

Cornelius looked out from an upper window, and, seeing that Louis was of the party, hurried down, undid the chains, and threw open the door.

'Comrade!' said the King, 'I was afraid you might be robbed again; so we are going to spend the night with you.'

'God forbid that I should be robbed a second time!' groaned the silversmith. 'We haven't yet found the necklace stolen by that scapegrace of an apprentice. Has he spoken? Has he been put to the torture?'

'Not yet,' replied the King.

Cornelius lifted his arms to heaven, deploring the slowness of justice. Louis XI., however, and his companions, without further ado, betook themselves to different rooms for the night. The Scotch Guard were placed outside with a few of them upon the roof. When these dispositions had been made, the King said:

'Now, I must have a bag of flour. Master Cornelius, let me have some of the flour that serves you for bread-making.'

The astonished silversmith had not the slightest idea as to what the King wanted with the flour, but he knew Louis XI. well enough to ask no questions. He accordingly furnished the flour, and with genuine grief saw it scattered over the floor, from the sleeping apartments all the way to the room which contained the strong box, and on the floor of that room also.

Everybody slept peacefully during the night; there was no alarm of any kind. In the morning, however, there was a loud cry of anger and despair.

'Sire, Sire, I've been robbed again!'

And Master Cornelius hurried from his treasure room, where he had been examining his hoard, to the apartment of the King.

Louis dressed himself quickly and went to examine the flour-strewn passage. Large footprints were seen here and there. Dr. Coyetier and the others marked the traces attentively.

'Here's a pretty large foot,' said the King.

'How did a Colossus with such feet ever get into my house?' groaned Cornelius.

'Through your room, compeer,' replied Louis.

'My room!' exclaimed the silversmith. 'Impossible! I heard nothing whatever.'

'He even got off your bed,' persisted the King.

Cornelius was in a state of stupefaction. Louis sent for the silversmith's slippers. They were brought to him; he placed them on the footprints, and they fitted exactly.

'Are you convinced now?' asked the King.

'But— but—then 'tis myself who am the robber, myself who have robbed myself! No, no! I remember nothing. You are hoaxing me, Sire.'

The Scotch Guard, being examined, declared that in the course of the night the silversmith had appeared on the roof clad only in nightgown and slippers. They thought that he was the victim of insanity.

So the mystery was explained. Cornelius was a somnambulist, a sleep-walker. The scientists of that day had not studied the phenomena of somnambulism, and consequently had not invented the word; but some physicians, Dr. Coyetier among them, had already noticed that some persons were afflicted with a disease that caused them to act during their sleep without being conscious of doing so, and without remembering, on awaking, anything they had done.

Young Charlie Bothwell was at once freed, and went back home, refusing all overtures to renew his apprenticeship at the silversmith's.

'No, thank you!' he replied when the offer was made to him. 'With our Lady's help, I've got out of one pretty bad scrape, and I'm not in a hurry to get into another one.'

As for Cornelius, his malady grew worse and worse, and his riches diminished very rapidly,—so rapidly, indeed, that he eventually died of a broken heart because he knew not where they went. He stole from himself while asleep, and hid the treasure so effectively that he could not find it when he awoke.—*Ave Maria.*

THE CIRCUS PARROT.

'One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time. Don't crush.'

The bird had, of course, acquired this sentence from the ticket-taker of the show. One day the parrot was lost in the country, and Mr. Forepaugh started out posthaste to hunt for it.

People here and there who had seen the parrot directed him in his quest, and finally as he was driving by a field he was overjoyed to hear a familiar voice.

He got out and entered the field and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him till he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped away, the parrot, lying on his side, repeated over and over: 'One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time. Don't crush.'

A BIG PARTY OF ONE.

The story goes that Mr. Taft, in his younger days when he was a law reporter, had been studying a case in Somerville, Ohio, and found he couldn't get back to the office that night unless he managed to stop a through express. So he wired to headquarters, 'Will you stop the through express at Somerville to take on large party?'

The answer came back, 'Yes.'

The express was duly stopped at Somerville. The young law reporter got aboard with his copy, and the conductor said:

'Where's that large party I was to take on?'

'I'm him,' was the grinning answer. 'That's all.'

A CLEVER RETORT.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day at an entertainment he was seated near the refreshment table and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children he said kindly:

'Are you hungry, little girl?'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'Then why don't you take a sandwich?'

'Because I haven't any fork.'

'Fingers were made before forks,' said the doctor, smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight:

'Not my fingers.'

ON SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE.

At one of the New England universities there was a rather conceited undergraduate who was silly enough on one occasion to attempt to chaff a member of the faculty who, in the youth's opinion, evinced too marked a devotion to the works of a certain great philosopher.

'Do you know,' the youth said to his preceptor, 'I hold rather a contempt for his writings?'

'I greatly fear, young man,' was the response, 'that your contempt has not been bred by familiarity.'

RETIRED FROM CIRCULATION.

Among the Monday morning culprits haled before a Baltimore police magistrate was a ducky with no visible means of support.

'What occupation have you here in Baltimore?' asked his Honor.

'Well, judge,' said the ducky, 'I ain't doin' much at present—jest circlatin' round, sub.'

His Honor turned to the clerk of the court and said:

'Please enter the fact that this gentleman has been retired from circulation for sixty days.'

Dr. J. J. GRESHAM

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