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The Fountain of Life.

The Fountain of Life! It sparkles,
Its diamond jets on high,
Till its waters, clear and pearly,
Reflect on the azure sky.

The Greybeard sits and watches
His treasures with jealous care,
Watches and waits for visitors—
Visitors pure and rare.

For he who would drink of the fountain
Must pass the portal of bliss;
Its passage is rock and craggy,
Surrounded by precipice.

And he who would drink of its water
That sparkles so clear and high
Must live the life of the righteous,
For the righteous never die.

—*Philadelphia Call.*

JOAB'S RUSE.

It was a bleak, bitterly-cold December night. The frozen boughs of the buttonball-tree rattled in the keen blast. The ground was tight-fettered in a cruel black frost.

Now and then the sickly moon struggled through the bars of cloud, illuminating the dreary landscape for an instant, and then, as if discouraged, vanished once again into the black, vaporous masses.

Joab Millson sat before the fire, looking into its blazing heart. A feeble candle burned on the table, but otherwise the farmhouse kitchen was quite dark.

There was a tall, wooden clock in one corner, garlanded with the bitter-sweet berries which had not yet lost their autumn splendor, and a monster Jerusalem cherry tree, studded with tiny scarlet globes, occupied the window.

And honest Joab had just laid aside the last week's paper, with his spectacle-case on top of it, as his wife came down stairs.

He looked up.

"Well," said he, "how is she?"

"She's dead!" said Mrs. Millson.

"Dear, dear!" said the kind-hearted old farmer. "Dead, is she? And poor little Iris—what is to become of her?"

"I think you'd a great deal better say poor *me*," exclaimed Mrs. Millson, flouncing into a chair, in extreme irritation, "with three weeks' board unpaid and not a cent left!"

"Not a cent, eh?" repeated Mr. Millson.

"She told me a deal just before she died," said the farmer's wife. "She ran away from her friends to marry Iris' father, and he died and left her when Iris was a baby. And then her folks wouldn't have nothing more to say to her. And she has supported the child ever since, the best she could."

"Poor thing!" repeated Joab, whose heart was as gentle as his manners, were uncouth. "I might ha' knowed from the haggard look in her face that she had seen trouble."

"Three weeks' board, to say nothing of the medicines I paid for, and the doctor's bill!" said Mrs. Millson. "Folks oughtn't to be sick if they can't pay their way! It's what I call downright swindling!"

"Where is Iris?" asked Joab.

"Asleep, upstairs."

"Don't she know her mother is dead?"

"No!" snappishly retorted Mrs. Millson. "Where was the use of calling her? Ain't there trouble and confusion enough a'ready?"

"Poor dear!" said Joab, mechanically rubbing his knees "poor dear! It'll be a blow to her."

"I shall see Mr. Griggett up at the asylum, to-morrow," said Mrs. Millson. "Of course, the town will bury Mrs. Brooke."

"That's 'most a pity, ain't it, my dear?" said Joab. "She was a proud-spirited creeter, that Mrs. Brooke."

"Poor folks hain't no business to be proud," said Mrs. Millson.

"Rebecca," said the farmer insinuatingly, "couldn't we—"

"No, 'we couldn't!" sharply interrupted his wife. "We, indeed!—with that thousand dollars you owe to Munson Miner, and the mortgage on the farm eating up our means as fast as ever it can. Haven't we done enough for this woman a'ready?"

"She paid her board as long as she could," mildly expostulated Millson.

"Then she'd ought to have left off livin' when she couldn't pay her way no longer," said Mrs. Millson.

"Yes, but—"

"I've made up my mind," shortly enunciated Mrs. Millson. "This here house ain't a free charity. I shall see the selectmen to-morrow, and Mr. Griggett into the bargain. I don't suppose I'll ever get that board money, but I don't mean to throw another cent after it."

At that moment a little, shivering, white-robed figure appeared at the door—the figure of a child of ten, with auburn gold hair streaming down her back, large blue eyes, and cheeks crimsoned with grief and terror.

"Mamma!" she cried. "I dreamed that mamma called me! and they won't let me into the room. Oh, Mrs. Millson, is she dead?"

"Iris, go back to your room at once!" said Mrs. Millson sharply. "Yes, of course she's dead! What else would you expect? Go back to bed—you can't do no good!"

But the honest farmer, melted by the child's look of wild, dumb distress, opened wide his arms.

Iris Brooke flew into them, and burst into a wild tempest of sobs and tears, with her face buried on his shoulder.

"Now, what *is* the use of that?" said Mrs. Millson, impatiently. "If you was to cry a gallon measure full, you couldn't bring her back; and it's downright folly of Millson to encourage it."

"But what am I to do without mamma?" pleaded the child. Where am I to go?"

"To the asylum, to-be-sure!" promptly answered Mrs. Millson, heedless of her husband's gestures for silence. "And be thankful that the town finds so good a home as that for you. Now, Millson, you needn't be grimacing at me in that sort of a way. Facts is facts, and I'm only speaking for the child's own good!"

"I'd rather die," breathed Iris in so low a tone that only Joab Millson heard the should-ring syllables. "Oh, please don't send me there!"

The child's pathetic words served only to strengthen a resolve that was gradually forming in the farmer's kindly heart.

"Hedy," he said next morning, to his wife, "don't send to the asylum anthorities until I have been to the city. I'll see Mrs. Brooke's folks. You say you found their address among her papers?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Millson. "But she told me herself they wouldn't have nothing to say to her since she married against their will. Where's the use of spending time and money to—"

"Death is a wonderful softener," said Joab. "I shouldn't be surprised if they'd be willin' to do something for the little gal, arter all. Anyhow it's worth trying for."

His expedition, however, proved utterly fruitless. Mrs. Brooke's relatives,—a sour-faced old maid and a flinty-hearted ship-broker—were inexorable.

"She made her own bed," said one, "Now let her lie upon it."

"I warned her just how things would turn out," said the other. "I told her I washed my hands of her and her concerns. And I am not one to go back from my word. What's that you say? The little girl is not to blame? I am not chopping logic with you, my good man. I am simply stating my determination to have nothing to do with either Charles Brooke's wife or daughter. Good morning."

Joab Millson came back home with his mind made up.

"Which is worse," said he to himself "to tell a little white 'a'pious fraud,' the elder would call it, I 'spose—or to be a s'lfish brute. One thing's sartin' I am goin' to let little Iris be sent to any a'sylum! And Rebecca's one o' them women as has got to be managed.

"Well," Mrs. Millson said, as he got out of the old box wagon that had been sent to the depot to meet him, "What did they say?"

"Well," said Joab, with a little twist of his features, "it ain't convenient for them to receive Iris just now. But we are to keep her."

"On what terms?" said Mrs. Millson crisply.

"Six dollars a week," declared Joab, inventing as he went on.

"That ain't unreasonable," said Mrs. Millson, complacently. "But about her clothes and schooling?"

"Oh, we're to supply all that, and they'll pay us!"

"They give me money to pay for it," said Joab, who had stopped at the bank on his way back and drawn out all his little floating balance of cash.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Millson, with a gratified look. "I wish we'd thought of applying to them before. They seem inclined to do the right thing."

Joab screwed his face into worse contortions than ever, the minute his wife's back was turned.

"I s'pose I'm a mis'alde sinner," he thought. "But there! What's a fellow to do, with Iris' big, mournful eyes looking up into mine? I've lied like a trooper; but I declare to gracious, I'd do the same thing over again to keep little Iris out of the asylum."

And looking toward the child, he said, aloud:

"You'd rather stay with us, Iris, wouldn't you?"

Iris nestled fondly up to his side.

"You are good to me," said she. "But I would starve sooner than go to those people who neglected my poor mother in her worst need."

So Iris Brooke grew up, wild, lovely, untrained as her beautiful namesake along the river shores.

And Mrs. Millson looked out as sharp as ever for the main chance; and honest Joab, discouraged by poor crops, haunted by persistent creditors, and perpetually puzzled to keep up the mystery of Iris semi-annual allowance, scarcely knew which way to turn.

But there never yet was a secret so profound that a woman will not find it out. And one unlucky day, Joab was driven by dire necessity to confess all to his wife. The bank money was gone—the mortgage was to be foreclosed—debts gathered darkly around them—and the whole conspiracy came out at last, in its full enormity.

"Do—you—mean," said Mrs. Millson with ominous distinctness, "that all these years you have been supporting Iris Brooke out of your own money, and paying for her schooling? And buying her gowns and bonnets for her, which were a deal too nice for her station in life?"

"Don't speak so harsh, Becky," said the poor man, faintly. "There was no one else to do it but me. She has been a real comfort to us, you know, and—"

"A costly comfort!" Mrs. Millson "But it shan't go on another moment. Oh, how I have been deceived!"

"Don't tell her, Rebecca," falters Joab. "It ain't her fault. She never suspected it."

"It's any one's fault to be living on charity," shrilly uttered the old woman. "And us without a cent, and homeless. How are we to live, do you suppose."

"The Lord will provide," said Joab, feebly.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Millson. "You've done all this to keep her out of the poorhouse. Now, who is to keep you and me off the town, I'd like to know?"

Just then the door opened. Iris Brooke herself came in, out of the breezy, golden November atmosphere, with an open letter in her hand.

"Oh, father! oh, mother!" she cried radiantly, "the day of magic transformation is not over yet. I am not Iris Brooke any more: I am a good fairy, and I have brought you money, wealth, ease and rest, in your old days. Look! it's a letter from a lawyer in New York. Uncle Seaford is dead and he tore up his last will, the week before he died, and never made a new one. And I am his heiress. Oh, what shall I ever do with fifty thousand dollars, mother—dearest, best of friends—but to give it to you, who befriended me when I was alone and friendless?"

And sobbing with joy, she flung the letter into Joab Millson's lap, and knelt down beside him, covering his brown hand with kisses.

The old man looked exultingly at his wife.

"Didn't I tell you," said he, "that the Lord would provide?"

So the matter settled itself; and the declining years of the old couple were brightened by the love and devotion of Iris Brooke. And then, and not until then, did Joab disclose to her the systematic deception he had practised for so many years.

She looked at him with large luminous eyes.

"Dear father," said she, "I can't love you any more than I did before; but if I could—"

And the tears ended her sentence in a torrent of mute eloquence.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

For Newspaper Writers.

The following version of the "Contributor's Ten Commandments" is taken from a Swedish paper:

1. If you wish to send a communication to a paper, do it at once. What is new at this moment is no longer so to-morrow.

2. Be concise in your statement, for thereby you save your own time and that of the reader. Explanations, not words; facts, but no reflections on them.

3. Be simple, write distinctly, do not talk about to-day or yesterday, but give the name of the day or the date.

4. Begin frequently a new line, which gladdens the compositor. Write short sentences, for the benefit of the reader. Use many stops and commas, and do not forget to put them in.

5. Do not correct single letters or numbers, but cross the whole word out when a correction is wanted.

6 First and foremost, write only on one side of the paper. A hundred lines on one side can be cut into ten pieces, and set up by several compositors in ten minutes. If written on both sides, only one compositor can arrange it, which will take some hours.

7. A MS. paper which takes some hours in getting into type, is in danger of not being printed the first day, and is passed over until the next day.

8. What is kept until the next day is no longer new, and may not get in. Each day has its own trouble; yesterday is always in the wrong.

9. Put your name and address on the back of your copy.

10. Above all, speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. If you talk about yourself, use the third person, say what you have to say without false modesty, but also without conceit.

AMBER

What It Is and Where Found—The Uses to Which It Is Put.

A gentleman well acquainted with the curious substance known as amber, said to a Philadelphia *Times* reporter: "In olden times amber was much more esteemed than gold. Its nature was known then, and two thousand years ago, Pliny told them it was fossil rosin of an extinct conifer, *succinum platten*. It is found in many countries, but the greatest deposits have been found on the shores of the Baltic, where many thousand years ago a conifer forest extended from Holland over the German coast far into the adjacent countries. It was the rosin that dropped from these trees, just as we see similar deposits of gum on our spruce and other trees of to-day. As it ran down it entangled insects, caught beards in its sticky embrace, holding them fast, and finally burying them up, hardening and preserving them intact for unknown ages. One of the finest deposits is located in the Hauptvaterland, where on the Pomeranian plains the peasants take it from the surface clay, and near Brandenburg pieces weighing four pounds have been found. The peninsula of Sambland is noted for the richness of its deposits, and formerly all the amber here was claimed by the Crown, the finders being carefully watched by gendarmes and receiving one-tenth of its value."

"Are large pieces rare?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," was the reply, "both rare and costly. There is a piece weighing eighteen pounds in the Berlin museum for which $1000 was paid, and previous to this $500 was refused for a thirteen-pound lump found in Prussia. In the earliest days amber seems to have excited the cupidity of man. During the reign of Nero an expedition was sent to the Baltic coast which brought back 13,000 pounds of it, including one specimen that weighed thirteen pounds. This was nearly all obtained in the regular vein or belt that lies between Pillau and Grosz Hubenicken, on the Prussian coast. Here are regular mines for the workers of amber. They extend to a depth of 100 feet, penetrating under a stratum of sand, and then into a stratum of bituminous wood forty or fifty feet in thickness. These old trunks or remains are more or less impregnated with amber. The supply does not diminish and pieces are washed up after storms, showing that the ancient forests are now under water far out in the Baltic, and the gum being broken off during storms rises and is washed up. Such great quantities came ashore formerly that the peasants used nets to catch it and dredges were used to drag the bottom of the sea.

"The mines all along the Baltic coast yield yearly about 300,000 pounds, and some one has estimated that the amount still in the amber district is worth $1,250,000. The vast amounts taken seem incredible, yet probably since the beginning of this century 2000 tons have been quarried and for the last 3000 years over 60,000 tons have been taken from the Baltic locality, and made up into jewelry and articles of luxury. As the amber is taken from the mines it is placed in baskets and stowed away in vaults arranged according to the size and quality. In the vaults of Patcher Douglas the records can be seen of mining as early as 1500."

"Is amber found in this country?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, it occurs at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, and Camden, N. J. In the latter place, some years ago, several barrels were taken from the green sand, but burned by mistake, or rather through the ignorance of the finders. At the present day it finds its greatest value as an adjunct to the smoker's outfit, but in olden times it was considered a jewel and worn as such. In an Irish tumulus a cup of amber has been found that would hold a half pint. The Czar of of Russia possesses a tea set cut from amber blocks that are probably worth much more then treble their weight in gold.

"For commercial purposes the raw material is separated into different classes. The finest generally goes to Constantinople, there being made into mouthpieces. The next class, composed of small pieces, is made into beads. They find a lively sale abroad, but go off rather slow here. A set of amber jewelry—pin, earrings—can be bought very reasonable here, but at present there is no call for it. The low price is on account of there being no duty on it; curiously enough, it comes under the head of gum and is admitted free. For the last year nearly $50,000 worth of it was imported, showing that there is some demand for it; but, as I have said, it comes from smokers. The dealers here buy it by weight; where about two hundred and fifty pieces make a pound it is $1.50, but where four pieces go to the pound it runs up to $50 or $100, as the case may be. It has many colors. Green is most valued, though others prefer black, that matches well with colored meerschaum. The real amber yellow, however, brings the best price; the cloudy is pretty, but not so valuable.

The Icy End.

In the winter of '78, a man attempted to cross the frozen surface of the Merrimac. When about ten feet from the shore he broke through. A workman in a saw mill near by seized a plank and thrust it out to the drowning man.

Unfortunately, one end of the plank was covered with ice, and the grasp of the workman, in his excited mind, led extended to the struggling man. He caught hold of it several times and tried to pull himself out by the end of ice. But at each attempt his hand slipped and he fell back into the water. At last he cried out in the agony of terror:

"For mercy's sake don't reach me the icy end of the plank!"

A perplexed student, once went to a college professor for help in a certain study. "I am willing to help you," the professor said, with chilling courtesy, "but of course you know that my time is fully occupied, and I can't give special attention to every student. What is your difficulty?"

The student stated what had perplexed him. "Oh that's nothing," answered the professor. "You don't need my help to get out of that difficulty. Still, when you really need assistance I certainly will give it you. But you won't forget that my time is valuable."

The student bowed his thanks and departed, without receiving the help he really needed. The icy end of the plank was held out to him. From that day he bitterly, though unjustly classed all the college professors together, as cold and unsympathetic. He carried this prejudice through his college course because he had been denied a little sympathy.

A few years ago a young minister and his wife began their work in a growing western town. Their people were attentive and courteous, the salary was ample, and a new church edifice was erected. But in less than a year the minister and his wife sought a smaller church and a lower salary. A friend, surprised at the change, asked:

"What was the matter? Didn't the climate suit you?

"Perfectly."

"Well, wasn't your church harmonious?"

"Yes."

"You had a fair salary?"

"Yes, more than I get now."

"Why did you leave, then?"

"Because my wife and I were tired of living in a moral refrigerator. Every one was kind, but it was a kindness wrapped up in ice, as if they were afraid it would spoil. We had help enough, but a real sympathy."

The icy end of the plank had been extended to the minister and his wife.

A Cautious Railroad Magnate.

A New York correspondent tells this story:

"Huntington, the New York railway magnate, is a very cautious man," a Wall street operator told me recently. "He never gets left where prudence will save him. For instance, not long ago an acquaintance of mine who had been having some transactions with Huntington, went into his office and attempted to carry a certain point by persistently claiming that Mr. Huntington had said so and so during a previous conversation.

"My memory is very poor on such things," said the magnate.

"Mine is excellent; it is as fresh as if it were yesterday," remarked my acquaintance.

"The fact is, my memory is so poor I dare not trust it, and I never quote my friends in whom I have confidence," continued Mr. Huntington.

"Thank you, thank you; I know I am right!" ejaculated my now confident acquaintance, who was delightfully thinking that by this little stroke he would be a few thousands better off than if he hadn't suspected the railway man's defective memory.

"Very likely you're right—very likely," quietly said Mr. Huntington. "But William! William, bring your book, turn to Jan. 4, 1883, and see what it was I said to Mr. W."

The stenographer stepped out from behind his little screen, brought out his little book, and my friend's little game was up.

"Your memory isn't as good as you thought it was," said Huntington. "William, perhaps you had better write out what the gentleman has been saying here to day and read it to him so he won't forget it."

As Huntington grinned at this cruel sarcasm my discomfited friend suddenly remembered he had an engagement with his brother, and hastened away.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Knots get tangled worse by toying.

Kindness, performed by rule, is no kindness.

She neglects her heart who polishes her glass.

Industry is the [illegible] of honor and industry.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

To succeed it is necessary to have the air of succeeding.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

We blame others for slight things, and overlook greater in ourselves.

There are in woman's eyes two sorts of tears, the one of grief, the other of deceit.

Women are happier in their illusions than in their most agreeable experiences.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.

No action will be considered as blamed [illegible] unless the will was in it, for by the world the act was outward.

Power turns a deaf ear to the reproaches of those who are without the power of redressing their wrongs.

They who despise [illegible] themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how much [illegible] they are.

It is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad, to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.

Every man has in his own follies enough—in his own infirmities enough—in the performance of his duties sufficiency enough—in his own fortunes evils enough—without minding other people's business.

Wonderful Western Water.

We print the following story to show that the end of Western wonders has not been reached: "There is said to be a pond near Turkey Creek in Wayne County that possesses the remarkable power that the lodestone has of drawing things unto it. They say it is dangerous for people to go near the pond lest it draw them into it and swallow them up. The way the remarkable nature of the pond was first discovered, is as follows: A farmer moved to the neighborhood of the pond and soon discovered that by some means or other he could raise no stock. As fast as he turned his stock out they would mysteriously disappear never to be seen again. One day it happened that he was passing along and saw a flock of his sheep, which approached the pond to get water, one by one pass from the bank into the water, and disappear beneath its surface. It is said the trees for miles around all lean toward the pond, being influenced by its attractive power."

Live for Something.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass of the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good to the world, and men were [illegible] by their [illegible] could point to their [illegible] their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they passed—their light went out in the darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live an idle? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with you by year, and it will never be forgotten. Your words, your deeds, will be [illegible] on the hearts of those you leave behind to the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.

Gold in New South Wales.

Notwithstanding the search for gold has been carried on for thirty years in the colony of New South Wales, new deposits are continually being discovered, some of them in localities which were supposed to have been thoroughly examined. Some of the fields recently discovered promise to equal in extent and richness any discovered in the early days, while the oldest field, though apparently exhausted, so far as the miner, unaided by capital and skill is capable of exhausting them, yet contain deposits of gold which will yield a rich harvest to the skilled miner who shall bring to bear upon them appliances such as are being successfully employed elsewhere. Gold has always been found in association with certain formations, and the extent of country occupied by these is seventy thousand square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the whole area of the colony—a considerable portion of which has not been touched by the pick and hammer.

The Three Wooers.

The first came wooing [illegible]
And a tender look in his [illegible]
And the maiden listened [illegible]
'Twas the sweetest [illegible]
And her answer was [illegible]
I take the ring, and am [illegible]

The second came to the cottage door,
With the first sweet [illegible] of [illegible] years;
And the mother's [illegible]
On the little face at her glowing [illegible]
And her soul that he [illegible] to say,
"I have known no love like this [illegible]"

When came the third, with his stealthy tread,
And woo'd the young maiden dead.
With never a [illegible] word,—
Though she knew her young war-worn lover
Still,
"Take me, O Death, [illegible]
And willingly will I go with thee."

HUMOROUS.

Makes tracks—The railroad builder.

Brought down the house—The building mover.

A bad clerk is the wrong man in the write place.

Edison says it is not his "light," but his liver that is troubling him.

Josh Billings has made his success by throwing a peculiar pellet over the public.

Horse-dealer: "Why do you want to sell that pretty colt? He is not broke yet, is he?" Owner: "No; but I am."

Women never will be paid as much for lecturing as men, simply because they have done so much of it for nothing.

The High School girl heard Amy remark yesterday, "Oh, keep still, you make me tired." And she promptly informed her she should say: "Desist: you fatigue me."

"Do you believe in woman's rights?" she demanded, jabbing him in the ribs with her umbrella. "Yes," he replied, as he moved to a safe distance, "I believe in woman's funeral rites."

"Love lightens labor." "Yes, it does," is Burdette's comment; "and when you've taken a fat girl out for a sail, and the wind goes down to a dead calm, and you have six miles to row against the tide with a steering oar and a canoe paddle, 'labor lightens love,' now you bet your blisters."

A scientist has discovered that there is three cents worth of gold in every ton of sea-water. Maybe there is, but it is not thought the information will lead to the establishment of a factory or mill, to get the gold out of the sea. It would keep a man too busy, sorting over a ton of water, to find the three cents.

"I know of a woman," said the good deacon, beaming mildly through his spectacles, "who wants to be foremost in all good works, but she is so mortal slow that she never gets there till the good works are all done—she does! Why she's so slow that when she undertakes to make an omelet, the eggs spoil before she can break them into the dish." And the deacon sighed until his suspenders raised his trousers clean up to his knees.

Prepared for a Whipping.

When Rev. Dr Fisk was the presiding officer of Wilbraham seminary, there was one boy as full of mischief as a boy only can be. He tax'ed the well known elastic patience of Dr Fisk to the last degree. Finally the doctor said to him, after a capital act of misconduct. "You now! prepare yourself for a severe whipping." When the appointed time came the doctor was on hand, more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief maker. After a solemn discourse in that most melting tone of voice that no one can ever forget who has heard it, the doctor drew his rattan and laid it with considerable caution upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease, and quite unconscious of the stroke.

"Take off your coat, sir," was the next command—for the doctor was a little roused. Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect. "Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor. Off went the vest, but there was another under it. "Off with the other!" and to the astonishment of the administrator of justice, he exposed a dry codfish defending the back of the culprit like a shield; while below there was evidently stretched over other exposed portions of the body a stout leather apron.

"What does this mean?" said the doctor.

"Why," said the rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive voice, "you told me doctor, to prepare myself for punishment, and I've done the best I could."

It was out of the question to pursue the act of discipline any farther at that time. And it is doubtful whether it was resumed again.—*Christian Weekly*