

THE FELLOW THAT'S DOING HIS BEST.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold, For the man who has fate on his side; There are cheers for the folks that are jingling the gold...

"A. C. CARMICHAEL, CASHIER."

"How was I to know that 'A' stood for 'Alice'?" "Good Lord! man, you should have known."

"But look at that fist!" and the president held up a letter. "Yet it's a masculine hand all right."

"Why, no, I saw they had a pile of money on the counter, more than this crowd can take, and I didn't want it 'long as I could get it."

"Why, no, certainly not. I couldn't go of course, and you wouldn't. It would be easy enough if Medway were decent."

"Perkins was sitting in the president's office nervously smoking cigarettes. Sheldon was walking the floor, tapping his feet."

"Perkins threw open the heavy door. Cashier Carmichael, followed by the teller and bookkeeper of the First National, carrying a basket filled with bank bills entered."

Hershelman, the hard-headed truck driver, who had been saving money all his life hastened from the deep shadow into his house, to toss in unrest and dream of bank failures.

"Better get it out. Medway and Parker were talkin' last night and they said the Farmers had a gal cashier and the bank wouldn't last a week."

"At one o'clock the truckman returned to town and was astonished to see a crowd in front of the Farmers' while a line of people wound from inside the doorway around the corner."

"But there were plenty of other people who were hurrying out with silver and gold and bills. Others eagerly moved up to fill the vacant places in front of the teller's window, while others, workmen, women, farmers from miles away, came, pale, anxious, too excited to talk, to step solemnly along as the sinuous column moved forward, praying that the money would last until they reached the window."

"Inside the Farmers', except the nervousness of some of the clerks, there was no visible excitement or change from the mechanical routine of the ordinary day. The new cashier had been at the paying teller's window much of the time, and had listened imperceptibly to the strange tales told by most of the people as their reasons why they were so anxious to get their money."

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eat. They remembered she had touched no food all day, were shocked, said so, insisted on her going first, but she replied that there was no further questioning.

"We won't need the money from Milwaukee, Mr. Perkins, and I think we will have sufficient funds before noon tomorrow to safely return Mr. Medway's loan, and get those bonds again."

"I did not intend to tell you," she said, "but I felt sure he wouldn't do it, except he was scared. So when you told me the stories of Parker and that—that truckman I had a plan."

"Oh, it was easy then," she went on, hastily. "He was scared to death. I told him now I knew, and what the people were saying—and that he really wouldn't stand much of a chance before a jury here. I said I could wait till he got the money. He never waited a minute to order the cashier to get it."

"I am not going to Paris," said Perkins to Sheldon the next morning. "I think I will stay in Pewankee and learn banking."

"The plant, which is still in the old Times building on Sanson street, west of Eighth, is in good condition and includes a battery of linotype machines, Hoe presses, stereotyping machinery, engraving plant and office fixtures, as well as a complete reference library."

"Millionaire William Connell has been declared entitled to a seat in Congress. In Congress, 'Rank,' asserts Shiras."

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Awakening of Japan.

One Man Changed Nation From Feudalism to Freedom. The Man of the Hour To-Day. An Emperor-Magician who has Made History and Lived to See the Result of His Work.

Life must seem like a dream to Matsuhito, the Emperor-Magician of Japan, the man of the hour in the far East to-day, as he looks back to the time when he came to power, says the London Mail.

It was not given to many of the great world-figures who made history and founded empires to see the result of their work fully through the centuries, through war and revolution, now suffering long oppression, now heating down its Kings, out of the long night of feudalism into the freedom which she has spread throughout the earth."

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PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, I might despair.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON. First Quarter. Lesson X. Matt. 10. 35-41 Sunday March 6, 1904.

JESUS CALMS THE STORM. To dignify that tiny sheet of water in the north of Palestine with the title of sea, and call it Sea of Galilee, seems a misnomer. It is a little pear-shaped pond, six by thirteen miles. If it is a material matter of just so many cubic feet of water, of course, the small lake does not deserve its large name."

There was nothing preternatural in the storm which broke upon the ship and its convicts. The lake lies six hundred feet below the sea-level. The streams tributary to it have out deep gullies, sudden windstorms are caused by the proximity of snow on Lebanon and the arid wastes of the desert. These hurricanes find natural vent through the 'gigantic funnels,' and instantly convert the placid lake into a boiling caldron."

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As Seen from a United States Man of War.

Alfred Terry Brislin Writes Entertainingly of Places He Has Visited While on a Cruise of Three Years in Foreign Waters.

[The letters which will appear from time to time in this column are from the pen of Alfred Terry Brislin, a Midshipman on the U. S. S. Decatur, which is now on a cruise of three years in foreign waters. The writer is a son of the late Gen. James Brislin, U. S. A. and it is apparent that he has inherited much of his talent for descriptions from his gallant father, who was a frequent contributor to the columns when he was on Indian campaigns on the frontier. The letters are really not written for publication being merely the personal correspondence which he has directed to his uncle, Col. J. L. Spangler, consequently they may be regarded as all the more sincere in their content.—Ed.]

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