The Easton Star.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor. Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Mechanics and News.

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Having just received a new and fine hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

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Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

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POETRY VEGETATOR

CAPTIVATING THE PRESIDENT.

Miss Lucy Buck, a young lady of Buck Royal, Virginia, recently wrote to President Cleveland, asking him for a silk necktie for a crazy quilt, to be made and sold for the benefit of the poor. In reply she received an autograph letter from the President, enclosing an elegant tie. Miss Buck's letter was charmingly written in verse. It is as follows:

My dear Mr. Cleveland, I know it a shame
To bother you now, but I'm not to blame
At least not so much for Jack is the one
Who first put me up to the thing I have done;
He told me last night if I'd make for the fair
A crazy patch quilt and put in a square
Of something that Cleveland had worn, he would buy
The thing for himself, no matter how high.
The price I must set—and so don't you see
If I manage this plan, how nice it would be?
Jack gives a nice sum toward our fair for the poor,
Receiving instead what he values far more.
And then when I marry dear Jack it is plain,
I will own both the quilt and memento again;
Now, dear Mr. Cleveland, please won't you just ask
Your sister to send me, 'tis not much of a task,
An old silken necktie, or handkerchief say,
Some fragment of what you have worn a day,
To lend to my handiwork dignity due?
And then may the fairs most kindly help you
To piece at the patch-work you've taken in hand,
Its intricate patterns at once small and grand.
May each square that's fashioned with infinite art
Glow with the truth's tint and wisdom impart,
Till the National crazy-patch, crazy no more,
Grows into symmetry ne'er known before.
And still something better I wish you may win,
Some true earnest woman, who, through thick and thin,
Will follow your fortunes as I'll follow Jack's.
Now not any further your patience to tax,
I will close, just adding this P. S. to say
That if your secretary be out of the way
Or too much engaged this petition to read
Because it is small, just tell him to heed
This admonition—it never is wise
The day of small things to neglect or despise;
For some time, perhaps in years not remote,
We women may have the legal right to vote,
Then if he wished to be President, he
Might have some aid from e'en poor little me.
"Verbum sat" is the one—Adieu—may you be
As happy as good, prays your friend Lucy B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Hero in Disguise.

I was coming home from Cuba in the winter of 1875. We had delightful weather the first three days out, and every passenger was on deck, so I had a good chance to observe my fellow passengers and study their eccentricities, a recreation in which I frequently indulge when traveling.

There was a bluff old fellow of sixty-five aboard who was like Jeptha, in that he had one fair daughter. He had formerly been a shipmaster, and was as dictatorial and domineering as if he were still on the deck of his own ship instead of a passenger on a Havana steamer. As he was reputed to be wealthy, many of the rude things he said and did were passed over in silence by the majority of the passengers, who cultivated his acquaintance assiduously. His beautiful girl, about twenty years old, seemed utterly devoted to her father.

Of the other passengers the one who most attracted my attention was a young man of about twenty-five or twenty-six, who, had the term been invented then, would have been set down as a confirmed "dude." He was a little too picturesque in his dress however, for a genuine dude, and the first day out of Havana was languidly beautiful in a white flannel suit and a blue neck-tie, in the latter of which blazed a scarf-pin that might have been rubies and might have been imitation. After that he dressed more quietly, but always elegantly. He had light hair and mild blue eyes, a rather English face and slender figure.

This young man seemed to be always tired. It seemed to be almost too much of an effort for him to walk to the smoking-room, after meals, for a cigar. He always ordered the best wine they afforded at his dinner, (though I will do him the justice to say that he drank very little) and threw his money around as freely in "tips" to the waiters and in other ways, as if he had millions at his back, whereas rumor said that he had not a penny.

To make a long story short, he was a newspaper reporter who had been sent down to Cuba as correspondent of the paper with which he was connected and was now on his way home to New York. While in Cuba, he had met the old man with his beautiful daughter, and fallen violently in love with her. She had reciprocated, but, alas, the father had conceived a most violent dislike for the young man, and was taking his daughter home, partly to get her out of the way of her suitor.

The name of the young man, was Roderick Leighton; the old man bore the not uncommon name of Smith, and his daughter's name was Mary.

Here, said I to myself, are the materials for a romance. I will watch the developments.

Mr. Smith made no concealment of his disgust at finding himself and daughter fellow-passengers with the very man he wished to keep his daughter away from.

The young lady was devoted to Roderick Leighton, and I was the witness of several stolen meeting which the lovers had together on the moon-lit decks of the steamer while Mr. Smith was comfortably smoking his cigar, and talking politics in the smoking-room.

We left behind the summer weather of the southern seas, and it grew stormy and cold. Finally we approached that region where the storms always hover off Hatteras. The day before we passed Hatteras had a terrible one. The wind blew a gale from the northeast, and the great waves came thundering at the ship as if they were determined to drive her under. Sometimes a solid wall of water came in upon and flooded the decks, and at other times clouds of spray were seen flying over the vessel. She was pitched and tossed about terribly, and all hands were ordered to their state-rooms, suffering from sea-sickness.

When the storm commenced, I promised myself considerable amusement. Young Leighton, thought I, will be very sea-sick, and probably very much frightened, and a lover and a dandy, under such circumstances, cannot fail to be supremely ridiculous. Imagine my astonishment when, instead of doing as I had planned he would, the young man appeared on deck with a yachting cap pulled firmly down on his head, a thick sailing jacket buttoned to his chin, and his feet incased in a pair of thick sea-boots. All his languor had vanished. Color came into his cheek and fire into eyes, and he moved about the decks with the air of a man who had spent his life on the ocean. In short, he was completely transformed.

As Mr. Smith and I were making our way towards the smoking-room after dinner we passed Leighton, and I saw him look after his would-be son-in-law with an expression of surprise.

"Why, confound it," said he, "that young dandy is masquerading as a sailor, is he? He'll do more than look it before he can make me believe he knows a sheet anchor from the topsail."

The next morning we were off Hatteras. The storm had somewhat abated, but a tremendous sea was still running and the wind blew stiffly. At two o'clock in the afternoon a schooner was sighted about points on the starboard bow. She was hove to under double-reefed foresail and jib and had her ensign flying union down as a signal of distress. We bore away for her, and when near enough our captain hailed and asked what was wanted.

We learned that the distressed schooner was the Fleetwing, from New York for Savannah, with a load of cement. She had her mainsail blown away, was strained and leaking badly. For two days the crew had been without water and the provisions were beginning to run low. The schooner's boats had been stove or washed overboard, and the crew begged to be taken off.

The captain of the steamship immediately ordered a boat to be lowered away and manned. The first officer took command of it and started on his mission of mercy. Every passenger who could get on deck crowded to the rail, and breathlessly watched the boat battling with the heavy seas. Time and time again it seemed as if she would be swamped, but she rode the wave gallantly, and the sailors rowed with a will in the direction of the disabled vessel. But it was next to impossible to get alongside the schooner in safety in such a sea as was running.

After a while the boat returned, without reaching the schooner. A great wave had broken two of the oars and dashed the first officer against the side of the boat, breaking his arm. Another boat was immediately sent off, in charge of the second officer, but, after a long and hard struggle, that, too, returned, without accomplishing the rescue of the schooner's crew.

The suppressed excitement on the steamship now became intense. We could see the people on the schooner imploring us by gestures not to leave them. It was growing toward sunset. We were rapidly drifting into shoal water. Whatever was done for the relief of the schooner's crew had to be done at once.

Roderick Leighton went to the captain, who was standing on the bridge, and said:

"Captain, if you will give me a boat and a volunteer crew, I think, I can rescue the schooner's crew. I have had a great deal of experience in handling a small boat."

"Have you ever been a sailor?" asked the captain, looking at him sharply.

"Yes, sir. I have been on the water more or less ever since I was old enough to know what a boat was. Most of my experience has been as a yachtsman, I confess, but I was once a year before the mast, and hold a mate's certificate."

I found out afterwards that this was literally true. Leighton was reared in luxury, but at the age of nineteen was left penniless by the failure and death of his father, a New England manufacturer. Being fond of the sea, he shipped before the mast, got to be mate, and in that capacity made a trip around the Horn. Then he forsook the sea for journalism.

"Well," said the captain, after a minute, "try it."

Turning to the sailors, Leighton called out:

"Here, you men! Which of you will go with me to the rescue of the schooner's crew?"

Nearly every sailor on board sprang forward and said: "I will, sir."

In a few minutes he had selected a crew, a boat had been lowered and manned, and Leighton began his terrible struggle with the waves.

Among the passengers that crowed to the rail to watch the boat was Mary Smith, her face pale as the sea-foam, and her lips trembling.

As the boat pulled away from the steamer's side, Leighton looked up and saw a white face looking down at him. With as much grace as the knights of old saluted the ladies of their choice when they entered the lists for love and glory, did Roderick Leighton lift his cap and bow to the pale girl clinging to the rail.

The volunteer crew pulled with a will. Leighton steered the boat with remarkable dexterity, and slowly but surely it approached the distressed schooner. Now the boat would be poised on the top of a foam-crested wave, now lost from sight in a dark hollow of the sea. Sometimes a wave would break over the boat, hiding it in a smother of foam and a cloud of spray. Time and time again we thought the boat was capsized, but each time it came to view again, and then we could see Leighton, half standing, half kneeling in the stern sheets grasping the tiller with a grip of iron and carefully watching the waves that threatened the boat towards him. After a while—it seemed ages to us—the boat was as near the schooner as it was safe to get in the heavy sea then running, and a sailor stood up in the bow and began to throw life-buoys to the men on the vessel. Some went wide of the mark, but others reached the decks of the schooner. As soon as a life-buoy had got aboard the vessel, some one of the crew tied it on and plunged into the sea, when he was picked up by the boat.

There were twelve men on the schooner, and finally they were all safely aboard the rescuing boat, which started on its return trip to the steamer. Before it had accomplished half the distance however, a mass of fleet-crest swooping down and hid it from view. The steam-whistle was blown at short intervals to guide the boat, and we all waited in breathless anxiety for its appearance above the waves. Darkness was coming on rapidly, adding to the perils of the situation. Suddenly we heard a shout, and there was the boat, only a few yards away, with the rescued sailors and the gallant band of rescuers safe on board. We were safe on the deck of the steamer, which immediately started seaward, in order to get a safe offing.

When Roderick Leighton stepped on deck, after his return with the schooner's crew, it was impossible to realize that he was the same languid young man who had lolled about the steamer like a debilitated dandy, and spent two hours each day at his toilet. There he was, bluff and hearty, every inch a sailor and a hero. His face was encrusted with salt caught from the flying spray, and there were little drops of blood here and there, where the fierce driving sleet had cut the skin. The first person to grasp his hand as he stepped on deck was old Mr. Smith.

"Young man," said he, "you are made of different stuff from what I thought. I guess we can fix things up to suit you and Mary, after all."

A month after my arrival in New York, I read in a daily paper an announcement of the marriage of Mary Smith and Roderick Leighton.

THE LOST SNUFF-BOX.

It is said that Marshal Wade had a great passion for gaming, which often led him into places where the company was not so highly respectable as it might.

On one occasion he joined a party of men who were playing with dice. As the game proceeded the Marshal became excited, and was lost to everything but the rattle of the dice-box. In his abstraction he pulled out a valuable gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, and passed it round the company.

On its return he placed it in a different pocket to the one from which he had at first taken it, and he was so absorbed in the play as to be quite unconscious of the action, nor was it observed by any one else in the company. After a while he felt in the pocket which usually held his snuff-box, and not finding it there declared that it had not been returned to him, and that some one present had purloined it.

Placing his back against the door, he said no man should leave the room until his snuff-box was found. A general search proved futile; then it was proposed that every one should empty his pockets in presence of the rest, which, after some laughing was agreed to.

A stranger sat next to the Marshal, he was dressed as an officer, but so shabbily that suspicion fell upon him at once, and it was proposed to search him first. He resisted, saying:

"I know the Marshal well, and am prepared to give him my name. Upon the honor of a soldier I know nothing of the snuff-box; that ought to be enough. No man or number of men shall compel me to be searched. Let the man who doubts my honor follow me into the next room, and there I will defend my honor or perish."

The Marshal was preparing to leave the room when, on feeling for his sword, he discovered lost the snuff-box in a side pocket. He apologized to the shabbily dressed officer by offering his hand and saying:

"Sir, in the presence of this company I beg your pardon; if you grant it, take breakfast with me tomorrow, and hereafter rank me as your friend."

The poor officer, with his threadbare clothes clean and well brushed, kept the appointment. The Marshal asked him as to his shabby appearance, and why he refused to be searched.

"Well," said the officer, "you must know a little of my history. I am an officer in the army, but only on half-pay. For years I have been the sole support of an invalid sister, whom I love more than my own life. For three weeks past I have lived upon bread and water in order that my scanty means might go to her support. Yesterday I was reduced to my last shilling, and I knew not what to do until my pay should again become due. In the morning I called upon a friend, a former brother officer, intending to acquaint him with my present circumstances; but my heart failed me, and I concealed my true position from him. He asked me to have dinner with him and I consented; but I was all the time wishing that my poor sister could have a little of the dainties set before us. Just at that moment an opportunity seemed to favor my wishes. My friend was called away from the table, and in his absence I took up the leg and wing of a fowl from my plate, wrapped them in a piece of paper, and stuffed them into my pocket. When he returned he remarked that he was glad he had not waited, at which I smiled. On my way home I passed a gaming house, and the thought was suggested to me that my last shilling might by a stroke of good luck be made into many shillings. It was my first venture into such a place, and it will be the last. Well, sir, you know the rest. When the idea of searching was suggested, the thought of the piece of fowl being in my pocket was more terrible than that of fighting all the room round."

At the conclusion of the poor officer's story, glittering drops might have been discovered in the Marshal's eyes as bright as his own diamonds, and from that time forth the brother and sister found a lifelong friend, through whose kind aid the sister's table and the brother's pockets were ever well and bountifully supplied.

A Beautiful Woman.

A woman with pleasant smile, clear skin, bright eye, generous expression, elastic step, hearty hand shake and courteous welcome. Such a woman is not the victim of debility, languor, or dyspepsia. She has overcome these pests by using Brown's Iron Bitters, the world's great tonic. Miss Mattie Bogan, South Parsonfield, Me., says, "After using Brown's Iron Bitters for weakness and lack of appetite and energy, I felt like another person."

That was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of sense either, who remarked, when her girls were making fun of her short skirts, and affected too much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a Main street early resident, "If you only pull your dresses down your neck, where they ought to be, they'll be as short as mine!" She was not worried any more that evening.

CALEB WEEKS' JOKE.

The Tom Called up an Old Acquaintance on the Jamaica Plank Road.

Mr. Charles Gayler, sat at a table in the Hoffman House, on Monday evening, recounting on the merits of canvasbacks late in the season. John McBride Davidson sat down at the next table. A companion began to recount some of Davidson's pranks in the days when Harry Felter was alive. Everybody roared, and Gayler shook his leonine head until it looked like a halo of silver around the face of the setting sun. "The greatest practical joker I ever knew," said Gayler, lighting a Cabaño, "was Cale Week's. He was a publican and a humorist. Every old New Yorker knew him. He kept a tavern years and years ago out on the old Jamaica plank road. He spared neither age nor sex, acquaintance nor stranger. He was always on the lookout for retaliation, and few were able to play a 'return match' against him successfully. Once in his life, however, he was fairly caught.

He had been roistering in New York and brought up at Frank Monteverde's, a noted place of social resort in Vesey street. Drinks were abundant, stories plentiful, and jokes numerous. Col. Bill Porter of the Spirit, Phil Anthon, Jim Otts, Lewis Gaylord Clarke and others of that ilk were there. Toward midnight an old acquaintance staggered in, and it was not long before Cale had badly sold him and mulcted him in sundry rounds. As he went out he said:—"All right, Cale. You got the best of me to-night, old boy, but I'll get even, and you can gamble on it."

Cale secured a room at the Astor House that night, renewed the fun on the next day, and did not leave for his roistering hotel till the second afternoon. He was a married man. His residence was a pretty cottage, which stood about a hundred yards back from the Jamaica plank road, near his tavern. His wife was a middle-aged lady and a notable housekeeper. There was not a speck of dust to be seen anywhere, the parlor blinds were always down to keep out the light, and the old fashioned furniture stood prim and polished against the walls. The lady always had a broom in one hand, a duster or a brush in the other, and she was rarely seen without a bib check apron and a handkerchief around her head, turban fashion, to keep the dust from her hair. Cale bossed the tavern, but she bossed the house and Cale, too, whenever Cale was in it. Cale never tried any of his jokes on her.

Just after dinner time the second day after Cale played the joke on his friend at Frank Monteverde's, the friend drove under the shed of the inn. After taking a drink he sauntered out and strolled down the road. He opened a gate and moved up the path leading to the cottage. Mounting the steps, he seized the brass knocker, which shone like gold, and gave a loud rat-a-tat-tat. The door was opened, and a middle-aged lady with a broom in one hand, a duster in the other, and a handkerchief around her head, appeared.

"Is Mr. Weeks in?" the stranger inquired.

"No, he isn't," was the reply, "and I don't know where he is—somewhere in New York, I guess. He hain't been home in two nights."

"I called to collect a little bill."

"Well, you'll have to see him," she replied. "What is it?"

"A bill for some jewelry—a gold watch and chain and a diamond ring."

"What? Gold watch and——"

"Can I see Mrs. Weeks?" he asked in the most innocent manner, interupting the burst of eloquence emanating from the lady.

"See Mrs. Weeks;" she exclaimed, betraying considerable nervousness. "To be sure you can if you hain't blind, I'm Mrs. Weeks."

"Oh, excuse me ma'am, There must some mistake. I mean young Mrs. Weeks—Mr. Caleb Weeks' wife."

"I'm the only Mrs. Weeks there is. "I'm Caleb Week's wife, and I'm not as old as Methusalem either."

"Of course I don't doubt your word, ma'am, but there must be some mistake. Really, I——"

"I tell you there ain't no mistake. How could there be?"

"Well, you see—you'll excuse me. I hope—but the lady to whom Mr. Weeks introduced me as Mrs. Weeks, and for whom he purchased the jewelry was certainly not you."

Broom and duster fell to the floor, and both the lady's hands rested upon her hips as with her arms akimbo she exclaimed:

"What! not me? Another woman—and he bought her a watch and a chain and a diamond ring?"

"Yes, ma'am, and here's the bill—$225."

"What! Two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and I, his true, his lawful, plain' wife, hev been a beggin' and a prayin' for a new black silk dress for mor'n two years! When did he buy 'em?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Day before yesterday, and he hain't been home since, the villain! What kind of a lookin' woman was this young Mrs. Weeks?"

"Well, I should say she was not over 20, and very handsome, fine figure, light blond hair, deep blue eyes, a small mouth, and very white teeth. She was elegantly dressed. He wanted to give her another ring besides, but she wouldn't take it. She said she'd rather have an otter-skin sacque."

"An otter-skin sack! Oh, I'll sack him and her too, if I ever get hold on her! This villain, to leave his poor wife here doin' sweepin', toilin', from daylight till dark to save a penny, and he goes and spends $225 on jewelry, and the Lord only knows how much for sartin-sure sack! Wait till I see the woman but him takes kind. Did he give her her check apron."

The man apologized for having unwittingly caused her so much pain, and promising to see Mr. Weeks on his return from the city, withdrew, leaving Mrs. W. on the verge of hysterics. He strolled back to the tavern, where taking a seat on the porch, he quietly awaited results. In half an hour Cale was seen driving quietly down the road seated in his light wagon and carelessly flickering the flies from his horse. "Hello, old man!" he sang out jumping from his wagon. "Where did you come?"

"Oh, only a little while ago. I'm going to Islip," his good friend replied.

"Be, eh? Come in and have something. They had it."

"Had a good time in the city?" his friend asked.

"A good time ain't no name for it," Cale replied. "Just made things fly. But I feel dreadful sleepy. Spect the old woman's as mad as a hornet. I'll go up to the house and make things all right with her and take a nap. Not much doing today. Be at the tavern to-morrow?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Well, good-by. I say, you ain't said about the little row at Frank's night before last, be you? No, I thought not, 'cause it's a joke, you know. Every fellow ought to be able to take a joke. Well, see you soon, now," and Cale took his way homeward.

His friend stood on the porch watching him as he went through the gate and up the path. When he reached the cottage, Cale disappeared behind the side of the the house, and entered it by the back way. All was serene for some moments. Then the shrill sound of an irate woman's voice was heard in his ear upon the summer breeze, and in a few moments the front door flew open and Cale, apparent bareheaded, his coat split up the back, and a wild, mazed expression upon his face. Close in his rear loomed the form of Mrs. Weeks with her broom. She was whacking him upon his head as he leaped down the steps. He fled down the path, burst open the gate and reached the tavern porch breathless and completely broken up as he flung himself into a chair.

"What's the matter, Cale?" his kind friend inquired, "What has happened?"

Cale looked at him without uttering a word. At last he gained breath enough to say: "It was you, you cussed scoundrel! I'll knock blue blazes out of you!"

"What do you mean, Cale?" "What have I done?"

"What have you done? Curse you! You have set the old woman wild. She swears she'll get a divorce and leave. The property's all in her name, and you've raised the devil. That's what you've done, with your lies and your jewelry bill."

"I" was the innocent interrogation.

"Yes, you. The old woman described you."

"Don't get mad, Cale. It was only a joke."

"Joke be hanged! You've busted up the cottage, you've busted up the tavern. I'll murder you!"

"But you know, Cale, every fellow ought to be able to take a joke."

"Oh, that be darned! This ain't no joke. It's downright murder. You'll have to make it right. Come with me, and see the old woman and explain things. If you don't, I'll never dare to face her again."

"I'll do it on one condition," said the friend.

"What is it?" Cale asked.

"That you acknowledge yourself beat, and put up a basket for the boys."

"I'll do it," Cale replied. "But I say Charley, for the Lord's sake, don't tell the boys. If you do, they'll chaff me to death."

"Oh, certainly, not a word."

"Well, then, come on, you scoundrel, and make it all right with the old woman."

She was hard to convince, and still harder to appease; but at last peace reigned, and Cale produced the wine the next day. Somehow the story got out, however, and for months afterward any thirsty friend had only to mention young Mrs. Weeks to Cale to be asked to have a drink.

A New Boy.

The German school teacher is very poorly paid for his wearisome work of imparting wisdom to his pupils, if many of his pupils are like the one described in the following dialogue.

The boy found it difficult to understand simple arithmetic:

Teacher—"Suppose, Fritz, you have a stocking on one foot, and you put another stocking on the other foot."

Fritz—"I never wear no stockings."

Teacher—"Suppose your father has one pig in a pen, and he buys another pig, and puts it in the pen, how many pigs will there be in the pen?"

Fritz—"Dad don't keep no pigs."

The teacher blew a heavy sigh from his chiseled lips, wiped the perspiration from his scholastic brow, and went at it again with renewed courage.

"Suppose, Fritz, you have one jacket, and at Christmas your father makes you a present of another jacket, how many jackets will you have then?"

Fritz—"He ain't that kind of a father. He never give me nothin' for Christmas."

"Suppose your mother gives you one apple, and you have one already, what will you have then?"

Fritz—"Stomachache. Our apples are cookin' apples."

The teacher was not the man to be discouraged by trifles. He began to suspect that Fritz was not well up in arithmetic, but he resolved to make one more effort, so he said:

"Fritz, if a poor little beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more cake, how many will he have?"

Fritz—"I dunno, I eat my own cakes."

Then the teacher told the children to go out and play.

Everlasting Shoes.

A nobleman of Gascony (for all Gascons are noblemen) complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the humble shoemaker asked him of what stuff his lordship should like to have them made?

"Make the vamp," said he, "of the throat of a chorister, the quarter, of the skin of a wolf's back, and the sole of a woman's tongue."

The astonished Crispin made bold with a second question in the shape of a timid and hesitating "but why?"

"Why, you blockhead," replied the nobleman, "the first never admits water; the second, because it never bends on either side; and the last, because, although always in motion, it never wears out."

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