

MY BUTCHER.

The shop was cool and sweet-smelling, there was freshly sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and all the roasts and joints were put away in the cold storage room. Only a few fresh fish lay on ice in one window, and green lettuces and young onions in the other. It was cool and pleasantly dark after the glare of the street. Summer is a dull time for business in New York, and the big shop was empty. My butcher looked up with a welcoming smile as I entered.

My methods of marketing are unique. I laid a quarter, a dime, and a nickle on the counter of freshly scrubbed wood.

"What can I get for that?" I asked. My butcher regarded the outlay thoughtfully.

"Say!" he said; "You take two butterfish and five chops. How'll that do?"

"Beautifully!" I said, and followed him to the back of the shop to see him clean the fish. He is a nice looking butcher, with a good figure and pleasant brown eyes; his hair is curly, and slightly gray at the temples, and his complexion is beautiful as a girl's. I wonder why butcher's have such lovely color—though some, to be sure have too much. My butcher must be conscious of his good complexion, for he always looks as though he were fresh from the barber's hands, newly shaved and powdered, and his even white teeth add to the attraction of his pleasant face. I leaned against the big box that holds the vegetables, and looked at him, intent upon his work, with considerable admiration. His white sleeve covers and his long white apron gave him a cool, clean look that was refreshing on a hot day.

"They call these Lafayette fish," he said, as he turned the water on and skillfully scraped off the scales.

"Why?" I asked. I know by the deliberate way he was doing his work that he meant to take his time about it, and was glad to have someone to talk to.

"They were never heard of in America," he went on, "until Lafayette landed here, and the country people and the fisher-folk noticed that, and so they called 'em his fish. The other name is just butterfish; that's all I know."

"That's strange," I said, "for, you know, in the Sandwich Islands there is a superstition about fish. Just before a member of the royal family dies a lot of red-fish are seen in the harbor. I lived there many years, and several of the princesses died, and every time the red-fish came into the harbor first."

"Did you ever hear," he said, "of the great plague in London, years and years ago? Well, there were some prisoners in the Tower, and some doctors wanted to make experiments, so they got the jailer to help them. They told a prisoner who was condemned to death that if he'd sleep in the bed of a man who had died of the plague and did not get the disease he'd be let off free. Well, the prisoner took the chances; he slept in the bed, and he got the plague, and he died." Here he threw the two little fish in a square of brown paper and began rolling them up, looking at me very impressively as he said: "Only, the point is that nobody had slept in that bed before! It was all imagination!"

"Goodness!" I said. "All imagination!" he repeated; and here we crossed the shop to the wide, smooth, wooden counter. He brought a shoulder of mutton from the ice-room and began to slice off the chops. "And that's what I think about your Honolulu kings," he went on, "They knew the red fish were in the harbor, and so somebody had to die. Oh, nothing frightens me so much as the unknown; it's the unreal that's terrifying. Now those faith-cure people and the Christian Scientists—"

I opened my eyes. "Oh, I don't believe in them a little bit," he said, "but all the same there's

some truth in it. They get at just that weak-minded superstitious part of us and work on that. And say! I guess the weaker a man's mind is, the more easily he's influenced to die of imagination, or live when he's got a mortal sickness. D'ye want the chops trimmed?"

"Mm!" I nodded. He deftly sliced off the meat from the bone, and with a big cleaver made a big chop in the right place, and then carefully trimmed each little cutlet very neatly, while I looked on. He glanced at me for a moment with some interest.

"Say!" he remarked; "that feather in your hat's an eagle's plume, ain't it? How much did you pay for it?"

"Three dollars and fifty cents," I said. "Well," he replied, "my brother knows a man that's in the business. They call 'em eagle's plumes, but they ain't. He pays about three cents a dozen for 'em and I guess they're chicken feathers!"

"I suppose it's only the fashion that makes them expensive," I said, not wanting to defend my hat particularly.

"That's always the way," he said.

"Why, a few years ago you couldn't get fifteen cents for a mink skin. But the dealers were slowly gathering them in, and, flop! all of a sudden you couldn't get a mink-skin for four dollars. If I'd had any sense I'd laid in a lot of mink furs. But I ain't a business man. I don't seem to have the knack. I tell you what's the matter with me—I was born to late. I ought to have lived in the old times."

"I saw a man the other day," I said—"he was captain of a canal-boat on the Erie Canal, and he's seventy nine years old. He told me he could remember his grand father's stories of fighting bears and Indians right here in the state of New York, and he remembers the clearing in the woods where he used to live, and the old log cabin."

"Did you ever read Fenimore Cooper? Say! you'd like him—he's great. He tells all about the Indians and log cabins, and he calls white folks pale-faces. That's when I ought to have lived. If I were rich now I'd have a house with rafters on the ceiling, and a big fireplace, and old andirons—don't you like old andirons?"

"There's a coal-scuttle in our family," I said, "that belonged to my great-grandfather. It's brass, and when the firelight shines on it it's lovely."

"But it isn't the beauty so much you think about," he said, "but the feeling that it's old—that it was in the world and used before ever you were born. Would you like a hand-made brick?"

"A what?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"I've got a brick that my grandmother brought over from Holland. It's hand-made, and it was old when she got it. They brought over a lot to make a fireplace or something, and there are two or three left."

I'd like it very much."

"My grandmother was a great old lady," he said. "She was rich in Holland, or her people were, but she gave up everything to follow her husband to America. Sometimes," he said, reflectively, "I almost think it is a mistake to love."

"That's where all our real sorrow comes from," I said. "The more people you love and care for, the more liable you are to heartache. After all—it is the selfish people who care for nobody but themselves that are the happiest."

"But, ah!" he said, following me to the door, "they have an aching void somewhere.—The Bazar."

She—What a relief this conservatory is after that crowded ballroom. I felt as though I should be crushed to death.

He—Yes it was rather close.

She—But I feel perfectly safe in here with you.

Burlington Route

THE SURVEYORS CHAIN

Makes THE BURLINGTON the shortest line from Lincoln to Denver.

The Heavy Steel Rails, well ballasted Track and

NEW POWERFUL ENGINES

Makes this line the quicker by 3 hours and 5 minutes than any other Lincoln Denver line—MAKE A NOTE OF THIS. "Time is Money" and you will save it.

City Ticket Office  
Cor. 10 and O sts  
Telephone 235

OR

Burlington Depot  
7th bet. P. & Q.  
Telephone 25.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE "NECESSARY" MAGAZINE

The best-informed men and women in the world use the AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS to keep well informed, and call it the "necessary" and "indispensable" magazine. In the busy rush of to-day ambitious men and women must know about the important questions of the month, and not only this, they want to know about them at the right time. When the whole country is puzzled over the gigantic combination of trusts, a well-informed article is printed in the AMERICAN MONTHLY, giving the facts, and its editor discusses the theory; when the Dreyfus affair is in everyone's mouth, the best story of Dreyfus and the great case comes out in this magazine.

Every month, in "The Progress of the World," Dr. Albert Shaw gives a comprehensive picture of the world's history during the previous thirty days. In the departments, the valuable articles and books that have been published during the past month are reviewed and quoted from, so that the readers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY can get the gist of them. In every issue nearly a hundred pictures are printed, including the portraits of the men and women who are making the history of the month.

To be thoroughly well informed helps any man or woman in his or her work. A subscription to the AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS represents an investment for the best kind of profit, as well as entertainment. One subscriber has just written: "Count me a life subscriber, and when you send me a number beyond the limit of my subscription and secure no renewal from me, consider it a notice of my death."

Price 25 cents per number, \$2.50 a year. A sample copy will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY

13 Astor Place

New York

**WEBSTER'S**

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice of U.S. Supreme Court, says: "I commend it to all as the one great standard authority."

It excels in the ease with which the eye finds the word sought; in accuracy of definition; in effective methods of indicating pronunciation; in terse and comprehensive statements of facts and in practical use as a working dictionary. Specimen pages, etc., sent on application.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY