

SOME VERY OLD STORIES WITH NEW ENDINGS

A Summer Idyl

They stood side by side on the banks of a stream. The man was a typical city fisherman, equipped with all that was new and improved in the line of fishing apparatus. The boy, on the other hand, was a typical country lad of about twelve summers, and an even dozen of each of the other seasons. He balanced in his hand a long willow branch to which was attached a piece of pack thread and a rusty fish-hook.

They had been fishing some time when the man turned to the boy and said, "That's a fine outfit you have there, Isaac."

"My name is William," corrected the boy.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed the man, "I thought it was Isaac Walton. Honestly, sonny, do you expect to catch anything with that arrangement?"

"Well, I usually gets something," answered the boy confidently.

There was another deep silence which was broken by the flapping of a perch which the boy pulled from the water, much to the surprise of the fisherman. 'Twas late in the afternoon when the illmated pair pulled their lines from the water for the last time, and when they started for home, the boy—please don't interrupt, impatient reader—had twenty five fish less than the man.

An Example of the Yellow Peril

"I am sorry, sir," said the Japanese shopkeeper, and his eye lighted with a curious gleam, "but I cannot sell you that dagger."

"But," persisted the curio hunter, turning the ivory handled dagger over in his hand, "I want it very much; more than I care to say, and I am willing to pay you proportionately."