



TROUSERS PEDDLED ON THE STREETS.

that it crossed the opening of the door. He joined the ends of the string with wax and stamped this with his private seal, so that it was impossible to open the lock without cutting the string or breaking the seal. Then there was another taking off of hats on all sides, all crossed themselves again and muttered prayers, and all shook hands and went away to their homes.

This ceremony was observed before almost all the stores of this vast bazaar. Not a clerk left before the shutters were up and employers and clerks departed together. Indeed, I saw but one man who did not seal his store with wax. He was a pious-looking fellow and apparently contented himself with saying an extra prayer over the fastenings. As I watched him I said to my son Jack, who was with me: "There, my boy, is a man whom you would do well to imitate. He believes in prayer and he trusts the Lord to take care of his goods."

"Yes," said Jack, "I see he does, but I also notice that he is mighty careful to lock his store with three separate keys before he gives the Lord a chance."

Great Statesman's Life

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once about times being hard in my business. He laughed in his cheery way and said:

"Hard times don't matter much, Johnson, when a man has a good wife like yours and mine. You may hardly credit it, but I was hard up myself when I was a young man, just after my marriage. I only had a small allowance as a younger son, and had to eke it out by writing articles for the newspapers and reviews. But we were never worried by our shortness of money. It depends on a man's wife whether poverty is irksome or not."

"I remember once," the old villager went on, "a young girl here was jilted by her lover after they had gone together for years. Lady Salisbury, who liked the girl, was much upset, and told her husband about it. His lordship went straight to the young man and told him he had done wrong and ought to marry the girl. The young fellow said he'd like to, but he was only earning 12 shillings a week and couldn't support a family. His lordship got him a good job that very day, and they were married before the week was out. They are as happy now as any husband and wife could be, and you may be sure that woman doesn't forget Lord Salisbury when she says her prayers."

"That's only an example, sir, of what his lordship has done for the people hereabouts. If a girl gets married she is always sure of a wedding present from his lordship; and the old people know that he won't let them end their days in the workhouse if he can help it. He's a rich man, but the amount of money he gives away in charity here must make a big hole even in an income like his."

"But that's not the only way he helps the people. If he sees a man doing a job clumsily he will stop and show him how to do it proper. He's a rare handy man with tools. I've seen him patch up a fence as well as I could do it myself, and I'm a carpenter by trade."

This character given to Lord Salisbury as a "handy man" was corroborated by a visit to Hatfield House. Every room in the mansion bears evidence to the old nobleman's fondness for pottering about with tools and his remarkable ingenuity in using them. Hatfield House differs widely from the average English country seat in being as well equipped with modern conveniences as a good American hotel.

Lord Salisbury is a conservative in politics, and still more conservative in social matters, but he is thoroughly progressive and up-to-date in his private life. He has designed and fitted up several "dumb waiters" and electrical conveniences to lessen the work of his servants.

He was the first nobleman in England to have electric lights at his country house.

Indeed, Jack is surprised at the praying. He says it keeps the Russians busy crossing themselves before all the shrines and churches. They do this as they go along the streets, no matter what their class or condition. The military officer and the noble, the peasant and the droshky driver never passes a church without lifting his hat and saying a prayer. We see men kneeling on the steps before the closed doors of the churches, and within them they may be always found bowing their heads to the stone floors in their devotions. Any one who imagines the Greek church is dead should come to Russia. These people are not ashamed of their religion, and they practice it more openly than we do ours.

I am surprised at the backward methods of Russian business. Our American invaders should come here and study the situation. They will find many things the same as in the middle ages. There are open-air markets, where all sorts of things are sold, and peddlers go through the streets with every kind of ware, even the caps, trousers and boots. A man will have

half a dozen pairs of pants on his back, and sell them as he goes. Of course there is no trying on. The police would not permit that, but as nine-tenths of the Russians wear their trousers in their boots, the fit is more a waist measure than anything else. The shoe peddler carries his wares from house to house, and the itinerant shoemaker may be found in every other street half-sooling boots while the customers wait.

At present most American goods pay an extra duty because the United States discriminates against Russian sugar. The discrimination came from the influence of our sugar trust; but it would have paid us better to have admitted Russian sugar free than to have our trade hampered by the present restrictions. All customs matters here are in the hands of the finance minister, and when we put our duty on sugar he at once puts duties on almost all American imports. We still sell plenty of machinery, because the American machinery is better than any other, but many of our goods are kept out.

When a man has done his work, and those whom he loves pass one by one behind the veil," said the aged statesman, "there is nothing better for him than to die as our friend has died, full of years and leaving behind him a memory fragrant with good deeds. He should be able to say in the words of an obscure but beautiful modern poet:

"When my last hour grows dark for me,
I shall not fear
Death's dreaded face to see,
Death's voice to hear.
"I shall not fear the night
"I shall not fear the night
When day is done;
My life was loyal to the light,
And served the sun."

The people of Hatfield say that it was a beautiful sight to see Lord and Lady



RUSSIANS WHO MAY

BE OUR CUSTOMERS.

I chatted with Mr. Hernando De Sota, our vice consul general here, as to this tariff. During the talk he told me how he had been forced to pay \$17.50 for bringing an old American bicycle into Russia.

"I was," said he, "connected with the consulate at Dresden, and was ordered to St. Petersburg. I had a letter from the Russian ambassador at Berlin asking the frontier customs officers to treat me leniently, and also papers showing that I was connected with the United States government. Nevertheless, when the customs officers saw my bicycle they said it was classed as machinery and that I must pay a duty of eighteen roubles, or \$9. 'But,' said I, 'this is my personal property. You can see that it is an old machine, for I have ridden it 4,000 miles. I bought it in America some years ago.'

"Ah," was the reply, 'American, is it? We have a new rule as to American machinery, and will have to charge you almost double the duty. According to that the tariff is thirty-five roubles.' This amounted to \$17.50, and that amount I paid." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Salisbury together, the wife so proud of her distinguished husband, the husband so tender and courteous to his still beautiful wife. They were lovers to the end.

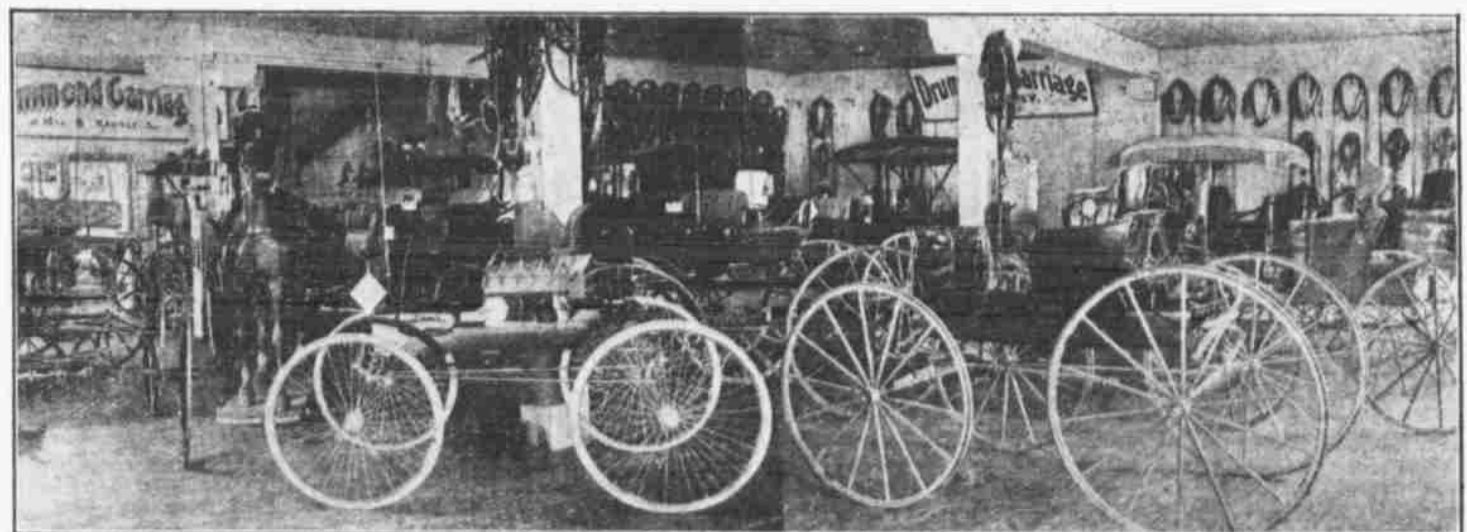
It was Lady Salisbury who taught her husband to take an interest in the people of the village and help them in all their small affairs. After her death, he ceased for a time to do this. He gave money as before, but he was not to be seen in the village talking with the old people and patting the children on the head. Such time as he could spare from the affairs of state was spent in his laboratory, studying experimental physics. But since his retirement from politics, he has returned to all his old philanthropic work.

A pleasure the whole summer long

It goes without saying that a runabout, surrey or buggy is built right to start with. We could not afford to let it leave our shop if we did not know it to be built right in every detail. This picture, however, will give you only a slight idea of the variety we carry. But to appreciate the style, the grace and beauty of a Drummond vehicle you must see it. To know the pleasure and comfort you must ride in one of these; more, too, Drummond gives you the full measure of value in his price.

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