

THE LUCKY BARGAIN.

I have a friend, without whose face
(God keep his face from sorrow free!)
The world would be a dreary place
For weary me.

To please him is my chief delight;
I'd rather die than give him pain,
Yet this I've done in my despite,
And shall again.

My friend is kind when I am cross,
Nor ever cross when I am kind;
He rules the ailen waves that toss
My toiling mind.

His gracious spirit gives me joy;
What can I give him for his grace?
A little, useless, battered toy
Of time and space.

A box of prayers with broken wings,
Of shapeless hopes and wasted hours,
Of half a hundred worn-out things
And faded flowers;

Wherein one blossom lives and makes
A light, wherewith his lips will part
And smile for kindness, as he takes
The proffered heart.
—N. S., in the Spectator.

A CULPRIT CORNERED.

As Herbert French was leaving a street car, in which he had ridden for about twenty minutes, a loud exclamation caused him to pause.

"Hi, sir!" shouted the conductor, "you've left something behind."

French knew he had left nothing; but he was not the man to lose the chance of obtaining anything for the sake of a lie.

"Here you are, sir," and the conductor thrust a parcel into his hand.

French gave the conductor a dime, and a few minutes later was at the house in which he lodged, and ascended to his room. Here he examined the article which Fate—or the car conductor—had given him. It was a square, bulky package, enveloped in brown paper and tied neatly with a piece of red tape. There was no address on the cover, and, opening it, he found a quantity of closely-written manuscript, inscribed in a firm and clear handwriting, and headed "The Maze of Life."

It was a story, he could see at a glance; and no name or address was upon it. He threw it on one side, with a quiet laugh.

"Not much fear of that being advertised for," he said aloud. "Some poor beggar of an author forgot it, I suppose, who hasn't got a dollar to bless himself with—like me."

Herbert French was an individual who for years had existed in the manner which is commonly called "living on his wits." That is to say he could turn his hand—or his head—to nearly everything, but practically skillful at nothing.

Once upon a time he held a good position in a large business house; but his name became mixed up in some underhand practices, and he had to go. He had drifted from one thing to another, as many a man does, and now he was a canvasser for advertisements for a so-called "society weekly," run by a broken-down journalist. There was a certain amount of money to be made at the work, and French spent his scanty earnings like a prince. How he managed to live was a puzzle to many people and often a puzzle to himself.

His landlady, with whom he settled promptly, regarded him as an estimable lodger, and was loud in her praises of the "littery gent, on the third front." Those of whom he occasionally borrowed money referred to him in quite a different fashion.

For a day or two, French watched the advertising columns of the newspapers in the hope of finding a reward offered for the manuscript in his possession. None appeared, however, and the little pile of foolscap lay in his room almost forgotten for some weeks. Then one night he picked it up and glanced curiously at the first sheet. He read it and turned to the second, and as he did so his interest was aroused. It was seldom he read anything except the police reports, but "The Maze of Life" laid hold of him at once. Page after page he eagerly devoured.

The fire in his room sank lower and lower, and finally sank out in a feeble splutter. A neighboring clock chimed the hour of two, but still he sat leaning over the table, his eyes gleaming with eagerness as he turned the sheets over. Now and again he would pause and wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. As the faint streaks of dawn shimmered coldly through the window panes he came to the end.

"Good Heavens!" he murmured as he sank back, exhausted. "What a story!"

He gathered the manuscript together again.

"Who wrote it, I wonder? It's a masterpiece—a work of genius! The poor devil who lost it—what a blow!"

Then came the thought: "What to do with it?" He knew the honorable course open to him—to advertise it. But Herbert French always preferred to take the opposite course to the honorable one.

Next day an idea struck him. It seemed him at first in his insolence, and he put it on one side as impossible and too risky. Thinking it over later, it lost its fearfulness. It was risky, certainly; but he had grown callous to taking risks, especially where money was the inducement. And it might, he thought, be possible for him to carry it through unscathed.

"Why not have 'The Maze of Life' published as his own work? That it would be accepted by a publisher of repute on its own merits he felt sure, a work that throbbed with life, that gripped the reader from the first chapter and held him spellbound to the end, could not go begging. And the chances of the real author coming forward? What then? He preferred not to dwell on that.

Yes, he would risk it, and if he was discovered he would brazen it out to the end.

He took the manuscript to a type-writing establishment, and a few days later it was returned with a neatly-typed copy. He burned the original, and felt much safer when this was done. Then he despatched the type-

written story to one of the foremost publishers in the city. The weeks that followed were torturous ones to Herbert French. At times he regretted having taken the step he had done, and wished he had never seen "The Maze of Life." He would laugh at his fears, and picture himself the author of the day. A month slipped by and a polite note reached him from the publishers to the effect that their reader had reported favorably on his work and they would be happy to negotiate for its publication.

Three months later the literary world was in a state of excitement. On every hand people were talking of the new book which had been launched upon the sea of literature with such signal success. The critics had, with few exceptions, spoken of "The Maze of Life," by Halifax Flanders, as a work of genius. Edition after edition had been issued, and still the book-sellers clamored constantly for more. The book was discussed by all classes, by the mechanic as well as by the professional man, learned men and women, and one and all joined in voluminous praise of the man who had written it.

But who was Halifax Flanders? No one seemed to know. Paragraphs were appearing in the papers daily setting forth in one quarter that the author was a lady of the best society, and in another that "Halifax Flanders" was the nom de plume of a man of letters already famous under his own name. The publishers would give no information beyond stating that the author desired his identity to remain unknown.

And what of French? He had intended to change the title, but some fatal influence compelled him to retain the original name. "Halifax Flanders" he regarded as a cleverly-concocted nom de plume—a name that would attract by reason of its uncommon sound.

But if he had been unsettled before the book appeared, his agony was tenfold worse now. As the sale of the book increased by leaps and bounds, his fears of exposure rose accordingly. "Don't under any consideration divulge my real name," he had said to the publishers; but daily he expected the author to come forward and hold him up as a thief and a fraud.

One evening he was sitting in his room when his landlady tapped at the door. He started up guiltily.

"What is it?" he shouted, a nervous apprehension seizing him. The landlady entered, closely followed by a young woman in walking costume.

"If you please, sir," blurted out the former, "this young woman called to see you, and although I told her you wasn't going to see anybody, she would follow me up the stairs, saying it was very important business," and she surveyed the visitor with an eye of disgust.

Herbert French rose from his chair. "It's all right, Mrs. Coomber," he said; "you may go."

"Won't you be seated?" he asked the young woman, when they were alone. "Thank you," was the answer, in a pretty feminine voice. "I've come from the Bulletin to interview you, if you will allow me."

"How did you obtain my address?" he asked, with a quiver in his tone.

"I will tell you later on," responded the interviewer. "You are Mr. Halifax Flanders, aren't you?"

"I am," came the strained reply. "But that is not your real name—is it, now?" queried the young woman. "Isn't it Herbert French?"

"Herbert French! How do you know that?"

"I got it from the same source whence I obtained your address. I got it from Miss Ferning's typewriting agency, in Nassau street. Ah! I see you recollect." The answer was given in a taunting manner that stung French to the quick.

"What is it you want?" he raved. "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

"Pray calm yourself, my dear sir," interrupted the other. "If you will resume your seat, I will tell you what I want with you. Come now, sit down."

Like a child he obeyed. There was something in the keen eye of his visitor that forced obedience.

"Now, Mr. French, I will tell you who I am. My name is Nellie Scarpie—a name which I suppose you don't know. It is I, and not you, who wrote 'The Maze of Life,' now so famous. Don't interrupt," as French began speaking; "listen to me first. I wrote that story—wrote when I was nearly starving. Not a friend had I in the whole world—not one. Night after night, after I had toiled uselessly through the streets looking for work, I have sat in my room writing for dear life, every word I wrote being like a drop of my own life's blood oozing away. Then at last I finished it; I was almost destitute then. You know the rest of my story. Don't lie,

man! What's the use? Somehow I left my manuscript in the street car, when I was taking it to the publishers—one of those things one does through trying too much to be extremely careful. You found it—lar, you must have done so—and you kept it. I applied to the office of the car company, I searched the newspapers, expecting to discover that some honest man had found and advertised it; but it never came back to me. Gradually I gave up hope, and then I saw the book for sale, with 'Halifax Flanders' on it as the author. I knew then how I had been cruelly robbed. I had obtained a situation on the Bulletin in the meantime."

"But how did you discover me?" jerked out the cringing man.

"Yes, you may well ask. Yesterday I ran across a friend whom I had lost sight of years ago. She had set up a typewriting agency—yes, Miss Ferning, you know her—and from her I gathered who it was that had robbed me. It was you—you cur—you thief—whom I have come to interview for my paper. To-morrow that interview will appear. All your knavery will be exposed to the world. You nearly killed me by stealing the child of my brain, the child I've wept over and nearly starved over, and now I'll have my revenge."

She ceased, and the man looked up into her face.

"How do you think you can prove that you wrote the story?" he gasped.

But the woman turned to the door, and was gone.

Next day the Bulletin came out with an interview with the great "Halifax Flanders" set in double-lead type, and an exposure of his infamy. People smiled incredulously when they read it, and wondered how such a wild statement could have squeezed itself into the columns of so reputable a journal.

A few hours later the evening papers contained the news of the suicide of the author of "The Maze of Life," a man named French, who had hidden his identity under the peculiar pseudonym of "Halifax Flanders."—New York Weekly.

Father Time's Own Clock.

"The transmitting clock at the Naval Observatory, Washington, is the absolute monarch of American timekeepers," writes Evanuer McVey Sweet in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Every day in the year except Sunday, by one pendulum stroke it speaks directly and instantaneously to every city and considerable town between the peaks of the Rockies and the pines of Maine, saying to them that on the seventy-fifth meridian it is now high noon to the fraction of a second. A duplicate mechanism, stationed at the Branch Naval Observatory on Mare Island, performs a similar service for the people of the Pacific slope. And by this one clock at the national capital (together with its duplicate on the Pacific), is set nearly every timepiece in the United States and Cuba, most of those in Mexico and many on the border of Canada. A number of clocks—from three to 3000—in nearly every city and large town are wired together into a local family, and, by means of a switch key at the telegraph office, are put into direct contact with the parent clock at the national capital. So that the instant the electric touch is given from Washington every clock in the circuit—whether it be at Boston, Minneapolis or New Orleans—begins a new day in perfect accord with its mechanical deity."

Causes of Former European Supremacy.

A thousand years ago, when Constantinople was the capital of the world, the eastern trade reached Scandinavia by this route, Kiev being the outpost of the Greek economic system, and Novgorod the northern emporium, says Brooks Adams in the Atlantic. Within the northern commercial thoroughfare lay the cradle and hot-bed of western civilization; beyond lay desolate wastes, impenetrable alike to the trader and the sea. These wastes cut Europe off from the Pacific coast, a region singularly favored, both in soil and minerals. Europe, on the contrary, has never been remarkable either for the fecundity of its soil or the wealth of its mines. It reached high fortune rather because, before railroads its physical formation lent itself in a supreme degree to cheap transportation.

Observations.

A real home is less picturesque than an ideal one, but a deal more comfortable.

Many will ask for your candid opinion, but none will thank you for it.

Egotism and cowardice have the same mother.

No world-wise woman ever assured a man that she was "always the same."

Unless the Sphinx has broken silence the riddle of woman is yet unsolved.

Man's first thoughts need revision; not so woman's, which are intuitions.

Woman has put more spokes in the wheel of destiny than man.

Take a good look at a girl's mother before you commit yourself, is very respectfully submitted to wowers.—Philadelphia Record.

Cause of the Delinquency.

A home for indigent lawyers has been established in Madison, Wis. This would seem to indicate that not enough rich men in Wisconsin are leaving defective wills.—Boston Commercial.

"Oh, salt your heart!" is, of course, bound to be slang. Who would expect to escape it?

It's all off with the horse when New Jersey people use an automobile to chase a horse thief.

The United States has now become possessed one-fifth of the entire gold and silver money of the world.

The additional bad things they are finding out about mosquitoes will at least tend to increase the sale of netting in the summer.

Sir Thomas Lipton, coming gayly after "that bit of family plate," as he describes the America's Cup, will find it on Uncle Sam's shelf marked "personal."

Perhaps it is a sign of the sudden growth of the United States as a world power that the European papers are disposed to regard the utterances of our statesmen so seriously.

Professor Clark, of the University of Chicago, says too many preachers lack dignity. Unless the preachers resent this and cause further talk the professor will probably be disappointed.

After Victoria but one actually ruling Queen remains—Wilhelmina of Holland. Of seventy-four rulers on the earth twenty-two are Presidents, fifteen are Kings and six are Emperors. This is one of the things which will not "be the same in 100 years," comments the New York World.

In the new Australian Federation the Senators are made elective directly by the people for a term of six years. The Federation has copied pretty closely American forms of government, and in this particular has probably improved upon our plan of selection, thinks the Philadelphia Record.

M. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, does not place the slightest credence in the idea that the inhabitants of Mars are trying to signal to our earth. He considers that the lights observed in the Icarium Mare were, in his opinion, simply the reflection of the rays of the setting sun on the clouds over that sea.

The navy of Spain now consists of one battleship, two coast defense vessels, four cruisers of the first class, five of the second class and four of the third class, with an auxiliary fleet of sixty gunboats and twenty-seven torpedo boats. Eight ships are under construction—two second class and one third class cruisers, one gunboat and four torpedo boats of the highest type.

A well-known cattle dealer who recently wrote a review of the cattle market in 1909 expressed the opinion that, before many years, nearly all the beef cattle of the country would come from the corn belt States. He said that over-cropping was rapidly destroying the grasses on the great plains, and that their importance as a source of beef was constantly diminishing.

When men so diverse as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery, and financial and commercial organs of opinion of all shades, publicly warn Englishmen that their trade has passed its perihelion, and that rivals are more and more outstripping them in the race for industrial supremacy, it is not strange that nervousness and even pessimism mark the attitude of England confronting the new century.

The Victorian era has witnessed the first installation and the stupendous extension of railways; the inauguration and the gigantic development of transoceanic navigation; the annihilation of distance by the invention of the electric telegraph and the multiplication one hundredfold of the productive power of mankind by the devices of labor-saving machinery. It has seen the downfall of autocratic government and the establishment of more or less perfect representative parliamentary systems in every country of Europe but one.

It has been only in recent years that the medical profession has fully recognized the importance of dietary in the treatment of the sick. Of course, in a general way the physician has always kept a supervision of the food of the patient, usually by prohibiting most articles, but now the preparation of nourishment has become a matter of direct medical concern. In Berlin Frau Heyl has started a cooking school for doctors, and more than 100 prominent physicians from France, Russia, Italy and Germany have taken the course. Branch schools will be established in every capital of Europe.



Half-Hour with the Children.

Poor little Dickie.
Sweet feathered songster, oh! could you but know
How we shall miss you, and long to repay
The beautiful song that you sang us each day!

When first the weather began to grow cold,
Robin, how pretty you were, and how bold!
Hopping about on the hard frozen ground,
Pecking the crumbs that we scattered around.

When the snow fell, and we thought it such fun,
Shouting with glee, through the white fields to run,
Poor little Dick! you were hungry and sad—
Never a morsel of breakfast you had.

Ah! we forgot, in the midst of our play,
To scatter the crumbs that you looked for each day.
Now, though our tears fall to think of your pain,
Never, poor Dickie, you'll waken again!

We'll dig you a grave beneath the soft snow,
And over it little white snowdrops shall grow;
Summer and winter we'll tend it with care,
And always remember the friend who lies there.

And for your dear sake, my poor little pet,
Never again will we ever forget
Plenty of crumbs from our windows to throw
To feed the poor birds outside in the snow.

—L. L. Weedon, in Cassell's Little Folks.

Your Box of Paints.

When you received a box of water color paints as a holiday gift, did you stop to think that the whole world had been searched to furnish you with those little cakes of color? Vandyke brown is an earth from Cassel, in Germany. From the neighborhood of Sienna, in Italy, comes a transparent yellow-ochre which is called raw sienna, and when it has been subjected to heat it takes the name of burnt sienna. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, in Italy. The madder plant is now cultivated on a great scale in France, Holland and Turkey for the sake of the colors—rose madder, brown madder, carmine madder and others—obtained from it. Other pigments of vegetable origin are gamboge, from the gum of a tree that grows in Ceylon, and Indian lake, from the resin of another kind of a tree native to Bengal and Siam. Sepia is obtained from the cuttlefish, carmine is derived from the cochineal insect. Prussian blue is obtained from horses' hoofs, and ivory black is made by burning ivory chips.

The "Tater" Baby.

There was once a little girl named Ruth who had a great many dolls. One day her father brought her a new one, the funniest of them all.

It was a big potato that had a head, a neck, and a body. In the head were two eyes, and a little hump between for a nose.

Wasn't Ruth delighted? She began right away to dress her "tater baby." First she stuck in sticks for arms, then she put on a blue check dress, and tied on a blue knit cape and a blue bonnet.

She found a shoe box, and brother Ned helped her make a carriage out of it. He tied a string to it, and put spools underneath. Then the new dolly went to ride.

Every night Ruth put her baby into the closet in her bedroom.

Sometimes she put it out on the piazza roof to get an airing and tied the string to a blind so that the carriage could not slip down.

One day she forgot and left her baby out on the roof all night. When morning came she went to the window and looked out, but there was no carriage, and no dolly.

Then she ran down stairs and out of doors as quickly as she could. There on the ground lay the poor baby, but its head was broken quite off.

Ruth caught it up, and ran in crying. She did not stop crying until Ned stuck the head on with a stick, and tied it with a string to hold it on tight. Then the "tater baby" looked almost as good as new.

But one day a still worse thing happened. Ruth was taken sick, and the new dolly was put into the closet and left there a long, long time. When Ruth got better, she thought of her baby, and when to get it.

Her mother heard a loud scream and hurried upstairs to see what was the matter. There stood Ruth, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What has happened, my child?" said her mother.

"Oh, oh!" sobbed Ruth. "Ned has spoiled my baby."

"Where is it? And what has he done?"

"In the closet. He's stuck sticks all over it, and it is spoiled."

Her mother went to the closet, took up the dolly, and at the funny sight that met her eyes, she could not help laughing.

Ruth looked at her in wonder, and stopped crying.

"Why, Ruthie, Ned has not touched your dolly! It has sprouted!" said her mother.

And sure enough, it had. There was a long sprout on the end of its nose, and two coming out of the eyes. They were sticking out of the holes in the bonnet and the cape, and hanging down below the dress.

Ruth did not like it at all. She declared that she did not want a dolly that would do like that; so one day the "tater baby" was taken out-of-doors, and put into the ground, where it grew, and in time became a big green potato plant.—The Favorite.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Men couldn't steam across the sea,
A hundred years ago.
And money wasn't all they thought
Worth having here below;
They had no elevators then,
To hoist them through the air,
And yet they thought, the poor old guys,
That they were wonderful and wise,
And that the world was fair.

Men couldn't talk by telephone,
A hundred years ago;
They sewed and reaped and thrashed by hand,
And when the streams were low
They had to ston the mills and wait
For God's good rain to fall,
And yet they prouly went about
With heads held high and chests pushed out,
And thought they knew it all.

Their battleships were made of wood,
A hundred years ago,
And oh, the weak old ways they had
For laying engine low!
They had no lightning trains on which
To fit althwart the scene,
And yet those poor, benighted men
Supposed that things were perfect then—
Alas! but they were green!

Men had to load each time they shot,
A hundred years ago,
And then, what they had no gas
To light things here below!
There were no trolley cars to dodge,
No horseless things to tame,
And yet, poor fools, they thought that
they
Had all their blessings, in their day,
That man might ever claim!

But they had pessimists around
A hundred years ago,
Who mourned because their sons could
never
Obtain a better show!
And they predicted dire things—
They thought the end was near;
They fancied that the devil then
Worked overtime in wring men
To start red havoc here.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My fortune, sir, is in my face."
"O, well, when I see ashamed," he said,
"For poverty is no disgrace."
—Philadelphia Press.

"Boohoo! Johnnie Jones has moved away!" "Were you so fond of your little playmate?" "Naw! but, boohoo! He was de only kid on de block I could lick."—Brooklyn Life.

"First Neighbor—"I hope my daughter's playing doesn't annoy you?" Second Ditto—"Oh, no, not at all! We got our landlord to reduce our rent on account of it."—Answers.

Miss Styles—"Do you know, I think this clock must look awful." Miss Ames—"The idea! Miss Styles—"At any rate, it is just as comfortable as it can be."—Boston Transcript.

She—"What is there about me—poor little me—to attract a man of the world like you?" He—"You are the only girl that never asked me if you were the only girl I ever loved."

Mother—"Now, dear, why don't you run away and give grandpa a kiss?" Child (somewhat nonplussed by grandpa's moustache and beard)—"I don't see any place for it, mamma!"—Punch. She said she meant to speak her mind, and wouldn't take much time to do it; The other said, with sneer unkind, It wouldn't take long if she knew it.
—Chicago Record.

Hood—"Hang it all! Do you suppose I'll ever make a good golfer?" Todd (pityingly)—"Never, old man. You think too much of your family and your business."—Harper's Bazar.

The trolley car stops; an Irish lady and ten children climb in. Conductor—"Are those your children, madam, or is it a picnic?" The Lady—"They are my children, and it's no picnic."—The Schoolmaster.

Fond Parent—"Goodness, child, you are soaked." Frankie—"Please, pa, I fell into the canal." Fond Parent—"What, with your new trousseau?" Frankie—"I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off."—Tit-Bits.

"My dear sisters," exclaimed the club woman, "we should all stand together." An hour later, on her way home in a crowded car, she became indignant because no man offered her a seat.—Philadelphia Record.

Tess—"Jack proposed last night, and I accepted him." Jess—"Did you, dear? By the way, don't attempt to cut glass with that diamond, as I did, or you'll make another nick in the stone."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you attach any credence to the theory that men are developed from monkeys," said Willie Washington. "I think that some are," said Miss Cayenne. "The others appear to have remained stationary."—Washington Star.

Walked Twenty-five Miles in Sleep.
Sound asleep, Kenneth Hughes, a student of the Lake Forest Academy, made his way from his room at the academy to his country home near Loan Lake, Ill., twenty-five miles distant.

The sleep-walker only knows that he went to bed as usual in Lake Forest, and was awakened the next morning in his father's barn. The duration of his somnolent state was from shortly after 8 o'clock in the evening until 6 o'clock in the morning. It was at the latter hour that the boy's father, who is a farmer, went to his barn to feed his stock and found the young man propped up in the family buggy still sound asleep.

The soreness of his muscles seemed to confirm the supposition that he had walked from Waukegan to the farm.—Philadelphia Record.

Tasmania Copper Deposits.
The Mount Lyell copper deposits in Tasmania lie in the centre of what, according to recent advice, promises to be one of "the greatest mining and metallurgical centres in the world."

Transportation has been one of the most difficult problems, but now that this has been happily solved and modern methods of treating the ore and matter have been adopted, the richness of the deposits insures for them a great future.