

cally called Paradise) and enters one of its worst houses. He finds in it a woman, whose husband had died a few months before, and several dirty, noisy young ones. She offered him the only chair in the place and bade him sit down.

Now it so happened that this chair had seen its best days and was decidedly rickety—feeble in the joints. It soon began to make ominous noises under substantial Moses, which caused him to sit bolt upright, hands on his knees, ready for a spring. He would have got off altogether only he didn't want to hurt the woman's feelings.

He made some inquiries into her circumstances, temporal and spiritual, and then drew forth his Bible, finding that she thought "there wasn't no great harm in sich things."

And now Moses, becoming interested, forgot all about the chair and, waxing warm as he read the Word of Truth, emphasized his comments by divers gestures. The chair got energetic too, and creaked like an old ox-cart or sand-hill crane. He reached the verse, "Thy Throne, O God, is forever and ever." "Not like the thrones of earthly kingdoms," remarked Moses; (creak went the seat.) "They pass away;" (crack-crack.) "They often vanish when seeming most secure." Cr-r-a-sh! crash! was heard, and Moses, clutching at a broken bowl to save himself, bowl, chair and Moses were scattered over the floor.

The Bible flew out of his hands and hit the baby on the nose. It began to scream at the top of its voice and two of the other children followed suit.

In bounced one of the Amazons of Paradise with a broomstick, (she had been suspicious of that meek-faced scamp ever since he appeared at the end of the street), and dealt him a thwack across the shoulder.

Moses was on his feet in a trice. "My dear madam," he began, but had to dodge behind the table to avoid the second blow.

"My dear madam," he began again——
"Dear madam! I'll 'dear madam' you. Ugh! you oil-tongue! You Scribes-and-Pharisees-hypocrites. Ugh! Begone! Point! Make yourself scarce. Ugh! You Judas." And every time she said "Ugh" she made a desperate pass at him with the stick.

Finding explanations impossible, and also that he was exceedingly unsafe in his present quarters, Moses watched for a favorable moment and, picking up book, cap and coat, darted out the door and down the street.

The Amazon ran after him to the boardwalk and shouted out "You'll call to-morrow won't you, cream-face? Ugh! you escaped convict, you'll rob another honest woman, will you? Put on a white choker and you'll do for a parson. Ugh! you sancty-moneys chicken-heart." And there she stood showering blows in imagination upon Moses' devoted head, until he rounded the corner and was lost to sight.

Whereupon alternately rubbing his shoulder and pulling out splinters from the rear of his pants he thus reflected: "Ha, the vixen! Next time I visit I'll buy a suit of complete steel. That was a bad fall. Next time I'm asked to take a chair I'll say, 'No thank you, madam, I prefer the stove or the coal-scuttle.' If I had rolled against the table I would have smashed every article of furniture in the house. I ought to pay for the damages. I'll warrant Paul was never in perils of the broomstick. I guess he'd have said so if he was. (Ha, the fiend! She flourished about like a windmill). 'False brethren' can't hold a candle to a virago. Poor Tapperton! Poor Mose! Before I make another visit in Paradise I'll call out the military, and get a posse of police. I'm thankful there are no bones broken."

While he was thus talking to himself all at once his face lit up and, chuckling to himself, he said, "Well, the adventure has given me a riddle at all events. Why is Moses Tapperton like Adam and Eve? Because he was driven out of Paradise."

And so in tolerably good humor he got to his boarding house in time for tea; but what puzzled Kit, his chum, was why for some time after he always felt the chair before he sat down, and why he was so tickled when he read the papers at every case of assault and battery.