Receses on the State of the State of St

The Coming of Spring. I am coming, little maiden, With the pleasant sunshine laden, With the blossom for the tree, With the honey for the bee, With the flower and with the leaf-Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming, Hark! the little bee is humming; See, the lark is soaring high In the bright and sunny sky : And the gnats are on the wing-Little maiden, now is Spring. See the yellow catkins cover All the slender willows over, And on mossy banks so green Starlike primroses are seen, And their clustering leaves below White and purple violets grow.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating And the cawing rooks are meeting In the elms, p noisy crowd, And all birds are singing loud, And the first white butterfly In the sun goes flitting by. Little maiden, look around thee. Green and flowery fields surround thee Every little stream is bright. All the orchard trees are white, And each small and waving shoot Has for thee sweet flower or fruit.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven, God, for thee, the Spring bath given, Taught the birds their melodies, Clothed the earth and cleared the skies For thy pleasure or thy food Pour thy soul in gratitude, So mayest thou 'mid blessings dwell. Little maiden, fare thee well. -Mary Howitt.

ONE DOLLAR A WEEK. Wage-Earners and Salaried Men

Can Provide for Old Age. To all men who work for wages or on salaries their only hope for a peaceful old age and for a life free from racking money cares is to provide beforehand for the future, says the New York World. They should take no risk, When they speculate they stake their family's future and their own peace of the chances equal-and in the case of a small man the odds are always against him-the risk which he takes is vastly disproportionate to any possible gain.

Few men ever heard of progressive compound interest and still fewer know what it does. One dollar deposited in a savings bank which pays 4 per cent will amount to \$2.10 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. But how many men know that if they deposit \$1 every year the value in twenty years will not be \$2.19, but \$30.97?

Any man or woman who is earning wages at all can save \$1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will amount to \$1.012. A deposit of \$5 a week will amount to over \$8,000. The annual interest on this at 4 per cent would be \$320.

Thus the man who deposits \$5 a week in a savings bank can, after twenty years, draw out \$6 a week and stal leave to his wife and children at his death all the money that he deposited and more than half as much more. There is no paradox or catch in this, It is a plain, simple mathematical statement of what any savings bank will do.

Every wife should read these figures and go over them for herself. They are accurate. The only necessity is to make the deposits regularly. If, instead of discontinuing the weekly deposits at twenty years, they are continued for ten years more, every dollar a week will have become \$58.38 and the \$52 a year will have become over \$3,-000. For every dollar which had been deposited \$2 a week can be drawn out without impairing the principal, which has been doubled.

It takes time to make money this way, but the result is certain. There is no secret about it, no mystery, no allurement, no dazzling speculation. All that it requires is industry and a little self-denial every week. It pays better than any gold mine, than any poolroom or bucket shop.

LUCKY TOWN OF LUDLOW.

Millions in Store for It, but It Isn't Getting Excited. The little town of Ludlow, not far from Springfield, Mass., has a dazzling future before it. After a while \$10,000

is going to be distributed to certain of After another while \$317,268 will be

passed around. And finally, after a third chance to get its breath, \$10,193,-195 will be bestowed on the Ludlow

It is stupendous. There is only one trouble. It's going to be an uncommonly long time between chances to quaff this golden flood. Ludlow, in fact, is keeping quite calm,

According to the Village, Charles D. Rood is the man who has planned these magnificent windfalls for his native village. He was born in Ludlow sixtysix years ago, and still has a summer home there. But at an early age he left the place, went out into the world and proceeded to make gawbs of money. He decided to give four gawbs to Ludlow.

The first one, amounting to \$1,000, will be placed at interest until the next centennial of Ludlow's settlement and then be distributed among the worthy poor of the town, especially in the center district. Certain sums, to be given to every young man who has abstained | Ga., for the purpose of securing an orfrom the use of intoxleating figures ganized mevement for improvements and tobacco until his twenty-first birth- says the Good Roads Magazine. Each day, are excepted.

Another \$1,000 will be placed at interest and used in the second centennial | they will take root, and have there in the same manner.

A third \$1,000 will be placed at interest and used in the third coming centennial under similar conditions.

Of the fourth \$1,000, the interest is Commissioners, and he has promised to be used perpetually and annually for that the county will have the treet prizes for the best pupils in the differ-

ent schools. These gifts may look comparatively small on their face, but when figured on both sides of the road. John W. out in their ultimate proportions they Greer of Waycross has been pushing loom large. The next centennial of the the movement.

town will come sixty-six years from next June. The first, \$1,000, Invested at 314 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, as is the custom with savings banks, will amount to \$3.875 on the next centennial day,

As Ludlow has only 3,881 inhabi tants, according to the census of 1905, and the total number of registered voters last year was less than 500, this sum will provide adequately for the abstemious young men and the worthy poor, unless the town grows more rap-

idly than it has in the last 134 years. The second \$1,000, invested under similar conditions, will yield \$317,268 at the following centennial, 166 years from now. With the knowledge of this fund which doubtless will be widespread at that time, the number of non-drinking and non-smoking young men in town ought to be large enough to give Ludlow a world-wide reputation for the conduct of its youth. But the grand prize is still a cen-

tury off. The third \$1,000 invested at 31/2 per cent will in June of the year 2174, when the time comes for its distribution, amount to the stupendous sum of \$10,193,195, increasing more than ten thousand fold from the original sum. The number of virtuous young men and worthy poor that can be provided for with this great fund would be enough to make a respectably sized city.

More than this, the town's benefactor has provided for perpetual and an nual prizes for the best pupt's in the public schools, annual relief for the poor of the town, independently of the distributions of the large funds, annua assistance in the support, maintenance and repair of the First Congregational Church of Ludlow and the payment of the pastor's salary.

There will be also annual distributions of Bibles to baptized children who have reached the age of 7 years, and money prizes for Sunday school pupils who have had a perfect record of at tendance for a year.

TOO TRUTHFUL. momme

more

~~~~~ The placid gaze which Mrs. Asa Holmes bent on her cousin Maria, the mind against a few dollars. Even were only rich relative she possessed, was incomprehensible to the visitor, "Do you mean to tell me there isn't a thing in the world you'd like to have me give you for this house?" she demanded, incredulously.

"That's exactly what I mean, Maria," returned Mrs. Holmes, calmly. "I have all I need, and Asy has all he needs. We decided that last year. after we bought that long looking glass from af advertisement."

"Where is it?" inquired Miss Maria. "That was one thing I thought of. You don't appear to have a mirror here of any size or clearness. They're all wavy or blurred, and only little mirrors at that.

"Yes, I know it." There was a tranquil satisfaction on the face of Mrs. Holmes. "We gave that looking-glass to Wilhelmina Hobbs for a wedding present. She's young, and we reckoned she could stand it better'n we could and it had a handsome frame.

"Asy an' I had wanted a lookingglass that we could see the whole of ourselves at once in for a long time. Well, we got it, and we saw.

"We stood up side by side and took a good look, and then we turned it to

"'What shall we do with it, pa?' asked him, but he was too cast down to answer me anything. So when Wilhelmina Hobbs decided to take that young man, we felt 'twas a real lead-

"Of course, as I told Asy, 'twas more'n we should have thought of pay eng for her, but contentment comes pretty high. And now when we look in our wavy, blurred mirrors, and know that we don't appear quite so one-sided to other folks as we do in them, it sort o' cheers us up; whereas that long looking-glass-well, I'm glad Wilhelmina has it, that's all!"

### CLEANUP ORDINANCE.

Scheme Adopted by a Park Commission in Los Angeles.

Many of our California cities and towns are adopting ordinances requiring vacant lots and untidy premises to be cleaned up, says the Los Angeles Times. In Riverside the notification of passage of such legislation is placed in the hands of the park commission. which has sent out the following no tice to property owners:

"A provision in the new cleaning up ordinance makes it the duty of the park commissioners to inspect the streets and report all such instances of untidy frontages, dirty vacant lots and other premises as would come under the provisions of the ordinance (a copy of which is herewith inclosed) to the superintendent of streets, whose duty vould be to serve legal notice to prop

erty holders. "It is the opinion of the board that a simple reminder in the large majority of cases will be all that is necessary to secure the desired results; hence w take the liberty of calling your attention to the neglected condition of the frontage (description), respectfully requesting that prompt attention be given it that formal legal notices to the superintendent of streets may not be necessary,"

## An Example Worth Following.

The Country Club of Ware County was recently organized at Wayeross member of the club pledged himself to plant 210 trees of some sort so that ready for transplanting along the pub lie roud closest to his home next fall. Among the members is Judge Warren Lott, chairman of the Board of County planted next fall by the gang and replant those that die each year. It is figured that 210 trees will plant a mile

WOMEN'S SENSE OF BEAUTY.

This Is the Chief Cause of Their Extravagance in Dress.

"Modern women are extravagant," says Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, "but it is the conditions of our modern life, with are to blame for this extravagance. Mrs. Richards teaches in the Insti-

tute of Technology and is deeply interested in educational questions, particularly those which relate to ecenomic and industrial training, but before everything else Mrs. Richards is a gracious, charming lady who moves among the glass flasks and Bunsen burners of her chemical laboratory with the same polse and dignity which her mother probably showed in the linen room fifty years ago, says the Boston Herald. So one isn't surprised to find that while the tech teacher realizes perfectly all the temptations which the modern woman is heir to, her plea is not the overcoming of these temptations by mannish disregard of all pretty things, but rather a return to the old, beauti-

ful ideals of living, which recognized primarily that things were not really "pretty" unless they were also "good." She compared the women of to-day and of fifty years ago as regards the quantity and the quality of their

"Did you never hear of the judge's wife in one of our Massachusetts towns," she asked, "who had only three

Her gray eyes smiled quietly as she watched the astonishment of her twentleth-century listener, and she continued in calm enjoyment.

"Yes, she had her morning gown, in which she did her housework-linsey woolsey, I suppose it was, spun by herself-and she had the gown which she wore for calls and at church, and then she had herbeautiful brocade, heavy and rich and splendid-why, it would stand alone! And it cost a great deal, because it was such a lovely thing; but she wore it and wore it and handed it down to her daughter and even now it's the most precious dress of the daughter's daughter.

"But compare with that inventory the gowns of a woman of to-day. She must have her morning dress, which she can never wear in the afternoon; she must have gowns for street wear, for dinners, for receptions, for dances, for lectures, And yet-she hasn't one really nice dress out of the lot-how can she, when she must have so many?

"It's this desire for the show of things and not for the real goodness underneath that is the greatest ex travagance of modern women," declared Mrs. Richards with increasing fervor. "Instead of getting one nice gown which will last for years and years, we get these slazy stuffs which pull to pieces before the anason is over. And the reason is that our sense of beauty is defective."

#### ORIENTAL RUGS.

Why Those That Are Made by Hand Work Cost So Much.

The simple apparatus is still in use in outlying districts-home dye tubs filled with colors extracted from sheep's blood, larkspur, indigo, tumeric, saftron, mulberry, walnut husks, brass combs for carding and distaffs whirled by hand. Between two sticks held borizontally by supports at the ends are strung threads drawn taut, harp fashion. Then worsted yarn is passed over and under the strings twice. Songs are sung-songs trans relitted from old to young, so ancient, some of them, that they are in a lost language-and the songs tell the weaver what colors to tie in as she progresses with the pattern. Each district has its own patterns and sorgs. After each knot the ends of the yarn are scissored off to form the pile.

In a close woven piece like a Kirman, measuring a mere 5x8 feet, there are 400 knots to the square inch. As the weaver's speed is about three knots a minute, four years of continuous labor would be required on such a rug. Within that time some fingers would stop weaving forever; others would go on with it. Was it any wonder, the rug hunter asked me, that no two old rugs, even from the same village and the same household, were ever just alike? A bereavement would induce a greater unconscious use of white: a bridal would turn the weaver's thought to scarlet and victories of war to yellow. Local environment, family happenings, removals from town to desert and desert to monntain, would each have effect. Gossip of harems, the tinkle of silver anklets, the alarms of brigands, the elations of religions, all would go into the rug,

"Then." I interrupted the hunter. "if they still dye and weave as of old, rugs are being made now that eventually will be beautiful and valuable?" If the west were willing to say to the east, "We will give you five or ten years to make a rug," if it would say that, then age and gentle wear would do the rest. But the west won't, it has mansions in increasing numbers to fit out at once. So it has introduced aniline dyes and machine carders and spinning jennies and collective weaving and is otherwise hustling production.-Franklin Clarkin in Ev-

### SUGAR AS FOOD

erybody's Magazine.

Used With Discrimination, It Is an Ald to Good Health.

"There is a prejudice against suga which is not justified by physiological reasoning," says the London Lancet. "Sugar is one of the most powerful foods which we possess, as it is the cheapest or at any rate one of the cheapest. In muscular labor no food appears to be able to give the same powers of endurance as sugar, and comparative practical experiments have shown without the least doub that the hard physical workers, the athlete or the soldier on the march is much more equal to the physical strala placed upon him when he has had included in his diet a liberal allowance of sugar than when sugar is denied to

"Trophies, prizes and cups have which sugar was intentionally a nota- into a hero.

ble constituent. It has even been said that sugar may decide a battle and that jam after all is something more than a mere sweetment to the soldier. The fact that sugar is a powerful 'muscle food' accounts probably for the disfavor into which it falls, for a comits loss of personal independence, which paratively small quantity amounts to an excess, and excess is always inituical to the easy working of the dig -s

tive processes. "Sugar satiates; It is a concentrated food. Where sugar does harm, there fore, it is invariably due to excess. Taken in small quantities and distributed over the dally food intakes, sugar contributes most usefully in health to the supply of energy required by the body.

"And it is a curious fact that the man who practically abstains from sugar or reduces his diet to one almost free from carbohydrates in favor of protein foods, such as meat, often shows feeble muscular energy and an But still the wanton presses, indifferent capacity for physical en- With honey-sweet caresses, durance."

#### HE TRIED A SUIT IN CHINA.

merican Lawyer Successfully Con

ducted Case Against a Native. An American lawyer in a Chinese ourt, trying a case against a Chinanan charged with theft and winning it before a Chinese tribunal, was the experience of Winfield Freeman, a lawyer of Kansas City, Kan., and former probate judge of Wyandotte county. Judge Freeman and Mrs. Freeman arrived recently after a trip around the world. They were gone fifteen months, according to the Kansas City

"Mrs. Freeman and I were in Fa hau preparing to make a trip to Ki Cheng to visit the temples, when we ran across an American consul, Samuel Gracey," Judge Freeman explained. "Mr. Gracey was preparing to make a three days' trip to Ku Cheng to prosecute a criminal case. He learned that I was a lawyer, and then he asked me to save him the trip by acting as prosecutor in his place. I was pleased with the novelty of the thing, and agreed to go in his steal. After a three days' trip we landed at Ku Cheng. I went to the courthouse and there met the mandarin of the province, who is also the judge. He was a well-educated man and spoke excellent English. I gave him a note from the consul, saying that I would prosecute the case. He read the note and then gave me a day to prepare for trial.

"I found on inquiring into the case that a Chinese doctor had stolen a set of surgical instruments from the surgeon in charge of the Methodist hospital at Ku Cheng. When the case came to trial I discovered that both the judge and myself had been provided with interpreters. I was surprised to know the judge should have an interpreter, since the mandarins are all highly educated, but I found that the thief was from another province and spoke a tongue quite different from that in Ka Cheng, as English is from

"Well," Judge Freeman said, "the case dragged along for two days. I cross-examined the witnesses through an interpreter, but made my plea becase. The fellow was convicted of the theft and sent to jail. After the trial the judge invited Mrs. Freeman and me to dine at his home. We had a very enjoyable dinner, except for the fact that Mrs. Freeman could not converse with the judge's wife. I think that was the worst thing that ever happened to Mrs. Freeman. After dinner the judge gave me a beautiful spectacle case as a compliment, as he said. for my handling the case."

Judge Freeman and Mrs. Freeman were well received everywhere on the trip, Mrs. Freeman representing the Y. W. C. A. and Mr. Freeman the Methodist Episcopal Church of Amerien. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman visited the Pope while in Rome.

"He's the finest looking man I saw on the trip," the judge said. We talked to him about America for three hours."

# **\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** Wit of the Youngsters

Small Allen's father was quite bald. "Mamma," queried the little fellow one day, "when my hair gets ripe will it fall off like papa's did?"

Neighbor-Do you think your sister is in love with Mr. Simpkins? Little Dora-Of course not. She allows us children to remain in the parlor when Little Elsie (at theater) - Mamma

is that man on the stage crying in earnest? Mamma-No, dear. Little Elsie--Well, I don't see how he can cry for fun. Little Lola-Mamma, I know why

they say grandpa is in his second childhood? Mamma-Why, dear? Little Lola-'Cause he's bald and has no teeth, just like the baby. Small Bobby-Nurse, do you know where the doctor lives that brought the

baby? Nurse-No, Bobby. Small Bobby-Well, if the kid loses an arm or leg or anything how'll they know where to get new parts? Dalsy, aged 5, dld not want her fa-

vorite aunt to go to a distant city, "Never mind, Daisy," said the aunt. Til bring you a nice big doll when I return." "You needn't go so far," replied Daisy. "You can get one around

### Rapid Pall of Birth Rate.

A government report of vital statis ties recently published covering the decade ending with the year 1900 revenls a marked decline in the birth rate of England and Wales. In 1876 the rate was as high as 36.3 per 1,000. but at the end of 1900 it was 28.7. The birth rate is falling more rapidly than that of any other civilized coun-

The more a girl likes and admires her father and brothers, the less likely undoubtedly been won on a diet on that she will idealize a worthless lover

#### A MADRIGAL

Young Love his ware comes crying; Full soon the elf untreasures His pack of palas and pleasures-

With roguish eye He bids me buy From out his pack of treasures.

His wallet's stuffed with blisses, With true-love-knots and kisses, With rings and rosy fetters, And sugared vows and letters-

He holds them out With boylsh flout, And bids me try the fetters.

Nay, Child (I ery), I know them: There's little need to show them! Too well for new believing I know their past deceiving-

I am too old (I say), and cold To-day, for new believing!

And still, to my undoing, He wins me with his wooing, To buy his ware

With all its care. Its sorrow and undoing. -Austin Dobson.



"Dear sir," ran the letter, "owing to the fact that we are making considerable reductions in our office staff, we regret to inform you that we shall not require your services after this day month, the 27 prox. We shall of course be pleased to give you any testimentals you may desire in the future, and you have our best wishes for your subsequent career."

Kimber read the note three times before he was able to realize exactly what it meant. At first, he had be lieved that it was a sort of joke on the part of the correspondence clerk; the fellows were always having what they called a "game" with him, because he happened to be the oldest man in the office. He had reached the critical agof 45, and the inverted values of the twentleth century demand that the last thing on earth to be respected shall be the dignity of age.

But although, in the beginning, he had been inclined to regard the letter as a test, further observation proved that he was quite wrong. The note bore the signature of "James Skinner," the head of the firm, and even Dixon, the correspondence clerk, would hardfore the judge in English. I won the 'y have had the audacity to forge that "So I'm to be kicked out."

> I'm too old, That's it. Too old! I'm punctual, I'm quick, I'm everything they want, but my hair is going gray, and people don't refer to me any longer as that 'young fellow'!" A feeling of violent resentmen selzed his soul, shutting out the milder sensation of sorrow. That would come later, of course, but just now he could

mured, "and I can guess the reason

only feel enraged. It was scandalous, brutal, altogether unjustifiable, he refleeted. What right had they to use the best years of a man's life, and then fling him away on to the dustheap when the whim seized them? He glanced round the deserted office

whence the clerks had departed to their Saturday afternoon football or nrusic-hall. Jove, how attached he had become to the place! The clock. the dingy desks, the ricketty stoolsall these things were part of his life, and had twined themselves into the routine of his days. Somehow, he could not imagine himself working in any other room. It was true that he had often disliked the monotony of his toil, but now that there was the prospect of something new and strange, he shrunk back into the memory of that happy monotony with something like the gratified shiver with which the disturbed sleeper returns to the warmth

of the sheets. It was Skinner's doing, of course, The manager had always liked him (Kimber), and would never have suggested his removal. Skinner, however was prejudiced in favor of young men; doubtless that trip to New York last year had developed his prejudices. Often had be heard Skinner say that young blood was what the modern business man wanted. Yes, it was Skinner's doing, and a feeling of passionate resentment againts the smoothfaced, brutal head of the firm rose in Kimber's soul. If Skinner had entered the office at that moment, he would not have been answerable for what happened.

Suddenly he conceived the idea of going round to his chief's private house and demanding an interview On Monday, at the office, it would be impossible, for the stream of callers was incessant, and at most he would be able to snatch a few minutes only of the busy man's time. But if he went to the house, he could say ms say undisturbed. "Yes, I'll do It." he resolved, and,

having brushed his hat and straightened his tie, he climbed on a bus go ing westwards. His heart beat more swiftly than usual, but his face was caim. He was even able to listen with Then, with a sudden anger, he burst a vague interest to the conversation out: of two men who sat in front of him.

"Yes," said the elder of the two, "It's what I've always said. Every man has a skeleton in his cupboard. Sometimes it's the skeleton of a womsometimes of a lunatic brother. But there it is, and although he keeps the key of the cupboard in his most carefully buttoned pocket, somebody steals | bring about

the key at last. That's what happened to poor Bennett."

His companion acquiesced, and then attempted a feeble joke. This led the conversation into a lighter vein, and the subject of skeletons was dropped. On the brain of Kimber, however, the chance words had made an impression. A gleam came into his eyes, and a spot or color glowed in his cheek. His mind worked with feverish energy.

The 'bus paused at Lancaster Gate. He alighted, and walked swiftly to Westbourne Terrace, where the great man lived. He hesitated for a moment at the door, asking himself he was not used to visiting at "swagger" houses. Eventually, with a touch of bravado, he resolved to do both. A man in quiet livery opened the

door. "Is Mr. Skinner at home?" he asked,

boldly.

The servant stared at him, guessing that he was from the office, and ac cordingly favoring him with the contempt which all right-minded flunkeys feel for mere clerks.

"Don't know, I'm sure," he replied, arelessly.

"Then be good enough to inquire," ald Kimber, sternly.

The tone was brutal, and produced he desired effect. The man asked him to step inside, and inquired his name. Kimber took out his card, and wrote

n it: "May I see you, sir, for a few cloutes on a very urgent matter?" You will please give this to Mr. Skinner," he said, "I am sure he will onsent to see me if he is at home." The servant went away, and return-

d a moment later. "Just step in here and wait a bit," ie observed, as he pointed to a room,

the door of which was open. Kimber obeyed. There was a mirror on the mantelpiece. He walked to it and surveyed himself. Jove! how wonderfully young and well he looked. The years seemed to have colled from him during the past ten minutes. The dominating impulse which had seized his brain had brightened his eyes, and brought a glow to his cheek. He felt that he was ready to achieve anything. Anything!

"Er-what do you want, Kimber?" isked a voice, rousing him from his reverie. Facing round abruptly, he saw that Skinner had entered the

"I took the liberty of calling, sir, in reference to this letter," he replied, as he took the note from his pocket and handed it to his employer. Skinner read the letter as though

he was not aware of the contents. "Well!" he said, as he returned it, Well! What about It?" "I have come here to ask you to re-

consider your decision, sir," he answered, "and to tell you that I think you have no right to dismiss me after my long service." "Indeed! Such things are done ev-

ery day. You must excuse my saying so, but-er-you are getting a little too old for us. We want younger men." "Yes, that is what I thought. But, all the same, sir, I don't admit the justice of it. I can do everything that a younger person can do, and perhaps do it better. As to salary, I'm only getting five hundred dollars a year, and I doubt if even a man half my

age would take much less."

Skinner shuffled his feet impatient-"My good fellow," he said, "I really can't waste time arguing with you about the ethics of commercial efficieney. I suppose I have a right to do as I choose in my own office. Now, be sensible and take your gruel like a

mind about furnishing testimonials when you want them!" Kimber realized that the hour had truck for action. He pulled himself tegether, and approached his em-

man. Otherwise, I may change my

ployer. "Mr. Skinner," he said, "you are an ambitious man. I know that you have just been elected to the directorate of a City Company, and I believe that you contemplate running for Congress at the next election."

Skinner stared at him as though be clieved his clerk had suddenly gone mad.

"What the mischlef has all that got to de with you and your dismissal?" he asked, abruptly.

"More than you think," replied Kimber, as he fixed his eyes upon the other man with a very acute glance, "much more. For you must remember, Mr. Skinner, that I have been in your oftime I have kept my eyes and ears open'

"Well?" There was just a touch of uneasiness in the exclamation. Skinner again shuffled his feet, but, this time, anxlety and not impatience impelled the nechanical action,

"Well, an observant man can learn many things in twenty years. He can learn other things besides matters which concern the office. You understand?"

"What do you mean?" Skinner's hands were now engaged with his watch-chain. He was twirling it nervously. A shade of panor deepened in his heavy face.

"I think," said the other man, coolly, "you can guess what I mean. I don't want to hurt your feelings and to go into needless details, But I daresay you will call to mind that there is a certain circumstance which you would not like to be brought to light. either now or in the future. This is a very censorlous country, Mr. Skinner, and people insist on their Congressional representatives having unspotted records, or, at least, records where the spots are decently covered up. Need I say more?"

Skinner did not reply for a moment.

"So you're going in for blackmail. are you?"

"Pardon me, but I'm doing nothing of the sort. I'm not asking for money. I'm asking for mere justice. All these an, sometimes of a drunken father, years I've kept stient, when, if I had liked. I could easily have wrung from you by hinting to you of the exposure which a few words of mine would

"And had you done so, I sh ent for a policeman," muttered St.

"Hardly, for if so, why don't you ring that bell now, and call in a policeman?" observed Kimber, triumph antly. "I can promise you that I shan't try to escape. But, really, Mr. Skinner, I doubt if you would have been foolish enough to ask for police assistance. There are cases where compromise is the best plan and the safest. This case is one of t'em."

The two men eyed each o her, as though they were measuring their relative atrengths. Kimber stood the whether he should knock or ring, for gaze of his employer unflinchingly. Until that hour, he had never dreamed that he possessed so much courage. The hour had called it forth, and lo, it had come.

"Now, look here," said Skinner, after a pause. "All this may be mere bluff. Where are your porofs of your absurd statements?"

"The proofs," replied Kimber, calmly, "lie in the mouth of the person who confided to me the story."

Skinner swayed back, a slight foam on his lips. "Great heavens!" he gasped, "then

"Yes, she is still alive, and very, very anxious to be kicking as well," returned Kimber, quickly, "but as it happens, she does not know exactly where to find you. I do, Now do you understand?"

Skinner sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

"Confound you," he said, thickly, "I thought it was all over and forgot-

"Most men do comfort themselves with that belief," observed Kimber, "but they find out their mistake sooner or later. But, believe me, Mr. Skinner, I have no wish to cause you any distress. I have merely referred to the episode to show that I speak of what I know. The skeleton is locked in your cupboard, and I happen to have a key as well as you. That's all. But I don't want to use the key if I

can help it." A pause followed, during which verious emotions throbbed through Skinner's poor, sordid little soul. Rage, ear, and surprise held the high place there, and it was easy to see that the words of his clerk had produced a terrible impression.

The clock struck 4. "I'm afraid," said Kimber, "that I'm taking up too much of your time."

"No, no, wait a moment." Kimber smiled, and sat down again, Presently his employer looked at him intently.

"Mr. Kimber," he said, and the fact that he used the word "Mr." struck the clerk as being significant, "I suppose that you are not a vindictive man." "I hope not."

"You cannot really have any grudge

against me except that you think you

have received an unjust dismissal." "That is my only grievance." "Suppose that the dismissal were to be withdrawn, the grudge, I imagine, would be withdrawn also?"

"Of course!" A deep sigh of relief issued from Mr. Skinner's throt. He rose, and almost smiled.

"Then," he said, "you may consider yourself reinstated." 'Thank you very much, sir.' Kimber reached for his hat and um-

brella, and went toward the door. "One moment," murmured Mr. Skinner, "you told me just now that you were getting five hundred a year, That is certainly not an inflated salary. I think I shall give you the charge of an additional department, and raise the salary to \$750." "Thank you very much, sir," he said

again. The contemptuous-looking footman showed him out, wondering why the caller smiled so expansively as he went down the steps. "I should like to know," reflected

Kimber, as he climbed on his 'bus, "what Skinner's skeleton really is?"-Black and White.

A Prophet Epithet. The troubles which are brought to a parish priest for solution are almost infinite in their variety. In a certain Prussian village, says Friedrich August Dressler in "Moltke in His Home," an old woman came to her spiritual adviser and proposed a separation from her husband.

"If he would beat me," she said, "that would be all right; that would show that he was really my man. fice twenty years, and that during that But he calls me worse names; he calls me a 'subject!' I will not stand for that!"

"So, 'subject,' eh?" said the priest. "Yes, that is bad. It is a bad word. I did not think he would say that. But are you sure you understood? Did he say 'subject' or 'object?" The old woman shook her head. She

was not certain. The priest smiled "Ah, I thought so," he said. "Now, I am sure that is what he called you. 'Subject' would have been very bad. It would be hard to forgive that, but 'object,' pooh, it is nothing. If at all,

it flatters one." The woman laughed happily. "And, then, I need not leave him? I can still keep him for my man?" she ask-

ed eagerly. "Certainly," said her mentor, "and rejoice. 'Object,' that is very fine, very! I was sure he did not say 'subfect!" "

She went away entirely satisfied. and the priest heard of no more disngreements between the couple.

"I'm afraid you have, my dear."

A Martyr. "Mamma, have I got to take a bath

"But I haven't done anything all the

eek to deserve it."--New York Life. A girl of 16 walks as though she owned the earth, and after she has been married a few years, she walks as if she were carrying it on her shoulders.

Some people's idea of being sincere is to show it when they dislike some

Trouble soon pines away and di