

Only manufactured doubts are advertised.

Nothing spoils the life like living for the spoils.

But why shouldn't a political contract be called a "retaining wall"?

The fact that women vote in Utah doesn't seem to make them especially domineering.

The so-called overcrowded professions are overcrowded as to the steps and platform rather than the inside.

The man who intends to roll to the north pole may be fairly classed as the highest roller in the business—if he gets there.

Lieutenant Peary has decided to postpone his Arctic trip for a year. Another winter here like the last will settle him.

The life of a battleship is said to be fifteen years. Even an iron constitution is not proof against the roving and dissipated habits of a battleship.

The London reading public is demanding shorter novels. The American reader does not mind the length so much, but would like some better novels.

Now the nonconformists have a squabble of their own, and, like all family feuds, it is a trifle more bitter than the ordinary bickering between sects.

We cannot understand how it is that scientists have discovered that the Sierra Nevada Mountains are 3,000,000 years old and yet are puzzled in their efforts to discover how old Ann is.

A St. Louis man has willed \$2,000 a year to his pet horse. Now if the horse has found out how to live on 20 cents a day he ought to be able to leave quite a neat little sum to his relatives when he dies.

It's awful hard to make a woman understand that when her husband has had to sit up all night with a sick friend it is natural for him to throw his watch on the floor and put his shoes under the pillow.

A man who died a few days ago willed \$10,000 each to three women, any one of whom he would have been glad to marry if he had not feared the other two would sue him for breach of promise. There seems to have been a first-class Mormon who went entirely to waste.

Strikes are becoming less frequent. Capital and labor recognize that battles of endurance are disastrous and both sides are inclined to make concessions to avoid forced seasons of idleness. Arbitration is the key to the situation. There is every reason to hope and to believe that within a few years strikes will be practically unheard of; at least, that there will be no great strikes.

A discussion in a London periodical, touching the cause and cure of nightmare, brings out two interesting but exasperatingly inconsistent theories—"that the paralysis of nightmare is caused by too much bedclothes," and that "the nightmare sense of fear and difficulty is usually induced by cold, and the cure is another blanket." There is, nevertheless, safety in the contradictory opinions, for one will have nightmare so long as he lies awake debating whether to put on or to take off a blanket.

Misunderstanding between employer and employee cannot continue many years longer, for both parties are striving to come to an understanding. The old saying is true that a work well begun is half done. One of the most recent moves in the right direction was taken when the committee of the National Civic Federation appointed to consider plans for a "welfare department" for the promotion of the efforts of employers to better the condition of their employees decided to ask the employers to co-operate with it in finding the best plan.

It is noteworthy that out of Asia came our alphabet and our Arabic numerals. The compass we owe to the Chinese, who knew the magnetic needle as early as the second century A. D. Gunpowder originally came out of Asia, and so did the art of printing and the manufacture of paper. The Chinese invented movable types in the middle of the eleventh century, 350 years before Gutenberg. They also made silk long before Europe, and porcelain that has never been equaled by Europe. Truly, Asia is the cradle of the race. On the original ideas of the Persians, the Arabians, the Hindus and the Chinese our modern society has been built.

A legal publication has gathered statistics respecting the number of laws passed during the year 1903 by the Legislatures of the States and Territories. How many, do you suppose? Fourteen thousand, three hundred and ninety-four (14,394). And this does not include the number of laws passed by Congress. Of the making of laws in this country there is no end. Somebody, somewhere, is always at it. Did Blackstone realize when he said there is no wrong without its legal remedy what a floodgate he had opened? Every little legislator has his bill in his inside pocket. How could he "make a record" else? Suppose he should return to his constituents without having introduced one bill. As a consequence the statute books of every State are padded with all sorts of enactments. Frequently these laws cross and criss-cross until their interpretation is the despair of the courts. "Ignorance of the law excuses no man."

And yet no man knows precisely and fully what the law is. What wonder there should be lawlessness? Here is the fundamental error: Men suppose they can sprinkle Thou Shalt Not

through a book, bind it in sheepskin and thus reform society. All history proves the falsity of this proposition.

The shy little girl who buries her face in her mother's skirts on the approach of a stranger makes a charming and picturesque figure; that same child, become a young woman and suffering the agonies of diffidence as a waitress at a party, is an object of pity. No woman can be unympathetic with the sufferer if she has herself once endured the miseries of self-conscious shyness; the fear of social blindness, the sense of physical awkwardness, the envy, detested yet cherished, of the more easy and graceful friend; the bitter apprehension that no one will ever have the desire to break through the barrier of apparent coldness and discover the real woman. Yet this shyness has its root in a quality of character both noble and serviceable—in that admiration of the admirable which reaches to fear. The Germans have two words for fear—Furcht, which represents the fear of the coward, and Ehrfurcht, which represents the fear of the man already wise, as he stands before his superior in wisdom—honor-fear. It may seem idle to try to overcome girlish diffidence by an ethical argument; but if once the timid girl can bring herself to regard the terrifying social group as simply her lessons and examples, she may gradually find her fear melting into admiration, and so into a wholesome imitation. Social grace is largely the self-forgetting ability to put oneself in another's place. All the easy give-and-take which is the chief charm of the husking in the country or the afternoon tea in the city is the result, not of genius for conversation, but of practice in the art of entertaining. That art is acquired with far less toll than skill in playing the piano or in embroidery or in cookery.

Not long ago 22,000 pounds of cotton raised in the African colonies of Germany were shipped to that country. The small consignment was received enthusiastically by the cotton spinners, who saw in it a promise of greater things—the coming of the day when they will be independent of the American product. The United States began the cultivation of cotton on a small scale. A few bales shipped to England 120 years ago were refused admission at the custom house on the ground that the United States could not produce so much cotton. Although the German colonies in east and west Africa raise only a little cotton now they may be raising a good deal a century hence. The German Socialists are opposed to the colonial policy of their country, but they are in hearty sympathy with the experiment of introducing cotton growing in Africa. They are indifferent to the interests of the manufacturers, but they are concerned about the operatives, most of whom belong to the party. The operations of the speculators in cotton in this country have hurt the men who earn their bread in German factories. The Socialists resent that, and, like other Germans, wish to see their country freed from its dependence on the United States for cotton. There is no lack of land in other parts of the world well adapted for the cultivation of cotton. There is a lack of competent labor to do the cultivating. It is the custom of many cotton planters in the South to complain of the inefficiency of that black labor on which they have to depend. The Germans who are trying to grow cotton in Africa cannot get labor one-tenth so efficient and intelligent as that to be found in the Southern States. With all his shortcomings, the American negro is a better worker in a cotton field than any planter in Africa or Asia can get to labor for him. Not until a sufficient supply of intelligent labor can be procured will there be serious rivalry with this country in the production of cotton.

TUBERCULOSIS IN HENS. Professor Says Disease Is Prevalent on Ranches. Now that his experiments with diseased fowls in California have demonstrated the fact that tuberculosis is one of the most widely prevalent diseases in the poultry ranches of the State, Dr. Archibald R. Ward, veterinarian of the University of California agricultural department, is pursuing investigations to discover whether there is any relationship between this and bovine or human tuberculosis. Furthermore, the consideration of the possible significance of fowl tuberculosis as a source of infection to man is being given the most careful attention. Dr. Ward, although just commenced on the investigations, has this to say on the second point: "It appears to be true that hens badly infected do not lay. In the thirty post-mortems of tuberculosis hens that have come under the writer's observation but one contained an egg. The thorough cooking to which poultry is subjected renders rather remote the possible danger of human infection by ingestion. Careful observation to determine if newly hatched chicks suffer from tuberculosis will throw light on the question of tubercle bacilli in eggs."

Owing to the fact that tuberculosis in fowls seldom kills a sufficient number of birds at one time to excite fear, its existence in a flock has come to be regarded as a matter of course, and has attracted little attention from the owners. Under the conditions containing in the poultry industry in California, Dr. Ward says that all the individuals of an infected flock must be regarded as possible sources of danger to healthy birds. Taking advantage of the experience in the control of tuberculosis in cattle, he says that it will be easy to raise a flock of healthy chickens, provided they are kept constantly from contact with diseased birds or from land recently contaminated with tuberculosis fowls. Since the life of a fowl is so short, he predicts that such a procedure would result in the eradication of the disease in three or four years.—San Francisco Chronicle.

One Egg Will Keep Her. If a hen lays an egg a week the year through it will just about pay for her feed, and every extra egg will yield a profit.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Heroes of Peace.

THE present war in the East, like all others which have preceded it, will doubtless develop its individual heroes. Deeds of special bravery in times of conflict such as that now raging between Russia and Japan have a spectacular effect and attract attention and admiration entirely natural under the circumstances. But let us not forget the heroes of peace who are always with us. There have been some notable cases of heroism lately outside of the war zone, and the Philadelphia Ledger appropriately alludes to some of them:

"To charge up to the cannon's mouth with thousands of comrades is a small thing compared with going alone into a burning building, groping through the smoke up stairs that cannot be seen and may be on fire, and searching an upper room for a person threatened with an awful death. Five firemen stayed on the roof of a building in Baltimore till the fire was about to fall in, and then hung to the eavesgutter, swinging themselves to a telephone pole and slipped down to the earth.

The engineer who stands by his engine with a collision impending; the fireman who crawls into an engine room where a steam pipe has burst and shuts off the steam that parboils him, and from which he does not always escape; the man who steps out into the street in front of a runaway team, catches the bridle, is dragged for a block, but stops the horses—these and other heroes of everyday life have not the support of numbers and discipline, they can rarely look forward to promotion and still more rarely to monuments for their rewards; but the men who wear the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross are not greater heroes.

A beginning has been made in London of the erection of tablets not to the memory of dead heroes of civil life, but to record their names and acts while they are alive, and while the respect and admiration of their fellow men may be of some comfort to them. Every city ought to commemorate upon the walls of its public buildings the heroic acts of its citizens who, not being soldiers, are in danger of getting no more substantial recognition of their daring and their sense of duty than a few lines in the newspapers."

The Cost of Living.

HERE is food for thought for all classes of society in the published results of an investigation at nine of the leading cities of the country by the International Mercantile Agency into the recent course and the tendency of industrial wages, of rental values, of prices for many essential articles of food and of clothing. The showing is made and that at all but one of the centers covered the average rate of wages remains practically stationary, with a weakening tendency in some instances, the significance of which is driven in by statements that at almost all the cities reported rents have shown a tendency to advance, and that many of the more important food products and staple fabrics are higher in price than a few months ago and to a year ago.

A further increase in the cost of living seems to be foreshadowed by the results of the inquiry as to house rents, and food and clothing prices, when contrasted with what seems to be a sharp check to further increases in wages, and in some instances a tendency to moderate reaction.

One may hardly infer that rents, food and clothing are to cost more because of the average gain within a year of perhaps 10 per cent in wages in many lines. The argument for the latter was based upon an increased cost of living that had already taken place. That the existing wage level may not be long maintained in its entirety seems a natural inference from late refusals of railways to heed further

appeals for advances; from many industrial shut-downs as a substitute for wage reductions; from the outcome of the New York building strikes; from the Erie Railway Company's appeal to its employees to refrain from asking for advances; from the murmurings which have been heard in big steel manufacturing districts, and last, but not least, from the merits of the argument of Western bituminous coal miners in their explanation of trade conditions and why they were impelled to ask for a lower wage rate.

Considerations such as these, in a year which is evidently to be one of convalescence after the financial shock of 1903, founded upon an exhibit of prevailing tendencies bearing upon the cost of living, should be well calculated to appeal to the conservatism of employer and employe.—Newark News.

Fearlessness, Courage, Bravery.

IT goes without saying that whatever positive moral element there is in courage comes not from the absence of fear, but from its presence and the self-command exerted in overcoming its effects. The normally constituted man, except in moments of irresponsible excitement, is frightened by any danger that confronts him. This does not necessarily mean that he is panic-stricken, but only that he is conscious of the gravity of the situation in which he finds himself. It is then the part of manhood for him to take himself in hand and repress any demonstration of his fear which might result in a demoralizing way upon himself. The courageous man makes up his mind that, no matter what comes, and no matter what threats, he will keep cool and do the best he can. He knows, when he thinks it over calmly, that his only hope rests in never letting go of himself, but being constantly in such a state of mind that he can take advantage of any opening that offers. The frequent exertion of this self-control results in gradual hardening or seasoning, so that, although he never overcomes his fears, it is progressively easier for him to avoid being overcome by them.

The actually fearless man, if we can imagine one, is not likely to be very highly organized, for a fine organism means emotional susceptibility, and substantially all savages are brave. He may be a worthy enough person, but more or less wooden. He must be classified in an exclusive category, since he possesses a trait of distinct value to himself and his fellows, but devoid of any high moral quality. As the ancient philosopher explained why the gods wish for nothing, by noting that heart's desire, so we may say that the fearless man deserves no special credit for his good conduct in the face of peril, because he is under no temptation to behave badly.—Washington Post.

Seals in Lake Superior.

HUMAN ingenuity is tireless when a profit is in sight. Now they propose to maintain the supply of seal coats by breeding seals in Lake Superior. As a matter of fact, seals have been bred in fresh water, so that this transportation from their natural habitat is not impossible. But there are other considerations which stand in the way of its profitability. One is the climate. The ice in Lake Superior is said to be heavier than salt water ice, through which the Arctic seals find their blow holes, and incidentally enable the Eskimos to catch them and secure their own dinners. Then if the seals could live in Lake Superior it is a question whether any other form of life would long survive them. A colony of seals would be worse than a fleet of fishermen that covered the whole surface of that inland sea. They are gluttonous beasts, and they would respect no close season. The fish of Lake Superior are more valuable than the seals would be, even if seal culture there is possible. The seal has the broad Pacific for his own now. He is disappearing there, but his disappearance, with his shiny and luxurious coat, would not be an unmitigated calamity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MAGAZINES OLD AND NEW.

Contrast Between Those of Fifty Years Ago and Now.

The contrast between the American magazines of fifty years ago and those of to-day is so marked that it will impress the most careless reader. Take a bound volume of Putnam's Magazine from the shelves of a public library, free it from its layers of dust, turning its yellow pages, and, lo! you are confronted with some of the most famous names in the literature of the nineteenth century. Contrast this treasury of wit, humor, pathos and sentiment embodied in the clearest of English prose, in the most musical English verse—with the current number of a magazine of to-day, and the unfavorable quib between the two periods will at once be apparent. The great names of literature have given place to those of men and women who have gained a passing notoriety through good or bad fortune.

A successful Wall street broker is traveling for health and pleasure and in a mountainous country of Eastern Europe is captured by bandits. The bandits, in a businesslike manner, demand \$50,000 as a ransom; otherwise the American traveler will return to his sorrowing family and friends minus his ears. Negotiations are entered into with the outlaws and after long delays, during which the broker is threatened, the money is paid, and he returns in an unmitigated condition to his office in Wall street. But his adventures have made him a famous man and magazine editors are clamorous in their demands that he shall tell the story of his capture and retention by the bandits in his own way. Their ordinary rates of payment shall not stand in the way of this much desired contribution; the manuscript, if accompanied by photographs of his eminent ears, will be paid for at his own valuation.

The Wall street broker, being a man of business, if not a man of letters, writes the desired article or series of articles, and receives in return a check that satisfies even his own conception of the value of his work. His eminent ears are photo-engraved for the public's precocious gaze as he constantly threatened, the money is paid, and he returns in an unmitigated condition to his office in Wall street. But his adventures have made him a famous man and magazine editors are clamorous in their demands that he shall tell the story of his capture and retention by the bandits in his own way. Their ordinary rates of payment shall not stand in the way of this much desired contribution; the manuscript, if accompanied by photographs of his eminent ears, will be paid for at his own valuation.

INDIAN LEGEND.
How the Chief's Squaw Found a New Dish.

"One morning the mighty hunter, Woksis, had his wife cook for his dinner a choice bit of moose meat, and have it ready when the tall stick which he stuck in the snowdrift should throw its shadow to a certain point. Woksis was a meek wife, so she promised to obey, and well did she know her fate in case of failure. After her lord departed she heaved off the meat with her sharpest stone knife, and filling an earthen pot, or kook, with snow for melting, she hung it over the fire.

"Then she sat down to her embroidery. It was her pride that Woksis, her lordly husband, should sport the gayest moccasins in the tribe, and many hours did she spend every day in working with bright colored porcupine quills. For so brave in all that country was so warlike as Woksis, no squaw so skilled in embroidery as Woksis. As she worked on the moccasins hours passed as minutes. She took no note of time, so busy was she in her labor of love. Suddenly she heard a startling noise, the bark string that held the kook suspended was burned off, and a quenching, scattering explosion followed the overthrow of the pot.

"What could she do? There was no water, the melted snow was gone, and she must boil the moose meat before her lord's return. It was growing late, there was no time to melt more snow, so seizing a birch bucket of maple water that was always tapped in the spring for its sweet favor, she filled the kook anew and hung it over the melted fire. Into it she popped the moose meat, and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the quills were both needle and thread. She was working the steam of her race, the bear, so different from the wolves, eagles and turtles of other tribes.

"Dreaming of her husband's future success in hunt and battle, the hours passed by; the shadow crept past the mark; the fire burned low; the once juicy meat was a shriveled morsel in a mixture of gummy dark liquid. When she saw this the frightened squaw ran into the bushes and hid herself from the rage of her coming lord. After a long and silent waiting she carefully drew near the camp once more, and what did she see? There was Woksis devouring the morsel of moose meat, and her wonder was great when he deliberately broke the earthen pot and carefully licked out the last vestige of her spoiled cooking.

"She forgot her fears and cried out in surprise. When discovering her Woksis said: 'Oh, Moqua, my wife, you taught me such a marvel of cooking! Was the Great Spirit thy instructor?' With great joy he embraced her, and in his sticky kiss she tasted the first maple sugar.—Pittsburg Gazette.

MAGAZINES OLD AND NEW.

There can be no doubt that a famous or notorious name adds a seeming importance and weight to a magazine article, however lacking it may be in interest or attractiveness of treatment; and a contribution which on its intrinsic merits would be rejected is published if it bears the name of some celebrity of the hour. Of course, readers are primarily to blame for this state of things. They yearn for names with which they are familiar, and the editors of regular magazines endeavor to satisfy them as a mere matter of business. The question of literary culture is not considered either in the editorial rooms or by the purchasers of the periodicals of to-day. And it must be admitted that the voice of a forgotten carries farther than the most dulcet notes of Pan's pipes.

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Why the Piano Was There.
A stage heroine who happened at the same time to be an able executant on the piano had to play night after night the same part at a popular theater. She anxiously longed to give the audience a specimen of her musical abilities, but her part in the performance afforded no opportunity for such a display of her powers. But her inventive genius came nobly to the rescue and she discovered a place in the action where pianist and heroine might go hand in hand.

When the curtain rose revealing the desert of the Black Mountains the spectators beheld, to their amazement, a splendid piano placed at the foot of the rocks. The heroine, with the haste of one pursued, climbed down the rocky path, stopped enraptured at the sight of the piano and exclaimed: "The savages have burned down our cottage, murdered my father and mother, and driven away our cattle; but heaven be praised—they have left me my piano. Music shall comfort me in my distress and, if the ladies and gentlemen permit, I will play them a short selection.—London Tit Bits.

A Give-Away.
Tess—Oh that's your new hat, eh! Jess—Yes, and such a bargain; only \$18. What do you think? I dropped it to let Miss Drumley see it just now, and she pretended she wasn't interested. Didn't even ask how much I paid for it.

Tess—No, dear, she didn't have to. You've forgotten to take off that tag marked "\$1.98."—Philadelphia Press.

Necessity knows no law, and it is generally too poor to interest lawyers.

THE OLD HOME.

'Twas only a humble cottage,
Not far from the village street;
But the roof green meadows 'neath it,
And the flowers brought fragrances sweet.

The birds in the roof's old thatches,
The winds in the tall elm tree,
The pathway that led to the woodlands,
Made the happiest home for me.

Then, no world beyond the meadows,
Disturbed my beautiful dream;
My playmates were birds and flowers,
And we used to sing to the stream.
But now the green meadows have widened,
Far, far to the rolling sea,
And I sail away on its bosom
From the home of my infancy.

O lands of crimson and purple!
O white-jeweled cities afar!
Ye throbb in the redness of dawn,
Ye dandle like Orient stars;
But, oh! for the home of my childhood,
And my world of meadow and tree;
For the quiet calm of those old, old days
Has forever gone from me.

David and Jonathan.

IT was remarked by their respective nurses that nothing was more touching than the devotion of the baby, David Smith, to the baby, Jonathan Brown. If David possessed a cake or a new toy, it was his great delight to lay it at Jonathan's feet. Jonathan accepted these attentions, though with some hesitations, and did not return them. He once gave David a button, but after thinking the matter over for about a week, decided to ask for it back again—and got it.

As boys at a private school, David's devotion to Jonathan continued. David was the more studious of the two and was able to assist Jonathan in his work.

At their public school David continued his friendly care for Jonathan. He would take without a murmur punishments that should have properly come to Jonathan. He lent Jonathan money. He exhorted Jonathan not to smoke cigarettes because, as he very justly observed, it was not right. I am not certain that Jonathan was any more grateful now than he had been in the days of their babyhood, but he had at any rate now learned the propriety of expressing the gratitude which he did not feel.

"You are a good chap, David," he said. "You've got me out of no end of a lot of messes."

The two young men went up to Oxford to the same college. David had a scholarship, Jonathan had none. David habitually spoke of Jonathan as a remarkably brilliant man until other people as nearly as possible believed it. David lent him a little more money. David took him back to his rooms, thereby avoiding catastrophe at a time when, owing to much wine, Jonathan's legs had refused their office and he had expressed a wish to call on the master to invite him to take part in the California game of "draw poker." There is not the least doubt that Jonathan owed much to David, and the natural result was that David was more attached to Jonathan than Jonathan was to David.

Then a tragedy happened. Jonathan Brown announced that in the beautiful words of the Morning Post, a marriage had been arranged and would shortly take place between himself and Miss Bertha Frieze. Now, Miss Bertha Frieze was the third daughter of a local tobacconist. She was large and plump and comely, and would have sooner flirted with an archbishop than not have flirted at all.

In rage and despair and an express train Jonathan's papa and mamma hurried off to Oxford. At any cost his terrible mesalliance must be prevented. For three days Jonathan's papa bellowed as if he had been a bull of Bashan. He bellowed at Mr. Frieze, who was sulky, and at Bertha, who was distinctly impertinent, and at his son, who was very superior, and said that his father was doing just exactly what he had expected, and it would make no difference. His mother wept and pleaded, and it was all of no use. At the end of three days she said to her husband, "I shall go around and see that very nice young man, David Smith—who was always such a friend of Jonathan's."

She saw David, he reminded him of all that had been done for Jonathan in the past, and assured him that Jonathan was not ungrateful. The time had now come when David had a chance to render a service far greater. She and her husband had done what they could, but neither persuasions nor threats nor the most liberal promises to old Frieze and his daughter, Bertha, had been of any effect. Could Mr. Smith help them? Could he do anything to save his friend from a lifetime of misery? "Mrs. Brown," said Smith, "you may depend upon me. I will do my best. If the thing can be done it shall be done." He then went out to buy two ounces of Lakatia at Frieze's little shop.

It took a good deal of effort, and much fatigues and many presents. But David was a better-looking man than Jonathan and had more money. The time arrived at last when all Oxford knew that Bertha Frieze had deliberately thrown over Jonathan Brown and engaged herself to David Smith. Jonathan's father and mother were extremely grateful to David. Jonathan went to look for David with a revolver, and luckily did not find him. After his first burst of fury he contented himself with a harsh letter, in which he told David that their acquaintance was at an end. Years have a wonderfully softening effect, and if Jonathan meets David in the street now he is perfectly civil. But Jonathan never goes to David's house because, as he very properly points out, David's wife is a quite impossible woman.—Barry Pain, in the Sphere.

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

Important Parts Filled by the Advertising Men and Buyers.

The man who writes the daily advertisement for a big store commands a big salary—ten or fifteen thousand dollars. He must be original, resourceful, and witty—a man of ideas, alert

to see and use opportunities. The quality of his work tells day by day, for the effects of a cleverly written advertisement show immediately in the increased sales in particular departments. Every night, the reports of gross sales in the three-score departments, as compared with the corresponding days in the previous week and the previous year, indicate whether the day's advertising appropriation has been well spent. Every day the "buyers" give the advertisement writer a draft of the next day's particular offerings—a clearance sale of winter overcoats, a shipment of Parisian dress fabrics, bargains in new novels, or a cut-price sale of canned goods. These the advertisement writer wends into one big display announcement, which, when it has been approved by the general manager, becomes the law and gospel of the next day's business. Copies of it are posted on all the floors and are put into the hands of all the salespeople. Every salesman and saleswoman in a department must learn, the first thing in the morning, the special prices at which wares are offered in the day's advertising. The day's advertisement is the backbone for both shoppers and salespeople.

The manning of three score or more varied shops under one roof demands an efficient staff of department heads, or "buyers." The worth of a buyer is measured by the amount of net profit he can show at the end of the year. He must be on the alert to seize opportunities for acquiring desirable stocks at low prices—the bankruptcy of a manufacturer or a big merchant is one of these opportunities; he must be able to forecast the future tastes and demands of the shopping army; he must know when to plunge, buying, ten, twenty, or thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods in a single order; he must know when to push and when to mark down certain stocks, and all the time he must keep his weather eye on the doings of buyers in rival stores. If he carries a line of foreign goods, he makes a yearly trip abroad to buy directly from the makers, whether it be Parisian gowns, German toys, or Persian rugs. The toy buyer goes to the Continent, in January, to order his next Christmas stock. The successful buyer is master of his department, and he usually commands a high salary, sometimes as high as twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year, although four-figure salaries are the rule. Every night, at the close of business, the salespeople give the amounts of their total sales to their buyers, who, in turn, foot up their department totals. The buyers then report to the general manager, who compares the day's sales with the business the year before. Marked variations are made the subject of inquiry. Every night, when the general manager leaves the store, he knows to a cent the day's receipts, how they compare with the previous year, and, if they vary from the normal, the reason therefor.—Success.

CAB DRIVER FOR 56 YEARS.

Duke of Wellington and King Edward Were His Customers.

Thomas Bond, who is 81 years of age, is probably the best known cabbie in London, not only among his fellows, but among the cab-hiring public, and now, when he has fallen on evil days, he has given an example of usefulness which it would be difficult to surpass.

In August last, being then 80 years of age, and still driving, he headed the poll for a pension of £20 a year granted by the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association, but when the result was announced, he said: "The next man on the list wants it more than I. Let him have it. I shall be able to drive for a year or two longer."

But soon the old man was laid up with piling and pneumonia. For months he has been able to earn nothing. He is now slowly recovering, and, with true British pluck, hopes to be soon on his box again.

The strong probability, however, is that Bond's cab-driving days are over. Bond took out his first license in March, 1846, as an omnibus driver, being then 17 years old. He started cab-driving in 1848, so that he has been driving a cab in the streets of London for 56 years, and during the whole of that time he has used the St. Clement Dances rank in the Strand.

It is his time Bond has driven many world famous men. The great Duke of Wellington was a fairly regular customer. "Very liberal he was, too," added Mr. Bond in recounting his experiences on Saturday. The king, when Prince of Wales, often patronized him, as did the late Duke of Edinburgh.—London Daily Mail.

Had Dog-and-Cat Tuss.

A man leading a small dog by a long chain created quite a sensation on Feno square, near Broad street station, recently, says the Philadelphia Record, when there was an encounter with a strange cat. The dog barked at the cat and the cat immediately sprang at the dog's head. The dog started to run around in a circle and succeeded in dragging its chain around his master and a strange woman.

The chain caught round the woman's feet and she fell forward against the man, who swore violently. The woman screamed, the dog howled and the cat spat viciously. Several bystanders had to grasp the dog's chain and hold it firmly, while the cat was chased away by a couple of boys.

Then the woman who had been tripped told what she thought of a man who was pulled about by a dog on a chain, but all the argument was out of the man and he slunk away, after giving the dog a kick that was registered by a canine yell.

Preliminary to Matrimony.

Maud—Surely you wouldn't wish all men to be bachelors?

Mame—Oh, not permanently, of course, but just long enough to get into the habit of sewing on their buttons and doing their own mending.—Philadelphia Press.

Insanity Among Animals.

Darwin asserted that there is insanity among animals, just as there is among human beings.

Call it a Unicycle Now. A wheelbarrow with ball bearings has been put on the market by an Ohio firm.