A GREAT MAN.

He had a Presence, and a Manner, as the Paris critics would say. There was power of command in his deep gray eyes. His firm chin accentuated it. The dignified sweep of his abundant moustache helped to anchor one to its possessor's immovable

When this majestic figure first rose on my horizon, I was at the age when one needs something to wonder at and admire. I might have grovelled before the Constable. Or I might have burnt incense to Johnny Osgood, who has an ingrowing nail. Or I might have stood afar off and worshipped Mr. Gilweed, just back from Texas with a sombrero and a talent for lies, profanity and whiskey. Each of these exceptional creatures served to develop some boy's bump of veneration. As for me it chanced that I came under the spell of Mr. Byslop.

He was at the Samaritans' supper. So was I. The brethren warned me out of the way. The sisters led Mr. Byslop to the head of one of the long tables and offered up oyster stew, baked beans, cake, pie and coffee on the altar of his popularity. He ate and ate and ate and ate. It was a fearsome sight. While I stood in a corner and licked my lips, Mr. Byslop cleared a broad road through the tangle of platters, drained a lake of coffee and heaped a mountain of empty dishes. Then he rose, stretched himself, unbuttoned the lower half of his waistcoat and, looking around him with stern complacency, laid a twentyfive cent piece on the table.

Sister Porter who spoke. She pounced on the quarter and slipped it deftly back into his pocket, frisking and purring like a contented kitten. "We couldn't take no money from you, you know! Was it a nice supper? Jest say so, if 'twas, 'n' we'll be ever 'n' ever s' much obliged!"

Mr. Byslop bowed gravely. He went over and sat down on the pulpit steps. He was the great god of the feast and an elevated place was his by right.

I waited in the corner, doing reverence in my heart to the mighty unknown, until Sister Wiggin drifted by. She was my Sunday-school teacher and one of the few 'grown people" I ventured to be free with. I caught her sleeve and turned her face toward the pulpit.

"Who-who is that big man?" I whispered. "Him? Who? Oh, that's Mr. Byslop,"

said Sister Wiggin good-naturedly. "He writes for the papers.'

Editors are born, not made; but the best of them take a deal of making-over. While the polishing process is on, they drift into all sorts of places. One of these natural-born editors took charge of the Medville Bugle two years after the Samaritans' supper.

He was a very quiet young man-though when he was delivered of a word it was sometimes found to weigh a ton. His eyes and hands were far more active than his tongue. But all were in working order when he first encountered one of Mr. Byslop's contributions.

The result of the contact was highly disastreus.

The former editor of the Bugle had perfected a special system of dealing with letters from suburban correspondents. He merely broke the wrapper and, after a moment of silent prayer for the compositors, dropped the manuscript into the copy-box. The new editor practiced a different way. He unrolled Mr. Byslop's sheets, making fluent and forcible observations all the while. He laid his shears conveniently nigh and sharpened his pencil. Then he marked out all the personal pronouns and half a yard of the adjectives, ran his pencil across a blaring puff of Walker's Soap, threw away a page of elephantine humor and another page a comments on the state campaign and of third page of virulent abuse of the taxcollector and several more pages of nothing in particular- After all this, he pasted together a few shreds and patches and went serenely home to dinner.

Bright and early the following afternoon, Mr. Byslop appeared at the Pike's Corner post-office and demanded his paper. The assistant postmaster (he was a juvenile victim of epilepsy, who was kept in the post-office because it was barren and empty of breakables) fell behind the counter and fished it out. Mr. Byslop stalked to his Sunday!" favorite flour-barrel. Here, while the consciousness of successful authorship slowly soaked in, he was wont to sit and dilate on the idiocy of editors and printers. He glanced deliberately around at his usual audience. He opened the sheet with an air of dignified indifference and leisurely looked at the third page.

He turned his back to the light—and the leisure with the light—and the

loungers-and looked again.

Three inches of type! and he had written enough to make a column! His mind refused to grapple with the problem. He sat staring blankly—

"Lots o' news, this week?" He heard the rasping cackle of the Oldest Inhabitant, who had had weekly mention for three years in the Pike's Corner Letter. Mr. Byslop pulled himself together and stood up straight and stern.

"No," he said. "Some acc'dunt, I take it. The Bugle hasn't printed much o' my

He looked around the group as if to dare -and forbid-a guestion. Nobody spoke. He went out, and home.

It was a blow, nevertheless.

He recovered from it to some extent in the few days that followed. When the time came round he squared himself for an effort and wrote another letter. It was more than commonly brilliant. Wisdom marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla for and Wit were artfully intermingled in it; these troubles, as shown in our advertising there was a brief but striking poem at the end. He read it a second and a third time justify urging the use of this excellent medibefore he sealed the envelope, and felt strong and content. Such a paragraph would interest the minister. Such another would please Squire Bickford. The Samaritans would rejoice at this. The dramatic club would give thanks for that. Altogether the letter was a salad, a dish of mixed pickles, a medley overture, a Chinese puzzle, a crazy-quilt-anything that is comprehensive and complete.

Yet the unappreciative editor cut and carved as before, and left nothing better than a lonesome fragment!

Mr. Byslop was perceptibly crushed. PROGRESSPRIZE CARTOON All Pike's Corner sorrowed for and with him. "Doos seem 's though thet young feller d'know much 'bout editin'!" Uncle Barker told the group around the post office stove. "Ef papers ain't fer t'print what folks wants

printed, what air they fer? Hey?" Uncle Norris Dobbs unwound the red comforter from his neck and thrust his fishto fascinate attention and to hold it—as horn into his pocket, laying his mittens though each separate hair had been a cable across the top of the stove and holding his purple hands close to the open door. "Yes, brother, yes!" he said, with a sing-song intonation. "But th' Bugle wouldn't print a pome 'bout th' Second Advent, though I've took it twelve year. What does these passin' concerns of a momunt amount ter? We must be patient, brother!"

The oldest Inhabitant spat and gesticulated fiercely. Uncle Norris had seemed to include him in the passing concerns of a moment, and he wanted it understood that he was not that kind of a man.

"S'pose Byslop 'll quit writin'," said the postmaster, slowly snapping his knife-blade back and foward. "P'r'aps he'll go ter writin' fer h' Banner. What 'd become o the Bugle, then?"

Nobody ventured to guess. Uncle Norris Dobbs took his mittens off the stove and rubbed them meditatively across his nose. "We might help the brother," he chanted nasally. "We might — Haddick? Yes, Cap'n Sally, nice fresh ones, bless the Lord! Three pound? Yes'm !- Might stop takin' th' paper," he finished as he lumbered out of the door in pursuit of the bearded woman who called

The Oldest Inhabitant chuckled and choked. Uucle Barker grinned. The postmaster sat upright and nodded around the circle. "That's th' ticket!" he said. "The's 's many 's five Bugles comes t' this office. S'pose'n I send 'em all back till th' editor 'grees t' print what Byslop writes?" "Stick up fer our town, sez I," the First Selectman put in, with a wise shake

"Medville folks won't stick up fer us!" "Do it, Henery!" Uncle Barker commanded. And it was done.

When he heard of the action of the post-office council, Mr. Byslop was profoundly touched. He breathed hard, inflated his chest, and stood up so straight that he very nearly bent backward.

"They do 'preciate Brains!" he said with the mournful joy of a man who has lost his cherished grievance. "They preciate Me! I never felt so glad that I live at Pike's Corner!"

When the news came to him the editor also was deeply affected. The postmaster's letter stirred his torpid liver and improved his degenerate digestion. It did him so much good that he gratefully tacked it up in a corner of his office. Then he told the business manager of the Bugle to send the boycotters five bills for "subscription * * * * That was the end of the

The Bugle lived through all. So did Mr. Byslop. But the latter experienced certain fluctuations of feeling in the course

During the first week he was feverishly active. He attended four school "examinations," a Sunday-school concert, a special meeting of the Union Hall company, an "entertainment and supper" glven by Siloam Lodge of Good Templars, a Willing Workers' fair and several other functions of like nature. His accustomed dignity was not abated. He still demanded free entrance and the seat of honor. He made copious notes, as usual, frowning portentiously all the while. When the chairman called upon "our tarlented citizen" he pumped up "improvin' addresses" charged through and through with solemn humbug, awe-inspiring pathos and bombast. He was as great as he had ever been.

But during the second week he was invisible. He stayed at home and nursed his blighted hopes. Apparently they would not revive; and he was too proud to expose the withered things to the light of

In the third week, however, he conceived an idea. He brooded it other seven days, still housing himself. It was quite ready to be set free when Uncle Barker opportunely called.

"Ain't b'en sick, hev ye?" "No.

"Why don't ye take t' writin' fer the Banner? Ev'rybody misses them pieces o' yourn. We can't seem t' tell where we air, 'thout havin' suthin' like thet t' read

"My writin' days air over!" said Mr. Byslop with calm decision. "I hev hed a Shock. I hev learned the meanin' o' Ingraditood. Let th' papers git along s' best they may; no editor needn't look fer

"We'd oughter see ye round as ye used ter be," Uncle Barker ventured. "Ye've al'ays b'en kind of a Public Man-leadin' citizen-" his voice trailed weakly off into

Mr. Byslop inflated his chest in the old, "I'm goin' to be a Jestice o' the Peace!"

he said, with the air of one who confers a "Sho! Ye don't say! Be a bigger man

'n ever, won't ye? Be ye, though?" And he is, even at this day .- Walter L. Sawyer, in the Boston Times.

This is Meant for You.

It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought, unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum and other serious blood disorders, and whoes agonies can only be imagined. The cine by all who know that their blood is disordered. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees,

She (piqued)—I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Bland. He (eager to suggest)—Er—why not try a husband.—Ex-

they certainly mean to includ you. - Advt.

By W. H. BRAYLEY.



2. 'Tisn't a circus advance agent. 'Tis the Chief 3. 'Tisn't the conductor of a horse car. 'Tis only the captain going to dinner.
4. 'Tisn't the forests of Canada. 'Tis Main street,
North End. 5. 'Tisn't a St. John Alderman. 'Tis an old

woman.
6. 'Tisn't the army of coachmen around the I. C.
R. passenger station. 'Tis a molasses hogshead with its usual visitors.
7. 'Tisn't a black cloud, nor a white squall. 'Tisn't a black cloud, nor a white squall. simply a Bugtown vote.

8. 'Tisn't here (the paving block). 'Tis gone to kindle the winter fires of a paid official. We are like the label on the bottle—not in it.

9. 'Tisn't Progress.

A STRANGE CONFESSOR.

A great mystery surrounded the sudden death of Alexander Dale. Certain metropolitan newspapers claimed that he had committed suicide, while others contended that a murder had been perpetrated. The detectives were all at sea in the matter and refused to express an opinion.

So far as the public knew, the facts of the case were these. Alexander Dale, president of the Western Land Improvement Company, with offices in the Hollis building, New York city, had been for years a prominent and respected business fore him the outlines of his phonograph.

He had been a Hysterically he threw his arms around the member of several exclusive clubs and had kept bachelor's hall in handsome style. One morning he was found dead in bed, a dagger through his heart. The weapon was so situated that two theories regarding his demise were tenable. Either his own hand or that of a murderer had wielded the

The weakness of the position held by those who considered him a suicide lay in the fact that no motive for self-destruction seemed to exist. His financial affairs appeared to be in a flourishing condition, and no complications with the gentler sex were known to cloud his record. His fellow him for years. Together we had conclubmen testified unanimously that he had been a consistent woman-hater; that he was not prone to melancholia, and that on in the twinkling of an eye. It was my the night preceding his death he had left | brain that developed the idea of a Westtheir company in unusually high spirits.

On the other hand there was not the slightest clue to a murderer. His apart- land, would have nothing to do with imments were on the second floor of a large provement and would be a company only building on Fifth Avenue, and he was in in name. I needed a well-known man to the habit of remaining out so late at night that his incomings were never noted by the janitor who usually retired long before Dale

from the Dale case.

modern type. They both knew that the forth a doomed man. to commit the worst of all crimes.

gray hair and black moustache formed a Here the cylinder made an incoherent combination pleasing to the eye. To the sound, and the confession ceased. close observer, however, there was somethe mouth or in the eyes that this father of sense. From the moment of its arrival he Nevertheless, his was a bad face though a called "the funnygraph." When his mas-

weeks before. He laid down the Morning | greatly. Wasp and applied himself with considerable enthusiasm to an omelette spiced with chopped ham. He had been made President of the Western Land Improvement Company and had placed the affairs of that organization in such shape that he would reap most man's knowledge that he was a high-toned

him who holds the golden keys of power. turn the key. Cold, remorseless as an iceberg he had aimed at the target of wealth. He had found that between him and the bull's eye Dale. A well directed dagger had removed this obstacle-and Eugene Scranton tound himself a millionaire. "Well, what do you want?"

testily and turned toward his valet who had just entered the breakfast room.

"Beg pardon, sir," said John, "but a man is outside with a queer looking machine. He says you ordered a funny-graph sent here. I don't know what it is, but he's very positive, sir." Tell him to put it in the drawing-room,"

commanded the master. "Place it near the piano, do you hear?"

The valet left the room and Eugene Scranton reapplied himself to his breakfast, his newspapers and his self-congratu-

lay awake, tossing restlessly upon his bed. The world was treating him well, but his conscience, that most obnoxious organ of the human make-up, had become so aggressive that sleep had deserted his feverish couch.

what his fellow creatures may think of him. bustle and excitement of the day this selfconviction was not powerful nor poignant. it became unbearable. From the shadows of his room one face gazed at him-the face of Alexander Dale. He arose, dipped a handkerchief in ice water and placed the refreshing cloth against the base of his brain. For a few moments he appeared to doze. The blood that surged upward was cooled for a time and a simple device seemed about to triumph over the insomnia that had driven him well.nigh mad.

It is not easy, however, to escape the agent of his confession. punishment that follows sin. Eugene Scranton did not fall asleep. The blissful unconsciousness that his crime-tortured nature craved wooed him for awhile, then fled from him as though in horror. He cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's one looks at me, I wish to pop my head in was further from sleep than before; and face so his own mother would not know so as not to be thought lazy, or as spendagain his staring eyes saw in the darkness him. That's nothing. Any newspaper in the face of Alexander Dale.

An hour had passed; an hour of agony to Scranton. Twice had he pressed his revolver against his throbbing temples. Twice had he realized that he dared not rush to a fate that frightened Hamlet and made Cato pause. A man who commits murder from greed seldom commits suicide from choice.

At last the strain became unbearable. me. - Boston Post.

Scranton sprang from his bed and rushed

"O God, I must confess my crime. I

must confess. I must confess." He threw up the sash. A belated citizen was hurrying homeward on the opposite side of the street. "I'll call to him and tell him the awful secret of my soul," thought Scranton. "Wait."

The cry startled the silent street and echoed weirdly through the dismal night. Alarmed by his voice, Scranton shut the window with a crash and rushed into the outer room. In the dim light he saw bemachine and kissed it.

"I'm saved," he whispered. "I'll tell

you the history of my fall."

Night after night the fatal cylinder gave troit Free Press. comfort to Eugene Scranton. If the murderer awoke in the still, dark hours and the shadow of his crime crossed his soul, he would stealthily leave his bed-room and place in effective position the ear-pieces of the accusing machine. Then with ghastly satisfaction he would listen to the following repetition of the tale he had told the sympathetic wax:

"I killed Alexander Dale. I had hated cocted a scheme whereby we could fleece investors who desired to gain a fortune ern Land Improvement Company, that would not be Western, would own no the back row, "an empty bottle."—Puck. give his influence and reputation to the swindle, and I found in Dale a colleague who was weak enough to follow my guidance, but clever enough to retain in his The mystery caused much gossip and dis- grip a thorough control over my life, cussion for a few days and was then practi- After months of temptation I yielded to cally forgotten. Some new sensation had the voice of the devil and determined to turned the attention of the metropolis away rid myself of the only man in the world who stood between me and success and There was only one man in the world safety. I killed him cleverly; he had had was the murderer. Eugene Scranton, and when, one evening, after dining with Secretary and Treasurer of the Western him at his rooms, he expressed a wish to Land Improvement Campany, had killed take me to one of his clubs. I pleaded the President. Why? Because Dale and fatigue, asked permission to finish my cigar Scranton were scoundrels of a strictly in his drawing-room, and saw him sally

W. L. I. C. was a gigantic fraud. No "The rest was easy. For hours I one else did. So Scranton murdered Dale awaited his return. When I heard his in order that he might alone reap the footsteps on the stairs, I concealed myself profits of a great swindle and retain in his | behind a portiere. After he had undressed own keeping a dangerous secret. Greed and had fallen into a deep sleep I plunged and fear were the monsters that urged him a dagger into his heart. O, it was delicious. I have enjoyed all the sensations Eugene Scranton sat at his breakfast that tempt the wealthy epicure. There is table, sipping his coffee and glancing over the morning newspapers. He was a tall spare man, about forty years of age. His murder."

Eugene Scranton's valet John, was not thing about the man's face that chilled the a genius but he possessed a good deal of heart and awakened suspicion. Was it in shrewdness and a fair amount of common distrust was born? It was hard to tell. had been intensely interested in what he ter was away he spent much of his time in Alexander Dale had been dead a month. trying to make the machine work. At first Eugene Scranton smiled as he realized that | the results were not satisfactory; but after the newspapers made no reference to the a week of mental effort he solved the probmystery that had caused such a furor some | lem involved and thereafter enjoyed himself

Scranton was constantly buying new cylinders; some with operatic music, others with banjo solos or recitations by famous authors. The much-used cylinder containing his confession he kept carefully locked in a drawer by itself and placed it on the of the profits and stand in no peril from any machine only at the dead of night. One night, after quieting his conscience by listening to the ghastly story of his crime, The study of this man's life had been to he failed to lock the compartment reserved make selfishness a science. He perceived for the accusing wax. It was a fatal omisthat the modern world pays adulation to sion; murder will out unless you always

The next afternoon John, the valet, experienced the most frightful sensation of his life. He listened, awe-struck, to his of his ambition stood the form of Alexander | master's voice as it related the story of a great crime. Then, like the shrewd man he was, he sat down and debated with himself the best method of turning this weird find to his own advantage. At first he was Scranton threw down his newspaper | inclined to inform Scranton that he had discovered his secret. John realized that his silence was worth a great deal of money, and he knew that Scranton could afford to pay well to escape the gallows.

But the valet was at heart a coward. He had long stood in awe of his master, and, he reflected, a man who murders one unfortunate who holds his secret would not hesitate to sacrifice a second victim. So

John abandoned the idea of blackmail. In connection with his phonographic amusements, the valet had discovered that handsome prices were paid by a "nickle-inthe-slot" company for novel cylinders. After an hour of meditation, John decided It was midnight and Eugene Scranton to take Eugene Scranton's confession to this concern, demand a high price for it, and then leave the city at once.

Arriving at the office of the phonograph company, he astonished the manager by

"You remember the sensational death In the silent, dark, mysterious hours of of Alexander Dale some months ago. Well, night it makes little difference to a man the man was murdered. This cylinder here holds the confession of the man who At that solemn time what he thinks of him- killed him-my master. Now, you will self is all that is essential. Eugene Scran- take this cylinder to the police and they ton knew that he was a murderer. In the will arrest the murderer. On the instant the city will ring with the news. Meanwhile you have reproduced the cylinder a In the silent watches of the night, however, thousand times and your public machines contain the most sensational attraction ever offered to the victims of the phonographic habit. See? My price is one thousand dollars. Is it a bargain? "Yes," said the manager, writing out a

cheque. John the valet sailed for Europe that

Eugene Scranton has been condemned to death. He will die by electricity—the

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE. And No Stitch.

An eminent surgeon says that with four

Ground For Anxiety. Jacks .- What's the matter, Fagley?

one cut. - Washington Star.

Fagley.—I'm a little troubled over what Larkins said when I lent him fifty dollars. Jacks.—Well, what was it? Fagley.—He said he never could repay PROGRESS PICKINGS.

It is queer about society; the minute a man gets into it he expects to get asked out.—[Elmira Gazette.

She-I am sorry you must be going. He-It doesn't matter. When one meets you he is already gone.-[Life. "So old Mr. Hunter asked you to marry

him! And what did you say?" "That he had better ask Mamma."—Life. Passenger-"Is this ticket good to stop off?" Conductor-"Yes'm. But it won't

be good to git on again."-[New York Biggs--"I believe those people at the laundry steal my collars and cuffs." Boggs
-- "Steel em? They iron mine."—[De-

Tommy (gazing after dude): When I get to be a man, papa, will I dress like

that? Papa (severely): No, Tommy; not if you get to be a man.—Life. She (on their wedding trip): What is the whistle blowing for, Fred? Fred: We are approaching either a station or a tunnel.

She: Î-I hope it's a tunnel.-Life. He stood under the window and sang. "How can I leave thee?" But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went

back to the house and wept.—[Ex. "See the effect of drink," cried the orator. "An empty home, an empty pocket."

Lord Fitzenston: Gad! British noblemen furnish the money to run your American industries. Miss A.: Yes: But American wives furnish the money to run your

British noblemen. Said Bobby to the minister at dinner-'Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask?" "Cos pa owes £2 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it."—[Ex.

At Last. Mrs. Cobwigger-"Did you ever find a man under the bed?" Mrs. who knew how Alexander Dale died; that the utmost confidence in my uprightness | Merritt-"Yes, the night we thought there were burglars in the house. I found my

husband there."-[Lite. "You claim that you were insane when you proposed to her?" "Yes, sir." "Can you prove it?" "Yes, sir." "How?" "By producing the plaintiff in court and letting the jury look at her."—Ex.

Jack-there's an article on kissing in this paper. I should like to read it to you. Amy-Is it published with illustrations? Jack-No, but if you'll allow me I'll supply the deficiency .- New York Herald.

Jealousy. Ethel-"I think I ought to tell you, Edith, that I met your fiance in a dark hallway last night and he kissed me." Edith-"Indeed! the hallway must have been very dark."—[Munsey's Weekly.

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she told him good night at the front door. "Put out that light," growled her father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed .- [Washington Star.

"Oh, Mabel, tell me the truth; if you were in my place would you accept him?" Certainly. Why, if I had been in your place I would have accepted him myself, the other night, when he proposed to me." Rev. Mr. Talmage says that we will sing

better the second day we are in Heaven than we did the first. If some of us didn't sing any better the second day than on the first the music-loving angels would want to move out .- Norristown Herald. Judge (bald headed): It half what the witnesses testify against you are true. your conscience must be as black as your

regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.-Ex. Bertha-Harry has proposed to me and I have accepted him. Maud-Indeed? He meant what he said then. Bertha-Meant what? Maud—He proposed to me yesterday, and when I refused him, he said

hair. Prisoner: If a man's conscience is

he would do something desperate.-Ex. "If only you were in New York," said Miss Flyppe to Cholly, "you would be a central figure in the four hundred." It was three days-three blissful days-before it dawned on Cholly's mind that the central figure is 400 is a cipher.—Indianapolis

Teacher-Now, Willie Wilkins, I want you to tell me the truth-did Harry Thomas draw that picture on the board? Willie Wilkins-Teacher, I firmly retuse to answer that question. Teacher—You do? Willie Wilkins-Because I gave Harry my word of honor I would not tell on him.-

Miss Mittens-What does this mean, Mr. Brotherton? Mr. Brotherton-These? Oh, these are just a few socks, underclothes and coats that need mending! Miss Mittens-But-? Mr. Brotherton-You promised to be my sister last night, you know; and my sister used to do all my mending before she was married .- Puck.

He-My dear, I am a little short of money. Could you let me have twenty thousand dollars of your million for a few days. She-I have no million dollars! He-Before we were married you said you were worth a million. She-Why, you often told me I was worth my weight in gold, and I thought one hundred and fortytwo poonds of gold was worth about a million; that's all.—Judge.

In one of our courts, lately, a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up and, with much emphasis, said: "Your honor, he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the Judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead." This is considered the best guarded answer on

There is nothing like being satisfied. A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it painted. "But," said he, "I am a very industrious man; I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill. And when any ing too much time at the window." "Very this country can do that much with only well," said the painter, "it shall be done so." He painted the mill and the mill window. The miller looked at it. "Very well," said he, "but where am I?" "Oh" said the painter, "whenever one looks at the mill, you know, you pop your head in to pre-serve your credit for industry." That's right-that's right!" said the miller. "I'm content—just so! I'm in the mill now, ain't I? Just so; that will do."