

REACHING A COMPROMISE.

Putting Jeffrey Webber and style together in one thought would have struck all his friends as a most startling act of lunacy, something in the light of touching a match to a bundle of excelsior and daring it to burn.

All his life he had shied at neckties on the theory that if the beneficent powers above had dowered a man with chin whiskers it was rank extravagance for him to adorn himself with unseemly hair.

Being a woman, her mother was quite amenable to new ideas, but when Antoinette tackled Jeffrey he figuratively stood up on his hind legs and roared a war cry.

"Dress suit!" he choked. "Me! At my age! Cracky! Never!"

"Now, father," Antoinette began soothingly, quite as though she held a tablespoonful of bitter medicine in one hand and was prying open his teeth with the other, "I want you to look your best when Horace and his friends get here."

"Look my best!" her father roared again. "Dressed up like a monkey on a stick!"

"And you've got to wear a tie," Antoinette broke in, firmly.

They revived Antoinette's father with tender care, but he never was the same man after that. He gloomed around the premises, surveying with a hostile eye the housecleaning preparations for the coming wedding and he developed a jumpy at everything unusual and suspicious.

Antoinette was in despair. She was marrying into rather a fashionable family and the thought of Horace's college friends and his family arriving to find that while her father had a heavy bank account he had no sense of sartorial values was a tragedy.

"Horace and his party won't get here till the day itself," Antoinette told her mother in one of their hopeless conferences. "They won't notice dad so much then, but in the evening, at the wedding—mother, I'll just die if he wears that baggy old gray sack suit and his celluloid collar and no tie!"

"Then I'm afraid you're due to die, daughter," said Mrs. Webber, who had been married to Antoinette's father long enough to know.

"I won't!" snapped Antoinette, with the blind faith of youth in its powers. "I'll manage it somehow. I'm not going to have the only wedding I'll have in my whole life spoiled by father's ridiculous stubbornness!"

She and her father eyed each other warily toward the last, like gladiators before the fight. Her father ostentatiously bought a new celluloid collar and a fresh ten cent collar button and a new pair of calfskin boots.

The day of the wedding Antoinette's father, the only incongruous spot in a refurbished, decorated house, filled with frills and fluff, went upstairs to get ready for the evening's fray.

Laying out his new collar and collar button and simply tossing his old gray clothes over a chair, he stepped into the bathroom for his ablutions. He was absent 20 minutes.

When he came back to his room he blinked. On the bed were spread some strange black things. The coat was low cut and had long tails. Patent leather pumps stood fensively beside a pair of silk socks. There were also some weird stand-up linen collars and a box of white ties and a large bosomed shirt. There was nothing else in the way of clothes in the room.

Nobody paid any attention to his ravings and poundings, for everybody was dressing the bride or was getting dressed. Choking, gasping, hectic with rage, Antoinette's father danced in his bathrobe, poking a finger now and then at the hated garments.

Finally the wedding went on. Everybody was present but the bride's father. After the ceremony and congratulations the bride herself headed a search party for him.

Holding her trailing satin skirt in one hand, Antoinette, accompanied by Horace, ran him down at last in the most secluded corner of the haymow. There he sat, hunched up, smoking a pipe fiercely. He had on the clothes, swathed, bunched around him, the dress shirt and the high collar and all—but the collar button gleamed defiantly between the strands of his whiskers, proclaiming his last stand—no necktie! He glared at his daughter and his newly achieved son-in-law.

"Father," begged the bride tremulously, "come down, please! It's time to go in to supper. There's scalloped oysters and—"

"I've put on these clothes," her father interrupted her sternly, "because I'm a law abiding citizen and you took the others away, but I'll be everlastingly goldurned if I'm going to exhibit myself in 'em before sensible human beings! If you want the wedding check I've written out for you, Antoinette, you see that I git them oysters and other deldards right out here."

So they compromised on that basis. —For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN OFFICE.

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NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Flowers That Covered the Grave of Charles Dickens.

Fragrant Tribute from the Children That Was Laid Daily on Slab That Marked Novelist's Resting Place.

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

Charles Dickens died in June, 1870, in September of that year I found myself in London and being shown through Westminster Abbey by Mr. William Shaw, one of the editors of the London Illustrated Graphic.

After the conventional round of the abbey had been made, but before we had visited the Poets' Corner, Mr. Shaw excused himself for a few minutes that he might seek out from the throng in the abbey a friend of whom he had had a passing glimpse a little while before. "I will rejoin you at Dickens' grave," he said. "You know he is buried in the Poets' Corner."

I asked how I was to identify the grave. Mr. Shaw smiled.

"You will not find any memorial or monument to him upon the wall," he said. "A simple slab in the floor covers his grave, and there is no other inscription upon it than his name. Still—and I thought I detected a note of tenderness come into Mr. Shaw's voice—"you will have no difficulty in finding it. Your eyes will be directed to it as soon as you enter the corner. I won't tell you how or why. But you will see something, I am sure, that will lead you straight to Dickens' grave."

A moment or two later, as I reached the inclosure famous the world over as the poets' corner my eyes were caught and held by a quantity of flowers lying near the center of the inclosure. My curiosity aroused, I went up to them and found that, loose though they were, not one of the fragrant blossoms extended beyond the slab over which they were strewn.

Then, bending down to catch the inscription on the stone, between the blossoms and buds I read the two words: "Charles Dickens."

I stood there, wondering if this was what my friend had meant—these flowers. As I did so there came into view a group of children, four or five of them, and each with flowers in her arms. With gentle step they approached to the tomb and as gently placed their flowers upon it. A moment they stood in silent adoration and awe, it seemed to me, and then as silently they went away.

But hardly had they gone when another group of children stood by the stone. They, too, carried flowers, and with all the tenderness displayed by the first comers they laid their fragrant burdens upon the slab. One of these children, a girl about 14 years of age, I should say, carried also one of Dickens' stories, "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Not once, or twice, but four times, as I stood there, little groups of children approached and decorated the grave of the great novelist. Then Mr Shaw rejoined me.

"Now," he said, "you know what I meant when I told you that you would see something that would lead you directly to Dickens' grave. I think that almost daily since he was buried here children, and grown people as well, have come and laid flowers upon the stone. They are mostly from the middle class, as you have seen, but once in a while you will see some child of poverty add her blossom, perhaps, to the others upon the grave. To me this daily tribute from the great mass of the people tells a better story of permanent literary fame of the highest kind—the kind that follows an appeal to the heart—than any monument, any biography, could do. And I have no doubt that this decoration of the stone will be continued, day after day, for many years to come."

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Gold Coins for Canada.

That Canada will soon have a gold coinage of its own was intimated in the recent speech of Finance Minister Fielding regarding the budget. At the present time, while some sovereigns are coined at the royal mint, there are no Dominion coins of this metal.

The denominations will be \$5 and \$10. The gold will be obtained from the Yukon region, and an effort will be made to establish a government purchasing agency at Dawson. The mint will be able, it is thought, to make a small margin of profit in coining gold.

Canadian currency, as is generally known, follows that adopted in this country, the decimal system, but it has not carried it to the extent of issuing gold coins. The new departure is probably partially the result of the greater amount of business that is being done there. At the same time, it is another indication of the growing spirit of nationalism that is indicated in many ways at present.—Schenectady Gazette.

Novelist of the Past.

Few people, I fear, nowadays, read Maria Edgeworth; it is a pity. She is one of the finest novelists that ever adorned English literature. It was her tales, it must always be remembered, that inspired Sir Walter Scott to the composition of the "Waverley Novels." He cried aloud and everywhere his admiration for her and his indebtedness to her. Her writings have, however, a high value as historical pictures, altogether apart from their merits as literature; and of all her novels her best is "Castle Rackrent."—T. P. O'Connor, in T. P.'s Weekly, London.

SHREWD IDEA OF DIPLOMAT

Where Russian Officer of Embassy Proved More Than a Match for Abdul Hamid.

Diplomatists abroad tell how a distinguished member of the Russian corps diplomatique cleverly outwitted Abdul Hamid, the late Sultan of Turkey. The Russian displayed a curious ingenuity in introducing the business of his country in the guise of personal pleasure.

It appears that the Sultan had absolutely refused to grant an audience to any member of the diplomatic body at Constantinople and that during the period in question Abdul Hamid spent the greater part of his time in cock-fighting, an amusement whereof he was passionately fond.

The Russian heard that his imperial majesty stood in need of fresh birds to supply the place of those killed in fight, whereupon the wily Muscovite procured a fine-looking white fowl of the barnyard species, caused it to be trimmed and spiced to resemble a gamecock, and sent it in a richly decorated cage to the Sultan.

The ruse was successful, but the Sultan, at first delighted with the gift, soon sent for the diplomatist to explain, if he could, why his bird had shown no inclination to fight. The Russian went, examined the bird in the presence of Abdul Hamid, and with great astonishment and regret acknowledged that it was quite unable to cope with the royal gamecocks, which were undoubtedly of a superior breed.

A conference followed on the subject of gamecocks in general; and when this was finished the Muscovite succeeded in drawing the Sultan in a mood for conversation of a different character, and in time adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to discuss. After a long interview he returned to his embassy triumphant over his colleagues.—Harper's Weekly.

GRAVE CAUSE FOR DISPUTE

Romanticists and Others Have Opportunity to Squabble Over This Happening.

The Winans will has upset the theory of the cynics that romance is dead in the world. Here is an innkeeper's daughter who receives a fortune of \$500,000 just for being kind to an old man. In all her dreams of the future she never thought of being able to present to the Prince Charming that would eventually come along such a princely dowry. She went about her work delivering the milk and cream from her father's dairy, little thinking that the old gentleman, who year after year was her father's guest, was all along planning to make her a rich heiress as a reward for her little kindnesses. The picture is idyllic. Unfortunately, some of the rightful heirs of the deceased multimillionaire fall to see the poetry of it and have already given notice of a contest.

There is a son who has been cut off with a paltry \$200,000 and there are two grandchildren who have been entirely forgotten. In the case of the son the will is particularly significant, since the relative smallness of the amount can be traced to the father's disapproval of a marriage that was wholly romantic. The cynics may still claim that their contention is supported by the courts.

Lament Religious Apathy.

In Japan all kinds of Christians are lamenting the religious stagnation that seems to have settled on the country, says a writer in America, a Roman Catholic paper. Of the 65,000 Catholics, 40,000 are descendants of the converts of the seventeenth century, and the Greek Catholics have only 20,000 followers. "After 40 years of evangelization there are only somewhere between 80,000 and 100,000 Protestants of all sects," says the writer, who adds that the Japanese are not irreligious, but "like other peoples they are suffering from the religious apathy and unconcern of the times. Just as in Europe and America, the modern Japanese adore the golden calf and, as elsewhere, are struggling for money and place, the natural result of the adoption of a materialistic civilization."

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