THE ATHENS REPORTER, SEPTEMBER 26 1917.



CHAPTER IV.

The girl turned an indifferent, wall-ed face toward the fire, refusing to look at any of the men. Her beauty Srew upon them momentarily. Their amazement knew no bounds that one like this should have been Ied to their door out of the night. "Well," said Big Jack, breaking the silence at last. "It was a rough wel-come we give you, miss. We thought is you was a spook or something like

you was a spock or something like that, But we're glad to see you." She gave no sign of having heard

him. "Was it you whistled through the was it you whistled through the keyhole and tossed a stone down the chimney?" demanded Husky. No answer was forthcoming. "I'm sorry if we hurt you," added

Jack.

He might as well have been address 'I say, I'm sorry if we hurt you," he

repeated louder 'Maybe she can't understand Eng-

lish, suggested Sam.

hopelessly. "Try her with sign language." "Sure," said Jack. He looked around for the table. "Oh, hell, it's fuor. Hey, look sister!" He went through the motions of spreading a table and eating. The others watched interestedly. "Will you?" he asked. She gravely nodded her head. A cheer went up from the circle. "Hey, cookee!" cried Big Jack. "Toes up a bag of biscuits and put your coffee-pot on. You, Joe, chase out to the stable and fetch a box for her to sit on."

her to sit on."

For the next few minutes the cabin presented a scene of great activity. Every man, with the tail of an eye on the guest, was anxious to contri-bute a share to the preparations. Husky went to the lake for water; Shand cut bacon and ground coffee for the cook; Big Jack produced a clean, or fairly clean, white blanket to serve for a tablecloth and set the table

for a tablecloth, and set the table. Yet their smiles upon their visitor had a shade of double meaning. A glitter in each man's eyes suggested that his hospitality was not entirely disinterested. They were inclined to bristle at each other. Clearly a dangerous amount of electricity was being stored within the little shack. Only Sam was as self-contained in his way as the girl in hers. Big Jack continued his efforts to

communicate with her. He was de-luded by the idea that if he talked a of pidgin-English and shouted

loud enough she must understand. "Mee, Big Jack," he explained; "him, Black Shand; him, Husky; him, Young Joe, You?" He pointed to her questioningly. "Bela," she said. It was the first word she had ut-

It

tered. Her voice was like a strain of woods music. At the sound of it Sam looked up from his flour. He quickly dropped his eyes again. When Joe brought her the box to

when Joe brought her the box to sit on, he lingered beside her. Good-looking Young Joe was a boasted con-queror of the sex. The least able of them all to control his emotions, he was now doing the outrageously mas-culine. Hee strutted, posed, and smirked in a way highly offensive to culine the other men.

When Bela sat down Joe put a hand on her shoulder. Instantly Big Jack's pale face flamed like an aurora. "Keep your distance!" he barked. "Do you think the rest of us will stand for that?"

"Ah! I've got the same show as

An: I've got the same snow as any of you, haven't l?" snarled Joe. Big Jack dropped the knives and forks and rose. "Well, we'll decide that right now if you want," he said grimle grimly

"And, by George, you'll have to take me on after him!" growled

Sam brought his basin of flour to the hearth and, kneeling in the fire-light, proceeded to mix the dough. After the manner of amateur cocks, he liberally plastered his hands and arms with the sticky mess. The girl watched him with a scorn-ful lip. Suddenly, she dropped to her knees beside him, and without so much as by your leave, took the basin out of his hands. She showed him how it ought to be done, flouring her hands so the batter would not stick, and tossing up the mess with the light deft touch of long experience. At the sight of Sam's disconfiture a roar of laughter went up from the others. "Guess you're out of a job now

"Guess you're out of a job now, cookee," said Shand. "Now we'll have something to eat besides lead sinkers," added Joe. Sam laughed with the others, and retiring a little, watched how she did it. The girl affected him differently from the rest. Diffidence overcame him. He scarcely ever raised his eyes to her face.

In a remarkably short space of time the three frying-pans were upended before the fire, each with its loaf. No need to ask if it was going to be good bread. It appeared that this wonderful girl had other recommendations be-side her beauty. She rose, dusting her hands, and backed away from the fire, as if to cool off. Before they realized what she was doing, she turned and quietly walked out of the door, closing it af-ter her.

ter her. They cried out in dismay, and of

the door. Sam involuntarily ran with the others, filed, like they were, with

the others, filled, like they were, with disappointment. It was now pitch dark under the trees, and straight from the fire as they were, they could not see a yard ahead. They scattered, beating the woods, loudly calling her name and making naive promises to the night, if she would only come back. They collided with each other and, tripping over with each other and, tripping over root, measured their lengths on the ground

Curses began to be mixed with their dulcet invitations to the vanished one to return. From the sounds, one would have been justified in thinking a part of bediam had been let loose in the pipe model. in the pine-woods.

Sam was the first to take gober sec ond thought. He began to retract his steps toward the cabin. Common sense told him she would never be

caught by that noisy crew unless she wished to be. In any case, the bread might as well be saved. In his heart he approved of her retreat. Trouble in the shack could not long have been averted if she had staved Perhaps she hed here better not long have been averted if she had stayed. Perhaps she had been better aware of what was going on that she seemed. What a strange visitation it had been altogether! How beautiful she was, and how mysterious! Much too good for that lot. It pleased him to think that she was honest. He had not known what to think before.

Thus ruminating he came to the cabin door, and was pulled up short on the threshold by a fresh shock of astonishment. There she was, kneel-ing on the hearth as before!

She glanced indifferently at him She glanced indifferently at and over her shoulder, and went on with her work. Such hardihood in face of all the noise outside did not seem all the noise outside did not seem Sam stared at her open mouthed. She had some birds that she was skinning and cutting up. The pungent, appetizing smell of wild fowl gree his no

smuggle pa the police at the Landing. smuggle pa 'he police at the Landing. He opened it with loving care, and the four partners had an appetizer. When the food was ready, the al-ways unexpected girl refused to sit with them around the blanket. No amount of urging would move her. She retired with her own plate to a place baside the fire

beside the fire. Though she was the guest, she as their plates and keeping them filled. This was the first amenity she had

shown them. They were perplexed to reconcile it with her scornful air. Only one did she relax. Big Jack jumping up to put a stick on the fire

did not mark where she set his plate. On his return he stepped in it. The others saw what was coming, and their laughter was ready. Above the masculine guffaws rang a

girlish peal like shaken bells. They looked at her, surprised and delighted. More than anything, the laughter humanized her. She hastily drew the mask over her face again, but they did not soon forget the sound of her laughter.

Big Jack kept control of the bottle, and doled it out with strict impartial-ity. Under the spur of the flery spirit, their ardor and their joviality mounted

together. Sam was not offered the bottle. Sam was likewise tacitly excluded from the contest for the girl's favor. It did not occur to any of the four to be jeal-ous of little Sam. He accepted the situation with equanimity. He had no desire to rival them. His feeling was that if that was the kind she wanted, there was nothing in it for him.

Like all primitive meals, it was over in a few minutes. Sam gathered up the dishes, while the other men filled their pipes and befogged the atmos-phere with a fragrant cloud of smoke. Like all adventurers, they insisted on good tobacco

The rapidly diminishing bottle was circulated from hand to hand, the hilarity sensibly increasing with each passage. Their enforced abstention of late made them more than usually susceptible. Their faces were flushed, and their eyes began to be a little bloodshot. They continually forgo that the girl could not speak English and their facetious remarks to each other were in reality for her benefit. A rough respect for her still kept them within bounds.

Bela, as a matter of course, set to work on the hearth to help Sam clean up. This displeased Joe. "Ah, let him do his work!" he cried

You come here, and I'll sing to you." His partners howled in derision. "Sing!" cried Husky. "You ain't got no more voice than a bullbat!"

Joe turned on him furiously. "Well, at that, I ain't no fat, red-headed lobster!" he cried.

A violent wrangle resulted , into which Shand was presently drawn, making it a three-cornered affair. Big Jack, commanding them to be silent, made more noise than any. Pande-monium filled the shack. The instinc-tive knowledge that the first man to strike a blow would have to fight all three kept them apart. No man may keep any dignity in a tongue lashing bout. Their flushed faces and rolling eyes were hideous in anger.

Through it all the amazing girl quietly went on washing dishes with Sam. He stole a glance of compassion at her. Was it possible she did not realize the danger of her situation? he wondered. She must know. How did she expect to get out of it?

Yet, like a man, he had a strong doubt of her, too. What had she come for? That question was still unan-swered. Either she was incredibly naive or incredibly artful. He couldn't make up his mind which.

Big Jack, having the loudest roar, battered the ears of the disputants until they were silenced. "You fools!" he cried. "Are you going to waste the night chewing the rag like a parcel of women? They looked at him sullenly. "Well,

what are we going to do? That's what I'd like to know," said Shand. A significant silence filled the cabin.

grated onion. Make the milk, flour, butter and seasonings into a thin white sauce. To the tomato add onequarter of a teaspoon of soda, and as soon as it WHY IS 17 that chronic skin diseases which ceases to effervesce combine the milk with the tomato and serve at once. (Wheat and me... saving recipes by Domestic Science experts of the Can-adian Food Controller's office.)

that chronic skin diseases which have defied all other treatmated yield to Zam-Buk? It is because Zam-Buk is germi-cidal, and also has such power of penetration that it reaches disease in the underlying tissues and cures from the "root" up. That is the only way a permanent cure can be effected.

effected. Mr. H. C. Buckley of 461 E. Broad-Mr.H. C. Buckley of 461 E. Broad-way, Portland, Oregon, says: "For chronic skin diseases there is nothing like Zam-Buk. For fifteen years I had eczema, and I tried an endless number of so-called 'eczema cures,' but nothing was capable of curing me permanently until I used Zam-Buk. Ten months' use of Zam-Buk has effected a complete cure." For ulcers, abscesses, boils, ring-worm, blood-poisoning, piles, burns, scalds and cuts, Zam-Buk is equally good. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.



nificance of his words sunk in. They began to breathe quickly. Sam, hear-ing the proposal, flushed with indig-nation. His heart swelled in his throat with apprehension for the girl. How could he make her understand

what was going on? How could he help her? Would she thank him for helping her? Shand was the first to speak. "It's

the only way," he muttered. "How about the cook?" demanded Husky, thickly.

"Hell, he ain't in this game!" said Jack indifferently. "He sleeps outside with the losers.' "I'm damned if I'll stand for it!"

"I'm damned if if it stand for it: cried Joe, excitedly. "It's only a chance! It doesn't settle anything. The best man's got to win!" "You fools!' growled Shand. "How will you settle it—with guns? Is it worth a triple killing?"

"With my bare fists!" said Joe boastfully. "Are you man enough to take on

the three of us, one after the other?" demanded Shand. You've got to play fair in this. You take an equal chance with the rest of us, or we'lf all

jump on you." Jack and Husky supported him in no uncertain terms. Joe subsided . "It's agreed, then," said Jack. Shand and Husky nodded.

"Let him come in, then, if he wants his chance," said Jack, indifferently. "The losers will take cars of him."

Joe made haste to join them. They squatted in a circle around the blan ket. Under the strong excitement of the game, each nature revealed itself. Black Shand became as pale as paper,

while Husky's face turned purple Young Joe's face was drawn by the strain, and his hand and tongue

Add the potato to the heated milk and seasonings, reheat and serve very showed a disposition to tremple. Only Big Jack exhibited the perfect control of the born gambler. His steely blue eyes sparkled with a strange pleasure. "Let me see them?" demanded hot. If skim milk is used the soup mproved by the addition of a little

eyes sparkled with a surange promoted "Let me see them?" demanded Husky, reaching for the dice. butter. Commeal Muffins-1 egg. 2 tablespoons dripping.

Jack laughed scornfully. "What's the matter with you? 'Tain't the first time you've played with them. There's only the one pair. We've all got to use them alike."

Husky, showing his teeth. "It's my right!" Jack shrugged, and the bone cubes

were solemnly passed from hand to

Domestic Science experts of the Can adian Food Controller's office). "You can't shoot on a mat," said Joe, Jerking the blanket from the floor he tossed it behind him. "Get something to shake them in,"

FAILED TO LOOK AHEAD. said Shand. "No palming wanted." Husky reached behind him and took A Blunder That Has Brought

a cup from Sam. (To be continued.)

In the American Magazine

Graham Bread Britinge Coffee or Tea Sugar

Fresh Fruit

Mutton Potatoes Co Apple and Bread-Crumb Pudding Corn d Bread-Crums (Brown Betty) Milk Sugar

Milk

MENU FOR TUESDAY.

CUTICURA HEALS

BAD CASE ECZEMA

Relief Instantaneous. Healed

With 3 Cakes of Soap and

2 Boxes of Ointment.

"I was very much annoyed by an irritation on my back. I found out I had a bad case of eczema. My back was in a very bad shape, and my clothing irritated so that the skin became very sore. I cent

Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) B. F. Grosch, Y. M. C. A., St. Catherines, Ont., July 4, 1917.

For hair and skin health Cuticura For hair and skin nearth Cuttoms Soap and Ointment are supreme. For Free Sample Each by Mail ad-dress post-card: "Cuttoura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

FAMILY FRIENDS.

Fine Food for Thought in a Be-

quest Made by Justice Lamar.

In the will of the late Justice Lamar

of the United States supreme court

"To my family," the will runs, "I

bequeath friendships many and numer-ous in the hope that they will be cher-ished and continued. True friendships

are the most valuable of our earthly possessions, more precious than gold, more enduring than marble palaces, more important than fame. * * *

As Henry Drummond has well said, Friendship is the nearest thing we

The family that inherits such wealth is truly rich. But it is a legacy that must be used if it would be preserved. Friendships cannot be locked away in safes or lent to historical exhibits.and

museums. Like love and faith and courage, they belong to that intangible treasure of the soul that must be kept

have passed down from father to son

for several generations. There is food for thought here. How

many fathers are building up fine and loyal and serviceable friendships that they can with pride and gratitude be-queath to their sons? How many

queath to their sons? How many mothers are storing up like treasures for their daughters? The question does not end there. How many young people of to-day are fitting themselves to receive such legacies? How many in all the varied and urgent calls of life are heading the chellenge to make

life are heeding the challenge to make themselves worthy of friendships by being loyal and fine tempered and gen-

being loyal and tine tempered and gen-erous friends themselves "A man that hath friends," the old book of wisdom declares, "must show-himself friendly," and again, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."—Youth's Companion.

ONE WAY TO PAY.

How the Artist Raphael Settled

His Bill at an Inn.

know to what religion is!'"

became very sore. I sent forCuticura Soap and Oint-ment. Relief was instan-tancous and with the use of three cakes of Cuticura

36.

MAN

Sugar Milk Creamed Fish Warmed over Potatoes Baked Pears Bread Tea Sugar Milk The recipes for Graham Bread, Creamed Fish and Brown Betty Pud-ding, mentioned above, are as follows: Creamed Fish-Any left-over boiled or baked fish

may be served as cream fish by flak-ing carefully and adding a good, well seasoned white sauce. Graham Bread-

Graham Bread— 3½ cups of Graham flour. 2 cups of sour milk. ¾ cup of molasses (New Orleans). 1 teaspoon of sola. ½ teaspoon of salt. Bake in a slow oven one hour. Brown Betty Pudding— 2 cups of apples sliced thin. 1 cup of bread crumbs. 1 tablespoon of butter. 15

1 tablespoon of butter. Cinnamon to season. Butter the pudding dish well. Put

alternate layers of apple and crumb with apples in bottom, and finish with crumb on top, and dot with bits of butter. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Cover closely and bake forty minutes, then there was one very unusual legacy. He bequeathed his friendships to his family. emove the cover and brown.

HOW TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT. ISSUED FROM THE

OFFICE OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER FOR CANADA. MENU FOR WEDNESDAY.

-Breakfast-

Fresh Fruit (Berries in Season) atmeal Porridge Milk Sug Omelet Toast Coffee or Tea Datmeal Porridge Suga Omelet Toast -Dinner-

Roast Beef Potatoes Creamed Onions Brown Bread Cottage Pudding with Sauce

-Supper (or Luncheon)-Potato Soup Crackers Stewed Fruit Cornmeal Muffins Cookies

treasure of the soul that must be kept from destruction by constant service. It is not alone material things that "rust doth corrupt." How many of us have let slip through busy or careless fingers the beautiful and glowing friendships of our youth? We did not mean to do it. Indeed, we have often regretted the loss until, as the years pass, the regret gradually fades away. And if that is true of our own friends how far more true of our father's friends? Yet there have been families where friendships have passed down from father to son Milk Sugar

The recipes for Potato Soup and Cornmeal Muffins, mentioned above, are as follows: Potato Soup-

Salt, pepper and grated onion to taste. 1% cups mashed potato.

6 tablespoons brown sugar. 1/2 cup of milk. 1 cup of flour.

1/4 teaspoon of salt.

cup of cornmeal. tablespoons of Baking Powder.

(Wheat and meat saving recipes by

Many a Family to Grief.

Tea

1/2 2

1 quart miłk.

growled Shand from the other side of the fire.

Whatever tongue she spoke, any woman should have understood the purport of the scene. Yet this strange girl never raised an eyelid.

Joe retreated to the bed, crestfallen nd snarling, and things smoothed and wn for the moment. "Where do you live?" Jack asked

the girl, illustrating with elaborate pantomime

She merely shook her head. They might decide as they chose whether she did not understand or did not

Husky came in with a pail of water. The sanguine Husky was almost as visibly ardent as Joe. He rummaged in his bag at the far end of the cabin, and reappeared in the firelight bear-ing an orange silk handkerchief. His

intention was unmistakable. "You put that up, Husky!" came an angry voice from the head. "If

ing toward him. They faced each other in the middle of the room with bared teeth

Big Jack rose again. "Put it away, Husky Husky," he commanded. "This is a free field and no favor. If you want to push yourself forward at our ex-pense, you got to settle with us first,

The others loudly approved of this

The others loudly approved of this, Husky, disgruntled, thrust the hand-kerchief in his pocket. After the two overweening spirits had been rebuked, matters in the shack went quietly for a while. The four men watched the girl, full of wonder: meanwhile each kept an eye on his mates

was their first experience at close range with a girl of the country, and they could not make her out at all. Her sole interest seemed to be upon the fire. This air of indifference at once provoked and baffled them. They at could not reconcile it with the impish

tricks she had played. They could not understand a girl alone in a crowd of men betraying no self-consciousness. Touch me at your peril, she seemed to say; but if that was the way she felt, what had she come for?

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "What does this mean?" She disdained any answer.

"You were foolish not to beat it while you had a chance," he said, forgetting che was supposed not to understand. "This is no place for a woman!"

She glanced at him with a subtle smile. Sam flushed up. "Oh, well!" he said, hotly. Turning, "Oh, very called outside, "Boys, come back! She's here!"

She's here!" One by one they straggied in, grin-ning delightedly, if somewhat sheep-ishly. They shook their heads at each other. We sure have a queer customer, was the general feeling. It was useless to bombard her with questions. The language of signs was a feeble means of communication when one side is intractable

Apparently she had merely gone to an anyry voice from the near it splatchety she had thereby gone to l've got to stay away from her, you've some cache of her own to obtain a contribution toward the feast. She go to, too!" Husky turned, snarling. "I guess, had brought half a dozen grouse. The biscuit-loaves were now done suffi-ciently to stand glone, and the pans were giving off delicious emanations

of frying grouse and bacon. The four men who, for the past week, had been sunk in utter boredom, naturally reacted to the other extrem of hilarity. Loud laughter filled th cabin. The potentialities for trouble were not, however, lessened. On the contrary, a look or a word was enough at any moment to bring a snarling pair face to face. Presently the in-evitable suggestion was brought forth.

keep back the protest that sprang to his lips. "For clod's sake!" he cried, his lips. "For clod's sake!" he cried "What the hell is it to you, cook? he cried. cried Joe, curiously. There was old bad blood between these two. Perhaps because they were of the same age. Big Jack was bursar and commis-sary of the expedition. He smiled and gave his mouth a preliminary wipe. "Well, I think we might stand one bottle, ' he said.

Sam shrugged and held his tongue. Jack returned with one of the precious bottles they had contrived to

men scowled and looked on the floor. The same thought was in every mind. An impossible situation con-fronted them. How could anyone hope to prevail against the other three:

"Look here, you men," said Jack at last. "I've got a scheme. I'm a good Have you got the nerve to sport. match me?'

"What are you getting at?" demanded Husky. Jack put his hand in his pocket.

"This shack ain't big enough to hold the four of us," he said, meaningly. "Three has got to get out. I've got a pair of dice here. Three rounds, see? The low man to drop out on each round. The winner to keep the shack, and the other three camp on the shore. What do you say to it?"

CHAPTER V.

"The three stared at Big Jack in a dead silence while the underlying sig-

Join the Whole-Wheat Club for food conservation -substitute whole wheat foods for meat. More real body-building nutriment for less money. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is 100 per cent. whole wheat in a digestible form. Nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with milk or cream and sliced peaches, bananas or



WAK MENUS

HOW TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT. ISSUED FROM THE

OFFICE OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER FOR CANADA.

MENU FOR SUNDAY. -Breakfast-

Fresh Fruit Oatmeal Porridg Marmalade Teas Tea or Coffee Milk Suga -Dinner-

Tomato Catsup Green Beans Cold Roast Veal Mashed Potatoes Bread and Butter Oatmeal Cookies Jelly -Supper-

Tomato Salad Bread and Butter Fruit in Season Cake Tea Milk Sugar

IOW TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT. ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER FOR CANADA.

MENU FOR MONDAY. -Breakfast-

Oatmeal Porridge Milk Sug Eggs (soft Cooked) Marmalade Toast Butter Tea or Coff Sugar Tea or Coffee --Dinner---

Beef Stew Potatoes r Stew Potatoes Carre Bread Bakes s ea Milk ar —Supper (or Lunch) — am of Tomato Soun Carrots Tea

Cream of Tomato Soup Graham Biscuits Apple Sauce Oatcakes Tea Milk Sugar

The recipes for Graham Biscuits and Cream of Tomato Soup, mentioned above, are as follows: Graham Biscuits-

1 quart of skim milk.

1/2 pint tomato juice (made by stew-ing ripe tomatoes and pressing through a sieve).

4 teaspoon of soda. 2 tablespoons of flour. tablespoons of butter.

says: "A man engaged in business in one

of the trades or professions is strong and healthy, and his earnings are adequate to meet the needs of himself and family and lay a little by to combat the proverbial rainy day.

"In trying to make a good appear ance among his friends he lives up to his income, sells the birthright of his family for a mess of pottage in order to gratify his vanity or procrastinating habits. He is strong, and the future seems a long way off.

"Eventually on account of accident or disease he leaves the scene of action, and his wife and a number of ac-small children must face the gloomy days of the future unassisted by a bank account or life insurance policy simply because he failed to to be simply because he failed to to look

'Another man has a mortgage upon his property, and he soliloquizes in this manner: 'I shall meet the interest and next year begin paying off the mort-gage.' The years pass, the mortgage is foreclosed, and he realizes when too late that he failed to look ahead.

"Still another man lived upon the principal of his physical bank account. failed to bank energy and conserve hea h in the form of proper physical exercise and careful hygienic living, and exacting nature foreclosed by striking her victim with apoplexy."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS IN THE HOME

Mrs. Eugene Vaillancourt, St. Mathieu, Que, writes: "My baby suffered greatly from constipation, so I began using Baby's Own Tablets. I was surusing hany's Own Tablets. I was sur-prised with the prompt relief they gave him, and now I always keep them in the house." Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she always keeps a supply on hand for the first trial convinces her there is nothing to equal them in keeping her little ones well. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail Salt and pepper to taste, and little liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Wil

Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young, and en countered some of the vicissitudes of life like many another genius.

Once when travelling he put up at an inn and remained there, unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case, and his requests for a settlement grew, more and more pressing. Finally young Raphael in desperation resorted to the following device:

He carefully painted upon a table top in his room a number of gold coins, and, placing the table in a cer-tain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings and sum moned his host. "There," he exclaimed, with a lordly

wave of his hand toward the table, "is to settle my bill and more. enough Now kindly show the way to the door.'

The innkeeper, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered the fraud knew no bounds until a wealthy English trav-eller, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him \$50 for the table.—Stray Stories.

The Gordian Knot.

As the old legend goes, the father of Greek King Midas, once King of Phrygia, was originally a poor Phrygia, was originally a poor pea-sant. The people of Phrygia being much disturbed, an oracle had inform-ed them that a wagon would bring them a king who would put an end to all their troubles. Not long after this saying, Gordius (Midas' father) sud-denly arrived in the midet of a page saying, Gordius (Midde' Tatner) sud-denly arrived in the midst of an as-sembly of the people, riding in his wagon. At once, to the great surprise of Gordius, they made him king. In his gratitude Gordius dedicated the wagon to the god Zeus, and it was placed in the acropolis at Gordium. The pole of the wagon was tied to the yoke by a knot of bark, and a second oracle declared that whoever untied that knot should reign over all Asia. It was Alexander who untied the knot with his sword, thus assuming himself to be the man referred to by the oracle .-- Brooklyn "Eagle."