

The grub stake is an important part of a miner's outfit in the Michipicoten

The Turkish soldiers, harvested the crops of Thessaly. This is one way of getting an indemnity.

Spain evidently does not agree with the London Globe, that the United States is a fourth-class power.

Glass is now blown by machinery, and there is hope that in time political speeches may be made in that way.

Nobody has yet suggested that a loving cup be made the trophy to be struggled for by Fitzsimmons and Corbett in their next combat.

A Georgia judge has just decided that "a woman of 40 is young." It is a safe wager that lawgiver is a candidate for re-election.

It ill becomes other cities to joke about Chicago's drainage canal. A thing costing \$25,000,000 and as useful as a wart is no joking matter.

Boston calls Chicago a "porcinarium." The Windy City might retort by reminding the Hub that it's the "bean-dollary" of Chicago's hog products.

A genius has invented a hollow cow in which to stalk unsuspecting game. This is all right, but suppose some other tenderfoot with the buck fever shoots the cow?

A Denver man "grubstaked" an Alaskan miner and got \$2,000,000 in return. This is not the latest quotation on the price of food in the Klondike country, but it will do as an average sample.

And now some iconoclast denies that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning because fiddles were not invented in that day. Perhaps he merely sang "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

Under a recent order young naval officers will in the future have less time ashore. Now, if the naval department will issue an order restraining the ships from going ashore much of the past will be forgiven.

It may be a consolation to the little children of the poor to know that the Marlborough baby had to take saffron tea "to get the red out of it" just the same as the plebeian kid whose birth didn't cause worlds to tremble.

Andrew Lang says he is an enthusiastic fisherman, but throws back into the water all that he catches. The humanity of hooking and unhooking a fish may well be questioned. Mr. Lang merely varies the cruelty while he spools the fishing for others.

"More power to your elbow" is an Irish method of expressing good wishes that should not be taken too literally. One waitress who slept with another waitress in New York undertook to arouse her companion with her elbow. The blow fell on the solar plexus and proved fatal in a few minutes.

Among the securities pledged by Greece for the payment of the war indemnity to Turkey are the export duties on currants. If a specific export duty of one cent a pound on the dirt which is usually found in that article of commerce were collected, the revenue from that source alone would go a good way toward wiping out the obligation.

Combinations for the production and distribution of the necessities of life might be so conducted as to be of great advantage to the public, and at the same time profitable to those in control of them. But the disposition to overwork the machinery for squeezing out profits and to thus levy an unjust tribute on the people seems ever present. It is this tendency which excites a silem, then condemnation, and finally, even revolt.

Sentiment in favor of Sunday observance is materially strengthened when it is perceived that such observance is as much in the interest of labor as of religion. The recent international labor congress at Zurich declared strongly against Sunday labor, except such as is "absolutely necessary to secure the resumption of work on Monday," and also such as is "required for the education and recreation of the people." The continental delegates favored this resolution; the English members wanted some other rest-day than Sunday in certain trades.

One of the most peculiar incidents of recent times was the accident to Emperor William, by which he received a black eye from a flapping rope. It was mild. Almost at the same time a young lieutenant in the German army rode a bicycle over a precipice and was drowned in a raging torrent. It was not long before sinister reports were heard that the Emperor's black eye was due, not to a flying rope, but to a blow from this same lieutenant, given at a moment of rage at some stinging remark by his ruler, and that the death was not accidental but a suicide, the young man realizing in despair that he had ruined his prospects for life. An international team of interest in the sport was the body of the officer who had been killed after being on wheels in a bicycle race. That the story should

be so widely circulated and meet with so much of credence, shows the general tone of opinion in regard to Emperor William.

All over the country we have no country police. It is only in the cities that anybody stands ready to arrest a malefactor. In the rural districts every man has really to be his own policeman. There is to be sure, a sheriff, but the sheriff is usually an officer elected without special reference to his fitness for police duty, and he, if he can be reached in time, pursues criminals, if at all, with as much or as little zeal as his convenience or temperament will permit. The result is crimes committed in the country, unless they are murderous, are rarely punished. What we need in all country districts is what is called a "country police" in England and "gendarmes" in France; that is, uniformed and salaried police, whose business it is to patrol country roads and pursue criminals. In England every village has at least one uniformed constable, and the whole are under the orders of a single county superintendent. These police are to be met everywhere, and no burglar or highway robber can make more than one stroke without finding them on his track. We are persevering in maintaining in this country the same belief in the continuance of our early rural simplicity which in the cities has ended in making municipal government such a farce. In the meantime people are learning more and more to take the law into their own hands in sheer self-defense.

Time was when nothing but the learned, esthetic and polite professions were thought of as productive of big salaries. But times have changed wonderfully. The big salaries and incomes are now gathered from the realm of sports. We have seen this in the walks of pugilism, and now it is being seen in the profession of bicycling. London on the continent has saved \$25,000 within the past two years. Jacquelin, in France, being a poor wayfarer, has reached an estate where he is said to feel insulted at an offer less than \$500 to appear in a race. In England we read that during the last season Betts has made \$5,000, J. W. Stocks \$10,000, Chinn \$3,500, Bardon \$4,000, Gascoyne \$3,000, and so down a long list of minor professionals. In this country Bald is said to have confessed to making \$15,000 last year, "Tom" Cooper says he made \$5,000, his first year, as reported, and for the last year \$12,000 over and above all expenses. Arthur Gardner is said to earn \$5,000 a year, and as for "Jimmy" Michael his income can hardly be less than from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, if not much more. It is useless to moralize over the fact that a pugilist can command a bigger salary than a primatologist, a jockey more than a President, or a bicyclist more than a clergyman. They are evidently worth all they get, or they could not command it. In the case of wondrously some athletics it is not probable that professional services are running too high.

It is useless to attempt any longer to disguise the gravity of the crisis which confronts this nation. We are not merely on the verge of war. We are over the verge. War, strictly speaking, is already in our midst. Uncle Sam has privately selected on his most horrid war-dog, the naval militia, as that dread agency of destruction is daily furnishing up its fangs and sharpening its claws. When the Assistant Secretary of the Navy bade the naval militia to prepare for carnage Peace howled and ran away. And the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was but following precedent. Prior to the declaration of independence the naval militia was called in and asked whether it was prepared to mobilize its arms at a moment's notice. "I am," replied the naval militia, and Thomas Jefferson said: "The naval militia being ready, I move that we declare our independence." On the eve of the last unpleasantness with Great Britain, Jackson sent the following communication to the naval militia: "We are at war with England. If you need help I will notify the rest of the country." It is true that war with Spain has not been formally declared, but if war should be formally declared without the naval militia having received advance information it would amount not merely to a grave affront to our most important instrument of war, but to a contravention of the spirit of the Constitution article II, of which provides that the President shall command the army and navy and advise with the naval militia.

On a Tandem to the Klondike. Two well-known cyclists of Brooklyn have started on a tandem for the "old fields of the Klondike." They intend to wheel to Seattle, from which point they will go as far as possible by steamer. The last part of their journey they hope to be able to make on their trusty tandem, which has been constructed with a view to making it serviceable on ice and snow. The venture is a bold one. A. M. Franklin, a former secretary of the Brooklyn Cycle Board of Trade, and Robert Conington, an old-time racing man. The latter has competed in several of the famous handbikes over the Irvington Millburn course, and has won a number of prizes.

The Grave of Eve. The supposed grave of Eve is visited by over 40,000 pilgrims each year. It is to be seen at Jeddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is 34 cubits long and 12 wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman that ever lived.

A Temperance Climate. Tea and coffee are very bad for the health in Alaska, and whisky is simply deadly. The only drink which can be taken with impunity is water.



CHAPTER V.

When Stella again awoke to consciousness she saw the sunshine of a summer afternoon streaming in at her window.

"Is it my birthday?" she asked simply. "Why didn't you go to Langdale Abbey?"

And then, sitting up in her bed, very weak and white and wan, she stretched out her tremulous hands and asked: "Where is my watch?"

"Here, darling," answered Betsy, taking a little morocco case from the dressing table, delighted to be able to gratify her patient. "There's your pretty watch. Oh, my, isn't it a pretty one! And ain't you lucky to have a watch, just like a grown-up young lady!"

The weak little hands wavered as they took the watch, the exhausted frame sank helpless on the bed, but the child held the watch before her eyes all the time, and the tremulous fingers contrived to open the case.

"Read it," she said, faintly; and Betsy spelled out the inscription. "To Stella, from her adopted father, Lashmar." "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Betsy, and then she began to cry.

"Shooosh, dear," she murmured, patting Stella's shoulder. "Go to sleep, my pet, till the doctor comes to see you. Let Betsy put the pretty watch under your pillow."

"I don't want to sleep any more; I want to get up and be dressed; you know it's my birthday and I am to be all day with Lord Lashmar. How late the sunshine looks—like afternoon. Have I overslept myself?"

"You have been very ill, very ill, dear," answered Betsy in a soothing, preachy tone, which is peculiarly exasperating to an intellectual child. "You are much too weak to get up."

"But it's my birthday," urged Stella, "and I am to dine with his lordship."

"My poor pet, your birthday was ten days ago, a week before the funeral," answered Betsy.

The word was spoken unawares. The awe-inspiring, much-discussed event of the funeral—a strictly and imposing ceremony, including all the dismal grandeur of the old school and all the floral decorations of the new—had been in everybody's mouth at Lashmar Castle for the last six days. It was the standard by which time was reckoned.

"What funeral?" cried Stella, starting up in her bed with a scared look. "Who is dead? Not Mr. Vernon? Oh, he was so good to me. He is not dead, is he?"

"No, dear, no; Mr. Vernon is quite well, he wasn't hurt at all, poor, dear gentleman," answered Betsy, assuming cheerfulness amidst her tears. "You were hurt, my poor precious. You fell on your dear little head."

Stella gave a scream and flung her arms round Betsy's neck. Memory returned in a flash.

"The horses!" she cried. "Yes, I remember. Oh those dreadful horses. Lord Lashmar drove so well, but I thought we were going to be killed. He was not hurt, was he? Ask him to come to me; I want to see Lord Lashmar, directly, directly!"

"Lord Lashmar is out, love," said the frightened Betsy; "Lord Lashmar has gone to Brunton for the day, on particular business."

It was true. Betsy felt she had satisfied her charge and saved her soul from the burden of a lie. It was literal truth, which she had spoken and yet for Stella it was not the truth; for Stella it was a miserable, mocking lie.

She was not satisfied, but lay back up on her pillow too exhausted to struggle. She lay moaning. "I want to see Lord Lashmar. When will he be back? Oh! when, when, when?"

She sobbed herself into a feverish, restless slumber, and she was delicious again when she awoke. From this condition she was aroused by the howling of a summer storm in the great oaks, and the sharp rattle of the rain against the casement.

This time Betsy was not at hand to be questioned. Stella looked about the room wonderingly, slowly coming back from dreamland, slowly recognizing the facts of the external world.

The door leading into the sitting room was half open, and there were people talking; she had heard their voices amidst the rattle of the rain and the bluster of the storm.

"Shall you send her away?" asked a manly voice, rich and full, a voice that was not altogether unfamiliar. It was like her benefactor's, but stronger, fuller.

"No, I shall keep her here. I consider that a sacred duty, for poor Hubert's sake, at least. But I shall try to repair his mistake in the manner of rearing her. I shall bring her up as a child of the lower classes ought to be brought up. I shall train her to be useful, a breadwinner among other bread winners."

Two well did Stella know this second voice. These were the sonorous tones of that terrible personage whom she had met from time to time in the corridors or in the gardens, and who had always scowled at her and passed her by in haughty silence. She knew the face and figure to which the voice belonged, the tall and stately form, the strongly marked brows and aquiline nose.

"Rather rough upon her, poor little wretch, after having been so pampered," "That is poor Hubert's fault, not mine," replied her ladyship coldly.

of her making a good housemaid than if she is allowed to stay here, where she'll always remember Lashmar's idiotic indulgence."

"I have told you that I mean to bring her up under my own eye," rejoined her ladyship, in a terrible voice. "I shall see that she is taught properly, and that above all she learns to forget her foolish childhood, and to understand her position as a friendless orphan, who must learn to earn her daily bread."

"A friendless orphan?" repeated Stella, in a faint whisper.

"Oh! Where was Lashmar? Why did he not come and stop their cruel talking? She clasped her hands in an agony of despair. She called out in a faint scream, too weak to cry aloud, as it were struggling in a nightmare dream:

"Lord Lashmar, Lord Lashmar!"

A face—a bright young face, handsome as Apollo's—looked in at the door, only for a flash. It gave way at the next instant to the stern countenance of the dowager.

"Are you awake, child?" she asked.

"Please ask Lord Lashmar to come to me," cried Stella piteously.

"You cannot see your benefactor, Lord Lashmar," said the stern voice. "You will never see him again. Cannot you understand what this black gown of mine means?"

"He is dead!" shrieked the child, and then remembering that ominous word dropped unawares by Betsy. "It was his funeral!"

"Yes, my unhappy child, your benefactor was killed in the accident from which you narrowly escaped with your life. The loss for you is a bitter one in the present, although it may be a blessing to you in the future. My stepson's foolish indulgence might have been your ruin, here and hereafter."

Stella heard not a word of this little sermon. Dead! She had never thought that he could die. Dead! Never more to look upon her with those thoughtful eyes, never more to speak to her in that low, tender voice, never more to touch her with that hand whose gentle touch upon her head had always seemed to her as a blessing.

"My friend, my father!" she cried. "Oh, heaven, be good to me and let me die, too!"

That was to be her prayer at morning and nightfall, for many a day to come.

CHAPTER VI.

July, with its roses and lilies, blossoming lines, and long sultry days, and lingering sunsets late into the dewy night, was over. It was August, and though summer was still lovely in the land, the summer evenings were shortening, the roses were waning a little, as to the limitless profusion of bloom; while here and there those flowers that are harbingers of autumn began to show in the castle gardens; gaily dahlias, old-world hollyhocks, flaming sunflowers, staring at the blue sky with great round, brown faces in ragged yellow night caps against a background of gray stone walls.

Stella's new life had begun. It was verily a new life; so entirely different from the old one that it seemed to the child as if she had died and been born again in the same place, but with another personality. Stella lived in the servants' quarters now, and looked out of the windows which all opened upon the stable yard, a great stony desert, whose only picturesque feature was the pump, with its stone basin, round which a coachman, with a love of the beautiful, had planted some nasturtiums.

Oh, how dull the life was! How dreary and monotonous, despite its glitter. The great dinner in the servants' hall, the steaming joints, the monster pudding, the all-pervading smell of beer; the male underlings all clustered at the end of the table, having their own conversation and their own whispered jokes, digging each other in the ribs, exploding with full mouths, into foolish, spluttering laughter. Then the long afternoon; sitting at work, hemming a kitchen cloth, perhaps, by the window that looked into the stony yard, where all the summer air was scented with stables.

The hourly suffering of her days, sleepless nights and loss of appetite soon had their effect. Stella began to look very ill—worse than she had looked even when she first got up from her bed of fever. Betsy was anxious about her; took her aside and questioned her. Why did she look so miserable?

Stella burst into tears and unburdened her soul. She was altogether unhappy. She hated the still-room, she hated Middleham, but most of all she hated the room where she slept and the chatter of the maids.

There was a little room on the floor over the servants' dormitories, which was mostly given over to linen closets and box-rooms, a room that had been occupied once by a valet. It was very small and had a sloping ceiling, but the dormer window commanded a wide view of the park—just about as much as that fine view of the sea put forward by a hardened lodging house keeper—and Betsy, who knew her charge better than any one else, fancied that this little room would be a heaven of rest to her.

There was a young man, a very young man, who was a day youth, might put up a shelf or two for her, and by-and-by perhaps Betsy would be able to get a few of those books—Lasswell's books, poetry books, story books—for which the sickened child's heart longed so sorely; the only possible consolation where all human comfort was lost.

There was a small little iron bedstead and the necessary furniture, all of the plainest, barest, most unbecoming order, as duty made and provided for a subject race; but when Betsy took the child up to the little room under the tiles and told her that she could have it for her own,

Stella burst into hysterical tears of delight.

She brought Stella half a dozen books that night in her apron. The key of the tower room had been given up to Middleham, in order that those rooms might be duly swept and dusted, and Betsy had got the key from that an-ere personage by sheer artifice and had made her raid upon the books—Virgil and two grammars, the Greek Fairy Tales and Chapman's Iliad and a volume of Wordsworth. The Lady of the Lake was a richly illustrated quarto with splendid binding. Betsy could not venture to remove so handsome and ostentatious a book, lest my lady should come on a visit of inspection and that keen eye of hers should note the disappearance of the volume. The others were all shabby little books which had seen hard usage.

Stella cried over these recovered treasures, in her tiny room with her dormer casement looking toward the tree tops and the stars. Her mind was refreshed and soothed by the peaceful solitude of her poor little room. Here there was no coarse laughter, there were no cruel taunts. She could hear the owls hooting in the park, the dogs baying in the stable yard. That was all, she seemed to be far away from everybody, and as she was altogether fearless she loved her solitude.

And now this child of eleven years old set herself with heroic patience to carry on unaided and alone the education which had been so cruelly interrupted by that stern foe to progress, Death. With her books and pen and ink and two or three little ends of candle garnered for her day by day by the faithful Betsy, Stella sat late into the night working at Greek and Latin, happy even when her studies were driest at the thought that she was carrying on the work her benefactor had begun.

"When I see him in heaven I shall be able to tell him what I have done," she said to herself.

Lord Lashmar, the new lord, Victorian, had left for Vienna without ever having looked on the little girl who had once been his brother's darling. He was very sorry to have lost "poor dear Lashmar," he called him, but he felt not the slightest interest in Lashmar's latest fate. Lashmar had always been full of fads, poor dear boy. Of course her ladyship would do all that was best and wisest for the child.

"You'll make a sort of semi-gentlemaid writing hand of her, I suppose," he said, lightly; "have her taught to clean your laces and make your caps—whenever the day comes that you take to caps."

"Perhaps that will not be till I am a grandmother, Victor," she answered, smiling fondly at her beloved; "when you have a wife and children I shall feel myself verily a dowager, and then I suppose I must take to caps. By the by, dear, I saw Clarice last week. They have come back to the hall."

"Indeed! Puffed up by her new dignity as a presented young person, I suppose," answered Lashmar.

"No, she was just as sweet as ever; quite simple and childlike. I am told she was one of the prettiest debutantes of the year. The newspapers all said as much."

"The newspapers are always ready to puff a girl whose father counts his fortune by hundreds of thousands," sneered Lashmar. "I don't think the Brumms people have quite made up their mind whether Job Danebrook is worth one million or half a dozen, but they all agreed that his father wheeled a barrow. Now, I think both you and I retain an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of good blood."

"There is some very good blood in Clarice Danebrook's veins, Victor. You forget that her mother was a Montmorency."

"One thin trickle of blue blood cannot purify the piebald rat, mother. I know very well what you are hinting at. Clarice is sweet, Clarice is pretty, Clarice has been well brought up and had a gentle mother. She is, moreover, an only daughter and will inherit two or three millions. You can tell her out by-and-by if you like, and if I told in love with her I'll ask her to marry me. If I don't, I won't, were she worth the wealth of Aialdun."

"Do you suppose I would ever wish you to marry anyone you could not love?" said his mother, masking her batteries. "I know you would only choose the best and worthiest. You are too proud to make one of those wretched matches by which some of your order have degraded their rank of late years. I should never fear anything of that kind from you."

"Well, no, I am not quite an idiot," answered Lashmar.

CHAPTER VII.

It was October when the new Lord Lashmar came back to the castle, with a chosen company of bachelor friends, old comrades of Eton and Oxford. The dowager was at Lashmar to receive them. She had not left the castle since her stepson's death. Her presence had provided the mansion like a dark and brooding cloud; or at least it seemed so to Stella, who shivered even at the distant sound of that voice. Not once had they two met face to face since the day when those cruel lips told the child of her bereavement; but it was enough misery for Stella to know that the stern ruler of the house was within its walls, to hear her deep-toned voice from afar.

Lady Lashmar was not alone when her son arrived. She had summoned two other dowagers, one frisky and one strong minded, to bear her company. The strong-minded dowager, Lady Clan MacAllister, had two strong-minded daughters, and these also were bidden. Their presence made an excuse for having Clarice Danebrook continually at the castle. A very feeble cousin of Miss Danebrook, who was reading for his divinity examination, made a fourth. The frivolous dowager was the famous Oriana, Lady Hillborough, who had been young and a fashionable beauty when William the Fourth was king. She dressed as gorgeously now as she dressed then, and skipped about the room as gaily, rearranging the furniture in that bright, airy way of hers, famed for her exquisite taste in the composition of those pictures which fashionable drawing rooms now offer to the enlightened eye.

Lashmar and his friends arrived in time for dinner. He had spent a couple of nights in London, had arranged to meet his guests at the station, and to bring them down with him. There were two newly fledged cavalry subalterns; a younger son who was preparing himself for the family living, and a younger man who was nobody in particular, but who was much better read and more amusing than any of the other four.

Clarice was very sweet and Lashmar gradually awakened to an idea of her sweetness. He began to leave his friends in the billiard-room or the smoking-room, of an evening, and to sit by the piano listening to those quaint old ballads and those melodious bits picked here and there out of the heart of a sonata or

symphony. Clarice was one of those musicians by instinct rather than by training, who wander from flower to flower with a sweet capriciousness, stealing the honey out of every blossom; now a joyous little bit of Mozart, a ronde or minuet; now an andante or an adagio from one of Chopin's wild, wailing movements, half a dirge and half a war cry.

"What a jolly lot you know," exclaimed Lashmar. "I wish you'd sing 'Barbara Allen' presently. I was outside in the corridor last night when you were singing it."

Clarice looked up and smiled at him with her sweet childish smile. The Misses MacAllister had been far from civil to her and she did not love them. They resented her inordinate wealth and disapproved of her beauty. A rich girl had no right to be pretty. Lady Lashmar's favoritism was also an offense. Clarice was petted and flattered, while they were only tolerated—they who had cultivated their minds and were able to enter the arena of argument upon equal terms with the sterner sex.

Clarice sang her old ballads and Lashmar listened in dreamy silence. Yes, his mother was right. She was a very sweet girl, somewhat over-childish, perhaps, for her eighteen years, but passing lovely. Ermine robes and a coronet would not be too good for her delicate beauty. He wondered whether he was beginning to fall in love with her.

(To be continued.)

Marvelous Musical Memory.

When Mendelssohn played on the piano or the organ, the listener felt the great musician and composer in every bar. The man's musical memory was marvelous. Sir Charles Halle, who, in 1842, spent several weeks with Mendelssohn at Frankfurt, describes in his "Autobiography," three instances of the composer's memory. He writes:

"The greatest treat was to sit with him at the piano and listen to innumerable fragments from half-forgotten, beautiful works by Cherubini, Gluck, Bach, Palestrina and Marcello. It was only necessary to mention one of them to hear it played to perfection, until I came to the conclusion that he knew every bar of music ever written, and what was more, could produce it immediately."

One morning Hiller and I were playing together one of Bach's organ pieces on the piano—one of no particular interest, but which we wish to know better. When we were in the middle of it—a part hardly to be distinguished from many other similar ones—the door opened. Mendelssohn entered, and without interrupting us, rose on tiptoes, and with his uplifted finger, pointed significantly at the next bar which was coming and contained an unexpected and striking modulation.

So, from hearing through the door a bar or two of a for Bach—somehow commonplace piece, he not only recognized it at once, but knew the exact place we had arrived at, and what was to follow in the next bar. His memory was prodigious and his knowledge intimate.

It is well-known that when he revived Bach's "Passion Music" and conducted the first performance, he found, on stepping to the conductor's desk, that a score similar in binding and thickness, but of another work had been brought by mistake. He conducted this amazingly complicated work by heart, turning leaf after leaf of the book he had before him in order not to create any feeling of uneasiness on the part of the musicians and singers.

Too Much for Friendship.

Here is a story which was wafted in by a breezy drummer from St. Paul. Maybe it is so old that it is new again, but it doesn't impress me like an old acquaintance.

A Frenchman who has not yet mastered the intricacies of the English language went to a friend the other day for information and advice. "Can you tell me," he said, "vat it ees dees—vat you call—pole bear? Vat ees a pole bear, eh?"

"A polar bear?"

"Yes. Vat does it do?"

"Oh, it just sits on the ice and eats fish."

"Vat? And I shall do that. Nevalre! Nevalre! Not at all."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, a man in de boarding house vere I levee he die and they shall say to me vill I be a pole bear for heem. Seet on ice and eat fish! I vill not do it! Not even for a dead man! Not at all!"

Circulation Stimulated.

It is asserted by the Industrielles Echo that thousands of 5-franc pieces are split into two halves by their French owners every year, in the hope of "discovering" an immense hidden treasure. This treasure, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder 100,000 francs in silver 5-franc coins. When Napoleon Bonaparte first set the 5-franc piece in circulation, the conservative mind of the French revolted against the numismatic revolution, notwithstanding its zeal for political revolution, and it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive or proffer the new coin. Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for 100,000 francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces. From that day to this nobody has objected to the 5-franc piece.

A Preacher's Story.

The new pastor of a church near New York told a pointed story recently at a reception tendered him soon after he took charge. A gentleman observing a friend seated on a lawn inquired what he was doing there. "Sitting on a soap," was the reply. "Why don't you get up?" continued the interrogator. "I thought of doing that," answered the friend, "but I decided that I was hurting the soap as much as he was hurting me." "The moral of it," concluded the pastor, "is that if you do not sit on me I will not sit on you."