The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY

HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

A clerk entered the room, and attended to some details Mr. Mead impressed on him in a low tone. While he was present the mill owner continued:

"What is it? What has he been doing, or what do you suspect he has been doing?"

"You read a story of a murder the other day?"

"A murder! Oh, you mean the woman killed on —— street, over the river?"

"Yes."

Mr. Mead looked inquiringly at Gripp; by chance the clerk glanced at him, too. Then the detective also looked at Gripp as he replied to Mr. Mead.

"We are on the murderer's track; we think it is impossible for him to escape."

"I hope you will catch him! I hope you may!" exclaimed Mr. Mead, fervently.

"That is why I inquired about Atherton. Good day, sir."

The detective retired. As he opened the door, he observed it was ajar. He also observed a young lady standing near a window in the adjoining room. Her face was turned from him, but her cheek was deadly pale.

The detective, a trained observer, made a mental note of the fact. Had she heard what passed in the inner room? And if she did, how or in what way did the murder concern her?

"I very much regret the absurd mistake that will compel me to call on you again," said Gripp, when they were alone.

Plainly, his face indicated disappointment, chagrin. The substitution of one lot of drawings for another—how could he explain that? He would only make matters worse, he argued, so he held his peace, trusting to time and a favorable reception of his very liberal proposition to Mr. Mead to pave the way for an explanation of the change made in the drawings, when they could laugh over it.

He bowed himself out, and hastened away so quickly he did not notice the figure at the window. When he disappeared, one of the clerks addressed the waiting figure at the window.

"Mr. Mead is disengaged now, miss."

The lady entered Mr. Mead's private room quickly.

"You are Mr. Mead?"

"Be seated. Yes, and I am sorry I kept you waiting."

"You will excuse my want of ceremony, but it is a matter that cannot wait."

"Proceed."

"My name is Atherton. I am a daughter of Daniel Atherton."

Mr. Mead was secretly amazed, but he only bowed, and she continued:

"I have called to see you concerning a matter Mr. Arthur Mayberry is, or was, interested in."

Mr. Mead bowed again. His manner reassured her. She hastened on with her story, as though time was precious, or she feared to occupy Mr. Mead's time.

"Mr. Mayberry called upon you concerning business which he is unable to pursue, because, unfortunately, as I have reason to believe, my father was in some manner induced to change his mind. At least, matters turned out in a way that Mr. Mayberry could not do what he thought he could, and I have called—not with his or my father's knowledge, sir—but to let you know the truth, as you will doubtless know it from Mr. Mayberry himself. My reason for intruding in this matter is solely because it is known to me that Mr. Mayberry is in no way to be blamed. The fault, if any, lies with my father, and I am trying to make amends—the only amends that lies in my power."

"I understand you. Give yourself no concern whatever," said Mr. Mead, smilingly, as he looked at the anxious face turned toward him. She was going, when he detained her.

"This idea of your father's—has he disposed of it to any person, or has he taken steps that will test the correctness of his views?"

"I do not know. I think he has not succeeded in interesting more than two persons—Mr. Mayberry, who, it seems, has given the matter up, and one other."

"That is all. You did perfectly right in calling. It has, already, disabused me of one notion." He did not say what the notion was. Irene thought he referred to Mayberry's failure to keep his appointment, and a faint blush suffused her cheek.

But Mr. Mead was not thinking of Mayberry; he was thinking of Gripp, and wondering how he made such a mistake in bringing him a lot of drawings that had as little bearing upon the new process as the shadow of Cheops. And he instantly surmised that the drawings Mr. Gripp had looked at with anger and ill-concealed disgust were this young lady's.

She bowed again and withdrew. Mr. Mead paced the floor with a strange smile hovering on his lips.

"So, this is Atherton's daughter. A love affair. Who would have thought her a puddler's daughter? As pretty a girl as one will see in a week. So, this is a case where Gripp has displayed his usual business judgment. Well, it's no affair of mine—but I'll be hanged if I wouldn't like to see Mayberry win instead of Gripp. This is a queer world—a queer world."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Dan Atherton returned home on the evening of the day Gripp called, his manner was more cheerful than it had been for a week.

"You had a caller to-day?"

"You mean Mr. Gripp?"

"Yes. There's worse fellows than Gripp, I dare say. You didn't give him the papers."

"No. Not until you sent him with a [illegible]. You know I would not be likely to give any person anything of value on the strength of a verbal order. But if you remember, you once impressed upon me the necessity of demanding a note from [illegible] before giving books or papers."

"[illegible], yes. Well, he got them, anyway. [illegible] the main thing now. And I dare [illegible] we'll see daylight soon. You'll not [illegible] to turn many more dresses, or make [illegible] own bonnets much longer, I hope."

[illegible] the table Atherton jested, and re[illegible] and sayings that at[illegible] his attention in the mill. He sat [illegible]; his old spirits returned.

He asked his daughter what there was to be seen in the stores.

When he rose, he looked at one or two books treating mechanical matters. He began to hum an air of a tune, then suddenly turned to his daughter, who was washing the dishes.

"I say, Irene! Are you sure you gave Mr. Gripp the right roll? These papers are all mixed up together. I can't tell them apart."

"I don't know. I won't be sure. You can satisfy yourself by opening them."

He opened the first large roll near him. An exclamation brought Irene to the door. Her father looked at her with a grave face.

"Why, here are the drawings Gripp came for."

"I can't see how it happened," said Irene, coming forward. "I was so anxious to get rid of him, after refusing him the first time, that I gave him the roll I thought he wanted."

"The next thing I want to know, what did you give him?"

Irene stood on a chair, looked at the remaining rolls, then descended, put a finger on her lips, and said:

"Papa, I gave Mr. Gripp my drawings in mistake."

Dan Atherton made a wry face.

The mistake in the drawings evidently made him very uneasy. Suddenly his eye fell on the note addressed to him. He strode to the mantel, saying:

"When did this come?"

"I thought you saw it when you came in; it came half an hour before Mr. Gripp called the second time."

Atherton opened the note quickly, cast his eye over it, then in an altered tone asked: "Who left this here?"

Irene, quick to note the change in his voice and manner, replied: "A boy."

"A boy. Do you know him? Would you know him if you saw him again? What was he like?"

"Yes, I think—I am sure—I could tell him. I never saw him before. Why, he was about twelve or fourteen."

"Irene!" His manner alarmed her; his eyes shone with a fierceness that alarmed her. "You must keep on the lookout for him—the boy, I mean—and if you see him, as you value your life, do not let him get out of your sight until you learn who he is, where he lives—all that is necessary to be able to put my hand on him. You hear, Irene?"

"Yes, I understand, father."

Then Atherton hastily crumpled the note up, thrust it into his pocket, grasped his hat, and without saying a word more left the house.

When Atherton was a little distance from home he paused, stood motionless, and reflected. Opening the note he had thrust into his pocket, he reperused it slowly. It was very mysterious. It read thus:

"There is no telling what a moment may bring Forth Best cut your stick, and less Chance of Trubble. I'd tell you this only for strange eyes watching to get a grip on some one.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

Atherton read this over twice carefully, and walked on, first holding the mysterious note up carefully and placing it in his pocket. There was no date. The signature was not reassuring.

It could only mean one thing. It referred to the death of Bob Peters. And yet no name was mentioned. It was vague, but all the more calculated to alarm a man of weak mind; a timid man would be driven into a panic by it, unless he felt that he could easily meet and dispose of any charge brought against him.

"It means more than Gripp knows of all that passed—and maybe some one who does not know, but suspects what is not true."

Atherton walked slowly along, pondering the meaning of the warning note.

"And why may it not be somebody trying to frighten me? Somebody who wants to get me out of the way?"

This view was as reasonable as any other. His strong common sense told him he ought not to be guided in any important matter by any anonymous note. In short, he took the correct view; he said to himself he would stay where he was. He was as innocent, as sinless, as any man who could confront him, and he would not be driven away from the city.

And yet there was enough to make him feel uncomfortable, nervous, apprehensive. A man who would stop to write him such a note was cowardly enough to do anything. So he had two enemies where he thought he hard but one. That one was Gripp. Gripp, whom he was clinging to; Gripp, whom he felt like choking; Gripp, who hoped to be related to him in a closer manner than commercial cords could bring about.

Atherton asked himself then and there: Will I fight for freedom—for myself, for my daughter? Long he debated with himself. When he had turned to move on, he made this resolve:

"I will fight. I will be as wise as the serpent and as gentle as the dove—until my time comes. Then, Mr. Gripp, look out for yourself—look out, Mr. Gripp!"

He thrust a hand out in imagination as he walked on—it was now dusk.

"Hello, there! What do you mean, hitting a fellow that way? Why, bless me if 'tain't Dan Atherton."

"You're just the man I want to talk to. Come with me, Jack Jones. I have something very serious to say to you."

"Dan, you know I'd go through fire and water for you."

"I believe it. Come."

Then the two puddlers walked on side by side.

CHAPTER XVII.

One of the best known localities in Pittsburg, as in all other large cities, and especially in great manufacturing centers, is the place set apart for the detention of such as infract the law. The Pittsburg Tombs has but one outlet, and that is on a narrow street, termed Diamond, formerly an alley.

Below the entrance to the Tombs, on either side of the street, are a number of restaurants. One of these is much favored by workers in the mills and glass factories. Especially do the ironworkers congregate here. Into this establishment Atherton ushered Jack Jones.

A counter on the left extended to a back room. A group of men were sitting at a table near the door, noisily discussing some proposed changes in wages or method of manufacture. Another group were discussing local politics.

At the extreme end of the counter two men were conversing in low tones. One was well dressed, with the manner of a sharp, keen business man. Something in this man's manner and appearance arrested Atherton's attention. But he hurried with his friend into the back room, giving a waiter a sign. The man followed him immediately.

"We want to be alone about five minutes."

"I'll see you ain't disturbed for that time," said the attendant.

Atherton thrust a hand into his pocket, brought forth the warning note, laid it down before his companion, and looked at him in silence. Jack Jones stared.

"Jack!" Atherton lowered his voice. "I brought you over here to tell you what no other soul will ever hear from me. I want one man to know the truth. Maybe it will be best—it may serve me or mine."

Atherton looked around him, then bending forward, asked his companion:

"Did you ever hear talk of how Peters died?"

"Talk! O, there was plenty said you had an old grudge, and a good reason to wallop him, but death stepped in and cheated you of your chance. They do say, speak no ill of the dead, but I never could abide Peters. He was too upsettin'—too much for the boss, and too bossy for any of us. But he is dead, and let him rest."

"Amen to that. You never heard anything like a hint of foul play?"

"Why, I'd knock a man down if he hinted it afore me."

"You must know the beginning and end. I was quarreling with him, you know I had good cause. I told him I'd let no man ride rough-shod over me. And he goaded me to desperation. Well, I had just made up my mind to whip him, or he'd whip me."

"I predicted it often, Dan."

"And I was just going to him—with this first." Atherton held out his clenched hand. "He had picked up a weapon, when he fell in a heap—like a man struck by lightning."

Jones looked at his companion, open-mouthed.

"You didn't tell that at the inquest."

"No. Mr. Meeker did not like to raise any more talk than was necessary. The moment the inquest was over I felt uneasy. It was the first thing I ever concealed, Jack."

"It's like you. Nobody never knew you to keep anything back."

"Then Gripp came to me and talked as if I owed everything to him for not being in jail."

"And you hit him?"

"No. You see—I began to think of Irene. I bore much on her account. When Gripp found I was alarmed about the way Peters died, and the whole case was not explained, he began to build on controlling me. You know my patent!"

"Aye."

"It brought me foolish letters, and one—just one business customer—young Mayberry. We bargained—or, I signed an agreement with him. He was to help get others interested, and carry out my plans. When we talked the process over—not very far from where we are sitting—Gripp, who was in a stall in a restaurant next us, overheard every word I said."

"And if he did—he dare not come into your way. You'd your idea patented?"

"Not everything. He heard enough to cheat me. Mayberry and I went to Mead Bros. & Co.—Mayberry was going to get Mr. Mead into the scheme with us—and there was Gripp ahead of us. We heard him talk about his new process to Mr. Mead. Mayberry and I separated, and afterward Gripp met me—I think he was on the lookout—and he tried to induce me to throw Mayberry over and take him in."

"Then did you fly at him?"

"I did not. I thought of the scandal—of Irene. I ought to have quarreled with him and have done with it."

"Then what?"

Atherton's eye was more resolute, his tone more impressive.

"I'm going to prove to you how easily it is to be mistaken. I'm going to show you how I let the thoughts of Irene and scandal cow me. I said I'd think over it. I should have struck the villain, for he is one. When Mayberry called on me for a talk, I was offish—he got offish, too, and as he is a high-minded, spirited young fellow, he gave me back the agreement I signed."

"Well," said Jack Jones, sitting back from the table, "he was a fool. He'd a right to hold on to the paper, and not let his high-mindedness come between him and his plain rights. I never believed it of you Dan—never."

"I know Gripp would like to marry my daughter. He has means. He is worth a good deal of money—as he was having everything his own way with my process."

"I'm sorry for you, Dan; I'm main sorry, Dan."

"I believe it. But I am sorrier for myself. He had me call to see him at an out-of-the-way place"—here Dan shuddered—"a place where a murder was committed that very night; so you may know the sort of a gang I had to encounter going there."

"The murder was——"

"The murder of that woman in Alleghany. I agreed to send him my drawings, so he could show them to Mr. Mead——"

"Then he's got you foul, Dan. If he's got the drawings, you must get them back."

"Stop. He didn't get them. When I sent him to my house for them, Irene would not give them on a verbal order. So I wrote one at the mill, and he went back for the drawings. When I got home from work this evening, I found Irene gave him the wrong drawings."

"Good! Good! Good for Irene!"

"I don't know, but I think she maybe made a mistake. Anyhow, Gripp has a lot of papers with Irene's birds, vases and flowers on them."

"Now I'd like to burst, Dan. It's a good one—a good one on Gripp."

"Then, the next thing, I found this note. A boy brought it to the house. It alarmed me, I confess, but, Jack, I'm not alarmed now. I'm my own man again. Scandal or no scandal, I'm going to fight Gripp. I want some one to talk to—and now you know the whole business."

As the friends emerged from the little back room, the man Atherton had observed at the end of the counter approached him and touched him lightly on the arm. Atherton turned on him quickly.

"Who are you, sir? What do you want?"

"I want you," said the man, with an insolent look, speaking in a tone that was heard throughout the room.

"I don't know you, sir," said Atherton angrily, "and if you dare to speak to me again, I'll teach you a lesson you'll remember as long as you live."

He assumed a menacing attitude at once. The other signed to two men near, who had come in while Atherton was in the back room.

"Seize him!"

"What do you want Atherton for?" demanded Jones hotly of the three, looking at them in turn in a manner that meant business.

Two whipped out revolvers instantly. The one who had spoken flashed a badge on the spectators of this scene.

(To be continued.)

MONEY IN THE FISHERIES.

Vast Fortunes Have Been Amassed by Those Who Seine the Ocean.

Far more profitable in many instances than tilling the soil and gleaning the harvests therefrom is the occupation of "farming" the ocean. Many of those engaged in the coasts fisheries have become immensely rich. The total harvest of sea fish sold at Gloucester and Boston, which are the principal markets, during the past year, officially reported, amounted to 162,218,921 pounds, worth $4,385,102, of which the Newfoundland banks produced something more than 65,000,000 pounds, while the grounds off the New England coast yielded nearly 97,000,000 pounds. There were 3,731 "fares" (smack loads) brought to Boston, says a writer in Success. Of these 203 came from the eastern banks. At Gloucester, 3,782 "fares" were landed, of which 668 were from the eastern banks.

On the Pacific coast the catch amounted to 217,965,156 pounds, the value of which was $6,278,639. The capital invested there amounted to nearly $13,000,000 and 20,000 people found employment in the business. For the sake of comparison, it may be worth telling that the fresh water lakes, which Uncle Sam also cultivates, yielded 113,728,040 pounds of fish, worth $2,611,482, while the Mississippi and its tributaries produced 94,713,402 pounds, valued at $1,771,812. To sum it up, the principal fish fields of the United States produced in one year for the market the extraordinary amount of 588,625,519 pounds of edible fish, for which the fishermen received more than $15,000,000. This does not include the run of shad or any fish brought directly to New York City and other ports south; nor does it include the quantities taken in local waters and consumed in the villages and smaller cities. Neither does it include the shellfish.

RUNS ALL NIGHT.

Chicagoan Refused to Be Impressed by Niagara's Great Cataract.

Among the practical jokers of Chicago is one who deserves to be classed with the "doctor" in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." The "doctor's" conversation with the guide about the mummy is hardly more amusing than this man's conversation with the guide about Niagara Falls, as related by the Brooklyn Eagle. The man recently made his first trip to the falls, and a guide whom he hired was trying to impress him with their magnitude.

"Grand!" suggested the guide.

"Great!" acquiesced the Chicagoan, stolidly.

"Magnificent!" persisted the guide, disappointed at the lack of enthusiasm.

"Finer than the bear-trap dam in the drainage canal," admitted the Chicagoan.

The guide looked to see if he were joking, but there was never a smile. The Chicago man seemed to be interested, but not at all impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many a day?" asked the Chicagoan.

"Oh, billions and billions!" said the guide.

The Chicagoan looked across and down and up, as if gaging the flow, and then turned away.

"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked, disinterestedly.

The guide was so dazed that he had not recovered when the Chicagoan left.

The Bench Was Barred.

A king's counsel was appearing in a case of slander, which was being heard before a certain judge, with whom, outside court he was on the best of terms.

The chief witness was a woman, who appeared to testify to the alleged slander.

"Now, madam," began the K. C., "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic response, as she looked indignantly at the barrister.

"Then," said the K. C. coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."—London Answers.

Professionally or Otherwise.

"Yes," said Dr. Killiam, "I spent my vacation gunning in the Maine woods, and I almost killed a guide." "That so? How did he come to get you to prescribe for him?"—Philadelphia Record.

The Half and the Whole.

Friend—You have always referred to your wife as your "better half." Now, how do you designate the baby?

Mr. Newlyblessed—Oh, baby is the whole thing.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Vacation.

Singleton—I say, Wederly, did you take a vacation this summer?

Wederly—Well, I guess so. My wife stayed in the country six weeks.

Women's Doings.

Not Always the Most Attractive.

While it is true that the accomplished young woman undoubtedly gets a good deal out of life which her less embellished sister misses, that fact does not by any means prove that the fluent linguist, ideal waltzer, excellent musician and artist, fearless horsewoman or expert golfer inevitably proves more attractive than the girl who has no special accomplishments.

It has been observed that the worst of an accomplished girl is the involuntary note of assertiveness which so frequently creeps into her sayings and arguings. No doubt it is difficult for her to avoid this when she feels the capability to skillfully discuss many subjects which her women friends perforce remain silent owing to entire lack of even slight technical knowledge. She should remember that though she may know and be able to do a good deal more than many, there are another "many" who know and can do a very great deal more than she!

The girl whose attainments are average, or even a little below it, frequently possesses—provided that she be blessed with tact—the very valuable power of making a man feel inordinately pleased with himself. She listens admiringly without desiring to interrupt; she agrees easily, not having the knowledge to differ; she accepts all that is told her, responds sympathetically and questions deferentially, because she realizes the intellectual merits of her companion, as contrasted with her own, to be worthy of such flattering treatment.

Such is not always the case with the super-accomplished girl whose grip of many matters makes it impossible for her to adopt an unquestioning Desdemona-like attitude of admiring credulity; she has been educated to have opinions, and her accomplishments confer the right to very definitely express them, thus giving her companion the uncomfortable feeling that unless he wants to be caught tripping over some artistic simile or criticism he had best be silent—and this attitude is not one which entirely appeals to a masculine enthusiast.

Successful Woman Lawyer.

That a woman may be successful in the legal profession even in a section where there is so much conservatism in matters of this sort as in the far South has been amply demonstrated in the case of Miss Rosa C. Falls, who for four years past has been a member of a law firm in New Orleans and has enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. It is, in fact, stated that during these years Miss Falls has never lost a case or a client, a record which few of the sterner sex engaged in the same profession can equal and none surpass. Miss Falls is a daughter of Judge I. W. Falls, for many years a magistrate in one of the city courts of New Orleans, and heredity may therefore have something to do with her liking for Blackstone and Kent and her choice of a life calling. She had an extended experience, however, as a newspaper correspondent and reporter before she began the study of law, and the knowledge gained thereby has been extremely valuable to her. Miss Falls received her legal education at Tulane University and was admitted to the bar in Kentucky in 1898.

MISS ROSA C. FALLS.

Rain-Proof Suits.

Rain-proof materials come in several tailor styles, so that it is quite possible for a woman who doesn't find ready made just the garment she desires to have one built to suit her, says the Washington Times. This arrangement affords an opportunity for more variety than would otherwise be the case, so that instead of seeing a hundred rain coats all made after the same fashion, it is seldom that one comes across duplicates.

For ordinary street wear the rough effects are considered the correct thing in dress, zibeline being in the lead, while a new, rough-finished vicuna is making a strong bid for favor. The use of plaits has brought about a change in the style of suits, for naturally these designs could not be treated in the same manner as the plainer cloths.

To Sign One's Name Correctly.

A company of women were discussing recently the proper way to sign public registers, those of hotels and similar places, and some argument followed in consequence. Several expressed the belief that under no circumstances does a woman give herself the conventional title of Mrs. or Miss when inscribing her own name. The consensus of opinion, however, was against this view. A name on a hotel register is not a signature, but a mail address for the purpose of identification, and should be, on the part of a woman, the same as that she uses on her visiting card. This, of course, does not apply to her signature in other places, at the end of letters, legal documents, and the like, when it is only the baptismal name and surname that are required. Too many women are careless in this respect, often signing letters Mrs. John Smith, or Miss Mary Smith. To do this is a serious breach of epistolary form. In writing an order to a tradesman the title may be used, but in all other correspondence, if it is to be inserted for identification, it should be placed in brackets at the left of the name. The husband's name may be included in this parenthesis, so that a woman signing her name Mary L. Smith would precede it, between brackets, (Mrs. John G.). The frequency with which this letter writing sin is committed is the excuse for a reference to it here.—Harper's Bazar.

To Make Home Happy.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Never conceive a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not say anything in their hearing which you do not wish them to repeat.

Beware of correcting them in a petulant or angry manner.

Learn to govern yourself and to be gentle and patient.

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayer and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.—Jessie Shipman, in American Queen.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Cocoa butter is an excellent skin food.

Tight belts and tight sleeves will often cause red hands.

For profuse perspiration boracic acid powder is helpful.

Singeing and clipping will strengthen and cause the hair to grow.

Lemon or tomato juice will usually remove stains on the hands.

Liver spots can be entirely removed by rubbing daily with lemon juice.

Plenty of fresh air at nights in the sleeping apartments is a health preserver.

In facial massage always rub in the opposite direction or across the lines to be removed.

Bicarbonate of soda added to the water in which the hair is washed will make the hair lighter.

To singe the hair, take a small lock at a time, twist it tightly and pass a lighted candle across the ends.

Hair that is thoroughly brushed every night with a clean brush does not require shampooing so often.

Warts can be removed by binding them in common baking soda moistened with water. It is also said to remove corns.

For massaging, olive, almond and cocoanut oil is used. A good skin food can be made from mutton tallow and almond oil.

Beans and peas are the best substitutes for meat, as they contain the greatest quantities of albumen and carbo-hydrates.

It is very beneficial for the hair to give it a sun bath occasionally, letting it hang loosely down the back or brushing it in the sunlight.

The Office of a Teacher.

Some one has said that the appointment of a school superintendent may be of more consequence to our nation's power than the promotion of a major general.

What can be of more importance to civilization than the raising of human values, the taking of crude, ignorant lumps of human clay, and by years of patient fashioning and intelligent training develop them into educated, cultured and strong men?

We think it is a wonderful thing for a sculptor to raise the value of a rough piece of marble or granite from a few dollars to a hundred thousand dollars by calling out an idea which would have slept in the cold stone forever had not his genius awakened it. But for a teacher's fashioning hand the value of the human block of clay would have been but half what it is.

It is the office of a teacher to raise human values; to take the low, and elevate them; to train the ignorant, and leave them intelligent; to restrain the impetuous and self-willed, and shape them into self-controlled, polished, beautiful characters.—Success.

A Coincidence.

Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis (in perfect confidence): "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"

"Well, really, now, what a coincidence!" said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine."