

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the following morning Mari Laron was awakened by feeling some one shaking him by the shoulder. He opened his dull, leaden eyes, and saw Othewa looking over him.

"Come, my master," she cried, "you have slept long enough."

The pirate saw the bright sunlight shining in through the windows, and he slowly arose to his feet. It was some time before he comprehended what had passed, but at length the scenes of the night before came to his mind, and he started and gazed wildly into her face.

"Othewa, I have a wife?"

"Yes, sir," returned the girl, looking into his face. "Don't you remember?—you were married to Mary last night."

"Accursed fool that I was!" muttered the pirate, in anger with himself, alone. "I resolved that I would not drink much last night. Did I drink much?"

New Othewa knew just where to take the man, for she had seen him helped to bed so many times after his carousals, and had also heard him talk the next morning, that she knew he never remembered anything that had transpired after he had become intoxicated on the previous evening.

"You drank a good deal of wine, sir," he answered, "and you know 'twas the strongest kind."

In half an hour after this breakfast was served, and Mari sent for his wife to come down. Mary refused at first, but Othewa told her she must. "And," she added, "you must not show one angry look, nor speak one bad word. Keep the pirate on good terms with you, and if help comes to-day, I will fix your appearance the same as he was last night."

At length Mary went down, and at the foot of the eating room she found her "husband" waiting for her. Her first impulse was to shrink away, but she remembered her promise to Othewa, and she gave the pirate her hand. At that moment she felt a strange degree of strength come to her soul. Perhaps her hope overcame her fear. She saw Othewa standing by her, and when she saw how calm that noble girl looked it gave valiance to herself. She allowed Laron to lead her to a seat, and then sit down by his side, and she did not even shudder.

The meal was finished—the buccaneer and his bride had eaten alone, while Othewa waited upon them; and Laron rose upon the point of rising, when the door was opened and Paul entered the apartment. But he was not alone, for these behind him came James Fox!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Let us go back to the brig, and follow the youth to his present position in that gloomy room.

Early in the morning Buffo Burnington came down from the mainmast, where he had been over an hour, and sought the young surgeon, and informed him that he must go back to the castle.

"Ask no questions," said Buffo, "but come with me at once. There are a score of men or more in the woods, and they will go with us. Come—if you would save Mary."

Paul was bewildered, but that was enough, and he prepared himself quickly. The boat was manned with his own crew, the same four whom he used to take with him, and then they set off. Half way up the river they pulled in to the shore, and, having landed, Buffo and Paul told the boatmen that they might return to the brig when they pleased, and tell the captain's crew to come up at sunset. After this our hero and Burnington struck off toward another path which led to the castle, and when he reached it Paul was not a little astonished at meeting a company of thirty armed men—all of them soldiers, and one of them in the splendid dress of an infantry colonel, to whom the youth was introduced.

"Now," said Buffo, speaking to Paul, "you lead these men to the back of the small wooded hill by the castle. I must go and call Mr. Fox, who lies waiting close at hand, and I may keep on to Barone's. If I do conclude to keep on Fox will join you and proceed at once to the castle, and I shall join you there in season for the denouement."

As Burnington thus spoke he started off by a narrow cross path, and Paul turned to Col. Taffalo, remarking as he did so:

"Do you understand all this, sir?"

"Perfectly," replied the officer. "Lead on."

There was a promptness and decision about the look and tone of the man which forbade Paul to ask questions, and he at once started on his way. In just about one hour he reached the back of the hill, which lay only a few rods from the castle wall, and here, in less than ten minutes, they were joined by James Fox. The old gentleman shook the youth warmly by the hand and then proposed they should start at once for the castle. It happened very fortunately that all the men who lived in the castle without the wall had gone off to their work upon the other side of the river, where they were engaged in gathering coconuts; so the party approached the main building without alarm and executed the postern without being discovered.

This postern was often left unlocked in the daytime, and it happened to be so now; so Paul opened it and passed in. There were some dozen men—slaves hanging about the buildings in that part of the yard, but they gave no alarm, for they saw Paul first, and hence supposed of course all was right. Then when they came to be threatened with death by the soldiers if they made any noise, they dared not give warning, and all was so far safe. After this Paul and the old gentleman left the colonel and his men and proceeded at once to seek Mari Laron, with what success we have seen.

The pirate started up when he saw the youth, and when his eyes rested upon the old gentleman whom he had looked so hard to get out of the way he trembled and turned pale. But he was not long without speech.

"What do you here, sir?" he asked of Paul, with a flashing eye.

"I come at the command of another."

"And who shall command here besides me?" proudly and defiantly cried the pirate captain.

"Leave the house, both you and your young gentlemen, and go back to the brig at once. I like

not that my first hours of wedded life should be thus broken in upon."

"Wedded!" exclaimed the youth, turning pale as death, and grasping the back of a chair for support.

"Did you say wedded?" asked Fox, in a shrill whisper.

"Ay," answered Laron, with a demoniac smile. "This sweet girl was made my lawful wife last evening. It seems to astonish you."

"Lost! lost!" gasped Paul, sinking down into a chair and covering his face; and at the same time the eyes of James Fox seemed starting from his head.

"No, no, Paul!" cried Mary, forgetting all else but her loved one's agony, and rushing to his side. "No, no," she repeated, flinging her arms about his neck. "Look up—look up! Last night a foul mockery was said here against my will, and the base priest pronounced me wife to a kind angel who guarded me."

With one low cry of joy our hero would have sprung about the form of the gentle maiden, and drew her upon his bosom, while the hands of the old man were instinctively clasped and raised toward heaven. But all this did not seem to suit Mari Laron. He raised his clenched fists and brought them down upon the table with such force that the dishes leaped again.

"Now," he cried, "I'll know who rules here, and you shall know the fate of those who tread in my way! What ho! Here, I say! Here!"

The door was quickly opened, and a defiant smile had already begun to work upon the pirate's face, but it passed away immediately, for those were not his slaves that entered; they were a colonel and a score of soldiers!

"Take that man!" uttered Fox, pointing to Laron as he spoke.

There was a short struggle, and the buccaneer was a bound prisoner.

"Now, Mari Laron," pronounced the old man, "your race has come to an end. You know me, I think?"

He gazed fixedly into the pirate's face as he spoke, and the bold, bad man cowered and trembled. He did know who it was that spoke to him, and revealed the fact.

"Ay," he hissed, standing now at ease, while his brow grew black as night with hate and deadly vengeance. "I know you, Stephen Humphrey! But I am not gone yet! You must not think of triumph while I live!"

"The less you think of life, my dear sir, the less you'll feel of disappointment when the hangman takes you."

There was something in the very calm, sober quietness of that remark which carried an ice bolt to the pirate's heart. "Stephen Humphrey?" uttered Paul, as soon as he could command his speech, at the same time letting go his hold upon Mary, and turning toward the old gentleman.

"Yes, Paul," returned he whom we have known as James Fox. "I am Stephen Humphrey. Do you remember the name?"

"Uncle Stephen?"

"Yes," answered the old man, with a smile.

"And I lived with you when I was a child?"

"Yes," answered the youth, trembling violently.

"Can she not guess?" answered the other, extending his arms toward her, while a strange look overspread his features.

The maiden tottered forward and sank upon his bosom. She gazed up into his face and in a very low whisper she murmured:

"Father!"

"But you are not my father!" cried Paul.

"No, nor am I any relation, save such as my solemn pledge, given to your dying father, and my love make."

CHAPTER XXV.

By this time Mary and Paul had both become calm, and passing his daughter over to the youth's keeping, Humphrey confronted the bound villain.

"Mari Laron," he said, "I always knew you had a hard heart, but I never knew what a villain you were until you stole my children from me. For years after that dark day when you thus robbed me I could gain no clew to your whereabouts, but at length I heard of the fearful depredations of the Scourge, and I heard your name mentioned as her captain, and sometimes Mari Laron was but the incarnation of that Scourge. I learned that you had a haunt at Manila. I then found Buffo Burnington, and to him I gave the task of hunting you up. He joined you, and when he felt sure that my child was in this place he wrote a letter to the Governor of Nagasaki informing him of the facts. It was by the contrivance of him, too, that he and your party of horse hunters were apprehended. And now, Paul," continued the old man, turning to where the youth and maiden stood, "you know why Burnington did not want you to escape, as you had planned to do."

"Ay," answered Paul, fervently, "I see it all now. But I knew not then how noble he was."

"Noble!" cried Laron, gnashing his teeth. "Oh, the traitor! Let me set eyes upon him once again!"

"And what will you do?" asked Humphrey with a strange smile.

"I'll have his life!" hissed the pirate.

For a moment the other regarded Laron with a curious look, and then he placed his hand within the breast of his frock, and took from there a curiously contrived box, within the lid of which there was a firm socket for a small-sized foot, while the apparent foot of the box was of solid cork. This he put upon his right foot, thus making his left leg appear some inches shorter than his mate.

His next movement was to take from his hat a wig of red, crisp hair, and put it upon his head. Next he pressed his fingers about the socket of his left eye, and that eye, being of crystal glass, fell out into his hand. Then the strange man took a box from his pocket, from which he drew a sponge, and having passed this several times over his face, and particularly about the eyes, he turned toward the pirate captain and smiled.

The mystery was solved! There stood Buffo Burnington, save in more dress! The metamorphosis seemed even now impossible, for the transformation was complete. Hardly a feature seemed left,

and yet Othewa had seen it all at her first examination of Buffo.

At first Mari Laron seemed hardly to credit the evidence of his own senses, but soon the whole truth was open to him, and for a few moments his head sank upon his breast. When he looked up his anger had assumed a dejected cast, for he saw that at every point he was met by the power of resistance.

"Oh," he muttered, "if Warda had done his work I had been free from this trap."

"You should have been more careful how you did your work," said Col. Humphrey. "Your whole plan of that night, when you stole into my room and looked upon the dear you gave me so many years ago, was seen and overheard."

"Ay," said Othewa, looking him full in the face, "I was awake that night, and I heard your offer to Warda!"

This was too much for the pirate chief. To find that he had been the tool of a man and a poor slave—while he thought himself carrying all before him at his will—struck him so near the heart that he sank back upon a chair and bowed his head.

"Now, Mari Laron," spoke Humphrey, in a sad tone, "we are about to part, to meet no more on earth. For all you have done against me and mine, I freely forgive you; for I now receive back all I have lost; but I cannot save you, for the laws you have so long outraged, and the blood you have spilled, call for justice. Heaven grant you may repent before you die!"

As he ceased, he made a sign to the colonel, and Mari Laron was led from the room. The pirate stopped as he reached the door and turned back. His eye rested upon Mary, and a strange look of sadness stole over his features. But in a moment more he saw Paul, and Humphrey, and Othewa, and the whole of his momentary emotion ended. He was conveyed to Nagasaki, and the whole crew, save the four boatmen who had brought Paul up in the morning, were taken with him. There he and they were tried for piracy, condemned and executed under the laws. Of these four boatmen, three made their escape, but Billy Mason came up to the castle, and Col. Humphrey gave him liberty and protection, for he knew that the youth had been taken when a boy, and had ever since remained on board the pirate's vessel from compulsion.

Paul and Mary were anxious to know the secret of all that had transpired, and Col. Humphrey, now himself in looks again, spoke as follows:

"Mari Laron, whose real name is Delaney, loved your mother, Paul, but she would not marry him. She found he was a bad youth, and she left him, and then married with George Lattimore, a warm friend of mine. It was through my instrumentality that this latter match was brought about, for I loved George, and I knew that Helen Laron would make him a most excellent wife. Helen was an orphan, worth some ten thousand dollars, and I leave you to guess whether this latter item had any influence on Mari. But I introduced Lattimore to the maiden, and in a few months they were married, and from that moment Mari Delaney swore vengeance. He went away to sea, and while he was gone you were born, and while you were yet an infant your mother died. Two years after that your father died. On his death bed he placed his boy in my hands, and with him forty thousand dollars, to be kept for that boy's use. Your money is safe, Paul, and has more than doubled since."

"When you had been with me a short time my own child was born—my little Mary, here—and all seemed sunlight for awhile; but soon a cloud came. My sweet wife died, and I was left alone with my children, for the gentle boy had won my love, and in my heart he found the place of a son. Two years passed away, and my wounds were healed, when Mari came back. He had now taken a new name—calling himself by the name of the girl he had tried to win. He met me on the highway near my house, and accused me of having stolen his love from him. He told me all I had done, and also why I had done it. I told him of his character, his dissipation, and so on, and in a moment of wrath he drew a knife and sprang upon me. He struck me in the shoulder, and cut a gash the whole width of my bosom, but the wound was not dangerous. This was in the spring. In the following autumn he came to my house in the morning, and by the help of an old woman whom he bribed, he got the children away. I knew it not until night, for I was not at home. I remember the day well: it was a dark, dismal day, and that night, after I had searched every nook and corner in vain, I sank down in utter despair. On the following morning one of my men brought me a piece of paper which had been found stuck into one of the crevices of my carriage. It was a scrawl from Mari Laron, and simply informed me that he had my own child which he should keep out of revenge, and that the boy he took as his own, it being the child of one who by right was his. Of course I did all I could, but I could gain no clew to my children, save to trace them to Boston. Years after that I heard of Laron, as you have already heard me tell. The rest you know. I have suffered much more than you can ever know, but all is bright now. Hereafter heaven shall bear thanksgiving with my prayers."

Within a week the authorities at Nagasaki had taken possession of the pirate's cabin, and on Silver river, and Col. Stephen Humphrey had gone to the city with his friends. Of course the faithful Othewa accompanied her loved mistress, and Billy Mason went with Paul.

When another spring opened its gifts of sunshine and flowers the great house at Humphrey Park was alive with joyous spirits. The colonel was young again, and Paul and Mary were made one for life upon the spot and amid the scenes of their earliest childhood was spent.

And young Mason, who had ever proved himself a noble, faithful fellow, whispered a strange question into Othewa's ear. She blushed and hung down her head, and then told him to go to his mistress. Mary smiled at his request, and sent him to her husband. Paul smiled, too, but his answer was favorable, and Billy and Othewa were married; and if they had one thought in their souls that could possibly rival their mutual love for each other, it was the love and devotion they ever felt for their noble young master and mistress.

It was not until after he was married that young Mason knew of the wealth he had gained with his noble-minded young wife. His eyes opened wide, and

he was long in realizing that he was the master of more than a hundred thousand dollars. But so it was. Mari Laron's diamonds yielded her that amount under the careful negotiations of the Colonel. The gems belonging to Paul and his bride were disposed of at the same time, and yielded in the same proportion.

The summer came and passed, and autumn followed with its withering touch upon all without, but within the home where dwelt our friends the cloud and storm never came. All there was peace and joy, experienced by souls that had learned the value of heaven's blessings through lessons of bitter adversity.

(The end.)

WATER CURES THE INSANE.

Novel and Successful Treatment of Lunatics in New York Asylum.

Some 2,000 insane women are under treatment at the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island, in East river. Here the physicians in charge have of late been putting into practice the most novel and revolutionary treatment ever attempted in an institution for the treatment of lunatics. It is a form of water cure.

A fighting, apparently irrepressible patient is taken into the bathroom by two attendants and placed in what looks to be an ordinary porcelain bath tub, on which rests a raftlike frame. The patient is placed on this and by a simple process the plastic strips of the frame are lowered until the raft becomes a cradle, in which the patient rests.

At first there is much kicking and splashing, but the attendants keep a firm hold on the patient and the doctor at the marble table keeps his hand on the lever and his eye on the thermometer before him. The water in the tub is controlled by this lever and is maintained ordinarily at a temperature of about 90 degrees. Soon the soothing effect of the warm water on the ends of the agitated nerves begins to tell and the patient grows less violent and finally lies perfectly calm and content. Soon the patient sleeps.

The length of time during which the patient is left in the tub depends on the character of the disease and the physical condition. Sometimes the subject remains only a few hours, sometimes for days and even weeks. The longest time during which a patient is kept continuously in the tub is between three and four weeks. Day and night the patient swings contentedly in the cradle in the bathtub, takes her meals there and sleeps there.

Soon the patient has been transformed into a tractable, peaceful being on the road to rapid recovery.

Of course there are many conditions in which the full hot bath cannot be used advantageously. For these there are specialized baths, which are equally effective in their way. The six bath for cataleptics and other forms of mental disturbance is constantly in use, and the hot air cabinet, which is one of the important adjuncts of the hydrotherapeutic system, is substituted for drugs in relieving pain. It has been found quite as efficient, and there are no depressing after-effects.

Other accessories of the department are the rain bath, needle bath, warm and cold packs, and the Scotch douche. The last is one of the most powerful tonics that can be employed. It is regulated from the marble table, as are the various baths. The patient stands at a distance of about twelve feet, and the doctor, keeping one hand on the lever which controls the cold water and the other on that which controls the water heated to a fixed temperature, turns on a stream of one and then the other. The thermometer in front of him enables him to gauge the temperature accurately, and there is an indicator by means of which the force is measured.

His Fears Realized.

A Georgia statesman says that while he was in the shop of an optician in Atlanta he once overheard an amusing conversation between the proprietor of the establishment and an aged dandy, who was just leaving the place with a pair of new spectacles.

As the old chap neared the door, his eye lighted upon a most extraordinary looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, the like of which he had never seen before. After a long struggle with his curiosity, he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he asked:

"What is it, boss?"

"That is an optometer," replied the optician, in his gravest manner.

"Rho!" muttered the old man to himself, as he backed out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious looking thing on the counter. "She dat's what I was afeard it was!"

Int-ified.

Strange meetings are to be expected from words. The most remarkable are sometimes the result of despondency. If a boy "can't think" of his answer, he is likely to manufacture it. A teacher tells, in the Brooklyn Eagle, this story of "drawing out" the power dormant in the pupil's mind.

He was explaining to a farmer lad who was studying Latin, and had been called on to recite, the fact that a preposition often intensifies the meaning of a verb.

"Take care, for instance," he said. "It means to hollow out. Now what will a preposition do to it?"

"Intensify it, sir."

"That's right. Now what would 'care' mean?"

"To hollow out louder."

It must be a fly in a new widow's cap of freedom to know that she may be properly referred to as a "retail."

Topicalities

The game of chess is included in the curriculum of Russian schools.

Women have been doing some of the best painting at the Imperial Theater, London, lately.

By Lord Kitchener's orders soldiers who fall victims to phthisis are now sent home from India.

Geese are driven to the great Prague fair with their feet incased in ar boots to prevent injury.

The cost of living has doubled in Spain in the last few years, and emigration is increasing rapidly.

Automobile trains are to be run on wagon roads in German East Africa as feeders to the railway lines.

On the night of Sept. 27 a ten-foot shark chased 30,000 herrings into the nets of a Dublin trawler and was caught himself.

The progressive policy of the Amers includes the appointment of women lecturers at Kabul and the use of electric power in his gun factory.

The engines of the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic have been recovered off the coast of Cork, after more than fifty years' immersion.

Thornton Church, Devon, England, was recently used as a storehouse for whisky which had been taken from the village inn during a fire.

A London newsboy, 12 years old, attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a pocket knife because he had sold only 4 cents' worth of papers and did not dare go home to his father with less than 25 cents.

In England the best remedy for farm depopulation is held to be small farm holdings. It is stated that whenever a large farm is divided into small holdings the demand for the land usually far exceeds the supply.

The greatest possible number of leap years will occur in the twentieth century, the year 1904 being the first one, and every fourth year following up to and including 2000. In the same century February three times will have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948 and 1976.

The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of nine or ten years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under fourteen.

Louis Tass, one of the best known diamond brokers, estimates the output of the De Beers mines annually at \$10,000,000, and of other mines at \$4,500,000. Add to this the cost of labor, the profits of the syndicates, etc., and he thinks that the annual output of diamonds is worth about \$15,000,000.

A Monroe County man who invested \$229 in sheep last fall has sold \$227 worth of wool, has 138 lambs that will average eighty pounds when ready for market, which at 4 cents a pound makes them worth \$572. Total income from his flock of sheep, \$799, and he still has the sheep. Not one of them has got away from him.—Kansas City Journal.

Probably the first treaty of peace to be typewritten is the South African peace document. The signatures of the Boer leaders form an interesting part of it. They are all in different styles. Louis Botha's is described as being in a fine hand, and though the others are somewhat rougher, De la Rey's is the neatest of all. He has spelled his name split into three syllables, de la Rey. Christian de Wet is also spelled with a small d.

The English Church Missionary Society calls attention to the fearful ravages of pestilence in several countries in which its agents are at work. In Canada the sleeping sickness has devastated Basoga and the northern shore of the Victoria Lake, and is fast depopulating the Sese islands. The plague in the Punjab has been claiming as many as 20,000 victims in a month, while cholera, which has held thousands low in Palestine, is now raging in Persia.

OUR WONDERFUL FRUIT CROP.

Now Amounts to Over One Hundred Millions Annually.

The census statistics of 1900 show that the fruit crop of the United States now ranks as one of the eight most important agricultural products of the country, thus: Corn, \$8,258,336; hay, \$4,256,846; cotton (including cottonseed), \$3,708,743; wheat, \$3,294,534; oats, \$2,170,858; potatoes, \$1,183,814; vegetables, \$1,183,814; fruit, \$2,341,763. As 1890 produced a light crop of apples and peaches, the normal value of the fruit crop certainly exceeds \$100,000,000.

The census reports show a number of interesting things concerning this fruit crop. There are over 3,700,000 acres in orchard fruit, and no branch of agriculture has made the gains that fruit growing has in the last decade. The acreage and percentage of gain for the different varieties of deciduous fruit are: Apples, 2,000,000 and 48; peaches, 1,000,000 and 217; prunes and cherries, 337,899 and 331; pears, 117,000 and 210; cherries, 119,400 and 112; apricots, 50,000 and 217.

Twenty-four of the States report a fruit crop exceeding \$1,000,000 in annual value, California leading with \$1,700,000. New York is second with \$1,500,000. Illinois fifth with \$380,000, and Florida twenty-first with \$1,000,000. Maine, with its apples, is on

the list in normal years, and Delaware with its peaches. Georgia will soon be added to the list, as its peach industry is rapidly growing. The low rank of Florida is due to repeated frostings of its orange trees.

In apples Missouri leads all the States with an acreage of 200,000. New York is second with 150,000 acres, and Illinois third with 131,000 acres. Several of the States show a tremendous per cent of increase, as Arkansas and Nebraska, 300 each; Washington, 900; Alabama, 250; Colorado and Wyoming, 2,500; Idaho, 1,800; Montana, 5,000; Minnesota, 500; Utah, 700, and New Mexico, 1,200.

Michigan leads in peaches, and is third in cherries and pears. Kansas, which is sixth in apples, leads in cherries, with Pennsylvania second. California leads in pears, with New York second. Illinois ranks nineteenth in peaches, sixth in cherries, and ties with Pennsylvania for seventh place in pears.

California leads in prunes and plums, with 98,000 acres. Oregon is an easy second, Illinois is seventeenth, with 5,700 acres. California has a practical monopoly of apricots, 42,000 acres; olives, 15,000 acres, and figs, 1,900 acres.

California also dwarfs its only competitor in the orange and lemon industry, Florida. The figures are 54,500 acres of oranges and 15,000 of lemons, as against 25,000 acres of oranges in Florida and 255 acres of lemons.

California thus bears off the palm as a fruit-producing State, leading in oranges, lemons, figs, olives, apricots, pears, prunes and plums, and ranking high in peaches and apples. As orange growing in Florida is the only fruit production that shows a decrease, and as all other orchard crops show a tremendous increase in ten years, it is likely that on the showing of the next census fruit will no longer be at the bottom of the list of eight principal agricultural products.

WHAT MADE THE SCRATCHES.

The summer visitor had driven in to the New Hampshire village with one of the selectmen of the town and his wife. The better half was a plump, good-hearted soul, until recently quite content in her rural prosperity; but lately, stirred up by the influence of a woman's club which held weekly readings of papers on subjects ranging from "The Contribution of Charles II. to Religion" to "The Married Woman in Political Reform," she had become ambitious for "culture." Her last plunge had been into geology.

"John," said she, "you see that flat ledge of rock that lies bare on the road?"

"I suppose you're going to tell me that it's an extinct volcano," interrupted her husband, who had become familiar with his wife's latest interest.

"Of course I ain't," said she, sniffing at his sarcasm. "I wanted you to see those grooves and scratches, but it knowledge ain't acceptable to you, yet are welcome to remain in ignorance. I shan't interfere."

"Well, I see the scratches on the rock—what of 'em? Are they the footprints of a prehistoric rattlesnake?"

"There! I knew you wouldn't know. Those are glacial scratches. When the glaciers came down over New England they moved slowly and ground the loose rocks across the flat surfaces, making those scratches and grooves. Once right here there was a sheet of ice two hundred feet thick."

"See here, Marthy," said her husband, "I don't care how much you think things like that, but don't you go telling 'em to the folks here. Those who happen to believe it would be misinformed, and it would be your fault. Those who had any sense would know we never had a winter such as you speak of—not in a thousand years."

His wife sat up straight in indignation. "John Stubbs," said she, "you just turn your back on learning! I believe you'd rather not know any education. I want you to understand I don't speak about a thousand years—it was a million years ago, I guess, that those scratches were made."

"No, it wa'n't," replied her husband, quietly. "Those scratches was made when we moved the Baptist meeting house in eighty-seven!"—Youth's Companion.

similarity.

Uncle Jerry's memory had begun to play queer pranks with him, but he refused to admit the fact, and stoutly insisted that he could remember things as well as ever.

On one occasion, while calling at the house of a friend, he was introduced to a stranger whose name was Eddy.

In the course of the conversation that followed he addressed the stranger as "Mr. Whirlpool."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, "but my name is not exactly Whirlpool. It is Eddy."