HOWARD'S DECEIT.

And What It Cost Him-A Story for

WANTED-An honest, active, intelligent boy about sixteen years old, as clerk in grocery store. No one using tobacco need B. F. JONES & Co.

This advertisement appeared in the village paper, and was the first thing that met Mrs. Bent's eyes as she took it up to read the news.

"Just the place for Howard," she said as she finished reading it for the second time. "Sixteen-that's just his age. He's honest, active, intelligent and don't use tobacco. He has some store. I will run down and see Mr. Jones at ouce, for fear some one in yer word sure." may get ahead of him."

Mrs. Bent was alone in her house when she uttered these words, and addressed them to no one save herself. She was a widow, and the boy she referred to was her only child. He was absent on this day visiting an uncle, and would not return till night. She thought she would see about the position in the store, and perhaps have some good news for her boy on his return. She lived near the edge of the village a half mile from Jones's store, as it was commonly called. An hour later found her in the office of Jones | none of their business.' & Co., reciting a few of the many virtues which in the blindness of a devoted mother she believed her boy pos-

"There is one point on which we are very particular," said Mr. Jones. "Our firm has decided to have no

one in our employ who uses tobacco." "You needn't fear that Howard will ever do that. He would no sooner use tobacco than poison. I have taken great pains in teaching him to shun the evil ways so many boys of his age fall into, and feel proud of him on account of his freedom from bad habits.'

"I have noticed that your son seems to be an active, intelligent sort of a boy, and I have no doubt of his honesty. If he will call here this afternoon at 4-

'He is absent to-day and will not be home till evening."

"Very well, to-morrow morning at 10 will do. I would like to have a short interview with him, and will come to some decision during the

Mrs. Bent returned home, elated with the prospect that seemed opening before her son. She already saw him installed as clerk, pictured him gaining in popularity, and in the esteem of his employers, until he become a member of the firm and was able to furnish her a home of comfort

Howard came home a little before the time set for his return, but his mother was watching for him and met him at the door.

"O, Howard, I have good news for you," were the first words as he opened the gate and came up the walk. vant a clerk at Jones's store. and I think you can get the position if you try. I saw Mr. Jones and he says you may call on him to-morrow at 10 o'clock,

"The very thing uncle told me about, and I came home a little early on purpose to talk with you about it. Uncle says it is a splendid chance for the right kind of a boy. And he said he would do all he could to help me get the place; but it seems you are ahead of him. If I could only get a place in a store and be earning some-

thing I shall be glad." "One thing they are very particular bout," said the mother. "They will about," said the mother. not employ anyone who smokes, or uses tobacco in any form. I felt proud that I could tell them that you

are free from such a filthy habit." A slight color came to Howard's face, but his mother noticed nothing as she proceeded: "I don't know why they insist so strongly on this point, unless it is on account of the fire that came so near destroying their store. You know they thought the fire started from the cigar of one of the clerks. I know they discharged him the next day, and I don't think they have had a clerk who smokes since then.

On the next day, precisely at 10 o'c'ock, Howard Bent stepped into the office of Jones & Co. During the brief interview he very creditably impressed himself upon the members of the firm, and arrangements were made for him to enter their employ at once. The pay would be small at first, but the promise was given that it should be increased just as fast as he would make his services more valuable. He was to board at home and was to have two evenings each week to him-

On his first evening at home his mother had a long talk with him in reference to his manner of conducting himself, not only at the store, but on

the street and everywhere. "I am so desirous that you may succeed in this, "she said, "and it is very important that you commence right, and win the full confidence of your employers. To do this means more than the observance of pleasant manners in their presence. means thorough honesty in all things, and that you shall really be what you would have them think you are. This kind of reputation is the only one that is lasting or

worth having. "There is one thing in particular," she continued, "which I wish to speak to you about. I fear you are too careless in selecting your associates. You have never been as careful as I would like, and there are reasons why you should be more particular now than ever before. That Dick Bray who often walks home with you as far as the gate, has never appeared to me like a fit companion for you; I would sooner you would keep away from him as much as possible. And let me beg of you not to yeight to the evil in-fluences of such as he."

sure that I sha!! work my way into a good position there before many

Dick was not seen for several days after this, and the mother began to feel more easy.

"Hello, Bent," said a rough voice as a coarse looking fellow of 18 joined Howard on his way to the store. "You must be feelin' pretty big of late, you hardly speak to a feller when you meet him. What's the matter with ye?" "Nothing the matter that I know

of," said Howard. "Well, why the dickens didn't you come round to Bill Sharp's last night and have a cigar with us? We'd a often said he would like a position in gay old time an' lots o' fun, I tell ye. You half promised to go, an' there's

"Hush Dick." Said Howard in an undertone. "I wish you wouldn't speak of my smoking right here on and the next moment stool before the street. I should lose my position the astonished couple. if Jones should find it out. You promised to keep quiet when you fooled me into it. I wished I had never touched a cigar. And I never would if I had known about getting this place at the store."

"What business o' their'n, I'd like ter know," said Dick, contemptously, "I'd be nobody's slave, I can tell yer that. I'd be independent 'bout my own affairs if I had to paddle in that gutter for a livin'. So long as you don't smoke under their nose its just

"Well, I don't know about that," said Howard slowly. "They have their rules, and so long as I am in their employ I shall have to respect them—or seem to do so at least." "Don't they keep cigars to sell?"

asked Dick.

"Well, what's the difference, I'd like ter know; aint it as bad to sell a thing as ter use it yerselt?'

"What I wish is that I had your chance an' the han'lin' o' them cigars," he continued, with a furtive glance at Howard. "But you've sech squeamish notions as jest spiles you fer a chum. You'll be a splendid feller when you git over them

Here they parted, and Howard entered the store where he was employ-

Through the influence of Dick and one or two of his companions Howard had learned to smoke about two months previous. He had now got so as to enjoy his cigar, but he would gladly have quit it if it had not been for the continued influence of these associates.

The country village in which the store of Jones & Co. stood did not have those safeguards against fire and burglary which are found in larger towns. This store had barely escaped a terrible fire, and burglars had attempted several times to enter it.

To guard against these a small room at the rear of the store had been fitted up for a sleeping room, to be occupied by one of their most trustworthy lerks. This room had a system of alarm bells so connected with the front of the store that no one could | the keenest pain. enter at night without arousing its occupant. It was also connected by could be given of any disturbance.

About six months after the opening of our story the clerk who had occupied this room for several years was taken sick, and some one must take his place.

After some besitation on account of his youth, it was decided to let Howard Bent fill his place. In doing this the proprietors spoke with him of its responsibility, and of the confidence they placed in him. They took this occasion to raise his wages to well repay him for extra efforts in faithfully

carrying out their wishes. Howard was highly elated as he took this news to his mother, and she was lairly overjoyed at the success her boy was achieving. She felt that indeed, her hopes were to be realized, and that she would have but a short time to wait for their fulfillment.

About this time Howard was beginning to feel more than ever the annoying influences of Dick Bray and his companions. His success made them all the more eager to hold him among their numbers.

"That young Bent is feelin' too big of late to 'sociate with us fellers." Dick said one evening to his chums. "But I'll bring him ter time: see 'f I don't. I'll blow on him 't 'e don't look out. I know enough 'bout him to send him a kitin' from that store any day o' the week.'

"But then," he continued, "I don't know as I care for him ter leave the store; I've got use for him there, if he'll only be a little more social. But I'll scare him a little all the same.

It was not long before he hinted such threats to Howard, and saw that he had a strong power over him. He now began to visit the store often, and annoyed the young clerk a great deal by the familiarity shown there under the eyes of his employers. On several occasions Howard hinted quite plainly that these visits were unwelcome, but to no purpose. He then resorted to plans, and even to compromises which he would not for the world have had known to his

mother or employers. In spite of himself he could not help enjoying Dick's society when they were by themseives. He was facinated by a recklessness of speech and action of which he could by nomeans approve. When away from this influence he often wished that he might never see Dick Bray again. But he had not the courage to shake him off. He was alraid of him-afriad of the threats he had made. So, instead of taking the one manly, open course, he drifted on,getting more and more into

Dick's power, One evening Mr. Jones had been way, and on his return had occasion to pass the store some two hours after closing time. To shorten the distance he went through an alley leading past the rear of his place of business. As he neared the store a coarse laugh "Never fear, mother," replied How-ard hurriedly and in a rather nervous listened, but could hear nothing more. manner. 'I am getting along splen. As he was about to go on his eye that the work all in one piece would

didly at the store. Mr. Jones gave me | caught a small ray of light coming quite a compliment to-day and I feel from Howard's window. The shutters were closed, but this light found its way through a small crevice at the top. Mr. Jones stepped softly to the window and listened. He could hear low voices within, showing plainly that his clerk was not alone. Making that his clerk was not alone. use of a box near by he then climbed up so that his eye was close to the crack at the top of the shutter. Whathesaw within surprised him beyond measure. There sat Howard Bent and Dick Bray at the table. Each had a cigar in his mouth, and a game of cards was in progress. Mr. Jones could hardly believe that the scene before him was real. Such a breach of trust by a boy who had seemed so full of honor and worthy of confidence! The plan which be thought would add so much to the security of his property was being treacherously used to double its danger. His surprise and perplexity were giving way to anger. He dropped to the ground, took a key from his pocket

"This is the way you keep faith with your employers, is it?" said Mr. Jones, looking straight at his clerk without noticing the presence of Dick

Howard could not speak. His companion had slipped out at the door and fled. "It seems you have nothing to say,"

continued Mr. Jones, "and it is just as well. Words would be useless. Your chosen companion is probably skulking about the alley waiting for you. You can join him as soon as you please. To-morrow we will settle with you, and will have no further use for your services."

nature rose in judgment against him. His conscience was unhardened and active. The distressed face which he hastened to hide in the darkness bore signs of the deepest humiliation, shame and regret.

In the stern, practical eyes of the man of business the boy had committed an unpardonable offense. He saw no reason why human figures should not act with the same mathematical precision as those on the pages of his ledger. The success of his business demanded such, and he had neither use nor excuse for any other.

In simple justice to the boy and without a word for excuse for the wrong committed, let it be said that he was not as bad as the man suspected him to be.

When he left the store Howard went directly to his home, He had no desire to see Dick Bray. His thoughts were with his mother now. He must take to her the shameful ruins of her bright hopes and plans. He must tell her the whole story of his folly and wicked deceit. He felt that it would almost kill her, but he had deceived her long enough, she must know everything now.

It was a sad blow to Mrs. Bent as she listened to the full confession from her boy's lips. Her grief in the disap-pointment of her plans was great; but it was the discovery of the blemish in her son's character that gave

The next day she saved him the cies with the general statements in the mortification of seeing Mr. Jones by telephone with the rooms of each pro- calling on that gentleman herself. Mr. grew stronger, until one morning he prietor, so that immediate notice Jones met her very coolly and placed made his appearance in the Ministry the amount of her son's wages in her hand. In answer to her inquiry he assured her that nothing had been missed from the store, and that he had no suspicions that her son contemplated theft. He added, however, that the deceit practiced was nearly or quite as bad as stealing, and would have undoubtedly led to that in the companionship of such low charac-

ters as Dick Rray.
Poor Howard! He had learned something of the evil tendencies of bad associates. The lesson was a hard one, and would not be forgotten. Dick's power over him was now broken, and he resolved to be free. He had smoked his last cigar. He had had his last associate whom he could not take before his mother without fear of her disapproval.

But how hard it was to regain what he had lost. Every one was suspicious of him. The story of his discharge was scattered over the village in a sadly distorted shape. The other merchants were unwilling to trust him. It took a long time to convince them that the open, honest ways of the boy were really genuine, and that he now possessed strength of character.

Many a hard battle was fought and many disappointments endured. Four long years were thus spent before Howard Bent stood in another position as good as the one he lost through the influence of an evil companion.-Western Plowman.

Preserving Grasses. A young girl who attends a school where botany and floriculture are branches of study, tells how she manages with the grasses. The others press them, and clasity each one, but she makes large water color drawings, bold, yet careful and dehcate, and the number attached to each one refer to pages where they are clasified. When she leaves school she says she intends. to use them for a dado in her tarm house. She thinks they can be mounted on the wail and varnished so as to last for a long time. This original idea might be acted upon as a hint to any one with artistic talents and the ability to draw boldly and gracefully. The sheets of paper need not be white, but some delicate dull tint of terra cotta, pink, blue or green, and the grasses, many of which have very showy heads, sketched in a bold, free style, would make a very beautiful frieze ordado. Simple wild flowers might also be used. The square of paper could be joined by a band of beading of gilt paper, and squares painted with some conventional design, might alternate with the others. The painting upon separate sheets of paper is suggested, as it is less trouble to have around than the large strip, and can be taken up at odd times, whenever the artist chances to come across a pretty spray of grasses or blossoms, and done in this way does not look the formidable undertaking

TRICK OF A CASHIER.

Midden Millions in the Greek Treasury. Loudon Daily News; Athens letter.

It is not an Arabian Night's tat am going to relate, but a real incident (already announced to you by wire). Our newspapers are full of it, and perhaps you may feel sufficiently interested in this extraordinary and, I should think, unprecedented event, to find room for a more detailed account. You know our Prime Minister. He has lived several years in London, and you have published many an article about him. But you do not know that "Prime Minister" is not half expressive enough of what Mr. Tricoupis is to us. He is Prime Minister, leader of our Parliament, Minister of War, Minister of Finance, avowedly, moreover he is, de facto. Minister of Marine, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of almost everything elce. Mr. Tricoupis has, from the day he came into office, given up ten out of his nineteen hours' daily work to the Ministry of Finance, which needed

The fruits of his work were not long ripening. The country's resources inincreased, the taxes yielded more, and for the first time after many years the National balance sheet bade fair to show on the right side. Nevertheless, the public treasury seemed to benefit nothing. Mr. Tricoupis could Howard passed out without a benefit nothing. Mr. Tricoupis could word. All the finer qualities of his not make it out. He asked the "Chief Central Cashier" to lay before him every evening a balance-sheet of the cash in hand. The balance-sheet was produced regularly as clock-work, only the item "Payments in Suspense" seemed to swell and the balance in hard cash to become less. Mr. Tricoupis could not understand it.

> Simultaneously with this dwindling of the cash balance in the public treasury, the Opposition press indulged in long articles lamenting the country's coming disappointment in the expect. tation of a balance. At the same time the militant part of the opposition took the lead and there were threats of a revolution. There was a procession in the streets, and in a central thoroughfare a volley of reof killing an unlucky young tailor who was looking on. The very next day the Chief Central Cashier brought in his daily balance sheet, showing a balance of 25 francs! The Minister stared and wondered at the coincidence of the maximum heat of the opposition with the minimum ebb of the cash balance. He said nothing, but a suspicion crossed his mind, and he set about sifting and comparing the balance-sheets, which had been handed him. Very soon he found discrepanaccountant's department. His doubts at the unusual hour of 7 o'clock, sent for three of the highest officials, and had all the needed documents drawn up and signed there and then, appointing them "a committee, for examining and ascertaining the exact

state of the treasury," or something to that effect. Shortly afterward this committee were standing at the door of the Treasury Department, and when the Chief Central Cashier made his appearance he was politely called on to deliver his books and the keys of his strong rooms and safes. He appeared greatly surprised, but there was no help for it, and the keys were delivered. The examination begun straightway. And what did the committee discover? A deficit? No, no deficit; on the contrary a surplus, and a good, round surplus—plump and liv-ing. The balance sheet submitted to the Minister on the previous evening showed a cash balance of 35,000 francs, and you may judge the surprise of the committee when they aid hands on a large bundle of bank notes, and counted 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 69, 100, 200 thousand francs. You can picture how they rubbed their hands with joy, and plunged them into the sales once more. Another bundle, another counting-a total of 400,000 francs. More plunges into the safes and strong rooms, more bundles of bank-notes, more parcels of Napoleons, more bags of dollars, and when the counting was over the sum total of the surplus reached six millions odd thousand francs! The news spread like wildfire, and the whole Ministry of Finance, from the Minister down to the clerks and commissionaires, were soon dancing about in glee. Passers-by looked were told the caught the epedemic, and rushed out into the street also rubbing their hands at express speed. An hour later half Athens was excitedly walking the streets-talk, talk, talking about the news. After the first surprise everybody began wondering and speculating why Mr. Chief Central Cashier had laid the nest-egg by. "What was he going to do with it?" Annex it? No; he is known all over the country as a scrupulously honest fellow in money matters. What was his object then? He says it was out of pure love and kindness to Mr. Tricoupis, as he (the cashier) intended to increase the six millions into a a dozen, and then at the end of the

financial year to surprise his superior

by enabling him to show off brilliant-

in his budget. I am sorry to say

the Athenians were incredulous and

suddenly it was remembered that the

Opposition had predicted the calculations of Mr. Tricoupis would prove

wrong by ten or twelve million francs,

just the amount Mr. ex-Chief Central

'ashier was so desirous of saving up.

Then came the thought-how wonder

fully effective the missing of the said

millions would have been gently taken | ter.

out of their biding places, and shown as the result of the superior policy of the new administration! As to this I cannot give my opinion. I think we had better wait until the Cashier and Public Prosecutor have quite elucidated the matter between them. P. S .- Evening .- I have just heard

that three more millions were found in another corner of the strong rooms!

eripatetic News Vender.

the newspapers. At receptions, lunch-

eons, teas, dinners, afternoon calls,

when other topics fail, the mendacity,

vulgar curiosity, and general repre-

heusibleness of the press come to fill

Brookly Eagle. It is the fashion in society to abuse

up the gap, and the same people who scheme for newspaper mention and send for a reporter whenever they contemplate doing anything in a social way never fail to lament the invasion of private life by the prying press. At the same time they find it necessary to keep up with the topics of the time and many of them have not the time or energy to wade through the vast mass or reading that must be offered every morning to a varied constituency. A clever Boston woman who recognized that fact has turned it to good account. She rises at 6 o'clock, flits hastily through all the leading journals, and about 10 puts on her hat and begins her rounds. It is all done in the quietest and most dignified way possible. She is a person of breeding and fitted to be on pleasant terms with her patrons, and is generally received by them as an informal caller, finding the callee in a morning gown in her boudoir. They begin after this fashion: "How the weather this morning?" "Charming, but the probabilities say we will have a falling barometer, and so I shouldn't at all wonder if there was rain to-night." "You don't say so. What a nuisance! I thought of going to see -- 's new play this evening, but I have such a cold I am afraid to go out if it's wet. By the way, what do the papers say about the play?' Then she gets a resume of the criticisms with any telling phrase that may have been used. Adds, apropos, an anecdote about one of the actors that appeared in one of the morning papers, and drifts on to musical events, advertisements of picture exhibitions, personal gossip about society people, little condensations of the political situation and the high lights volver shots was fired, with the result in the European dispatches. In half an hour she has given all the salient points of the news she was four hours in acquiring an departs for another customer, leaving her pupil crammed with condensed knowledge of the world's affairs. This woman declares that the average temale ignorance, even among clever women of the world's doing is past belief. She has not only to be news vender, but a walking encyclopedia as well. For example, one day last week she dropped in at luncheon time, and her pupil, as they sipped their tea, said, "Only that Conkling is ill." After a few minutes the young woman said frankly, "Would you mind telling me who Conkling is? I have heard his name so often and yet do you know I haven't the smallest idea what he does or why people should be interested in him." Another woman, when she was giving her an abstract of the European news and told of Bismarck's threatened resignation, because of the Battenberg match, declared she had never heard of Alexander of Battenberg before, and had to have the whole Bulgarian situation explained to her. Besides these heads of families and young women in society that the Boston woman keeps posted as to the world's doings, she has classes in several fashionable schools for girls, the Principals of which consider a knowledge of the events of the day desirable information for their pupils. They hesitate to put the newspapers themselves into the hands of these girls, and find the digest of news furnished by this enterprising person the best substitute possible. She comes every Friday afternoon and gives them an abstract of her reading throughout the last seven days, ommitting of course all the scandals and crimes and telling of all events of importance which it is proper for them to be familiar with. In this case also, and more naturally, she is asked endless questions, and the girls in her class are thoroughly instructed in the meaning of the word tariff or the effect of the President's message and what congress is doing about it. They know who are the probable candidates for the next election and the process by which nomination is reached. In short, she is a professor of contemporary history and is paid liberally for her instruction.

Jolly Old Von Moltke. Von Moltke's face looks as though the natural skin had been replaced by a stretch of ancient and yellow parchment. The lines are innumerable and they radiate regularly from the corners of the mouth when he smiles as ripples from a stone that is drop. ped through the surface of a placid pool. The smiles of the grizzled and wrinkled old field marshal are frequent enough, too, when he is abroad. The small army of little children who are taken to the war office every day by their nurses to see the old commander stump about as though a man had just about reached his prime when well along in his 89th year, wavetheir hands delightfully at Count von Moltke. None of them has a more genial winning, and child-like smile that the head of the greatest army in the world. Military critics assert that not one of the countless and masterly documents on army affairs that Von Moltke has given to the world during his long life compares in force, clearmillions would be in helping to upset the Government; how handy these ness, cogency and power with his report of the present year .- Berlin Let-

The Dress of the Dead-

From the Philadelphia Times.

In the past five years the shroud in. dustry in this city has grown to enormous proportions, and this dress of the dead, while it has become unpopular with some, has grown steadily in favor with others. The reason for the great increase of the business is on account of the steady growth of the population, and because the bigger the population the bigger the death

It used to be that shrouds were made almost entirely by layers-out of the dead and poor women, who made a regular business of it and worked early and late, according to the number of orders they had. Shrouds were then made at short notice, because after the person died there wasn't much time to design and make the shroud, and women worked all night to fill their orders. Nowadays there are very few professional shroud-makers in this city. Those few are mostly women who work regularly for some particular undertaker, but they don't make much. A shroud-maker said that she used to have a nice income from her business, but that the big undertakers' supply stores had mined the business for the shroud-makers about town, because they can make the shrouds for a great deal less money. The woman was stitching away at a shroud at the time. 'This is for an old Quaker lady," she said, "who died yesterday. I must finish it before I go to sleep. What business I get now is almost entirely for dressing old persons, principally women. It used to be that nearly everybody was buried in shrouds, and that isn't more than half a dozen years ago."

A prominent undertaker, who, has what is known in the business as a 'tony trade," said: "I don't suppose have used more than half a dozen shrouds in a year. With my class of trade the custom is dying out. The people I bury are nearly all cared for in their sickness by professional nurses, who have become as thick as hops in this city. Nearly every physician has a list of a dozen men or women he can recommend. Well, the professional nurses in the past five years have got to preparing the dead for ourial, and they can dress a corps ust as well as they can aress a live erson. My customers prefer to have their relatives buried in either the clothes they wore in life or a similar suit. A great many people I bury now are buried in their dress suits that they have worn to weddings, receptions, balls or banquets. It takes two persons to dress a body, but it is done easily nowadays. Five or six years ago it was looked upon as almost an impossibility, and up to that time nearly everybody was buried in shrouds. For my part, I like to see a person prepared for the grave to look as natural as they did in life, and they certainly don't look like themselves if they are attired in a shroud."

Russian Railways. In Russia the minister of railways regulates the working of the lines to the smallest detail, even in the case of those in the hands of public companies, and not belonging to the state. No innovation can be made without his sanction, and if, for instance, a railway were to ordain station masters to wear white capsinstead of red, or to only allow the passengers at the buffet stations twenty-nine minutes instead of thirty, the directors would be looked upon as conspirators against the state, and officials armed with the fullest autocratic power would start off from St. Petersburg to suppress the alteration at a stroke. All reforms, therefore can only proceed from the ministry of railways which is now engaged on the weighty question as to whether the speed of mail trains in the Russian empire cannot be increased from its present average rate, including stoppages, of twenty miles an hour to twenty-three

This will not strike the reader at a very daring innovation, but it has consumed the energies of a special commission for some weeks, and it is likely to do so several weeks longer. On some lines the speed of the mail trains does not average more than sixteen miles an hour, after which it will not be surprising to learn that the speed of the ordinary passenger train is not more than fifteen miles an hour. So numerous and long are the stoppages that the energetic passenger has not only plenty of time to feed, but even to take a walk in the country now and again.

The fastest train in Russia is the courier train between St. Petersburg and Moscow, which travels, including stoppages, at about twenty-eight miles an hour. This carries no mails and consists only of a few first-class carriages. As for the slowest, examples can be found on one or two branch lines of a train going only ten miles an hour, and even then regularly arriving late. On the Tsaritzin-Don railway there used to be a tradition that two express trains had collided without doing each other any harm. In general the speed of trains in Russia is extremely slow, the halts at the stations far too long and the trains too few and too heavy for the traffic.

Where Silence Was Safety.

Boston Courier.

Jepson-I notice that you always speak well of me to my face, Jobson, and while I have no reason to believe that you do otherwise behind my back, I think it does not harm a man to be criticised by his friends-to be told his little faults. I know I'm not perfect, and I would be glad to have you remind me of the fact sometimes.

Jobson-Tell you of your faults? Jepson-You criticise me. Tell me what your honest private opinion of me is. That's what I want.

Jobson-Jepson, you are six feet two, and I am five feet four, and you want me to give you my honest private opinion of you? No. sir-ee, Jobson, my boy. I'm no fool'