

Six Sailors

By JANE LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"I hope you fellows know that I am bringing this launch by the hour, \$10 for each hour, and she has already been here for thirty minutes we have wasted \$5. Come along."

"We're coming, Jack, coming. You're a regular old Shylock to ask a man up here as your guest on a little low out and then throw the cost of it in his teeth. The rest of us have been ready for some time, but Leigh can't tear himself away from the ladies and you would make this a stag."

"Very well, then let Leigh stay with the girls, for I'm not going to have him aboard. They would all be seeking or giggling. Here comes Leigh now."

Just at that moment three big fellows appeared in the doorway of the house carrying another man, who seemed to be all legs and arms, which were flying in all directions. At the top of their voices, and each man on a different key, they were shouting "How can I bear to leave thee?" Carrying their burden down to the landing, they deposited Leigh and all opened hands and started an Indian war dance around him while passers-by slowed up to see six strapping fellows, clad only in their bathing suits, doing a wild dance around their victim. Jack broke the spell by yelling, "That parade won't wait, boys, for any one except Roosevelt, and he



SHE BREATHED A HEAVY SIGH, AND LEIGH COULD HEAR IT.

does not happen to be one of our party, so all aboard and some one sit on Leigh until we are well under way."

Leigh's tenor voice squeaked "Good-by, ladies," but he was immediately jumped on by about 600 pounds of humanity, and he quieted down.

"Now, skipper, for Oyster Bay in the best time you can make it," said Jack.

The Aphrodite puffed and kicked for a moment, then started out, and soon Bellevue was only a speck in the distance. It was a rainy, misty morning, and the boys did not mind. Jack and Alice had a dear old house at Bellevue and had filled it over Sunday with their best friends. Jack had hired his launch to take the boys for a sail, and Alice had agreed to stay at home and give the girls a dove luncheon.

"Leigh," said Jack, "if you don't snatch out the next dance you do will be to the tune of the wedding march. Better go easy."

"Jack, old man, your hand on it. You, being a married man, must know he symptoms, and I don't mind saying that ever since last summer at the lake I've had an uneasy feeling in my heart, but up at your house I'm just making myself useful amusing the ladies."

Bryan Macgregor, the bass of the party, saw fit to interrupt the boys here and, taking his old meerschaum pipe out of his mouth, drawled:

"Say, fellows, you two better quit 't's too early in the morning to get witting on facts, and it's a mean thing to do at any time of day. Jack, you give an imitation of a gentleman and don't talk back, and Leigh, for love of Mike, shut up that howl. Granting that your bonny lies over the ocean, I do not blame her for staying there, but she ever heard that voice of yours."

Finally the six men seated themselves in comfortable positions, and smatches of songs, bits of stories, much smother and general good fellowship prevailed. Leigh again had the floor as the midst of a story about six sailors who were shipwrecked and had no food.

"No food!" he reiterated. "No food—just the same as we are, fellows—no food."

Jack took the hint, and soon baskets came forth heavily laden with delicious food that the girls had packed for them. They sat down and began to eat like the proverbial hungry sailors, and Leigh was commenting on the women in the capacity of cooks when a queer gurgling sound was heard, then another. The Aphrodite was evidently in trouble.

"Maybe she's hungry, skipper. Give her some gasoline or a bit of oil."

The Aphrodite, as if in answer to the suggestion, began spitting oil over the floor of the boat.

"Evidently not hungry—in fact, full or overflowing," commented Leigh.

The Aphrodite suddenly stopped and all efforts on the part of the skipper and the six men were futile. They rtted and drifted until it became a serious problem. What was to be done of who was to die? By this time the launch had drifted into a cove about a mile from land, and after much discussion Leigh volunteered to swim to the land and get help. The others, knowing he was a famous swimmer, agreed to the plan, and without much delay he was overboard and with long, steady strokes was covering the distance. When he finally reached the shore he rested awhile, and then started to walk towards a handsome resi-

dence at the top of the cliff.

Suddenly from the bushes near him came a clear soprano voice. Leigh stopped and listened and looked. Not far from where he stood there was a little rustic summer house, and leaning against the side of it was a young girl dressed all in white. He crept a little nearer to make quite sure that he was not dreaming, so near that, as the girl stopped singing, she breathed a heavy sigh, and Leigh could hear it. He longed for a sight of her face and wondered if it were half as sweet as the voice he had heard, and he made brave to creep a little nearer. The rustle of the bushes made her turn, and seeing him she cried:

"Leigh—Mr. Richards! Is it really you?"

"It is really Leigh Richards, Miss Appleton, and I apologize for startling you so, but I was climbing up the cliff and heard your voice, so stopped to listen. I am on an errand of mercy and perhaps you can help me out."

"An errand of mercy, in a bathing suit! Why, I do not quite understand. Where is the rest of your party?"

Leigh soon explained to her the plight of the boys, and finished by saying, "Your father dislikes me so that I expect if he knows who's in the party he'll never let some of his men to go to our help. Well he?"

"Father has gone over to see the naval parade in Judge Cowan's boat, and our men are on the grounds doing nothing. One of them can take our little launch out and tow yours in."

"That's asking almost too much, but if you could direct me to some other place."

"Don't say that to me after what you did last year. Do you think I have forgotten how you saved my life when I was drowning in that treacherous lake? Why did you go away without ever giving me a chance to thank you?"

"Miss Appleton—Edith—I didn't know you wanted to have me stay, any, anyway, your father had no use for me. He was right enough, too, at the time, but I'm a steady old ship now, dearest, if you will only undertake to guide me."

"I didn't know—I thought you didn't care," she murmured.

"Didn't care—why, darling, that day that I held your listless form in my arms was the happiest moment in my whole life. I looked at your white face and knew just how much you were to me. I couldn't tell you so then, dear, so I went away until I could. Will you have me now, Edith?"

"Leigh, dear, I've been waiting for you a while long year, twelve whole months and each month seemed a year. I, too, have been yours ever since that day you held me in your arms. How much longer must I wait?"

"Just long enough for me to get rid of the boys and find some clothes."

"Let's go to the boys together, Leigh, and tell them, for, you see, if the old launch had not broken down, I would have been waiting yet."

A MODEST REQUEST.

Colonel Bill Sterret and the Privilege He Craved.

When Colonel Bill Sterret first went to Washington to report the news of the capitol for his Texas papers, he had desk room in the office of General H. V. Boynton, then the militant correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial.

General Boynton spoke out in meeting. He said things about statesmen that made the statesmen angry. He had many personal encounters with patriots whose feelings had been ruffled.

One night a man came into Boynton's office loudly proclaiming that he intended to shoot Boynton. The general grabbed a chair, beat the intruder over the head with it, knocked him down and threw him out. All this time Sterret sat at his desk, looking on in great amazement.

When the man landed in the gutter Sterret came timidly over to Boynton. "General," he said, "being a new hand here, I don't know the practices of this office nor the customs that pertain to Washington correspondents, and I didn't want to intrude. Now that I have seen what has happened, I trust you will allow me a question?"

"Go ahead," said Boynton.

"When the next man comes in, would it be too forward if I should crave the privilege of kicking him a few times in honor of the sainted Confederate dead?"—Saturday Evening Post.

ABOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Life Largely Made Up of Scrubbings, Regulations and Inspections.

The day's programme aboard a man-of-war is calculated to make the boy who wants to run away to sea sit up and think twice. It varies somewhat according as the ship is in port or at sea and under different commands, but in any case, from 5 o'clock in the morning till 7:30 at night, it is a rather strenuous round of scrubbings and drills. The recruit realizes very soon that the expression "shipshape" means a good deal.

Saturday morning is a tremendous cleaning time, called "field day," which is followed by a half holiday in the afternoon, and on Sunday morning the captain himself inspects his ship from keel to truck. The marine band is stationed just below on the hurricane deck, and the bluejackets stand on the port side of the quarter deck and the marines on the starboard, all ready for inspection.

But life isn't all scrubbings, regulations and inspections. On the larger ships the government furnishes athletic supplies, and each man-of-war has her champion boxer and baseball and football teams. These teams are managed or supervised, at least, by officers, and many an ensign or lieutenant who has won his "N" at the Naval academy plays shoulder to shoulder with his bluejackets. Such familiarity would have scandalized old Commodore Porter beyond words.—St. Nicholas.

Conversation.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more of what he is intending to say than of what others are saying, and we never listen when we are planning to speak.—Roche Foucauld.

That which is reasonable and that which is unreasonable have both to encounter the like contradiction.—Goethe.

Fabian's Cure

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Fabian impatiently paced the piazza. It was 8:10 and the breakfast bell had not sounded. But not because he was hungry did Fabian anathematize the cook.

He had wakened with little appetite, but ever since he had begun to order his life he had had breakfast at 8. It had been the sole recommendation of this boarding place that they had breakfast at his accustomed hour instead of 7:30, as seemed to be the custom in most of the boarding houses in Carrsville.

Because Fabian always took the first two weeks in August as his vacation he followed this custom, too, though the break in the even routine of the office annoyed him. But habit was Fabian's fetish. Habit decreed a two weeks' vacation in August, and so he continued to seek a resort where the ordinary routine of his life would be the least interrupted.

This year he had rather fancied Glen farm, but they had breakfast at 7:15. Fabian had inquired irritably whether not 7 or 7:30 and had decided in favor of Brook farm, where meals were served at about the hours to which he was accustomed in town, though it annoyed him to have to eat his dinner in the middle of the day and a cold supper at night.

Ever since he had reached his seventeenth year Fabian had been alone in the world and he had fallen in a rut of system. His orderly habit of mind made him a valuable man in the office, but his unwillingness to depart from custom drew few friends, and at twenty-six he was still heart whole.

The delayed breakfast was a far greater annoyance than a more serious disappointment might have been, and he gnawed at his moustache as he strode up and down the piazza. He caught the best jangle as the bell was lifted from the shelf and turned to enter the house, but just then there was a scream from the road, and he turned to see a girl endeavoring to beat off the farm dog, whose muddy paws had already left their imprint upon her dainty skirts.

Something in her pose caught Fabian's fancy, and he went racing down across the grass plot to her rescue.



CARLO PICKED OUT THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE BACK YARD.

whistling to the dog as he went. But Carlo was determined to make friends with the girl and paid no attention to the calls until Fabian's hand rested heavily upon his collar and the toe of Fabian's boot emphasized lightly the indiscretion of ascending strange young women on the public highway.

"He's a dear old thing," smiled the girl as Carlo picked out the shortest route to the back yard, his tail tucked indignantly between his legs. "I suppose it is more my fault than his. I walk down to the postoffice every morning, and he always barks his 'Good morning,' but today he seemed to want to shake hands, and he did not realize how dirty his paws were. You won't punish him, please."

"He's not mine to punish," said Fabian absently. He was thinking not of Carlo, but the girl. No woman had ever made strong appeal to him before, but he felt dazed in the presence of this radiant girl with the gentle eyes and the smile that made the whole landscape seem brighter. He was on his knees in the road now, trying to remove the worst of the muddy paw prints with his handkerchief. It was a clumsy effort, for he only made smudges worse, and with a laughing word of thanks the girl stopped him.

"It will be all right when it dries," she said, with her wonderful smile. "You are very kind, but it really does not matter. By the time I get back from the village it will be all right. You just sit a little while skirt anyway, and a trip to the laundry will remove all traces of the dog's impetuosity."

With a nod and another smile she started down the road, and presently Fabian pulled himself together and went in to his delayed breakfast. He sat in a trance through his brief meal and hurried back to the piazza.

After breakfast it was his custom to read the morning paper, but he sat with it in his hand this morning and did not even scan the headlines. He was watching the road for the glint of a white dress, and when it came in sight far down the road he strolled to the gate with an elaborate assumption of carelessness and was leaning against the fence as the girl came up.

The dried mud had been shaken from her dress, and with a smile she called his attention to the fact. "You see it's all right," she declared. "But I think you need a guard," he declared, with sudden bravery that startled him. "With your permission, I will form an escort to ward off dogs, dragons and other insects."

He fell into step beside her before she could refuse, and they walked briskly on. Fabian wondered if it was possible that she had been going past the farm every morning while he was at breakfast and without his knowledge. It seemed now as though he could feel her presence through stone walls. Never having been in love before, he was swinging the length of Cupid's pendulum, and he exerted himself to be entertaining. So well did he succeed that when he reached the gate of Glen farm, all to soon, Miss Semple agreed to go for a walk in the afternoon.

"Fabian went into the house with her that Kerr, whom he had met the year before, might complete the introduction more formally, and even smiled when Kerr introduced him as "the human time table," with a laughing dissertation upon the exactness of his habits.

The rest of Fabian's morning schedule was completely upset, though he returned to Brook farm and there was nothing to interrupt the even tenor of his routine save his thoughts. He could only pace the piazza and think that Marcella Semple was to walk with him that afternoon. The hours dragged interminably, but at last he could with decency present himself, and together they started for the falls.

"How much time have we?" said Marcella as they started out. "Mr. Kerr warned me that you had probably allotted a certain time to our walk and that this must not be exceeded."

"Kerr," said Fabian viciously, "suffers from softening of the brain. We are going to make this walk just as long as we possibly can."

Marcella laughed her rippling laugh that seemed to Fabian the most divine music he had ever heard, but she returned to the subject again when they had reached the falls and were sitting on the mossy bank for a rest.

"Impulse is better than system," she declared. "Now, suppose that you had not followed impulse, but had gone in to breakfast. I should not have known you and should have lost a delightful walk."

"The argument is most potent," he said gravely. "Behold in me a backslider from system."

"Time will tell," she declared. "We shall see."

But time told strongly in Fabian's favor. To hasten the cure he went to an opposite extreme. Instead of the most regular life he led the most erratic existence, aided and abetted by Marcella. The day before his return to town she declared his cure complete.

"You have not done a single thing today at the time you usually do it," she declared as they leaned over the bridge that spanned the tiny stream and let their eyes feast upon the moonlit landscape. "You did not even have dinner."

"Yes, the cure is complete," he said. "I think I rather like doing what I want to do instead of following a well ordered plan. But you have got me into worse trouble."

Marcella did not answer. Her eyes followed the ripple of moonlight across the water, and the hand that rested upon the railing gripped the wood more tightly.

"You should ask what the trouble is," he said after a moment. "Then I should tell you that instead of a schedule the most important thing in life is you. You have lifted me out of my humdrum existence into the new world of love, dear. Is there hope that some day my love will be returned?"

"I think I had better say yes," she said, with a happy little laugh. "It will insure the permanency of the cure."

"And do you love me a little?" he asked humbly.

A soft little hand stole into his. "Dick, dear," she said softly, "why else should I have worked so for your cure?"

possible that she had been going past the farm every morning while he was at breakfast and without his knowledge. It seemed now as though he could feel her presence through stone walls. Never having been in love before, he was swinging the length of Cupid's pendulum, and he exerted himself to be entertaining. So well did he succeed that when he reached the gate of Glen farm, all to soon, Miss Semple agreed to go for a walk in the afternoon.

"Fabian went into the house with her that Kerr, whom he had met the year before, might complete the introduction more formally, and even smiled when Kerr introduced him as "the human time table," with a laughing dissertation upon the exactness of his habits.

The rest of Fabian's morning schedule was completely upset, though he returned to Brook farm and there was nothing to interrupt the even tenor of his routine save his thoughts. He could only pace the piazza and think that Marcella Semple was to walk with him that afternoon. The hours dragged interminably, but at last he could with decency present himself, and together they started for the falls.

"How much time have we?" said Marcella as they started out. "Mr. Kerr warned me that you had probably allotted a certain time to our walk and that this must not be exceeded."

"Kerr," said Fabian viciously, "suffers from softening of the brain. We are going to make this walk just as long as we possibly can."

Marcella laughed her rippling laugh that seemed to Fabian the most divine music he had ever heard, but she returned to the subject again when they had reached the falls and were sitting on the mossy bank for a rest.

"Impulse is better than system," she declared. "Now, suppose that you had not followed impulse, but had gone in to breakfast. I should not have known you and should have lost a delightful walk."

"The argument is most potent," he said gravely. "Behold in me a backslider from system."

"Time will tell," she declared. "We shall see."

But time told strongly in Fabian's favor. To hasten the cure he went to an opposite extreme. Instead of the most regular life he led the most erratic existence, aided and abetted by Marcella. The day before his return to town she declared his cure complete.

"You have not done a single thing today at the time you usually do it," she declared as they leaned over the bridge that spanned the tiny stream and let their eyes feast upon the moonlit landscape. "You did not even have dinner."

"Yes, the cure is complete," he said. "I think I rather like doing what I want to do instead of following a well ordered plan. But you have got me into worse trouble."

Marcella did not answer. Her eyes followed the ripple of moonlight across the water, and the hand that rested upon the railing gripped the wood more tightly.

"You should ask what the trouble is," he said after a moment. "Then I should tell you that instead of a schedule the most important thing in life is you. You have lifted me out of my humdrum existence into the new world of love, dear. Is there hope that some day my love will be returned?"

"I think I had better say yes," she said, with a happy little laugh. "It will insure the permanency of the cure."

"And do you love me a little?" he asked humbly.

A soft little hand stole into his. "Dick, dear," she said softly, "why else should I have worked so for your cure?"

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Origin of This Favorite Sport of Childhood and Youth.

This favorite sport of childhood and youth is of French origin and very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Collin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 969 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Collin. He required the name of Maillard from his chosen weapon, being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used to crush his opponents. In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Lourain in a pitched battle, and so runs the story, in the first onset Collin Maillard lost both his eyes. He ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats at arms he lavished favor and honors upon Collin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon seems in some degree to repeat the action of Collin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name, blind man's buff.

Looking After Number One.

The seedy actor shuffled his feet and looked into his hat apologetically. He laughed conscientiously at the joke the manager made, but it was a hollow laugh.

In fact, Mr. Perkins, otherwise Claude Cremore, juvenile lead, felt hollow generally, particularly in the part which should have contained his dinner.

"A sovereign on account of my salary would be of inestimable service to me just now," he murmured to the manager. "You can deduct it at the end of the week, you know."

"Ah, yes, dear old darling fellow," said the manager benignantly, "that's all very well, don't you know. But the difficulty comes in here. Most likely I shan't be able to pay any salaries at all at the end of the week, and if I do you've a sovereign now where should I give it to? No, be sensible, dear boy."

There were only three of the men at supper, and Mrs. Binder, with her daughter Ruth, sat down to the table with them. Ruth had been busy in the kitchen during the noon meal, while her mother had served. At sight of her Corthell was more than ever glad he had taken the job.

It reminded him of the little girl who had been his first boyish sweetheart. She had died just after he had

to the city and in the absence

CORTHELL'S HEALTH CURE.

By W. F. BRYAN

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Corthell strode along briskly. The clear morning air, the bright sunlight and the fertile fields bordering on the road were all a source of delight to him.

Not in years had he enjoyed a meal so much as he had the homely breakfast provided at the little country hotel where he had put up the night before and where he had left the trunk that held his city clothes. Now in a well worn suit he was tramping along the dusty road with much the same feeling as that enjoyed by a boy who plays hooky from school for the first time.

In years Corthell had not felt justified in taking a vacation. Finally through a combination of circumstances he had been able to get together some capital, and by unremitting effort this had been doubled and trebled into the fortune that made him prominent in the money market.

Then came the breakdown. The famous specialist in nervous diseases insisted upon a vacation. "It's either a few weeks' vacation or years in an insane asylum," he said bluntly. "You know best which you want. Make your own choice."

In the end Corthell had capitulated and had suggested Newport as the place for a vacation. The specialist regarded him with disgust.

"I think I should have saved time by sending you to the asylum first," he said. He was paid \$25 for a consultation and could afford to say what he pleased. "You get an old suit and a comfortable pair of shoes and take a walking tour. Don't go to any place where you are liable to meet friends. I know just the route. I will send you a road map."

He bowed Corthell out. Three days later the broker was set down in a tiny hamlet in the northern part of the state, and this was the first day of his trip.

He had stopped to watch some men haying, when one of them came to ward him.

"Looking for a job?" he demanded.

Corthell laughed. "I don't know that I am," he answered. "I was going farther on."

"I'll give a dollar and a half a day to drive one of the rakes," he offered.

"Know how to drive?"

Corthell smiled. His team of bays had a dozen blue ribbons to their credit.

"I can drive some," he admitted.

"Jump up and drive that rake then," was the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

the man's curt answer, and, to

His Proof That the Planet Was 'nhabited and Civilized.

His Proof That the Planet Was 'nhabited and Civilized.

Benutzer was driving his master's plow straight and true, but none the less with a thoughtful air, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. And so they were; they were soaring far aloft above the plow and the brown earth turned up as to reach Mars.

The previous evening Benutzer had attended a lecture at the village school room on "The Heavens," and what the lecturer had said about Mars being inhabited profoundly impressed Benutzer. As he mechanically guided his horses and his plow something struck him suddenly on the head, and he dropped senseless to the ground. A balloonist passing overhead had accidentally dropped an empty whisky bottle upon Benutzer's fortunate thick skull. When he recovered consciousness the balloon had passed out of sight, but the cut on his head and the blood stained bottle at his feet lay in evidence.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

Benutzer was driving his master's plow straight and true, but none the less with a thoughtful air, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. And so they were; they were soaring far aloft above the plow and the brown earth turned up as to reach Mars.

The previous evening Benutzer had attended a lecture at the village school room on "The Heavens," and what the lecturer had said about Mars being inhabited profoundly impressed Benutzer. As he mechanically guided his horses and his plow something struck him suddenly on the head, and he dropped senseless to the ground. A balloonist passing overhead had accidentally dropped an empty whisky bottle upon Benutzer's fortunate thick skull. When he recovered consciousness the balloon had passed out of sight, but the cut on his head and the blood stained bottle at his feet lay in evidence.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.

Benutzer gazed in amazement and awe as he gazed all ar the wide brown fields and the sky above. Then he picked up the bottle and smelled at it and at once deserted his team in great excitement and set off posthaste for the village.

"I must tell vicar Mars he 'nhabited right enough," he muttered. "Civilized, too; they drinks whisky."—London Express.