OVERLOOKED FOR THIS TIME.

Substantial Reasons Why Business Firm "Stood For" Impertinence from Employe.

The New York dry goods firm of Blumstein & Rosenberg had a traveling salesman named Richards. Richards was a good salesman, and when sober a genial fellow. Once, however, after an unusually successful trip he indulged in an unusually successful celebration, and ended by going to sleep in the public office of the company.

"Get up," said Mr. Rosenberg, shaking him violently.

"Rosey, go jump on yourself," said his sleepy employe.

The senior partner tried it next and was rewarded with the words:

"Blumstein, you go to thunder."

The firm held an indignation meeting, decided to dispense with Richards' services, and asked the book keeper what they owed this erring salesman.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," he reported. "Richards has sold $60,000 worth of goods in the past three months."

The partners looked at each other in silence.

"Rosey," said the senior partner, "you go chump on yourself. I'm going to thunder."—Success Magazine.

In a Pearl Factory.

The pale, bent workmen were, most of them, drilling costly pearls, but here a man in kid gloves performed the operation of skinning, the operation of removing a pearl's outer, discolored coat so as to give it again its original luster, and by the window another man shook industriously three pearls in a bottle.

"It is a secret of the trade, of the pearl driller's trade," he said, "this bottle-shaking. You see, in pearl drilling, a drill point often breaks off in a pearl, and to get it out may take a whole day's work—that is, if you don't know the secret."

He looked closely at the bottom of the glass bottle, and then, continuing his shaking, he resumed:

"But if you put your pearl in a bottle and shake it up, the drill point in a few minutes will fall out of itself. Look! There's another out already. The third'll come soon now."

Microbes in City and Country.

The microbes in city air are 14 times more than in country air.

Beard Heavier on Right Side.

A man's beard is generally heavier on the right side.

Mr. Chamberlain as the Butler.

The foreign office staff of the king's house service messengers has just lost one of its members, to whose nickname, "Sir Joseph," a story belongs. It occurred when Mr. Chamberlain was at the colonial office.

One night, or rather very early in the morning, the messenger was sent to Prince's Gardens with an important "cabinet circulation." Mr. Chamberlain was working late and had sent all his servants to bed, and the messenger had to wait a long time before getting an answer to his knock.

At last he gave a thundering rat-tat and presently had the satisfaction of seeing some one whom he supposed to be the butler appear in answer to his call, wearing a plain smoking jacket and smoking a clay pipe. "Oh," said the messenger, "you have come at last, have you? There's no hurry. It's only a message from the prime minister."

The "butler" smiled serenely, and the messenger, then recognizing his man, stammered out: "I beg your pardon Sir Joseph, I have a dispatch box for you."

HIS CALL A BUSINESS ONE.

Poor Old Beggar Was Not on This Particular Occasion Looking for Charity.

The prosperous wholesale grocery dealer had sold out his business preparatory to departing for the west to live. He was reflecting, the next morning, on the prospect of getting a good price for his house, which the day before he had advertised for sale, when the doorbell jingled merrily.

"Sir," said the maid, putting her head in at the library door a moment later, "it's the old beggar from the corner near your store, sir."

"Old Jo, the beggar, eh?" rejoined the retired business man, taking from his pocket a coin. "I presume the wretched old fellow missed my customary contribution this morning and is come for it. Here, give him this dollar."

The maid went away with the money and again returned.

"I gave the dollar, sir," said she, "and he seemed very thankful for it; but he says he'd like to speak a moment with you on business, sir."

"What business can that old beggar have with me?"

"He says that if you can bring the price of this house down to $20,000 cash, he'd buy it, sir!"—Judge's Library.

Sultan Fond of Zoology.

The sultan of Turkey is the proprietor of a fine zoological garden.

HOUSES UNDER THE GROUND.

Dwellers in the Desert Make Practical Use of Walls Erected by the Ancient Romans.

Concerning the mysterious underground dwellings in the desert back of Tripoli Hanus Vischer writes in the Geographical Journal: "On the northern edge of the mountains the little land of Gharian, with its villages and gardens, stands like an island among the general destruction. To this day the old Roman terraces have withstood the keen wind from the sea and the winter rains and give one an idea of the country's former prosperity. The village of Gharian lies among ancient olive groves and large fruit gardens, built on the old terraces. Ruined castles look down from every little hill, old Roman or earlier towers. The present inhabitants live in underground houses, hewn out of the solid rocks, the ancient dwellings probably of some prehistoric race.

"A curious maze of earth mounds, which rose on either side of the road, showed the position of the village. From one of these mounds, the rubbish taken out of the ground when the house was built, I looked down into a square courtyard about thirty feet below the ground, with walls hewn perpendicularly out of the red rock. Around the walls several doors and narrow slit windows showed the different rooms. The master of the house then led us to a door which was built above the ground, like the entrance to some cellar, and down a narrow passage or tunnel to the courtyard below. The first apartment we came to held donkeys and some goats and was used as a stable.

"The living rooms were all whitewashed and, like the courtyard, exceedingly clean. It looked most picturesque—the little house with the whitewashed arches leading into the rooms, the red sides of the rock covered partly by a fresh green creeper, and over it all the square of dark-blue sky. The inhabitants praise their houses, for they are cool in summer and warm in winter, when the cold northeast wind blows, but they knew nothing of the original builders."

He Needed Them.

"What with whooping cough, measles and all that," began the first traveler "children are a great care; but they are blessings sometimes—"

"Certainly they are," interrupted the second traveler. "I don't know how we should get along without them."

"Ah, you are a family man, too?"

"No; a doctor."—Tit-Bits.

DON'T RIDICULE BOY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE.

Well for Parents to Respect Dreams of Future Greatness Which May Enter Youngster's Mind—How Much Injury Is Done.

Many a boy has gone to bed in tears because his father criticized or denounced his effort at playing the violin; made fun of a simple little composition or story which he wrote; discouraged his attempt to make some little mechanical device, or threw a wet blanket on his dreams, laughing at his prediction of what he would do in the future, writes Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

A man who has recently come into great prominence in his profession says that when, tremblingly, he told his father what he wanted to be, he was told that a padded cell was the only place for a boy with such crazy ideas, and that he was forced for years to do that which God had forbidden in every fiber of his being, and against which every drop of blood in him protested.

The father who has made up his mind that his son must continue his business and keep his estate intact, is not in a position to decide on the boy's bent—his special aptitude. He is prejudiced at the very outset.

The reason why there are so many mediocre men and women in the world, and so many failures, is because they never found their right places.

Everywhere we see men and women, capable of much better things, who were discouraged and diverted from their natural bent when young. Their own families did not take stock in them; they laughed at their young ambitions, and strangled their aspirations, either by harsh treatment, or, what is even worse, ridicule; and their teachers did not understand them.

You cannot read the sealed message which God has wrapped up in your boy or girl, and you should regard it as sacred. You should respect the dreams of future greatness of your son, because the Creator may have intended him for a grand and far-reaching mission. You cannot tell what is going on in his mind; you cannot tell what possibilities are locked in his brain. He may be perfectly conscious at this moment that he was intended for a much higher place in the world than you are occupying yourself, and to denounce him, to scoff at his dreams, to laugh at his predictions for the future may be a source of great humiliation to you some day. It may also work incalculable injury to your boy. A thousand times better strike him with your hand than blast his hopes by ridicule or by a cruel, chilling, cutting word.

Flower Dances for Children.

French mothers have been showing unwonted ingenuity this winter in dressing their darlings for the popular flower dances which are now the fashion for juvenile society and carry all before them. Generally a number of blooms are selected, and these are called bouquet parties. The charm of these parties is that the little people are well suited to represent flowers. Parisian society has gone daft over some of the designs and also the beauty of some of the children. Their dresses are floral, of course. Trails of blooms are draped together from the waists, the ends floating on the airy skirts, or loose petals are scattered all over the material. But this gives little idea of the chic and the detail of the dress or of the human floweret that carries it off. Nothing has so hit the French taste as these flower dances, and many of the elder spectators have grown quite sentimental about them.

Demand for Professional Mourner.

The professional mourner who can be hired in many European cities to follow in the funeral procession and look grief-stricken is usually secured through burial societies. These furnish men and women, and sometimes both, dressed in keeping with the desire of the family of the late lamented. They also weep to order. At homes where self control is deemed a virtue there is no loud demonstration or sorrow, but where the real mourners are emotional and give way to weeping they are usually outdone by the professionals. An undertaker in Delaware furnished mourners several times recently, and the experiment was so successful, the stricken families were so well pleased with the manner in which the mourning parties had been augmented, that the funeral director has determined to enter the professional mourner's business with hopes for success.

That Wireless Signal.

The family circle was discussing the Republic disaster and the now famous "C Q D" signal sent out by Jack Binns that carried to the world the fateful news.

"Say, pa, what does that 'C Q D' really mean?" asked the youngest boy.

Pa continued reading.

"Aw, I know what it means," spoke up the elder brother. "It's this: 'Come Quick, We're Drowning!'"

Rather Slow.

"She is receiving attentions from a young lawyer and also from a young doctor."

"Which is ahead?"

"They're both somewhat backward. The lawyer asks merely hypothetical questions and the doctor only seems to hold her hand to take her pulse."

Collar Button Defender.

The collar button has been libeled. Since it first came into being it has provided the writers of jokes for the comic papers with a large share of their material. That it possessed a remarkable tendency toward losing itself has been accepted almost as an axiom.

Facts have come to light which show that the collar button has been maligned. A man in the employ of the Burlington railroad has worn one collar button for 28 years. It has stuck by him without any undue precautions against loss and has never shown a tendency to wander.

This man says he has always treated his collar button kindly, has never sworn at it nor blamed it for his own faults. His idea is that if mankind accords due respect to the collar button it will reciprocate.

Not for Her!

"With one wave of my wand," says the fairy, "I can make you grow young again."

"Excuse me," replies the woman, "if I decline your kind offer. If you can bring youth to me at my present age all right; but I positively refuse to travel back through pyrography, the first stage of bridge, the habit back the straight front, balloon sleeves and all the rest of the fads I can remember."—Life.

Revision.

"Now," said the distinguished representative, "we have arranged the tariff precisely as it should be and all you have to do is to say 'Amen.'" "No," answered the distinguished senator, "not 'amen;' 'amend.'"

SEVERAL KINDS OF ACCENTS.

Observant New Yorker Noted the Different Pronunciations of Singers in the Choir.

"In so cosmopolitan a city as this," began a man who was on his way from a choral service at one of the New York churches, "I fancy a choir master's duties are doubly hard."

"How so?" asked his companion, who, though less observing, had sat through the same service.

"Because of the various pronunciations of the members of the choir. Today I heard distinctly four different methods of pronouncing the word mercy. It took me some time to figure them all out, but I happened to know the line 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' etc. There were some who said 'moicy,' and they seemed to be in the majority; others sang 'murcy' with all the b-rr to the r that they could get in; still there was some one, a soprano who pronounced it as if it were spelled with a double e, 'meercy,' and some one gave it a French finish and said 'mercay.' Now I don't doubt that choir master has worked over those people in his effort to get a uniform pronunciation, but so far, at least to my perhaps too critical ear, he has failed to do so."

The Young Idea.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we,'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Christian Work and Evangelist.