

PHANTOM SHIP

The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day Philip told Amine that he was bound on a mission which would take him to the Indian sea, and that while he was gone she and her father should dwell in his house and take care of his money. These matters being arranged, Philip left Terneuse.

In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, and having made the necessary inquiries, found that there was no chance of vessels sailing for the East Indies for some months. The Dutch East India Company had long been formed, and all private trading was at an end. The company's vessels left only at what was supposed to be the most favorable season for rounding the cape of Storms, as the cape of Good Hope was designated by the early adventurers. One of the ships which were to sail with the next fleet was the "Ter Schilling," a three-masted vessel, now laid up and unrigged.

Philip found out the captain, and stated his wishes to sail with him, to learn his profession as a seaman. The captain was pleased with his appearance, and as Philip not only agreed to receive no wages during the voyage, but to pay a premium as an apprentice learning his duty, he was promised a berth on board as the second mate, to mess in the cabin; and he was told that he should be informed whenever the ship was to sail. Philip having now done all that he could in obedience to his vow, determined to return to the cottage; and once more he was in the company of Amine.

We must now pass over two months, during which Mynheer Poots continued to labor at his vocation, and was seldom within doors, and our two young friends were left for hours together. Philip's love for Amine was fully equal to hers for him. It was more than love—it was a devotion on both sides, each day increasing. Two months had thus passed away, when Father Seysen, the local priest, who often called, and had paid much attention to Amine's religious instruction, one day came in as Amine was encircled in Philip's arms.

"My children," said he, "I have watched you for some time; this is not well. Philip, if you intend marriage, as I presume you do, still it is dangerous. I must join your hands."

Philip started up. "Surely I am not deceived in thee, my son," continued the priest, in a severe tone. "No, no, good father; but I pray you leave me now; tomorrow you may come, and all will be decided. But I must talk with Amine."

The priest quitted the room, and Amine and Philip were again alone. The color in Amine's cheek varied and her heart beat, for she felt how much her happiness was at stake.

"The priest is right, Amine," said Philip, sitting down by her. "This cannot last; would that I could ever stay with you; how hard a fate is mine! You know I love the very ground you tread upon, yet I dare not ask thee to wed misery."

"To wed with thee would not be wedding misery, Philip," replied Amine, with downcast eyes.

"Twere not kindness on my part, Amine, I should indeed be selfish."

"I will speak plainly, Philip," replied Amine. "You say you love me—I know not how men love—but this I know, how I can love. I feel that to leave me now were indeed unkind and selfish on your part; for, Philip, I—I should die. You say that you must go away—that fate demands it—and your fatal secret. Be it so; but cannot I go with you?"

"Yes, death; for what is death but a release! I fear not death, Philip; I fear not losing thee. Nay, more, is not your life in the hands of him who made all? Then why so sure to die? You have hinted to me that you are chosen—selected for a task; if chosen, there is less chance of death; for until the end be fulfilled, if chosen, you must live. I would I knew your secret, Philip; a woman's wit might serve you well; and if it did not serve you, is there no comfort, no pleasure in sharing sorrow as well as joy with one you say you dote upon?"

"Amine, dearest! Amine, it is my love, my ardent love alone, which makes me pause; for, oh, Amine, what pleasure should I feel if we were this hour united? I hardly know what to say, or what to do. I could not withhold my secret from you if you were my wife, nor will I wed you till you know it. Well, Amine, I will cast my all upon the die. You shall know this secret, learn what a doomed wretch I am, though from no fault of mine, and then you yourself shall decide. But remember my oath is registered in heaven, and I must not be dissuaded from it; keep that in mind, and hear my tale—then if you choose to wed with one whose prospects are so bitter, be it so—a short-lived happiness will then be mine, but for you, Amine—"

"At once the secret, Philip," cried Amine, impatiently. Philip then entered into the detail of what our readers are acquainted with. Amine listened in silence; not a change of feature was to be observed in her countenance during the narrative. Philip wound up with stating the

oath which he had taken. "I have done," said Philip, mournfully.

"'Tis a strange story, Philip," replied Amine; "and now hear me—but give me first that relic—I wish to look upon it. And can there be such virtue—I had high said, such mischief—in this little thing? Strange! forgive me, Philip—but I've still my doubts upon this tale of Eblis. I do not say that it cannot be true; but still, one so unsettled as I am may be allowed to waver. But, Philip, I'll assume that all is true. Then, if it be true without the oath you would but be doing your duty; and think not so meanly of Amine as to suppose she would restrain you from what is right. No, Philip, seek your father, and, if you can, and he requires your aid, then save him. But, Philip, do you imagine that a task like this, so high, is to be accomplished at one trial? Oh! no; if you have been so chosen to fulfill it, you will be preserved through difficulty and danger until you have worked out your end. You will be preserved, and you will again and again return—be comforted—console—be cherished—and be loved by Amine as your wife. And when it pleases him to call you from this world, your memory, if she survive you, Philip, will equally be cherished in her bosom. Philip, you have given me to decide—dearest Philip, I am thine."

Amine extended her arms, and Philip pressed her to his bosom. That evening Philip demanded his daughter of her father, and Mynheer Poots, as soon as Philip opened the iron safe and displayed the guilders, gave his immediate consent.

Father Seysen called the next day, and received his answer; and three days afterward the bells of the little church of Terneuse were ringing a merry peal for the union of Amine Poots and Philip Vanderdecken.

CHAPTER VII.

It was not until late in the autumn that Philip was roused from his dream of love (for what, alas! is every enjoyment of this life but a dream?) by a summons from the captain of the vessel with whom he had engaged to sail.

One morning in the month of October there was a tapping with the knuckles at the cottage door. As this precaution implied a stranger, Amine obeyed the summons.

"I would speak with Master Philip Vanderdecken," said the stranger, in a half-whispering sort of voice.

The party who thus addressed Amine was a little meager personage, dressed in the garb of the Dutch seamen of the time, with a cap made of bedger-skin hanging over his brow. His features were sharp and diminutive, his face a deadly white, his lips pale, and his hair of a mixture between red and white. He had very little show of beard—indeed, it was almost difficult to say what his age might be. He might have been a sickly youth early sinking into decrepitude, or an old man, hale in constitution, yet carrying no flesh. But the most important feature, and that which immediately riveted the attention of Amine, was the eye of this peculiar personage—for he had but one; the right eyelid was closed, and the ball within had evidently wasted away; but his left eye was, for the size of his face and head, of unusual dimensions, very protuberant, clear and watery, and the most unpleasant to look upon, being relieved by no fringe of eyelash either above or below it.

Philip was greatly surprised at the appearance of the stranger, who, as soon as he entered the room, without saying a word, sat down on the sofa by Philip in the place which Amine had just left.

"Philip Vanderdecken—he! he!—Philip Vanderdecken, you don't know me?" he began.

"I do not," replied Philip in a half-angry tone.

The voice of the little man was most peculiar—it was a sort of subdued scream, the notes of which sounded in your ear long after he had ceased to speak.

"I am Schriften," continued the man, "and I'm come—he! he!—and he looked hard at Amine—to take you away from love"—and looking at the buffets—"he! he! from comfort, and from this also," cried he, stamping his foot on the floor as he rose from the sofa—"from terra firma—he! he!—to a watery grave perhaps. Pleasant!" continued Schriften, with a giggle; and with a countenance full of meaning he fixed his one eye on Philip's face.

Philip's first impulse was to put his new visitor out of the door; but Amine, who read his thoughts, folded her arms as she stood before the little man, and eyed him with contempt, as she observed:

"We all must meet our fate, good fellow; and, whether by land or sea, death will have his due. If death stare him in the face, the cheek of Philip Vanderdecken will never turn as white as yours is now."

"Indeed!" replied Schriften, evidently annoyed at this cool determination on the part of one so young and beautiful; and then fixing his eye upon the silver shrine of the Virgin on the

mantel-piece: "You are a Catholic, I perceive—he!"

"I am a Catholic," replied Philip; "but does that concern you? When does the vessel sail?"

"In a week—he! he! only a week for preparation—only seven days to leave all—short notice!"

"More than sufficient," replied Philip, rising up from the sofa. "You may tell your captain that I shall not fail. Come, Amine, we must lose no time."

"No, indeed," replied Amine, "and our first duty is hospitality. Mynheer, may we offer you refreshment after your walk?"

"This day week," said Schriften, addressing Philip, and without making a reply to Amine. Philip nodded his head, the little man turned on his heel and left the room, and in short time was out of sight.

In the week that followed Philip completed all his arrangements for leaving; then came the sad parting from Amine.

As soon as Philip was clear of his own threshold he hastened away as though he were attempting to escape from his own painful thoughts. In two days he arrived at Amsterdam, where his first object was to procure a small, but strong, steel chain to replace the ribbon by which the relic had hitherto been secured around his neck. Having done this, he hastened to embark with his effects on board of the Ter Schilling. Philip had not forgotten to bring with him the money which he had agreed to pay the captain, in consideration of being received on board as an apprentice rather than a sailor. He had also furnished himself with a further sum for his own exigencies. It was late in the evening when he arrived on board of the Ter Schilling, which lay at single anchor surrounded by the other vessels composing the Indian fleet. The captain, whose name was Kloots, received him with kindness, showed him his berth, and then went below in the hold to decide a question relative to the cargo, leaving Philip on deck to his own reflections.

"Had you not better go below?" said a mild voice, which made Philip start from his reverie.

It was that of the first mate, whose name was Hillebrand, a short, well-set man of about 39 years of age. His hair was flaxen, and fell in long flakes upon his shoulders, his complexion fair, and his eyes of a soft blue; although there was little of the sailor in his appearance, few knew or did their duty better.

"I thank you," replied Philip; "I had indeed forgotten myself, and where I was; my thoughts were far away, Good-night, and many thanks."

The crew of the Ter Schilling was composed of the captain, two mates, two pilots and forty-five men. The supercargo had not yet come on board. The cabin (under the poop) was appropriated to the supercargo; but the main-deck cabin to the captain and mates, who composed the whole of the cabin mess.

When Philip awoke the next morning, he found that the topsails were hoisted, and the anchor short-stay apeak. Some of the other vessels of the fleet were under way and standing out. The weather was fine and the water smooth, and the bustle and novelty of the scene were cheering to his spirits. The captain, Mynheer Kloots, was standing on the poop, with a small telescope made of pasteboard, to his eye, anxiously looking toward the town. Mynheer Kloots, as usual, had his pipe in his mouth, and the smoke which he puffed from it for a time obscured the lenses of his telescope. Philip went up the poop ladder and saluted him.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHICAL FRENCHMEN.

Give the Impression of Being the Happiest People in the World.

The more nations I make the acquaintance of, the more deeply confirmed I get in this conviction, that the Frenchman, with all his faults and shortcomings, is the happiest man in the world, says the North American Review. Of course, the wealthy classes have everywhere found the way of enjoying life, more or less; but to the observer of national characteristics these classes are uninteresting. Good society is good society everywhere. For a study, give me the masses of the people. And it is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things that nature has placed at his disposal, without ever making a fool of himself. He understands temperance in the true acceptance of the word, which means, not total abstinence, but moderation. When you say that a country has a temperate climate you do not mean that it has no climate at all; you mean that it has a climate that is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no teetotalers, because we practically have no drunkards. A Frenchman would be as astonished to find that the law prevented him from enjoying a glass of wine, because a few imbeciles use wine to get drunk with, as he would to find that the law forbade him to use knives in his quiet and peaceful home, because there are a few lunatics who use knives to commit suicide with or kill their fellow creatures.

She Comprehended.

"The Filipinos are rising," he read aloud from the newspaper. "Yes, Charley, dear," young Mrs. Torkins answered. "I can understand that perfectly. As soon as they heard General Lawton was coming they all probably climbed palm trees."—Washington Star.

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LUCETTE'S SLIPPERS.

"Come, child, come."

Mr. Maroquier, wrapped in his cloak, beat the floor of the vestibule impatiently with his foot.

"Go on, papa, I will overtake you," came a gentle voice from the top of the stairs.

Miss Lucette quickly returned to her looking glass and the old nurse held the lamp while Lucette admired herself.

"My dress is pretty, is it not, Mary. Aren't these flowers on my waist and the feathers in my hair becoming? I shall have a charming time at the general's. Everyone will be there, the dowager of Miramas, the general's nephew—but tell me, please, do I look pretty?"

"Yes, very, very pretty!" exclaimed the old nurse for the hundredth time.

Lucette lifted her dress with the tips of her fingers and gracefully began to sing and waltz. "La! la! la! But my little blue satin slippers are the prettiest of all. Tra, la, la! Look at them under the edge of my dress. La, la, la; tra, la, la! Oh! my pretty blue slippers, I love you so, I—"

"Your father will be at the general's before you start," said the nurse; "do hurry, dear." And she threw a fur cloak over Lucette's shoulders, adding: "You must wear your snow boots!"

Lucette began to laugh. "My snow boots? They would be necessary in the city; but here, in the suburbs, almost the country, on a beautiful dry road, and a charming bright night—no, no, my nurse! Besides, I wish to look at my pretty blue slippers while going to the ball. Tra, la, la! Good night!"

Lucette left the house and her little slippers peeped tantalizingly every now and then from under her dress as she hurried along. She heard a sob near the hedge. Lucette stopped, and recognized the little son of Hubert, the hedgemaker.

"Oh! is it you, Mimile?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Why do you cry?"

"Because Santa Claus will not bring me anything."

"Have you vexed your papa?"

"Oh, no, I have not the time. When papa returns from his work I am asleep; when he goes in the morning I am still asleep."

"Have you teased your mamma?"

"No; nothing ever teases mamma."

"Have you hurt your sister?"

"No; she is stronger than I."

"Then, foolish child, Santa Claus will bring you something. You have only to put your slippers in the chimney."

"That is the trouble. . . . I have no slippers."

Lucette looked down and saw that the little urchin's feet were bare. Her heart was filled with pity.



IS IT YOU, MIMILE?

"Take your father's slippers," "They are too old and are worn out. Santa Claus would never put anything pretty in them."

Mimile, delighted, saw by the light of the moon, Lucette's blue slippers.

"Oh, if I had slippers like yours I am sure Santa Claus would put something beautiful in them!"

Lucette, without thinking of the ball, the dowager or the general's nephew, found the idea so comical and agreeable—that, regardless of the consequence of her childish impulsiveness, she flung off first one slipper, then the other, put both into Mimile's benumbed hands, and with her feet covered only with her fine silk stockings, she ran on to the general's house. Ah! but it was cold! And how the pebbles hurt!

Mr. Maroquier was standing before the gate, beating the ground impatiently with his foot.

"Come child, come!" he said.

Lucette felt a delicious, comfortable sensation as her feet sank into the warm, soft carpet covering the stairs. But beyond was the cold floor of the ball-room, and she advanced with short steps.

How could she conceal her slipperless feet? Fortunately, she was obliged to bow to a number of people. Lucette made very low courtesies. Quickly gaining a corner and seating herself on a law chair, she spread her skirts around her and put her feet under her chair as far as possible. At last she was safe! Not at all. An officer came up to her, bowed, and invited her to waltz. It was the general's nephew. He was charming, so charming that the blushing Lucette smiled, arose a little confused, and was about to accept his invitation when the cold floor reminded her of her position. She could not dance; her feet would be seen, and, blushing still more, she refused.

"Thank you, but I do not dance."

The general's nephew looked at her with astonishment, coldly bowed and left her.

Lucette knew that she had mortified him; that he would not invite her a

second time to dance that evening, and perhaps never again, and her heart was filled with sorrow. Would her little act of kindness cost her as dear as that?

Her melancholy reflections were interrupted by the mistress of the house, who came to her troubled.

"Why did you refuse to dance with my nephew? He feels much humiliated."

"Then the general passed."

"I am indignant! It was awkward!" he said.

Finally her papa came.

"I—I am furious! What caprice! Are you mad? I wish you to dance with this young man at once!"

Lucette was very pale. She did not know what to say. She foresaw a scandal, and felt like crying.

But just then there was a commotion, and the dowager Miramas entered. All except Lucette went to meet her and greet her.

"Oh, my friends!" she exclaimed, still out of breath. "I have seen a miracle—a true miracle. You know that every Christmas I fill my carriage with toys, go to every poor man's house, enter and put the playthings in the slippers myself. God alone knows what slippers I see, slippers with scarcely any soles, slippers all in holes, slippers in every state of destruction. To-night, for the first time, I found at Hubert's, the hedgemaker's, two adorable little blue satin slippers, two wadded slippers, soft and small, and I understood the invitation, and put the most beautiful things I had in these pretty jewel cases."

There were ahs! and ahs! of surprise. Then the crowd scattered. The dowager perceived Lucette immobile and silent.

When Lucette saw the dowager advancing toward her she was filled with dismay, and, instinctively lowered her skirts and thrust her feet so far under the chair that she almost fell. The dowager took her hand and led her gently across the ball-room, Lucette not daring to resist.

Stopping on the soft carpet of the room adjoining the ball-room, the dowager smiled and said:

"It is less cold here, isn't it?" and she called the general's nephew, who was peering in a corner.

"If you aren't afraid of a little girl who loses her slippers while going to a ball, dance with her here on the carpet. That will make her warm."

Some minutes after the guests made a circle around them. The general's nephew, a very clever and agile dancer, did not step once on Lucette's pretty feet—the feet which, covered by the silk meshes, peeped from the border of her skirt, then disappeared, twirling, pursuing, fluttering like two lively rose-colored birds.

The women, on account of the spontaneous charity, the men because Lucette's feet were pretty—all because the dowager dared to say it before them—were convinced that this new mode of waltzing was delightful.

Persian Ideas.

An American traveler in Persia learned that the common soldiers of that country supposed that the English practice of firing a salute at the burial of a soldier had for its object the driving away of devils. Other mistaken impressions no less absurd he reports in his "Persian Life and Customs." A village soldier asked me if I knew of dog-worshippers. I told him I had heard of fire-worshippers, cow-worshippers, and the like, but not of dog-worshippers. He said he had seen some in Teheran. Some foreigners there had fed dogs at their tables, had washed and clothed them, fondled them in their laps, and taken them riding in their carriages; were they not dog-worshippers? An English sea captain, whose ship touched at Bushire, took a horseback ride through the streets of the city, but made so poor a display of horsemanship as to astonish and amuse the people. The next day a vendor of fruits came on board the ship and said to the captain: "I have made such an explanation as to free you from all reproach. There is no one who does not think that you are an expert rider, as becomes one of a nation of horsemen." "And how did you do that?" asked the captain. "I told them you were drunk."

Visitors to Great Cities.

Paris in 1897 was visited by 890,000 visitors, Berlin by 517,000 and Vienna by 364,000. Thirteen years ago the figures for the three cities were: Paris, 684,000; Berlin, 268,000, and Vienna, 184,000, the relatively larger increase in the last probably having something to do with the freedom from Dreyfus affairs and lese majesty laws. In thirteen years Paris hotels have entertained 8,500,000 guests, those of Berlin 4,500,000, and those of Vienna 3,000,000. It would be difficult to obtain accurate figures for New York and London, owing to the lack of police supervision of hotel registers.

Animals and Their Toilets.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark India-rubber like ball of forefoot and inner toe and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body. Hares also use their feet to wash their faces, and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is used to apply the "paint" to the face for the stage.

"When did they discover that the burglar was a woman?" "When she looked in the glass to see if her mask was on straight."

HINDOO TRICKS.

The Nineteenth Century Way of Raising the Dead.

India is pre-eminently the land of mystery, and our most advanced magicians have never been able to reproduce all their marvelous performances, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. One day, in the market place of an inland village, I saw a curious performance. It was conducted by two men—one old and emaciated, carrying a native drum; the other young and well fed, fantastically gowned with an overskirt of colored handkerchiefs and a multitude of bells, which jangled noisily at his slightest movement; long, ragged hair—altogether a hideous figure. The drummer began a weird tom-tomming and the other man an incantation; then he extended a "supra"—a bamboo tray used by all natives, on which any one who pleases places a large handful of rice and the same quantity of grain. The two ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, so that it would, in the ordinary way, take hours to separate them. Now the fantastic man with his tray begins. He turns slowly around, gradually quickening his pace (the drummer also keeping time), faster and faster in a giddy vortex, the tray at times almost out of his hands, yet so cleverly handled that not a grain falls out. It is very trying to watch, but in a couple of minutes both stop simultaneously and the man shows to the wondering spectators two little heaps, one of rice and the other grain, at different ends of the tray, which in his sickening gyrations he has been able to separate by some extraordinary manipulation. Later it was my good fortune to be able to witness one of those remarkable cases of voluntary suspended animation of which I had so frequently heard—with a somewhat dubious smile, I am afraid. But I am convinced now. It was called a "Joghee" performance, and took place before the maharajah of Dhurbanga, whose guest I had the honor to be. The "Joghee" was put by his disciples into a trance. He became perfectly unconscious and died to all appearances. An English doctor present felt his pulse and found it had ceased, and a looking-glass showed not the slightest moisture of any breath in the body. The "Joghee" was put into a coffin, the lid screwed on and seals were impressed on it with the maharajah's signet ring. The box was buried five feet deep, earth thrown in and well stamped. Grain was then sown and trusty sentries guarded the place. The grain had sprouted and borne corn when we were invited again, after sixty days, to witness the resurrection of the body. The grave was opened and the coffin found to be intact. The seals were broken, he lid unscrewed and the "Joghee" was taken out stiff and stark. His disciples now began to manipulate the body and to go through certain rites, very similar to mesmerism, and by degrees the dead man opened his eyes, a quiver ran through his body and he sat up erect.

He Read the Sign.

The old-time Pomp and Caesar, who flourished before the civil war, knew many of the secrets of the families they served. One old colored man tells with much delight the story of the courtship of his present employer, then his "young mas'r." "I never t'ought nuffin' 'bout his gwine co't'n' any ob de Carr'l or de Pomeroy young ladies," says the old man. "He use to be back and fo'th, in and out de Carr'l and Pomeroy houses, Jess like he belong dar. And when he'd go a-calling in de evenin', and I'd say, 'Mas'r Tom, don' you like to change de boots you wore all day, and put on dese nice shined ones?' he'd laugh like he was mighty 'mused, and say, 'Dat ain't de end I wants to shine, Pomp!' But finally, one day, I got to hear 'bout a Miss Lothrop from de Norf dat was visitin' de Carr'l's; and one night young mas'r he dress up all fine, and den he look down at his boots, w'at shone like a glass, and he say, 'Pomp, is dat de bes' shine you can gib my boots?' And I look at him sober and say, 'Mas'r Tom, dat ain't de end you wants to shine, you done told me over'n over again.' And de red come up in his face, and he say, 'I reckon if I shine at bofe ends all I can, I won't be too bright for some folks.' So ob course I saw how t'ings were, and when de 'gagement come out two weeks after dat, it wasn't no mo' than I Jess nachelly looked for."

No Century Begins on Sunday.

There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after Feb. 23.

A Social Marvel.

"He is the most notable rich man in this section of the west. We have plenty of rich men who came here without a cent, but he is the only rich man who came here rich. I tell you he is to be credited with a great force of character."—Detroit Journal.

Soft Sawder.

"When I was discharged my employer let me down easy." "How so?" "He said I could get work more readily than an inferior man."—Detroit Free Press.