

NORA'S TEST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

From
Darkness
To Light

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I think," put in Mrs. Pennington, with a deprecating glance at Miss Foster, as if begging pardon for continuing a rather derogatory subject of discussion, "that in consulting Nora St. George's unconventional demeanor and behavior, we must make a little allowance for her own utter ignorance, both as to her past and her probable future."

"Mamma always thinks there's some mystery attached to Nora," smiled Col. George, glancing up at Mr. Poyuz, as he came to ask her for a song.

At last the music and the chat ceased. The evening was over, and even the vicar had closed his bedroom door upon the outer world.

It was Col. George's bedroom, which had been given up to Mr. Poyuz, yet Mark barely glanced at its attractions. Slowly and thoughtfully he paced backward and forward, seeing nothing of the rose-covered drapery at which he gazed, and hearing nothing of his own measured steps. When the moon shone from behind its veil of drifting clouds, the light roused him and took him to the window, to stand looking out upon the chill brown bog, with its glistening steps of water, and upon the silvered laurels below him; but when the jealous clouds shut in the moon's light again, he turned and renewed his walk, still deep in harassed thought.

Presently he paused, listening in astonishment, for the silence of the night was broken by a step upon the gravel under his window—a light, running step.

Thoroughly aware that the scene with out was all in darkness, Mark extinguished his candles with the cool promptitude of a man of action, and then he pulled aside his curtains, and opened the window. The sound of the step had ceased; but just then the hall bell was rung in a swift, unsteady manner.

"What is it?" called Mark, without a moment's hesitation. But, just as he spoke, a little rift in the passing cloud-bank gave the full moon a moment's time to light the scene, and then he needed no reply to his question.

He knew the girl's form as he saw leaping against the door, bare-headed, and panting a little; he knew the beautiful face, raised eagerly and pitiously at the sound of his voice; and a minute afterward he had opened the vicarage door upon Nora St. George.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is help we want, Mr. Poyuz," panted Nora, her face full of tears, as she spoke fast and quietly, "at home, please. The house has fallen. Oh, Mr. Poyuz, it is grandpa's room, and—Oh, God!"

Mark smiled a little on hearing how low and wistful the pretty Irish voice could be, even in all its alarm.

"I will harness my horse, Pennington's pony," he said; "and he or I will drive you back. We shall be at Traveer in a few minutes."

"You will come—you will really help us?" she questioned, with one piteous glance into his face; and reading there his answer, without a word she turned to run back to Traveer, swiftly as a frightened child.

Mark looked after her for a moment and then looked up at the window, where the vicar's head appeared, with a query as to what was the matter.

"Something has happened at Traveer; Miss St. George has been here for help. May I harness your pony and drive after her? or may I harness it for you, Mr. Pennington?"

The vicar's prompt response was to throw the stable keys at Mark's feet.

"I will dress at once," he said, "but don't wait for me. I will tell you, if he is aroused. Pray drive on as fast as you can, and pick up Nora—poor little girl. We will follow."

There was little time to tell Mark to drive fast. Just as quickly as he had drawn the phaeton from the livery coach-house and just as quickly as he had harnessed the stout gray pony, he took him now through the garden gate and out into the bog-land. Mark, bending his head against the wind as it came sweeping down the bog, allowed no pause; for he knew that at any moment the clouds might once more imprison the friendly moon, and hide from him that slight, dark figure hurrying far in advance. He called to her again and again, loudly in the night silence, but she made no pause until at her very side Mark drew up the panting pony. Then she stopped, her right hand pressed upon her breast, and her breath coming quickly and irregularly. She moved to the side of the carriage and grasped it with one hand; and Mr. Poyuz, without reminding her that she would have lost no time by waiting for him to drive her, lifted her in, and left her quietly to rest.

Once or twice Nora looked up into her companion's face, her lips parting as if she would have spoken, but her breath had been so hurried; but she never did, and Mark never turned at all to her until they had passed through the gate at Traveer—left wide open—and entered the short, neglected avenue. Then he turned, and for an instant closed his hand upon hers.

"The old house stands where it did, my child," he said, letting the pony walk up that rough, grass-grown road. "Take heart, and tell me what has happened."

"It was grandpa's room," whispered Nora, breathlessly. "There was a terrible crash; and—I can't describe it, and his room was full of bricks and mortar and dust. And the bed was beyond, and even at the door I could scarcely breathe, and—oh, poor grandpa! And then I wanted—some one to help us, and—I came."

The moon shone from behind a young ash straight before them, and made a wondrous picture of the moving leaves and branches; Mark's eyes were fixed upon it, still with a great perplexity within their depths.

"I didn't stop to think whether it was wrong to run away," she went on presently. "I felt all in a moment how helpless we were; and Kitty was asleep, and I knew you were all kind at the vicarage; so I ran. I never stopped, never once, till you saw me; and I should have run back, only—you took me up. I wish I could have helped leaving—grandpa."

"You did the very wisest thing you

could have done," said Mark. "A man's strength will be wanted—perhaps the strength of many men—and you and your servant could have done nothing alone."

"Alone!" repeated Nora, absently. "We were not alone. Dr. Armstrong is at Traveer."

"Is he?" questioned Mark. "Did you forget that when you ran to us?"

"At first, at the very first I did," she answered, slowly. "He does not often stay with us, and I had forgotten. I soon remembered, though—quite soon—but I did not turn back; I went on."

The disjunctive door stood open, and in a further corner of the dismal hall Bran stood bowing gravely.

"Why did you start, Miss St. George?" inquired Mark, as they entered the house. "You surely understood enough about dogs to know that they make that hideous sound very often on a moonlight night?"

"No," said the girl, gravely, her eyes fixed straight before her in the gloom. "Not that sound, Mr. Poyuz; I have never heard Bran wail like that. There, where he stands, is grandpa's door."

It was opened as she spoke, and they saw that a light burned within; but Nuel Armstrong, who had come from it, pulled to the door behind him, and only the moonlight showed them to each other.

"What does this mean?" asked Dr. Armstrong, roughly addressing Mark. "What right have you in this house at this hour?"

"I have come to offer help," Mark answered, speaking very quietly as he looked down into Nora's white face. "I think that gives me right to enter where the help is needed."

"Who told you help was needed?"

"I did," said Nora, steadily. "I went to the vicarage, Nuel, and asked Mr. Poyuz to come and help us. Oh, Nuel, let me pass to grandpa!"

"You shall go where you will when this interloper has left the house," returned Nuel, making a futile effort to regain his usual tone and manner. "So it will be wise of you to say good-night to him and let him go."

"Miss St. George has not attempted yet to detain me," observed Mark, coolly, "so your advice to her is superfluous. I hope she will let us both go, for you and I can go all there is to do. Allow me to pass."

"Oh, certainly," replied Dr. Armstrong, kissing the words sweetly. "I shall be gone in five minutes. I only want just to hear—a mere formula, of course, by what right you intrude here."

"Stand back, sir, if you please," said Mark, with dangerous quietness. "I will waste no minutes in words with you—even in Miss St. George's presence. I am as near a connection of Col. St. George's as you are—nearer—and you shall keep me one from that room where the old man needs help."

Perhaps because he saw he had to deal with a strong and resolute man, and perhaps it was because Nora herself seemed shielding from him while he stood in her way, Nuel Armstrong moved aside.

"You shall repent this unauthorized intrusion," he said to Mark; and Mr. Poyuz answered that it was very possible, and pushed open the door, with a gentle hand to look into the ruined chamber.

Before them where they stood a bank of bricks and mortar, and fragments of wood and stone, was piled so high that nothing but the bare, curtainless upper frame of the bed beyond was visible.

Mark's keen, quick eyes took in all the scene. The fragments of the chimney were heaped so high against the wall upon the hearth that only the top of Col. St. George's iron safe was left to mark his favorite corner; and on the hearth itself the mass reached nearly to a hole in the ceiling, which revealed an other opening in the room above, and let in the moonlight from the sky itself.

"Does he live?" asked Mark, in low, quick tones, as he turned to Dr. Armstrong. "You have been in. Does he live?"

"The dust was suffocating," was the answer, uttered unwillingly. "It drove me back whenever I tried to reach him."

"It is suffocating now," Mark said, impatiently. "Miss St. George, go quickly to your own room and rest. We will wait to call you—presently. Go—it is stifling here."

He spoke in a tone of authority which seemed natural to him; but she only saw that his glance was very kind and anxious, and that he was in haste to do something which her presence hindered; so she turned at once, like a child, at his bidding, and left the room.

Bran was still whining dismally in the shadows; but when Nora went up to him, and kneeling beside him, whispered to him coaxing, tender, pitiful, wasted words, he grew quiet, catching his breath just once, as if in a sob, and then standing quite still, with pouting breast, and wide, hollow eyes fixed upon the moonlight through the open outer hall door.

Kitty finally came and led Nora out of the hall and gloom up to the frostily lighted fire in the kitchen, and something in its broad, frank blaze made the girl shiver even in its warmth.

"Oh, Kitty," she cried, with a frightened sob, "is grandpa safe? Will they be in time?"

Kitty, standing beside the table to pour out the cup of tea, glanced sideways at her young mistress, startled by her cry. Was it possible that Miss Nora could be anything but glad to be released from the hard and grinding tyranny which had given her such a childhood and girlhood as only her own bright, unsuspecting nature had rendered endurable?

"It's about yer grandpa we'll be seeing after a wee," she said, soothingly. "Now, it's the cup of tay yer to be drinking."

Only a few minutes passed after Kitty's departure, but Nora felt as if she had been an hour alone, when Dr. Armstrong came in to her.

"Nora, my dear," he said, as he took her hand and placed it on his arm, "I felt you would be anxious, and I am come to relieve you. We have carried your grandfather to the empty room on the other side of the hall. He is rescued from all that wreck and dust; but we

have no companion of the labor. Will you go in?"

She had taken her hand from his abruptly, and gave her fingers touched for a moment the head of the old dog, who was following her from the kitchen. Bran understood the sign, and walked back to the hearth, with one low, long howl, which made Dr. Armstrong mutter an imprecation on his head.

"Will he know me?" asked Nora, turning to address Nuel for the first time.

"Know me?" asked Dr. Armstrong, astonished. "Didn't you understand me, my love? He was dead when I went in this morning at the first alarm. He must have been smothered in a minute."

"Oh, grandpa!" cried the girl, as she fell on her knees beside the improvised bed on which he lay. "Oh, poor, poor grandpa!"

It was all that it seemed possible to her to say, in her great awe and bewilderment; in this her first experience of death—and a death which brought no anguish, even as a great distress.

So she knelt, whispering in this strange compassion, while Nuel Armstrong, with low, endearing words, tried to tempt her from the spot. She took no heed at all of his presence. She was thinking of the awful loneliness of her grandfather's death, and wondering, wondering—while her eyes were dry and miserable, and her heart felt like a stone in her bosom.

"Oh, grandpa, not to have known that this was coming. Only to feel it when it was so late to escape! Oh, poor, poor grandpa!"

"Come away, my darling," whispered Nuel, taking her hand to lift her to her feet. But she quietly drew her hand away, and laid it earnestly upon the shriveled fingers before her.

"Grandpa," she whispered, tenderly, "no one shall take me away."

"I shall feel it my duty to take you away, Nora," said Dr. Armstrong, in his cold, smooth tones. "I will not have your health injured through any false sentiment. What did that old man ever do for you, that you should forfeit even one single hour's rest or happiness for him? Those who really love you are left to you; and while I live you never shall be lonely or sorrowful, my darling."

He saw that she had her hands pressed tightly to her ears while he spoke, and an angry, passionate light came into his eyes.

"Nora," he said, lifting her to her feet, "if only as your physician and your present guardian, I forbid this unwise conduct. Come away with me. I want you safe away. I want you safe in your own room, before they all come to disturb you."

"You will leave me here, Nuel, please," she said, as she brought a broken chair from one corner of the room and took her seat on it beside the bed.

He saw that, gentle as the words were, they were firm, and that she was not to be tempted. So, when he had fingered in vain for another word or a glance, he left the room, that he might, if possible, prevent anyone else entering.

But apparently he could not do so. Both Mr. Pennington and Mr. Foster came in very soon, to urge Nora to go with them at once to the vicarage, as Traveer was not a fit home for her just then, they said.

"As long as grandpa stays," she said, quite simply and quietly, "I shall stay. It is our home."

They pleaded long and earnestly, using every argument they could think of, but all to no purpose. She and Kitty would keep at this side of the house. The fallen chimney and broken roof were quite far enough away. Kitty would not go away, and she and Kitty were used to being together.

The vicar acceded to Mark's suggestion that he should send his daughter to Traveer with Will at once, and the two drove away. Nuel Armstrong had taken up his own station in the room where Nora sat, in that wondering regret of hers, hardly comprehending what he beheld there, or for what she mourned.

But Mark had not started yet. Passing through the kitchen, because he knew that from the back of the house he could strike across the bog more directly for Pintonia, he beckoned him to question Kitty and old Breen, as they stood together talking at the fire, tending their backs upon the weak and chilly light of dawn creeping into the house. It would be wise for him, before he sought the vicarage, to be, if possible, quite sure that he was the man who would, if anyone, understand the affairs of Col. St. George.

Kitty could give Mr. Poyuz little information beyond the fact that though Mr. Doyle had come occasionally to Traveer, he "never" always refused the bit and sup. But Breen remembered hearing "him an' the old master talkin' was day behind him an' Bora's 'bout signin' a paper."

That was enough for Mark to hear; and after a little chat with the old servants he went out into the faint, gray dawn.

He need not have turned a corner of the house at all on his direct way to Pintonia, and at the moment it would have puzzled him to make a motive for doing so. But afterward he knew that, slight as the sound had been, his quick ears had detected it, even before he was conscious of doing so. The first window found the corner of the house was that at the room where Col. St. George had slept, and to this window Mark went at once. Half way up it was closed by the fallen bricks; but it had been opened as wide as it would go, and Mark saw that a man could, if he were very cautious, enter the room that way. But he saw more. Kneeling on the debris, and engaged in his labor, a young man—whose figure even then Mark recognized in a moment—was crouching with his hands, quickly and cautiously, the rubbish from before the door; and though perhaps it was done as quietly as possible, it was still done with an inevitable clatter. Between his teeth Mark saw that he held a key, as he worked so swiftly and eagerly.

It took Mr. Poyuz but a few seconds to regain the hall and turn the key which was in the outer lock of the door of the destroyed room; and then, before Shan Carr had time to do more than look round from his height to recognize the English gentleman, that English gentleman had his fingers firm in the Irishman's collar, and had quietly swung him around, to find his feet, if he could, upon a lower level.

The sound of Shan's raised voice brought Dr. Armstrong out into the hall, and just then Mark found himself watching the physician's face very curiously. Could it be that he was so familiar with this Irishman's rascality that no new phase of it could surprise him? Or was

he too well acquainted with a man to betray any feeling at all, except when jealousy was aroused?

"As temporary guardian of Miss St. George's interests—you styled yourself so to me on some ago, Dr. Armstrong—let me recommend you to guard Col. St. George's effects from thieves and vagabonds. Is this Col. St. George's key? That accident dropped it from his mouth in his fear."

"Yes, that is Col. St. George's key," replied Dr. Armstrong, without looking beyond the key.

(To be continued.)

GOOD POPULAR SONGS SCARCE.

Great Hits Few Now Days. Although a few exceptions are few and far between, it is singular, but true, said a music publisher, "that there are very few big hits in popular songs nowadays—that is, songs that reached the million mark in sales, such as 'After the Ball,' 'Annie Rooney,' 'Daisy Bell,' 'Down Went McGinty,' 'Two Little Girls in Blue' and 'Comrades.' Many songs published since then have been very popular, but they cannot be compared with the old-timers."

"Many dealers have asked me the cause of this, but thus far I have been unable to explain it satisfactorily. It is all the stranger when you take into consideration the fact that there are more singers and better facilities for pushing songs than in former years."

"Years ago a good song would force itself upon the public. At present a publisher has to humor the singers and do a lot of hustling. Some of the top-liners require pay to sing songs. In the old days they were only too glad to get a good ballad. To enter to the whims of the singers a publisher must have at least three pianos in his establishment, employ expert players and vocalists to teach the songs; print professional cards and do a thousand other things. You see the competition is keen, and if you should hurt the feelings of any singer, especially a man or woman of reputation, you will have considerable trouble in making your song popular."

"Publishers have to take a lot of chances too. For instance, to popularize a song you must have slides made for stereopticon views. This costs quite a sum. One publisher spent \$400 to take pictures for a set of slides for the song 'Sing Again That Sweet Refrain.' He had to employ a troupe of colored minstrels, a band and a hall. Fortunately, the song made money and he did not lose anything. There are other things to contend with, too, such as lawsuits, etc. There was a dispute over the ownership of one song, for instance. After fighting in the courts for some time one of the firms concerned compromised by paying the other \$2,000 in cash and the costs of the suit."—New York Sun.

England's Sea Gypsies.

A strange and almost unknown part of the population of the British Isles are the queer semi-wild folk known as sea gypsies. Real gypsies they are, differing from their fellow gypsies in the fact that they always live on the sea and that, never having mingled with landmen, their type is much purer and more nearly resembles the original.

There are about 500 sea gypsies in Britain. They cruise along the coast, seldom touching the land, but always close to it, in old and weather-beaten craft that may have carried their grandfathers.

When the tide is out the old craft will often drop anchor by a sandbank island far out at sea, and her crew will grub for cockles with their hands, filling a score of baskets, but saying nothing to each other, for they are almost out of the habit of speech. They find dirty shellfish where the ordinary fisherman finds one, but they rarely do the same thing two days running, and in the next hour they may be snaring rabbits on a headland miles away.

The sea gypsies are wild-eyed and thick set. Their hair is always either jet black or golden. They are still of almost pure Norse or Danish descent, never having used the land and mixed with the shore folk to any extent. Their hands seem to be all thumbs instead of fingers, so powerful and stubby are the digits, because they have done nothing but haul ropes and dig in the wet sand.—New York Press.

Knew His Duties.

A young clerk in a wholesale house has been spending a large portion of his salary for the last few days buying cigars for friends who are "on" to a joke that was perpetrated on him. His employer engaged a new boy, and as soon as the boy came to the establishment he was instructed in his duties by our friend, who had been promoted to the position of assistant bookkeeper and given a small office by himself. About an hour after the boy started in the boss came around, and seeing him working, asked:

"Has the assistant bookkeeper told you what to do?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply, "he told me to wake up when I saw you coming around."

An Experience! Paris.

Groom—How much do I owe you?
Clergyman—Um—er—whatever you think your wife is worth.

Groom—Oh, that's so many millions, I would have to go on owing it to you.

Clergyman—Well, call around again in a few years. Perhaps the estimate will then be within your reach.—New York Weekly.

The woman who has on a pair of low shoes and pretty silk stockings never gets the bottom edge of her skirt soiled.

All is fair in love and war—or, in other words, during courtship and after marriage.

Death is the only thing coming to us that we all know we will get.

DRINK HOTEL INVENTIONS.

Waldorf-Astoria Manager Is Festered by Fresh Devices and Schemes.

Mr. Boldt, of the Waldorf-Astoria, is first of would-be inventors. "It makes me very tired," said he the other day, "to hear complaints about our system of paging cards."

"Now, I have made this system of paging cards—first introduced, by the way, by me—a special study since I came here, as I appreciate the fact that the highest recommendation a hotel can have is the efficiency of the service, especially that of card delivery. Nothing is calculated to irritate a guest more than the discovery that she has been called upon by a friend when he or she has been in the hotel at the time and has not known about it."

"At a greatly increased expenditure I now employ young men as pages instead of boys as formerly, because they are more intelligent and discriminating. I used to have the names called out as well as the numbers of the rooms, but this was often embarrassing or objectionable, and so now I only have the number of the room announced, which is a private matter known only to the occupant."

"It is amusing, though, that men sometimes become so engrossed in conversation at a round table in the cafe that they do not heed the calls under their very noses. Of course, when the card or letter is delivered without the usual announcement."

Mr. Boldt is a shining mark for inventors. Scarcely a day passes that he is not sought or rather besought by some enthusiastic inventor anxious to have him adopt the new patent for obviating or producing this or that in his great hotel.

One promoter has a scheme for several monstrous switchboards like those in the stock exchange for the notification to guests of callers by the automatic dropping of disks containing the number of the room. This Mr. Boldt considers impracticable, because his guests do not want to be bothered looking at such things, and will not when they are engaged in the cafe.

Another has a turnstile system of checking in their revolution the rotation storm doors, and thus preventing a draught through the spacious and gusty corridors. This Mr. Boldt finds all right in theory, but decides it would inconvenience the guest in the compartment door.

A third has an idea that he could place a tally at the various doors of those who entered, and it could be announced officially the next morning that so many hundred people had visited the place the day before.

Probably the most irritating crank inventor, says the New York Times, is the one who wishes to record on a swiftheaded, conspicuously displayed in the halls the vacancies at the tables or rather the vacant tables in the restaurant.

"If," observes Mr. Boldt, "this system were adopted there would be a riot every night among those awaiting tables, as each would consider it his turn next, regardless of the fact that the tables had been previously engaged. I never consider any expense in improving my system, but I really get very weary of those impracticable suggestions, especially when advocated by patrons. But you must give every one a hearing or you may miss something good."

SHE KNEW HER NAME.

Faithful Cow Saves the Life of Her Little Companion.

It is a kindly and affectionate custom to give an individual name to each of the animals we possess, and a story told by the Humane Alliance shows that at times it may also be a useful custom. A Scotch farmer was the hero of the adventure.

"I was a lad keeping Donald MacNaughton's cows," he says. "There were three of them. The dun was Bell, the red one was Cowslip, and the black was Meadow-Sweets."

"The cows knew their names like three children, and would come right across the leas when called."

"One day when I was not with them, but had been given a holiday and some bilberry hunting up on the side of the hill, I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing upon the rocks, and came tumbling down and snapped my ankle, so I could not move."

"It was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there itching along among the bracken. I thought how night would come and nobody would know where I was. I could not move for the anguish in my foot, and it was of no use to hullo, for there was naught in sight save the crows and daws making noise against the sky. My heart was it to break, for I was but a lad, and mother looked to me for bread, and I thought I would never see home again."

"After a while I spied a cow beneath, grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift and the hill. She was a good long way below, but I knew her; it was Cowslip."

"I shouted as loud as I could, 'Cowslip! Cowslip! Cowslip!'

"Cowslip, when she heard her name, left off grazing and listened."

I called again and again. What did she do? She just came a toiling up and up and up—they are rare climbers, those hill cattle. She slipped and stumbled, but up and up she came till she reached me."

"She made a great to-do over me; licked me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and as pitiful as though I was her own. Then, like a Christian, she set up a voice and moaned—moaned so long and so loud that they heard her in the vale below."

"To hear a cow moaning like that they knew instant that she was in trouble. Me they would not have looked for, even if they had heard me. So they came searching and seeking, and they could see her red and white body, though they could not see me; and so they found me and carried me down. And it was Cowslip that saved my life."

"SHE BURNS GREEN!"

How the Finder Announced His Discovery of Borax.

The greatest discovery of borax in the United States was made in the terrible hot region known as "Death Valley," and in a most romantic way. The Chicago Record-Herald tells the story:

In 1880 Aaron Winters lived with his wife, Rosie, in a gulch known as Ash Meadows, not far from the mouth of Death Valley. He was so fond of his wife that he would not allow her to be long absent from him, although their little hut on the side of the mountain was 160 miles from the nearest neighbor, in a wild, rugged, forsaken country.

One day a desert tramp came along and spent the night at the Winters home. He told the hunter about the borax deposits of Nevada. When he went away Winters thought that he had seen deposits of the same kind on his explorations into Death Valley.

Accordingly he and his wife went together to make the search, having previously provided themselves with certain test chemicals, which, when combined with borax and ignited, would produce a green flame.

Having procured a piece of the substance which he believed to be borax, Winters and his wife waited for nightfall to make the test. How would it burn?

For years they had lived like Plutons on the desert, entirely without luxuries and often wanting for the very necessities of life. Would the match change all that?

Winters held the blaze to the substance with a trembling hand, then shouted at the top of his voice: "She burns green, Rosie! We're rich! We're rich!"

They had found borax. The mine was sold for \$200,000, and Winters took his Rosie to a ranch in Nevada.

A Generous Report.

If it is true that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it should also be true that what we call an Early Rose, when we speak of potatoes, by any other name would taste as good. But all potatoes are not so poetically named, as two women discovered just after they had finished a farmhouse luncheon.

They were out on a bicycle tour, and became very hungry, as bicycle riders often do. As there was no inn anywhere within easy reach, they applied at a farmhouse for food. An old man was working in the potato patch, and they attempted to negotiate with him for a luncheon.

He was very willing to do what he could, and reassured them by declaring that although he was afraid there was not much else to eat in the house, he had plenty of potatoes, and he could recommend them as the finest in the country.

The luncheon was entirely satisfactory, and after the guests had finished it, they spoke enthusiastically of their repast, and praised the potatoes in particular.

"Yes," said the old farmer, slowly, "you might 'a' done worse. You have eaten two Schoolmasters, two Blacksmiths, four Kidneys and a couple of White Elephants."

Mutton as a Motor.

Green, the English historian, one day asked a friend which of all the inventions of their day had done the most for the people as a whole. His friend guessed this and that, but the answer was:

"Beyond doubt, sixpenny photographs."

A reply involving quite as great an absurdity as that was made by Cecil Rhodes in answer to a lady who, seeking to draw him out, suggested that he owed his phenomenal rise to the impetus of noble sentiments.

"Madam," returned Mr. Rhodes, "I owe my fortune simply and solely to cold mutton."

"Cold mutton!" gasped the lady. "O Mr. Rhodes, what do you mean?"

"When I was