

"IF ALL MY SHIPS CAME HOME."

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Oh! well, the harbor would not hold
So many ships as there would be,
If all my ships came home to me.

If half my ships came back from sea
And brought their precious freight to me,
Oh! well, I should have wealth as great
As any king that sits in state,
So rich the treasure there would be.

If half my ships now out at sea,
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Oh! well, the storm clouds then might
Trown,
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

But if that ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth
untold,
With honor, riches, glory, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies be calm, O winds blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me.
But if thou sendest some awreck
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all, that sail the sea,
But send my love ship home to me.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE.

I WAS a harum-scarum youth, and for the first dozen years of my manhood I had no settled aim. I started out as a clerk in a country store, then I became a school-teacher, next a clerk in a drug-store, where I learned many chemical mysteries; finally I became a law student; and it was my knowledge of chemistry—a science of which I am passionately fond—that gave me a start as a law student.

My shingle had been hung out for four or five months, and yet I had not had a single brief to prepare. What little money I had possessed was rapidly melting away, and I could not ignore the fact that if no fees should come in my way for a couple of months I should have to go on the street or on the prairie for a living. It would be no disgrace, to be sure. But when one has spent his little all in preparing himself for a professional life, and when he has set his heart and hopes on such a life, it is sad to have to abandon it.

I was seated in my office one forenoon, indulging in certain gloomy thoughts on this subject, when the door opened and a middle-aged man in humble garb came in, and I recognized him at the first glance as an industrious and honest machinist named Campbell, a former neighbor of my father's, who was dead. He was flustered and nervous, and I saw at once that there was something wrong.

"Good-morning, Mr. Campbell," said I. "How did you happen to find the office of a poor young lawyer like me?"

"By accident," he said. "I am in trouble, and if I don't get out of it I am ruined. All the savings of my life will be gone unless I can find some lawyer smart enough to defeat the rascality of a certain man, and I was going along, intending to call on the first lawyer I should see, and it happened to be you. As I knew your father well, and used to know you when you were a boy, I thought I could not do better than to put my case in your hands; I'd at least be sure of fair treatment, I thought."

"You would be sure of that at the hands of any lawyer to whom you should intrust your case," said I. "Now let me hear what it is and I'll see what can be done."

"Well, it's this. I've worked hard all my life at my trade and accumulated some money—about six thousand dollars, in fact. I have several children I would like to provide for, and it has been my steady aim to increase my money all I could. A year ago a friend of mine, who is in the same business I am in, told me he could take a partner in the spring, and that if I should go in with him we should make a great deal of money. I looked into the matter and found that he was not mistaken about it. I saw that I could, in a few years, increase my six thousand to twenty thousand and I told him I would be ready to join him when the time came. Meantime my money was lying in the bank, where I ought to have left it, drawing 5½ per cent interest.

"Shortly after I had made this arrangement with my friend about the partnership, a man I knew well and had great confidence in came to me and asked me to lend him my money till I should want it. I told him I should want it at the end of the year, and he said he could readily return it by that time, and he would give me 8 per cent. So I let him have it, and now it is due, and I can't get it back."

"Has he any property?" I asked.

"Yes—any amount of it; but I've understood he's a slippery fellow, but I had not known that before."

"But you took his note, surely?" said I.

"Yes, but I can't find it; that's what troubles me. I called on him yesterday and told him so, and he said he had no recollection of borrowing any money from me; if I had his note, he would pay it; if I hadn't, he wouldn't."

"And you can't find the note?"

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it in this pocket-book, where I keep all my important papers; but when I came to look for it among other notes, receipts, and the like, I couldn't find it."

He produced a large, old-fashioned leather pocket-book as he spoke, and I looked through it and examined a lot of receipts and notes that were packed together in one of its pockets, thinking that two of the papers might be sticking together.

"There is no promissory note for that amount here," I said. "But what is that blank sheet of paper doing here?" And I took up a slip of white paper that I found among the documents.

"I don't know."

"Who is the man who gave you the note?"

"Alexander Branton, the druggist." I knew Alexander Branton well. He was wealthy and penurious and had the name of being tricky. I was satisfied that Mr. Campbell was telling the truth. I was as well convinced that Alexander Branton was not a man who would be likely to forget having borrowed such a large sum as six thousand dollars, and I jumped to the conclusion that he had played some cunning trick to wrong the confiding machinist out of the fruits of many years of labor. But what was the trick? That was the question that puzzled me.

"Have you had this pocket-book in a secure place ever since he gave you the note?" I asked.

"Yes, under lock and key, where no one could touch it but myself."

"Are you sure that it has ever since been impossible for any one to find it, to peruse the note?"

"I am perfectly sure of that. The lock of my desk, in which I have kept it, is one that I made myself. There is but one key in the world that will open it, and here it is," he said, producing from his pocket a bright steel key of very odd outline. "Not a thing has been disturbed in that desk."

I missed a few minutes as I again casually overhauled the papers, and then said:

"Mr. Campbell, I don't mean to say that Branton is dishonest, but might he not have handed you this blank piece of paper and slipped the note in his pocket-book with the money you lent him?"

"No, that is out of the question. I examined the note again after I reached the house, before I put my pocket-book away, to see that no mistake had been made; found it all right, plain as



WRITTEN WITH FADING INK.

day in every letter and figure, and I remembered it as well as though it had been yesterday; I even remember noticing how clear and bright the ink was; it had a kind of reddish tinge."

I was in the act of handing the pocket-book back to him as he said this, but a thought suddenly struck me, and I opened it again.

"Mr. Campbell," I said, carelessly, "do you remember whether the note was filled out on a blank form or not?"

"It was not; he wrote it out in 'all himself on the top of a sheet of foolscap, and cut it off with a pair of scissors. I remember everything about it very clearly, for it was about all I had in the world, and to me it was a very essential affair."

I examined the strip of white paper, for a startling idea was already taking shape in my mind, and I perceived that it had been cut from the top of a page of foolscap, evidently with a pair of scissors.

"Do you know how you happened to place this slip of white paper in here?"

"No, I don't remember of placing it there; I might have done so, thinking it would come handy to figure on."

"Will you let me have it?"

"Certainly," he replied, somewhat surprised at my modest request.

"Well," I said, as I laid the slip on the table and set my inkstand upon it, "I am going to make an effort to recover your money for you; I will bring suit against Branton at once and have him summoned to appear before Judge D—. You can, of course, swear that you lent him the money, and the note he gave you is missing?"

"Yes, with a clear conscience. I could not be mistaken about it."

"Then call on me to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock."

"I will."

He left me, and I took up the slip of paper and examined it closely. It seemed to be nothing but a stray fragment of foolscap, but it occurred to me that it might have a history; it was here that my chemical knowledge came into play. I remembered that Alexander Branton was a chemist; and I also remembered a certain chemical trick with which I had often amused myself. I remembered that an ink could be made with aniline, iodine or ammonia and chloride of zinc, in certain proportions, which had a fresh, reddish tinge, and that it would fade out entirely within four days, leaving no mark on the paper. Branton no doubt knew this secret, and he used it to swindle the machinist out of his earnings. The more I considered this subject, the more I became convinced

that such was the case. The note had been written with fading ink.

But there was another chemical secret which probably Branton did not know, as I had discovered it myself by accident. This treacherous ink, on fading out, leaves the zinc in invisible atoms in the paper so that every line traced with it may be restored by the application of a certain solution of sulphate of iron and hydrate of calcium. So, no sooner had Mr. Campbell left my office than I hurried out to a drug store, where I obtained the solution.

Returning to my office, I saturated a piece of blotting paper with a drop of it, and applied it to a corner of the blank slip of paper. The result made me jump up, clap my hands, and nearly yell with delight, for fresh and clear the dollar came out. I knew not what hidden words the paper contained, and I placed it in my pocket-book, corked up my vial of wrath—which it was destined to prove to the worthy Mr. Branton—and went immediately and brought suit against him for the recovery of the amount of the note, with interest and costs.

A few days later Alexander Branton stood at the bar of justice to answer in his own behalf. It seemed so easy a case to him that he did not deem it necessary to employ any counsel.

Mr. Campbell swore to the facts he had related to me concerning the loan. Mr. Branton answered, on oath, that he had no recollection of ever borrowing any money of the plaintiff. If he did, where was the note? He would thank anybody to produce it.

"Your honor," said I, addressing the judge, "I think I can produce the note in question."

"I understood you that it was not to be found," said Judge D—, somewhat surprised.

"It has never been lost," I said, as I took from my pocket the blank slip of paper and handed it to him. "This is it."

"I hope you are not trifling with the court," he said, as he glanced at both sides and perceived that it was a blank.

"I am not, your honor," said I, as I proceeded at once to explain to him the chemical fact that I have already described.

I watched Alexander Branton as I did so and noticed that he turned very pale. When I had concluded I took from my pocket the vial containing the solution, saturated a piece of blotting paper with it and pressed it upon the blank slip of paper which lay on the judge's desk.

A few seconds I left it so, then I lifted it up, confident of the result; and I was not disappointed. The blank piece of paper was suddenly transformed into a promissory note, every word, every letter and figure clear as sunshine.

It was a note of \$6,000, with a year's interest just due, drawn in favor of William Campbell, and the signature of Alexander Branton was at the bottom of it.

The judge gazed in amazement from the note toward Alexander Branton just in time to discover that tricky gentleman skulking away toward the door. At the judge's orders he was brought back by an officer and informed that he would have something more to answer for than the amount of the loan, with interest and costs.

And so he had. Abashed and terrified at the discovery of his unsuccessful swindle, and in hopes of propitiating the court, he at once gave his check for the amount due Mr. Campbell, and paid the costs. In view of his confession, he was let off with two years' imprisonment, and I don't suppose he will ever dabble in invisible ink again.

This, my first case, attracted considerable notice, and I have never since had to lounge in my office and yearn for clients.—Waverly Magazine.

Lots of Animals Faint.

When the little white kitten tumbled down on the rug with a piteous "meoww" the woman, who always knows what to do, picked her up and called for the camphor bottle.

"She has fainted, poor little thing," said the woman. "Camphor will bring her to."

All the other boarders laughed, but the woman continued to administer the aromatic spirits in her own motherly fashion. When the white kitten had revived the woman sought corroboration of her diagnosis from the veterinary surgeon next door.

"Of course, the cat fainted," he said. "Lots of animals faint. Cats are especially apt to keel over in moments of excitement. These attacks are sometimes confused with fits, but they are really fainting spells, and the patient can be brought to with camphor. Dogs faint, too, and horses. A horse that faints is usually thought to have blind staggers or sunstroke, but anybody knowing the animal's constitution can tell the difference and apply the special treatment required."—New York Post.

Lightning Burned Money.

During a thunderstorm at Tarrytown, N. Y., Louis De Blasto was sitting on his piazza counting his money, preparatory to a trip to Italy. A terrific flash of lightning nearly blinded him and when he recovered his sight his pocketbook and money were missing. The lightning had struck the pocketbook and burned up the money, and yet De Blasto's hands were not even scorched. There was about \$200 in the pocketbook, representing several years' savings.

Must Be Amused.

A man at Baltimore advertises that he wants to go to work and that he does not want to be paid for what he does. He says that he has a big income, but no satisfactory way of amusing himself.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

An Exchange of Blood.

THE emigration of American farmers into Canada is assuming proportions that are phenomenal. A writer in Collier's Weekly gives figures showing that it has reached the rate of 50,000 a year. And he gives reasons which it would be well to think about in this country. The truth is, he says, that this heira of good citizens is due to the frauds that have been practiced in regard to our own public lands and that "the westward tide has bumped into the unyielding front of ranch, timber land and mining tract grabs, and so turns north into Canada—ere long in numbers of 100,000 a year—birthright plundered expatriates!"

When we measure up these 50,000 good American farmers lost to us every year and the undesirable part of that other host of foreign immigrants dumped upon us in their stead, the prospect is not cheering. The citizenship of this country must deteriorate woefully if these currents continue to increase in volume as they have increased in the last decade. Meanwhile an amusing phase of the situation lies in the fact that England is showing uneasiness over the American conquest of Canada. The English Economic Review recently had an article laying stress upon the idea that Americans go into Canada thoroughly imbued with the Monroe doctrine and determined to become the controlling political power.

This, of course, is merely a nightmare. Few American farmers of the class that are going into Canada know or care anything about the Monroe doctrine. They are going there to build homes, to develop the lands and to make money. They have more concern for their crops than for all the politics in the world. It is not a political conquest of Canada by American farmers that England needs to fear. It is an industrial and commercial conquest. It is the United States which has real cause to feel alarm over the condition. The wholesale exchange of good stock for bad cannot fail to have evil effect upon us politically and industrially. And yet if the farmers who are going over the line to the north will assimilate Canada as thoroughly as we have thus far assimilated the foreign immigrants, we may be happy under one flag.—Chicago Journal.

The Business Woman's Problems.

WHY the woman who works for a living is usually more nervous and in less exuberant health generally than the man who works, has been a matter for much discussion in clubs and newspapers, and without any satisfactory verdict having been reached, but there are those who do not find it hard to understand the phenomenon.

The man who works usually does one sort of work. He is a physician, a lawyer, or a clerk, and when he has closed his office door for the day, if he is a sensible man, he puts in the remainder of the time enjoying himself in whatever way best suits him.

And the woman who works—well, she is usually Jack of a dozen trades and master of none.

When she comes home from her office it occurs to her that there are a half a dozen pairs of stockings to be darned—and she sets to work forthwith on this nerve-tearing work. When the stockings are finished, she is just as likely as not to sew on the lace that the laundress has ripped off a skirt, and she goes to bed with her head aching and absolutely unrefreshed.

In the morning she remembers that there are a dozen little lace collars to be laundered, for they were much too fragile to go in the general laundry, and that afternoon she gives over to the "darning-up" of these troublesome little things, adding a couple of white belts, three pairs of white gloves and a veil to the pile.

When she has finished with these, her back is aching,

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

In one of the northern tier of counties of Iowa dwells a politician whose war record is one of his proudest possessions. As a matter of history he "volunteered" by means of the draft near the close of the war, was assigned to the cavalry, and saw no more wearing service than policing the instruction camp; but for purposes of appealing to the soldier vote he has become able to remember all that might have happened to him if he had "enlisted" earlier.

Being a candidate for office last fall, he turned a camp-fire into a political rally and called upon his old comrades for support.

"In those long watches of the night," he said, "when we lay shoulder to shoulder beside those earlier camp-fires along the Rappahannock, in those wearisome days when we pursued the fleeing enemy across the Potomac after Gettysburg—"

"Hold on there, Bill," called a neighbor who knew him of old and had a grudge. "Stick to what you know about. You never saw either of them rivers."

The orator paused and looked down at him. "Let me see," he asked, coolly critical. "You were perhaps at first Bull Run?"

"No, I wasn't, and you—"

"Then perhaps you were with Meade? Or Hancock?"

"No, sir, Bill Bar—"

"Ah! Then probably you went in back of Vicksburg, or tried the Chickasaw Bayou route?"

"No, nor that neither."

"Then," thundered the orator, grandiloquently, "what right have you to come here and interrupt my discourse with these men who were at Bull Run, and were on the Rappahannock, and were at Gettysburg—"

"When you and I were boys, back in Indianner, Bill," interrupted the objector, who had now worked up to the front of the interested audience, "there was a circus come our way. They had one of the most wonderful wild beasts of the African jungle with 'em—the only, sole and unique, three-horned unicornian. You and I paid our good money to see him, Bill, and

and she is glad to lie down and read by the light of a distant and dim gas jet, thereby bringing on the ills that come from eye strain.

She discovers the next afternoon that her hair needs washing, and she spends a good two hours at this hard work. She doesn't feel that she can afford the seventy-five cents or \$1 that a hair-dresser would charge her for this service, and which the latter can do much better than she can do it herself, and so she expends her strength that is worth more to her than money, in half-doing this work.

She manicures her own nails when she should be taking a nap, and makes shirt waists when she should be exercising in the open. She makes caramels by way of fun, and fusses over them until she herself admits that she is "half dead."

She finds things for herself to do that really needn't be done, and by the end of the summer she is a limp and nerve-racked rag.

"But I have to keep nice," she wails, "and I cannot afford to hire some one to do my mending and to groom my hair and nails!"

It is, indeed, a problem how the business woman shall manage, but, nevertheless, these are some of the reasons why she who works for a living is usually a thin and anemic person, who looks haggard and old before her time.—Baltimore News.

The Mind of the Petty Juror.

SOME day science will have progressed far enough in the investigation of the more complex mechanism of the animal body for an authoritative answer to be given to the question, Has a petty juror any reasoning powers? At the present time all jurors, by a legal fiction handed down from the time of the Saxons, have the ability to comprehend simple statements of facts, but like most legal fictions, this one has been inconveniently disproved. Only the other day, in the Superior Court, a jury, after listening to the suit of a man who wanted the rent for a hotel which he had leased to two women who sold their interest to a third, awarded him precisely one dollar in lieu of the \$2,400 everybody admitted was coming to him. The decision of this sapient company of calculators was that the ones who sold possession did not owe any rent, the one that owed the rent should not have any possession, and that the owner should look to God and not to his bond. A careful consideration of this judgment proves at least one fact that has been bitterly disputed: jurors have instincts. They know when it is dinner time and when it is quitting time. Excellently well-termed Petty Jury!—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why the Postal Deficit.

THE deficit of \$12,000,000 in the postal department for the fiscal year calls renewed attention to the outrageous manner in which the government is held up by the railroads in the matter of charges for the transportation of the mails. It is well known that the general public has to pay unfair prices, but the general shipping public escapes comparatively easy by the side of the government. The government pays about eight times as much pound for pound, as the express companies pay on the same trains, and the government pays rent for the postal cars, while the express companies pay nothing for the express cars. But every effort to secure fair transportation rates for the mails is effectually blocked by the railroads. When it is remembered that the government pays the railroads upward to \$35,000,000 a year for transporting the mails the public may have a better idea of why the railroad managers take so much interest in electing congressmen and senators, and securing pliable officials in the various departments of the "P. O. D."—The Commoner.

she is old enough or has acquired the necessary training for something better. Formerly she might have been a cash girl, but now various mechanical devices are taking the place of the cash girl and leaving her without employment. Several of the girls employed as elevator girls in the buildings just mentioned are studying for better positions, and one is glad to earn \$3 a week while her eyes are recovering from the strain of her high school course.

To run an elevator is not difficult work, but requires careful attention to business. For this reason, according to the testimony of their employers, girls can do it better than boys. They are more conscientious and trustworthy. The girls seem to enjoy the work, and though the hours are long the work is not tiring. At the Young Women's Christian Association the elevator girl goes on duty at 7 o'clock and works till 12. Then she has two hours' rest. In the afternoon she works from 2 o'clock until 5, when she has an intermission of half an hour, resuming work at 5:30 o'clock and continuing till 7.

Origin of "Hamfatter."

A correspondent of the New York Sun gives the following account of the origin of the word "hamfatter"—a term of derision applied to actors: "Years ago, before cold cream became a feature of the make-up box, actors used a preparation of ham fat for removing the crude grease paint of their times. The less prosperous ones, for the sake of economy, contented themselves with the fat side of a ham skin, which they carried about and used just as a wood cutter does in greasing his saw. This practice had a disastrous effect on the complexion, and caused thesians to be recognized at once by the cracked and discolored appearance of their faces. Hence the term 'hamfatter.'"

Hocked.

Bacon—I tell you, American watches are holding their own.

Egbert—That may be, but all the owners of American watches are not holding their own.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some houses always look as though the occupants were in the midst of a house cleaning.