THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - - - NEBRASKA.

FAME, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

What is fame?

'Tis the sunbeam on the mountains,
Spreading brightly ere it flies,
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,
Rising lightly ere it dies;
Or, if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years,
Yet to him the gain is zero;
Death hath stilled his hopes and fears.
Yet what danger men will dare
If but only in the air
May be heard some eager mention of their name;
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth?

'Tis a rainbow, still receding
As the panting fool pursues,
Or a toy, that, youth unheeding,
Seeks the readiest way to lose;
But the wise man keeps due measure,
Neither out of breath nor base;
He but holds in trust his treasure
For the welfare of the race.
Yet what crimes some men will dare
But to gain their slender share
In some profit, though with loss of name or health.

What is life?

'Tis the earthly hour of trial
For a life that's but begun;
When the prize of self-denial
May be quickly lost or won;
'Tis the hour when love may bourgeon
To an everlasting flower;
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To defy immortal power.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in strife;
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife.

What is death?

Past its dark, mysterious portal
Human eye may never roam;
Yet the hope still springs immortal
That it leads the wanderer home.
O, the bliss that lies before us,
When the secret shall be known,
And the vast angelic chorus
Sounds the hymn before the throne.
What is fame, or wealth, or life?
Past are praises, fortune, strife;
All but love that lives forever, cast beneath,
When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

—The Academy.

AN UNEXPECTED COPY.

Why a Queer Looking Paper Was so Valuable.

"I have often told you," said James Mayfield to me the evening before my marriage with his daughter Kate, "that I owed my property—or, more accurately, my escape from destruction—to an accident, a chance, a miracle. Stand up and look at that piece of paper let into the over-mantel. Have you ever observed it before?"

"Yes," I said, rising and examining a faded document under a glass panel in the oak. "I have now and then noticed it, but have never been able to make out what it is."

"What do you take it for?"

"Well, it looks like half a sheet of business note paper covered with indistinct figures that do not seem ordinary."

"Yes," he said, gazing with half-closed eyes at the paper through the smoke of his cigar. "They are not ordinary, nor is their history."

"It is not possible to make them out, they are so blurred and faint. Are they very old?"

"Twenty years They are much faded since I first saw them," said he, crossing his legs. "Now you may as well know the history of that half sheet of business paper, and what it has to do with me and your Kate's mother. Sit down and I will tell it to you."

I dropped back into my chair.

"Our Kate is nearly nineteen, as no doubt you are aware. It is the night before your marriage. You, thank heaven! run no such risk as I ran the night before my marriage. There is no date on that blured copy of figures, but if there were you would find it originated on the night before I was to be married, twenty years ago. You are short of thirty now; I was short of thirty then. You are now in what I should then have considered affluent circumstances. I am going to give you to-morrow our only child and a fourth share in the business of Strangway, Mayfield & Co., of which I am the sole surviving partner, and that fourth share ought to bring you a thousand to twelve hundred a year. The night that document over the mantel came into existence I was accountant to Strangway & Co., at a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum."

My father-in-law paused and knocked the ashes off his cigar.

"All that time," he went on, resuming his story, "the business of Strangway & Co. was in Broad street. We had warehouses on the ground floor and in the cellars, the offices were on the first floor and warehouses filled from over the first floor to the slates.

"The offices closed at six, but as I was anxious to put up everything in the finest order before starting on my honeymoon, I was not able to leave at that hour. In addition to the book-keeping I did most of the routine correspondence, and I had some letters to write. When they were finished I should lock up the place, put the keys in my pocket, leave them at Mr. Strangway's house on Clapham common, and go on to my lodgings in Wandsworth, and from my lodgings to my sweetheart Mary's home in Wandsworth, too.

"As I was working away, writing letters at the top of my speed, and quite alone in the office—in the whole house—Stephen Grainly, one of our travelers, rang the bell, and, much to my surprise and annoyance, when I opened the front door walked upstairs, following my lead through the unlighted passages. I never cared for Stephen Grainly; no one in the office liked him except Mr. Strangway himself. Grainly was an excellent man at his work, but, to my taste, too smooth and good – too sweet to be sound.

"'What, Mayfield,' he cried, 'working away still! Why, when I saw the light I made sure it must be Broadwood (our assistant accountant, who was to take my place when I was away), and as I had a goodish bit of money I thought I'd better bank here than in my own home in Hoxton; I am not satisfied it is safe to stow three hundred pounds in cash in my humble home.'

"'All right,' said I, 'but I wish you had come earlier. The safest place to bank money is in the bank.' He did not know I was going to be married the next day, and I was glad of it, for the man always made me feel uncomfortable, and I did not wish him to touch my little romance even with a word.

"'Be here at four o'clock!' he cried. 'My dear fellow, I couldn't do it. How could I? Why, I didn't get to King's cross until a quarter to six! Here you are.' He produced his pocketbook. 'You needn't give me more than two minutes. Checks, five hundred and seventy-four, eighteen six. Notes, two hundred and forty-five. Gold, forty-eight.'

"'Have you taken the number of the notes?' I asked.

"'No,' he said.

"I made a list myself of the numbers on a sheet of paper, and pushed checks, notes and gold up to the flat, middle part of my desk. I did not want to take any of the account books that night, and when I had finished the letters he was gone. I should put the money in the safe in the back room. The memorandum of the numbers I should leave with the keys at Clapham, and the whole transaction would be dealt with by my assistant, Broadwood, in the morning.

"Making out the list had taken a little time, as the notes were all small and no two in a sequence; they had been collected for minor accounts in the country.

"I put my list of notes on the desk before me, and went on with my letters, several of which were now ready for the copying-press.

"When my batch of letters were ready, seeing half an hour's work still before me, I held them out to him and said: 'When you are going I should be obliged if you would post these, as I am not nearly finished here yet.'

"'Certainly,' said he, taking the hint and rising.

"'Anyone in the place who could show me out? All the gas is turned off below, and I have never gone down in the darkness,' said he, moving away.

"'There is no one but ourselves here. I'll show you the way,' I said, with alacrity, delighted to get rid of him.

"I had led him through the long, dark corridor and half down the stairs when he suddenly cried out: 'My stick! I left my stick above. I won't be a minute, Mayfield. Just wait here for me.'

"He ran upstairs to fetch his stick, and was back with me in the darkness in a few seconds.

"'I found it all right,' said he; 'it was just at the door. I got it without going in at all.'

"I struck a match to light him, and presently he was out on the asphalt of Broad street, walking rapidly towards Cheapside.

"When I got back to the counting-house the checks were on the flat top of the desk. The gold and notes were gone!

"I had taken the number of the notes on a sheet of paper and left the list on the sloping part of my desk to dry before putting it in my pocket.

"The paper on which I had taken the numbers of the notes was gone!"

As my father-in-law spoke I rose to my feet and tapped the glass over the document let into the oak above the fireplace, saying: "And this is the paper with the numbers of the stolen notes on it."

"And that is not the paper with the numbers of the stolen notes on it," said James Mayfield.

My father-in-law finished his glass of port and resumed his story:

"Here was I, on the eve of my marriage, simply ruined.

"Grainly had my receipt for the £293 cash, and he had the £293 cash also, and Grainly was a thief who enjoyed the favor of his employer, while I was in no particular favor with the firm. I believe up to that time I was supposed to be honest.

"It was plain there would be no use in following Grainly, even if I knew the way he had gone when he gained Cheapside. It was plain no marriage could take place to-morrow morning. It was plain my course was to go without the loss of a moment to Mr. Strangway and tell him what had happened. Whether he would believe me or not, who could say? Not I, anyway. He might reasonably order me into custody. Very well; if he did I must not grumble or feel aggrieved. Our wedding was fixed for eleven o'clock next morning. By eleven to-morrow I might be in jail, charged with stealing the money or being an accomplice in the robbery.

"I locked the office, telegraphed to Mary that I had been unexpectedly delayed, jumped into a hansom and drove to Strangway's house in Clapham.

"When he heard my story he was grave enough. 'Two hundred and ninety-three gone?' said he, frowning.

"'Gone,' said I.

"'And the numbers of the notes gone with the money?' said he, looking me full in the face with a heavier frown.

"'Not a trace left of the paper on which I took the numbers.'

"'Are you sure no one but Grainly could have entered the counting-house?'

"'Perfectly sure. All the doors communicating with other parts of the house were shut—had been locked for the night. I had not been outside the counting-house since luncheon.'

"For a few moments he reflected. 'The awkward part of it, Mayfield,' said he, 'is that you are to be married to-morrow. Of course your marriage must go on. But I'll tell you what I think would be best for you. Suppose you attend the office as usual to-morrow morning; you could leave for a couple of hours later, get the ceremony over and come back.'

"'Oh!' I said, 'with this hanging over me? I half expected to be locked up to-night. But I could not get married until the money is found, Mr. Strangway.'

"'Found! Found! The money can never be found. Why, we have nothing to go on! Anyway, I shall not take steps to-night. Perhaps it would be best to postpone your marriage. Yes, it would not do to marry under the circumstances. I am very sorry for you. But all that can be done in the interests of justice must be done. Keep the keys and be in Broad street at the usual time in the morning."

"When I reached the office in the morning I had another good look round, but nothing whatever was to be discovered. I turned the whole place inside out. Nothing connected with the case turned up until, to my astonishment, Stephen Grainly walked into the office. Until his appearance I had, in a dim way, made up my mind that all would be cleared up and my innocence established by his absconding. His arrival showed that he meant to brazen the thing out with me, and I felt from that moment helpless and paralyzed.

"Mr. Strangway, on reaching the office half an hour earlier than his usual time, gave orders for another search. It was quite unavailing. No tale or tidings of the cash came that day.

"No secret was made of the affair in the office, and as the hours went on I became confident that in Mr. Strangway's eyes I was the criminal. I don't know how it happened, but I did not feel this much. I did not feel anything much. I was in a dream—a stupor.

"Late in the afternoon Mr. Strangway called me into his office and told me that, considering everything, he did not intend placing the affair in the hands of the police that day, but that if to-morrow's sun went down upon matters as they now stood he should be obliged to take action. 'The loss of the money I could bear,' said he, 'but the ingratitude will not stand.'

"This was as good as accusing me of the robbery. Again I wonder that I was not more put out, but I felt little or nothing beyond helpless and numbed.

"A fortnight after the loss of the money a telegram came for Mr. Strangway. It was sent to his private office. Presently he opened his door and beckoned me to go in, and when I had entered he motioned me to a chair.

"'Mr. Mayfield,' said he, 'I wish at the earliest moment to relieve you of what must have been a terrible anxiety. The thief has been found and is now in custody!' Mr. Strangway waved the telegram. 'I have just got the message saying Stephen Grainly, with the bulk of the notes on his person, is in the hands of the police. He was about leaving this country—for Spain, it is supposed. He stole the money a fortnight ago, and stole the list you made of the numbers of the notes. Knowing the way in which the notes had come into his own hands in the country, he felt confident that they could not be traced from him to the Bank of England, as the list of the numbers was destroyed by him.'

"'Then how in the world, sir, were they traced?' said I.

"Mr. Strangway raised the blotting pad and took from under it a piece of paper, the back of a letter.

"'The news of the robbery got about,' said he, 'and of course our customers were interested in it, Mr. Young, of Horsham, among the rest. Mr. Young, of Horsham, was one of the people you wrote to that evening, the evening of the robbery, and you sent him more than you intended.'

"'Not the missing sheets with the numbers? I know I couldn't have done that, for I saw the memorandum on the slope of my desk after closing his letter and handing it with the others to Grainly.'

"'No, but you put the memorandum on the slope of your desk with the ink side up, and you copied Mr. Young's letter in the copying-press, and while it was damp put it down on the list of notes in unblotted copying ink, and the numbers of the notes were faintly but clearly copied, reversed, of course, on the fly-leaf of Mr. Young's letter, and Mr. Young sent the copy back to me privately! Look.'

"Mr. Strangway handed me the fly-leaf of Young's letter, and there were the numbers of the notes, dim, to be sure, but not quite as dim there as they are now under the glass let into the oak of the over-mantel. Grainly had put a few of the notes in circulation, and they had been traced back to him.

"'He stole the money, Mayfield,' said Mr. Strangway to me, 'and he tried to ruin you, or anyway he wanted to saddle you with the theft, and for awhile I more than suspected you. But all is clear at last, and I'll pay you handsomely one day for suspecting you.'

"And so he did," said my father-in-law. "He lent me the money to buy a partnership in the firm, and I am the firm all to myself now—and shall be until the new partner comes in to-morrow."

He rose and shook me by the hand and tapped me on the shoulder, saying: "Your partner for life will be wondering what has kept you. Run away to Kate now, my boy."—Chicago Journal.

Why Palmerston Wouldn't Pay.

It is told on good authority of Lord Palmerston that when he was made knight of the garter he strongly objected to what is termed the "garnish" (the official fees, which are very heavy).

"Is it absolutely necessary," he inquired of the king-at-arms, who brought him his little account, "to pay these fees?"

"Really, my lord, I have never heard such an inquiry," was the dignified rejoinder.

"Perhaps not; but I wish to know whether these charges can be enforced by law."

"I believe not."

"Very good. Then I shall not pay them."

"Then I, on my part, shall certainly decline to hang your lordship's banner over your stall in St. George's chapel," returned the indignant herald.

"All right. As I never go to chapel at Windsor that will not matter to me in the least. I shall not pay those fees."

And he never did.—Tid-Bits.

LIFE ON THE DANUBE.

Picturesque Scenes Along That Beautiful River.

Between Lom Palanka and Sistova, a stretch of about one hundred and fifty miles—which, by-the-way, we paddled in less than two days and a half—there are only three towns on the river, Cibar Palanka, Rahova, and Nicopolis, and these are all Bulgarian. There are two or three busy grain-shipping stations on the Roumanian side, however, and we could see on the edge of a low plateau, miles back from the river, frequent prosperous-looking places, and, opposite Nicopolis, the church towers of Turnu Magurete, one of the most important towns in southern Roumania, rising above the trees. This shore of the river is, for almost the entire distance referred to, a broad low marsh, intersected by numerous lagoons and shallow, irregular lakes, often ten miles or more in length. The lonely picket stations are the only human habitations along the bank. In agreeable contrast to this dull and desolate waste of marsh and willow swamp is the rich pastoral country of Bulgaria opposite. Although villages and farm houses are not very numerous, we saw everywhere abundant signs of life. The meadows were dotted with hay stacks, and great net works of deeply worn cattle paths scored the smooth slopes of the hills, all burned yellow by the summer sun. Before the greatest heat of the day came on, immense herds of cattle and buffaloes, driven by Turkish cowboys, rushed panting down the hill-sides in a cloud of dust to cool themselves in the stream. The buffaloes wallowed in the muddy places and then lay down with the tops of their heads alone visible above water, like uncouth amphibious animals. Great flocks of sheep stood on the shore by the water's edge, crowding together in a solid mass, and holding their heads close to the ground to escape the heat from the direct rays of the sun, and multitudes of goats were scattered all over the steep and arid slopes. The shepherds dig little shallow caves in the mud bluffs, with steps leading to them, where they lie and sleep for hours in the daytime; others curl up in the gullies—so that every yard of shade on the rough bank has its human or its animal occupant, and sometimes men and goats, both seeking to avoid the sun, lie down peacefully together in the same narrow cleft or in the shadow of the same projecting corner.

In the broad straight reaches of the river the frequent sand banks were covered with water-fowl. Thousands upon thousands of noisy wild geese, hosts of ducks, plover and other game birds, rose into the air as we approached, almost deafening us with their cries. Wheeling round in broad circles, they settled down again before we had fairly passed them. Ranks of solemn pelicans awkwardly flopped into the water and swam ahead of us in stately dignity scarcely out of pistol-shot, turning their huge ill-balanced beaks from side to side, and if we came too near, flew up with a tremendous splashing and fluttering. Tall herons soared away out of the shallows on every side, and swans and storks sailed overhead in graceful flight. Sometimes we paddled in the full light of noonday up to within a few yards of slender white cranes wading among the water-grasses, and once approached within a paddle's length of a large gray heron standing on one leg and blinking in the brilliant glare of the sun. The flora of the river bank in this region is best described in a quotation from Alfred Parsons' note book: "By the camp opposite Kalafat was a very handsome sedge with brown flowers, a mass of blossoms of the flowering rush, and plenty of excellent dew-berries. A fla[illegible] w[illegible] of [illegible] se[illegible] sc[illegible] co[illegible] fo[illegible] T[illegible] be[illegible] st[illegible] vi[illegible] is[illegible] la[illegible] p[illegible] th[illegible] .r[illegible] a[illegible] th[illegible] w[illegible] th[illegible] T[illegible] be[illegible] ti[illegible] w[illegible] a [illegible] la[illegible] bo[illegible] wi[illegible] wa[illegible] ot[illegible] do[illegible] Tu[illegible] wi[illegible] co[illegible] to[illegible] gs[illegible] la[illegible] str[illegible] la[illegible] th[illegible] gr[illegible] fa[illegible] th[illegible] se[illegible] ri[illegible] ta[illegible] market [illegible] whole country is covered with trains of creaking carts, and peasants' bivouacs are scattered all over the scorched hillsides and everywhere along the dusty highways. They carry no tents nor shelter of any sort, and only the simplest food for themselves and their beasts. When night overtakes them they lie down on the ground beside their carts, and, wrapped in their rough coats, sleep as peacefully as their tired oxen. Their whole outfit is as rude and uncouth as it was centuries ago, and the native carts have not improved in build since they transported the supplies of Trajan's armies. The only iron used in their construction is the linch pins and the rings which bind together the great hubs; the roughly hewn felloes, the different parts of the body of the cart, and of the yoke as well, are all held together by wooden pegs.—F. D. Millet, in Harper's Magazine.

HOW ONE MAN GOT A WIFE.

He Kept Away From the Pretty Doctor, and She Went After Him.

"You have doubtless read Charles Reade's charming tale of the difficulties encountered by the first woman doctors and the pathetic recital of the manner in which these difficulties were removed by a plucky, brainy little woman?" said a veteran doctor at the Cadillac yesterday afternoon.

"Well, I could tell you a little story," said an old-timer, "somewhat similar in many respects, about a young woman who was one of the first practitioners in this country, for she studied in the days when many colleges had not yet opened their doors to women. She had received a degree somehow in Boston when she wouldn't have been given one anywhere else, and, as her home was in a western town near one of the mining camps, for those were the days of gold and silver excitement, she resolutely packed her grip and one day surprised everyone by nailing a shingle on the door of a rude cabin, stating her profession and the fact that her office hours were from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night, after which she was only to be disturbed by extraordinary cases. She was a bright little woman, with a graceful figure and a proud, real thoroughbred way of carrying herself that disarmed any approach toward familiarity on the part of the rough, uneducated men. Her appearance was hailed with general satisfaction, and there was something so prepossessing about her that the men began to wish that the camp wasn't so healthy, so that some of them might be treated by the fair newcomer. I remember her first, for I was working in a drift at the time. Bill Swipes, a six-footer, went to her one morning in a sheepish kind of way, for he had been hit hard by her bright eyes. He did look a little out of sorts, Bill did, and he trembled as though he had the palsy. The young woman eyed him critically as he awkwardly explained that he wasn't feeling very well, thought he had the consumption or something, and calculated that he would come and consult a doctor.

"'Consumption!' she exclaimed, scornfully, surveying his stalwart figure, 'Bosh! What are your symptoms?'

"'Well, I got up feeling dazed-like, and for two or three days have had a pain in my head. If it isn't consumption it's brain fever.'

"'Nonsense!' she said sharply. 'You've been on a spree. The only remedy for you is to let whisky alone. Good morning.'

"Bill hesitated and pulled out a roll of bills.

"'Thanks,' he said. 'What is the consultation fee?'

"She laughed, and he put his money in his pocket in a shame-faced manner. After that the patients came thick and fast. Those were rough days, and the fair doctor had more cuts and slashes to bind than any other kind of cases, and, as consultation fee and treatment was ten dollars a visit, the gold pieces jingled merrily into the newcomer's palm. The miners hailed a cut or a stab with considerable satisfaction, as such slight mishaps enabled them to visit the pretty young woman, who never received any but mutilated callers. Rows began to be frequent, and one day even a Chinaman who had been slightly slashed started for the cabin, but the boys interfered, for they were not going to have her treat any Celestials, so they took him by the pigtail and made him walk turkey to the river, where they ached him in, just to remind him that he should not presume again. The boys carted scars and wounds, and the other who was treated was so proud wouldn't speak to any of the rest of for a week or so. But there was a ing fellow who was a most frequent tor. He went about once every two eks, and I am sure she would have n amazingly surprised if he had sed one of these fortnightly visits. ile she was binding up his wounds would gaze into her brown eyes and ld sometimes utter absurd exclama- s which would cause her to admon- him sharply. But one day he came re a wreck, so well cut up that she ie him lie down on the sofa, when became unconscious for two days. pulled him through with careful sing, and then what do you sup- e?"

'She married him?"

'No; she married me, and I was the y man who hadn't gone galivanting und to her house with a stab or a sh. It's my wife I've been telling about, gentlemen."—Detroit Free ss.

NOVEL JEWELRY DESIGNS.

e Things Appropriate and Pretty for Summer Wear.

iligree jewelry is making its way for mer wear.

he pointed button for studs is a t institution, since button-holes give way.

uckles for belts are made of flowers osed in a round, oval or oblong n, and are sold adjusted to ribbon s.

gle claws are mounted like a hand gauntlet cuff of silver and cairn- n in the end, and on one claw is a with the thistle as device and a col- stone. The whole is a brooch and rigin is Scotch.

ower belts in metal are worn by young girls. These are pansies, lillies, wild roses, fleur-de-lis and other open-petaled flowers made flat and linked together. Another variety incloses each flower within a circle and links the circles together. These and the braided are among the prettiest varieties of metal belts.—Jewelers' Circular.

—"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed. "Well?" acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—They Break the Record.—Friend—"My, you grind out jokes pretty fast." Humorist—"Fast! You ought to see them come back."—Yankee Blade.

—She—"What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me, dear?" He—"I do not remember what he said, darling, but I know I felt hurt."

—Quidnunc—"Does Hifly ever pay his debts?" Wagg—"He doesn't need to. Why, he must have an income of twenty thousand a year." — Boston Courier.

—It Sounded So. — Bunker — "Old man, I've got a new addition to my household." Hill (who lives in the next block)—"So I hear."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Husband—"You say you've had that bonnet six months. Why, I've never seen it before." Wife—"I know it. I only wear it to church."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Did you like fairy stories when you were a little girl?" "Yes," answered his wife. "But that is no reason why you should tell them to me now."—Washington Star.

—Jeannette—"Does Miss Boardman get her lovely complexion from her father or her mother?" Gladys (sweetly) —"From her father. He's in the drug business."—Chicago News.

—Consideration for others.—Tommy —"I had such a bad dream last night, grandpapa!" The Admiral—"Tell it to me, Tommy." Tommy—"O, no! it would only frighten you as it frightened me!"

—A Wise Precaution.—Johnnie (calling down stairs)—"O, ma, pa has lost his collar button." Ma—"Well, hurry and take the parrot out of the room and hang the cage in the hall."—Detroit Free Press.

—McFingle—"How was the dinner the other night? Good?" McFangle—"Good? Yes; the best I ever attended." "Why, were the speeches so very eloquent?" "No, there weren't any speeches."—Boston Globe.

—Both Agreed.—Jackson—"I suppose you have heard that Tomson is going to get married?" Johnson—"To get married! Poor fellow, that is a misfortune." Jackson—"That's what I think. He is going to marry my sister."—Yankee Blade.

—"My son is beginning to write poetry," said the fond mother with pride in her eyes. "Indeed," said her visitor with compassion upon her face, "I always feared you were not bringing that boy up properly."—N. Y. Press.

—Clubberly—"Didn't you call on Miss Pinkerly the other night in your new suit?" Tutter—"Yes, why do you ask?" Clubberly—"I met her the next morning and she was so deaf she couldn't hear a word I said."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—"I never shall have faith in woman again," said he, bitterly, just after she had refused him. "O, yes you will," said she, "You may not have quite as much faith in yourself next time, but otherwise it will be just the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Marrying Wealth.—Hojack (looking up from his newspaper) — "Here's another illustration of the tendency of wealth to combine." Tomdik—"Well?" Hojack—"The proprietor of a summer hotel has married the daughter of an ice dealer."—Detroit Free Press.

—"You want to be my coachman, do you? You have had experience with horses, I suppose?" "Niver a wan, sor." "What do you mean, then, by upplying for the place?" "An' sure, sor, bean't the misthress dhrivin' a cart. Sure an' it's mesilf that's an illegant figure sittin' on the back sate."—Chicago News Record.

BRAVE OLD STEPHEN GIRARD.

A Rich Man Who Loved Children and Gave His Wealth to His Country.

A famous and eccentric millionaire was Stephen Girard, but the world has not yet analyzed his character. In fact, very few men in history have united so many apparently contradictory qualities. He loved children most passionately, and the sight of a crippled or miserable-looking urchin would bring tears to his eyes. His devotion to the United States never once faltered, and at every reverse during the war of 1812-15 he ground his teeth and, it is said, swore in his native French. At length he offered to dedicate his entire fortune to the cause, lent the government five million dollars, and asked no interest till the war closed. A rich man who loves children and is willing to give all his wealth to his country must have a deal of good in him.

His bravery was of the morally sublime order. When the yellow fever scourged Philadelphia, and the panic had driven away most of the nurses, he and Peter Helm worked two months in the hospital at the most menial offices and shamed the faint-hearted into bravery. An affliction in early childhood destroyed his right eye and distorted that side of his face, so the boys nicknamed him by a French word that might be translated "wall eye." He lost his mother when he was quite young and his father was harsh. In short, he was a miserable, lonely child, and fled from home to be a cabin boy at the age of ten.

The romance of his life came to him in Philadelphia, where he opened his first store. He was loved and beloved again. She was singularly beautiful and vivacious; he taciturn, badly disfigured and eleven years her senior. For a few years they were very happy; then she suddenly lost her health, soon became violently insane, and lived in that condition thirty years in the state asylum. Their only child died in infancy, and the sad old man finished his journey alone. His magnificent charities have preserved his name for all time. He was a deist in religion and named his ships after infidel authors.—Chicago Herald.

Easily Answered.

Mrs. Jones—Men never know how much they owe to their wives. Now, there's Mr. Blank, who is praised by every one as a successful man, but what would he have been if he had never married?

Mr. Jones—A bachelor, dear.—Pharmaceutical Era.