



who defined a mountain range as a large-sized cook stove' was recently lipped by the answer returned by a d from Altoona.

"What is the office of the gastric vice?" was the question put to this boy. "His written response, no doubt ruck off in the hurry of the examination, was: 'The stomach.'"

* * *

Not in Canada.

TO avoid any possible misunderstanding concerning the geographical location of this incident, it should be remarked that California orchardists use boxes for packing fruit. Two piles of apples lay upon the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small. "Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?"

inquired the new assistant to his master as he prepared to fill a barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy, and one I've always held to. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom." The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," answered the assistant.

"Good!" said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and label it!"

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A Homely Man.

OLD Joe Appley had the reputation of being the "homeliest man God ever made," but one day he met a stranger who was "homelier" than he.

"Stranger," quoth Joe, "I guess I've got to kill you."

"Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because I've always sworn that if I ever seed a homelier man than I was, I'd kill him on sight."

The stranger shifted his quid to the other cheek, and looked Joe over with a calculating eye.

"Wa'al, go ahead," he drawled. "If I'm homelier than you be, I want to die, s' help me."

AT THE GATE OF SILENCE

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"And I suppose Wilmer Norton loved the Don's wife—and there's been the evil to pay ever since!"

"How did you know?"

"Never mind. Go on."

"Well, the Don discovered it—and she died. She's buried near that awful gate. Wilmer Norton went away, at five years ago he came back—drawn heaven knows what power. Gracia says he brought him back—and now he lies beneath those fiendish flowers. They have haunted me day and night with their soft, heavy scent. Gracia hates me—as only a Spaniard can hate because I am a Norton and have my uncle's eyes." Chase fell wearily back on the couch, and this time Grange did not try to rouse him; but, instead, poured a fine, grey powder into a spoon, squeezed some orange juice on it and watched his friend, as he swallowed it and dropped into a heavy sleep.

"Things are getting plainer," ruminated the young man. "I know something about Latin vengeance and also, thank heaven, something about chemistry. Those are no ordinary white poppies, and I believe, my dear Don Gracia, that you are about at the end of your tether. I'm glad that Jose was told to wait with the mules near Lake Gorda."

ton's forehead, they went bravely on. A bronze petal once again yielded to the pressure of an alien hand and the wide portals swung outward. They passed beyond the Gracia estate, but turned at the sound of a gasping cry. Don Gracia stood with face transformed by hatred, the eyes gleaming, the mouth snarling.

"He will not go—his race is accursed—he will lie—with those others—at the Gate of Silence." The hoarse tones failed him and, staggering forward, the tall form fell prone, the white head resting among the flowers.

Grange went back to the prostrate Spaniard, and raising him slightly, looked closely at eyes and mouth. Then he laid him gently down and came back to Norton, whose hand he took as if to guide him into an unknown land.

"Hadn't we better go back?" he asked Ryerson nervously.

"There is nothing for us to do," replied Grange, looking hopefully towards the almost-stifled path.

A WEEK later, three white-clad travellers, on a brisk yacht, gazed joyfully towards the Florida coast. Norton, with his eyes losing their haunted look, and his form gaining a respectable covering of flesh, lay on deck and grinned contentedly at his native land.

"By the way," said Grange lazily, "here's a tortoiseshell box which Manuel shoved into my hand before we left that place of horrors. I suppose it's for you, Norton."

His friend sat up and reluctantly opened the box, unwinding folds of soft cotton until a bracelet and pendant were discovered, set with such emeralds as made the two rescuers gasp.

"Did you ever see such green fire? Norton, each one of those stones is a fortune."

"Yes," said Chase absently, letting the slender gold chain slip through his fingers. Then, with a sudden passionate movement, he flung pendant and bracelet from him, high about the white railing, and watched them as they sank beneath the warm blue waves.

"Norton, are you mad?" said Ryerson breathlessly.

"No—but I've been mighty near it. I can't tell you, for, thank heaven, I can't remember all the evil which has clung to those jewels for hundreds of years of crime. I don't know about tainted money, but I'm sure those emeralds of Equito were accursed. I'm going back to everyday life, with nothing to remind me of the graves near the Gate of Silence." He went down to his cabin in a sudden attack of giddiness, and Grange nodded wisely at Ryerson. "He's coming round all right and I believe he knew what he was about when he sent those beauties to Davy Jones' locker. Some things are best buried."

sons, but for that...

The speaker was Col. Lionel C. Harris, ornithologist, of Memphis. He resumed:

"The cost of these aigrettes and paradise plumes is a dreadful thing for any husband to contemplate. I saw yesterday a Virot hat covered with aigrettes that was ticketed at \$200. And that reminds me—

"A lady novelist wrote to a publisher last month:

"Please send a cheque in advance of royalties. I want to buy a new hat for a June wedding."

"The accommodating publisher sent the lady a cheque for \$50. She acknowledged it indignantly.

"I said," she wrote, "that I wanted a hat, not a veil."

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When He Shaved.

"DOES your wife always insist on talking to you when you are shaving?"

"Not always. You see, I sometimes shave when she is away from home."

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A Muskoka Romance.

IT was a summer hotel in Muskoka. There were several chaperons, twenty nice girls, two elderly clergymen, a university professor, and one young man. The twenty girls were ever so amiable towards each other and most considerate of the solitary young man. He was not obliged to do the rowing nor the paddling, and the youngest of the nice girls looked for his lost tennis balls. He was really enjoying himself very much and was making all the girls angry by saying that he felt as if they were his sisters.

But one evening there arrived by the boat a slender and forlorn creature who wore clinging black gowns, had a wistful smile and a dreamy expression in her violet eyes. The chaperons found

JONES had passed a weary night. The strange hotel bed, the passing trains, the midnight cats, and morning roosters had all contributed to his restlessness, and it was not until 7.30 o'clock that he fell into his first really comfortable doze.

Bang! Bang!

He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the "boots" rapping at his door.

"Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"A telegram, sir," replied the boots, in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones, crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy."

"I can't do that, sir," replied the boots, anxiously. "It's on a tray."

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Their Native Heath.

DR. EUGENE FULLER, president of the American Urological Association, said at a dinner:

"We must all try to be as truthful as George Washington was. I am afraid we have not, of late years, upheld the reputation for truthfulness that George Washington gave us. I am afraid that we have published to the world a good many tall stories:

"Thus an English teacher once said to a pupil:

"What is a miracle?"

"Please, sir," the little pupil answered, "it's something that happens in America."

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Its Place of Business.

IN the absence of any accurate information, the imagination of our pupils sometimes takes a curiously amusing turn," says an instructor in a Philadelphia institution. "The boy