



ANNAN WATER BY ROBERT BUCHANAN. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.) "You will oblige me by leaving the house," he said, "if you cannot speak civilly. I have made this lady my wife. She belongs now to me and my country, and she accompanies me to Paris tonight."

"No, not tonight," said Marjorie quickly. "You will not take me away tonight, Leon!"

"And why not tonight, Marjorie?" "Because I have promised Mr. Sutherland to go back with him to Annandale to see my mother—to see dear Miss Hetherington. She is ill, and she wants me, monsieur."

"I regret it, but we do not get everything we wish in this world. I must leave for Paris without delay!"

Marjorie hesitated and looked confused. Then Sutherland spoke, unconsciously uttering the thoughts which had been in the girl's mind.

"You can go to Paris," he said, "if you allow Marjorie to return with me." The Frenchman gave a smile which was half a sneer.

"You are consideration itself, monsieur," he said. Then, turning to Marjorie, he added: "What does my wife say to that?"

"I—I don't know," she stammered. "I am so sorry for Miss Hetherington. It would be only for a few days, perhaps, and—I could follow you."

Caussidiere smiled again, this time less agreeably.

"You seem to be tender-hearted, Marjorie," he said, "to every one but myself. Truly, an admirable speech to make to your husband in the first flush of the honeymoon. I am too fond of you, however, to lose you quite so soon."

"Then you will not let me return?" "Most assuredly I shall not let you go; what is Miss Hetherington to you or to me? She is your mother, perhaps, as you say; but in her case, what does that sacred word 'mother' mean? Merely this: A woman so hardened that she could abandon her helpless offspring to the mercy of strangers; and afterward, when she saw her alone and utterly friendless, had not tenderness enough to come forward and say: 'Marjorie, you are not alone in the world; come to me—your mother!'"

"Ah, Leon, do not talk so!" exclaimed Marjorie; then, seeing Sutherland about to speak, she went toward him with outstretched hands.

"Do not speak," she whispered, "for my sake. Since my husband wishes it, I must remain. Good-by!"

She held forth her hand, and he took it in both of his, and, answering her prayer, he remained silent. He had sense enough to see that in the present instance the Frenchman had the power entirely in his own hands, and that he intended to use it. He had noted the sneers and cruel smiles which had flitted over Caussidiere's face, and he saw that further interference of his might result in evil for the future of her he loved.

So, instead of turning to the Frenchman, he kept Marjorie's hand, and said: "You are sure, Marjorie, that you wish to remain?"

"Yes," sobbed Marjorie, "quite sure. Give my love to my dear mother, and say that very soon my husband will bring me home again."

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it again and again; then, without another word, he was about to leave the room, when Caussidiere stopped him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will also, if you please, bear a little message to our much esteemed Miss Hetherington from me. Tell her that, though in the first days of our married life she has tried to separate my wife from me, I bear her no ill will; on the contrary, I shall be glad to hear of her prosperity. Tell her, also, monsieur," added the Frenchman blandly, "that since Marjorie and I are one, we share the same good or evil fortune; that she cannot now gratify her malignity by persecuting Leon Caussidiere without persecuting her own child!"

CHAPTER XXIV. N one of the narrow Parisian streets in the neighborhood of the Seine, close to quays and old bookstalls, frequented by the litterateur out at elbows and the bibliomaniac, there is an obscure cabaret or house of entertainment, bearing the name of Mouche d'Or. Besides the sanded saloon, with its marble tables and its buffet, presided over by a giddy damsel of forty, there is a dining-chamber up stairs, so low that a tall man standing upright can almost touch the ceiling with his head, and so badly lit by a narrow window that a light of some sort is necessary even by broad day.

In this upper chamber, one foggy afternoon in autumn, three years after the occurrence of the events described in the last chapter, a man was seated alone and busily writing at one of the wooden tables.

The man was about forty years of age, corpulent, with jet-black hair and mustache, but otherwise clean shaven. He wrote rapidly, almost furiously,

now and then pausing to read, half aloud, the matter on the paper, obviously his own composition. As he did so, he smiled, well pleased, or frowned savagely. Presently he paused and stamped with his foot on the floor.

In answer to his summons, a young woman of about twenty, gaudily attired, with a liberal display of cheap jewelry, came up the narrow stairs.

"Ah, Adele!" cried the man, "is the boy below?"

The woman answered with a curious nod. "Give him these papers—let him fly with them to the printer. Stay! Is any one below?"

"No one, Monsieur Fernand."

"Death of my life, Caussidiere is late," muttered the man. "Bring me some absinthe and a packet of cigarettes."

The woman disappeared with the parcel of manuscript, and returned almost immediately, bearing the things ordered. She had scarcely set them down, when a foot was heard upon the stairs, and our old acquaintance, Caussidiere, elegantly attired, with faultless gloves and boots, entered the room.

"Here you are!" cried the man. "You come a little late, mon camarade. I should have liked you to hear the article I have just dispatched to the Bon Citoyen."

"It will keep till tomorrow, Huet," returned the other, dryly, "when I shall behold it in all the glory of large type."

Huet, as the man was named, ripped out a round oath.

"It is a firebrand, a bombshell, by—!" he cried. "The dagger-thrust of Marat, with the epigram of Victor Hugo. I have signed it at full length, mon camarade—Fernand Huet, Workman, Friend of the People!"

Caussidiere laughed and sat down. "No man can match you, my dear Huet, in the great war of—words."

"Just so, and in the war of swords, too, when the time comes. Nature has given me the soul of a poet, the heart of a lion, the strength of Hercules, the tongue of Apollo. Behold me! When heroes are wanted, I shall be there."

The two men talked for some time on general subjects; then Huet, after regarding his companion with a prolonged stare, observed with a coarse laugh:

"You are a swell as usual, my Caussidiere. Parbleu, it is easily seen that you earn not your living, like a good patriot, by the sweat of your brow! Who is the victim, mon camarade! Who bleeds?"

"I do not waste what I have," returned Caussidiere, "and I love clean linen, that is all."

"Do you think I am a fool to swallow that canard? No, my Caussidiere. You have money, you have a little nest-egg at home. You have a wife, brave boy; she is English, and she is rich."

"On the contrary, she is very poor," answered Caussidiere. "She has not a sou."

"Diab!e!"

"Nevertheless, I will not disguise from you that she has wealthy connections, who sometimes assist us in our struggle for subsistence. But it is not 'tuch that comes to me from that quarter, I assure you. My correspondence and my translations are our chief reliance."

"Then they pay you like a prince, mon camarade!" cried Huet. "But there, that is your affair, not mine. You are with us, at any rate, heart and soul?"

"Assuredly."

Sinking their voices, they continued to converse for some time. At last Caussidiere rose to go. After a rough handshake from Huet, and a gruffly murmured "A bientot," he made his way down the narrow stairs, and found himself in the sanded entresol of the cabaret.

Several men in bouises sat at the table drinking, waited upon by Adele.

As Caussidiere crossed the room the girl followed him to the door and touched him on the shoulder.

"How is madame?" she asked, in a low voice. "I trust much better."

Caussidiere gazed at the questioner with no very amiable expression.

"Do you say Madame Caussidiere? How do you know that there is such a person?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Your wife or your mistress, it is all the same. You know whom I mean, monsieur."

"She is better, then."

"And the little garcon?"

"Quite well," answered Caussidiere, passing out into the street.

Leaving Mouche d'Or behind him, and passing along the banks of the Seine, Caussidiere crossed the river and reached the neighborhood of the Palais Royal. From time to time he exchanged a nod or a greeting with some passer-by, generally a person much more shabbily attired than himself. Lingered among the arches, he purchased one or two journals from the itinerant vendors, and then passed slowly on till he reached a narrow back street, before one of the doors of which he paused and rang a bell. The door being opened by a man in his shirt sleeves, who greeted him with a "bon soir," he passed up a dingy flight of

wooden stairs till he gained the second floor, which consisted of three rooms en suite, a small salon, a bedchamber, and a smaller bedchamber adjoining.

In the salon which was gaudily but shabbily furnished in red velvet, with mirrors on the walls, a young woman was seated sewing, and playing near to her was a child about a year and a half old. Both mother and child were very pale and delicate, but both had the same soft features, gentle blue eyes and golden hair.

The woman was Marjorie Annan—Marjorie with all the lightness and happiness gone out of her face, which had grown sad and very pale. As Caussidiere entered, she looked up eagerly and greeted him by his Christian name. The child paused timidly in his play.

"You are late, Leon," said Marjorie, in French. "I have waited in all day, expecting you to return."

"I was busy and couldn't come," was the reply. "Any letters?"

"No, Leon."

Caussidiere uttered an angry exclamation, and threw himself into an armchair.

"The old woman had better take care," he cried. "Nearly a week has now passed and she has not replied to my note—that is, to yours. And we want money infernally, as you know."

Marjorie sighed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why are you crying?" demanded her husband, sharply. "Because you have an unnatural mother, who would rather see you starve than share her wealth with you, or with the child?"

"No, no, it is not that," answered Marjorie. "Miss Hetherington has been very good. She has given us a great deal already; but we require so much, and I am sure she is not so rich as you suppose."

"She is a miser, I tell you," returned Caussidiere. "What she has sent you is not sufficient for an ordinary sempstress' wage. She had better take care! If she offends me, look you, I could bring her to shame before all the world."

At this moment there was a knock at the room door, and the man who had admitted Caussidiere entered with a letter.

"A letter for madame," he said.

Marjorie took the letter, and, while the man retired, opened it with trembling hands. Her husband watched her gloomily, but his eye glistened as he saw her draw forth a bank order.

"Well?" he said.

"It is from Miss Hetherington—from my—mother! Oh, is she not good! Look, Leon! An order upon the bank for thirty pounds."

"Let me look at it," said Caussidiere, rising and taking it from his wife's hand. "Thirty pounds! It is not much. Well, what does the old woman say?"

"I—I have not read the letter."

"Let me read it," he said, taking it from her and suiting the action to the words.

It was a longish communication. Caussidiere read it slowly, and his face darkened, especially when he came to the following words:

"If you are unhappy, come back to me. Remember your home is always here. Oh, Marjorie! my brain! never forget that! It is a mother's heart that yearns and waits for you! Come back, Marjorie, before it is broken altogether."

Caussidiere tossed the letter on the table.

"So you have been telling her that you are unhappy," he said with a sneer. "In the future I must see all your letters, even to the postscripts. And she begs you to go back to Scotland! Well, who knows?—It may come to that yet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SALADS AS A DIET. Good! Wholesome Food and Should Be Eaten Every Day.

"The beauty and wholesomeness of the salad should commend it to every American housekeeper," writes Mrs. S. T. Forer in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I do not refer to those highly seasoned combinations of hard-boiled eggs and mustard, but to dainty dinner or luncheon salads made with a dressing of olive oil, a few drops of lemon juice and a light seasoning of salt, garlic and pepper."

"The salts necessary for the well being of our blood are bountifully given in these green vegetables. Then, too, it is a pleasant way of taking fatty food. All machinery must be well oiled to prevent friction, and the wonderful human engine is not an exception to the rule. Look carefully to it that you take sufficient fatty food."

"The Americans do not use enough oil to keep them in perfect health. While butter is served in some families three times a day, and is better than no fat, its composition is rather against it as compared to a sweet vegetable oil. Fats well digested are the salvation of consumptives, or those suffering from any form of tuberculosis. For these reasons a simple salad composed of any green vegetable and a French dressing should be seen on every well-regulated table 365 times a year. Those who live out of town can obtain from the fields sorrel, long docks, dandelions and lamb's quarters for the cost of picking. Where desserts are not used, and if wish for health's sake, they might be abolished, a salad with a bit of cheese and bread or wafer or cracker, with a small cup of coffee, may close the meal. Where a dessert is used the salad, cheese and wafer are served just before it, to prick up the appetite that it may enjoy more fully the sweet. At a large dinner the salad is usually served with the game course."

Courting done on a tandem, ought to result in a double safety match.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HOUSEHOLD CARES," LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Lord, Dost Thou Not Care That My Sister Has Left Me to Serve Alone?"—Luke: Chapter X., Verse 40.

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow, Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or care. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly appareled, or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always has on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door, and greet Christ. They say: "Good-morning, Master; come in and be seated." Christ did not come alone; He had a group of friends with him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no worriment about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now let us have a division of labor, Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good." So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters.

There is Martha, hard-working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cookery, and housekeeping. There is Mary, also fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon, Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ, while Martha swelters at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and he did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas! if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that ought to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow, and perhaps with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have his scolding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acrib. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get him something to eat, and so he throws a word of tenderness into his intonation as he seems to say: "My dear woman, do not worry; let the dinner go; sit down on this ottoman beside Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxieties.

First, there is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the Stock Exchange, say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir, the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm! She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an arm-chair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. I am speaking now of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who, at thirty years of age, look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You

go out to the cemetery and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing machine, or a ladle." You think, O man of the world! that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be fit for the insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning, he must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped—no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmarketable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur—you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the furniture. Spring weather comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient! Oh, woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper! Jesus was never married, that he might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder; Christ was married. The Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell him of their annoyances and troubles, since by his oath of conjugal fidelity he is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

"The servant by this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes this the action fine."

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous circumstances was called down stairs to help in the kitchen in the absence of the servants. The door-bell ringing, she went to open it and found a gentleman friend, who said as he came in: "I thought I heard music; was it on this piano or on this harp?" She answered: "No; I was playing on a grid-iron, with frying-pan accompaniment. The servants are gone, and I am learning how to do this work." Well done! When will women in all circles find out that it is honorable to do anything that ought to be done?

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a king, has overthrown an empire. A distinguished statistician says of one thousand unmarried men there are thirty-eight criminals, and of one thousand married men only eighteen are criminals. What a suggestion of home influences! Let the most be made of them. Housekeepers by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race. You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others; but how very hard it is for us to exercise it ourselves! When in Brooklyn, young Dr. Hutchinson, having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave; everybody appreciates that. When, in the burning hotel at St. Louis, a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying, "Mother, where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christlike spirit—a willingness to suffer for others! A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half-starved lad who had offended against the laws of the school and said, "Take off your coat, directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again, "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame—he had no undergarment; and

as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow; whip me; hee, hee, hee, nothing but a poor chap; don't hurt him, he's poor; whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care; you whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry. "Bravo!" says every man—"Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for the people! Beautiful things to admire, but how little we have of that spirit! God give us that self-denying spirit, so that whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres we may perform our whole duty—for this struggle will soon be over.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say, "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "De Witt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noon-day table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-four years' smile—not the smile of inanity, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Napoleon's Lost Treasure.

The recent find of an old military knapsack filled with French gold pieces coined about the beginning of the century near Vilno, Russia, recalls the dreadful fate of Napoleon's grand army and its disastrous Russian campaign in 1812. After the destruction of Moscow the bold conqueror was compelled to seek safety, but his return to the frontier was not the retreat of an orderly army; it was flight with all its horrors. Napoleon himself hurried back in advance of his army, in order to steady the throne, which had become shaky by events in Paris and elsewhere. The shipping of the war treasure, which at that time still contained 12,000,000 francs, and which was transferred in barrels in carriages drawn by picked horses, was intrusted to Marshal Ney. Napoleon never saw the treasure again, and where it has remained was kept a profound secret for a long time. Under strong cover the transportation of the treasure was started for the frontier, but not far from Vilno the wagons stuck in a deluge and it seemed impossible to get them out again. Rather than see the treasure in the hands of the Russians, Field Marshal Ney gave orders to break open the barrels and distribute the money to the returning soldiers as they passed by, and thus it was done. Many of the soldiers threw away all their belongings in order to fill up their knapsacks with gold, but only a few of those who carried the heavy wealth were able to drag the burden to the frontier, and the very gold which was intended for their benefit was the cause of their perishing.

Queer Name for a Town.

The Warmest Place on Earth is actually a town, and not merely a locality. It lies in San Diego county's desert side, about twenty-five miles due west of Yuma, and the name of its postoffice is Mammoth Tank. This information has been dug up through the posting of a newspaper at San Francisco addressed to "Hank Yohnsen, Warmest Place on Earth." It was sent in turn to Sacramento, Fresno and Bakersfield. Then the marking continues: "Try Yuma." But Yuma sent it to Tucson. It visited Nogales. At Phoenix it was hung up as a humorous exhibit. There some desert prospectors saw it and they proceeded to enlarge the postmaster's geographical and social understanding, for Hank Yohnsen is not a "yoke," but a prominent citizen of the Warmest Place on Earth, Cal.—Los Angeles Record.

So great is the dexterity of the employees in cigarette manufactories, acquired by long-continued practice, that some workers make between 2,000 and 3,000 cigarettes daily, and, being paid by piecework, at so much a thousand, earn about \$6 weekly.