

SHOWED DESIRED QUALITY

Young Man Obtained the Position Because He Was More Persistent Than Twenty Others.

It is the little things that portray the boy, or the man, and it is these trifling little things for which the employer is constantly on the alert.

There was once an employer advertising for a bright young man. Some twenty men responded and answered his perfunctory question as to their experience and ideas of work.

In turn he took their addresses, but without coming to any choice. The young man next in line answered his questions no differently from the others, gave his address and had reached the door when he paused, and quickly returned.

"I want this job, if it hasn't been filled yet," he said, earnestly. "I have twenty other names here," replied the employer.

"That may be true, but I want you to give me first chance."

"Why?"

"Because I have made up my mind to go into this business, and I know I can succeed in it."

"Very well, it is yours on trial."

In this case of the young man who got his job, it was simply his much to be desired quality of persistence that won him instant favor with the employer.

OLD CUSTOM IS ABANDONED

Last Great Campaign in Which the Colors Were Carried into Action Was Franco-German War.

It is reported that King Alfonso recently decorated the colors of a regiment on its return from the Riff campaign with the order of St. Ferdinand.

This seems to mean that the colors were actually carried into action, though it is a very unusual thing in modern warfare, for now-a-days to ask a man to make himself so plain a target for the enemy is like asking him to commit suicide.

The last great campaign in which colors were carried into action was the Franco-German war, in which many banner-bearers covered themselves with glory.

Several German regiments received as a mark of distinction the right to substitute the Iron Cross for the usual spike at the top of the staff. Many of the staves have silver rings round them, on which are engraved the names of the bearers who fell.

At the massacre of Isandlwana, in Zululand, two subalterns of the South Wales Borderers, Melville and Coghill by name, fell in an heroic struggle to save the regimental colors.

In commemoration of their valor the Queen ordered that the colors of the regiment should be decorated with a silver wreath.

Supply of Pulp Wood.

Just what quantity of pulp wood is now on hand in this province is difficult to state, as the estimates vary all the way from 300,000 to 1,000,000 cords.

From a personal examination along the various railway lines it seems certain that south of the St. Lawrence there are at this time no less than 100,000 cords stacked up at or near the several railway stations.

There may be 50,000 cords more at remote places. In the territory to the north of the river there are at least 100,000 additional cords, making a total of 300,000 and possibly much more, exclusive of the supply at the pulp mills required in making their pulp.

This wood supply is not controlled by a few large dealers, but is in many different hands in amounts varying from a few hundred to many thousands of cords.

A Lively Cause.

Some time ago a representative of the gas company decided that the gas meter of a certain business house in Washington Court House, Ohio, was not working properly.

In other words, the company was of the opinion that it was furnishing more gas than it was getting paid for, so it decided to examine the meter.

AMERICA TO GET CLOISTER

Beautiful Structure of the Cordeliers at Charlevoix is to Be Lost by France.

To many travelers the most beautiful things seen in Europe are the cloisters of churches and monasteries, perhaps for the very reason that the cloister is so opposed to the spirit of modern America.

No one who has seen them can forget the beauties of Montreale or San Paolo tuore le Mura. If rumor is true, one of the most beautiful cloisters in France is coming to America; the name of the millionaire in question is still a secret, but the French papers are sure it must be an American.

Who else could have at the same time the money and the willingness to spend it on mere artistic beauty? At Charlevoix, in the region of the Loire, stands—or stood—the cloister of the Cordeliers, a superb specimen of gothic art as elaborated in the fantasies of the 14th and 15th centuries.

Every column is ornate, every capital bears ornamentation in the form of grotesque heads; garlands trail over the arches, with vines, palms and acanthus; hardly an inch of stone but bears some decoration. Already most of this architectural gem has been taken down, each piece carefully numbered in preparation for its erection in this country.

It is made the text of sermons in the French press, and the demand is made that France immediately pass laws to prevent the sale or destruction of buildings whose historical associations of architectural merit make them to a certain extent the property of the nation.

CHANCE VISIT WON A CASE

Lawyer Recognized an Ex-Convict in One Witness and Records of Others Were Exposed.

The chance visit of a lawyer to a courtroom resulted in serious embarrassment to the defense of the Central Park, North & East River Railway Company in a damage suit in the New York supreme court recently.

Ralph Gillette, the lawyer, recognized in a witness for the defense, Thomas Seamon, a former client, who was an ex-convict. He listened to Seamon's story and became convinced he was lying.

Gillette stepped to the counsel table and informed the attorney for Louie Frisch, the plaintiff. Seamon was questioned about his criminal record. "You were convicted of burglary, weren't you?" he was asked. When Seamon recognized Gillette, he stammered an affirmative answer.

Frisch's lawyers went up to police headquarters when court adjourned and looked up the records of three other star witnesses for the railway company, a horse car line.

He found that two of the others were ex-convicts. All four had testified they were members of the Amazon club and were out porting bills for their annual ball when they saw Frisch injured by a bale of hay belonging to the railway, but declared Frisch was stealing a ride when injured.

The jury gave Frisch a verdict of \$2,300.—New York Times.

A Saving Clause.

Justice McKenna and Justice Lorton of the supreme court of the United States were riding home from the capitol when Senator McCumber of North Dakota joined them. They gave him a place in the car between them, and the conversation turned to the tariff.

Senator McCumber believes that the tariff should be revised upon the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad. With a fair profit added.

"Senator," said Justice McKenna, seriously, "I have been spending the summer in the country. What is the cost of production of an egg?"

Senator McCumber is a standpat statesman, especially on farm products. He thought a moment.

"That, Mr. Justice," he answered, gravely, "depends, I should say, upon the wear and tear on the hen."

Gander in Place of Dog.

Ganders may take the place of dogs as pets and protectors in Weld county if others can be found as wise and helpful as the gander owned by Harry Wells of Gill. It takes its place on the wagon seat with its owner whenever he goes to town and remains there until home again.

BETRAYED BY A BABY'S CRY

Eavesdropping Woman on the Party Telephone Line Got a "Hot Shot" From Her Neighbor.

The telephone, be it affirmed unambiguously, is a great institution. It becomes a greater institution when the wires are crossed and a man's wife hears him talking to "that blonded old cat." The possibilities of the telephone become more complicated when a party line is used.

With these choice bits of information, the story in point can now proceed. Mrs. Blank has a party line. She and Mrs. Dash were talking and their conversation was not intended for other ears. There was nothing compromising, it may be parenthetically said, but as women on rare occasions do, they were gossiping about other women.

In the midst of the conversation the cry of a baby was conveyed simultaneously to the ears of Mrs. Blank and Mrs. Dash. "Why, I didn't know you have a baby," exclaimed Mrs. Blank. "And I didn't know you have one," said Mrs. Dash.

"I haven't."

"Neither have I."

"I see!" said Mrs. Blank, as a great light dawned. "Mrs. Skeezwee is on the same line I have, and she has a baby. But I'm sure she is not low down enough to eavesdrop."

The soft clink of a telephone receiver being hung up if with great care was heard.

"I know that noisy old hag has been listening to us," appended Mrs. Blank, "but I guess that shot will hold her for a while."—Louisville Times.

"PERPETUAL MOTION" DYING

Formerly the Smooth Man With That Idea Could Get a Hearing, but His Time Has Passed.

What has become of perpetual motion? That is a question heard frequently, and seldom is there a reply. There was a time when a glib-tongued man with a perpetual motion idea could get respectful hearing in scientific and financial circles, and, if he were plausible enough, obtain financial backing.

Keely, the motor man, lived in affluence for years on a perpetual motion idea attractively presented to men and women who had both money and an overstock of credulity. Nowadays, however, the man with the perpetual motion idea is at a discount, and little is heard of him.

Many persons who have studied the efforts of shrewd men to get into the pockets of the rich by using perpetual motion schemes as the golden key wonder that Keely should have met with such success at such a late day. As early as 1775 the Parisian Academy of Sciences refused to give any further schemes for perpetual motion, regarding it as an impossibility.

It was admitted then that there had been a time when the perpetual motion problem was worthy the attention of philosophers and men of inventive genius, just as there was a time when it was an open question whether the earth was round or flat.

Let the Fairies Alone!

Another good but misguided woman has undertaken a campaign for the abolition of "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland" and fairy stories of all kinds. She declares that these stories are lies and ought not to be tolerated. In her opinion Mother Goose is worse than a witch, and as for Lewis Carroll—well, this "Mrs. Gradgrind," of Boston, would have him hanged on the highest hill. Ah, but it would be a sad old world if all the men and women in it were Gradgrinds, if all the dear delightful tales that have to do with fairies and imps and elves and hamadryads were to be destroyed.

The world is said enough as it is, but it would be infinitely sadder and broader if children did not believe in Fairy Fine-Ear and mothers and fathers did not yield allegiance to the Dame of Dreams.—Rochester Post Express.

Why They Made Her Mayor.

Oldham, in England, is the first of the old towns to elect a woman at the head of municipal affairs. Mrs. Charles E. Lees, having been elected mayor. She opened playgrounds, gave eleven acres to the Sunday school and another large estate for a pleasure resort. She is president of the National Union of Women Workers, and it was she who formed the society to make Oldham a beautiful as well as historic town. She was some time ago given the freedom of the city, and it was with joy that the citizens found that she could serve them in the chief civic office.

Vagaries of the Human Heart.

There is something at once so uniform, and yet so compounded in the human heart! One simple habit, or desire, may display itself in such a variety of forms and directions; produce so many opposite phenomena; and disguise itself under so many characters; while so many dissimilar actions and characters may spring out of the same bias of mind, even when the being who is subject to it suspects nothing of such connection between them.—Schiller.

GOT HOME WITH THE STUFF

Collector Loeb's Story of How the Wiltshire Smugglers Fooled the Police and Earned Nickname.

William Loeb, Jr., New York's efficient collector of customs, was discussing smuggling. "Though it is wicked to smuggle," said Mr. Loeb, "it is always somehow laughable. It is especially laughable when a smuggler gets 'stung.' Even when a customs officers gets 'stung.'"

"In the English county of Wiltshire," he continued, "the natives are called 'moon rakers.' There's a Wiltshire story over a century old, about some rustics who were found one night raking away in a pond at the reflection of the moon, which they took for a cheese.

"That's a very good story, a very funny bit on the men of Wiltshire; but ask a Wiltshire man about it, and with a contented chuckle he will say: 'Oh, yes, people tell us how they give the name of 'moon rakers' to us Wiltshire people because a parcel of stoppids one night tried to rake the shadow of the moon out of the brook, takin' it for a thin cheese. But that's the wrong end of the story. It's altogether the wrong end. Them chaps as was doin' this was smugglers, and they was fishin' up some kegs of brandy, and only pretended to rake out a cheese. The policeman as axed 'em what they was about had a good laugh at 'em; but, by Harry! they had a better laugh at him when they got home with the stuff.'"

REMAINED WHERE HE WAS

How General T. J. Jackson Literally Obeyed the Order That Was Given by General Smith.

The boy who stood on the burning deck is not the only individual who has literally followed out a command. The case mentioned by Gen. Dabney H. Maury in his "Incidents of Gen. T. J. Jackson," however, was not so fatal as the Casablanca event.

When the civil war broke out Jackson was the professor of mathematics at the military college of the south. He wished strongly to take command of a cadet corps, but the heads of the institution were desirous to have him continue his teaching.

Gov. Wise called out the state troops and ordered that a corps of cadets be held ready for immediate service. Jackson, then major, reported at once at the guard room as ready for duty. Gen. Smith said: "Major, Jackson you will remain as you are until further orders."

Jackson at that moment was sitting on a camp stool in the guard-room, with his saber across his knees. At reveille the next morning he was found in the same position.

"Why, major, why are you here?" exclaimed Gen. Smith. "Because last night you ordered me to remain where I was," was the reply.

Probable Duration of Life.

A. H. Stewart, Lawton, Del., says that recent discoveries in science place the responsibility of prolonging life upon the individual and the community. All growth begins in the cell, and the rate of growth is most rapid when the tissues are at their least density, early in life. Continued denutrition leads to permanent physical degeneration. The final achievement of the body is more affected by deficient nutrition late than early in life. Life lasts as long as an adjustment can be maintained between internal and external relations. Mortality depends on the hygienic state of the community. Life is at present lengthening in Europe at the rate of 17 years a century. So it is probably to a less degree in America. If medicine and sanitary science go on improving at the present rate life will be materially increased in length by the end of the present century.—Medical Record.

A Woman's Rule.

Mme. Bernhardt, at a supper in New York, smiled sympathetically over the story of a young actor who had applied vainly for the post of secretary to a rich widow.

"He failed, I understand," said Mme. Bernhardt, "because he didn't wear the best clothes. Now a young girl, applying for a secretaryship to an elderly millionaire, would never make such a mistake as that.

"I believe, do you know, that the one great difference between men and women is this: 'When an important step is to be taken a man asks, 'What shall I say?'—a woman, 'What shall I put on?'"

Very Taking Platform.

Governor Dix, at a dinner in the Hotel Manhattan in New York, said of politics: "Sneering at politics, the Goncourts once said that no party could ever lose office if it gave the people free fireworks every night and free vaudeville every day.

"But I heard of a candidate in the south who went the Goncourts one better. 'Fellow citizens,' he shouted from the stump, 'my platform is just this: First, no pay for any elected candidate. Second, pensions for all voters.'"

His Bent.

"Here's a young amateur astronomer has applied for a position on the staff. 'I wonder what he wants?' 'I suppose he aims to be a star reporter.'"

FRIENDS PLENTY IN YOUTH

But Love and Trust, Often Betrayed, Are Not So Easy for One Who Has Reached Manhood.

In youth our friends are many. Each child, thank God, is born into the world with one friend ready made, complete and perfect; his own mother. For the mother there may be regrets and insights, doubts and hesitations, but at any rate there is never a lack of understanding, for she, of all, knows the very stuff of which we are made—our strength and our weakness, our endurance and our failures.

This, at least, is one of the heartening facts of life—that the child need never forego some friendships. It makes slight claims. It asks only some one to share its activities and its interests; its love of sliding and of skating, hay-raking and paddling. Provided another revel in the same things as we do, behold! Here for childhood is a friend ready made! And for a moment the solitude of the pilgrim's soul upon its long way is dispelled.

Youth, too, forms ties lightly from out the very exuberance of its living. It leaves as readily as it breathes; it idealizes and finds it difficult to recognize any bleak fact in human nature. If the friends seem for the moment to fall, youth has an unexhausted fund of hope that remembers this one as the only failure, or remembers that back of the failure lies all the material of future success.

But manhood is more difficult. Love and trust, often betrayed, are not easy for one full grown and far along the path of life. That friendship is best which is old and which, like wine, has stood the test of time. Friendships born in obscurity and misfortune are harder and more lasting than those born in ease. Like human characters they grow strong on the very obstacles that test them; they are firmer, more strongly welded, as they overcome and still endure—Harper's Weekly.

WAS LAW UNTO HIS PATIENTS

Paris Doctor Won Strange Bets Through Their Obedience to His Extraordinary Prescriptions.

One of the most successful physicians, at least in his hold on his patients, was David Gruby, who died in Paris in 1898. He was a Hungarian by birth, but had lived many years in the French capital.

His methods of treatment, while entirely logical in principle, were often highly original, not to say fantastic, in the form they took, yet it was to them in a great measure that he owed his remarkable vogue among the most intelligent classes of Paris.

His influence over his patients was such, says a writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, that he was able as the result of a wager to induce some of the best known Parisians to walk up and down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees during a whole forenoon.

In accordance with his prescription each of these patients—lawyers, engineers, writers, dramatists, gentlemen of leisure—was to swallow a prune every ten meters while walking along the avenue and this was carried out to the letter and with the utmost seriousness, to the amazement of the fellow practitioners whom Gruby had invited to witness this singular therapeutic procedure.

One of his most distinguished patients, Alexandre Dumas, was said to have obtained great benefit from a green apple which he was instructed to eat every day under the Arc-de-Triomphe de l'Etoile after a walk of a given length.

The Spider Cure.

The request for a "nut to put a spider in to cure a baby's whooping cough" which has just started a Somerset (Eng.) shopkeeper recalls the spider "cures" of the past. There was, and indeed is, for instance, that Irish belief in the web as a remedy for cuts, warts and bruises and that superstition of the eastern counties which credited it with power to cure fevers. The weaver of the web, too, was looked upon as a doctor of medicine.

A note from an ancient Notes and Queries gives the illustration: "One of my parishioners suffering from ague," wrote a Somerset vicar, "was advised to catch a large spider and shut him up in a box. As he pines away the disease is supposed to wear itself out." A similar belief prevailed in the south of Ireland, but there treacle had to be substituted for the box as coffin for the ague healer.

Story That Got Near-Sighted Man.

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale; but," said the near-sighted man, "I fell impulsively for a story new to me this morning.

"Boss," said this man as he looked at me, "I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together money enough to buy another pair."

"You know if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself, and on that story I gave up without another thought."

The Finish.

"Isn't your new gown finished yet?" "Oh, gracious, no! the dressmaker's work on it was only completed last Saturday."

ELECTRIC FOG HORNS USED

Pressure on a Button Replaces All the Old-Time Hooting with Voice or Working Bellows.

The time honored fog horn and still the one in most common use on myriads of smaller boats is of the sort that you raise to your lips and blow. Tolerably hard work blowing a fog horn.

Bigger fog horns for larger boats are set in a box, the box containing a bellows by which the horn is blown. Attached to the bellows is an outside lever by means of which the bellows is operated by hand. A lot of noise this fog horn makes, to be heard for a considerable distance.

There are now made, used on many power boats and yachts, electric fog horns the operating of which calls for the exercise of neither lung nor hand power. In these horns there is attached, enclosed at the smaller end, a metallic diaphragm to which is connected an electric coil which, when electricity is turned into it, vibrates the diaphragm and sounds the horn. Electricity is supplied from a storage battery or from current generated on the boat if it is electrically equipped. To blow an electric fog horn you simply press a button.

GAVE LESSON IN PATIENCE

Wise Man's Lecture to Wife Was Interrupted by Spilling of Milk on His Trousers.

"Patience, my dear, patience," remarked Noey-Tall, blandly, to his wife at breakfast the other morning when she spoke rather abruptly to one of the children for dropping his bread and butter face downwards on the table cloth. "Accidents will happen, and we were children ourselves once. I'm sure that Jimmy didn't mean to—Great Jerusalem! There goes Harold's glass of milk all over my new trousers."

"This is the limit. Get a cloth, woman, can't you, and swab up this mess! It beats comprehension that a man can't sit down at his own table without being tormented and beggared as I am every time I try to eat a meal under my own roof. You've got the manners of a hog—the lot of you! Look at these trousers—absolutely ruined. Wait till I get hold of that cub. Just let me get my hands on him, and I'll teach him to deliberately hurl a glass of milk over a \$7 pair of trousers. Don't tell me he didn't mean to do it. He came to this table with the deliberate intention of doing it, and I'll—I'll—"

The Stenographer's Limit. James Ford Rhodes, the history historian, was talking about history. "Accuracy," he said, "is the sine qua non of historical writing. It is, indeed, the sine qua non of all social intercourse. If we are inaccurate we are sure to be tripped up."

"I knew an old-fashioned and aristocratic banker who is inaccurate in his pronunciation. He says 'oblected' for 'collected,' 'thankee' for 'thank you' and so forth. That is the way bucks used to talk, you know in Georgian times.

"Well, the banker invited his stenographer, a clever young woman, to lunch at his residence in Beacon street with his wife and himself one day, and during the course of turkey he called the guest's attention to the celery—or 'salary,' as he called it.

"What do you think of my salary, miss?" he said.

"Fine," the young girl answered. "I think it's fine."

"Yes, isn't it?" said the banker, proudly. "I raise it myself."

"Do you," she returned, with a laugh. "I wish you'd raise mine, then."

At a Psychic Dinner.

"Have you been to a psychic dinner yet?" asked a pretty girl at a studio tea. "No? Then you have missed the latest development of an idea adopted by those who always keep up to the very last scream in metropolitan life. It seems that real food is served, just as at an ordinary dinner, and one has to pay for it in real money, but everything has a psychic, soulful atmosphere. At one held recently a woman, presumably happily married, told of having met in her travels one of her past husbands—that is, a man to whom she is sure she was married in some previous existence. Isn't it a wonder what people can do when they try?"

Hamilton's Midnight Oil.

Men who serve their countries faithfully have, in many instances, been forced thereby to neglect their own and their families' interests; or, at least, their energies are severely overtaxed. Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, in his biography of his grandfather, Alexander Hamilton, gives a celebrated Frenchman's observation.

His studious tastes and habits drew forth the famous comment of Talleyrand, who one night passed Hamilton's window and found him at work. He wrote later: "I have seen a man who made the fortune of a nation laboring all night to support his family."—Youth's Companion.

Unhealthy.

For near a thousand years Rome sat on her seven hills. Then she began to decline.