

## FOR THE BLUES.

It doesn't pay to frown when you're blue;  
You'd better exercise a bit and fill your lungs with air;  
Don't sit down and mope or grumble; if you do  
Men may pity, but they'll leave you sitting there.

When the world has been unkind, when life's troubles cloud your mind,  
Don't sit down and frown and sigh and moan and mope!  
Take a walk along the square, fill your lungs with God's fresh air—  
Then go whistling back to work and smile again and hope.

—Cleveland Leader.

## A New Casabianca

THE office boy called to the man at the desk. He waited a moment and called again. The man looked up.

"What's that?" he sharply asked. "A girl to see you, sir."

"Tell her to talk to Mr. Randall."

"She says she must see you, sir. She has a letter."

"Show her in." And the busy man's eyes dropped again to his work.

He was so absorbed that he did not hear the girl when she entered. She looked at his profile for a moment and then seated herself.

Presently he glanced up with his hand outstretched to take a book from the top of the desk. He caught sight of the girl.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You wished to see me. Pardon me for keeping you waiting. How can I serve you?"

He spoke hurriedly in a crisp, nervous way, and the girl felt that he scarcely looked at her.

"You are Mr. Jasper Gregg?"

"Yes."

"I have a letter for you from Mr. Cleghorn."

"Mr. Cleghorn asks me to give you a position on our clerical force. What can you do?"

"I am a fair stenographer and a good typewriter."

"Any experience in office work?"

"No."

Jasper Gregg seemed to study the matter for a moment.

"Mr. Cleghorn's recommendation is a strong one," he said. "We will give you a trial. There happens to be a vacancy. The work is not easy and the hours are long. Kindly give me a week's notice when you make up your mind to quit. Report to Mr. Randall, the head bookkeeper, in the next room."

Wait. We will pay you \$8 a week to begin with, and there will be no raise for the first six months. That's all."

"Thank you," said the girl, and she smiled, but whether over the prospect of receiving the place or at the extremely brusque way in which the young superintendent conducted the negotiation, it was difficult to tell.

Jasper Gregg looked after the girl as she passed through the doorway, and it suddenly struck him that she had a firm and yet elastic way of walking, and that her simple frock was neat and becoming. Then he leaned back and softly sighed. Somehow the appearance of this stranger, with her big gray eyes and her firm chin and little bunch of violets at her throat, had quite upset his comfortably prepared train of business thought.

He half turned in his chair and looked out of the window. He could see the green hills, cutting ridges against the blue sky beyond the limits of the little town, and his eye sought the shady woods that crowned them, and the big world beyond seemed to be beckoning him away from the great throbbing factory. He bit his lips, and turned back to his desk. He had no business to feel tired. He had no business to have any feelings save those that were inspired by his work. He was a machine. Machines might wear out, but they never felt tired. He picked up his papers. Then he touched a bell and the boy entered.

"If you please, sir, Miss Bellamy sent word that her mother was sick, and she couldn't come down this morning."

"Send in Miss Storer."

"Miss Storer began her vacation this morning, sir." The boy paused. "There's the new girl, sir. She ain't doing anything."

"Bring a typewriter and send in the new girl."

The boy brought the typewriter and its table and placed them close to Jasper's desk. A moment later the girl entered.

"I want you to typewrite a few letters from dictation, Miss—Miss Vernor," said Jasper. They are important letters and must be carefully worded—so I will not hurry you."

She seated herself at the little table and prepared her paper in a deft and business-like way. And Jasper noticed, too, that her hair was very pretty and neatly arranged. He had not noticed this before because he was a slow observer along these lines, and besides, she had worn her hat.

Then he began to dictate. When the girl handed him the first letter he looked it over carefully.

"You spell well," he said. "That is an accomplishment I forgot to mention," said the girl. She did not smile as she said it.

"Take the next letter," said Jasper. He kept her busy for an hour.

"There," he said, "I think that clears up the lot. I am pleased with your work. Mr. Cleghorn did not overestimate your intelligence. If you stay with us for six months and continue to give satisfaction I think I can promise you a raise in wages."

"Thank you," said the girl as she arose. Then she hesitated. "I want to be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Gregg," she said. "Mr. Cleghorn had another object in view in sending me here."

"He has taken a kindly interest in my welfare, and could have found me work in the city, but he preferred to send me here. He wanted me to give him an idea of the way in which you manage the force and conduct the works."

Jasper smiled, and the smile lightened up the careworn face wonderfully.

"Cleghorn never did quite believe in me," he said. "He still thinks I am too young. But you needn't have told me this, Miss Vernor. It will not make the slightest difference in the present conduct of affairs. Everything will swing along just the same. I can't change my system even to oblige Mr. Cleghorn. Give him the fullest particulars, please, and in the meantime don't forget that you are on the payroll as an active cog in the big machine."

He laughed again. "I suppose that Mr. Cleghorn wants to keep a particularly observant eye on me."

The girl slightly reddened.

"If I remember aright there was no exception made in your favor," she said.

"In that case," said Jasper, "I think it would be best for you to have a desk in here. You might as well take my dictating and relieve me from the necessity of calling Miss Bellamy from her regular duties. Besides, I can give you some insight into my way of running things. I want Mr. Cleghorn to know all about it. There is nothing to conceal."

"I was quite sure of that," said the girl, "when I told you of my errand."

Jasper handed her the letters.

"Kindly ask Mr. Randall to mail these," he said. "That is all." And he bent over his work.

So Anna Vernor was installed at the extra desk in Jasper Gregg's office, and Jasper speedily found that her companionship did him good. It drew him away from himself and it gave him some interest in life beside his work. And yet he was quite sure his work wasn't at all neglected on her account.

One day he said to her: "Miss Vernor, you ought to know all there is to know about me, and I fancy there may be details that have escaped even the astute Mr. Cleghorn."

"Very well, Mr. Gregg," said the girl. "Perhaps as it is the story of your life, it should be preserved by the typewriter." And she leaned forward.

"Is that the way you trifle with Mr. Cleghorn's commission?" said Jasper with mock gravity. "I'm astonished at your levity. You need not perpetuate my simple history in the way you suggest. No doubt I will tell it to you so often that it will soon be indelibly impressed upon the tablets of your ductile memory."

This was the first time that Jasper had descended to a playful mood. His manner was a little strange, but Anna Vernor felt that it would improve rapidly.

"Proceed," she said.

"I was a poor boy, a poor country boy," he began, "and a poor country boy is about the poorest kind of a boy that can be imagined. I had come to town to find work or starve, and I was rapidly doing the latter when Mr. James Carew—bless his memory!—took me up and fed me and clothed me, and set me on the road to self-supporting independence. He took me in his workshop, and taught me his craft, and I stood by him, helping as I could, while he perfected his inventions. Life was not all pleasant for Mr. Carew. He was cramped financially, and there was a certain sum he must set aside for the use of an invalid sister, Mrs. Blaine, who

was in Europe at certain baths with her niece. Sometimes we went hungry, but I didn't mind that. I had caught his enthusiasm and those inventions seemed almost as much mine as his. It was slow work, and there was always the chance that the inventions would be stolen from us. It was tedious waiting for the patents. When they finally came my master's old friend, Lawyer Cleghorn, succeeded in borrowing the money for us, and we built this factory. And then, just as the wheels were set in motion, my patron died." Jasper paused and passed his hand across his forehead. "He left all he had to his niece, whose mother has since died, and he made Mr. Jonas Cleghorn executor. And he left me in charge of the works. It was his dying request. 'Jasper,' he said, 'you are the only one who can set this factory going. I have it arranged with Cleghorn. Don't you desert it. Stick by it. See it placed on firm ground. Do this for me, if not for the far-away little girl. Stand by this ship, Jasper.'" He half turned as he repeated the words and looked through the sunny window. Presently he resumed. "I was twenty-five, a pretty serious boy with a pretty serious problem before him. But I stuck to it, night and day. In two years I had the debt paid. Last year we earned some money. This year we shall do far better. But it requires close attention. It's mine in trust only, you know: No doubt they think I'm a hard man, but I'm only a steward here with a serious reckoning ahead of me." He paused suddenly with a light laugh. "There you are," he said. "All in one chapter and dreadfully tame. No heroism, no thrilling climax. Just a dry and commonplace little story."

For a moment the girl did not respond. She was intently studying slips of paper that lay before her.

"And how about the niece?" she presently asked.

"Her mother died last year," Jasper replied. "I understand that she will make her home abroad with friends."

The girl looked up.

"You have been confidential with me, Mr. Gregg," she said, "and I am going to repay you by reading aloud the notes of inspection I have made for Mr. Cleghorn. They sum up in a disjointed way my observations for the past three weeks."

"I will not conceal the fact that you inflame my curiosity," said Jasper with a smile. "Pay proceed."

The girl raised the first slip.

"I find," she read aloud, "that my task is much simpler than I anticipated. Everything is done here in an A B C way that could be understood by the greenest novice. The people know their duties, and do them well. The discipline of the office force couldn't be better. The factory is clean and neat, and I doubt if there is a particle of waste. The business seems to be steadily increasing, and I understand it is fully double what it was up to the same period last year. There is no doubt that this success is almost entirely due to the fact that the somewhat troubled eye of the superintendent is eternally open and watchful. He is a peculiar man, this superintendent. More so than you had led me to expect. He is twenty-nine and at times looks fifty. The fact is, he is sapping his youth for this ungrateful factory. He runs every department of it and never takes a holiday. Of course results count. He has done wonders. But he has lost all the enjoyments of life—and I am afraid he has lost the capacity for wanting those enjoyments. Personally, he is always courteous and pleasant, though inclined at times to be abstracted and reserved—and no wonder. Why, they say he even prowls about the works at night, like a watchman on the lookout for fires." She paused and laid down the slips. "That's as far as I have gone," she said.

Jasper was silent for a moment.

"Thank you," he said briefly. "You remind me of something I might have neglected. We have just increased our stock of materials and should carry more insurance. I will call up the agent and tell him to add \$20,000 to the amount we are carrying."

As he turned away from the 'phone he said in his usual quiet voice, "We will resume the letter writing, Miss Vernor."

The next morning brought the most momentous day in the history of the works.

Anna Vernor, seated at her typewriter, suddenly looked up with a startled air.

"Mr. Gregg," she called, "the room is filling with smoke!"

He looked up quickly, and hurried to the window.

"The factory is on fire!" he cried, and ran into the outer office. Anna heard his clear voice giving rapid instructions. In a moment he was back.

"We must get these books and papers into the safe," he cried. "There is a lot of valuable stuff here that must be saved."

Anna sprang to his assistance, but the time was brief. In a moment they heard the roar of the flames, a black smoke cloud rolled against the window.

"You must leave at once," cried Jasper, and caught her by the arm, and drew her through the doorway and to a side entrance. Then he turned and ran back into the stifling smoke.

"Mr. Gregg," Anna shrieked, and blindly followed him. "Come back," she cried from the doorway. "You will be killed!"

"This is my place," he shouted. "I'm sticking to the ship."

"I command you to leave here," she called to him.

"You command me!" he cried through the smoke. "I'm master here." The girl gave a little scream.

"Jasper!" she cried. "Save me, save me!"

He dropped the papers from his hands, and ran to her with a quick cry. He caught her as she staggered blindly, and hurried through the office door to the outer threshold. And then, just as he crossed it, a heavy section of the cornice crashed down on him.

It was a month later before the fever left Jasper Gregg, and then he opened his eyes to find the sun shining, and the birds singing, and the white clouds drifting lazily across the windowed field. Somebody was sitting by the bedside. He turned his eyes a little. It was Anna Vernor.

"Wh—why," he stammered. "It's Miss Vernor." He looked at her hungrily. "Have you been here all the time?"

"I haven't been far away," the girl replied.

"I saw you in my dreams," he said. "This isn't a dream, is it?"

"No," laughed Anna. "It's all quite real now."

"Would you mind letting me touch your hand?" he asked.

She put her hand in his and he closed his wasted fingers upon it.

"And am I going to get well?"

"Of course you are, and very fast, too. You had a bad blow on the head, followed by a fever. But everything is coming all right."

"And will I be of any use in the world again?"

"Of more use than ever, no doubt," laughed the girl. "But I mustn't flatter you."

"And the factory?"

"Pretty soon I will raise you up so you can see it through the window. We have almost rebuilt it, and the insurance was sufficient to pay for everything."

"Rebuilt it?" murmured Jasper. "Why, who took charge of the work?"

"I did," said the girl. "I had good advisers, and I'm sure everything is just as you would want it."

"I'm afraid I'm dreaming again," he said.

"I'll have to wake you up," said the girl. "Listen. What do you think of our going into the combination? Wait. It's all settled. We get the big end of the deal. It's doubled the value of the plant at the very start off. But it costs you your place."

He smiled faintly.

"Well," he said, "I did my best. I have nothing to regret."

"Of course the combination doesn't mean to be ungrateful," said the girl. "It has made you first vice president, with all the responsibility in your hands, and a \$10,000 salary as part compensation. Wait. Your office is to be in New York, and just as soon as you are well enough you are to go abroad to advance the combination's interests."

He closed his eyes, and was quiet for a little while.

Then he looked at the girl.

"I have never known such happy moments as these," he said. "It is a great joy to be here and look at you."

"That's a strange sentiment for a man of action," laughed Anna Vernor, a flush of red stealing across her cheeks.

"A queer change has come over me," murmured Jasper. "I don't know what it is. I only know that what concerns me the most of anything in this world just at the present moment is the answer to the question I am going to ask you, Anna Vernor. If I go away will you go with me?"

The girl leaned forward.

"As your typewriter, Jasper?"

"As my wife."

She took his wasted hand in both her plump ones.

"One moment," she said. "I have deceived you, Jasper. It was the act of a romantic girl with strange notions. Do you remember at the time of the fire that I commanded you to leave the burning office?"

"Yes, yes."

"I had the right to command you, Jasper."

"Yes," she went on, "I am Anna Blaine—Anna Vernor Blaine, the far-away girl you never saw, the girl for whom you planned and slaved—making life so beautiful for her, so dull for you." She paused and caught her breath. "Does this make any difference, dear Jasper?"

She read the answer in his shining eyes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## WHEN SHE CAN'T TALK.

It's Little Wonder Women Hate to Go to a Dentist's.

"Do you know why it is that a woman dreads so to have a tooth filled?" asked the dentist of the young man in the chair.

The young man was of the opinion that it was because women are human, and consequently decidedly opposed to having their jaws and gums subjected to a treatment like unto the working of a compressed air drill in a stone quarry.

"No," said the man of the drills and forceps. "Women can stand pain much better than men. It is a fact, even in the extracting of troublesome teeth, the fortitude of the little, slender woman is remarkable when one comes to consider the hideous groans that emanate from a big man undergoing the same operation. It isn't the fear of pain that keeps many a woman away from the chair when she really ought to be having her teeth attended to."

"You see this rubber? Well, that rubber goes into the mouth of every person who comes in here to have a filling put in. You can see that it covers the mouth entirely; doesn't leave the patient half a chance to talk. Well, there you have it; that's the reason women don't like to go to the dentist. Yes, sir, it's a fact. I have lost some of my best customers because of the necessity of applying that rubber."

"A woman comes in here to get a tooth filled. If she is inexperienced in this line she will be surprised when the rubber is produced. As soon as it is placed in her mouth she tries to talk, and finds that her speech is only an unintelligible jumble. She begins to get mad from then on. When I ask her if I am hurting her she can only glare at me and shake her head. When I pass a remark about the beautiful weather we have been having she glares still more, and by the time I am through with her she is ready to kill me if looks would do the deed. Sometimes, when I take the shield off, the pent up speech of the fair ones breaks forth into an irrepressible flood, and the portent of the remarks is, to say the least, not complimentary to me."

"Some day some genius will invent an apparatus which will allow teeth to be filled without depriving the patients of their speech for the time being. Then there will be nothing to this business but brown stone fronts and automobiles."—Chicago Tribune.

SELLS SACRILEGIOUS CHARM.

Claims Talisman Is Safeguard Against Pestilence and Destruction.

A negro has had printed several hundred copies of a letter purporting to have been written by Jesus Christ, and found 45 years after his crucifixion. It is his object to sell the letter to the ignorant of his race. A good many copies of this letter have already been sold among the poorer white people of Columbus, many ignorant people not doubting its genuineness. The letter has the following heading:

"Copy of a letter written by our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"Found 18 miles from Ieonium, 45 years after our blessed Saviour's crucifixion, transmitted from the holy city by a converted Jew, faithfully translated from its original Hebrew copy, now in possession of the Lady Cuba's family in Mesopotamia.

"This letter was written by Jesus Christ and found under a great stone, both round and large, at the top of the cross 18 miles from Ieonium, near a village called Mesopotamia."

The following inducement to buy is published at the close of the letter, and is justly regarded as a sacrilege of the worst character:

"And whosoever shall have a copy of this letter, written with my own hand, and keep it in their house, nothing shall hurt them, neither pestilence, lightning, nor thunder shall do them any harm. You shall have no answer from me, but by the holy scriptures until the day of judgment. All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter shall be found."—Pittsburg Times.

Illit Still in a Church.

As the result of anonymous information, some customs officers climbed into the spire of an ancient church at Quetzac, in the south of France, and after a careful search found a still, which although dating from the seventeenth century, was yet in a perfect state of preservation and capable of being worked. Naturally the requirement of the law with regard to apparatus of this description had not been complied with in this case, but who was the offender? The vicar in charge of the building? The sacristan who visited it weekly?

Interrogated, the former declares that he had only recently come into the parish and had never set foot in the spire. He was, therefore, totally ignorant of the existence of the incriminating vessel. The sacristan, however, could not allege so valid an excuse and, his explanation not being considered satisfactory, he will be proceeded against.

In looking over your past life, don't you blush most over the period when you thought a red and blue plush parlor suit was just about the proper thing?