

THE IDYL OF A PINK SILK WAIST

THE first customer Miss Peterson waited on was a captious old lady with duplex eyeglasses, who seemed fixed in the opinion that the bashful, gentle, little saleswoman meant to swindle her. She looked at a dozen patterns of gingham before she found one that suited her. At this she stared. Then she carried it out to the door for closer inspection, fingered it, folded it and finally, glaring at the embarrassed girl, snapped: "Do you mean to tell me, young woman, that this is a fast color?"

Miss Peterson was frightened. There was a menacing challenge in the stout customer's raucous voice. "Please, ma'am, I'll go and ask the manager," said the demure girl. "Humph! There's some doubt about it, then, is there?" sneered the fat woman; "then we'll let it go. I thought it looked cheap."

And the indignant customer flounced out of the store, leaving little Miss Peterson with tears in her eyes and a trembling sense of her own inefficiency.

"When they ask you things like that tell 'em yes," said Mrs. Gillam, the star saleswoman of Benton & Brown's dry goods emporium; "all these goods are guaranteed. We haven't got any snide stuff in the store."

But little Miss Peterson was getting discouraged. She managed to run her sales up to \$8.95 the second day, but when Saturday night came the manager paid her off without a word or a smile, and she was painfully aware that he wasn't satisfied.

"Go after the men," advised Mrs. Gillam one day, when she saw Dorothy hang back while another girl captured a spruce-looking male purchaser; "the men are easy. They buy quick, and if you can help them out a bit they'll never forget it. Don't be so bashful."



I THINK ABOUT YOUR SIZE.

Dorothy. The men aren't half as cranky as the women. They won't eat you, that's sure."

But it was along in May nearly two months after her arrival in Red Cliff that Miss Peterson began to suspect that, after all, she had some latent ability for business. She was busy with a fidgety old woman, who consumed precious minutes inspecting the cheapest handkerchiefs, when a young man came in and stood by the counter. "Something to-day?" smiled Mrs. Gillam, bustling up to him.

"I'll wait for this young lady," he said politely, indicating Dorothy.

Here was a little victory, indeed! To be preferred to Mrs. Gillam, whom everybody knew as the most agreeable and the best informed employe in the store! Little Dorothy blushed crimson and her heart fluttered with scared delight, but she didn't look up. It seemed hours till the old woman finally selected her dozen hemstitched cambrics, but when Dorothy turned, the stranger was waiting. She remembered quite well that he had bought something before—yes, a parasol. It had been a quick sale, and, though she couldn't think of any good reason why he should insist on her services, she felt glad somehow.

"I'd like to look at silk waists," he said, drumming nervously on the counter.

"I don't think we have any men's waists, at least not in silk. She was afraid to look at him.

"Oh, I want a lady's waist, please," he laughed softly, but without any hint of impertinence, "it's for my—mother."

"What size, please?" A moment's silence. When he did not answer she looked suddenly into his handsome face and repeated, "size, please?" "I—er—that is, I'm not certain, but I—er—think about your size."

Poor Dorothy was so flustered by this unexpected reply that she didn't hear the rest. She ran round to where Mrs. Gillam was slipping new boards into some dress goods and said: "Measure me, measure me, Mrs. Gillam! There's a man 'round there wants a silk waist for his mother, and he says

she's my size." The motherly Mrs. Gillam couldn't help laughing at the ingenuous excitement of Dorothy, but she measured her quickly and whispered, "Thirty-four, honey. Don't look so flabbergasted."

He bought the waist all right, waited respectfully for his parcel and walked out without further embarrassing the girl. When he appeared again next morning Dorothy's heart failed her. She had already exchanged two of her sales of the day before, and she suspected that the waist didn't fit after all. The young man saluted her with quiet courtesy and bought a belt, a beautiful silken thing with silver ornaments, and a love of a pendant purse. And thereafter for nearly two weeks hardly a day passed that he did not come to buy something for his mother. Dorothy found herself harried with all sorts of guesses about him. He was certainly very handsome. He must be well off. What a good son he must be—always getting pretty things for his mother. "And good sons," she thought, "always make good—" She was blushing furiously when in he walked with his musical good-morning and "I'd like to buy some silk gloves for—"

"Your mother," said Dorothy, wondering at her own audacity.

"Yes, please, miss. I think your size will fit her exactly."

She thought it a little odd that he couldn't ask his own mother what size of gloves she wore, but she got out her array of filmy hand covers and he bought generously. That was a red-letter day for Dorothy. She sold her biggest bill—nearly \$75 worth—and the other girls and women began to envy her this gallant prodigal young customer. To make matters more interesting, for the first time he now ordered his purchases "sent," and for hours after he was gone Dorothy, greatly excited and pleased, she knew not why, kept repeating his name and address—"George H. Sherrick, 207 Butte street."

"Sherrick? George H. Sherrick?" quoth Mrs. Gillam when Dorothy told her the secret. "Why, he's the foreman up at the Golden Chicken mine. He lives with his mother up in Butte street—old lady's an invalid, rheumatic or something. They came out here from Boston about the same time you started in at the store."

Butte street, like most of the environs of Red Cliff, was a narrow, gorge-like thoroughfare with few houses. Dorothy, perhaps by the merest accident, strolled out that way often when the May Sunday afternoons grew hotter, but one sultry evening while she was a mile or so above the Sherrick cottage, watching the chipmunks scurrying among the rocks, a sudden storm broke like a cloudburst above the canyon and drove her down the road like a scared rabbit. The downpour caught her before she reached his house, and as she was passing it, blinded by the rain and deafened by the thunder, she felt a strong hand laid gently on her arm and in her ear a well-remembered voice, saying:

"You must come in, miss. If you please, mother saw you running from the storm."

Thus reassured and right glad of shelter, she permitted Sherrick to lead her into the cozy house.

"My mother, Miss—" he paused for her name.

"Dorothy—Dorothy Peterson," said the girl, not looking up, and vaguely mindful that his mother was "just her size" she saw in the invalid's chair a portly white-haired old lady, of at least 200 pounds. The kindly voice of the mother, however, drove all speculation from the girl's head and she took the little wicker chair by the tea table, and began to dream of the old days back East when her own mother was alive, as tender and almost as ruddy as this soft-voiced young man's.

But afterward, when the storm had ceased and he was taking her home, they had walked nearly a block in happy silence before he said:

"You've found me out, haven't you, Miss Peterson?"

"How do you mean?" she said, hanging her head till her yellow curls hid her face.

"My mother, you know," he answered trying to laugh easily. "I suppose, at least I'm afraid, you remember the waists and things I bought?"

"Yes." Her voice was very low.

"Well, I might as well tell you the truth. I didn't buy them for her nor for anyone in particular. I—I'm a very bashful man, Miss Dorothy, and I just wanted to get acquainted with you. I didn't know how to go about it, don't you see? So I kept going into your store, buying things—anything you recommended for—for—"

"For your mother?" She looked up shyly and laughed and—what's the use of going into details. Dorothy has lost a customer, but Benton & Brown were glad to exchange little Miss Pe-

tersen's services for her patronage, and the last time was in the store Mrs. Gillam told her pink waist fit her "like tape measure."—Chicago Record-Herald.

GOT WHAT THEY WANTED.

Worthless Sermon over the Corpse of a Worthless Man.

The people of a certain town in Maine were unanimous in the opinion that if Abner Haw had a gift for anything it was taking charge of funerals. He had the time, and he was willing to spend it, too, as he had no particular business of his own. Moreover, his natural wit and his intimate acquaintance with his townspeople made him a discriminating adviser at the ticklish moment when a strange minister tried to deliver a sermon to the life of the departed. But the Lewiston Journal chronicles one occasion when even Abner could offer little assistance.

A rather disreputable citizen had died, and Abner was requested to hitch up his old horse and drive to the next town to ask the minister to conduct the service. This the minister agreed to do, but before he allowed Abner to depart he tried to get a little material for his address.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked.

"Well, about the same as no man at all," replied Abner frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be felt more or less in the community," suggested the minister.

"They're all beaming up well under it," said Abner, dully.

"Was he a good man at heart?" asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it the verdict would have been not guilty, and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," returned Abner.

"Did he attend church at all?" asked the minister.

"I never heard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived—sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his discomfiture and a five-dollar bill, and after the service Abner met him again.

"Well," said he, "we got just what we wanted."

GOOD INTENTIONS.

How the Ladies Raised Money for the Minister's Vacation.

"Our minister did not take any vacation this summer," said Brown, with a smile, as he began a conversation which the Detroit Free Press reports. "Why not?" asked the other man. "Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home," replied Brown.

"He intended to go away and had made his arrangements, when several enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and the others were all women, too—took the matter out of his hands and told his wife 'confidentially' not to pinch and save for his outing, because the members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sum especially for his vacation."

"As the minister has a large family and his wife finds it hard to make both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the vacation money in other ways."

"Well, the women held several 'affairs,' and managed to get something over \$50 together. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event, and give all the members of the church a chance to speed the parson on his way with good wishes."

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon herself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and hired a man to do the work."

"Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of two or three dollars in debt."

"Oh, yes, the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to square the debt."

"Why, Joseph," she said, "what a question! The minister, of course. It was all done in his interest."

Shoes that Were Not Mates.

Clerk—So you want to exchange these shoes because they aren't mates?

Mrs. Hogan—Oh do. Firstst OI put wan on me left foot an' twor made fer the right; an' thln OI put wan on me right foot, an' 'twor made fer the left. —Philadelphia Ledger.

What has become of the old-fashioned dog that was "sicked" on the hogs, and chewed their ears off?

WILL KEEP UP FIGHT.

Members of Engineers' Union to be Asked Not to Handle Anthracite Coal.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—President Morton, of the International Stationary Engineers and Firemen, stated that all members of the association all over the country would be ordered to refuse to handle any anthracite coal until every member affected by the anthracite strike is reinstated on the basis on which the miners returned to work. The brotherhood has a membership of 14,000, and has local unions in 114 towns and cities.

President Morton declared his organization was in a position to shut out hard coal in all cities where it had local unions, and said such action would be taken if necessary for the protection of the members who had lost their positions on account of the anthracite strike. This is President Morton's view of the situation:

"According to all reports from Eastern mines, our men are getting the worst of it, and, while the miners are being reinstated, they are left out in the cold. Our organization does not propose allowing its members to be victimized, and as we cannot call a strike at the mines, nonunion men seeming to be in possession of the jobs, we will attempt to secure the reinstatement of our members by shutting out anthracite coal wherever we can."

"While negotiations looking toward a settlement were on we did not wish to interfere in any way, although we feared our men would get the worst of the bargain. We believe the action of the firemen and engineers in quitting work helped the miners to win their fight."

"Although it is true that a majority of the firemen are members of the Miners' union, they have retained their membership in our union, and have already asked for our assistance. We propose to give it to them, and I am going to call a meeting of the executive board, when action will be taken looking to that end. I will advocate that our members be ordered to refuse to handle anthracite coal, as, to my mind, this is the only method that will bring the operators to time. I believe the board will accept my suggestion."

Nearly All Engineers Turned Down.

Wilkesbarre, Oct. 25.—It looks as though the union engineers were going to have some difficulty getting back their old places. At nearly every mine where the striking engineers made application for work they were told that there were no vacancies. A large number of carpenters are also out. President Mitchell has advised the men to wait a few days and see if employment would not be offered them. He believes that when general resumption takes place there will be few mine employes idle. The firemen are being taken back in larger numbers than any of the steam men, because they take places of men who are not so capable.

NEW LIFE-SAVING DEVICE.

Aluminum Globe Thoroughly Tested and Proves Complete Success.

New York, Oct. 25.—A demonstration of the efficiency of a novel life saving invention has taken place in the English channel, cables the London correspondent of the Herald. About four miles off Folkestone, a tug sighted a strange object in the water. Upon coming nearer it was found to be a large globe. From a manhole on the top a man's head projected. The tug went alongside and two men emerged from the globe. They proved to be the inventor and his assistant, both Norwegians. According to their story, the globe, which is composed of aluminum, was put overboard from a steamer off Havre. The inventor claims that it satisfied all requirements and expectations and demonstrated its serviceability for saving lives at sea.

The globe is about eight feet in diameter. An air shaft is provided and it is also fitted with a water pump, sail and rudder. Its capacity is claimed to be sufficient for 16 persons, together with 850 pounds of food and 1,100 pounds of water.

Coal Trains Have Right of Way.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 25.—The Reading railway company officials do not believe that anthracite coal will be moving in any quantity before early next week. About 100,000 tons is locked for the first of the week, against a normal weekly average of 240,000 tons. All coal trains are to be given preference. There will be no delay in the unloading of the coal into the yards of the cities and towns, and every facility for speedy work is being provided for train crews and shifters. During last night, 3,000 tons came down the road.

Mexican Railroads Consolidate.

Mexico City, Oct. 25.—It is reported that very shortly the Mexican Central railroad company will take over the Mexico, Cuernava & Pacific railway, which has a line from this city passing through the states of Morelos and Guerrero to the Balsas river.

TRAIN HELD UP

Lone Highwayman Robs Northern Pacific in Montana.

SHOOTS ENGINEER IN COLD BLOOD

Bandit Says He is the Man Who Held Up Southern Pacific Train in Oregon Last Fall—Secured Little.

Butte, Mont. Oct. 27.—One of the most daring train robberies in the history of the Northern Pacific railroad occurred early Saturday morning at a lonely spot known as Mulkey canyon, three miles and a half west of Drummond, Mont. So far as known, but one man was engaged in the attempt to rifle the express safe. That one man seemed to be a host in himself, when he killed the engineer, cooped up a whole train crew and an entire train-load of passengers, and kept three men at work obeying orders. Engineer Daniel O'Neill was shot in the abdomen and killed when he grappled with the desperado, who had covered him with two revolvers. The train was known as the North Coast Limited.

It is believed that the robber boarded the train at a water tank, which is located about 300 feet west of Bearmouth, where a stop was made for water. Just after the train passed through Bearmouth station, where no stop is made, the fireman started to put in a fire. He was startled to hear a yell and turning round found a man standing on the coal pointing two big revolvers at his head.

"Throw up your hands!" shouted the man, elevating his voice to overcome the roar of the train. "Throw up and obey my orders, and you won't get hurt."

The man slid down the coal onto the engine deck, and forced the fireman against the left seat of the cab. He covered Engineer O'Neill with one revolver and ordered him to throw up his hands.

"You mind what I say," said he to the engineer. "If you don't I'll blow your head off."

Just then the steam was shut off and the brakes applied and the train came to a stop in Mulkey canyon. Engineer O'Neill, it seems, stepped from his seat, and in doing so overturned his lantern which was set below him. Immediately he grappled with the robber and tried to overpower him. The man released himself, and placing the big revolver almost against the engineer's abdomen, fired. Engineer O'Neill gave a groan and fell to the ground outside.

The robber then went from the engine to the express car. He pounded on the door and demanded that it be opened. The two men inside opened the door to find themselves facing two big guns. Both were ordered out of the car.

He then tried to blow open the big safe with a light charge of dynamite. This failed and 15 sticks of dynamite were placed in the next charge. The outer door of the safe was blown open, and another charge of 15 sticks of dynamite was used in an attempt to force the inner door. This charge blew the express car to pieces. The roof was blown off and one end of the car was practically demolished.

The robber then went to the mail car. The clerk refused to open the door until threatened with dynamite. Once in the mail car, he went to work on the registered mail pouches. The packages were handed to him, and with the utmost coolness the fellow took a seat and opened the first package, and then another, using his gun to break them.

During all the time he was with his prisoners, he kept up a running talk and joked with the crew over his poor success in getting valuable plunder. Two or three times he expressed regret at having been forced to kill the engineer, whom he characterized as foolish for trying to resist. The robber declared:

"If anybody wants to know who I am, tell 'em I'm the same fellow who held up the Southern Pacific out at Portland last fall."

Bloodhounds from the state penitentiary have been put on the trail. The Northern Pacific has posted notices of rewards of \$5,000 for the capture of the robber or robbers, dead or alive. Officers believe that the outlaws are headed north and that capture will be soon effected. Old settlers, however, who know the country, and its roughness say there is little likelihood of the men being captured in the mountains, as this section is a veritable hole-in-the-wall, and wild and thickly timbered.

New Warships for England.

London, Oct. 27.—The British admiralty has given out contracts for the construction of three warships, described as "scouts." They will have a speed of 25½ knots when in fighting trim, their engines will be of 17,000 horsepower and their seagoing qualities will be superior to those of the torpedo boat destroyers.