

Deaver & Gephart

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Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth of these statements.

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Rules for a Happy Life.

Wander not from a happy liver. Happy and studious to enhance the glory of the great life-giver. Lunch not thy best to drift at chance. Where strong floods roll and wild waves dance.

On life's broad-river, live as a man and not as a traitor. To man to live divorced from reason: Prove your ground and know your game. And play your task with stout endeavor. Nor court praise, nor fear blame. Know your own worth and know not less your neighbor's weight and worthiness: And where he works well let him do the work that might be spoiled by you. Make a good friend where'er you can; Not wise is he who hath no eyes. To know how fools may help the wise; With loving deeds bind man to man. But never shrink with blinking eyes From what they only learn who try; And though you stand alone, in sight Of God be bold to hold the right. March bravely on and if you stumble Never groan and never tremble; Rise again with wise forgetting: Vainly were we saved by forgetting. Watch your chance and know your hour And let the moment feel your power; Shape your path and keep your road. But God's time comes with high command. That claims the service of your hand. Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge. Oft sought in vain at school and college: Split the rock and turn the soil. With busy hands cast honest seed. Stoutly uproot each harmful weed And let the seasons wait on God!

HALF A LOAF.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread, Charlie." Little Mabel Castleton said this wistfully, her eyes, as she spoke, wandering to the cradle, where two curly heads were lying.

"But when one has had the whole loaf, May, one does not exactly relish the half rations you mention," said Charlie, moodily. But his eyes followed his wife's to the cosy nest of the twin babies.

"It is a bad time of the year to be out of a situation," said Mabel, after a long silence, "and many whom we know are idle. It would not be very easy to find employment now."

"You really think I had better remain with Mr. Millin?"

"I do. Tell me what Mr. Millin said to you."

"The substance of what he said was simply this: Business is so very dull that he is obliged to curtail his expenses, and he must discharge some of his clerks. I have been with him ten years, and he was pleased to say that I am very useful to him, and he is very unwilling to part with me. But he can give me but half my present salary though he promises to raise it when business prospects brighten. I don't know what to do. We are none too rich at my present salary."

"Yet you have saved something each month. Beside, dear, we have not tried to be economical. There are many ways in which I could save."

"And make a perfect slave of yourself."

"Not a bit of it. I have plenty of leisure time, now that May and Bella can amuse each other. Come, Charlie accept Mr. Millin's offer. You may hear of something better, even if you remain there; but don't throw yourself out of a situation in the dead of winter, for my sake and the children's."

The last argument conquered. Charlie knew too well that it would be useless to look for a new situation, for the whole town was echoing Mr. Millin's cry of hard times. The small nest egg in the bank would soon melt away when it became the sole support of four and so, kissing Mabel, he promised to follow her advice. But it cost her pride a very sore wrench.

He had entered the employment of his present employer at seventeen, and slowly, steadily gaining favor by dint of faithfully performing every duty, he had won his way to the desk of head clerk. Not until he had acquired this position and the handsome salary accompanying it would he ask Mabel to become his wife, furnishing a pretty cottage home from his savings, and giving her a thoroughly comfortable income for household expenses. He was not extravagant, but it pleased him to see his wife well-dressed, to give her an efficient servant, to have his twin girls ever presentable, his table well appointed. All this had been easy enough upon his salary, and there had been something added for three years to the little bank fund.

But to do this upon half the present income was simply impossible. House rent must be paid, and the sum remaining each month would have to be carefully calculated to meet all the expenses, leaving but little for pleasure or extravagance in dress.

"Then what would Will say?" Will Castleton was Charlie's cousin, who had been his life long companion. Together they had left the schoolroom for a business position. Will entering the grain store of Harvey & Russell at the same time Charlie had taken the place in Mr. Millin's dry goods store. Shoulder to shoulder the young men had worked their way till this financial crisis had brought all business men into temporary difficulties of greater or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest indignation at the proposal made his

cousin, strongly advising him to throw up his situation and "see how old Millin would get along without him." And Charlie before seeing Mabel, was ready to follow his advice.

He knew that Will would think him mean to remain upon half salary, and yet Mabel was right. Half a loaf was better than no bread.

And while Charlie Castleton was thus weighing the pros and cons of his decision, Mr. Millin was listening to the counsel of his old friend and chum, the senior partner of the firm that had been Gardner & Millin, and who though he had retired years before, was still the friend and frequent advisor of his former partner.

"It is a mistake, Millin," he said. "You had better send young Castleton about his business and engage an entirely new book-keeper. You will find that half pay means half service, mark my word."

"But I might search C—from end to end and not find a clerk competent to take his place."

"Then pay him full salary."

"I cannot do it unless I reduce the number of salesmen, and then I am short-handed now. There is but one way to keep my head above water. You see Clark's failure involves me very heavily, and—"

And the worried man of business entered into explanations of his difficulties not necessary to repeat here.

He touched Charlie Castleton very deeply when entering the counting-house to announce his determination to remain in his old position to see the face of his employer brighten. And as Charlie spoke the large eyes grew brighter, and he smiled pleasantly at his said—

"Thank you, Charlie. It would have caused me serious embarrassment to lose you, and I am heartily glad that you will stay. I trust you will not long be obliged to take a small salary but circumstances compel me to economize."

"You have been a kind employer to me for ten years," replied Charlie, "and if I am really of any more value to you than another would be in my place I will not desert you."

And looking into the careworn face that trouble was marking more deeply than age, Charlie resolved to serve Mr. Millin more faithfully in his perplexities than in his more prosperous days.

It was not long before the old gentleman felt the sympathy of his young clerk and looked to him as he never did before, for advice as well as for service. He admitted him to confidential relations, explained to him the difficulties caused by the failure of other firms, some heavily indebted to the firm of Joel Millin, others upon whom he had depended for goods obtained upon credit.

Day by day as the harvest, trying winter wore away the two friends grew faster, and so far from lessening his work Charlie found himself willingly lifting some of his employer's burdens upon his own shoulders.

He gave more time to business, and he was gaining an insight into it, of which an opportunity had never been given him.

And Mabel, at home, was bravely taking her share of the diminished load with a smiling face and a cheerful heart. As far as might be she kept from Charlie a knowledge of the domestic economies, but some of them were apparent.

The woman whose competent aid demanded high wages was dismissed, and a half-grown girl was engaged to mind the babies while Mabel cooked and washed and ironed and sewed, meeting difficulties with a courageous heart. She had never been a drone in the world's hive having been a busy little dressmaker before Charlie Castleton won her heart and took her to reside over his pretty home.

But for three years of her married life she had been much petted, and there were many pleasures to be put aside, many dollars well weighed before they were spent.

It was with a heart full of pardonable triumph that the young couple at the end of the year of reduced pay found they were still out of debt and had not touched the nest egg in the bank.

"You see, Charlie, we made the half loaf go round," said Mabel, as they went carefully over the year's expense book.

"There are no crumbs," he said, with a rather weary face.

"Never mind that; it was a great deal better than idleness."

a way out of a difficulty that had not occurred to him, and even when I was with out actual use to him it was a relief to pour out his troubles to some one who was in full sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie. I never saw you so tired as you often have been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been before."

"Well, it is some comfort to know that business prospects are growing brighter. By closest economy Mr. Millin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there is a good lookout for the coming year."

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind. We will not despond yet."

"Despond! I guess not. I am going to have some of these crumbs you were speaking of next year. I have learned some valuable lessons in saving which I mean to make use of."

The second year was certainly not an easy one to Mabel. A wee baby, in addition to three-years-old twins, kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in the household work. Many articles of clothing and household keeping, too, that lasted well one year, were past service in the second, and it was not easy to replace them.

Often Mabel feared the saving for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her own heart and always had a bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home at night.

She never told him that the late breakfast that she had planned to let the babies sleep while he ate his early one, comprised none of the tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six mornings out of the seven. She never let him know that the reason she suggested his lunch down town, to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal toward the dinner, the dainty little parcel he carried never cost the price of a regular meal for them all.

She did not tell him that she was cutting up her old dresses to clothe the twin girls, and sewing busily every leisure moment to keep all the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the second year were almost gone, when she spent the last dollar of the weeks money while the week was but half gone. Charlie had given her, long before, some signed checks to meet such an emergency, but it was her pride to think that not one of them had been presented at the bank.

She took one from the desk where they had lain so long and spread it before her, calculating with puckers on her pretty face how small a sum she could stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I hate to begin," she said, half aloud; "if once we break in upon that money it will melt away like snow before the sun."

There was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew that Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a cent while he had a cent with which to pay him. So, with a great sigh, she dipped the pen in the ink to fill out the blank check. Before it touched the paper, however, she paused, listening. There was a step in the hall that was not that of the nurse or her charges, a voice ringing out full and clear, calling—

"Mabel! Where are you, May?"

"Here in my room," she answered.

"Oh, Charlie, what is it?"

For the face at the door was so radiant that all traces of care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May! And yet—perhaps I should feel sorrow, too, only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read this morning's paper?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardner?"

"No; is that Mr. Gardner who used to be Mr. Millin's partner before you went into the store?"

"Yes; he was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Millin, except a few legacies. The store will be closed till after the funeral; so we have a three days' holiday May."

"I am glad you will be able to rest."

"But that is not all. Do you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again."

"More than that. Mr. Millin took me to his house this morning and told me all his plans. He will enlarge his business, and take on his old salesmen who are willing to offer a position to Will Castleton, who has been nearly a year out of employment because he would not accept your theory of 'half a loaf' being 'better than no bread.'"

"I know. Poor Will! I am afraid

that Maria had a worse year than ours has been, Charlie."

"Nor is that all, May."

"More good news still?"

"More still. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Millin says, did me some injustice some time by supposing that I would proportion my work to the decrease in my salary. To atone for this he has left me five thousand dollars."

"Oh Charlie!"

"Hold on, little woman; he also advised Mr. Millin in their last interview, to reward me for my faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his late difficulties by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, my Charlie! I must either laugh or cry," said Mabel almost hysterically.

"Laugh, then, by all means! The new firm of Millin & Castleton must not be christened in tears, even happy ones. Hurrah! who says after this that half a loaf is no better than no bread?"

A Woman's Curse.

"If you want to hear a strange story," said a gentleman to a reporter of the Alta, yesterday, in Golden Gate Park, "engage that gray haired man in conversation and get him to tell you his story. It will repay you for your time," and he indicated a premature aged man with a sad face setting in the sun on one of the benches of the park. The reporter needed no second invitation, and was soon seated by the man with the strange history.

"I am told," said the seeker after facts, "that you have a life story strange in the extreme, and that you are not adverse to relating it."

The eyes of the man were turned on the speaker a moment, and then folding his white hands in his lap, he said: "Yes it is a story, I am a murderer and a reformed gambler; but you need not shrink so far from me, for the murder was not intentional. Ten years ago I owned the largest and most popular gambling parlors in the city of Chicago, and on Saturday nights I dealt my own faro game, in which business, of course, I made a great deal of money. Many unpleasant incidents grew out of my business, but I always excused it on the ground that men did not have to play my games any more than they were obliged to drink poison. I finally got to noticing and expecting one young man in particular, who always came when it was my night to deal. At first he played boldly; and as a consequence, lost heavily, but as he grew more familiar with the game he played carefully, and acted as though life depended on his winning, which in fact was the case, as it afterward proved. I got acquainted with him, addressed him as Brown, but knowing that that was not his true name. I think he followed the game for months, winning a little sometimes, but generally losing heavily. At last he came one night, and I saw by his flushed face that he had been drinking, although he looked apparently cool. He sat down to the table, drew out a small roll of money, and, laying it down before him, said, 'There is in that little pile my fortune, my honor and my life. I either win all or lose all, this night. Begin your game; I am ready.' Others joined in at first and played for a while, but finally withdrew from the game and watched the strange young man at my right. He played to win, but fate was against him for he lost, won and lost again, and finally after about two hours of playing, evidently in the most fearful suspense, he lost his last dollar. Leaning back in his chair, with compressed lips and face blanched to a deathly whiteness, he looked me in the eye a moment, and rising said: 'My money, honor and happiness have gone over that table, never to return. I said my life would go with them, and it shall. Tell my wife I had gone too far to return.' Before we could prevent it he put a derringer to his breast and shot himself through the heart falling upon the table that had been his ruin and death."

"His wife came, awful in the majesty of her grief, and after satisfying herself that her husband was dead, she asked: 'Where is the keeper of this dreadful place?' I was pointed out, and, striding up to me so that her finger almost touched my pallid face, she exclaimed in tones that are ringing in my ears yet: 'Oh, you soulless wretch, with heart of stone! You have lured my husband from me, sent him to perdition, widowed me and orphaned my children. You are his murderer, and may God's curse rest upon you eternally! Oh, my husband! my children!' she fell fainting on the corpse."

"I lingered for weeks in a brain fever, that curse seeming always to be the burden of my mind. On my recovery I burned the fixtures of my den and closed the place, and have devoted most of my time to travel with the hope of escap-

ing that woman's just curse, but I can't. I believe it is on me forever, and I feel that I was that man's murderer. I am rich, and my first attempt was to get the dead man's wife to accept an annuity from me, but she refused all aid and tried to support herself by her own labor. I relieved my mind to some extent, however, by setting a certain sum on her and her children, which passed through her father's hands and ostensibly comes directly from him. Her children are receiving a fine education by this means, and my will, safely locked in her father's office, bequeaths to her and her children my entire wealth, some \$100,000. My life," concluded he, "is devoted largely to visiting gambling dens, where I meet young men who are on the highway to hell, and warn them of their danger. Thanks be to God, I have succeeded in many cases in saving them; and now, young man, remember this story and let it always stand up as a white spectre between you and the gambling table. See to it that the poison does not enter your veins," and he pulled his hat over his moistened eyes and strode silently away.

Three Marvelous Shots.

A Series of Short Stories of the Sort to Make the Trigger Finger Twitch.

From Forrest and Stream.

One day I followed a doe's tracks from 11 a. m. till sunset without having obtained anything like the merest glimpse of my game. I was fast loosing hope, as but a few moments of daylight were left to me, when, on coming to the edge of a flat, covered by heavy yellow birch timber, and terminated on the further side by an abrupt bank, like that of a river, I saw the old doe standing half way up the bank, broadside to the fawn below her, its slender neck upstretched exactly in line with its mother's shoulder. At that distance (93 very long paces) the neck looked about the size of a hoe handle, but I took a quick look through the double sights and fired. The fawn went down like a stone; the doe gave one convulsive bound, nearly twenty feet, to the top of the bank, dropped dead in her tracks, and rolled back across her fawn."

My next shot, purely one of chance, I think can be classed as wonderful. I was following the tracks of a doe and fawn. Within twenty rods of where I struck the tracks I suddenly saw half the neck and the head of the fawn which was lying down, partly turned from me, placidly chewing its cud. A shot through its neck stretched it lifeless, and, with my rifle held ready for a second shot, I advanced cautiously, expecting to see the doe; but, nothing stirring, I concluded that she had got away unobserved in the thick spruce growth. So setting away my rifle, I began to dress the fawn, which proved to be a very large and fat one. In doing this I had changed my position, so that on rising I caught full sight of the doe lying dead, twenty feet away to the left, and right angles with the line of fire. Half stupefied with amazement I walked up to her, and found the warm blood still trickling from a bullet-hole in the centre of her belly, and saw that she had died in her bed without a kick. On going back to the fawn to investigate, I found that the bullet [a pointed one] about four feet beyond the neck of the fawn, had passed through a hackmatack sapling two inches through, a little to the left of the centre, tearing the left side out and cutting the tree nearly half down; then turning at a right angle, it had struck the doe as mentioned, passed directly upward between the kidneys, cutting off the big artery and burying itself in the spine. The deer was as safe from a direct shot as though the Rocky Mountains had interposed between us."

At another time, when following a big, fat doe in a feathery snow, which adhered to everything, on coming to an alder run, about eighty yards across, filled with these bushes from the size of a knitting needle to over an inch through, I caught sight of her black tail hanging down motionless. There was about one chance in a thousand of getting a bullet through, but I always took all such chances, and fired without a moment's hesitation. The tail disappeared instantaneously and, fixing my eyes on an object in range, so as to advance in a direct line, I followed the path of the bullet. Half way across I found an alder about as big as a pipe stem cut off clean; half way from there, to where the deer stood, and fully ten feet to the right of the line, I saw another alder fully an inch in diameter cut off not more than a foot above the ground and thrown three feet from its stump. "That settles it," I said to myself and started rapidly forward to take up the track again. On reaching the spot I found some black hairs lying on the snow exactly as if cut out by a bullet and within ten rods came upon my game stone dead, with a bullet exactly through the centre of its tail. To have struck the deer at