AT THE MINE.

"Jove!" said the Colonel softly to him-"that makes me feel like a boy

'What?" I asked, though he had spoken to me.
"That." He pointed down the bank.

"About twenty rods from our clump of trees a gang of men were laying the rails for a new road. The gang was made up altogether of Poles, heavy, brutal fellows, with the strength and, seemingly, the minds of oxen. The Colonel was the civil engineer in charge of the road and I was his

Now the Colonel was Vermont bred, and I wondered how those dull Slavs and the arid plains of Arizona could remind him of the Green Mountains and the keen young Americans who must have climbed them

'Some of them are young," I said at a venture. The Colonel smiled and shook his head.

I had gone wide of the mark. "When I was a lad we had the iden America couldn't do things much so I studied my profession in Germany," the Colonel was willing that I should come in for one of his stories, evidently, "I was young when I graduated, awfully young, but I didn't know it, and so I took my uncommon luck in getting an appointment at once without a blink. I was second assistant on a small railroad being built from a station to a mine in Southeastern Poland,

German Poland. 'They were a hard set, those Poles! These here have caught a little American spirit already, and even Poland itself must have progressed a bit in half a century. My chief carried a dog-whip always, and lashed them like dogs too, yet they never resented it. I thought them little more than animals, strong and patient and plodding, but without loves or hates, gratitude or resent-

ment. You see I was young.
"When the work was half finished the chief was laid off from an accident. An Englishman took his place. I liked the fellow pretty well, he was young, too. It was after he came that I found out Polish peasants had feelings. They didn't get on well with him. I never discovered the reason, either; maybe it was his German, which was outrageous, even for an English-man. I've seen him bawling at the men from the top of a car till he was purple in the face, they staring at him all the while,

with hanging jaws and codfish eyes.

Well, one hot day in August the usual thing was on, Renn shouting like a pirate and the gang getting under way. One of the men dropped his pick and as he bent to get it he said something that sent the others into a roar of laughter. I couldn't understand his villianous German, but the word "Englishman" and the tone went for enough.

"Get along there lively, my man," snapped out Renn, mighty near mad.

The man put his pick down carefully as if it were a baby , lumbered upright in his heavy peasant way, and stared at Renn. I could have laughed, it was exactly like a

bull, insolent yet bovine.
"But Renn didn't feel funny. He drew kicked the fellow into the mud. The gang roared again, this time at him, instead of "A one side of his face was turning black. He

had struck against his pick. "This row had a good effect on the rest of the gang, they obeyed orders quicker after that. As for the fellow himself— Salo was his name, a queer one for a Pole -he came back in a day or so none the worse, and with no malice toward Renn. The others joked him a good deal about his defeat. He didn't care; just grinned. I rather liked the fellow, he had something more like a mind than the others.

"It must have been about six weeks after that one Saturday when we paid off the men and locked the office. It was raining and blowing great guns.

"Steiner," shouted Renn, as we started toward the town, "if this kind of thing keeps on I'll want you to go up the hill with me to see if the dam holds."

'Steiner was the third assistant, German. 'All right,'he yelled back against the wind, 'want any men?' The men were

"Well, sorr—" we both jumped. Kennelly, the gang boss, a leather-faced little old Irishman, stood on the bank beside us. "They're a paceful lookin' set o' bastes, but Oi've heard your story an' Oi'll not be turnin the fine if this storm keeps on."

"At nine the rain had ceased but the night was as dark as the pit and howling with wind. Renn was sound asleep. He had worked hard in the open all day while I'd been in the office. Although it was his his place. I looked to the look of the look of the look of his place. I looked to the look of th sou wester. Then I remembered I had left them up in the office. Cunningly I sneaked Renn's cardigan jacket—sweaters were yet to be—and his sou wester. The jacket was fiery red and the hat a strange sickly white, you could tell Renn anywhere by them.

" 'Where's Mr. Steiner?" I asked the landlord of the crazy inn where we then

'Steiner had been sent for in hot haste by some of the men to get a doctor for one of them who had hurt his foot. I looked out in the pitchy night and I didn't like my job a little bit, but the dam was across an ugly mountain stream close to our unfinished line; if it overflowed or broke, good bye to a month's work. I thought of aking one of the men, what was the use? It would only be dragging him out in the

"It was a beastly climb up that hill. I remember it yet, wind a gale, mud so thick I could bardly pull my feet out of it, and so dark not even the mine lantern could make things show up. I was dripping with sweat and dead beat when I reached

"That good old girl had held out. I crawled around the edges, took the depth of the water and decided she was all serene till another storm. I was in no kind of mind to plough down that hill yet awhile, instead I went on a few yards

further to the office to rest. "Ricketty old place as the office was it looked mighty comfortable to me when I got the door shut on the gale and the lamp lighted. The room was as cold as out-doors, and to avoid a chill in my heated state I kept on my jacket and hat-Renn's jacket and hat rather. "Superstition and such old wives' tales haven's any hold on me, but you can't laugh me out of the belief that I had a presentiment that night, the bigest kind. There was no watchman for

the mine or the office nights, I was absolutely alone on that hillside, but I'd stayed there fifty times before, sometimes till after midnight. I hadn't an enemy in Poland—or the world—and all the money was kept in a safe at the station. Just the same I began to feel as jumpy as a school girl. Every time a shutter banged or a window rattled I gave a start and looked around. Finally I got up and locked the door. I laughed when I did it, yet I felt happier as I sat down at the desk. I took out some papers and began to work. Pretty soon I grew interested in my work and

forgot to shy at noises.
"Have you ever heard you can wake a sleeping man or make a man turn in a crowd just by looking hard at him? I've seen it done. There wasn't a sound except that inferval wind, yet somehow I knew, faintly at first, then with all my mind that somebody besides myself was in that room. The idea came gradually, so I didn't start or make any sign, just raised

my eyes slowly.
"My desk had its back to the door and the two windows. In front of it was blank white walls reflecting the light from the lamp on the top of the desk. There on the vacant space, like the picture thrown by a magic lantern, was the gigantic shadow of a man. He stood a little to my left, his left hand clenched, the right rais-

ed high, holding a dagger ready to strike. "Isn't it the Red Badge of Courage fellow who says the first dead soldier he saw on the battlefield bad his eyes set in a glare of incredulous amazement. That's what I felt--no terror, no anger, just 'What the devil does this mean? "The rest was just instinct, I had no

"I dropped my eyes to my will than you.
"I dropped my eyes to my work, I laid down my pen, I took hold of the leaf to turn it. Then like lightning I leaped up, seized the arm holding the dagger, bent it back and hurled the man from me. My theory is that the lamp was in such a re-lation to him that he couldn't see his own shadow on the wall, that he was deceived by my looking down into believing I had not seen him, and that he was completely surprised at my attack. He went over like a ninepin. So did the lamp. The room became absolutely dark.

"I've been in some ugly places in my life, round Virginia about the years '62-'63, and out here in Arizona when the noble Apache was at large a little more than he is now, but I've never felt such sick terror as in that silent, black room. You see he had a knife, perhaps a pistol, I hadn't so much as a stick, nor anywhere to get one. If I struck a light he'd shoot or spring; if I even fumbled about the desk I'd give him the range by the sound. If I jumped for the door he'd be on me before I could unlock it. That thought pulled my naking his way to me now. I felt his hand on my throat already. I listened till the cords of my outstretched neck seemed to crack. I could not here a breath. Yet somewhere only a few feet away in that little, looked room another man lurked for

my life. It was horrible.
"What a man in less of a state of desperate fear than I would have done I can't say. I waited till I couldn't endure the strain a second longer, then slowly and softly I stole my hand into my trouser's pocket, stole it out again clutching a match and held it, flaring, out in front of me. There was no pluck in this, it was the act off, and with the toe of his mountain boot of a fool rather, but I had got to see my

"An instant's sight, then the dark again. once. Then I stepped behind the desk and lighted the extra lamp. My second match had shown me enough. My enemy was wedged in between the desk and the safe. One hand gripped a long, keen knife like a butober's cleaver. His head dangled forward like a pear on a broken stem, his eyes were set in a hideous blind stare, his jaw hung slack. Yet I knew him

at once. "It was Salo. Then I remembered Renn's jacket and cap—known to every man in the gang—and understood. "When I had hurled him from me he

had stuck the point of the safe, one of the oldfashioned kind as tall as a man, and had broken his neck. For the rest the small space between the safe and the desk, and the rigidity of his muscles, set as he sprung on me, had kept him upright.
"I left Poland in a week, the work was finished, and I've never had anything to do with Poles since till this crowd was

ton producing countries in the world."
"Cotton has been successfuly grown in several parts of the country, and the fact that the manufacturers of Great Britain, although preferring to supply their wants from countries under the British flag, have been dependent upon foreign pro-ducers, has aroused their interest in the success with which cotton raising has been ocompanied in Australia. The British Cotton Association recently sent agents to Queensland, where most of the cotton now is raised, to acquire knowledge of the adaptation of the soil and climate to the cultivation of the plant, and every aid was given them by the Government officials of Queensland to examine both new districts and districts where cotton has been grown. In 1892 Great Britain imported over 000,000 worth of raw cotton from foreign sources, and while only \$2,800,000 worth It would only be dragging him out in the storm; if the mine was broken I would ring the mine alarm bell which would bring all hands as much as \$142, 500,000. It is the aim of the British Cotton Growing Association to make British manufacturers less dependent on American growers and speculators, and as the soil and climate of almost all parts of Australia are well adapted to cotton growing the association sees no reason why a large supply should not be obtained in a short time from that country."

It Certainly Was.

She-See anything about that painting you admire? He-Yes, the frame.

"But the frame is not the picture?" "No, but it's about the pioture, ien't it? -Yonkers Statesman.

Nothing to Prevent it.

"Mrs. Elderly seems to be a person of advanced ideas.' Well, Why not? In these days an old woman may be a new woman and a new woman may be an old woman."—New

York Press.

Love and a Charcoal Furnace.

Mr. Robert Bridges in Colliers for May 13th, 1905, says that Mr. Edward Uf-fington Valentine, the post of "The Ship of Silence," has turned to fiction, and has in "Hecla Sandwith" written an unusual first novel. He has reproduced a vanished phase in the life of Central Pennsylvania in the neighborhood of Bellefonte. All over the State to-day, in remote regions, you come upon the ruins of the old stacks of open-hearth charcoal furnaces. Before the war they were all ablaze-each the centre of a little community of strong men -ironmasters, charcoal burners, miners, puddlers, foundrymen. These furnaces were generally the property of a single family, often the descendants of the pioneer who had taken up the original land grant. The life of these little communities was, as Mr. Valentine aptly says almost feudal -and furnishes an ideal subject for fiction. Modern scientific methods have changed all this; the Trust has taken the place of the ironmaster, and the charcoal furnace

has gone out forever.

Hecla Sandwith is the daughter of one of these feudal iron-lords, and the story has for its central motive her efforts to preserve intact the historic old furnace property which has been in her family for several generations. It is all interwoven with a love story of a rather repellant kind, but not uncharacteristic of the two stern races that were mingled in Heclathe Quakers and the Scotch-Irish.

The prevailing tone of the story is, how ever, Quaker gray. It is sombre and monotonously serious. It is a pity that the Scotch-Irish were not given more of a chance in the tale. All critics to the contrary, they could be counted upon to give Hecla and her friends a strain of humor, of rough kindliness, and a kind of hard-headed wit. Those qualities would have helped the story immensely. Even a little more of the Pennsylvania German strain would have lightened the shadows. The few touches of these people that Mr. Valen-tine has put in are bright spots in the gray

The novel is written with great refinement of style, and elaborated with the leisure and care that belong to a man with a literary conscience. It is original in conception and is deftly realized, but it is not always interesting, or even amusing.

Famous Woman Dies

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the wellknown writer and reformer, died Tuesday May 23rd, at her home in Melrose, Mass, Bronchitis and a weak heart hastened the end.

mind around to how the fellow got in, and then I grew colder still; he'd crawled up behind me without a sound, he might be she was married to Rev. D. P. Liver-Mrs. Mary Ashton Livermore was born more, a Universalist clergyman who died in In 1857 she moved to Chicago, where her husband became editor of a Uni versalist paper, Mrs. Livermore acting as associate editor. Mrs. Livermore was the first president of the Illinois woman's sufassociation. In 1899 she became editor of the Agitator, but in the following year, she returned to Boston and was editor of the Woman's Journal for two years. At the time of her death she was president of the Massachusetts Woman's Ass Mrs. Livermore was active in the anti-

slavery agitation and Washington temperance movement. During the Civil War she took a leading part in the work of the United States Sanitary Commission. In with him. Somebody hauled him up. He faced me, his back to the huge company safe. I struck another match at
in England and Scotland. She also was the course of her work on the platforn she in England and Scotland. She also was the author of many books.

A New Anaesthetic.

The London mail of recent issue is responsible for the following: "Chloro-hydrate of Dimethy lamino-benzoylpenanol." Such is the awe-inspiring title of the latest anaestheic. In order not to unduly alarm his patients, Dr. Fournean, its French discoverer, has renamed it "Stovaine."

It is injected into the spinal fluid, and within five minutes produces complete anaesthesia in the body below the point of injection. The patient, however, not lose consciousness. Its effects last for an hour and a half, and no unpleasant results have yet been observed, though it has been tried for some time in more than one Paris hospital.

English doctors are reluctant to experiment with it. "Once you have injected your 'Stovaine' into the spine,'' said a prominent F. R. C. S. yesterday, "you have no more control over it, but with gaseous anaesthetics it is possible to stop administration before the danger point is reached. As the quantity needed of any anaesthetic varies with the individual patient, the importance of this control may be easily realized.

"In addition, there is always a danger of septic poisoning in hypodermic injections, and in this form of injection—into the spinal fluid-the consequence would be most disastrons.

Origin of Memorial Day.

It was a Philadelphia woman who suggested the observance of a Decoration day. She was Mrs. Martha G. Kimball, who had been an army nurse attached to Sherman's army during the civil war. The sentimental side of the nature of this devoted woman was touched by the many nameless graves of those who had fallen in

the years of struggle and suffering that passed in the civil war.

Her idea was to decorate with flowers the graves of soldiers who had fallen in the war of the sixties, and especially the graves of the unknown dead. Her suggestion appealed to General Logan, and his famous "Order No. 11" followed.

Thus was established the observance. It appealed to the heart of the whole nation. A flood of flowers swept over the soldiers' graves of our country, and this, in some degree, brought surcease to the anguish of bereaved hearts. Up to this point it was simply Decoration day; the strewing of flowers on soldiers' graves. Then followed ceremonial services, appro-priate memorial observance which priate memorial observance changed the name of the 30th of May to changed the name of the 30th of May to Memorial day, a legal holiday. The decorations have kept pace, flags and flowers being in many instances wrought into wonderful elaborations. Yet, after all, one of the most beautiful ways of decorating is the simple strewing of loose, cut flowers on graves, just as the sacrificed soldiers of the sea are now commemorated by the the sea are now commemorated by the

strewing of flowers upon the waves. Mrs. Kimball is herself buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery. She lived at No. 4703 Kingsessing avenue, and after her death a towering flagstaff was raised there and dedicated to her memory.

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Memory of Dead Heroes

Special Correspondence of the Record. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27 .- Within the last half-dozen years great sums of money have been expended by many States of the Union in the erection of memorial monuments to their soldier dead on various historic battlefields. The work is still going on, and the Government is doing much to help, \$61,500 being given by Congress recently in one lump to pay for suitable cenotaphs in honor of regular army organi-

zations which fought at Gettysburg. The finest monuments on any of our bat-tiefields are now being put up at Vicks-burg. One of them, erected by the State of Illinois at a cost of \$200,000, is of granite and bronze. It has the form of a tem ple, nearly circular, 48 feet in diameter at the base and 58 feet high, with a sort of porch, upheld by columns. Another, by Iowa, is equally beautiful in its way, con-sisting of a half-circle of columns, with

elaborate decorations, including tablets.

At Antietam all the States that were represented by troops are erecting monuments. Not long ago Ohio dedicated 10 such memorials to her regiments in one bunch on that field. Perhaps the most interesting of them was a buge granite block, with a bronze tablet, which repre-sented in quasi-pictoral fashion a boy making coffee at a camp-fire. The boy was William McKinley, at that time seventeen years old, who, finding nothing else so useful for him to do, spent his time during the battle in preparing a great quantity of the hot and stimulating beverage, so that it might be ready for the worn out soldiers after the fight was over. It was typical of his thoughtfulness for others-a trait dominant in his character through

life. The States have spent over \$2,000,000 for regimental monuments at Gettysburg, where the work has been going on vears. In most instances where such a memorial was to be put up the State has contributed a certain amount of money and the survivors of the regiment have furnish. ed the balance.

The Chickamauga-Chattanooga Park was started with the idea of representing hoth sides impartially. Every Southern State has had a commission of its own to help in the enterprise, and Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Maryland, because they had troops fighting for both North and South, have put up monuments to both Union and confederate regiments. Twenty-eight States have spent over half a million dollars on such memorials, scattered over the historic area, which really comprises seven battlefields, and the Government has expended \$1,300,000 there, not including the cost of nine structures set up in honor of organizations of the regular army.

MANY MONUMENTS AT SHILO. Many States are now putting up monuments at Shilo, particularly Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania. The historic field is heavily wooded, and runs along the picturesque banks of the Tennessee River. On this battlefield the spot where any brigade commander fell is marked with cannon and piles of cannon balls. At Chickamauga the same purpose is accomplished by the erection in each case of a pyramid of 10 inch shells. Wherever batteries were stationed on any of the hattlefields they are represented by mounted guns, which whenever practica-ble, are the original and veritable cannon that were engaged in the fights.

With the exception of Gettysburg, all of the battlefield parks are very new, and as the monuments considered requisite as memorials to the soldier dead are put up

by patriotic survivors.

Distemper Among Horses

Distemper is a disease common to horses that as a rule, requires no treatment, as it runs out and the animal gets well in about ten days. It is recognized by swellings under the jaw and sometimes below the ear, that form abscesses containing pus, and if not lanced will in time harst them. selves. The animals should not be worked, but fed on good food, with plenty of fresh water, and if bowels are constipated a quart of raw linseed oil should be given carefully as a drench by the mouth, never by the nose, and if the kidneys are sluggish give a teaspoonful of powdered saltpeter once a day for several days .- Midland Farmer.

None Among Them Has Ever Attained Real Greatness In Poetry.

Though the quality and range of her genius were deep, generous and wide, Elizabeth Barrett Browning cannot be described, if language is to be used accurately, as occupying a place among the poets justly designated great.

In no tongue hitherto has any female writer attained to that supreme position, and were this the appropriate moment, which it is not, it would perhaps he possible to explain why no woman is likely ever to do so. Not a few female writers are in effect in the front rank of novelists. But prose-romance is one thing and poetry quite another, and there is a chasm between them; nor does the circumstance of novels being in this age more popular than poetry affect in any degree the inherent and immutable difference. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, "Auróra Leigh" notwithstanding, essentially and almost exclusively a lyrical poet. It would be easy to add almost indefinitely to illustrations of her being one of those who "learn in suffering what they teach in song," not one of the greater poets who pass through that experience but end by getting beyond it.—Alfred Austin at Unveiling of a Bust of Mrs. Browning.

Rubinstein's Charity. Rubinstein probably traveled more than any other virtuoso. In his time he made many fortunes and gave them away to the poor in Russia. During a famine which raged among the Russian peasants he journeyed to Vienna, Moscow and St. Petersburg to play for charity. The price of seats rose to unheard of figures, but every penny of the money went to the starving farmers. It is said that in the course of twenty-eight years the sum which he thus disposed of amounted to \$250,000.

Inadvertently Omitted. "Let me see." said the great man. "Did I say anything about the crux of the position?"

"I don't see anything," said the secretary, glancing over his notes. "H'm!" murmured the great man. "I meant to work that phrase off someIt Is the Greatest Moving Porce in the Business World.

One of the greatest millionaires of our country lived before he made his millions on \$8- a week and at a time when his income was \$10,000 a year. He saved all the rest of his salary for judicious investments. He had been a oor boy, accustomed to a frugal mode of life. He began his career in the city sweeping out a store for \$3.50 a week. Later he was advanced to \$7.50. The mode of living which he was obliged to adopt as a boy he considered quite good enough for later years, especially when he saw that by denying himself for awhile longer he might make the experiences and hard knocks he had gained count for more than a mere living. He might have argued that he was doing pretty well to earn \$10,000 a year and that he deserved to enjoy it. But he preferred to use his earnings to make more money that some day he might be able to dispense with a salaried position altogether. And this man had a wife, too, who was farsighted enough to be willing to live on a small sum when it meant an easier road for both by and by.

Ready cash is the greatest moving force in the business world. It speaks with the loudest voice, and its possession represents business acumen. Of course there are exceptions in cases of inheritance, etc., but the exception only proves the rule.

Cornelius Vanderbilt worked day and night, saving every penny, until he had \$3,000, the nest egg about which gathered one of the largest fortunes ever amassed in America. The principle of thrift inculcated by those hard, self denying years made him a great financier.-New York Commercial.

A Comical Study of the Extreme of Animal Stupidity.

The utter stupidity of sheep is perhaps nowhere more strongly evidenced than in the perfect satisfaction with which a ewe that has lost her lamb will take to a strange lamb around which has been fastened the skin of her dead offspring.

Considering that the skin of the dead lamb is often merely thrown loosely over the back of the living lamb, sometimes hanging almost to the ground on one side or the other and making the lamb appear the quaintest kind of animal imaginable, the ewe's gullibility in this respect is remarkable. There can be no other explanation of her satisfaction than that she really thinks the muffled little stranger is her own progeny; otherwise she would give it no attention whatever.

Its appearance does not seem to count, nor even its voice. Its smell is everything, which may be seen in any flock of ewes and lambs, for while the mothers certainly appear to know the bleating of their own children, the identification is always completed by the ewe sniffing the coat of her lamb.

I have been looking at two such quaint families in the lambing pens recently, and the picture of a sedate ewe yet they are far from complete. Presum-ably many years will elapse before all of creatures which look as if they have been half flayed (one of them was actually dragging its second skin in the straw) was the most comical study of animal stupidity which could be imagined.—London Express.

Beauty and the Beast.

"How do you do, Mrs. Venus?" exclaimed a gentleman of that lady's acquaintance. "Pray, what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer with my pet pug Pongo" (which she carried in her arms), "and we have had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Pongo? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson," with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure," replied Johnson inadvertently as he tenderly stroked poor Pongo's cranium.

And then he suddenly remembered and became hot and cold in turn, and they parted strangers forevermore.

Scholarly Version.

On the campus of Emory college, in Oxford, Ga., there is a table to the memory of Ignatius Few, the first president. One day a freshman was crossing the campus with his cousin, who asked him to explain the inscription on the stone.

"'Vivit - non - mortuus - est.'" she read slowly. "What does that mean, Will?" "That," said the freshman easily,

"oh, that means, 'He lives—no, he don't, he's dead.'"

An Odd Epitaph. The following epitaph is to be read on a tombstone at Saragossa, Spain: "Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to my lord the king. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to his angels, "Cease, ye calves, and let Me hear John Quebecca, the precentor to my ord the king."

"I don't see what sense there is in you women dressing so expensively." "That's just the way papa used to

"Talks that way yet, doesn't he?" "No, indeed. When I caught you he admitted that there was method in my madness."—Houston Post.

Prophetic. Pat-Did ye hear that old Hogan was dead, Mrs. Ryan? Mrs. R.-Is he, thin, poor man? Sure, I always knew that would be the end of him.

The more erroneous a fool's judgment the more firmly he holds it.-Balthasar Gracian.

His Conclusion. Knicker-Jones has joined a debating club, Bocker-No? Whom did he marry?-Brooklyn Life.

The Story of a Loan That Brough

Success and Wealth. When the outlook was the blackest and this indomitable captain of men, Marcus Daly, had exhausted his resources and his credit a fortunate accident placed in his hands a small but sufficient sum of money to transform inevitable defeat into certain victory. Lloyd Tevis, the California lawyer, and his mining partner, J. B. Haggin, who had been visiting their properties at Homestake, stopped at Butte on their way home to California to take a look at the new camp. Marcus Daly knew Messrs. Haggin and Tevis well, for he had worked for them in the old California days. He visited them at their hotel, not the gorgeous palace of granite, marble, precious onyx and mahogany which adorns Butte today, but a humbler wooden structure more in keeping with the squalid surroundings of the new camp. In Haggin's bedroom, the only place available for a private conversation, Daly made a clean breast of it to his friends and appealed to them for aid, explaining his theory fully and citing many additional facts which had developed during his mining operations in Anaconda that went to strengthen it.

It was thoroughly characteristic of the man that he did not attempt to haggle over the terms of the loan, but stated merely the facts and closed his negotiations with the words: "Now. gentlemen, that is a correct statement of the situation of my affairs and the condition of my mine. I must have \$20,000, and I must have it at once to meet next Saturday's payroll and current bills and to provide for the expenses of operation for another six months or so. If I do not get it I am flat broke and will have to close up. I have told you what I have got and what I think and what I think I am going to get when that shaft is down another 100 feet or so. Make your own

terms, but let me have the money." They gave him the \$20,000, and, of course, being astute business men, a contract was drawn up and signed then and there transferring to them the controlling interest in the property. But up to the date of his death Lloyd Tevis always declared that, though he believed thoroughly in Marcus Daly's integrity, both he and Mr. Haggin thought that he was chasing a chimera, that the theory upon the elaboration of which Marcus Daly had spent so many sleepless nights and all his substance was fallacious and that no gold-copper deposit would ever be discovered in the bowels of Butte mountain. In fine, Haggin and Tevis let Daly have \$20,000 because they liked him. They certainly never dreamed that Anaconda would prove a more veritable bonanza than the Comstock lode. As for Daly, he had never doubted his ultimate success, and when three months after that meeting in the hotel bedroom the main shaft of Anaconda penetrated, as he had always believed it would, the richest and most extensive gold-copper deposit in the known world he conveyed the intelligence to his partners in California in this most matter of fact telegram: "We have reached it. Come out and

They Don't Want Respect, but Insist Upon Their "Rights."

look at it."-Public Opinion.

To the American settling in London nothing is more confusing than the attitude of English servants, their contempt for the slightest consideration of their feelings and their fury at the least infringement of their rights. At first sight it seems that in spite of their dignity they accept extraordinarily small wages, but the American finds housekeeping in London quite expensive, for not only is the work so specialized that an immense number of servants is required to do it, but they consume a great deal of time and food in five meals a day, which is considered their right.

Class distinctions below stairs are regarded much more scrupulously than above, and the unfortunate mistress of a house has to understand the grade of every one she employs, from the housekeeper to the scullery maid. Woe betide her if she confuses an upper and a lower servant or gives an order to the wrong one.

An American woman married to an Englishman and settled in London told me that she installed a dumbwaiter in the hope of saving trouble to both her cook and her butler. At the end of a month she found it unused and on inquiring learned that as it was not the traditional duty of either a cook or a butler to send such a thing as a dumbwaiter up and down both refused to touch it, and her food continued to be carried by hand from her remote kitchen. Trouble was nothing to them in comparison to the danger of compromising their position.-Ainslee's Mag-

The Vice of Idleness. Of all vices to which young men become slaves idleness is by no means the least. It is a vice easily contracted in youth and hard to throw off in manhood or old age. Unfortunately it is not generally looked upon as an evil in the sense that drinking, gambling and debauchery are evils, yet its influence is no less certain in breaking down character and sapping physical and in-

tellectual strength. - Portland Orego-

nian. It Wasn't Help That Was Wanted. Mrs. Hiram Offen-Insert this advertisement for a girl, but for goodness' sake don't put "Help Wanted" over it. Clerk-No? Mrs. Hiram Offen-No. That implies that I expect to do most of the work myself. The last girl I got this way held me to that.—Philadelphia Press.

Identifying the Speakers. "The lady in the purple waist is out of order," announced the presiding officer at a recent woman's convention. "The lady in the gray foulard has the floor."

Who says women are not parliamentarians?-Pittsburg Post.