SOME FIGURES ON TWO TRUSTS.

New York Journal.

The joint profits of the Standard Oil Trust and the Carnegie Steel tire bonded debt of the United States in a little over eight years. lower down the ticket. It is twice as much as the whole income of the national government when Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller were boys.

The profits of these two combinations are enough in a single year to absorb almost the whole outstanding note circulation of the Bank of England. In two years on a common platform. The men am hitting at no one. Bertie has nothing. I am a widow. net stock of gold in the treasury of principle will not be deterred from only far, far too poor to bestow it upon the United States. In 18 months standing shoulder to shoulder in ily. If you marry well, it may mean they would match all the gold in the Imperial bank of Germany. the common cause by any such a much to your sisters. They amount to as much in a "stop thief" cry as that of the eldest sister marries." single year as the gold in the l'imes. national banks of Italy and Spain combined.

The annual profits of these two \$3,000,000,000.

If Mr. Carnegie and his partners and Mr. Rockefeller and his part-ners wanted to draw such an in- hoodwinked into giving assent to come from 2 per cent government further legislation in favor of trusts bonds as they draw now from their of any kind, and remarks: investments in these two industries | Has the Republican party, -by no means the only sources of through its representatives in conrevenue they possess—they would gress, taken the contract to dig its have to buy bonds to the amount own grave? In effect, it is working sat in council. "We'd better turn in," an officer said of \$6,000,000,000, which is nearly at that job with a wondrous, and six times the total bonded debt of even what Burke called a quadruthe United States and nearly manous, activity. Congress every double that of England.

No wonder President McKinley and his advisers are casting about for some plausible explanation by which they may evade or shift the responsibility for laws that make trusts possible. The trusts elected Mr. McKinley and he does not procounting on their money and sup port for next November.

THE NEW WARFARE.

London literally went mad with joy and throughout England the in the memories of this generation. states, -London dispatch of March 1, Cronje's surrender.

twenty that must assail him.

But England's victories in South Africa have been dearly won. Over ten thousand mea killed, wounded, and missing is the terrible casualty report that causes mourning throughout scores of thousands of homes throughout British possessions.

WOULD DIVIDE THE PLUNDER.

President McKinley may well be alarmed over the public clamor that has greeted the levying of discriminative tariff duties against our new island possession, Porto the morphine devotee. Rico. He seeks to palliate the offensive legislation in the interest of the sugar trust by proposing this revenues derived from the importa- force of salesman, had a serious accident yestertion of sugar from Porto Rico into day about soon. Climbing up on the front of the United States shall be spent in the store, he grasped the iron awning frame with his left hand while with his right he adjusted that island. In other words the some goods placed there for display. When growers of Porto Rico and the through with his work he attempted to resugar consumers of the United lease his hold on the awning frame and drop States may be robbed by the sugar a plain gold band ring, on the third finger of trust, but a sum of money equal to his left hand, caught on a nail which was used the ill-gotten gains derived from in lieu of a bolt in a joint of awning rod, suathe Porto Rico sugar importations will be spent in that island. In ring had stripped the flesh off the finger nearly criminal law such a proposition is to thenail. designated as "compounding felony." Trust robbers call it protection for "infant industries."

A JUNCTION TIMES DISCOVERY.

Eugene City Guard county Citizens convention are office seekers and politicians. From a man who has been a standing candidate for nearly any office in sight almost from the first day his boots struck Oregon soil, such a statement is truly refreshing. In the past the Times editor wanted office so badly that he accepted a Company amount to \$120,000,000 a after having been defeated for the year. That would pay off the en- nomination which was coveted be made another run and got a place nothing else. But I know few things so wearying as a long engagement to a poor

Hide bound ring politicians, with not a thought above office, cannot appreciate the feelings that self," prompt men who profess the same was low, there was intense passion in it.

There is no need you should beat about principles to sink party names and former party differences and unite they would more than equal the who voted together for Bryan and standing shoulder to shoulder in ily. If you marry well, it may mean the common cause by any such a much to your sisters; every one thinks

The Oregonian is somewhat aggregations of capital—the Stand- aware that the McKinley adminisard Oil trust and the Carnegie stration has a heavy trust load to their participation in the joys of married the interest at 10 per cent on \$1, carry without taxing the people of 200,000,000, at 5 per cent on \$2,- the United States and our new curred. 400,000,000, and at 4 per cent on island possessions for the sole benefit of the sugar trust. It knows the people cannot be deceived and

> day is making material for the Democratic campaign.

The supreme court will be called upon to decide whether or not the sugar trust, working through the McKinley administration, can im-United States, A suit has been wrong?" filed for recovery of duties so paid. "Tve a favor to ask," he answered to the filed for recovery of duties so paid. "Tve-had bad news my deathblowmade that under the treaty with Spain, and the constitution of the United States, descriminative duties cannot be laid against terriscenes witnessed have no parallel torial possessions, equally with the

If you have a good conception as England's populace has been sub to the value of numbers try to ing around the edge. jected to a terrific strain. The think for a moment of the amount time to consider. In a moment he had Boers, though small in number, of mail matter carried by the whipped out his pistol and fired; in an are terrible fighters and have given United States. Based upon actual military experts the opportunity to weights from October 3 to Septem- In an instant two swords pushed the curagain proclaim that the battle is ber 6, 18 9, the amount carried glared out. In less time than it takes not to the many, but to the trained during the year is placed at 1,500,— to narrate one fell with a groun, a bullet marksmen. The wonderful im- 000,000 pounds. Try to make a in his beart, and almost before the colonic marksmen. provement in modern arms ren- comparison, for instance 25,000,000 the staggered back to the table, a sword ders one good man armed with bushels of wheat, or 10,000,000 thrust in his breast, and dragging the curtain with him. The other traitor such, and under cover, equal to people weighing one hundred and dropped to the ground.

Bertie lifted his hand, and it closed tifty pounds each.

> March came in with the "lion' in the upper Mississippi valley, made the miniature slip from his hand. New York reports the worst snow contrast to the genial sunshine that blessed the Willamette valley on the first day of March.

A Portland morphine fiend gets three bundred and forty days in scar. morphine in his possession. Yet win your heart, not to steal it from another man. There, don't look frightenhe will not come out of jail reform- ed; I'm hurt, but I'm not angry, and I've ed. Reformation seldom comes to brought you something from particles.

The Salem Statesman of February 20th, has an account of a very pecular accident. It says: Del A. Dinsmore, of the White Corner on his feet on the sidewalk. At this juncture pending the luckless man by one finger. He quickly released himself, but not until the

"Who is that good looking young sawbones who has just left the room?" inquired a lady patroness of an eastern hospital of the head physicitn. "Oh" that is one of our cleverest rising young physicians," The lady has a rising young physicians." The lady has a are thin, large, octave sheets; pale red daughter, a very fair descendent of Eve, who for bills, yellow sprinkled with gold or accompanied her on her next visit. The young green for wrapping goods, orange for sawbones whose name was Sewart Webb was again present, was intro-fuced to both mother are consumed in the principal place of its The Junction City Times editor and daughter, with the natural result that the

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MURIEL'S MINIATURE.

She Gave Her Heart to One Man and Promised Her Hand to Another, but Pate Ordain-de That a Wrong Should Be Righted.

"I'm the last person in the world," "consolation" nomination. That is Mrs. Molyneux said, making a great show of darning a stocking that was a vast deal more hole than anything else, to advise a girl to marry for money and man who lives almost upon hope."

The girl had not looked down. Her

eyes were blazing. "I would rather you explained your-if," she said, and, though her voice the bush. You are hitting at me and

Bertie, of course." "I am alluding to you and Bertle. I essed with the proverbial widow's mite, that the standard is set by the way the

Muriel stifled a little half cry. She looked round at her sisters, but none of them glanced up; all were in sympathy with their mother. If Muriel married Colonel Corbet, there might be a good time for all of them; If, as they termed help us" when any domestic crisis oc-

"You forget that I love Bertle," she "and that Bertie loves me. said. would not matter so much about my heart, but it would break his if I gave him up."

There is an old saying, however, and a very true one, that "dripping water wears away stone," and so it happened that after a time Muriel consented to give up her dear love, her dream of happiness, and accept the colonel.

It was the night before Omdurman. The officers of the Anglo-Egyptian army

at length. "There is nothing more to settle. God only knows when we shall sleep again-or it may be the long sleep. There will be work enough tomorrow." So with "Good night, good night," they

took their ways to their quarters, Colo-nel Corbet going alone to his. He had gone far when he heard quick steps behind him. He turned, his hand instinctively on his sword; treachery was not unknown.

But the moonlight shone upon a hag-

pose a twenty-five per cent duty the queen's uniform. The colonel's hand pose repressive legislation. He is on Puerto Rican exports to the dropped from his sword. "You, Connolly!" he said. "Anything

> "I've a favor to ask," he answered. The claim seems to be rightfully from England today. If there's a foriorn hope, a desperate venture for any man tomorrow that you have it in your power to give, will you give it to me? We English always fight best when we fight almost against hope, and I've none. I want a bullet to find its billet herehere," striking his breast.

They had reached the colonel's quarters and entered together.

Bertle turned suddenly. Just behind the colonel a curtain hung. He had seen it move; had seen a dark hand just creep-

over something-something that hung by a ribbon around his neck.

"Bury-with me-promise, colonel," he said, and then a spasm of pain, almost mood along the Atlantic coast and the rending asunder of body and soul, The colonel put it back, clasped his storm in many years. A great them so, but not before he had seen with a start whose face was there, and his own was very pale.

Two months later, in the drawing room of her mother's house, Muriel waited for her elderly lover.

"I am glad to see you home," she said. "You have been wounded?" "Yes," he answered, and he forget the car. "I have been wounded. Was it jail for having two bits worth of quite fair to me, Muriel? I wanted to brought you something from Egypt just

> "Friends!" she repeated. "Yes," he said, "fast friends," And, taking her hands, he kissed them. "But keep the ring, Muriel, and I'll keep the

He took her to another room. He opened the door. He heard two enraptured voices say "Muriel?" "Bertie!" Then he turned away.-Condensed From Lloyd's

Weekly. Paper In China and Japan.

Rice straw is an important factor in the manufacture of Japanese machine made paper. Only when there is a poor rice crop is wood fiber imported to any appreciable extent.

Among the most curious things to be seen in Japan are jackets and trousers of strong, handmade paper, with which the Japanese soldiers were supplied during the war between Japan and China. The scams and buttonholes were sewed with cotton thread.

Chinese handmade papers are made mostly of rice straw and are colored or stained on one side by hand-for instance, crimson for visiting cards, which manufacture for decorating various has made the astonishing discovery that the persons whose names are appended to the call for a Lane and daughter, with the natural result that the persons whose names are appended to the call for a Lane are also sent to the adjoining provinces.—Journal of Art. Century.

OUT IN THE COLD.

great buy wind w filled with creep vines and race tropical plants. Eva og the flowers sobbing bitterly, mak-

cilcident all about her, the was so tired, and her cousin, Regins, had been finding fault with all her

She was a motheriess girl who had been the idol of an indulgent father until aving her penniless and dependent upon ond, wenithy uncle, who only endured presence to make her a mere servant. ks of which she was so fond were forbidden her, and the piano she dared not open. Her cousin hated her for her pretty face, her graceful form and beautiful, tapering, pink tipped fingers and made her a slave to every caprice in consequence.

One could not help pitying her as she sat there sobbing; at least Harry Morton could not, as a servant ushered him in, and he ._me suddenly upon her. He was one of her consin Regina's visitors, and had often noticed this fair haired girl go ing quietly about the house attending to various duties. He went quietly to her side and said softly:

"I am so sorry for you, little one." She raised her great blue eyes, with the tears still trembling on the long. brown lashes, and when she saw who it was she gave a little cry of surprise as well as of pleasure, for she had secretly admired this Mr. Morton who visited her

"Can you not go away from here-can you not get something else to do?" he said in a hurried and perplexed manner. "I would not stand such treatment. Now, I have an aunt who has two little Could you not give them music and drawing lessons or something of the kind? Do not turn away. I am very much in earnest and want to help you." There was a rustle in the doorway. He let go of her hand, which he had taken in his ardor, and she sprang to her feet.

both feeling like two guilty children. Regina swept into the room, smiled sweetly in greeting to Harry Morton, but said in a severe tone to Eva, while a dangerous light flashed in her great black

You are wanted in the kitchen Poor Eva burried from the room, knowing that the end would come now, for her cousin had surely heard all that had been said, and, even had she not, she would never be forgiven for speaking to Harry Morton.
It was dark when her cousin sent for

her to come to her room, and, after opening all her vials of wrath upon her, or dered her to leave the house immediately and never darken the door again.

Eva went from the room almost wild with the thought that she, a stranger in that great city, must go out in the dark and cold, with no roof to shelter her. She pneked her scanty wardrobe in a satchel and started out. Oh, could she ever forget that night, with her wanderings up and down unknown streets, until brain and feet were alike weary, or how the rude crowd had loudly laughed and jostled her by! She went to a policeman at

ast and begged for a place to go.

Her pleadings touched his heart, and conducted her to a boarding house, The room she was shown to was small and anything but clean, but to Eva's tired eyes and timbs it was a delightful

No matter how great the sorrow, sleep comes soon to young, strong minds, and Eva's head had hardly touched the pillow when she was far in the land of dreams. When she awoke, the sun was shining brightly in the little window.

Life had been hard for her before, but

r it began in terrible earnest. She must find employment that day or starve. Fortunately the world is not all so bad as we would make it, and before nightfall a kind lady had taken pity on Eva's helpless condition and installed her as

nursery governess in her own home. It was a pleasant task and a pleasant home, and Eva was quite happy with her rosy checked charges. But sometimes her thoughts would wander away from that to a dark, handsome face, with

glorious black eyes. She could feel again the touch of his hand and hear the musleal voice saying: "I am sorry for you, little one. wondered if he remembered her, and if he was sorry he saw her no more She was out in the park one day with

the children when a phacton with two gentlemen in it passed her. One of them The blood surged to her face in an instant and a great tide of joy swept over

her heart. It was Harry Morton He had, indeed, remembered her. The herses stopped, and in a minute more he was at her side, holding her hands and You naughty girl, where have

hidden yourself these three long months? And I hunting for you everywhere?"

Eva told him all, and when the little girls went home they had a story to tell their mother about a great big man who kissed Eva and made ber cry.

All was explained the next day to the wondering lady by Harry Morton himself, and she became more interested in her governess than ever when she found she was going to marry a wealthy and cultivated gentleman.

A month later there was a quiet wedding at her house, and then Eva went away to grace a stately brownstone mansion. She had hosts of friends, but the once penniless, homeless girl who was out on the street has never yet returned her cousin Regina's bridal call or deigns to notice her when they meet .- New York News.

Life In East London.

The dominant note of east London is that it is a hive of working bees. There are, it is true, a few drones in it. They are not the fat and luxurious drones of the other London, those who live in luxury without labor and are downladen with the curse of idleness. Our drones, the cust London drones, are the residuum, the lees of humanity, who cannot and will not work. They are misernble, half starved, skulking drones. They beg, they thieve, they do anything with a willing mind so long as it is not work. They dwell in the slums. They are, in the language of the day, the "submerged," but all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot drag them out of the slough, nor can any river-not Abana or Pharpar or even the Jordan Itselfcleanse the Augean stable of their mind. The helping hand grows tired of pulling and tugging at them. They will not come. They sink back into their Male bolge; the black mud closes over their heads. Let them be.-Walter Besant in

01010101010101010101010 A HEART OF PEARLS

61010101010101010101010 A loud burst of applause greeted the famous singer Olympia as she finished the queen's song at the Gaiety theater. Of Olympia's origin nothing was known, though there were many stories circulating about her. The one which gained most general credence portrayed

her as a great lady who had been drawn irresistibly from a high social position to the stage and thereupon disowned by her The only certainty felt about family. her was that her reputation was irreproachable and that she kept the scores of adorers constantly rotating about her at a respectful distance.

When the song ended, the queen retired to a throne to receive the homage of the subjects in the play. It was a sumptuous procession which passed before her in gorgeous costume. Each subject as he passed before his queen stopped, bowed and then moved on to make room for the next. One among the number had excited her interest and sympathy. seemed different from the others; his bearing was dignified, his face refined, his manners perfect. That he had suffered some misfortune she felt as sure as that he was worthy of something better than a humble part in a fairy opera.

When the play was over, she pointed him out to the manager.

"Who is that man?" she asked. "A poor devil named Chatelain," re-"There are hundreds plied the manager. There are hundreds like him, doing this kind of work for 3 francs a day."

The manager was mistaken. His "poor devil Chatelain" was in reality a Spanish gentleman named Juan Rodriguez de Penaflor. Born in Madrid, raised in the midst of luxury, he had inherited at his

parents' death an enormous fortune. Through bad management and extravagance this had gradually been reduced until only a small part remained. This Juan thought to use in the only way he knew as a means of redeeming the whole, at the gaming table, and here he lost all that was left to him.

It was at this time and under these circumstances that he fell in love with Olympia. The very hopelessness of his passion deepened it, and he worshiped her as a Greek might have worshiped a goddess. It was through his love that the greatest temptation of his life came

On one of the most frequented boulevards in a jeweler's window he had noticed an exquisite piece of jewelry-a heart of pearls-and from the moment his eyes fell upon it he had longed to possess it in order to present it to his queen as a token of his adoration.

One day the heart was gone from the window, and Juan could see it inside the shop, lying, with many other pieces, on the counter. He stepped inside, where several people stood looking at all sorts of beautiful things displayed by the jew-

The heart of pearls was pushed a little away from the others. The people were not looking his way. His hand stole out and slowly moved toward the cherished object. He turned cautiously to make sure he was unobserved and looked straight into the face of Olympia, the singer, who was standing just behind

"I saw you and followed you in," she continued. "I have wanted to speak to you for a very long time. I am sure that you can find something better than your present position at the Galety. If you will take my card to Roberts, the theatrical agent, I am sure he can find you something more suited to you." And she drew a card from her pocketbook and wrote an address on it with a little gold pencil and handed it to Juan.

He managed to stammer his thanks, and she left him without knowing what

she had saved him from. Sleep did not come to Juan that night. Looking over his next morning's paper

his eyes fell upon the following announcement: "Don Jaime de Penaffor, who died re cently at Madrid, has left his entire forto his nephew, Juan Rodriguez de

Penaflor, who left Spain some years ago. Every effort is being made to find him." The beautiful singer Olympia had just

returned to Paris from a successful tour through Europe, and every seat in the house was sold for the opening night.

When the actress entered her dressing

oom, on the table lay a large bunch of lilies of the valley, and beside them a small jewcier's box. She opened it and saw lying on the white velvet a beautiful heart of pearls of exquisite workman-The name on the card was strange to her-"Don Juan de Penaffor." After her last-triumphant appearance that evening a card was brought to her bearing the same name.

"I will see him," she said to the boy, When he came, she recognized him instantly, and it was her turn to be confused.

"You are not M. Chatelain?" she said. "No, mademoiselle: I have come to my own again," he replied simply. "But I have never forgotten your kindness."

"I must thank you for your gifts," said Olympia. "The flowers I will keep, but the pearls I must ask you to take, as I cannot accept them. They are much too precious for a singer who thinks only of her art.'

"If Olympia cannot accept them as a singer, can she not do so as the promised wife of the Marquis de Penaflor

At the close of Olympia's Paris engageent a simple wedding took place at a little suburban chaped covered with ivy. The bride carried illies of the valley and her only ornament was a heart of pearls. -From the French.

Flowers In New York Hotels, Flowers have come to be nearly as im-

portant a department in some of the New York hotels as the more material fortures of their administration, and one of them employs five florists, who attend to the decoration of the tables. In the public restaurants, by the terms of the contract with the dealer who supplies the hotel with flowers, he is compelled every 24 hours to supply an entirely fresh stock. Even the blossoms, which are but little faded, cannot be used in preparing the decorations for the next day of the men employed to take care of the flowers work during the day, while their associates devote their time to the even-ing hours. The flowers which have been used only one day are not wasted, nor d they follow the gradual decline which a timately leads to the street peddler. The dealer who supplies them uses them for frequent private dinners, dances and othsocial incidents which occur almost daily at the hotels.-New York Sun.

An Unprofessional Model.

The sun, declining on the coast of Norvay, made the wide fiord shimmer like liquid gold I low the purple mountains. Christine sat at the foot of the cliff dreaming-not that she was asleep, but lost in reverie. The sun made her long, braided hair shine like a halo as she rested her cheek on her hand and dreamed. thoughts were far away, and she did not notice that some one had quietly rowed his boat within a short distance of where she sat. He was evidently an artist, for at his feet in the boat lay an open port-

He dropped his oars, entranced at the unexpected and lovely vision. The flow-erlike face of the girl, the quaint costume-a short brown woolen skirt, a chemisette of snowy linen, a black velvet bodice and a red stocking cap on her gleaming hair.

What a study for his next exhibition! Snatching his pencil, he made a hasty sketch of the little figure, with the cliffs looming up behind, the placid water almost touching her feet. She was surely a fairy of this land of romance, and presently the little elves would come to seek her. He could almost fancy them whispering to her now. Having finished the sketch, he gently rowed ashore.

Christine started with surprise as be leaped from the boat, but was reassured by the respectful manner in which he addrossed her. "I beg your pardon for intruding," said

he, politely. "I had no idea there was any one in this region but myself. But "I had no idea there was will you kindly tell me the name of this place? It is marvelously beautiful."

And he sat down on a rock nearby.

"That is the Naerofiord," she replied, and her eyes seemed fathoms deep as she spoke. "It is very beautiful, but a sad thing happened here." "What was that? Do tell me," he asked, at the same time making mental notes of the lovely model he intended to

reproduce on the other side of the sea.
"Many years ago," she went on, "a
beautiful maiden lived on this mountain, and she sang so sweetly in the evening that all were charmed who listened to her. She was merry and happy, and her songs were gay as any bird's. But one day a stranger came in his boat-even as you come now-and, hearing the maiden sing as she sat here, he praised her voice and said many things which pleased her. And after that they met here every evening during the summer time, and she was so happy she sang only for love of him. Though he lived in a distant country,

she consented to become his bride. He promised to come for her when the leaves fell in the forest, but he did not come. The snow covered the mountains and the spring melted it, and then she knew she would see him no more. And her sad songs seemed like a moan as the wind carried them out to sea, till one night a terrible storm swept the ford and the girl did not come home. They found her there by the rock in the morning, where the waves had washed her body on the sand. And some say that on stormy nights you can hear her moaning by the cliffs, for she still mourns for the lover who promised to come. I never sit here at sunset but I think of her."

"Thank you," responded the artist. "I didn't know the story, but I can quite selleve it of such a place as this. Do you live on the mountain?" And he noted the small feet and the delicate hands, which did not look as if they had ever done much work.

"Yes; I have lived here with grandfather since I was a little child. My parents were lost at sea. Would you like to see grandfather?" she asked, without a shadow of mistrust or apprehension.

"He is very fond of compa The artist readily assenting, Christine led him through the gorge to the other side of the mountain, where a fine old

house stood in its shelter. The old sailor looked a true descendant of the vikings as he sat on the porch.

from where he could view the flord in all its changing majesty. He welcomed the traveler royally, and a servant brought him a draft of wine and some curious confections.

sat at her grandfather's feet listening to his wonderful tales of the northern seas, and the moon was high in the heavens when the artist departed, after promising the old man to return the next day for a sail in his queer looking vessel. The rooms of the art club were thronged with artists, connoisseurs, patrons and

men of wealth and fashion. In one corner a butterfly group of girls hovered around a canvas marked "384."
"Oh, what is that?" "Did you ever see anything so charming?" "Vy hair!" "What is it called?"

The catalogue answered the question: "'An Evening Dream In Norway,' by, Suddenly there was a hush, and the

admiring group turned to look at a fair, golden haired girl who had just entered talking to a distinguished looking man-Though dressed in the prevailing fashion, there could be no mistaking her. She was undoubtedly the original of the Nor-

wegian maiden in "384." Not without result had this man with the keen sense of romance spent two months amid the enchanting atmosphere of the Norwegian lakes and mountains in company with the grand old Norseman and his lovely granddaughter. Unlike the lover in the ancient legend, he did not promise to return for his bride, but won and married her on the very mountain where at sunset he had first seen her dreaming by the fiord and carried her off to his western home to inspire him in his art forever.—Boston Post.

Variety In Cocktails. "How many kinds of cocktails are there, do you suppose?" said the bartend-One man said six, another ten, but

the bartender said no.
"How many, then?" they asked. "I don't know," said the bartender. "I have only been in the business ten years, but there are very many. Some years ago when I was in Frisco a man told me I couldn't make one dozen different cocktalls. I told him I could make four times as many. Finally we made a bet. He used to come in every morning, and I guaranteed that I would make a different cktail every morning for 40 days. If I failed, I was to foot the bill; otherwise he was to pay. I got through all right. For 40 days I made a different cocktail for him every morning, and finally I

threw in eight more just as a flourish. There was not, of course, much difference between them, but quite enough for an experienced man to be able to distinguish them, and so I won. The truth is there is no limit to the varieties of cocktall, and I should not be surprised to see an experienced man reach the hundred mark."—New York Sun.