

to examine the frescoes. Michael Angelo took one look at them and stood spellbound.

The treasurer, thinking him indignant at Raphael's effrontery in asking so much for such indifferent paintings, said:

'Well, what do you think?'

'I think a great deal. I think, in the first place, that we are looking at the most magnificent work imaginable. I think, too, that it is worth paying for.'

The treasurer began to be frightened.

'How much, for instance,' he asked, 'would you call the head of that sibyl worth?'

'About one hundred scudi.'

'And the others?'

'Each of them quite as much.'

Thereupon the treasurer hied to the wealthy merchant who had undertaken the contract for frescoing the chapels, and told him the decision of the umpire.

'Give him three hundred scudi at once,' said the merchant; 'and be very polite to him. Why, if we have to pay for the heads at that rate, paying for the drapery will ruin us!'

So Raphael got his price through the generosity of his great rival.

AN ABSENT-MINDED PHILOSOPHER.

One day Sir Isaac Newton, finding the room rather cold, drew his chair close to the grate. The fire soon began to burn furiously, and the philosopher found himself growing uncomfortable; but, being engrossed in some speculative problem, he endured the heat until there was grave danger of setting fire to his dressing-gown. Then he rang the bell, and his servant appeared.

'I'm roasting!' he exclaimed. 'Remove this grate, James, at once.'

'But, my dear master,' answered the man, 'would not it be easier for you to draw back your chair?'

'Upon my word,' said Sir Isaac, with a bland smile, 'I never thought of that!'

The philosopher had a favorite cat, for which he had a large hole cut in his study door, so that she might pass in and out as she pleased. When, however, the family-circle was enlarged by a number of kittens, the good man was dismayed.

'I want the kittens to run in and out just as their mother does,' he said to his servant; 'and the hole in the door is quite too large for them to go through. So make a small hole, James, that will just fit the kittens.'

And James, smiling to himself, did as he was told.

HIS ADVICE.

During the dinner-hour on board the steamer the other day a passenger was much disturbed by the vulgar way in which the man who sat next to him ate his meal.

At last, after watching him pick a bone in a very primitive fashion, he could control his feelings no longer, and, turning to the offending party, he said:

'Don't you think you would be more comfortable if you took that out on the mat?'

RATIONS REDUCED.

Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer, was once giving an account of his experiences amid the ice-fields of the north.

'We certainly would have travelled much farther,' he explained, 'had not our dogs given out at the critical time.'

'But,' exclaimed the lady, who had been listening very attentively, 'I thought the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures.'

Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied:

'I—er—speak in a culinary sense, miss.'

PREPARING FOR THE HARVEST.

A long wisp of artificial wheat that served as a trimming on the sweet girl's hat was placed horizontally so that it tickled up and down the face of the man who sat next to her on the 'bus, until it came to a resting place with the end nestling in his right ear.

After the 'bus had travelled some distance the man was seen to remove from his pocket a large jack-knife, which he proceeded to strop on the palm of a horny hand.

Excitedly the girl inquired:

'Why are you doing that?'

'If them oats gits in my ear agin,' the man ejaculated, 'there's goin' to be a harvest.'

BOYS WE LIKE.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken, his character.

The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls him.

The boy who is never cruel.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave black spots on the character.

The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say 'No' when asked to do a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels.

The boy who never forgets that God made him to be a joyous, loving, helpful being.

PITY THE BAKER.

Little Willie, after flattening his nose against the outside of the baker's window for about half an hour, at last entered, with his mind evidently made up.

'I want to know,' he said, in a determined yet hopeful voice, 'how much those wedding cakes are?'

'Well,' answered that enterprising tradesman, 'I have them at all prices. Tell your mother I can do her a beauty for four pounds. The cheapest is two pounds.'

Willie sighed.

'Ah, well,' he murmured, in a resigned voice, 'let's have one of those ha'penny gingerbread rabbits.'

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

'It is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week,' said the Sunday school teacher.

'Now, have you done so, Johnny?'

'Yes,' said Johnny, promptly.

'That's right. What did you do?'

'I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home.'

BEYOND HIS COMPREHENSION.

A party of New Yorkers were hunting in Georgia, and had as an attendant an old negro, whose fondness for big words is characteristic of the race. One of the hunters, knowing the old negro's bent, remarked to him:

'Uncle Mose, the indentations in terra firma in this locality render travelling in a vehicular conveyance without springs decidedly objectionable and painful anatomically. Don't you think so?'

Uncle Mose scratched his left ear a moment, and replied, with a slow shake of his woolly head:

'Mistah Gawge, the exuberance ob you' words am beyon' mah jurydiction.'

Dr. J. J. GRESHAM

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