

THE KINGDOM OF EASTERLAND.

Do you know where the kingdom of Easterland lies? Is it north, is it south, little maid? Scan the east and the west with your mischievous eyes.

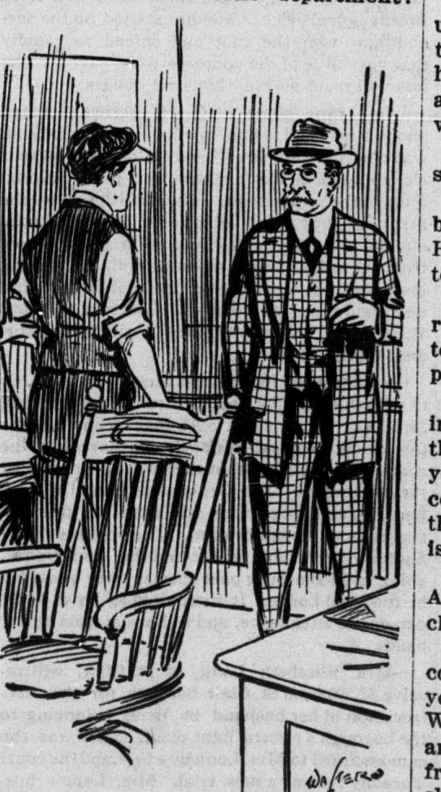
SELLING THEM OUT.

[By H. M. Egbert.]

When Allan Gray walked out of the office of Smith's Weekly, after having applied successfully in response to an advertisement for an assistant he thought that his future was assured.

There was a girl in Allan Gray's life. Her name was Mildred and she was twenty-two. She was earning a living in the metropolis two hundred miles away.

"It's this way, dear," he wrote. "We are putting hot shot into old Gregory, who has been boss of Bender for the last twenty years and has everyone in his power."



"I've Got a Lunch Appointment." Who got the contract for the roads, and why? On the day following the appearance of the first issue a deputation of local merchants made their appearance and announced that Smith need look for no advertisements from them.

was writing nearly all the editorials, under Smith's guidance. The older man confessed that the youngster could beat him at his own game.

Then Allan wrote gleefully to Mildred: "The time is coming, dear. After the approaching elections we shall have a new government. Then business will flow our way, Gregory and his satellites will be consigned to the outer darkness, I shall be raised again, and we will be married! Think of that! Married!"

Four weeks before the elections, to his amazement, the young fellow was waited on by a deputation of citizens at his boarding-house. They wanted him to run for the office of sheriff, paying \$2,500 yearly.

"But I don't know anything about the work!" exclaimed the boy, delighted. "I am afraid, Mr. Gray, there is very little chance of your election," said the chief of the deputation candidly.

Gray accepted and told Mr. Smith enthusiastically next morning. To his surprise his employer was not overenthusiastic. To his greater surprise, that day Smith told him to "go slow" instead of to "ginger up."

While Allan stared at him, speechless in surprise, Smith put on his coat and hat. "I've got a lunch appointment," he said. "See here, young man, are you as stupid as you appear to be or—?"

"But—it will be some time before he can use his pen or do any work again." Allan, left alone in the office, did not know what to do. Therefore, he started to do his work exactly as happened.

"Well, sir!" said Allan, rising. "This is bad news about Mr. Smith," said the boss. "I should hardly expect you to take it that way, sir," suggested Allan.

"I don't need to buy you, my boy," answered the other. "At least, I don't think I do. But Smith can't talk, and what's the good of owning him?"

"I don't understand—" Allan began. "I know you don't," answered the other. "I never thought you did from the beginning. Your editorials had the ring of truth; his didn't. Well, then, my friend—Jim Smith started this paper to get bought out. Understand that? I wouldn't buy at his price. I didn't believe he could hurt me. He could. I was wrong for once in my life."

Allan listened in horror, and gradually he began to understand many things that had been mysteries to him. No wonder Smith had encouraged him to write more stinging invective—till that same morning.

"You will show me the agreement," suggested Allan. "Mr. Gray," said the boss, "I never bluff. It wasn't signed by Mr. Smith. He was to have signed in my office today, after lunch."

"Then," said Allan calmly, "I shall run the paper alone. I shall be true to what I believed my employer's principles to be."

"Wait a minute," said Gregory, pulling a letter out of his pocket. "Read this—not so close, young man. Do you think this letter, offering to accept my terms, would read well in the newspapers? And this, you see, is signed."

Yes, that was Smith's signature. Allan sank back helplessly in his chair. He could say nothing more. "Now, my young friend," Gregory continued, "how much influence do you suppose will remain to Smith's Weekly when this letter is published and you are jointly involved with our friend in what you would call a shameless conspiracy?"

But nobody ever suspected the integrity of Allan Gray.

That, doubtless, was why he secured the election as sheriff by a majority of nearly four hundred votes. And that, too, was why he was enabled to write to Mildred just two days afterward. "Come, dearest," he said.

And when he saw Gregory among the spectators at the wedding he did not feel anything but goodfellowship. He even took the boss' hand. "Ex-boss," rather. For Gregory would never hold power in Bender again, even though Smith's Weekly had perished.

Pat was employed on an engineering job, a few miles out of the city, and was carried to his work by an express train, which accommodatingly slowed up near the scene of his labors. One morning, however, the train rushed through the cut without reducing speed, and the superintendent of the job looked in vain for Pat. At last he saw a much battered Irishman limping back down the ties, and called to him: "Hello, Pat! Where did you get off?"

Although woman in Africa is regarded as property, she has certain rights which are seldom infringed upon, and of these the most important is her right to marry whom she pleases, or rather to refuse to marry one who does not please her.

Two-year-old Harry had never seen a live lamb, his only knowledge of that animal being derived from a toy one on wheels. While visiting grandfather on the farm, he was taken to the sheep pen to see the lambs.

The crown of patience cannot be perceived where there has been no suffering. If thou refusest to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but if thou wishest to be crowned, thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently.

On the doorway of an Italian cathedral are three inscriptions. The first, beneath an arch of roses reads as follows: "All that pleases is but for a moment; the second, beneath a cross, 'All that troubles is but for a moment; and under the main arch, 'That only is important which is eternal."

"We have never had a president named Charlie," remarks the Toledo Blade. Nor to the best of our knowledge have we ever had one who was called Reggie or Algernon, but we can't see that the fact is calculated to move any one to salty tears.

Potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, carrots and turnips of fine quality are extensively grown in Yukon Territory, Canada. Potatoes are the principal crop, retailing at five cents a pound.

"Neither does a mousetrap run after the mice, but it catches 'em just the same," replied hubby.

"Mebbe dar'd be a heap mo' work done," said Uncle Eben, "if dey got out a new model of wheelbarrow every year an' provided a horn so's to make folks git out'n de way."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "gets to be looked on as important because dey has to be hollered at all de time foh gittin' in de way."

"Pa, what is a pessimist?" "A pessimist is a man who, no matter what he gets on Christmas, would rather have the money."

It does not matter how many books you have. What does matter is what those books are.—Seneca.

Distance of Moon From Earth. Prosaically, the moon is distant from the earth a little less than 240,000 miles, or less than ten times the circumference of the earth.

When you speak of others as having a good memory, you do not mean that at all. Instead of meaning that the man with a "good memory" has accurately perceived an event in the full ramifications of all its details, and recorded it in his whole human texture ready for reproduction at will, what you really indicate is that he has good power of retention, irrespective of detailed accuracy or faithfulness of the full recollection.—Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg.

That iron was found in large quantities in the epic age in India is evidenced by the fact that it was then employed in making massive statues. In the third or fourth century before Christ, the Hindus were apparently adepts in preparing steel. In the literature of the times, one comes across elaborate descriptions of various surgical instruments for most delicate surgical operations.

Deserving Crown of Patience. The crown of patience cannot be perceived where there has been no suffering. If thou refusest to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but if thou wishest to be crowned, thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently.

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Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it, anything but live for it.—Colton.

HER GOLDENROD DYE

By MURIEL CHANCE.

It was the most wonderful experience that Nancy had ever had. For a long time after it happened she could not make herself believe that it was true.

She was weaving in the attic, making the homespun rugs which had become a village industry in the little Pennsylvania town. Her winter's work brought in enough money to buy a few luxuries for her bedridden mother and clothes for Nonie, at school. Suddenly a knock came below and, when Nancy went down, she saw a young man, a stranger, standing at the door.

"I am told that you make the best rugs in the village, Miss McLane," he said. "May I see some of your work?" She showed him some. Certainly the contours were straight, and not higgledy-piggledy like those of most of the village rugs. However, the young man was interested in other details than that.

"My name is Cyrus Brown, and I am from the rug factory at Altoona," he said. "We want to buy the secret of your vegetable dye—the yellow one."

"There isn't any secret about that," she answered. "Everybody here knows that. It's goldenrod. You steep the flowers in hot water and add a little alcohol and—"

"Yes, I reckon I'll be making some this day next week," Nancy answered. "Seems to me, Nancy," grumbled her mother, when he had gone, "you might have got hold of a young fellow like that instead of that good-for-nothing Jim Penny."

"Nancy said nothing. But she sighed a little that night when Jim, out of work as usual, sat glumly at her side and asked, for the tenth time that year, when she would marry him."

Nancy and Jim had been engaged for years. But he had never held a position more than a week or two, and, while the girl felt the bond of old association, she had begun to think seriously of the future.

When Mr. Brown called, a week later, Nancy had a steaming pot of goldenrod extract upon the table, and he was quickly initiated into the mystery of dyeing the fabrics.

"It seems too good to be true," said the young man. "We thought those vegetable dyes had been forgotten long ago. I am authorized to pay you this in remuneration." And he handed her a crisp bundle of bills.

"Why, Mr. Brown," she said, "everybody knows how to make goldenrod dye. It isn't worth anything—really."

But he left the bills upon the table and, declining to stay for supper this time, departed. When he had gone Nancy looked at the money. There were five hundred dollars!

Breathless, she ran after the visitor, but he was out of sight. And so she came back and wrote a letter to the rug factory explaining that a mistake had been made.

Her mother, though inclined to agree with this view, was strongly against Nancy's posting the letter. That evening Nancy, radiant, ran to Jim with a cry of pleasure and told him what had occurred, showing him the bills.

To her amazement Jim became almost inarticulate with anger. "Five hundred dollars for a trade secret!" he shouted. "Why, it's worth five thousand at the least."

Carpet Knights. "Carpet knights," quoth a writer once in the long ago, "are such as have studied law, physic, or other arts or sciences, whereby they have become famous, and seeing that they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs; they are only termed simps miles and milites, 'knight,' or 'knights of the carpetry,' or 'knights of the green cloth,' to distinguish them from those knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field."

The Best Glory. I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives.—Abraham Cowley.

Answered His Question. Prince George of Denmark was nicknamed "Est-il-possible" by James II. It is said that when the startling events of the revolution of 1688 succeeded one another with breathless rapidity, the emotions of Prince George found vent in the repeated exclamation: "Est-il-possible?" King James, enumerating those who had forsaken him, said: "And est-il-possible has gone, too!"

Indictment of the Cat. "Many an innocent hawk, skunk, owl or weasel," says a government bureau, "has been shot for the deeds of that sleek highwayman, the house cat. It is safe to say that this mauler, which enjoys all the comforts and protection of the home, destroys in the aggregate more wild birds and young poultry than all their natural enemies combined."

"A Hungry Eye Sleeps Not." The old adage, "A hungry eye sleeps not," is a very truthful one, and many a sufferer from insomnia would be cured of the complaint if he drank a cup of hot milk, with a little nutmeg grated on top and sweetened, if desired. Hot malted milk is also excellent, and hot milk toast has brought restful slumber to many a convalescent.

Beautiful Unseen World. There is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and wonder beyond.—Frank P. Church, in New York Sun.

Where Loyalty Counts. Loyalty to one's employer is the first lesson that should be taught to the aspirant for a place in the business world, says a circular sent out by the efficiency bureau of the New York university. The reason given is that loyalty means success to the employer and resultant prosperity to the employee.

Sharpening a Worn File. "When a file gets dull," said the master mechanic, "you can restore its effectiveness by pouring a little nitric acid over it. This roughens the raised parts and deepens the sunk parts so that it will again file your nails or cut a bar of iron."

Vinegar in Ink. Very often ink gets stringy or oily. This is caused by the action of the air. A few drops of vinegar put into the ink will make it usable again, but the better plan is to keep the ink bottle covered.

Game in California. California is one of the richest states of the Union in game. The varieties include deer, elk, moose, antelope, caribou, wild turkey, pheasant, duck, goose, brant, plover, snipe and rail.

Man of His Word. "Is Bliggins a man of his word?" "Unfortunately so. Whenever he sings 'Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl!' or 'I Won't Go Home 'Till Morning!' he absolutely insists on making good."

Look Ahead! The present moment is the worst; the lenient hand of Time is daily and hourly either lightening the burden, or making us insensible to the weight.—Robert Burns.

Drink Water for Health. Persons who wish to keep "up to the mark" should drink water systematically regardless of the feeling of actual thirst—before breakfast, between meals, and at bedtime.

Hard Command to Obey. Irate Sergeant to unhappy recruit, who won't "cut it short"—Silence wid you!—whin you're spakin' to a h'ficer!—London Opinion.

Evidently a Reader. Teacher—"What is the elephant hunted for, Emerson?" Bright pupil—"Magazine articles!"—Puck.