Virtue of Prayer.

I do not undertake to say That literal answers come from heaven. But I know this-that when I pray A comfort, a support is given That helps me rise o'er earthly things

In vain the wise philesopher Points out to me my fabric's flaw: In vain the scientists aver That "all things are controlled by law." My life has taught me day by day

As larks soar up on airy wings.

That it availeth much to pray. I do not stop to reason out The why and how. I do not care, Since I know this-that when I doubt Life seems a darkness of despair. The world a tomb; and when I trust,

Sweet blossoms spring up in the dust Since I know in the darkest hour, If I lift up my soul in prayer, Some sympathetic, Loving Power Gives hope and comfort to me there. Since balm is sent to ease may pain, What need to argue or explain?

Prayer is a sweet, refining grace; It educates the soul and heart : It lends a luster to the face. And by its elevating art It gives the mind an inner sight That brings it near the Infinite.

From our gross delves it helps us rise To something which we yet may be: And so I ask not to be wise, If thus my faith is lost to me. Faith that with angel's voice and touch Says: "Pray, for prayer availeth much." -By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A HOME-MADE FLAG.

Pierre Michaud was learning to be an American. The busy city with its great cotton-mills, where his father had come to work, was a change indeed from the green Canadian fields where he and his sister Marie had played so happily, but he had one great pleasure—he went to an American school, and he loved Miss Sargent, his

American teacher.

Miss Sargent had to teach her little pupils to speak English as well as to read and spell, for none of them were little American children. There were Francois and Xavier Tetrault, who lived next to Pierre; there were Antonio and Christina Polidori two little Italians who lived across the street; there was chubby Hans Baumgartwho lived around the corner; there was Rebecca Michelson, who wore scarlet ribbons on her black braids, the smartest child in Mrs. Sargent's room-and Miss Sargent was trying to make little American citizens of them all.

It was the day before Memorial Day. Miss Sargent was asking questions. "Now, children," she said, "what day is to-morrow? You may answer, Xavier. "C'est le jour," began Xavier. "He speak the Freuch," interrupted lit-

tle Antonio.
"We speak English in this school," said Miss Sargent.

'You may answer, Rebecca."

"It is the day of memory," said the littie Jewess. "Yes," said her teacher, "Rebecca is right. It is the day of memory, the day for this dear land, and those who died for asked

their country. And what do we use to decorate with on this day of memory? 'C'est le drapeau !" cried Xavier again. "Who knows in English? What is our American word for this beautiful thing we

'The flag ! The flag !' cried all the

"Well," said Miss Sargent," "I want flying from your window, to show that though your fathers and mothers are Italians, or French, or German, or Russian, you respect the memory of the men who saved this country of ours, and want to grow up good American citizens. School

Pierre walked slowly home. He was his mother crept softly from the house, bringing bread and milk to the children, that they might eat on the door-step, for their father, who was ill. was asleep and must not be disturbed. Pierre looked down at his worn shoes, at Marie's faded bairribbon. There was no money for flags in that family; since the father had fallen ill, six weeks before, their mother had done laundry-work at home, that the children might have bread. Pierre wished he could earn a little money. But people did their own errands in the foreign quarter, and his mother would not let him go away from home. She feared the crowded, busy streets, the burrying trolley cars, the swift automobiles. Little Marie finished ber bread and milk; she did not go to school, but Pierre was teaching her to be a good American citizen too. A man carrying a small flag walked up the street.

er. "C'est 'homme," answered the child. "Speak the English!" cried her brother"C'est le man!" said Marie, laughing.
"A man with a flag," corrected her

"What is that, Marie?" cried ber broth-

brother. "Hello, there's Rehecca !" Rebecca Michelson was carrying proudly a bright See, Pierre !" she cried, "the red, white

and blue! I shall it from my window hang. Where then is thine?" 'The money I have not," said Pierre,

"Our money goes to Monsieu Rebecca nodded and passed along. Across

be street Christina and Antonio were banging tiny flags from their fourth story window. "Me, I would not have one so window. "Me, I would not have one so small!" cried Pierre. "Marie, why can not make (fabriquer) a flag like Rebecca's ?'' Marie nodded, 'Oui ! yes, we can Is there not my old skirt of scarlet and thy

Memorial Day dawned clear and bright Sergeant Eben How, on his way to Mount Hope, to decorate the graves of some of his comrades, with a detail of eight men, bearing wreaths and flags, stopped short before the door of the Michaud's home. Something was draped over it. It was fearfully and wondorfully made. The stripes were of different widths and very crooked, and some of the stars, made of old cotton

He balted his !ittle squad. "Attention! Salute the colors!" The kind-hearted Grand Army men gravely saluted, not a smile on a single face.

Pierre stood up, his face glowing.
"Oh, thank you!" he said. "We made
it, the flag; we have not all the stars put in, there was not cloth, some are not quite straight, nor all the stripes. We are Americans, Marie and I, but we could buy no flag, my father is sick !''
"That's too bad," said the Sergsant,

kindly; "you did well to make a flag." "What do you do with so many flags," asked Pierre. Eben Howe looked at him in astonishment. Was there a child in the United States who did not know the customs of Memorial Day? Then he remembered. "That's the way we keep the day, sonny," he answered, gently. "We mark all the comrades' graves with a flag and a wreath, so as to know we haven't forgotten them. We're going to Mount Hope now— Want to come along? You can carry some of the flags if you want to." Pierre needed no second invitation.
"Yes, go, Pierre," cried his little sister, "I of the flag will take care."

It was a long walk to Mount Hope, but to Pierre, bearing flags, the proud progress was all too short. Sergeant Howe sent him with five of the squad across the street to St. Bernard's, while the others performed their gracious errand at Mount Hope. Pierre's companions were four men with long white heards and beautiful white hair thick and curling under the soft slouch hat and Harry Owen, a watchman at the mill, whom he knew in his working garb, but whom the Sunday clothes, and the hat with the cord about it, and the G. A. R. button on the blue coat, seemed to transform into a different person.

The sun shone brightly on the simple crosses above the quiet eleepers, and as the old soldiers removed the frayed and faded flags which had bravely fluttered above a year's storm and sunshine, and placed the beautiful fresh colors in their stead, Pierre felt a strange pride in these men of his faith who had heard and heeded the call of duty in the hour of the nation's need. He touched the white-bearded man gently on the sleeve. "Were you with General Washington?" he asked. Nathan Talbot threw back his bead with a hearty laugh, in which Owen joined, but seeing the boy's embarrassment his mirth ceased abruptly, and he answered, "No. lad, I'm not quite old enough for that; I was with General Grant." "And I with General Sherman, "marshing through Georgia." Sherman, "marshing through Georgia." 'marching through Georgia,' said Owen, proudly. The strange men held no signifi-cance for Pierre. The Civil War was 'farther over in history" than Miss Sargent's little pupils had studied, and his knowl-edge of the Father of his Country was a

recent acquisition. "There, Nate, I guess we've remembered all the Irish comrades," said Owen, as he placed the last wreath on Terence O'Brien's grave. "Poor Terence! He was fighting next to me at Gettysburg when a minie ball struck him in the head, and he never knew what hurt him."

"All these men are strangers to me-I went from Maine," answered Talbot, "in the old Nineteenth, same regiment as Howe. We were at Gettysburg, too. There weren't many Irish with us, but there was a lot of not the French brave? or didn't they love this so beautiful country enough to fight for it? He must ask. "Do you never wild geese in high flight mistook these rafor it? He must ask.

around. "No, you folks wa'nt here then; revealed the cause of their deception. there were French in the South. Beauregard was, but I guess we didn't have any on our side." Pierre felt himself a foreigner again. No reflected glory shone upon him. This was only the American's country, after all. Suddenly his eyes caught the name upon the tablet which marked every one of you to-morrow to have a flag | the last resting place of the solitary soldier of the Revolution. "Edouard Fortier" was the name on the shining marble. The blood rushed to Pierre's face, his pulses

" 'A soldier of the Revolution ' "

trying to think how he could keep this Talbot. "Born in Paris, France, 1775; memory day. He was still thinking, when died in this city, 1815. A brave so dier of the Count de Rochambeau, he was at Yorktown at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.' Pierre's eves danced. "Then we were brave, some of us French!"

he oried triumphantly. "O, yes; there were French in the Revolution," said Talbot. "Lafayette and the Count here. Eben Howe can tell you all about it. His folks were in the War of Independence.'

Howe and the others were waiting for them at the cemetery gate, and Talbot took Pierre to Howe. If the walk up had been a triumphal progress to Pierre, the walk home was ecstasy. Eben Howe was the third of the name. His grandfather, the first Ebenezer, was a "Minute man" in the Lexington Alarm; his father, Ebenezer second, was a seaman under Captain Hull, on the "Constitution." when she fought He himself was the first the Guerriere." private to enlist in his country, in the lit-tle Maine village which was his birthplace, and he served through the whole Civil War. The fourth Ebenezer was under Roosevelt at San Juan hill, and received a word of commendation from his colonel— a fact of which his modest father was more

proud than all of his own faithful service Howe was a quiet man, and a great reader of history, and the story he told little Pierre on the long walk home of Lafayette and de Rochambeau, of all the French troops, and the French money and sympa-thy, all so freely furnished, made the child supremely happy. "I don't really think the war would have ended when it did," Rochambeau on land, and DeGrasse and peake. And we Americans owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the French, and we musu't forget it, for they belped make our country free," They had reached the Mi-chaud's home, and Pierre held out his hand

to Sergeant Howe with a grateful smile. "Thank you," he said simply, "if my cople helped to free it, it my country is people helped to free it, it my country is also, and if it ever needs me I will fight,

moi, aussi !' Little Marie was sitting happily playing with her doll, on the step beneath the gay flag. Across the street fluttered the little flags from the Italian tenement house. The and some of the stars, made of old cotton cloth, were five-pointed and some were six, and they were pasted into an irregular field of blue, but Sergeant Howe knew what it was. Pierre and Marie sat proudly beneath it and the grant looked again at the pathetic product of unskilled little fingers, then at the bright face by his side. "Run into the house," be said, "and tell vour mother bring a dear?" it, and the gay colors glowed in the morn- and Howe turned to the men behind him : "French Johnny's kids, boys," said Ser- these colors were ours—just ours. But ner. "Boys," he said, "it always seems as if being brought home by a friend after din-

when little French children think enough of the flag to make one, it shows us it's theirs, tco. And lads like this one are going to love it, and defend it, if there's need. Let's help him along a bit. They're poor, and his father's sick."

"Right you are," said Henry Owen.
"I'm glad to help John, he's a good fellow,
down on his luck."

"I rather guess we all want to help," said Nathan Talbot. When Howe turned over his collection to Mrs. Michaud, the little French woman looked the gratitude she could not express. And as Howe joined his comrades they all raised their hats again in salute to the two happy little

when Miss Sargent asked her little pupils how many displayed a flag on Memorial Day, no hand went up more proudly than Pierre Michaud's.—By Hattie Vose Hall, in St. Nicholas.

Clothing in Trees.

While we are considering the feasibility of doing away with wood as a building material on account of its high cost, it is a little singular to learn that wood is advocated as a substance for clothing on account of its cheapness. Travelers in Europe are familiarly acquainted with wooden snoes, as they are worn by some peasants, but garments made from wood have not yet met their vision.

It is hoped that clott made of wood will not embarrass the wool market and lead to the discontinuance of raising sheep except for food, for we should dislike to see a profitable industry wiped out by the intrusion of wood, which, according to some, will not only furnish us with clothing, but also with food, as it does now partially in Norway. This state of things would allow a man who owned a bit of woodland to obtain all the necessaries of life from his own little patch of ground without wasting time in cultivating products of another kind, and sawdust pudding might be among the de loacies served on his table.

Think what a saving of time and labor this devotion to wood would bring about, and how it would simplify our now complicated system of existence. Whether we would become wooden heads under the diet indicated remains to be seen, but, at all seents we would not have to go for diet indicated remains to be seen, but, at all events, we would not have to go far afield for the means to live, though filled with wood within and encompassed with wood without we would not be men of iron. With a suit of wood we might defy colds and the grip, and find it more effect.

And he has his fish and vegetables, too, each costing him a little less than \$1 a month; and after everything is paid for he sake, for tobacco, hair-cutting and shaving, for the hair-dressing of the women of his family, and for the daily hot bath in saidhering public bethleves that is seen to be a said beginning and the said we shave the said her in the said her is said her in the last his fish and vegetables, too, each costing him a little less than \$1 a month; and after everything is paid for he said her in the last his fish and vegetables, too, each costing him a little less than \$1 a month; and after everything is paid for he sake, for tobacco, hair-cutting and shaving, for the hair-dressing of the women of his family, and for the daily hot bath in said her in the last him \$1 a month; and after everything is paid for he sake, for tobacco, hair-cutting and shaving, for the hair-dressing of the women of his family, and for the daily hot bath in the last him \$1 a month; and after everything is paid for he sake, for tobacco, hair-cutting and shaving, for the hair-dressing of the women of his family and for the daily had been said her has him and vegetables, too, each costing him a little less than \$1 a month; and for the daily had her has him a month; and shaving him a little less than \$1 a month; and for the daily had her has him a month; and her has him a mont ive in protecting us from death than the steel armor of the olden time.

But badinage apart. It is said that wood fibre being elongated to threads may be woven into cloth of a substantial and durable character, and that from the results thus obtained we may dress ourselves in the latest fashions in a material that may be a little stiff and unyielding, but which will be in barmony with the economy which is wealth.

But what shall we do when our forests are exhausted? Return to our muttons, perhaps, or to the cotton fields, where the American of African descent learns to labor and to wait .- Budget-Beacon.

Fire Attracts Wild Geese.

'em in the army, and brave fighters, too. A "norther" in Oklahoma, recently, Well, there's one Revolutionary soldier says the Kansas City Times, brought with over in the northwest corner, and it a heavy flight of wild geese and ducks. then we're through. The Daughters have put up a tablet for him." The men led street lights, geese circle all night in the the way and Pierre followed slowly. Were illuminated mist, often flying so low as to all these graves of the Irish, then? Were be in reach of shot-guns. A number of

right. It is the day of memory, the day bave here no French to put flags above? diant spots in the darkness for water. "Came to be printed?" repeated the edwhen we remember the men who fought Did we never for the country fight?" he Once in the light the geese quickly lost itor, in irritated tones; "why the man their bearings, became confused and sel- died, of course. My paper doesn't print "French ?" asked Talbot, turning dom extricated themselves until daylight Knowledge of the attraction of fire heacons for wild gerse on stormy nights was used to advantage by native sportsmen in southern Kansas and the northern Osage country where I lived in early days," said

the hunter. "As fall aproached, a high landmark would be chosen by the hunter and on its top he would pile wood for a big fire. Then he waited for the storm that brought the geese. Lighting his fire, its glare could leaped with joy.
"See. Mr. Owen!" he cried, "Fortier! he spot by bondreds. I have known honhe was French, like me-O. please read the ters to kill a wagon load of gees? in a single night.'

A Probation System for Boy Offenders

In Denver, the probation system has, perhaps, been developed to its highest point. To the regular work of officers is added a report system which even surpasses probation in keeping track of the progess of the delinquent toward reform Each boy brought into court is given a

card setting forth a number of questions that bear upon his conduct. This he is required to present at court every Saturday morning after it has been filled out and signed by his teacher.

At these Saturday morning sessions Judge Lindsey makes it a point not to sit on the bench. He goes down among the boys and examines the report of each one with the deepest personal solicitude. If the report is good, he congratulates the ly's got the laugh on the 'cops' now because he has cut out swiping things and is beating every other boy in the class." If the report is bad, the judge follows up the City Life in the Monthly Review of Reviews.

Joseph Jefferson was a strong believer opportunity to impress his convictions on young men. In an address at Yale be

"I abominate bachelors. The older they grow the more conceited they become. I was talking to one and I asked him why the war would have ended when it did," he did not marry. He parried the question said Howe, in conclusion; "at least we couldn't have taken Yorktown without be had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"You are in danger of getting left," I said to him. "You had better burry up before it is too late." "O," said the bachelor, "there are as good fish in the sea.' "I know that," I said, "but the bait-

there danger of the bait becoming stale.' -Everybody's Magazine. -"They say the vocabulary of the average woman is very small. Have you any idea how many words your wife uses

in conversation?" "Gracious, no ! they come count."

-Smiley-I hope you won't mind if I bring a friend home to dinner tonight, Mrs. Smiley-Oh, no; that is better than

The Japanese Labor.

The average monthly income of the Japanese workman is now something less than \$8. And this is a high average. On this a Japanese of the laboring class can keep a family of five or six in comfort and cleanliness and enjoy all the simple pleasures dear to the Japanese heart. These pleaso excess and going to places of amuse ment, but are the pleasures afforded by a peculiar and complete love of nature in all her moods. "Flower gazing" is the Japanese expression, and "flower gazing" costs nothing to the family that is willing to tramp any number of miles to reach some spot particularly beautified by a luxuriant display of one of the season's flowers which, in their turn, fill every month from the new year to the new year. On these expeditions, which we would call picnics, the family takes its allowance of rice and tea, of fish and small pickled vegetables, and its feast is not such as it usually enjoys at home. The Japanese laborer works on an average twenty-six days each month, and his hours are ordinarily from sun to suu. He doesn't work as hard as his brothbut he does his work thoroughly, he is efficient, as a rule, and his pay has always been quite sufficient for his needs.

Helives in a weat little house of two rooms, spotles-ly clean and simple to absolate bareness. For this he pays something like \$1 a month, and, thanks to the kindly climate of his land, he knows nearly nothing about the expense of fuel. A little charcoal for a tiny homoni is all he needs. and his cooking can be done on this or on a less ornamental one in a wee hit of an additional room called the kitchen. His charcoal and light together cost him less than \$1.25 a month, and for this be has all the fuel and light he finds necessary. He knows nothing about the sting of rigid economy. Rice costs him more than anything else. He has to pay about \$3 for enough of this commodity to keep his family a month, and his only hardship really is that his income is not sufficient to provide for him the little luxuries of diet that his more fortunate brothers enjoy. And he has his fish and vegetables, too, a neighboring public bathhouse that is so necessary to the well being of every Japanese .- Leslie's Weekly.

Some Advantage in Being Dead.

Col. Henry Watterson tells of the aston shment and chagrin with which a certain well-known citizen of Louisville, named Jenkins, read a long obituary of himself printed in a morning paper of that city. He at once proceeded to the editorial room of the paper, and after much difficulty, succeeded to obtaining audience of the busy city editor. Laying a copy of the paper before him, he observed in a mild, almost humble way, that he had come to see if the city editor could "tell" him 'anything about it."

With a snort of impatience, the busy editor grasped the paper and bastily read the article. "It appears to be an obituary notice of one Jenkins," he growled. "What is there to tell about it? What is the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Ob, nothing especially," responded the mild Jenkins, "only I thought I'd like to know how the obituary came to be printed

obituary notices of living men." "Perbaps not as a rule," gently replied

the visitor, "but in this case I happen to be the Jenkins referred to." Thereupon the city editor began a pro-

fuse apology. "We'll print a cerrection at once," ne said.:
"Well, after all," observed the mild Jenkins, "perhaps 'twould be better to let it stand; I'll show it to my friends when they try to borrow money of me."

He Heard Too Much.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The public is invited to sympathize with a quiet retiring citizen who occupied a seat near the door of a crowded Green Lake car last night when a masterful, stout woman entered.

Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating berself-without thanking him-she exclaimed in tones that reached to the furthest end of the cai:

"What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap? "Madam," gasped the man, as his facbecame scarlet. "I-I fear I am not deserving of such an houor.

"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."

First Use of Potatoes in Ireland.

In the garden adjoining his house at Youghal, Raleigh planted the first potataes ever grown in Ireland. The vegetable was brought to him from the little colony which he endeavored to establish in Virby with kind questions until he gets at the cause and decides upon a remedy.—

From "The Children's Court in American wrote a description of the country in 1587. wrote a description of the country in 1587. He describes a root which must have been the potato:

"Openank are a kind of roots of round in early marriages and he never missed an form, some of the higness of walnuts, opportunity to impress his convictions on some far greater, which are found in young men. In an address at Yale he moist & marish grounds growing many together one by another in ropes, as the they were fastened with a string. Being boiled they are very good meat."

The Spaniards first brought potatoes t Europe, but Raleigh was undoubtedly the first to introduce the plant into Ireland.—

Hopeless. From the Detroit Free Press.

"Blanche is simply hopeless!" cried a woman who was trying to teach one of her friends to play bridge whist. "Why?"

"I began by asking her if she knew the value of the cards," continued the wom-an, "and Blanche said, "Why certainly, about 10 cents a pack!"

-"She is daft on the subject of germs and sterilizes and filters everything in the "How does she get along with her fam-

"Oh, even her relatives are strained!"

-Doctor-I thought you were warned not to go near the precipice Patient-I was, but I thought it was only a bluff.

Bitting a house Boat

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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Harold Strong was a New York artist and had painted the portrait of Ruth Bascomb and fallen in love with her. Whether she returned his love or not was the thing he was worrying over. Harry Stevens was a New York sculptor, and he had desired to bring out a marble bust of Miss Bascomb and also had fallen in love with per. As to whether she would consent to be "sculped" and marry him was a matter that gave him headaches. Both the artist and the sculptor had sisters that were friendly with Ruth Bascomb, and this was the general situation for the playwright to build on.

The present situation was that Ruth Bascomb's mother, who was a fairly wealthy widow, had become possessed of a house boat and had determined to float around Princess bay and up the Shrewsbury river for a month or so. Her guests were to be the artist and his sister and the sculptor and his sister and two or three other persons.

A day was appointed, a tug engaged to tow the house boat down New York bay and leave her at her first anchorage, and all was going merrily when the villain hidden in the thicket showed his hand.

It always has been suspected that he was a villain belonging to the same club as the artist and sculptor. He became aware of the house boat party, and out of pure deviltry and from no desire to see the sculptor get ahead of the game he worked his little trick. The day before the boat was to sail he fixed up a telegram calling Harold Strong to Philadelphia to see about painting the portrait of a millionaire.

The artist's return was indefinite. He knew that he was leaving a rival behind him, and he knew that the Colonial Dame, as the craft was called. would scarcely have come to anchor in the bay and the moon risen above the waters when that cheeky sculptor would be talking soft nonsense to Ruth Bascomb, but the artistic spirit was strong within him.

He arranged with his sister to interrupt if the sculptor tried to take advantage of the occasion. Feeling himself as secure as any man ever can feel where a woman is concerned, he departed on his mission, and the stately Colonial Dame also departed on hers. Sometimes a millionaire can be found

sitting on his front steps and smoking a fairly good cigar and waiting to be interviewed. Again he is as elusive as the midnight mosquito. The one the artist sought was elusive. It took a whole day to run him down, and when he was finally brought to bay his reply

"Young man, don't try any of your confidence games on me if you want to keep out of jail. I didn't telegraph don't like the look of you. If you are honest, then some one has made a fool of you; if you are a confidence man. then try the first corner grocery."

Harold Strong had been bunkoed. It was only natural that he should believe the game had been played by his rival. He didn't wait to devour even a sandwich before catching a train for New York. For three hours he sat in a chair car and murdered the sculptor. He killed him in seven different ways and was planning the eighth when he arrived at a good sized town in Pennsylvania and was asked by the porter if he wished to stop there. He had got into a car that had been switched off at a junction on to another road while he was doing the murdering act.

It was noon when the artist reached New York. It was 2 o'clock before he began his hunt for some craft to take him down to Princess bay and lay him alongside the house boat. The sculptor had had one moonlight night in which to weave his net of romance around the victim, but he should not have another. The artist tried to charter all sorts of crafts, from an Albany day boat to a sand barge, but the afternoon wore away and night was coming on before he landed at the foot of Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, and interviewed Captain Jinks of the Merry

"Can you charter me to find a house boat in Princess bay tonight?" repeated Captain Jinks as he bent his head to scratch the back of his neck. "Yes, sir, I reckon you can if you've got a twenty dollar bill about you. You've got a schooner right here which is not much to look at compared with some schooners, but if there is anything on land or water that she can't pick up I'd like to see it. That's her great holt. young man-picking up things. There's goin' to be a fog tonight as sure's you live, but if I don't hit that house boat plumb center before midnight then I'll never sing gospel hymns off Cape Hatteras ag'in.

Harold Strong closed with the offer. The crew of the Merry Sal consisted of the captain and a lunkhead of a young man and a boy of ten who had run away from home and was trying a life on the billows. The captain looked upon the artist as a husband pursuing an eloping wife; the lunkhead looked upon him as an idiot for giving up \$20 when the captain would have taken \$10, and the runaway boy figured it out that he was some sort of grafter escaping from the police.

The opinion of the crew did not affect Mr. Strong, however. He helped to cast off the schooner and cant her head the right way and hoist the mainsail, and presently she was careering down the bay and avoiding as many statues of Liberty, men-of-war and Staten Island docks as she conveniently could. What ing the coinage.

r here at Pine ville. And its and imesome and healthy and worldful again a month ago, so Gerali's in his place, and he's in New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite and businesslike and right under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly, under the circumstances," agreed Broderick, "So old Gerry's postmaster instead of artist." "Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study, and it's good for him -the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick uneasily. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe, to make the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmonize. Gerald, Gerald the helpless, erratic, fantastic, irrational, joyous hearted, penniless artist, a person of matrimonial responsibility, a postmaster. But then he remembered the young smooth haired person stamping letters. Of course Gerald had found his usual way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuit. He looked at her with troubled eyes, seeing endless vistas of Beatrices making biscuit throughout the years.

"Don't you miss New York?" "Oh, so much!" she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own work?" "Only for the time being. I shall

take it up again, of course. I shall have to." Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again. turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was being broadminded and bohemian to let his wife carry

But Beatrice saw the point. He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white with the anger and love he had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his

on her own art irrespective of him.

"Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" She stood beside the little bare kitchen table, her face raised to his,

her eyes bright with startled wonderment at his tone. "Why did you marry Gerald?" "Marry Gerald! I?" Some one was coming along the white roadway. From the kitchen window two figures could be seen, and she pointed to them. "There is Gerald, and that is his wife,

my sister Barbara. I am merely attendant star to the honeymoon. They brought me along to-well, to make the biscuit." A minute later and Broderick met the bridal couple on the wide veranda under the funny roof. The bride was

the girl with the smooth dark hair who had been stamping letters, and she laughed at him. "I knew who you were, but I want-

ed Gerald all to myself, and I knew Beatrice would take care of you." "She did," answered Broderick hap-

pily, and as the rest went into the house he paused to brush off traces of you. I want no painting of any sort. I flour from his coat collar. But Beatrice burned the biscuit.

The "Father of Leprosy."

The gecko belongs to a family of thick tongued lizards, which are widely distributed over the tropical and subtropical countries of Europe and Asia, and in all countries where he is known he is thoroughly despised. Because of his repulsive appearance he is called the "father of leprosy." Down to times comparatively modern it was firmly believed that contact either directly or indirectly with the little reptile was sure to communicate leprosy. The investigations of modern zoologists have proved that the little animal is undeserving of his name of "father of leprosy" and that he is indeed a most harmless and useful creature. Since the old belief in the ability of this reptile to communicate leprosy to any human flesh which might come in contact with his warty, sore looking skin was exploded he has retained his objectionable name solely on account of the bad appearance he makes. His skin is one mass of scaly and tuberculous excrescences that cover his body from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose. Every quarter inch section of this repulsive looking body has a general resemblance to the thickened, callous protuberances that appear on the human body in cases of leprosy. On this account and no other the harmless little gecko was given the name of being the progenitor of the worst form of disease.

others. They always preserved an affectation of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athene and on the reverse an owl often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch in his "Lysander" tells an amusing tale how Glippus had been

Ugly Athenian Coins.

It is little surprising that the Atheni-

an coins are less beautiful than some

sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe and how he unripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saving how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house. showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity, but Glippus' servant betrayed him, saying "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Glippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage made redhot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unpliable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forg-