#### AN IMPORTANT COIN

THE CENT IS NOW MORE IN DEMAND THAN EVER BEFORE.

The Penny-in-the-Slot and the Bargain Counter Responsible for Its Increased Use-One Automatic Machine Company Takes in Half a Million a Day.

Notwithstanding the rumpus raised by the disputing friends of gold and silver, the most useful and hard-working member of the coin family is of neither of these materials. It consists of 95 per cent, of copper and 5 per cent tin and zinc and bears on its face the legend "one cent."

Two recent devices have been largely responsible for the increased use of our only copper coin. One is the pennyin-the-slot machine, which has spread over the land like the locusts of Egypt within the last two or three years. A single automatic machine company in New York City takes in half a million pennies a day. As there isn't a crossroad village in the country that hasn't a chewing-gum, kinetoscope, music or weighing machine operated in this way the number of coins required to keep them all going is enormous. The other invention responsible for the rise of the cent is the "bargain counter." The craze for 49cent and 99-cent bargains makes work for a lot of pennies. Superintendent Milman of the New York Sub-Treasury said the other day that it was no unusual thing for one of the great department stores which make a specialty of "bargains" to take \$10,000 worth of cents-one million pieces-at a time. The penny newspapers and in some places three-cent street-car fares have also increased the field of operations of the one-cent piece.

"The cent is really the most interesting and least known of our coins," said Mr. Milman, "and there are some very curious facts about it. The Sub-Treasury is the clearing-house for the pennies in circulation in the metropolitan district, and the penny is for us a barometer, a calendar and an accurate index of business conditions.

"Why, in the middle of July there boring town she goes to him-no was a week or more of cold, rainy weather and the supply of pennies and he is not-what more natural coming in for exchange into larger de- that she should be put to the in nominations fell off one-third. A venience? Besides, it is consid heavy storm or the sudden coming of luck for the bride to cover the cold weather, anything that keeps the tance, if there is any, between he at home, is accurately reflected in the picture she makes as she comes riding to us for exchange. All through rides in a litter, canopied by embroidthe summer the pennies accumulate on ered, tasseled and tinseled silk or fine our hands, but when cold weather cloth. On the canopy is an approprischool, and retail trade revives, there in gold. The camel wears a proud is a great demand for them.

and we have more below." In another | -Springfield Republican. corner of the room was a stack of loose coins piled high above the heads of the clerks, who were busily counting them off into the canvas bags. The pennies are kept in bags of one thousand each, and when they come in they are all counted over.

work is managed in a somewhat different fashion from the turning out of gold and silver coins.

In the first place, although the authority entitled to indulge in the chantment or of his terrible end. manufacture of coins, our Uncle Samuel does not prepare the blanks from sand, or a trifle over one mill for each "Dr Faustus." unstamped cent.

When the copper sheets ready for stamping reach the Philadelphia mint, where all our minor coins are made each one is tested to see that the alloy is in the right proportion. Thence they pass directly to the coining room. Here the sheets are cut into strips, from which the round blanks, called "planchets," are first punched, and these are run directly through the stamping machines, where they receive the impressions from the dies.

Pennies are not counted by the laborious process of handling each piece, ing board," by which five hundred are nati Enquirer. counted at a time. The counting board is an inclined plane, with columns the exact width of a cent, separated by copper partitions in height exactly

## What Would Bring Heat.

Warwick-That man Wilkins is a genius. He has the finest plan I ever heard of for raising the temperature of Alaska.

Wickwire-What's his scheme? Going to fasten an aurora borealis in position so it will keep off the north

winds during the day? Warwick-No; he's going to build a hotel and advertise the place as a cool News. summer resort.-Puck.

ARABIAN WOMEN AND MARRIAGE. Their Life is Full of Sentiment and Quaint

Arabians have peculiar ideas on the marriage question. An Arab will invariably offer marriage to his brother's widow. It is considered a sign of respect to the dead brother and the living woman by so doing, as the Semitic tradition in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures tells us. In an Arab town a statement made before the cadi constitutes all the essential marriage ceremony. In the desert the only necessary function is the slaughtering of a sheep within or before the tent of the bride's father. Arabs not infrequently change and exchange wives, to the high satisfaction of all concerned. If a man is dissatisfied with his wife he may return ber to her father, but he must also return her marriage portion in full, and if she be of the Bedouin blood a she camel must be added to the original dower. Arab wives as a rule are treated with consideration and with no small share of tenderness. In Arabia woman's position is one of dignity, her attitude one of self-resspect. Arab men are as full of senti ment as of prowess, and no more ashamed of the one than the other.

In some Arab tribes a man and maiden brenking together before three witnesses a flat, thin cake of almond paste are formally affianced. An Arab has an absolute right to the hand of his girl cousin. He must formally renounce that right before she can marry any one else. When a girl has more than one male cousin, the prior claim is the oldest cousin's, or, in some tribes, that of the oldest unmarried cousin. The man must provide all necessaries for his wife and if she has money or earns any she spends it in dress. If she makes him a skull cap or a handkerchief he must pay for her

In the land of Ishmael no honey moons are ever taken by the bridal couple after the ceremony has been performed. However, it frequently falls to the lot of the bride-elect to previous to the marriage. If

make a very trying journey is to be married to a man in a ne to her, for she is leaving her h

penny-spending part of our population and her future husband. And what a falling off in the supply of cents com- ing proudly her nuptial camel! She comes and the children get back to ate text from the Koran, embroidered plume of ostrich feathers. His long "Come this way," said Mr. Milman, neck is dyed deep with brilliant han-"if you want to see the way we handle nah. His face and head and hung pennies," and he led the way to the with wee mirrors, which flash in the minor coin division, where half a sunlight. His grotesque bulk and his dozen clerks were busily at work. In gaunt legs are swathed and hung with one corner of the room was a stack phulkaris-strange eastern cloths beof canvas bags reaching nearly to the dight with squares and ovals of lookceiling and making a good-sized py- ing glass and long, thick stitches of ramid. "Those are all pennies." said rich silk. Some girl or woman friend the director. "I suppose there are rides with the bride, and attendants some one hundred million pieces there, and protectors precede and follow her.

## Their Fixed Tastes

The circulation and distribution of books during the last century may be illustrated by the following anecdote of the Sellly Islands-there are 3.5, out of which four or five only are inhab-There are several unique features ited. The library consisted of two about the coinage of pennies, and the books, a copy of the Bible and the "History of Dr. Faustus." The latter book was handed about from house to house and was dropping to pieces by continual thumbing, until at last lit-United States Covernment is the only the was left either of his wonderful en

This being made generally known, a meeting of the inhabitants was called, which pennies are made. He finds it and it was resolved that as soon as cheaper to let out the work by con- the senson permitted any intercourse tract than to do it himself, and it is with Cornwall a fresh suppply of at present in the hands of a Cincinnati | books should be sent for. What books, firm. They prepare the copper blanks however, were to be ordered? The in sheets large enough to turn out one meeting considered this question very hundred pieces each. It is not known earnestly. At last it was unanimously exactly how much the Government agreed that the Penzance bookseller pays for these blanks, but the price is should be ordered to send them, at in the vicinity of \$1.25 per one thou- once, one new book, a new copy of

## Unintentional Injury.

"Young man," said the Senator to the reporter, "you have done me irreparable harm. "What have I done?" asked the be-

wildered reporter. "I got in largely on a temperance

platform, as you may recollect." "Yes, sir."

"And you speak of me in this morning's paper as 'drinking my coffee with gusto.' It will take me more than a lifetime to get it out of the heads of my constituents that gusto isn't some but by a device known as the "count- kind of alcoholic beverage."-Cincin-

## Was Certainly Excusable.

The teacher of a city school recently received the following note explaining equal to the thickness of the coin. The the absence of one of the pupils the cents are spread over this board and day before, according to Harper's fall into the grooves prepared for Round Table: "Please excoose Henny them, all surplus coins falling off into for absents yesterday. Him and me a trough. Then the counting board is get a chance at a ride to a funeral in emptied into the canvas bags, which a charrige, an' I let him stay at home, are carted away to be shipped to any as he had never rode in a charrige an' part of the country .- Washington Star, never went to a funeral nor had many other pleasures. So plese excoose."

#### Ignorant Educator. Willie-Say, pa; didn't you tell me the other day that it was wrong to strike any one smaller than your-

Pa-Yes. Willie; that's what I said. Willie-Well, I wish you'd write my teacher a note to that effect. I don't think she knows about it.-Chicago

#### REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit, Worry? Wave your hand to it; Kiss your finger tips and smile It farewell a little while.

Weary of the weary way We have come since yesterday. Let it fret us not, in dread Of the weary way ahead,

While we vet look down-not up-To seek out the buttercup And the daisy, where they wave O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on Listless billows of the lawn, And drift out across the main

Of our childish dreams again, Voyage off, beneath the trees, O'er the field's enchanted seas, Where the lilles are our sails, And our seagulis, nightingales.

Where no wilder storm shall beat Than the wind that waves the wheat And no tempests burst above The old laughs we used to love,

Lose all troubles-gain release, Languer and exceeding peace, Cruising idly o'er the vast Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit, Worry? Wave your hand to It-Kiss yoursfinger-tips and smile It farewell a little while. James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE OTHER GIRL.

On my arrival at the station, Lady Mannington, Molly and the French maid had collected their chattels and stood round the immense heap in attitudes denoting various degrees of impatience. I apologized.

"It's of no consequence," said Lady Mannington, in a tone signifying it was of the greatest. Molly shook her head at me and smiled. I looked at the two ladies and the French maid and then I looked at the miniature conveyance.

"The brougham is only seated for two," I hinted.

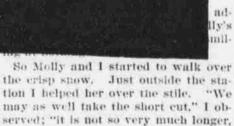
"Celeste can walk," said Lady Man-

"I should prefer to walk, mamma," said Molly, with an air of much good nature.

tily.

om

ng-



I besitated. "It is about a friend of mine." I replied at length. Total Control

and I have so much to say to you."

"What about?" asked Molly,

"He is in the dence of a mess," I bear, confidentially, "I want your help," "What can I do?" asked Molly, pening her eyes.

"You can advise me," I replied, takng courage. "A womans' wit-" Molly was pleased. "Go on, Mr.

"I fear you will think my friend parneularly foolish," I said, sorrowfully, "Very likely," replied Molly, indiffer-

ently. "I assure he has many good points. But it happened a girl wanted to marry him."

"What!" exclaimed Molly, "I can't think what she saw in him,"

I replied, uncomfortably, "She could not have been quite nice." said Molly, decisively,

I stopped to test the strength ca the ice over the pool.

"I have seen her look quite nice," I remarked, thoughtfully, "You know her?" asked Molly,

quickly. "Oh, yes. It wasn't really the girl who wanted to marry my friend: it was her mother. I mean the mother wanted the girl to marry my friend. I hope I make myself clear?"

"I don't think that improves matters." retorted Molly.

"My friend was in love with another girl-a really nice girl. In fact. a quite spler did girl. One of the very best," I said, kindling.

"You know that girl, too?" asked Molly a little coldly.

"Ye-es." "Well?" "My friend was staying at a country house, and so were both the girls and

her mother, and she-" "Who?" asked Molly.

"The giri whose mother wanted her to marry him. I do hope I am clear. She got him into a quiet corner, and somehow or other my friend found out she had held of his hand. I don't know how it happened. It just oc-CURRENT.

"How elever of your friend to find it

cut," said Molly, sareastically, I went on hastlly. "And then he gaw her head coming hearer and hearer his shoulder, and he didn't know what to do."

"I wender," said Molly, "he did not call for help.'

"You see," I went on, "he was afraid she would propose, or-or-the mother mi fit come. He guessed the mother was justy near. Then he thought of ther girl, and he got into a dreadfi anic. In fact he lost his head." "It could not have been a great loss,"

observed Molly disdainfully. "No-o. But it was the only one he had, and he was accustomed to it. He didn't know what to do . So he said he was already engaged."

" Did be say 'already? " "Yes," It was a cold day, but I mepped my brow with my handker-

Molly uttered a peal of silvery laughter. "I am really almost sorry for that girl, but it served her right." "The girl didn't turn a hair. She

simply stragiltened herself up and asked to whom he was engaged."

"Well?" "He blurted out the name of the other girl. He couldn't think of any

other name." "To whom, of course, he is not engaged ?"

"No. And I don't suppose she would have him."

"Is that your whole story?" "Ve v nearly. The girl went away and told her mother, who came up gushingly and congratulated him. She is a true sportswoman. Afterward she went about telling everybody of the engagement, and my friend has had to receive congratulations ever since."

"How awkward!" said Molly, meditatively. "Has the other girl heard of it?"

"Not yet. This all happened yesterday.

"Yesterday?"

I nodded. "And the worst is the other girl is expected to arrive at the Towers almost immediately." "Dear me," said Molly, "And your friend is at the Towers now?"

"I didn't mean to let it out," I replied, a little abashed. Molly began to laugh. "It is most amusing; but why dld you tell me

about it?" "I want your advice."

"Who is the other girl?" asked stelly, etriously." "Please don't ask for names," 1 im-

dered. "What," I asked, with elaborate indifference, "would you do if you were the other girl?

Molly stepped and broke off a spring of red berries. They were not so red | self. as her lips. "Of course," she said, "I should be very annoyed."

"Ab, of course," said I, forloraly, "At any rate, I should pretend to be

very annoyed. "But, really-" I began, delighted. "Oh that would depend on the

man." "Supposing, for the sake of illustration," said I, surveying the white expause of a neighboring field, "I was

the man?" "This is nosense," said Molly. "We can't make believe to that extent." "Why can't we?"

"You could never be so foolish." "But if-"

"Let us talk about some thing sensi-

de," said Molly with decision. "But my poor friend is depending on me for advice."

She thought. "Of course, your friend must get away from the Towers before the other girl arrives," "You are quite clear he ought to go away?" I asked mournfully.

"There can be no doubt about that. Just fancy everybody rushing to congratulate the other girl, and your friend being present at the time. There might be a dreadful scene."

"I can picture it," I said, repressing a grean. We had arrived at the entrance to the avenue. I stopped and held out

my hand. "Good-bye," I said "What do you mean?" she ex-

claimed. "I-I am going away. I am the

I do not think I am mistaken. The color faded slightly from her face. "And the other giri?" sne queried faintly.

"You are the other girl." The red replaced the white. She stood quite still, with her eyes bent downward; and then she began to trace figures in the snow with the toe

of her tiny boot. "Good-bye," I repeated. She leeked up. "Of course, I am very angry," she said. And then she smiled and held out her hand. I took it hum-

bly and ferget to relinquish it. "Manuna will be getting anxious," she remarked. "We must hurry. But we did not hurry.-Pick-are-Up.

The Governor's Regard for Sunday.

"It was during the administration of Governor Albion K. Parris," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "that General Lafayette made his memorable tour of the United States, and paid his visit to Maine. It was a Sunday that the General concluded that visit and proposed leaving the State from Portland. Governor Parris remonstrated with him for taking his departure on that day and said: 'If you will postpone your trip until Monday I will myself escort you to the State line with all the military honors.' But Lafayette, accustomed to the Continental Sabbath. insisted on not altering his plans, and left Maine on Sunday, while the Sabbath-honoring Governor of a God-fearas was his habit."

Hand Painted Shoe Soles. If you want to be in style, as 1 aris sees it, have your boot soles illus-

trated. Cupids, landscapes, poster girls, actresses, anything, in fact, that Americans can prop up in club windows.

and show the passing throng. This illustrated footwear is now to the fashiounble shoe shops on the Paris boulevard and in the Rue de la

These figures are hand painted. The wealthier the customer, the higher priced the painter.

A Chinese philosopher has been found in the kitchen in one of our Western college presidents who makes this distinction between the Orient and the Occident: "In China the men boss the women; in America the women boss the men." "Do I 'boss' President Blank?" inquired Mme. President. "No. you no bors him." rejoined the astute Chinaman, "but he do what you say."-Chicago Advance.

# ASTRANGE WOMAN.

BY PAUL PHODEN,

I had sold my mill, and was on my way home. It was evening when reached Granville, where I took the stage. An old woman was my sole companion. She appeared to be one who had seen much trouble in life, and at the present time she seemed weighed down by some special care.

She was rather a large woman, somewhat bent, and quite unwieldly in her movements. She was evidently used to hard work, for when I took her arm to help her in, although it was under her shawl, I could feel the strength of one well used to the labor of house and farm, so common turn. with women of that region. Her dress was shabby, and her face was covered by a black veil, which was disturbed but once to my knowledge, and that was when I had been looking out into the darkness, and saw it drop when I turned back my head. She was very hoarse, and any attempt to respond to some passing remark from me would set her into a violent fit of coughing. Weighed down by her troubles as she was, I saw that she should be left to herself, and so I said but little.

The country through which we were riding was a dreary one, and pictures of road-agents, and the cleaning out of my five thousand dollars, not to speak of a worse fate than robbery, would occasionally come up to my imagination. I wasn't nervous, but the consciousness of the tempting bait I carried with me was sufficient to awaken certain apprehensions in spite of my-

Three months before this, a stage had been stopped some twenty miles from here, and one of the passengers who had attempted resistance was shot, Why might not this one be the next to take its turn?

I could but wish that a vigorous man was sitting in the seat opposite in place of that helpless old woman. As far as I could learn, she was to stop at a crossing two miles this side of my destination, where her son was to take her home in his wagon. I should have four miles of it alone, though, to tell the truth, I felt more lonely with such company as this than if I had been by

Finally she appeared to fall into a doze, her bowed head and swaying body indicating a long flight into dreamland. She had been watching at the bedside of a consumptive daughter, and now must go home to tend a grand child that was suddenly stricken down with diphtheria.

"You need your sleep, my good soul," I thought, "We know not who have the greatest trials in life. Mine is at present an imagined evil, yours is in the real."

As the stage rumbled over the uneven road in the gloom of that wild and swampy country, the spectral pines retreated endlessly to the rear, revealing an occasional star appearing in the north, that seemed to gaze in admonitory silence upon me.

My eyes had got so used to the growing darkness that I could make out objects near me with some distinctness. At one time I noticed that the old woman was uneasy in her sleep; the action of her hands indicated something exciting. They were under her shawl, but the movement was very perceptible. I had been looking from the window, and I observed this uneasiness when I turned my glance inside the stage.

I was gazing curiously on the shabby figure when a suspicion darted through my mind that sent the blood to my heart. I had read of such things, and why was this not-but pshaw! my money was simply a magician conjuring up visions and spectres of the night.

The stage slackened up, and then it stopped. The slumberer started and awoke. For an instant the entire figure seemed to change in its aspect. Every line of the cumbrous body was full of vigor that ill-compared with the air of exhaustion which had previously characterized it.

I was interrupted in my observations by the entrance of a fresh passenger, whose deep, heavy voice had already indicated a powerful physique. He was a formidable looking customer. His great height compelled him to stoop considerably as he entered, and when he took his sent by the side of the old woman, the stage appeared to settle on his side.

I could make out but little in the gloom, but this man's face was sufficiently distinct to show a resolute ing State attended his church service character, fearless and ready in an emergency. He had an aggressive air, and the reserve of a man who was not to be made free with. He peered into my face from under his heavy brows, and then glanced at the sleeper by his

I couldn't quite analyze my feelings when I found this third passenger shut up with me. That he was a man not unused to violence was apparent. As a bravado or the leader of a vigibe seen in the show windows of all lance committee he could readily act his part. Which role would he incline to? There were still several miles to cover, and I was interested.

I did not like the way he had of turning his eyes on that old woman. couldn't make out in the dark just their expression. What struck me as being rather singular was her utter stillness after the vigorous start she had given. She couldn't have fallen again into a sleep as quick as that. I confess to a creepy sensation as I viewed this pair opposite me.

"This is a dreary ride for any one who has reason to wish his journey over," said the new passenger, at last, in his bass voice.

What did he mean? Did he know about my money? Here was a deepen- News.

ing of the mystery. It certainly was becoming a dreary ride to me. I controlled myself, and pointing to the woman, said,-

"One like her might well call it so." "How's that?"

"Sickness at her home-perhaps death!"

"Ah!" and he turned a look upon the unconscious subject of our remarks, the meaning of which I could hardly fath-

ing up in the heavens, reflecting a dim light in the stage. A vision of my cheery home rose to

my mind. Mother and children were pictured in that pleasant sitting-room, talking perhaps of father and his re-

again? What If-But my meditations were interrupted by the heavy voice of the passenger.

"Returning home, I take it, sir?"

"You consider this a safe road, do you not?"

"Never heard of any trouble here," It's going on around us, though, Heard of the pull last night?"

mean.

"Robbery!" I gasped. "I did not hear of it."

'Nothing worse, I hope, "Murder!" and the speaker's voice

ner, as if disturbed in her dreams. He glanced meaningly at her, and then directing his thumb that way, he

"Tired out." "We'll not disturb her."

e said, after a brief silence, "Which?" "The last robber-no, not the last,

The stage entered a gully thickly shaded with trees, and when the passenger said this in his abysmal voice, my scalp crept over my head. It was so dark that not even his nerculean

"What was the name?" I asked, in a hush. "Left-handed Dick."

The stage went very slowly at this point, and my ear caught a movement as if the sleeper was again uneasy, and was adjusting her shawl. "Why that?"

"He lost his right hand in a fight,

left-hander." "This man is equal to a dozen. I know he has murdered as many as

The impression was gaining on me that the man before me was honest. He struck me, moreover, as having a purpose here in this stage known only to himself, but which I began to suspect. He acted like one that had seri-

ous business in hand. ty quick."

ed. This fellow is like a madman. He neither fears nor waits."

discuised." "How!" I exclaimed. "Disguised. But his handless arm-"

"Oh, that's easily fixed. If he's a man he has it in his pocket-" "If he's a man! How else does he The stage emerged into the open

and threw its pale light into the stage. The shawl of the sleeping woman was suddenly twitched at the hands, and I noticed that the old black veil was somewhat awry. I also noticed that her neighbor had changed his posi-

"My good woman, I hope your sleep has rested you," I slowly uttered, sharply eyeing her shawl in the gloom. Her answer was a violent fit of

By an instantaneous movement the

were thrown aside, and a man was revealed, his right arm a stump, in his left a long-bladed knife. "Left-handed Dick!" As I pronounced this dreaded name, I threw myself into a position of defence. I was not the object of attack, however. Like a flash of light the vil-

lain struck at the breast of the man he feared. As the deadly knife descended, the arm was caught in a human vise. With fearful oaths he struggled to free himself, but the giant was on the alert, and bore down on the assassin with all his weight and power. The outlaw was not to be easily

spirit and strength. I now took part in the struggle, and the fellow was soon brought under. His arms were pidioned behind him, and the driver, who had stopped his horses, was directed to move on.

that part of the country. I reached my home in good spirits, and my arrival was a glad surprise. I said nothing of my adventure till the next day. You may well imagine that

her petticoats rustle yet .-- Chicago

The northern lights were now shoot-

Should I ever see those dear ones

"I am."

"The pull?" "The robbery on the Hanson road,

"Oh, yes; it's getting pretty near."

sank to a still deeper tone. The old woman started in the cor-

said. "An uncommon sleeper."

"The murderer has a devilish name,"

exactly, for the robber and murderer of all is one man,'

form could be seen.

and he is a demon with his left." "I'd rather tackle a dozen than a

that."

"Is there no way of trapping the flend? I think if he could come into your grip, sir, he would fetch up pret-"Size doesn't always tell," he return-

"How does he keep it up?" "He's couning as the devil. He goes

country. The aurora was at its height,

coughing. The stage was moving rapidly, and it rocked us to and fro. The coughing ceased, and a startling transformation

shawl and skirt, the veil and bonnet

overcome. He was truly a madman in

The road-agent was duly disposed of by his captor, who proved to be the most daring and formidable sheriff in

there was thanksgiving in that house. Mrs. Todgers-Mrs. Monson wears & sealskin sacque, but I've never heard