



"And then the whining school-boy,  
with his satchel  
And shining face, creeping like snail  
Unwilling to school."  
—Shakespeare.

—Denver Sun.

**AT PARTING**

Until we meet again! That is the meaning  
Of the familiar words that men repeat  
At parting in the street.  
Yes, till then, but when death intervenes  
Rends asunder, with what ceaseless pain  
We wait for thee again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the  
sorrow  
Of parting as we feel it who must stay,  
Lamenting day by day,  
And knowing, when we wake upon the  
morning,  
We shall not find in its accustomed place  
The one loved face!

—Longfellow.

**The Factory Foreman**

IT was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountains, all clothed in blue-green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses, with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dapplevale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day, the girls were all pouring out of the broad doorway, while Gerald Blake, the foreman, sat behind the desk, a pen behind his ear and his small, beady-black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by



"A FEE! FOR WHAT?"

one they filed out, with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in out of the desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety-blue eyes, and a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black; and there was something in the way the ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her of foreign birth.

"Well, Mlle. Annette," said Mr. Blake, "and how do you like factory life?"

"It is not disagreeable," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones, like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out.

"You have given me but four dollars," she said. "It was to be eight dollars by the contract."

"Humph!" he grunted; "you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight—of course; but we deduct two for a fee."

"A fee! For what?" Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"For getting you the situation, mad-

emoiselle to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way. "Such places don't grow on every bush. And folks naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."

"I did not!" flashed out Annette Duvelle.

"Oh—well—all right. Because you know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if I don't pay you this money—"

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars?"

"Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a percentage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?"

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in."

"And Mr. Elderslie?"

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake. "He hasn't much to do with it. I am master at the Dapplevale Calico Works."

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?"

"Well, yes, he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and—responsibility. Mr. Elderslie is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now if you've any more questions to ask—"

"I have none," said Annette, quietly.

"But—I want this money myself. I work hard for it. I earn it righteously. How can I afford, and how can the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed?"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some insect had stung him.

"I will not pay it," calmly concluded Mlle. Annette.

"Very well—very well. Just as you like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning red in the face. "Only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale works—"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake. "You are no longer in my employ. Good-evening, Mademoiselle Whatever-you-may-call-yourself."

And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Annette Duvelle's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls, who had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awe-stricken faces at Annette as she came out with the four dollars which she had received from the cashier in her hand.

"You've lost your place, ma'mselle," whispered Jenny Purton, a pale, dark-eyed little thing who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her meeked earnings.

"And he'll never let you in again," added Mary Rice. "He's as vindictive as possible!"

"It matters not," said Annette. "He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-general themselves."

"But you can't starve," said Jenny. "Look here, ma'mselle, come home with me. It's a poor place, but we'll make you welcome till—till you can write to your friends."

Annette turned and impulsively kissed Jenny on her lips.

"I thank you," she said, "but I do not need your kindness. My friends are nearer than you think."

And Annette Duvelle went back to the little red brick cottage, all thatched with the growth of the woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the Dapplevale works.

"Does he cheat you, too, of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke-stained and grimy, to eat his supper.

"One-sixth I have to pay him," said Simon, with an involuntary groan, as he looked at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, miss, he's a villain; but the world is full of such. And I

find it a pretty hard world to get on with. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or maybe things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives abroad; in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now," said Annette. "I intend to write to him."

"'Twon't do no good, miss."

"Yes, it will," said Annette, quietly.

The petals of the June roses had fallen, a pink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the Dapplevale works were their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettengill's newly brightened engine, for Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity Ma'mselle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant; "'cause they say the master's kind-hearted in the main, and she might have spoken up for herself."

Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit, an. mustache newly dyed, stood smiling in the broad doorway as the carriage drove up to the entrance, and Mr. Elderslie, a handsome, blonde-haired man, sprang out and assisted a young lady, a dove-colored traveling suit, to alight.

"Blake, how are you?" he said, with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Annette!"

And Mr. Gerald Blake found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory door a month before.

"I must beg to look at the books, Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively. "My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythesdale Springs, and she chose to come and see for herself. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to the poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake, you may consider yourself dismissed."

"But, sir—"

"Not another word," cried Mr. Elderslie, with a lowering brow, and Gerald Blake crept away, with an uncomfortable consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elderslie turned to his wife.

"You were right, my love," said he. "The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Burton and the working girls, as well as for Simon Pettengill.

Annette never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dapplevale Calico Works.—Waverley Magazine.

**Good Business.**

A writer who spends his summers at the seashore tells the following story: An ignorant countryman who saw the sea for the first time was much impressed with the effect of the blue water and asked a fisherman if he could tell him the owner, as he would like to buy a gallon to take home to his wife. The fisherman replied, proudly:

"Us, me man—we own it!"

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the rustic. "Could you sell me a gallon for 50 cents?"

"Sure," said the fisherman; and he disappeared, returning in a few moments with a jar of water, for which he received the countryman's 50 cents.

The latter departed with his purchase. Returning later in the day, after the tide had gone out, he gazed in silent wonder at the water, which had reached far from the beach.

"Lumme!" he exclaimed, "don't they do a tre' e!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Proposed in Record Time.**

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."—Tit-Bits.

Only the sweetness of love's young dream doesn't seem to interfere with the dividends of the sugar trust.

**NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.**



The magnificent New York Stock Exchange has entrances on three streets—Broad, New and Wall. The present building is worth, with the ground on which it stands, more than \$7,000,000. It is of white marble and is said to be the finest building devoted to a similar purpose in the entire world.

**FROM CLERK TO MAGNATE**

Remarkable Rise to Wealth and Power of James J. Hill.

Forty-one years ago James J. Hill, the great railroad magnate, who recently celebrated his 67th birthday anniversary, was a mud clerk on a small steamboat plying up and down the Mississippi. A mud clerk in Mississippi River parlance is applied to under clerks, who go ashore at landings and check baggage and freight. That is what Hill was. Not many years later he controlled the line of steamboats on which he had been employed as mud clerk. He is a Canadian by birth, having been born at Guelph, Ont., in 1833. His father was Irish, his mother Scotch, and while the son had the characteristics of both races, he was essentially American, first and last. He attended the Rockwood Academy, a Quaker school, for eight years, and then the death of his father threw him upon his own resources, which were ample. At the age of 18 he looked about him, and finally selecting St. Paul as the most likely place in the West for an ambitious young man, he went there, taking a position as mud clerk on the Dubuque and St. Paul Packet Company's line of steamboats. In the next few years he served with various shipping firms, and in 1865 took the agency of the Northwestern Packet Company. He served in this capacity for two years, and then he started in business for himself, engaging in the fuel and transportation trade. As he once put it, "I found it better to expend my energies in my own behalf than in behalf of others." Among other things he de-



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decided in looking about that the railroad business offered even greater fields than that offered by river traffic, and firm in this belief he laid plans to secure the agency for the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, and his plans did not miscarry. They seldom have. In 1869 the Hill, Griggs & Co. transportation firm came into existence. This firm was very successful, but not sufficiently successful to suit young Hill. About that time he made many trips up into North Dakota, or the Red River valley, and there he saw natural agricultural facilities second to none in the country. It was a howling wilderness almost, but never mind that; the opportunities waited to be taken advantage of, and young Hill forthwith did take advantage of them. In 1870 he started the Red River Transportation Company, opening up the northwestern wilds to the farmer, and a year later he had bored his way into the interests of the Hudson Bay Company and consolidated with it.

But in the meantime he had his eye on the gradually increasing railroad interests of the country, and in 1872 his great opportunity presented itself. The St. Paul & Pacific Railroad defaulted, and Hill, having foreseen it and laid his plans accordingly, promptly set about interesting English capitalists in this road. Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald Smith listened, and the end was that in 1878 Hill gained control of the bonds of that company. In 1883 he was made president. He reorganized the road and named it the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad. Slowly but surely the Great Northern system came into existence. In 1890 he became president of the Great Northern, a system extending from Puget sound, on the Pacific coast, to St. Paul; from Duluth on the north to Yankton, S. D., on the south. He started the Northern

Steamship Company, controlling the great lake traffic, and not content with his line of trans-Pacific steamships he is now perfecting plans for additional Oriental trade through the Nippon-Yushon Kaisha Steamship Company.

**TALKS ON ADVERTISING**

Newspaper advertising is generally recognized in this day and generation as a valuable adjunct in the business world. It is not only regarded by a large majority of retail dealers as a necessity and one that pays compound interest, but the buyers likewise insist upon consulting the advertising columns of their favorite journal.

In the city the popular newspaper is the daily. In the country the weekly press has an equally strong hold on the reader. The best argument that advertising pays is found in the progress advertising has made in the past few years both in the city daily and the country weekly.

There is as much reason why the country dealer should advertise in his local newspaper as that the city advertiser should persistently cry his goods in the city daily. It is probable that the country merchant gets fully as large returns from his advertising, according to the amount expended, as does the city dealer.

The country dealer's newspaper announcements bring returns in increased trade. The more care he takes in preparing his advertisements the better the results. The advantages of an advertisement are not all realized in a week or even a month. The results are cumulative.

The newspaper advertisements keep their readers constantly informed as to what the merchants have for sale. When an article is needed the dealer who has been telling the public through the press that he has that particular line of goods secures a customer. The new resident of a town early subscribes for the local newspaper that he and his family may become familiar with the town's doings, names, etc. The advertisements are a point of especial interest to them.

The direct returns are not all the advantages of the merchant's advertising, although the investment in itself is undoubtedly a reasonably profitable one. The local newspaper is constantly pointing out to its readers the mistaken policy of buying from mail order houses and big department stores. The local advertisement will still further assist in discouraging the practice and help to keep money circulating in local channels that would be lost forever if sent to catalogue houses.—Northfield (Vt.) News.

**Profitable Fellowship.**

Among the pleasures and profits of intelligent travel are the companionships one forms. The well-poised traveler is never afraid to make new friends. He soon learns to read human nature sufficiently to know whom to trust, and he cannot travel, even to a very limited extent, without meeting many people well worth knowing. The little home circle is delightful and often helpful, but the view points and opportunities of our fellow citizens are so nearly identical that our next-door neighbors are not apt to furnish as profitable friendships as persons we meet whose environments are different and who have, perhaps, had a wider range of opportunities and seen more of the things worth while, which are the heritage of the traveler.

When the man who is familiar with the East meets the man who has learned the great story of the West, the conversation is pretty apt to be worth listening to.—Four-Track News.

There was once a woman who could actually starch a man's shirt in the right place—but she has been dead several hundred years.

**High Art in Dishwashing.**

Science Makes Itself Felt in the Prosaic of Employment.

While the object of dishwashing is the same, of methods there are as many as each housekeeper is sure to consider some portion of the prosaic vital importance. One woman exhausts all her ambition on a dishcloth, another upon a large amount of dishwater, with a small amount of rinsing water. Some use hot water and no soap, believing soap not so clean for dishwashing. Others use warm suds and hot rinsing water. Some wipe dishes immediately after the rinsing water, while others dishes a chance to wipe themselves draining. Every good housekeeper is liable to have a bad point along many good points on the dishwashing subject.

To consider dishwashing with the knowledge of the constituent food would prevent the use of boiling or even hot water in removing from dishes, as nearly all food is prepared for the table contains starch or starch, alone or together, combined naturally as with all the cereals combined by cookery and serving every cook knows what happens and heat is applied to milk, eggs and boiling water causes particles of starch to adhere to silver and crockery, in time will cause even the best of earthenware to check, as most short of china is equal to glass. As soap can be removed from the material and from the hands—both towels and from the hands—both will absorb, it stands to reason that soap suds can be rinsed from and crockery. Soap is modified with alkali with sufficient fat to hold alkali in a safe and convenient form for use. Hot water dissolves it for use. Hot water of sight, but it destroys or changes its nature, safe to assume that all good housekeepers recognize the necessity clean dishcloths and wiping with plenty of washing and rinsing water, but it is a fact that many wise neat and thoughtful are the care of the tea and the coffee, letting the contents stand between men's. Tea will cover the side of a teapot with a dark stain easily removed. Coffee leaves a my, oily coating, yielding only scouring substance.—New York Sun.

**FROM THE JAW OF DEATH**

Thrilling Story of Race with Child's Life as Stake.

It was Tuesday, the busiest day of the week in many cottage towns, Mrs. Thomas was bending over her washtub, hard at work.

Playing with her doll in the kitchen was Rosie, the little three-year-old daughter of the house.

"Muvver," she lisped, "me wants to play horses."

"Mother's busy, darling," was her reply. "Play with dollie a little longer."

Rosie took Mrs. Thomas' advice, continued to play with her doll some time; then, when mother's back turned, she toddled out to the garden behind the house.

Along the foot of the garden was a branch line of the London and Western railway, the two being separated by only a poor hedge, the gaps.

With her dollie under her arm she wended her way down the garden until she came to the hedge.

Looking through this she espied a kitten basking in the sun on the way bank.

"Kitty," called Rosie; "Kitty, here."

Kitty took no notice, so Rosie died through a hole in the hedge, clinging her doll in the process, and just going to stroke the kitten when she woke up and stroled off.

Rosie followed it along the line. Then the kitten wandered on the line.

Still Rosie followed, all unconscious of danger.

Mrs. Thomas had now looked from her work and missed her one.

"Rosie! Rosie!" she called, there was no answer.

Remembering the railway, she rushed out into the garden, and by the hedge she saw the doll.

Rosie must have strayed on the track; and she could hear a trainling.

She wasted no time in crawling through the hedge; and then, in horror, saw Rosie some distance away walking calmly towards the approaching train.

In anguish the mother started running, waving her apron in the wind, order to attract the attention of the engine driver. But was it possible to stop the train in time?

Nearer and nearer came the chugging engine, but still Rosie pursued her kitten.

The mother, her steps hastened by terror, sped on down the track, before the engine. The rumble of wheels from the iron monster brushed aside into the ditch. She shut her eyes to close out the horror, her heart seeming to stop.

At last the terror stricken mother heard the brake applied, and the train began to move more slowly. It had been seen, but she was not in danger yet.

Then from the footplate there leaped the freman.

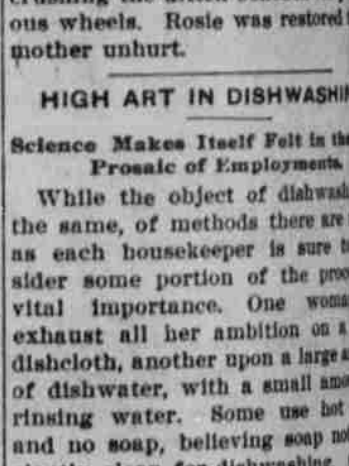
At top speed he ran, and, reaching the engine, snatched the little one from the line just in time.

A moment later the train passed the spot and came to a standstill, crushing the kitten beneath its powerful wheels. Rosie was restored to mother unhurt.

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