

said the general in command of the prison, greatly troubled at acknowledging himself the true offender, yet seeing no escape from confessing his complicity in the egregious blunder; 'I trust you will overlook the offence, in your wisdom, for I assure you that I would have been the last man in the Empire to consent knowingly to such an indignity.'

'Rise!' commanded Ti Yin, graciously; but he sternly added: 'Never again act hastily in matters pertaining to the duties of your office, or render less willing aid to those appearing poor and helpless than to those whom you know to be both rich and powerful. It is the greatest wrong of all. The tears of the helpless and oppressed shall be garnered in heaven, and poured out in fiery vengeance upon the oppressor's head, and her ears will refuse to listen to impious prayer. Go in peace.'

Ti was conducted in state to a palace, where he was duly installed as Imperial Councillor, the highest dignitary in the land, save only the Emperor. The story of his long and wise rule occupies many pages.

His name is often quoted by Chinamen who wish to show with what security a scholar in their country can base his hopes upon his merit, 'knowing that, if living, his honors will search him out, and that, if dead, no other can rob him of his reward.' The law expressly declares that in cases of this kind 'the honors shall not be declared forfeited until a period of three years shall have elapsed after the declaration of the name of the successful competitor.'

## The Trick on Old Jerry.

(Willis S. Meade.)

I doubt if there lived in Grand Ledge a man who disliked boys worse than did old Jerry Hicks. Living by himself, he seemed to think that every boy he knew was watching for a chance to do him harm. If a boy happened to look at his apples, or ask for a pear, he would receive a fierce glare from Jerry, or the old man would reply: 'No, sir, ye can't have any. You're a thieving lot, and if I catch ye on my premises I'll take the law on ye.' Poor old Jerry! Naturally quick tempered, he had been tormented by mischievous boys, and imposed upon by unscrupulous neighbors, until his ill-temper had become chronic, and he seemed constantly looking for some object upon which to vent his spite.

One morning in early autumn, as Arthur Scott and Lewis Welborn were passing Jerry's place on their way to school, they saw the old man in his orchard, picking up his apples. The damp autumn weather had brought on the rheumatism, and the old fellow was a pitiable object as he scuffled about with his cane.

'Let's ask him for some apples,' said Arthur, who had lived in the village but a short time and knew little about Jerry's disposition, 'he seems to have a good many.'

His companion laughed, and said: 'You may ask, but I don't believe you'll get any. You might try, though,' he added quickly. He knew the request would put Jerry in a rage, and being of a mischievous nature, he never let pass an opportunity to annoy the old man.

'Come on, then,' said Arthur, starting toward the orchard.

'You'd better go alone,' replied Lewis, 'as he don't like me very well.'

Jerry was bending over picking apples and he had not noticed the approach of the boys. Leaving Lewis standing in the road, Arthur walked up to Jerry, and asked in a

respectful voice: 'Can I have some apples, Mr. Hicks?'

At the sound of Arthur's voice Jerry straightened up as quickly as his aching limbs would permit, and in a harsh voice answered:

'No, sir, ye can't. And if ye don't get out of here at once I'll take my cane to ye,' shaking it menacingly in Arthur's face. Evidently the rheumatism had not softened his temper.

Arthur did not wait to see if the threat would be carried out, but quickly rejoined Lewis. That youth was highly elated at Jerry's 'fit,' as he called it, and said:

'He's such a cross, stingy old curmudgeon, that I like to see him get mad once in a while.'

As they proceeded on their way to school Lewis thought of a plan to get even with old Jerry for refusing them apples. While not a bad boy at heart he was inclined to be thoughtless of the rights of others, if thereby he could gratify his love of fun.

'Say,' he said to Arthur, 'let's talk to some of the boys, and get up a party to go and play some trick on him. Did you notice, as we came along, that his old waggon stood in the yard? Well, we can go there quietly to-night and run it down-hill into the creek. Wouldn't he be mad though when he found it out,' and Lewis laughed gleefully as he imagined the old man's rage when he discovered the trick.

To this Arthur did not at once assent, not feeling sure what his mother would think about it, being one of those boys who are wise enough to make a confidante of their mother. All the other boys, however, when spoken to, readily assented to be present that evening to help carry out the joke. Arthur, after some urging, also promised to come, quieting his misgivings of 'what his mother would think, by the thought, 'We won't do him any harm, anyway.' The place assigned for the meeting was a large oak tree not far from Jerry's place.

While eating his supper that evening Arthur told his mother about his experience with Jerry, in the morning, 'but,' he added, 'we are going to have a little fun with him this evening to pay him back.'

'Who is "we," my son?' asked his mother.

'Oh, several of us boys.'

'What is the nature of your "fun"?''

'Well,' said Arthur uneasily, 'I'll have to tell you all about it, as I always tell you everything,' and he then told his mother about what the boys intended doing.

'Do you think that is hardly fair?' asked his mother, quietly, 'to go when the old man is asleep and run his waggon into the creek, making him considerable trouble to recover it again?'

'It isn't doing him any harm, besides he's no business being so mean and cross, anyway,' replied Arthur, seeking to find an excuse for the act, as his mother's searching questions made him uncomfortable.

'If some of the stories I hear about how he is tormented are true, I think he has good reason to be cross.'

Arthur's mother was a widow, and he her only child. She had tried earnestly to bring him up so that he would be a comfort to her in her old age. She had succeeded well, for Arthur was as manly, honest and truthful a boy as a mother could wish for, but he was now fifteen years old, and must begin to exercise his own judgment in such matters. Mrs. Scott knew she could not always keep him near her, nor did she wish to. There was life's battle to be fought, and the sooner he was taught to decide for himself between what was manly and honorable and

what was not, the better it would be for him.

'It's pretty near time for me to meet the boys, and I must be going,' said Arthur, hesitatingly as his mother made no further remarks.

'Well, my son, I do not wish to deprive you of any innocent pleasure, but it looks to me like very poor kind of fun—a lot of boys against one crippled old man. Would it not be better if you did something to show that you always did to others as you would have them do to you, even if they did not follow that rule themselves?'

Arthur did not answer this question, but left the house, thinking to himself: 'I wish mother was not so particular about such little things. Still,' he added, half aloud, 'it don't seem right,' for the boys to bother Jerry so, even if he is cross and stingy. 'I guess it's true what mother says, and he has good reason to be.'

As Arthur walked briskly along in the bright moonlight he thought more about the matter, becoming more and more dissatisfied with himself for his share in the affair. 'Pshaw,' he said to himself, 'if I hadn't promised the boys to be there I'd turn around and go home.'

He was now nearing Jerry's place, and, as the old man's cornfield was near the road, Arthur saw that there were a good many shocks yet left to husk. 'I am afraid it will be pretty cold weather before Jerry gets his corn husked if he don't get someone to help him,' thought Arthur. 'A few smart boys in there for a short time would make things look—' then as a bright idea entered his mind, he involuntarily slackened his pace. 'Just the thing!' he said to himself. 'I wonder if the boys would do it. I'll try them, anyway,' and he hurried on to the place of meeting. The rest of the party had assembled and were waiting for him.

'You're rather late,' said Lewis, as Arthur came up. 'But come on, now; it's a fine night, and we'll do the job up in fine style,' Lewis started to lead the way, the others following. Arthur followed a few steps and then stopped. One of the boys noticed the act and said:

'What's the matter, Scott? Not going to back out, are you?'

At this the whole party halted, and Arthur said decisively: 'Yes, I am. I'm going to stop before we begin.'

'Why, what's the trouble?' asked Lewis, in a disappointed voice. 'You said you'd go.'

'I know it, but I've changed my mind. It doesn't seem fair for a lot of us boys to play such a trick at night on a poor, crippled old man.'

'It doesn't seem hardly right, that's true,' exclaimed Harvey Gould, who was a general favorite with his companions.

'Well, what shall we do then?' asked Lewis. 'It's a little too cold to stand around here long.'

This was Arthur's opportunity. 'Say, boys,' he said, 'let's go over and husk the rest of his corn. You know he can't do much himself, and it will be winter soon. There are—counting them—nine of us, and we can soon husk what is left.'

'That's good, I like that,' said Malcolm Grant, a hearty Scotch youth, 'and I'll go, for one.'

'And I'll go,' exclaimed another. 'I guess old Jerry would be as much surprised to see his corn husked as he would be to see his waggon in the creek.'

'Faith, but he'd make different remarks though,' was the reply of Patsy Harrigan, a witty Irish boy.

The boys all assenting to the plan, Arthur