your present force do?"

"I suppose I shall have to. And you have had no applications from anyone?"

"Ah, yes; I liked to have forgotten. Yes, I had one application, and I guess the fellow is here now. I told him the brig would be in shortly, I thought, and if he would wait he might get a chance."

"Does he know what flag we sail under?"

"Yes."

"How did he find out?"

"From someone who had been with us. He met him in prison, I think he said. I'll send for him at once."

As the surgeon thus spoke he rang a bell which stood upon the table near him, and in a moment more a boy made his appearance.

"Jack," spoke the old sawbones, "you remember that one-eyed fellow who has been here? Well, you'll find him at old Madaline's. Go down there and tell him to come up."

In the course of half an hour the boy returned, and with him the individual in question, who came limping into the room with a gait that promised anything but quickness of movement. The pirate chieftain could not repress a smile as he gazed upon the newcomer, though some more timid might have been frightened rather than amused.

The man was in every respect, peculiar. He was past the meridian of life—perhaps five-and-fifty—and very slightly bent in form, but not enough to give his back any hump.

In frame he was of medium height when he stood at rest, but somewhat shorter when standing upon his right leg alone, that being some two inches shorter than the other leg; and this of course gave him a very awkward movement.

But his face was more peculiar still; he had lost one eye—the left one—and the skin about the orbless socket was much discolored, giving him one of the most sinister looks imaginable. His hair was short and crisp, and of a dirty red color, while the face was almost as dark as a Malay's. But he had one redeeming quality, he was stout and powerful in his physical mold, revealing a broad chest and shoulders and arms of almost Herculean proportions. Next to the requisite looking place where an eye had been lost, which was shrunken and shriveled up, the most peculiar and striking feature of the face was the eye that was left. One would expect to find a light-colored eye with such a head, but it was not so. That single eye was not only of the darkest hazel, but it burned and sparkled with power and brilliancy. But what was it that yet remained of feature which gave him such a strangeness of look? Laroon seemed determined to hunt up that odd feature, and after awhile he found it; the man had no eyebrows.

But Marj Laroon was not the only one who gazed fixedly into another's face, for the stranger gazed full as sharply into his, and seemed as much interested in the work.

"Well, sir," commenced the pirate captain, seeming to speak with an effort, "so you want to ship on board my vessel?"

"Yes, sir," answered the other, gruffly.

"And do you know the business you will be required to do?"

"Obey orders, I suppose."

"Exactly. Upon my word, I like that answer. But what do you suppose those orders will amount to?"

"Gold! gold! Perhaps blood! But gold ahead of all else!"

Marj Laroon started as these words fell upon his ear, for they were most strangely spoken. And then the man looked at him so with that one dark eye when he spoke. The old buccaner had never shrunk so before beneath a human gaze.

"You speak rather more harshly than there is any need of," he said, in a tone which would seem to indicate that he did not wholly like the speech he had heard.

"Oh, I can speak as kindly as you wish," quickly returned the strange man, with a smile—and there was something kind in the smile, too. "And," he added, "I can be as gentle as a lamb."

"What is your name?"

"Buffo Burnington."

"A curious name," said Laroon, eying him sharply.

"Ay," he calmly replied, "some people think I am a curious man."

Laroon regarded the new man for some moments in silence, but his gaze was not steady, for there was something in that lone eye, ay, and in that whole face, that troubled him.

"Perhaps you have seen me before?" remarked the captain, with seeming carelessness, but yet with a look and tone which proved him to be anxious on the very subject thus broached.

"I think I have, sir, in New York."

"Do you remember the circumstances?"

"Yes," returned Burnington, looking at Laroon steadily in the face, "it was at a time when your meals were served in your own room."

"By the jill—"

"Stop!" shouted the pirate, starting to his feet. "That is enough. If you will join my crew and sign my articles you shall go with us, and fare and share with the rest."

As Buffo Burnington left the room Laroon touched the bell. The same boy answered it.

"Jack," said the captain, "go and watch that man. Follow him carefully and don't lose sight of him. If he attempts to leave the village hurry back with all speed."

The boy merely bowed and then set out on his mission. After he was gone Laroon rested his elbow on the table and buried his brow in his hands. Thus he remained for some minutes, totally regardless of the presence of another.

"Do you want those five men to go on board to-night?" asked the surgeon at length.

Laroon seemed to have heard some one speak, for he raised his head and then started up from his chair, but without answering he commenced to pace the room.

"McLura," he said at length, stopping in front of the surgeon, "how long has that man been here?"

"About a week. Why, captain, do you think you have seen him before?"

"I don't know. But he's a strange looking man, isn't he?"

"He is surely, and one, I should think, not easily to be forgotten when once seen."

Just as he spoke the door opened and Buffo Burnington entered and reported himself ready to go on board. Again Laroon gazed into that quaint, ugly-looking face, but he gained nothing by his search, and shortly afterwards he bade the newcomer be seated, and then signified his desire to see the men who were well enough to rejoin the brig. McLura arose and led the way out from the room, and when they were both gone and the door was closed behind them Burnington started to his feet—and stamped across the room. His hands were clasped and his eye emitted sparks of fire. He did not walk much, for his lameness caused him steps to make an unusual noise, and he remained for some time standing still in the center of the room. He muttered to himself, while his hands worked nervously together, as though he were reading in twain some firm fabric.

"You think you have seen me before, Marj Laroon, I have the advantage of you. Misfortune has laid her relentless hand upon my body, and she has left me so much the worse for her visit that even you cannot peer beneath the veil she has drawn over me. We'll have a merry cruise together."

After this the man sat down, and though his eye still sparkled, yet it was an earnest, eager look upon his features. He sat with his broad hands folded in his lap, and his gaze bent upon the floor, and thus he remained until Laroon returned.

"Now, my hero, we'll move our stumps toward the shore," said the captain.

"Where is your luggage?"

"At the door," returned Burnington, raising to his feet.

Laroon led the way out, and upon the piazza he found quite a respectable sized bag. This the new man threw lightly over his shoulder, and then the two started down towards the pier, Laroon keeping his companion a few paces in advance. Whether he did this through fear, or only from the whim of habit, it were hard to tell.

The boat was found in readiness, and ere long the lame sailor was upon the deck of the craft he had promised to make his home. A hammock was set out to him by the sailmaker, and the second lieutenant gave him a number upon the berth deck. But a few of the men were up to see him, and he escaped without being bothered.

Buffo Burnington was thus quartered for such a cruise as his commander might see fit to project, and he certainly looked like one who would hesitate at nothing between the sail-top and the cannon's mouth.

## CHAPTER IV.

On the following morning there was much excitement and curiosity on board the brig. The new man had come on deck, and no one of the crew had ever seen him before.

"He's a queer 'un, isn't he?" remarked one man to another, the two having, with the rest of the crew, been watching Buffo Burnington for some time.

"Aren't he, though?" responded the second man emphatically.

And so the men conversed about the deck, and in the meantime the object of their curiosity was slowly stumping up and down the larboard gangway. At length the boatwain piped, and when the men were gathered around the captain came forward.

"My men," spoke Laroon, "you have a new shipmate. Let me introduce him to your friendship and acquaintance. Buffo Burnington—and I hope the acquaintance may prove a benefit to us all."

As the captain moved aft after having thus spoken, the men gathered around their new shipmate, and extended their hands. The whole cast of his countenance was changed in an instant; a warm smile lighted up his dark features, and for the while one might almost have forgotten the wild distortion of his features.

About an hour later Burnington stood by the binnacle as Paul Laroon came up from the cabin. The youth started with surprise as he saw the strange-looking figure, and then cast an inquisitive glance at the captain. Marj understood the silent question, and moving forward, he said:

"This is a new man, Paul—Buffo Burnington."

The man turned quickly towards the youth, and his eye snatched until their sparks seemed to start from it.

"This is our surgeon, Burnington," resumed the captain.

"And your son, I should take it, if I might judge from his looks," returned Buffo, looking first upon one and then upon the other, but particularly noting the countenance of the youth.

"Yes, yes," responded Laroon, with a pleasure which he did not attempt to hide, for this was the first time that ever such a remark had been made.

"Then you think he looks like me?" he added, half carelessly.

"There is certainly a resemblance," replied Burnington, "enough, at least, to indicate that you are of one family."

"So we are—so we are," uttered Marj, gazing into Paul's features with a dark smile; and as he did so, Buffo was regarding him with another smile—and such a smile that more than one man noticed it and wondered what it meant.

Paul turned away and went to the taffrail, and from the expression of his countenance one could have readily seen that he was far from being pleased with the remarks which had just been made.

It was just about noon when the anchor was secured at the codhead, and as soon as all sail was made, and the yards properly trimmed, the boatwain dined, and then the off-watch went to dinner. The distance to Silver Bay was not far from 550 miles. The wind here was variable, for bold, broad shores broke the trades.

"That fellow handles himself well," remarked Langley, the first officer, as he stood by the side of the captain upon the weather quarter. He nodded toward Burnington as he spoke, which individual was then sitting alone upon the railway of the long gun.

"I think he'll make a good hand for us," returned Laroon, looking upon the maimed seaman.

(To be continued.)

## Queer People, "Aint It?"

He was a German conductor on a Third Avenue car, and when his car was approaching Grand street he leaned over to rear seat and whispered to a smoker:

"I like when a man smoke a cigar. Dot is a sign he is not a crank. Vben come by Grand street listen to der granks about transfer tickets. Dey can't speak no English at all, and some of dem people I can't understand."

The first man to ask for a ticket was a Swede, who shouted:

"Aye will a teckett?"

"Trans! Trans!" shouted an Italian, holding out his hand.

"Transforfare!" yelled a little man with a long beard.

"Tickee! Tickee!" shouted a Chinaman, who climbed along the car step to get his transfer.

And then a big, broad-shouldered Irishman called to the conductor:

"Hey! Give me transportation ter Grand street."

"What did I told you," continued the German conductor when the car had passed the corner. "Some people don't know no English at all. Dey are what ve call ignorance. Ain't it?"

And the man in the smoking seat said it was.—New York Times.

## Retrieved of All Fear.

Dionysius observed Damocles' casting a furtive glance at the sword.

"It's sharp as a razor," remarked the tyrant.

"Thanks," replied his guest, visibly relieved. "I see there is no danger."

And he laughed to think that he had sworn that morning because Mrs. Lamocles sharpened her pencil with his razor.—New York Tribune.

## ONE ADVERTISING "CATCHES"

London Emporiums Send Private Broughams for Customers.

Advertisers are developing a general spirit to such an extent that wide-wake persons will presently find it possible to live in luxury on next to nothing a year, says the London Mail. For example, there appeared an advertisement of a furnishing company which contained the following inducement: "Private brougham sent upon request to convey intending purchasers from any part of London and back, so charge. Luncheons provided."

At half a dozen large "emporiums" in the West End any respectably dressed caller may partake of luncheon free of cost. At one large shop in excellent orchestra accompanies the lunch, and this added attraction appeals greatly to lovers of music—and of gratuitous repasts. Crowds besiege the place, while ordinary restaurants in the neighborhood, whose proprietors are so old-fashioned as to expect payment, remain almost deserted.

Recently a well-known firm in Tottenham Court road, who have 40,000 customers in London, opened a free art exhibition on their premises. Each visitor was provided with tea and invited to inscribe his or her name in a book. Those who wished it were driven in private broughams to the company's factory. Not for a moment was business hinted at. But, strangely enough, hundreds of those chance visitors have become regular customers.

Picture post cards of well-known thoroughfares are now obtainable free of cost. But in the forefront of the photograph, dwarfing all other buildings, is the shop of the advertiser. He does not disguise the card with any trade announcement; to do so would prejudice people sending it out their own expense to friends in town or country.

One advertiser has distributed with startling freedom first-class railway season tickets. At least that is what they look like until they are opened. Then on one side of the card there appears the words: "This admits bearer to any music hall in London." On the other half the legend is continued: "Providing, of course, he pays the necessary admission fee."

Seaside visitors at Whitstable who take a particularly nice pebble on the beach should pick it up. It may contain a 25 note. The idea is that of a well-known advertiser.

But perhaps the smartest feat in advertising yet performed was that of a restaurant keeper in North London. The next shop is that of a stationer named Hunger. On a sign corresponding with the one bearing the name Hunger the restaurant keeper has the word "Don't" painted. So passers-by read the injunction "Don't Hunger."

Not quite so happy is the window announcement of a well-known fruiterer: "Real Seville Oranges. No For Sign Rubbish Sold."

TROUBLES OF HERMIT CRAB.

Having No Shell of Its Own, It Must Fight for One.

The most disconsolate fellow that walks the beach is the hermit crab whose shell has become too snug for comfort, says Country Life in America. If it were his own, as the clam's is, it would grow with his growth and always be a perfect fit; but to the hermit there comes often a "moving day," when a new house must be sought. Discouraging work it is, too. Most of the doors at which he knocks are slammed in his face. A tweak from a pin or larger than his own will often sting him that the shell he considers "distinctly possible," and hopefully ventures to explore, is already occupied by a near but coldly unsympathetic relative.

Finding no empty shell of suitable size, the hermit may be driven to ask a brother hermit to vacate in his favor. The proposition is spurned indignantly and a fight ensues. The battle is to be stronger. Often the attacking party has considerable trouble in cleaning out the shell, having to pick his way adversary out in bits. A periwinkle or a whelk may be attacked in a like manner by a hermit who is hard pressed and has taken a fancy to that particular shell. If the householder is feeble, the conquest is easy. If lusty he holds the fort.

At last the search is over. The shell is cleaned and ready.

"Yes, this will do. But how my back does ache! I mustn't delay a minute! Is anybody looking? Here goes, then; and may I never have to move again!"

In the twinkling of an eye, the casual looks let go their hold deep in the spiral of the old shell, and have seized and anchored the weak and feeble body to the inner convolutions of the new one. It is all over; an empty shell lies on the sand, and a larger one is now with a sleepy looking hermit crabs in it. Poke him and he leans lazily out over his pearly balcony, as if to say, "If this deadly monotony is not broken soon, I shall die!"

But, behind this "society mask," the cramped muscles are stretching out and adjusting themselves in absolute contentment to the roomy spaces of "ered" them.

No. Four

"Yes, she's swell enough," said the Chicago girl.

"But her forefathers?" suggested the Boston girl.

"Oh, gracious, don't make it any worse than it really is! She's only had three."—Philadelphia Press.

We never can tell when we hear a woman scream if a man is murdering, or a bug has dropped on her nose.

## GOOD Short Stories

Captain Cuttle's famous watch, which would keep "correct" time only by various shakings and shiftings of its hands during the day, is matched by a Yorkshireman's clock. He repeats the imputation that there was anything wrong with it. "It goes right for him that know how I read," he said; "when its hands are at twelve, it strikes two, and then awnau its half-past seven."

De Wolf Hopper says that his small nephew was given a diary, and one of his first entries in it was "got up at seven." He showed it to his mother, and she corrected his sentence. "Got up?" she exclaimed in horror; "does the sun get up? It rises!" The youngster gratefully erased the offending words, and wrote, "Rose at seven." And on stirring for the night he carefully inscribed in his diary, "Set at eight."

An ordinary echo is a curious thing; at according to the statements of a ranchman at a watering place in the Sierras, one echo on the Franco-Prussian frontier is far from ordinary. "As soon as you have spoken," said the ranchman, who had secured an audience of wild-eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue!"

The story is told of a meeting of politicians who were trying to settle the affairs of a merchant who had failed for a large amount. His indebtedness was a vast one, and he had no assets, but his wife owned the house in which she lived; that the family farm was the property of his daughter; that the store belonged to his son. "I have nothing," he said, "except my body, which you can divide among you." "Well, shantle," spoke up a Jewish creditor, "if you do dot, I speak right now for his all!"

A London playgoer, who had drunk deeply at his dinner, appeared at the box office of one of the principal theatres, and put down a sovereign, asking for the best seat in the house. His condition was so evident that the man in the box office politely declined to sell him a ticket. "What's matter?" enquired the applicant, "what's matter with me?" "Well, if you really want to know," responded the ticket seller, "you're drunk." The frankness of this reply had rather a sobering influence upon the playgoer. He gathered up the sovereign with dignity. "Of course I'm drunk," he said, cheerfully, "but I'm turned to go; I wouldn't come see this play if I were sober, would you?"

At the Democratic convention, William J. Bryan was held up by a lot of camera fiends, for whom he obligingly posed. A stranger, accompanied by his 5-year-old daughter, came up, announced that he had voted for Bryan, and asked the privilege of shaking hands with him. The privilege was granted, and Bryan also took the little girl's hand. As he did so, a camera held shrouded by a hand, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Bryan. More photographers appeared on the scene, and desired the pose to continue. It did continue for over five minutes. "I'm glad my wife isn't here," said Mr. Bryan, when he was at last released from his captivity; "holding a girl's hand this way for five minutes in a public street!"

ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION.

Natural Surroundings of People Responsible for Belief in Omens.

The first dawn of imagination results in superstition. The lowest type of African savage is devoid of either, the moment he develops into a creature rather more removed from the brute creation he begins to feel the ascendance of the unseen. The tribes that inhabit the forest land and mountain regions are the most superstitious. The trees shake and moan in the winds. They are credited with spirit life. The caves of the mountains, with their hollow echoes, are the homes of the gnomes that guard the earth treasures, the gold and silver mines; the rivers are full of mocking water spirits uncertain in temper as the capricious element in which they dwell. Thelam comes from the desert, with its vast spaces, its intense loneliness. But even the desert worshippers of one great spirit had their superstitions. At night, as they watched the stars that shine with unequalled brilliancy in those burning regions, they not unaturally conceived the idea that many of them were the outward expression of one of the great spirits that minister to the Most High, and were permitted by Him to exercise a special influence over the destinies of this planet and the lives of the humans that inhabit it. Out of these beliefs grew up the so-called science of astrology, with its casting of horoscopes and innumerable predictions.

We are the children of our ancestors, and even in this twentieth century are not yet delivered from the hereditary influences of their superstitions. The number seven, for instance, has always been regarded as a mystic number. Seven angels stand before the throne; a seven-branched and twelve-headed was commanded to be used in the temple; the seventh day of the week was ordered to be kept holy, and the seventh son of a man, and especially in various parts of America, with almost supernatural

powers. Witchcraft, that curious mixture of hypnotism and charlatanism, has been practiced from time immemorial. The Witch of Endor was evidently possessed of great hypnotic power, and worked her wonders by means of mesmerism and suggestion, as is evident from her terror when the spirit of the prophet really appeared to the Jewish monarch at her summons. Why is the number thirteen unlucky? This superstition is apparently derived from the fact that there were thirteen at that Last Supper which terminated in the great tragedy. To this same feast does the superstition about upsetting salt belong, in stretching out to dip his hand in the dish Judas is said to have upset the salt, and the ancient painters of that sacred repast often depict an overturned salt cellar.

Why Friday, a day sacred to Venus, should be considered unlucky it is difficult to say, unless we refer the idea to that Italian proverb which declares that Bacchus, Tobacco and Venus are the cause of all the misfortunes of men. The mysterious influence of horseshoes is still believed by an incredible number of people. This superstition owes its origin to the crescent moon, to the horned head-dress of Isis, and of Diana, who wore the crescent above her brow. Many curious superstitions are attached to portraits, which are derived from the mythology of the Egyptians. Certain persons gravely assure one that the wrath of the departed has power to materialize now and then, and to watch over the living members of his race so long as his portrait exists. It was to keep for the departed some portion of their earth life that the Egyptians devoted such attention to the preservation of the mummy. Superstitions are difficult to shake off. It is counseling if a trayful of glasses falls down to remember that broken glass is lucky, and if one is annoyed by a spider that persists in holding high level on one's pillow, one likes to say to one's self that a spider seen at night is an excellent omen, and so on. However, like the belief in fairies, our superstitions will, no doubt, slowly disappear and only be remembered as subjects for "Lectures by the matter-of-fact mortals of the twenty-fifth century."—London Doctor.

## SUBSTITUTES FOR WIT.

Chinese school teachers do not strengthen the brains of children with algebra and calculus, but stuff them with Confucian morals, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. He further declares that in China he found no wit or imagination, but tells the following incidents, which prove that the Chinaman has good unconscious substitutes for wit on the other:

One day in Shanghai, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said, "John, do you have good doctors in China?"

"Good doctors?" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world."

"Endon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with a doctor's signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Endon good doctor?" he exclaimed. "He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"You don't say so?" I said. "How was it?"

"Me velly sick," he said, confidentially. "Me call Doctor Han Kou. Give some medicine. Get velly velly sick! Me call Doctor Sam Sing. Give more medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimey call Doctor Eudon. He no got time, no come. He save my life!"

In Chefoo my wife engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked his name. Shaking hands with himself and smiling, he said, "My namee Yong Hang Ho."

"Oh, that's too long!" said my wife. "I can't remember all that. I call you John."

"All right," he said, smiling. "What your namee?"

"My name," said my wife, slowly, "is Mrs. Melville D. Landon."

"Hi!" cried John. "Too long namee! Can't remember all lot. Call you Charley."

Not Even That Excuse.

Being under the influence of drink is usually considered no excuse for having committed a crime, but it would seem that one magistrate is inclined to be an exception to his brothers on the bench in this direction.

Recently a justice of the peace had two young men before him on a charge of theft. They pleaded guilty, and as this obviated the necessity for evidence being given the magistrate was some what in the dark as to their culpability.

"Well, sir," he said, addressing one of the prisoners, "have you anything to say in extenuation of your offense?"

The prisoner hung his head and replied meekly:

"Your worship, I was drunk when I did it."

"Drunk!" exclaimed the magistrate, "that makes the offense all the worse. You will go to prison for three months. And you, sir," he continued, addressing the other prisoner, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, your honor," was the reply.

"Were you drunk?" pursued the justice.

"No, your honor; I was never drunk in my life."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the magistrate, raising his eyebrows in affected astonishment. "Have you not even that excuse? Then you will go to prison for six months!"

Liquor may weaken the voice, but it strengthens the breath.