VOL. IV. NO. 27.

One Life's Secret

TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH FRANCE 2

CHAPTER VIII .- (Continued.) The next day Robin came again. "Rose," he said, "I saw, yesterday, going away from here, when I was coming down, a man whom I think I have seen before. Do you know who it was?" "You mean, I think, Gasparde, my

cousin. But hush!-here he comes." And at that moment the individual des-

den. There a somewhat lengthy confer- you not?" ence was held, during which time Rose doors, and Gasparde's name was not infrequently mentioned in the course of get you!" their dialogue. The young man seemed | "I will not go in to-night, I think, dear also heard of his having come the previous day to make apologies for so do-

And, meanwhile, Hugh ended the colloquy between himself and Gasparde in the opposite doorway, looking out into enter the house. The countenance of the former was gloomier and darker than

"Captain," said the man, "I don't remember having seen that person in the Rose?" kitchen before. I suppose you won't think it impertinent if I ask you who away. But it will not be long before I

"He is to become the husband of soon?" Rose," returned Hugh, "His name is Robin Marron." And he glanced closely treat, Rose!" He spoke with the desat the countenance of his companion to perate energy of sorrow. detect some signal of his feelings at this announcement. But all was undisturbed

parde. "Well, he will make her an ex- And I am going in two days." cellent husband, I hope; and I wish her much happiness, with all my heart. I ten the time when I wished so earnestly ly. Hugh paced the floor with folded he continued, "I am going to be married nance. to another young girl, at some distance from here, shortly.'

And the lie was believed. They went in, and Gasparde remained a short time longer, affecting an air of the most perfect friendliness towards Robin. And when he took his departure, to return to he said: "You are going, then, the day They went along the road talking together of one thing and another in a careless way, speaking on a great many subjects, and dwelling on none long, till they came to a little grove, past which the road ran, about half way between the cottage and the village.

"A pleasant place yonder." observed Robin, nodding his head towards it. 'Yes-yes; pleasant enough," responded Gasparde; "but I dare say there are

pleasanter places." "Just so, my friend," rejoined the young man; "you are right. And those that have more agreeable associations, as well. For instance, if a man had been nothing for me to do but to go away." shot there by an unseen enemy, the place | wouldn't be quite so attractive as many

He glanced casually at the face of his companion as he said it; but beneath the careless tone and manner was a meaning. and in that glance he read, like lightning. the expression of Gasparde's face. It was one of sudden, startled uneasiness. The man looked quickly up at him, withont answer. The effect was satisfactory. Robin went on:

"I had a master formerly, who was, one day, wounded in the manner which I you. Now, Rose, tell me I may go." have described, and in that very wood which we have passed."

"And he told you about it?" said Gasparde, watching Robin closely. "You are right. He told me about it. "Did he guess who fired at him?"

"I suppose so. Though he kept it to himself. He said he meant to punish the rogue when he could catch him." "Who was your master, if I may ask?"

"The Compte d'Artois. You may have heard of him possibly. But I must bid you adieu, my friend; for here I am at

continued his route, muttering, "I have her had almost decided her, at first, to you now, my master! You think I am break off an intimacy which, on his part, cowed-do you? Ah! wait-only wait! claimed something more than the name of You are taking a great deal of trouble to friendship. This, however, seemed too win my pretty cousin; but I shall have harsh a measure. She could not persuade her yet! Only time-time. I will let herself to go so far. She liked him sinyou just grasp the prize, and then tear cerely; her regard for him was too real it from you. The later my vengeance, the sweeter it will be!"

heroine, Rose Lamonte, was returning him, in time, of the passion, which she from the Chateau Montauban, whither she had gone early in the afternoon to see Mademoiselle Montauban, who, she should never be able to return. was told by her father, wished to speak with her on a matter of importance. With | become an inmate of the Chateau Montana light and happy heart, Rose had gone ban, she had begun to feel that she had to meet the lady, and, three or four hours a means of assistance at hand. She did afterwards, was returning home, with not pause for time to define any plan, tears in her eyes, and a step very differ- or to say to herself, in so many words, ent from that usual with her. Walking that such and such an ultimate issue had slowly along, wrapped in sorrowful med- been guessed at, or hoped for, by her; itation, she was suddenly aroused by the but she appropriated the means presentvoice of Robin prenouncing her name. He ed to her, and trusted that they would

was just going down to the cottage. "Why, what ails you, my Rose?" he

"O, Robin, my father is going away!" was her sad answer. you, dear child! But how soon is he going, and where will he go to?"

Mademoiselle Helen told me, and she calm exterior, and to evince as much inknew nothing further than what I have terest in affairs about him as was possijust said to you. But I am afraid it will be very soon." And the tears chased each other over her fair cheeks. "Why did he not acquaint you with this

had not the courage. Poor papa! And Montauban knew it. He first merely acbesides, the Marquis and Mademoiselle knowledged, and was sensible of her Montauban are to keep me at the chateau presence; then he sought it. Rose con-

me of this, and so he left it all for her "I knew you were going to stay at the

chateau, Rose, but not that your father was going away. I learned it from him last week," said Robin. "You did? and you did not let me know?"

"He preferred that I should not then. ignated entered the cottage door. He But do not weep," dear Rose!" said the made a civil obeisance to Rose and the young man, soothingly; "he will return, young man, and accosting Hugh, request- and, perhaps, will remain away but a ed, in a low tone, to speak with him short time. And it will be pleasant for you to be at the chateau a little while, The two retired, as before, to the gar- only I am afraid you will forget me-will

"Ah, how can you think so?" asked his and Robin were conversing together in- companion, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You know, Robin, that I could not for-

to be somewhat interested in him, and Rose. You will have a great deal to say asked several questions concerning him, to your father, and you will be better by which he gathered the knowledge that alone. To-morrow I will come. You will Gasparde had some time very deeply of- know then, I dare say, on what day he is fended both Rose and her father; but he going, and can tell me. I should like to hear." He bent down and kissed her. There was sympathy and tenderness in his glance and caress.

She went in. Her father, standing in the garden, when they prepared to re- the garden, turned quickly and beheld her. He held out his arms.

"Well, you know now," he said, with sorrowful gentleness, as she came up to meet his sad embrace-"you know now,

"Yes, father-I know; you are going shall see you again? You will come home

"I do not know: do not ask me, I en-"But where are you going, and how

soon, papa?" "I cannot tell you where I am going. "So Rose is to be married?" said Gas- But it may be to Nantes or Bordeaux.

"In two days?-so soon! O, papa!" She sat down, poor little Rose, and covsuppose, monsieur, you have not forgot- ering her face with her hands, wept sad-

to marry Rose myself-have you? But," arms, and despair on his dark counte-"has not my revenge turned upon me?" The next evening Robin came. seemed more serious than usual, and heard of the arrangements for the de-

> him. after to-morrow?" 'Yes, and Rose will go to the chateau to-morrow evening. The marquis and

parture of Hugh in silence. At length

his daughter are coming for her." "Yes, Robin," she said; "to-morrow evening I shall be gone."

Robin sat down by her, and tok her hand in his.

"Rose," he said, "do you not think this makes me as sorrowful as you can be? What shall I do when you are here no longer? I cannot see you in your new home as I have seen you here. I cannot come there in my rude dress, though, one day, I mean to make myself worthy to enter even that proud place; There is

"Ah, Robin," uttered Rose, with tear ful eyes, "do not go! What shall I do with no one left?"

"Do not weep, mignonne!" entreated the young man, sadly; "can you not see it is for the best? I cannot stay here without meeting you daily, as of old. And we may not meet now you are to dwell at the chateau. We both would be more unhappy should I stay. If I go away I may gain some situation where I may obtain wealth, and rise gradually to a position worthy to come back and win

"Go, then, if it must be so," she re sponded, striving to check the fast flowing tears. "But I shall be so lonely!" "Let me go to-morrow morning, Rose, I cannot bear to see you go away-to wait till you are gone.'

CHAPTER IX.

And thus it was.

It was not without a sigh of regret that Helen Montauban observed the pain which she was forced to inflict on one who loved deeply and truly. Francis Eg erton had inspired her with a sentiment of the most earnest esteem; but the "Adieu," returned Gasparde; and he knowledge of the depth of his regard for -too deep, to permit her thus absolutely to relinquish the occasional society of It was sunset again, and our pretty Lord Egerton; while she trusted to cure felt too well, from a consciousness of her own preference in a different quarter, she

Since his arrival just after Rose had

succeed. Meeting, on the very first evening of asked, tenderly. "You are weeping! Why his arrival at the chateau, with a repulse, gentle, though firm, from Helen-a disappointment to hopes long, yet doubtfully, cherished: and feeling that the dejection "Going away? Ah, how sorry I am for and unhappiness which he felt would, if observed, draw upon him the attention of those about him, he endeavored to con-I do not know. He did not tell me; ceal all evidence of his feelings under

He found himself thrown daily into the society of Rose Lamonte, often by chance, oftener by Helen's own agency. He admired her beauty-her innocence "Indeed. I do not know. Perhaps he and grace, had a charm for him. Helen until he returns; that was why she wished me to come up this afternoon, to tell

The sold in the orchard is in good selves, resulting in many instances in appointed when Harry Jones was chost love we become too

The fless of our face.

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The first was why she wished me to come up this afternoon, to tell and seemed to evince a pleasure in his

The fless of our face.

The first was the foreman of a new branch of the fless off our face.

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society. It was plain that she did not dislike him; and Helen, although she had many doubts at first, changed them finally for most agreeable yet secret speculations on the future, little dreaming that Francis Egerton was yet true to her, er that Rose Lamonte's thoughts, even in his presence, turned and dwelt fondly, though sadly, on the memory of her humble, yet unforgotten, lover.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Montaubas thought often and anxiously of her cous in; for Louis had not written once since his departure from the chateau, and two months had now elapsed, and nearly the third, since that time. Her father also mentioned him frequently, and expressed his perplexity at his silence, and no less at his prolonged absence. Many an hour, signed for this particular work. The casement, with her glance sorrowfully fixerd on the road below that wound through the valley and beyond the hillsthe road over which he had passed on the morning when he left her.

"When will he traverse it again?" she asked herself. "When, kneeling here, at be found not only useful, but will save my sad post, in the twilight or the dawn, considerable time in the fruit-gathershall I behold him returning?"

One afternoon, being oppressed with a slight headache, she had thrown herself upon her couch to dispel it, if possible, by slumber. Suddenly her uncle's step, light and quick, came through the gallery, and immediately Jessie herself entered the chamber, bearing a light. Her apart. The ends which stand on the face was suggestive of something pleas- ground should be sharpened or covered ant. She came on tiptoe to the bedside.

"but I have slept a great while." "Yes, mademoiselle-a long time; but I hope your headache has quite left you now; for monsieur le compte, your cousin, mademoiselle, Monsieur d'Artois-" ly, as she rose.

'Yes, mademoiselle, he has just come." hastened to bathe her face and head and re-arrange her hair. But she trembled from head to foot. She descended the self. He it was, but paler and thinner This ladder will cost but a small sum. than usual. He came forward with an and if well made will last for years. exclamation of pleasure. "Helen, my dear cousin!" he cried,

warmly embracing her. Her cheek burnt-her heart beat rapidly, as he pressed his lips to hers. She could not speak at first.

"My own fair Helen, and so lovely as ever!-yes, a million times lovelier!" he said, smilingly, as he gently turned her face so that the glow of the pendant lamp above them fell full upon it. "But you do not speak, cousin. And vet I know von welcome me"

"Indeed, I welcome you, Louis, most warmly. But you are pale-you have been ill."

"I have been ill-yes; but not long or seriously; and as soon as I recovered.

He pressed her hand in his with kindly affection, as he released her. She turned and entered the saloon. Her father stood by the hearth, and the guests were grouped about it, chatting together, as she came in. She was greeted with unan-lmous exclamations of pleasure, and drawn into their circle. There were inquiries on all sides concerning her late indisposition, and infinite rejoicings at the arrival of Louis. In the midst of the conversation Louis re-entered.

"My dear uncle. I cannot express the pleasure it gives me to find myself here once more," he said, "and particularly in the midst of such excellent company.'

In a little while the evening repast was spread and they gathered about the board, a congenial party enough, as it went; afterward they repaired, by the invitation of the marquis, to the library. where they passed the remainder of the Rose and Francis Egerton, who, of late, had occasionally sung together, were prevailed upon by the maronis and his guests to do so now. Both had fine voices and excellent taste, and her enough money to get a trio of hightheir united melody poured forth in one sweet, harmonious strain, that could not fail to please. Louis, standing behind the seat of Mademoiselle Montauban, regarded Rose and her companion with a quiet but closely observant glance.

"Is not Rose a little nightingale?" softly whispered Helen, looking up at him. "A sweeter one never sang. By-the-by, my dear cousin, when did she com

She is prettier than ever; do you not

"Decidedly. Francis seems tacitly to agree with us, too, it appears to me. Is

he not very attentive to her? And yet, he does not look quite happy to-night. What ails him, I wonder?" (To be continued.)

Fiendish Woman. Mr. Subbubs-Thank goodness the winter's nearly gone and the summer is coming, when I won't have to bother about the old furnace.

Mrs. Subbubs-That's so. By the way, dear, don't you think you'd better look at the lawn mower and see if it needs any repairing?-Philadelphia

Attachments. Polonious-Attachments are quickly formed in our profession.

Hamakter-Alas, 'tis true! Polonious-Why that note of melancholy in thy tone? Hamakter-I was thinking of my

wardrobe which my landlord has this

day attached .- Ohio State Journal. Microbian Humor. First Microbe-Have you ever gone up against any of these microbe killers the doctors are talking about?

Second Microbe-Lots of them. First Microbe-Aren't you afraid? Second Microbe-Afraid, nothing. Why, I'm a microbe-killer killer, I am.

Art in the Proper Direction. Agent-Don't you want an enlarged photograph of yourself? Stout Gentleman-Enlarged!

Agent-That's so. But-say-let us make you one three sizes smaller.

The Question Nowadays. Friend-I understand your receiving teller has skipped out? Bank President (sadly)-That's what! Friend-Did he leave much?-Puck. A Dilemma.

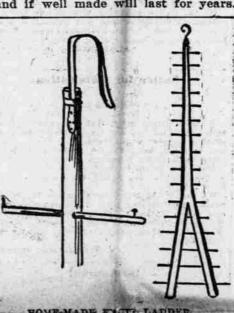
Mrs. Von Blumer-I don't know what Farmer. we shall do about that cook.



Home-Made Fruit Ladder. The average fruit ladder, as found in most orchards, is not particularly de-

sirable mainly because it is not deat nightfall, Helen knelt sadly at her broad top of the common ladder makes it almost impossible to get it among the branches in a firm position. Where one has considerable fruit to gather, a special ladder constructed after the plan of the one in the illustration will ing season.

A pole, preferably a green one from the woods, should be secured, having if of the desired length. The largest end should be split up about three feet with sharpened pieces of iron, which "O, I am awake, Jessie," said Helen; any blacksmith can fashion and attach. Bore holes one and one-half inches in diameter in both sides as far apart as the rungs are to be placed. The rungs should be formed of some "Jessie, is he here?" asked Helen, quiet- tough wood so that they may not be made too bungling. At the top of the pole a strip of strap iron is fastened She entered her dressing room, and with a long hook so that it may be passed over the branches of the tree. The illustration on the left of the cut shows how the hook is fastened on.



eral of them of different lengths.

Poultry Raising. One correspondent writes of the case of a woman who buys the groceries for the family and the clothing for herself and two grown daughters from the profits of the poultry yard. This is not an exceptional case and can be done on the majority of farms if the man will give his wife and daughters a chance to show what they can do. If one has the usual idea that poultry raising is too small a business for a farmer, his wife will be glad to take up the work, and she will teach him a lesson before she gets through. Give grade fowls and in the early spring money for three or four early sittings of eggs, and in three years she will begin to show results that are surpris-

Lime and ulphur Wash. Fruit growers are quite interested in the formula composing the new insecticide, lime and sulphur, but have found the labor of making it considerable because of the necessity for boiling the mixture. Recent experiments have shown that if potash or caustic soda is used there will be no necessity for boiling. The formula for making in this way is this: Take twenty pounds of sulphur, forty pounds of lime, five pounds of caustic soda and sixty gallons of water. Make a thin paste of the sulphur and dissolve the

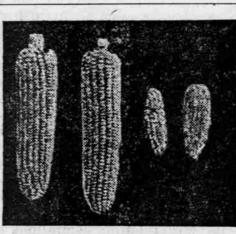
caustic soda in water. In slaking the lime, use only enough water to make it boil rapidly. During the process of slaking, pour into the lime the sulphur paste, and then the caustic soda solution, adding water if necessary, and stirring rapidly until all bubbling stops, when dilute with water to the consistency and strength needed for the spraying. The use of this material in spraying is not only decided check on scale, but very effective against various insects. Applications may be made in the late fall, in midwinter and in the early

Keeping Sweet Potatoes. To keep well sweet potatoes should be dug when the soil is quite dry and afterward spread thin to cure for ten days at least in an outbuilding secure from rain and frost. Road dust onethird of which is composed of fine sand is best for packing in. Place a layer of dust in the bottom of box or barrel or whatever is used to pack in, then a layer of potatoes, being careful to cover every potato completely with dust before adding the next layer. The last layer is dust. We keep sweet potatoes in this manner all winter, and they seem as fresh as when first packed. We keep them in an outhouse until severely cold weather, merely covering the boxes with carpeting, etc. When severe cold sets in they are removed to a room where a fire is kept part of the day only. Failure to keep well is often due to too much heat or packing away in too warm materials.--Cor. Ohio

Crops for Orchards.

and this may be sown at any time now. If the soil is poor crimson clover is not likely to succeed, so that something that will add humus to the soil should be used rather than to attempt to get the benefit of the legumes. For sowing in an orchard of this kind rye will probably be most satisfactory. It should be sown about the 1st of September, and plowed under in the early spring, and then the summer cultivation of the surface soil taken up again. It is quite probable that following this method will put The creaking in our rooms at night is the soil in shape so that another fall it will be fit to grow crimson clover. The flooring makes discussing if we little

The Value of Fertilizer. The Purdue Experiment Station has been conducting a number of experi- Had best be roused up from her bed, to ments with corn, using different kinds of fertilizer. The tests show that kainit is valuable as compared with The rustlings in the wall we hear are



TREATED AND UNTREATED EARS.

straw or lime. The corn was planted the second week in June. The corn on the plats to which kainit or straw was applied made a continuous growth. and after the middle of July these plats could readily be distinguished from a distance by a darker color than scape, or of other objects, in the right tal. These young people, acting under that shown on the plats on which no perspective, hold a pane of glass over the direction of their principal, have fertilizer was used. The treated plats the drawing paper, which must lie on did not ripen as early as the others, the table, or be fastened to the drawand the fodder was slightly damaged ing board. by frost on September 27, although no injury was done to the ears. The corn that the lower edge of the pane rests was cut from the different plats Oc- on the table or ordinary board, while tober 3 and husked October 19. The

	-Yield Pe	r Acre-
lat	Sound corn.	
o. Treatment.	bushels.	tons.
. Straw	48.4	2.30
None	28.6	1.39
Kainit	55.8	2.43
Kainit.		
Lime	52.4	2.48
Lime	25.1	1.48
Straw		1.92
None	16.1	1.04
Kainit	60.4	2.43
. Kainit.		- Vector
Lime	52	2.21
Lime	15,04	1.04
None	4	.96 -

bound to be profitable in land treated as were the plants in the experiments the other edge slants toward you so cited-especially as to kainit or straw. that it is close to your chin. Another thing shown is that the influence of the treatment is bound to be effective for years to come, as the land will see the landscape or other object will the more readily respond to labor reflected in the glass and it will be put upon it.

Good for Hogs.

Take six bushels of cob charcoal or three bushels of common charcoal. Epsom saits, two quarts of air-slack a drawing which is absolutely correct lime, one bushel of wood ashes. Break in regard to perspective. the charcoal into small pieces and thoroughly mix the other ingredients peras and dissolve in hot water, and and Barty was looking on. with an ordinary watering not sprinthe hogs demand and assists in taking worms and regulating their conditions. -Winchester (Ind.) Herald.

Succession of Crops. In a rotation a shallow and deeprooting crop should follow each other, so that the demand for plant food is shifted. Crops that produce humus and crops that consume humus should alternate, or, if possible, be raised together. Crops should be rotated so that fertilizing materials left by the preceding crop are in the best condition for the succeeding crop. The weak feeding crop, if it is a desirable one. should be put in the rotation when the fertilizing substances are in the most available form. Crops of dissimilar feeding habits should follow each old butter stamp. Barty thought he

The crab apple is one of the hardlest

nament. The large and growing de stamped! mand for pure jellies and preserves should create a larger market in the future for crab apples.

Roller process bran is, on the average, better than old process bran. Bran is rich in ash, or mineral matter, which renders it a suitable food for growing animals. It serves well with all foods which are lacking in line or bone forming material, and is valuable in the manure heap. It may not be equal to linseed meal or some other foods, for certain purposes, but it is a food that should always be used.

try than the country boy is in the city. A dairyman recently hired a young city chap and sometime during the first week gave him the order to "sait the ourselves also we must look for our calves." He found out later that this young American had rubbed about a quart of salt into the hair on the back mosphere that affects more than any of each calf. Later horses running in other thing our material prospects as the pasture discovered these salty well as our happiness. Joe Arnold felt calves and proceeded to help them- very much surprised and bitterly dis-



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Noises in the Night. only just the noise girls and boys

Are sleeping well and cozily, or if our deer mamma see just how we are.

whispers of the news That Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs when Down-stairs has the blues. For below it's very lonesome when we're all up here in bed, So Up-stairs tells to Down-stairs everything we last have said.

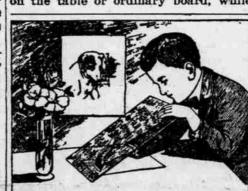
The squeaking in the hallway and the cracking on the stair

Are just the timbers trying to be very silent there. You know how 'tis yourself when you are anxious to be good; You're always making noises that you never meant you should.

Thus the dear old house is waiting all through the quiet night, And watching for the dawn to show our faces fresh and bright. if we hear a single sound

goes to prove That we are guarded close by things that hold us in their love. -Youth's Companion. How to Draw Correctly. To get a correct drawing of a land-

Hold the glass in a slanting way so



TO OBTAIN PERFECT PERSPECTIVE.

Looking perpendicularly down on the paper through the pane of glass, you

easy to draw the outlines of your oblect on the paper. The only difference is that the picture appears upside down, but with a

Grandma's Butter Stamp. They were out in the cool little with it. Then take one pound of cop-dairy. Grandma was making butter,

"I must certainly have a new butter kle over the whole mass and again stamp," grandma said, between spats mix thoroughly. This mixture should of the big wooden "paddle." She was be kept dry. Feeding a portion of it working the buttermilk out of the soft twice a week furnishes something that golden mass, and working the salt in. "I'll div you one, g'amma, on your off the gases of the stomach, expelling birtday day," Barty said, promptly. And of course he plunged his hands into his small trouser pocket and jingled the pennies.

"But to-day is my 'birfday day'," laughed grandma. "I'm sixty to-day, Little Pockets!"

"Then I'll div you one this to-day," Little Pockets answered, gravely. He meant to get right down from the high bench at once and go and buy it, but he wanted to see grandma spat, spat, spatter first. It was such fun, and little salt drops kept spattering across into his face and making him wink! Pretty soon the golden butter was all "worked." and grandma smoothed it out into a beautiful yellow sheet. Then she hurried away to get the worn-out

would go, too, but it was a pretty high bench, and he was a pretty low little boy. So it needed a good deal of time of trees, and as there is nearly always to get ready to jump down. And dear a demand for crab apples in market, me, somehow something caught somethey are found profitable by some. The where! For Barty tumbled forward on blossoms are beautiful in spring, and to the golden sheet of butter! Out flew the trees are more ornamental than his two small fat hands, and then, some which are used for shade and or. all in a minute, grandma's butter was

When grandma came back there was the print, clear and deep, of two little hands with fat, widespread fingers, right in the middle of her golden butter. And grandma hugged Barty and kissed his crestfallen little face.

"Why, bless the Little Pockets, it's a beautiful butter stamp he's given grandma on her 'birfday day!' " she cried. But although she didn't mention a word of it to Barty-dear, no!still, she couldn't help being glad that the fat little hands had been scrubbed and rubbed just before they stamped her butter!-Youth's Companion.

He Always Looks Happy.

Taylor, "are from within us; and from greatest good." We are generally unconscious that we are creating an at-

a manufacturing firm for which they both worked, says a writer in an eastern periodical. At first sight it certainly seemed as if an injustice had been done. Joe had been with the firm longer than Harry, and his work had given equal satisfaction. Why, then, had he been passed over?

A few words with the employer answered the question. "I am sorry for Joe," he said, "and would like to have pushed him forward. I know he is faithful and conscientious, and that he can always be relied upon to do his very best; but he wears such a long face and worries so about every triffe that he creates an unpleasant atmosphere. Judging others by myself, nothing, I believe, attracts people more than a cheerful face and a general air of happiness. Now, this is Harry's advantage over Joe-he always looks happy, and, as the business of the foreman of the new department will be largely with the public, he must be a man who will make a favorable impression at the outset."

Taking Care of the Pennies. A new and very convincing way to demonstrate to boys and girls that if they will take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves has recently been discovered by the pupils of one of the public schools in

Washington, D. C., the national capistarted a school savings bank, which is conducted in every way just like the great institutions where their fathers place their money for safe keeping. The principal makes himself responsible for the safe keeping of the funds, and at the close of each day's business deposits the daily receipts in one of the city's ordinary commercial banking institutions .- St. Nicholas.

Horseback Riding in Peking.

In Pekin, for some reason, the horse s not in especially high favor, possibly because of the high price of a good mount and the low price of donkeys. At any rate, the great middle classes, who are reasonably prosperous, are wont to go about the city mounted on stolid little donkeys which only upon the rarest occasions can be tempted to move at a faster gait than a walk. The most humorous phase of it all, however, is that the self-satisfied Chinaman does not realize what a ridiculous figure he cuts with his legs dangling on each side of the donkey.

Lincoln's Defense. Lincoln's greatest legal triumph was the acquittal of an old neighbor named Duff Armstrong, who was charged with murder Several witnesses testified eight pounds of salt and one pound of little practice you will be able to get that they saw the accused commit the ded one night about 11 o'clock. Lincoln attempted no cross-examination, except to persuade them to reiterate their statements and to explain that they were able to see the act distinctly because of the bright moonlight. By several of the prosecuting witnesses he proved the exact position and size of the moon at the time of the murder. The prosecution there rested, and Lincoln, addressing the court and the jury. announced that he had no defense to submit except an almanac, which would show that there was no moon on that night. The state's attorney was paralyzed, but the court admitted the almanac as competent testimony, and every witness was completely impeached and convicted of perjury. The verdict was not guilty.

A Real Conversation with Clancy. Once a year Clancy comes up to Meadowview to plow the garden. "You have a new horse, Clancy,"

says I. "I have." says he. "Where's the old one?"

"Thraded her fer this one." "What was the matter with her?" "She'd bad kidneys and a weak back."

"Will she be better in the new

place?" "Shure, she won't be long there, That man could sell her at the Hunt Club fer a high jumper; anybody'll

b'lave him "Professional horse trader?" I asked. "No. the preacher."

Russian Ignorance.

Recently an American traveling in Russia who had neglected to provide himself with a passport when he arrived at the borders of the Czar's domains was held up by an official with a demand for his passport. For an instant the American was stumped, but, so the story goes, he quickly rose to the emergency. Diving into his inside pocket, he pulled out his life insurance policy and handed it to the Russian. The latter gravely looked the paper over, carefully scrutinizing the imposing-looking seal and the array of signatures. Then, with a satisfied air, he handed back the paper, and the American passed on.

A curious characteristic peculiar to the California redwood tree is that if the head is cut off by lightning a new one will gradually grow out in its place as shapely as the first.

We have this ambition as we grow older: That death will come for us before we become too worthless to brush