

He Wanted Promotion.

He had left school three months previously, and had been in search of a situation where he could begin in a very small way and gradually rise in the esteem of everybody, as he had noticed was the case in the biographies he had read, until he should have a junior partnership thrust upon him and finally be known as a merchant prince.

He had now formed connection, as they say, with a substantial retail furniture store, and was endeavoring strenuously to merit the favor of his employer. What if he could rise at one bound! The mere thought of it filled him with an ecstasy that nerved him into a tentative plunge.

He saw clearly that the house was too conservative; it needed to be pushed. The small display of goods at the door should be placarded. Merely to mention this would be small glory for himself, and then when the surprising results had been disclosed he would be called into the office and duly recognized for his far seeing, merchant prince like business sagacity. He dreamed of it that night. In his fervor he reached the store early. The goods were arranged at the door. One neatly lettered placard was pinned with nervous hand to a roll of carpet. He had seen the same sign at many other stores.

His employer came and went several times during the day without observing the sign, but Tom noticed that passers-by pointed at it. In the evening he was called to the door by the proprietor.

"Do you know who put that on there?"

"Yes sir; I did."

"Well, don't let me catch you at such tricks again. I suspected that some street boys had done it. The idea of a sign like that on a roll of carpet!"

Tom took it home and for years away up in his attic room there hung on the wall the words; "Can't be beat."—Welcome.

In The Year 1919.

He sat down weary.

Tears were in his eyes.

He had tried his best to provide a good table, but alas! his all too earnest manner seemed to be wasted on the life partner, who had promised at the altar to love, honor and protect her husband.

She came home from the office after the cares and worries of the day, peevish and fretful.

It is true, her husband appreciated this, and tried to have everything in proper order. He even went so far as to place the pretty lamp that he had so tastefully designed in a position where his wife could readily notice it.

But she did not see it, or if she did, made no mention of it.

Soon she was eating dinner. The food evidently did not suit her. This dish was not properly prepared. The cake tasted too much of lard, "as usual."

He meekly tried to place the fault upon something else—the grocer, the stove, etc.

At last she came to the pastry. Then it was that she made the remark which caused her husband to sit down weary and the tears to come into his eyes.

A little while and he went up to his room to be alone.

And the wife who had told her husband that his pie was not as good as her father used to make finished her meal in silence.

A Gentle Reminder.

The grocer was weighing some sugar for the woman in the dyed blue bonnet, when the man in the black frock-coat and yellowish white tie, who had been standing in the door for some minutes, came inside and laid a silver quarter on the counter.

"I picked it up on the floor, just at the edge of the steps," he said. "It must belong to you. A quarter or a thousand dollars, sir—it is the principle of the thing that I look at. I want nothing that is not mine. There is the money."

The grocer had a large forefinger on the quarter and shoved it back across the counter.

"You put dot money in your pocket, mein friend," he said.

"But, sir, you or one of your clerks must have dropped it, and it rolled over there. My motto has always been"—

"I believe," said the grocer, "dot you yoost move your family in dot house across the street this mornin; vas it not so?"

"Yes sir, I did, and it being convenient, we expect to do a good deal of tra—"

"You put dot quarter back in your pocket righted away. Dot vas not mine quarter. You put him back in your pocket, and ven your wife come ofer vor dose groceries yo vill remember dot my derms vas spod cash efery time."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fad in Germany.

Effort are being made throughout Germany, but mor particularly in Prussia, to collect as many of the famous iron wedding rings and other adornments as may still be in existence, with a view to preserving them in the museums as lasting memorials of the sacrifices which Teuton women have been ready to make in the past for the Fatherland. As every one knows, in 1813 an appeal was made by the ladies of the Prussian royal family to their own sex, urging every woman to follow their example and give up their jewelry, to be melted down in order to provide funds for patriotic purposes. Those who had nothing else were asked if they would not part with what they must surely hold most precious of all, their wedding rings, for the sake of their country, and in response plain gold hoops shivered in upon the noble founders of the movement, no less than 114 reaching Berlin within the course of a few days from the town of Swinemunde alone. As compensation, iron rings, manufactured from the captured guns of the enemy, were sent to the owners, inscribed with the historic words, "I give gold for iron," and these were proudly worn by the wives of the men who were fighting for their country's freedom.

Spokane's Big Boy.

The biggest boy in the world lives in Spokane, says the Chronicle. His name is Eddie Black. He is six feet three inches tall, and is now 14 years and six months old and

growing like any other healthy boy.

Until about two years ago he was rather a delicate boy. His chief diet was bread, water and tea. In fact, upon this he lived and thrived. He could not eat meat or vegetables. In the last two years, however, his appetite has demanded more substantial food. He has grown more strong and vigorous. Indeed, he is well proportioned. The last pair of shoes he bought were No. 12. Now they are pinching his feet, and his next ones must be No. 13, and made to order.

Eddie is light complexioned, quiet and as his father says, a good boy. He proposes some day to become a brickmason like his father. But this far in life he has spent his time in school. He has attended the Franklin building where his tall, stalwart form is a familiar sight among the other children of his age and grade.

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