

THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

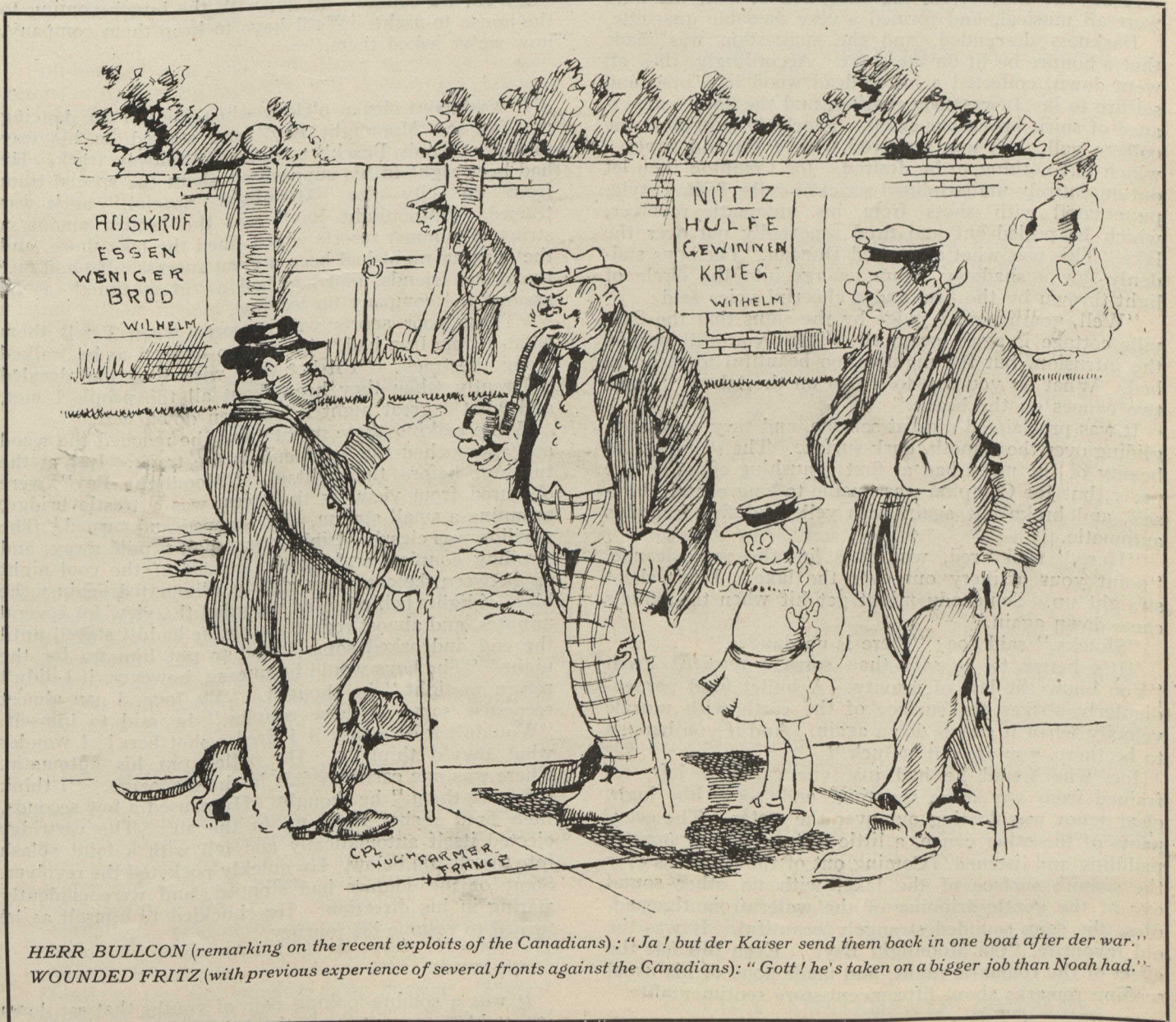
THE pioneers of the season at "Sandy Beach," the exclusive little summer resort about fifty miles from the city, at the large lake, had just retired, after a trying day. They were the forerunners of the crowd that would have established itself for the summer in a few weeks' time. And, as I said before, the day had been trying. There had been thousands of things to do to make the cottages habitable after the ravages of winter. No wonder, then, that they slept the sleep of the righteous.

It was, therefore, with a distinct feeling of annoyance that James Duncan got up, lit a candle, and peered out through the window to see what the row was about. Into his blissful oblivion had crept the consciousness of a fusillade of shots and loud yelling from lusty throats. At first it took the form of a vague dream, in which he seemed to stand on the bridge of a ship, heroically defending himself against a yelling band of murderous pirates. Mr. Duncan had never been a soldier, or no doubt the ship would have been a trench, and the flint-lock pistols and cutlasses exchanged for rifles and bayonets. The shots and the yells, however, gradually increased in reality, with the result above mentioned. So Mr. Duncan looked out of the window. As his vision cleared, his erstwhile wrath evaporated. It was a large night outside, he decided. The moon was shining brilliantly, and a bonfire was roaring on the beach. Several figures were moving about it, and it was from there the

noise came. Duncan was a staid, middle-aged man, but at that moment he felt some of the exuberance of youth returning, and decided he would go out and join the marauders on the beach. "What is it, Jim?" sleepily queried his wife, as he was putting his shoes on. "Where is all that noise coming from? Is the foreign settlement trying to invade us?" "Oh, no," replied her husband; "it is only those young fellows from the Sayville cottage working off some surplus energy. I might have known it was they. And, by golly, I am going down to play with them. A man's only as old as he feels, and my age to-night is about eighteen."

The Sayville brothers had come down that afternoon, with some friends, "to get the place ready for next week-end," as Fred Sayville explained to his parents. Woefully little had been accomplished so far, however.

The boys arrived at the cottage about five o'clock, and the appearance of its interior was not very cheering. "This looks like an old abandoned homestead," said Fred Sayville. "No use starting to-night, gents. Bill," (to his younger brother) "you rustle some supper, while we get a dip in the lake." Bill was an excellent camp-cook—something he acknowledged as an asset when there were young ladies in the company, whose praise he was by no means averse to accepting; but at times he found his culinary accomplishments a distinct drawback. This was the case at present, and he protested



HERR BULLCON (remarking on the recent exploits of the Canadians): "Ja! but der Kaiser send them back in one boat after der war."
 WOUNDED FRITZ (with previous experience of several fronts against the Canadians): "Gott! he's taken on a bigger job than Noah had."