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### A SWEET REVENGE.

When my boy Reuben, long last spring, teased me to buy a "bike" for him to ride, I didn't kick, good exercise I like. This bicycle does young folks good, and it's all well enough. Provided they don't want to fix the roads or no such stuff.

So I says: "Rube, my son, I'll see," and later on I bought a snap-up nickel-plated rig, good purchase, so I thought.

But—and I didn't know my biz when I put through that deal, I'd had to run the hull-blamed farm since Reuben got a wheel.

(When he was learnin', first along, he'd come home bruised and sore, and so used up I couldn't ask the boy to do a chore, and so I done 'em all myself, but, arter quite a spell, I sickened of it 'cause I see it suited him too well.)

And then he joined the "Centchry Club" and uster go away for ride a hundred miles, b'gosh! and not be home all day.

And all the work he done about the place wasn't worth a meal.

Of good cold vittles for a dog, since Reuben got a wheel.

In hayin' time I'd go with him, and we'd start in the mornin', and he'd leave off to get a drink and then, fust thing yer know, I wouldn't see him comin' back, and, when I'd hunt him up, I'd find he'd gone off on his wheel, the shiftees, idle pup!

He got fer a "scorcher," too, and raced around the town.

All bent up like a jumpin'-jack a-runnin' people down.

Took all the cash fer damages that I could make er steal.

It's cost me forty dollars clean since Reuben got a wheel.

All summer long I let him ride and never opened head.

But when 'twas winter, then I set that wheel up in the shed.

And rigged a belt around it tight and hitched it so 'twould draw.

Acrost the room, and turn a shaft that worked a cross-cut saw.

And then I says: "My son," says I, "I know yer like to ride, So git up on that wheel and hump or else I'll tan yer hide."

I'll tan yer hide, You're quite a "scorcher," ain't ye? Well, then, scorch, right off the reel!"

I've sawed up thirty cord er wood since Reuben got a wheel.

—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

### A College Story

An Interesting Tale of Stub's Noiseful Banjo

"YOU see," said the Princeton man, "Stub Gillis was such an all-around white man and it didn't seem square to leave him out of anything that was going on. It wasn't just that he was the best halfback in all the colleges that gave him such a hold, but he was just the squarest kind of a chap, and there wasn't a more popular man in college. Well, we rang him in on the winter theatricals, though he didn't have enough dramatic gumption to shift scenes, and he waddled through his part like a duck across a hot stove. But that was all right; everybody wanted to see Stub Gillis, the famous halfback, and he was a drawing card. Then came the proposition to run him in on the Glee and Banjo club winter trip. I was assistant manager and I pushed it along all I knew, for Stub and I were great old pals. Just the same I knew he was a dead end on the tune racket.

"Well, the manager went up against him and asked him if he could sing. Stub didn't have any false ambitions about him.

"Sing what?" he says.

"Sing tunes," said the manager.

"I can sing the class song," says Stub, "but I'm the only one that can tell what it is I'm singing. As a triller I don't strike a very lofty average."

"Well, you can stand up and make your mouth go without letting any noise out of it?" says the manager.

"I'd hate to trust myself," Stub said.

"That put him out of the Glee club business, but there was still the banjo club. All sorts of instruments got into that, but the only thing the candidate had ever even tried to play was a jew's-harp, and he couldn't back himself for any record-breaking oratorical on that. It looked pretty dark, and Stub felt wuzzy, for he was rooting deep to go along. I put in some thinks about it and dug up an idea.

"Look here," I said to the manager, "I'll rig up a banjo for Stub with fake strings and we'll put him in the second row, where he won't be a mark for all the spy glasses in the house, and teach him to go through the motions, and I don't see where he comes in to be anything but a gigantic success."

"Go ahead with your banjo," said the manager, "only look out that the strings don't stiffen up and turn out a spiel when it isn't wanted."

"It didn't take me long to get that instrument rigged; looked like the real thing, too, but you couldn't get any more racket out of the strings than out of a lump of putty. They were a sort of hemp arrangement, stiffened up to look like gut, and to make sure of its being on the quiet the bridge and tail piece were plugged with felt. At first Stub was kind of sore; said he'd rather be a tailor's dummy and make an honest living. But after I'd taught him the motions he took to it all right and used to come to rehearsals regularly, so he'd know when to leave off his picking and when to begin on it again.

When we got started on the trip, we made him usher every night and he'd had so much about him in the newspapers that every place we struck the girls would wait in line for him to take them up the aisle. It was a case of zero for the other ushers. At the receptions after the show, too, Stub was a hot tomato, but it didn't get him stuck on himself, for he wasn't that kind. He was an easy kingpin till we struck New Orleans, and there he made the break of his life.

"It was Sunday evening when we landed, in that resort of Mardi Gras and other large and healthy joys, and we got of scattered around to get a bird's-eye view of the town. When it came to

viewing a town Stub was a bird with eyes all over him, and I guess he saw enough to write a book about, only I haven't heard that he ever wrote it. Anyway, he stayed out so late that night that he forgot his name, and when he showed up Monday noon he tried to make the gang believe that he was the father of his country, and his first name was George. He couldn't remember the other one, and it made no difference anyway, as he intended to make his debut as a soloist that very night under the alias of Signor Stubbin. It was in order to get Stub out of that frame of mind, so we treated him internally and externally with ammonia cocktails and cold baths until he rounded to a pitch of humility that made him sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of an instructor in math. He said he was a crawling worm and he'd like to go out and dig holes in the garden. After that he had a big dinner. It braced him up to beat the band. The manager and I put him through the alphabet and the shorter catechism and decided that he was all right to show up that night. That's where we sprinkled our record with hayseed.

"Do you know what a hang-over is? Well, a hang-over is one of those jags that takes a nap way in the back of your brain and leaves you feeling pretty solid with yourself until it wakes up again. When it gets waked up it's time for your friends to tie ropes around you and lock you in a room. That's what the manager and I ought to have done with Stub, for he had a hang-over like the eaves of a house. If he'd only shown it a little more—but he didn't. I tackled him an hour before concert time when he was getting into his dress clothes.

"Feel all right?" I asked him.

"Feel like a bird," he said. "Say, if I had the real thing in a banjo to-night instead of that fake cheese box you rigged for me I could tear the eternal soul of music right out of it. Let's have a cocktail."

"Never a one," I said. "It's up to you to drink ice water."

"No," said he. "It would put out the fires of genius. I feel the spirit of Beethoven and Wagner and Mozart and the man that wrote 'Johnny Get Your Gun' all stirring within me. Great song, 'Johnny Get Your Gun' is."

"Yes, but you don't need to sing it," I said, for Stub had taken a long breath and opened his mouth. "Sure you're all right?"

"Truly rural," says Stub. "Six slick, slim, snail saplings. Think I could do those stunts if I wasn't? Watch me tie my tie."

"Now, it's really something of a trick for a man to put up a dress tie in a neat bow unless he's pretty steady, and Stub tied a gent's furnishing store model in three moves. That settled my doubts. When I left him he was singing. He said it was 'America' because he was patriotic. Three minutes later I met a boy in the hall carrying two cocktails on a tray. I asked him where they were going. He said to Mr. Gillis. I told him to charge 'em to Mr. Gillis' private account and drank 'em both. Then I sent Jerry Corley, who sat next to Stub in the banjo line, to hover over him on angel wings and see that he didn't establish lines of communication with any more booze. Jerry was a careful chap. He did the angel wing business with an eagle eye attachment and landed Stub at the concert hall so late that he couldn't usher. Stub said he didn't feel much like ushering, anyway; felt kind of compressed around the head; effect of the pressure of his musical thoughts on the inside most likely. During the first piece he got along all right. From my place at the other end I got a glimpse of him pecking away at his hemp strings with a kind of rapt look like a man hitting up something long and cold through a straw with the thermometer at 90 degrees.

"As I said, Jerry Corley was a careful sort of man, but he got his eye on a girl in the audience that he used to know, and I guess it rattled him, for when he gathered up the boxes for our second appearance Stub goldbricked Jerry and got his banjo, and Jerry was in such a trance that he never noticed that he was up against Stub's hemp-lined silence-spreader till he hit his chair. Then he made a swipe for his banjo, but Stub wadded him off and the trouble began. It was some kind of a jiggery waltz we had for that time and it began with some little tinkly picks on the mandolins, very soft and birdy. Well, the mandolins started in, and first thing I knew I heard a kind of wild whisper from Jerry Corley:

"Don't touch the strings, Stub."

"Then Stub's bass voice said:

"Leggo that banjo, Jerry. Drop it or I'll kick your chair over."

"There was a kind of scraping of the chairs and I saw a couple of beads of water come out on the leader's alabaster forehead. Off in the wings the manager was doing a war dance and whispering so that you could feel the wind of it rustling your hair.

"Stub, you blank fool, don't pick those strings. Put that bridge down! Keep your hands off. Wait for the rest."

"It was too late. Stub had his arrangements all made and just as the mandolins were twittering their last little twinks before they came to the jumping-off place, where the whole bunch of us came in with a crash, Stub came out on his banjo:

"Boom. Plinkety-plunkety-plark! Plankty-plunkty-whang!"

"Oh, it was heart-breaking. The mandolins stopped as if a brick wall had fallen on 'em. The leader smiled a sickly kind of smile, and the manager just stood and naturally choked himself to keep from yelling. The audience was kind of surprised, but a snicker ran around. Stub executed a few more plunks before he discovered that he was playing a solo. Then he got up and started for the front, leaning a little forward under the weight of his hang-over. He had only Corley to

pass before reaching open space. Jerry did his best, but he was a little chap, and Stub trampled over him, remarking:

"Jerry, you've got more legs than a centipede. Take 'em away."

"Just as Stub gained the open floor Jerry had a great idea. He made a quick pass at the banjo and knocked down the bridge. It made a considerable snap, but Stub didn't seem to notice it. On he went, and when he got to the front he said:

"This is my first chance at a real banjo. (Shut up, you fellows; I won't sit down. You're jealous.) I've been doing a thinking part in this concert too long. My friend back there has now got my noiseless cheesebox and I've got his banjo. I will now play a tune of my own selection. (Morseley, if you put a hand on me I'll throw you up into the wings.)

"By that time half the club was in a cold sweat, and the other half was making a sneak for the exits. The glee club in the wings was living up to its name. It didn't feel the responsibility, and there were snorts and whoops all over the place. Stub called for silence. Then he began to pick at his banjo. Maybe you never tried to play a banjo with the bridge down. It makes about as much noise as a fly walking across a window pane. Stub poked away a couple of times, then he looked at the banjo, and I never saw such a sad, woe-begone, dead-broke, homesick layout of features as he presented. He held out the banjo at arm's length.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "As our long-dead friend, George Washington Irving sang:

"The harp that once through Tara's halls The soul of music shed Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were dead. Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! Tara—"

"He got as far as that, and then the manager and half a dozen of the glee club made a rush and fell on him and dragged him off. But the audience was in hysterics. I never saw an audience behave the way that one did. It was like a football crowd when the first touchdown is made. It was a hard fight to keep Stub from going out to respond to an encore. He said he was the hit of the evening, and I guess he was. Every other number we showed up for the audience yelled for Stub, but he had gone home in a cab, and when we reached the hotel he was in the bar-room offering to back himself against any banjo player in the country.

"Fire him from the club? No, we had hard work to keep him in it. When he woke up the next morning and remembered what he had done, he was for taking the next train home. But he took a farewell drink and the pledge instead, and for the rest of the trip you couldn't get him to lay hands on a banjo, unless he was satisfied it was his own noiseless article."—N. Y. Sun.

### THE ANOINTING IN BETHANY.

**Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for April 9, 1900—John 12:1-11.**

(Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.)  
GOLDEN TEXT.—She hath done what she could.—Mark 14:8.

THE SECTION includes only the lesson, with the parallel accounts and a broad view of the rest of the chapter, which includes all that John tells us of the five days from Saturday, April 1, to Wednesday, April 5.

**EXPLANATORY.**

I. Jesus Entertained at Bethany.—Vs. 1, 2. The rising of Lazarus from the dead, as described in our last lesson, produced so much excitement and awakened such bitter hostility that Jesus left the region of Jerusalem and spent a few weeks in retirement with His disciples at Ephraim in the mountainous district north of Jerusalem.

As the Passover drew near, Jesus went across the Jordan and descended on the other side through Perea to the ford opposite Jericho, healing and teaching by the way. Thence he went up toward Jerusalem and reached Bethany on Friday evening, March 31, "six days before the Passover." Here He spent Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, doubtless with the family "that Jesus loved."

2. "There they made Him a supper." In the little town of Bethany Jesus had become popular, and since the raising of Lazarus He was regarded with marked veneration. The supper was on Saturday evening, after the Jewish Sabbath was ended at sunset, and at the house of Simon the leper, probably one who had been cured by Jesus. "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table." What had been done for him by Jesus made him an honored guest.

II. The Flask of Precious Odors Poured Upon the Feet of Jesus.—V. 3. "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard." By the ointment we are to understand rather a liquid perfume than what we commonly know as ointment. "Very costly," worth about \$300 or \$400 in our time. "Anointed the feet of Jesus;" She first "poured it over His head" (Mark), but John notices only her pouring it upon His feet, for it was common to pour it upon the head, and expressed the usual sentiments of honor to a guest; but anointing the feet was unusual, and expressed the tenderest, most humble, most reverential, unutterable affection. "And wiped His feet with her hair;" This, too, was unusual. She took "woman's chief ornament," and devoted it to wiping the travel-stained feet of her teacher.

III. Boxes of Money Versus Flasks of Fragrance.—Vs. 4, 6. "Then saith . . . Judas Iscariot;" He looked upon this as a waste, and his mutterings convinced some of the other disciples so that they joined with him in his condemnation of the act.

6. "Not that he cared for the poor;" He was acting under false pretenses. "Bare what was put therein;" rather, took what, as R. V., stole. Or his bearing the money bag gave him the opportunity to steal.

IV. The Two Answers of Jesus in Defense of Mary's Act.—Vs. 7, 8. "Then said Jesus;" If we combine the reports of the three evangelists, it will appear that Christ's words were substantially as follows: "Let her alone. Why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me; she hath done what she could; against the day of my burying hath she kept this, and in some beforehand to anoint my body for the burial." "Let her alone;" Spoken chiefly to Judas. It was the language of sharp rebuke. Jesus was indignant at the hypocrisy of Judas and the dull perceptions of the others. The first defense of Mary's deed was that it was a high act of a noble soul expressing its noblest emotions. The second defense was that the act did not interfere with gifts to the poor.

8. "For the poor ye have always with you;" They would have plenty of opportunities to aid them; and the more they did for their Master, the more they would do for the poor, for the poor are left in His stead, and through them would be expressed the increased love of the Master.

V. Conclusion.—More Opposition and More Faith.—Vs. 9-11. "Much people;" The R. V., uses a Greek text which inserts the article so that it reads "the common people," in contrast with the rulers. These, incited by curiosity, went to see the wonder worker, and the man on whom he had wrought this marvelous work.

10. "But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death;" This standing public proof of Jesus as the Messiah must be put away at any cost.

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.**

The first condition of all really great moral excellence is a spirit of genuine self-sacrifice and self-renunciation.

A curious writer says: "If my friends have alabaster boxes full of fragrant perfume of sympathy and affection laid away, which they intend to break over my body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. . . . I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. . . . Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward on the weary road."

**Easy Enough.**

A Scripture examination was being held recently in an English school, the lesson being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked like good scholars, the inspector gave them a question, saying: "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar. Why did he put water round the altar?" The children looked amazed, except one little boy, who stood up and said: "Please, sir, to make the gravy."—Chicago Evening News.

### Are You Easily Tired?

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### NAPOLEON AS PLAYWRIGHT.

**His Only Attempt, the Tragedy of "Hector," Twice Rejected at the Theatre Francaise.**

The career of "The Little Corporal" has so often afforded pabulum to the dramatist it seems quite in keeping to learn that Napoleon was himself the author of a tragedy; a poor thing, but most undoubtedly his own. The secret was well preserved until a few days before his death, when he revealed it to his old friend, Gen. Bertrand. A decade before he became emperor Bonaparte had enjoyed himself in the little leisure allowed from military work in the composition of a tragedy. On his accession to the throne he put the play in the hands of Jean Luce de Lancelval, a professor at the College de Navarre, and himself a dramatist, with instructions to lick it into thorough theatrical shape and to submit it to the committee of the Theatre Francaise as his own. To Napoleon's great annoyance, the tragedy was unceremoniously rejected. But he was determined upon its representation, and instructed its putative author to send back the manuscript with the following command in the imperial handwriting: "The players of the Theatre Francaise are to perform the accompanying tragedy within a fortnight."

Consequently Luce de Lancelval's supposed tragedy of "Hector" was submitted to the public on October 1, 1800. The perspective of time gave Napoleon a true idea of the qualities of his piece, and in making the revelation to Gen. Bertrand he frankly admitted that the committee were right in their estimate, as "Hector" was only redeemed from utter failure by the brilliant acting of his friend Talma.

It was Napoleon's first and last attempt to add theatrical laurels to his chaplet. By way of compensation to Prof. Lancelval for the humiliation he had suffered he bestowed on him the order of the Legion of Honor. One critic who had spoken flatteringly of the play, M. de Jouy, of the Gazette de France, came in for similar honors.

**He Printed His Cards.**

Uncle Dan recently purchased a miniature printing press for his young nephew, a present on the day he became six years old. The boy was delighted, and being exceedingly fond of his uncle, thought he would print him some cards. "I'll print some cards for you, so when you go to see people they will know who you are," he told his uncle. The uncle was overjoyed at this mark of affection, but wondered if Willie would not forget all about it. Not so Willie. The next evening he came into the room, his hands full of neatly-printed cards, and, laying them down before his uncle, exclaimed: "I printed everyone of my cards for you." The fond uncle picked them up and examined them. The boy had dutifully done his work of love, and on each card was neatly inscribed his name, "Uncle Dan."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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