## THE IDYL OF A PINK SILK WAIST

fingered it, folded it and finally, glaring at the embarrassed girl, snapped:

woman, that this is a fast color?" Miss Peterson was frightened. There was a menacing challenge in the stout customer's raucous voice.

"Please, ma'am, I'll go and ask the manager," said the demure girl.

"Humph! There's some doubt about It, then, is there?" sneered the fat woman; "then we'll let it go. I thought it looked cheap."

out of the store, leaving little Miss array of filmy hand covers and he Peterson with tears in her eyes and a bought generously. That was a redtrembling sense of her own ineffi- letter day for Dorothy. She sold her ciency.

tell 'em yes," said Mrs. Gillam, the her this gallant prodigal young cusstar saleswoman of Benton & Brown's tomer. To make matters more interdry goods emporium; "all these goods esting, for the first time he now orare guaranteed. We haven't got any dered his purchases "sent," and for snide stuff in the store."

discouraged. She managed to run her not why, kept repeating his name and sales up to \$8.95 the second day, but address-"George H. Sherrick, 207 when Saturday night came the man- Butte street." ager paid her off without a word or a smile, and she was painfully aware quoth Mrs. Gillam when Dorothy told that he wasn't satisfied.

Gillam one day, when she saw Dorothy lives with his mother up in Butte hang back while another girl captured street-old lady's an invalid, rheua spruce-looking male purchaser; "the matic or something. They came out men are easy. They buy quick, and if here from Boston about the same time you can help them out a bit they'll you started in at the store. never forget it. Don't be so bashful,



I THINK ABOUT YOUR SIZE.

Dorothy. The men aren't half as cranky as the women. They won't

eat you, that's sure." But it was along in May nearly two months after her arrival in Red Clift that Miss Peterson began to suspect that, after all, she had some latent ability for business. She was busy with a fidgety old woman, who consumed precious minutes inspecting the cheapest handkerchiefs, when a young man came in and stood by the counter. "Something to-day?" smiled Mrs.

Gillam, bustling up to him. "I'll wait for this young lady," he

said politely, indicating Dorothy. Here was a little victory, indeed! To be preferred to Mrs. Gillam, whom everybody knew as the most agreeable and the best informed employe in the store! Little Dorothy blushed crimson and her heart fluttered with scared delight, but she didn't look up. It seemed hours till the old woman finally selected her dozen hemstitched cambrics, but when Dorothy turned, the stranger was waiting. She remembered quite well that he had bought something before-yes, a parasol. It had been a quick sale, and, though she couldn't think of any good reason why he should insist on her services, she

felt glad somehow. "I'd like to look at silk waists," he said, drumming nervously on the

"I don't think we have any men's waists, at least not in silk. She was afraid to look at him.

"Oh, I want a lady's waist, please," he laughed softly, but without any hint of impertinence, "it's for my-moth-

"What size, please?" A moment's silence. When he did not answer she looked suddenly into his handsome face and repeated, "size, please?" "I-er-that is, I'm not certain, but I

-er think about your size." Poor Dorothy was so flustered by this unexpected reply that she didn't ago from the remote Southwest a letinto some dress goods and said: "Measure me, measure me, Mrs. Gillam! There's a man 'round there wants a silk waist for his mother, and he says she's my size." The motherly Mrs. Gillam couldn't help laughing at the ingenuous excitement of Dorothy, but she measured her quickly and whis-

so flabbergasted." He bought the waist all right, waited respectfully for his parcel and walked out without further embarrassing the girl. When he appeared again next get married; but can't you suggest dom drop below \$10 .- New York Sun. morning Dorothy's heart failed her. She had already exchanged two of her sales of the day before, and she suspected that the waist didn't fit after ed dog that was "sicked" on the hogs, all. The young man saluted her with and chewed their ears off?

pered, "Thirty-four, honey. Don't look

WP HE first customer Miss Peterson quiet courtesy and bought a belt, a waited on was a captious old beautiful silken thing with silver ornalady with duplex eyeglasses, ments, and a love of a pendant purse. the bashful, gentle, little saleswoman hardly a day passed that he did not she found one that seemed to suit her. sorts of guesses about him. He was it out to the door for closer inspection, well off. What a good son he must be-always getting pretty things for "Do you mean to tell me, young thought, "always make good-" She up his old horse and drive to the next was blushing furiously when in he

> "Your mother" said Dorothy, wonlering at her own audacity.

"Yes, please, miss. I think your size

will fit her exactly." She thought it a little odd that he couldn't ask his own mother what size And the indignant customer flounced of gloves she wore, but she got out her biggest bill-nearly \$75 worth-and the "When they ask you things like that other girls and women began to envy hours after he was gone Dorothy, But little Miss Peterson was getting greatly excited and pleased, she knew

"Sherrick? George H. Sherrick?" her the secret, "why, he's the foreman "Go after the men," advised Mrs. up at the Golden Chicken mine. He

Butte street, like most of the environs of Red Cliff, was a narrow, gorgelike thoroughfare with few houses. Dorothy, perhaps by the merest accident, strolled out that way often when the May Sunday afternoons grew hotter, but one sultry evening while she was a mile or so above the Sherrick cottage, watching the chipmunks scurrying among the rocks, a sudden storm broke like a cloudburst above the canyon and drove her down the road like a scared rabbit. The downpour caught her before she reached his house, and as she was passing it, blinded by the rain and deafened by the thunder, she felt a strong hand laid gently on her arm and in her ear a well-remembered voice, saying:

"You must come in, miss. If you please, mother saw you running from

Thus reassured and right glad of shelter, she permitted Sherrick to lead her into the cozy house.

"My mother, Miss-" he paused for her name.

"Dorothy-Dorothy Peterson," said the girl, not looking up, and vaguely mindful that his mother was "just her size" she saw in the invalid's chair a portly white-haired old lady, of at least 200 pounds. The kindly voice of the mother, however, drove all speculation from the girl's head and she took the little wicker chair by the tea table, and began to dream of the old days back East when her own mother was alive, as tender and almost as ruddy as this soft-voiced young man's.

But afterward, when the storm had ceased and he was taking her home, they had walked nearly a block in happy silence before he said:

"You've found me out, haven't you, Miss Peterson?"

"How do you mean?" she said, hanging her head till her yellow curls hid her face.

"My mother, you know," he answered trying to laugh easily. "I suppose, at least I'm afraid, you remember the waists and things I bought?"

"Yes." Her voice was very low. "Well, I might as well tell you the truth. I didn't buy them for her nor for anyone in particular. I-I'm a very bashful man, Miss Dorothy, and I just wanted to get acquainted with you. I didn't know how to go about it, don't you see? So I kept going into your store, buying things-anything you

recommended for-for-"For your mother?" She looked up shyly and laughed and-but what's the use of going into details. Dorothy has lost a customer, but Benton & Brown were glad to exchange little Miss Peterson's services for her patronage, and the last time she was in the store Mrs. Gillam told her that her pink waist fit her "like a tape measure."-

Chicago Record-Herald.

Proper Dress for a Groom. One of the largest ready-made clothing houses in the city received not long hear the rest. She ran round to where ter, the substance of which was, Mrs. Gillam was slipping new boards "What is the proper dress for a groom night for the privilege. He has four in the afternoon?" The clerk who assistants and he pays them. He does opened the mail, naturally enough, referred the inquiry to the livery department. The head of that branch in turn dictated a brief reply, something like this:

"Bottle-green coat, fawn-colored trousers with top boots, silk hat with cock-

et cetera." A week elapsed and the big store re- never disappointed. ceived a plaintive little note:

"I always knew it was expensive to something a little less elaborate?"

What has become of the old-fashion-

GOT WHAT THEY WANTED.

Worthless Sermon Over the Corpse of a Worthless Man.

The people of a certain town in Maine were unanimous in the opinion that if Abner Harlow had a gift for anything it was for taking charge of funerals. He had the time, and he was willing to spent it, too, as he had no particular business of his own. Moreover, his native wit and his intimate acquaintance with his townspeowho seemed fixed in the opinion that And thereafter for nearly two weeks ple made him a discriminating adviser at the ticklish moment when a strange meant to swindle her. She looked at come to buy something for his mother. minister tried to fit a sermon to the a dozen patterns of ginghams before Dorothy found herself harried with all life of the departed. But the Lewiston Journal chronicles one occasion At this she stared. Then she carried certainly very handsome. He must be when even Abner could offer little assistance.

A rather disreputable citizen had his mother. "And good sons," she died, and Abner was requested to hitch town to ask the minister to conduct walked with his musical good-morning | the service. This the minister agreed and "I'd like to buy some silk gloves to do, but before he allowed Abner to depart he tried to get a little material for his address.

"What sort of a man was he?" he

asked.

all," replied Abner, frankly. "I suppose his loss will be felt more or less in the community," suggested the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner, dryly.

"Was he a good man at heart?" asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it the verdict would have been not guilty, and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," returned Abner.

"Did he attend church at all?" asked the minister. "I never heard of his doing it," said

Abner. "How did he die?" continued the

minister. "Just the same as he lived-sort o' naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his discomfiture and a five-dollar bill, and after the service Abner met him again.

"Well," said he, "we got just what we wanted."

## GOOD INTENTIONS.

How the Ladies Raised Money for the Minister's Vacation.

"Our minister did not take any vacation this summer," said Brown, with a smile, as he began a conversation which the Detroit Free Press reports. "Why not?" asked the other man. "Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home," replied Brown.

made his arrangements, when several plows here. He tried to sell them and enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and laway, but no one would take them; the others were all women, too-took then he made an effort to get some one the matter out of his hands and told to experiment with them, but he could and save for his outing, because the one." members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sum especially for his vacation.'

"As the minister has a large family quence. In France the figures were and his wife finds it hard to make 1902 strikers, 22,714 strikers, 3,760,577 both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the vacation money in other

"Well, the women held several 'affairs,' and managed to get something over \$50 together. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event, and give all the members of the church a chance to speed the parson on his way with good wishes.

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon herself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and

hired a man to do the work. "Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of two or three dollars in debt.

"Oh, yes, the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to square the the rest of them put togethah, they be-

"'Why, Joseph,' she said, 'what a question! The minister, of course. If was all done in his interest."

One Income from Tips.

"What wages do I get?" "You give me half what you gather,"

says the manager. In exactly this way is much of the service in hotels and restaurants paid. In one well-patronized uptown restaurant the man who takes your hat and coat pays the proprietor \$3.50 a day or friends, an Englishman, an Irishman this out of the tips he receives.

To all but a few old and favored customers he gives checks. Upon those to miss him." whom he does not give checks he waits himself.

He addresses them by name and expresses the hope that they are well. ade. We can make prices as follows. From these he expects to get nothing less than a quarter, and he is seldom or

His receipts have amounted to as much as \$25 in a day and night, and sel-

What has becomee of the old-fashioned man who, when his wife said she'u be there in a minute, growled: "Yes, I know your minutes?"



About 1,000 diamond workers in msterdam, Holland, are out of work. In wages alone \$100,000,000 is anually expended by the United States

steel corporation, better known as the

Mexican labor is so scarce as to neessitate sending for negroes from Janaica. The latter are guaranteed emdoyment for a year.

teel trust.

The laws of Kansas provide that the abor unions of the State shall organze a State society and select the Laor Commissioner, thus giving the unons the privilege of saying who shall epresent them in so important a posi-

Georgia fruit growers are claiming hat the peach crop of their State fields more money to the producers "Well, about the same as no man at han does the cotton crop. The area levoted to fruit is now large and these essertions are likely to cause it to be ncreased.

> There is one metal whose production s always short of the demand. This is latinum. Nearly all of it comes from Russia and the annual world producion is about 165,000 ounces. South America produces about 10,000 ounces and the United States, from mines in hasta County, California, about 1,400 unces. It is worth \$21 an ounce.

Forty invalid employes of the Waash railroad were recently sent from he company's hospital at Peru, Ind., o San Francisco, accompanied by hree trained nurses. It is said to be he purpose of the road, in case these employes are benefited by the trip to Caliornia, to send invalid employes to the coast every year in the future. The ailroad company pays all expenses of he trip.

Hood's "Song of the Shirt" might well be revived for the benefit of 5,354 hildren under 16 years of age, who, according to the last census returns, are employed in making such articles of wear for men in the United States More than 3,000 of these are employed n factories. There are 1,145 employed in making women's skirts and simiar garments. Nearly 8,000 are in the stocking factories, and over 9,000 in the miscellaneous employments connected with the production of ready-

made attire. United States Consul Miller at Newhwang, China, writing of opportunities to sell American agricultural machinery to the natives, tells this story: "For an immediate market it is necessary to overcome the natural conservatism of the Chinese. About twenty "He intended to go away and had years ago an Englishman brought two could not; he endeavored to give them his wife 'confidentially not to pinch | not even get a man to hitch a team to

In England during the year 1900 there were 648 strikes, 188,538 strikers, 3,152,864 days' work lost in consedays' work 'ost. In Italy there were 259 strikes, 43,194 strikers, 231,590 lays' work lost, or more than 7,000,000 days' work lost in the three countries n a single year. In England 30 per cent of the strikes were successful, 25 were unsuccessful; in France 22 per ent successful, 27 per cent were unuccessful; in Italy 34 per cent were successful, 30 per cent unsuccessful. The strikes not here accounted for were compromised in one way or an-

When They Find Him Out.

The venerable Senator Pettus of Alanama is one of the most genial and opular as well as one of the most inluential members of the body to which ne belongs. To an acquaintance who was congratulating him upon the completeness with which he had suppressd in debate a bumptious new Senator, says the New York Times, the Nestor of the Senate explained:

"Well, suh, it's like this: When a new Senatah assuahs the Senate of the United States that he knows mo about the pending question than all lieve him. When he repeats that assu'ance next day about an entiahly different question their acquiescence is tinged with incredulity. When, on the thuhd day he renews it about a In one of the popular musical extrava- aroused. And when, on the fo'th day their wives. ganzas a waiter says to a hotel mana- he says the same thing about a fo'th During General Grant's occupancy, question, unrelated to any of the othahs, they know he is a liah."

Easy Solution.

The English press reports a story which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told in a recent speech on the corn tax. A man once complained to three and a Scotsman, that his servant broke great deal of china.

The matter-of-fact Englishman gave the short bit of practical advice, "Dis-

"Take it out of his wages," suggested the thrifty Scot. The objection to that was that the wages were less than the amount of

he damage. The Irishman came to the rescue. Then raise his wages," said he.

Tragic Deaths of Emperors. Of ninety-three emperors who govrned the whole or a large part of the toman empire, sixty-two were murtered or died under suspicious circumtances.

## SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp-Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

"I was in forty-two engagements and was scared every time," remarked Colonel George B. Van Norman, of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, to a number of his comrades at the Sherman House. Colonel W. B. Britton spoke up, saying: "Van, you are an honest man; go ahead and tell us something about the Eighth."

"At Corinth, Miss., I got the biggest scare in my life," said Colonel Van Norman. "It was the day Price and Van Dorn undertook to capture Corinth from General Rosecrans. Our regiment had been on a forced march of about fifteen miles and was making double-quick time the last three or four miles, in order to get to the fort before we should be cut off by the Confederates. About this time General Mower was ordered to take the Second Brigade and advance a skirmish line on the outskirts of Corinth in front of Fort Robinette and Fort Williams. During this engagement General Mower was captured. He told the Confederates that he was badly wounded and so was left near where some horses the opportunity offered, he sprung upon a horse and escaped. When a little later he rode into our lines there was



CROUCHING BEHIND A STUMP.

a shout sent up that echoed far back into the lines of the enemy.

'A few hours later I received my scare. The Confederates had drawn up very close to our line-so close, in fact, that at every volley several of our men would fall. About this time I had advanced with my old 'Harper's Ferry' musket and stood crouching bevantage I was loading and firing as fast as I could. Then the Confederates began advancing in a heavy line. Colonel G. W. Robbins had just been wounded and had retired from the field. The next volley caught Major field in a dying condition. I was so busy firing that I did not hear the Jewell Walker, of Company E, and he "Come, George, tell us that canteen was standing behind a tree and firing | story." at the advancing enemy. I asked him they must have been ordered to revery close and advancing rapidly. I turned to Walker and said: 'Let's shoot and run.' Talk about a fellow being scared to death! Well, when we began to run and the bullets began to every sound, whether the bullet was within a foot or ten feet of our heads. Any man who says he was not frightened some time in battle must have been in the hospital most of the time. -Chicago Record.

Chivalry in the Old South. In 1862, when General Grant entered Holly Springs, which from 1861 to 1865 was alternately in the hands of the Federal forces and the Confederates, he arranged to make his private residence in one of the beautiful homes in that little city of north Mississippi, He might have occupied the house by force of arms; but instead of doing so, says a writer in the Memphis Commercial Appeal, he wrote a courteous note to Mrs. Pugh Goran, who had the place in harge, asking the favor of board for imself, Mrs. Grant, several of their children, and a large military family, thuhd question, their suspicions ab which included officers of his staff and

but while he was absent on a brief visit, Gen. Earl Van Dorn made a raid into Holly Springs, destroying commissary, ordinance and quartermaster's stores, and other army supplies concentrated there, and thus defeated temporarily the purpose of the Federal commander, army through Mississippi had Vicks-

burg as its objective point. Failing to find General Grant's official headquarters, General Van Dorn and some of his followers dashed down to Grant's private quarters, intending to search his apartments. The Confederates entered the house and mounted the stairway, but at the head of the stairs Mrs. Goran, who was a beautiful Southern woman of the finest type, met

them. "General," she gently said, "I entreat you not to enter Mrs. Grant's bedroom. Such an intrusion would do for vandals, but not for Southern soldiers," "Madam," returned Van Dorn, "it

would be a courtesy and not the usual practice of war to leave the ro ms unsearched. However, we will not enter, | year .- Celia Thaxter.

as it is possible," with a twinkle in his eyes, "that the documents are not there."

Promptly turning, with his troopers at his heels, Van Dorn clattered down the stairway and left the premises. Twenty-four hours later Grant returned, and heard of the Confederates' call. Knowing what an uncompromising Southerner Mrs. Goran was, he said to

"Mrs. Goran, I owe you a debt of gratitude, for you have unconsciously done me a great service. You have saved my campaign papers. All the documents General Van Dorn wished were in the drawer of my wife's dresser."

Mrs. Goran's womanly impulse, which prompted her to shield the wife of a generous foe, and Van Dorn's chivalrous deference to her wishes, had injured the cause for which they were willing to give their lives; but both acts were typical of the high-bred

courtesy of the South of that day. It is pleasant to add that General Grant paid his "debt of gratitude" in the coin of kindness. When he left Holly Springs he gave Mrs. Goran protection papers, which are still in possession of her eldest son. Several times thereafter the house was fired by Union soldiers, but the fire was quickly extinguished when Grant's orders were exhibited.

The Tattered Flag. In the sun-bright dust of the street below Glittered the bayonets all a-row. And the muffled tread of a thousand feet Deepened the roll of the war-drum's beat, And the gray old sergeant roused to hear, were picketed. A little later, when With his hollowed palm to his deafened

> While the fife shrilled loud and the drums kept time To the nation's heart beats hid in rhyme.

> He lifted himself from his old armchair And gazed on the regiment marching

In a glory of scarlet, and blue, and gold. And high overhead, like a torn-out fold Of Liberty's robe, with its glimmering

stars-Heaven's glorious blue on a field of

Mars-The old flag fluttered, half shot away In the storm and stress of that judgment

When through blood-dyed stream, by threatening crag, The Old Line Regiment carried the flag.

The veteran looked; and his face turned With the spectre light of a bygone day. He fingered his old gun's rusty lock, He felt the thrill of the battle's shock. And he lifted his head like a startled stag As he saw the ghosts by the tattered flag. Some were withered and bent and gray,

"Comrade, comrade, where have ye been? Ye have missed the drill this many a

year"-The call rang sweet to his deafened ear, And his soul broke loose from the crippled form

Some were blithe and bonny and gay,

And their voices shrilled through the mar-

hind a stump, from which point of And he joined the soldiers who never The ghosts that march by the tattered

That had weathered a nation's years of

-Washington Times.

A Canteen of Applejack. Several old soldiers were sitting in Jefferson and he was carried off the the lobby of the Palmer House relating their war experiences, when one of them turned to George Burghardt, who order to retreat. Then I looked around, served for two years as one of the but could see only one Union soldier, escort of Gen. John A. Logan, and said,

"It ain't much of a story," he replied. where our comrades were. He said "It was in the early summer of 1862 and our regiment was on its way to treat. By this time the 'Johnnies' were Vicksburg. We had reached Champion Hill and gone into camp to the left of 'Joe' Davis' home. Along about dusk General Logan sent out a squad to scout around and see what was going on. We came upon a settler's cabin whizz over our heads we ducked at which had been deserted. Some of the boys, including myself, went inside where we found several kegs of applejack. Of course we all filled our canteens and incidentally put a little under our belts. An hour later we returned to camp and when 'taps' sounded we were feeling pretty good and rolled in. Early the next morning General Logan, who had heard about the applejack. sent for me and I was a trifle scared for fear he was going to reprimand me. When I appeared at his headquarters he was standing at the door waiting for me. As I drew up in front and saluted the general said: 'Burghardt, I want a drink of that apple-

"I felt flattered that the general should wish to drink from my canteen, so I unslung it and handed it to him. As he raised it to his lips there was a crash and the next instant it went flying over his head. A spent ball from some unknown quarter had struck it full on the side, making a big dent in it."-Chicago Record.

Light as a Healing Agent.

In view of the growing importance of the application of light as a healing principle in medical science, the medical congress which recently convened at Wiesbaden invited Professor Bie, of the onward march of whose conquering | Copenhagen, to read a paper on the subject. The lecturer explained the principle of employing light for healing purposes after excluding its chemical effects. The results obtained by this method in cases of smallpox, according to the lecturer, are such that the question is raised whether the light treatment shall not be made compulsory. Professor Bie approves the apparatus invented by Dr. Finsen, of Copenhagen, with which the latter has achieved such remarkable success in cases of lupus, but urges that no one but qualified doctors should be allowed to apply the light treatment, as disturbances are apt to occur which render it necessary to break

it off suddenly. One golden day redeems a weary