The legions of stars that had watched wearily.

Crept out of sight; Up rose the helm of the advancing Day, And fast fled the Night.

A fresh wind blew from the edge of the sea, From the gates of the East, That plashed the tide on the feet of the land.

And in the light increased.

And the glittering tips of a myriad spears Shot up from the sea, With guldons and pennants and lances of

light. A splendor to see.

A hundred flags were upheld in the sky, And unfolded there-Banners of light that glimmered and gleamed

In the morning air. Then from the glowing East uprose The kingly Sun.

And the sea grew gold as a stool for his feet To rest upon.

THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE

"Miss Revere, ma'am, is in the drawing-room."

Mrs. Hartley rose to obey the summons-a graceful, middle-aged matron, with pleasant blue eyes, and a voice whose softness came from the gentle- flushed-her tell-tale eyes sparkled as ness of her heart. She rather dreaded to deliver the message which her husband had left for Miss Revere, the reduced heiress, who was so diligently seeking woman's hardest acquisition, "something to do," but she knew there was no evading the unpleasant task, so she went bravely forward.

A tall, slight girl, with golden hair, wax-like complexion, and dazzling, china-blue eyes, was sitting on the sofa, gazing dreamily out into the street-a girl whose heavy black robes seemed to erected her tall, slight form, as haughweigh down her delicate form. Mrs. Hartley was a little surprised. She had so often heard of Ella Revere, and had Mr. Bellmont. Good-morning. hardly expected to see so quiet and shy a creature.

"You are Miss Revere?" she began, hesitatingly. "Mr. Hartley was obliged to go out, but he desired me to tell you then it would be easier. that he was very sorry there was no copying to be done in his office."

Ella's cheek flushed, and a look of disappointment came into her wistful folk express it, the printer's boy, com- there is nothing to prevent, whatever eyes. Mrs. Hartley's kind heart bled monly called by a name uneuphonious

for the young thing. "I am very sorry," she said. "So am I," Ella answered, folding her shawl around her as she rose to go. "I am very much in need of some em-

"I thought you were living with your cousins, on Lexington avenue?" ventured Mrs. Hartley. "No," said Ella. "I perceived at

once that I was a burden and an incumbrance there. I have one room in a small boarding-house now." And this from Ella Revere, who had

been mistress of a marble-fronted palace, with a retinue of servants to attend her will, and a fortune almost like Aladdin's lamp!

'Miss Revere,' commenced Mrs. Hartley, "if you will not be offended, my brother is an editor, and he was speaking of the women who set type in his office; they are well paid, and, although it is scarcely a very aristocratic employment for a woman-Do you suppose I could get a place

through Mr. Tregarvan's influence?" "There is a vacancy, I know." "Will you please give me his address?

I do not know anything of the business, but suppose it can be learned by any one who is resolute and patient." Mrs. Hartley wrote the direction on

one of her visiting cards. "Thank you, Ella said. "I must do something or starve; and the latter,' she added, with a little forced laugh, "is not a pleasant alternative."

So Miss Revere obtained a situation as type-setter at so many dollars per week, in the office of The Weekly Ama- Bellmont this morning, and his greetzonian, and day by day she might be ing was colder than the winter atmosseen tripping lightly along the street to phere that surrounded us.' her work, no matter whether the air was blue-and-gold with February sun- was very perceptible in her voice. Mr. shine, or thick with flying sleet. Ella Armitage colored and bit his lip. Revere's waterproof cloak was thick, and so were her tiny shoes, and the consciousness that she was really earning her livelihood lent roses to her cheeks calmly. and elasticity to her step.

Thus matters were when John Armitage and Sylvius Bellmont returned attentions to mine," from Europe in the Minotaur-two young men who, scarcely a year ago, had been among the most eager wor- professions, shippers at Miss Revere's gold-paved shrine. That was the first remembrance that occurred to Mrs. Hartley's mind as she met them at a soiree the next evening after their arrival.

"Oh, Mr. Armitage, I am so glad you have returned," she said eagerly; "and | derstand you." you, too, Sylvius. That beautiful Miss Revere-you remember her?"

couse I do. What of her?" demanded fully away from me. I've a great mind Bellmont, while Armitage listened in to make the experiment." silence, but with eyes that betrayed a still deeper interest.

"Why, the trustees of her fortune tremble in her voice, have failed, or proved recreant to their charge, or something-I never could understand it, but Mr. Hartley can tell you all about it, I dare say-and she's

left without a penny.
"How romantic!" said Bellmont, lightly. "Of course some rich old uncle will turn up, or some modern Don Quixote will rush to the rescue,"

'Not a bit of it. Miss Revere is reduced to actual want." "Why, where are those rich cousins

hide and leather business?" asked Sylvius Bellmont. "Ella had too much self-respect to tunity slip by, Jack, my boy. By Jove, remain long the guest of those who re- I only wish I had your innings. garded her as a burden," answered Mr.

Hartley. "Gone out as a governess then, eh?" languidly hazarded Bellmont.

"No, she is at present employed as a type-setter in the office of my brother, Mr. Tregarvan."

"A type-setter!" Sylvius elevated his lofty nose slightly. "I can commiserate reduced aristocracy when it endures in silent dignity, but when it takes to typesetting, or goes out to day's work, it losewall the hallowed associations of decayed positions."
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hartley.

"Why don't you say at once that you look of bitter disdain,

don't care a straw for poor Ella now

that she had lost her money. The warm-hearted little lady walked away contemptously as she spoke, and ent giri, worth a dozen empty-brained Mr. Bellmont turned red and thought heiresses, and I am more than rich in that really Mrs. Hartley had grown very her love. And I will furthermore troubrusque and disagreeable since his ab- ble you to use her name a little more sence in Europe.

But John Armitage listened with the ed down stairs." deepest of interest. He had loved Ella Revere, as truly and deeply as man can such consummation to their interview, love woman; but she had always given and expressed his apologies as promptly her sweetest smiles and most winsome as possible. glances to the more witty and fascinating Sylvius Bellmont. Moreover, he wardly, "you always were a knight-erwas but a young lawyer beginning life, rant sort of a fellow, and I'm sure l until a recent bequest from some distant | admire Miss Revere very much." and eccentric relative had placed him in the possession of a handsome compe- Hartley's with jolly old Mr. Tregarvan tence, and the brilliant heiress had seem- to give her away, and no trous seau ed a prize as far beyond his humble worth mentioning; but nevertheless, she aspirations as the diamond shines be- was the happiest bride that ever the yond the pebble. But now the aspects sun shone on, and certainly looked as

of life had changed. He went to bed that night and dream- make her. ed of Ella Revere's oval face, shadowed by heavy masses of auburn-gold hair, old Mr. Tregarven, "but I don't grudge and lighted up by those marvellous blue her to you, Armitage. After all, one eyes, which shone and glittered at the can get plenty of tolerable type-setters, slightest mental emotion, like jeweled but good wives aren't so abundant in

sapphires.
Miss Revere was going to her daily work at the accustomed early hour, the next morning, when she met Sylvius Bellmont, who had sauntered round the corner from his boarding house to get an early newspaper. Ella's cheek she held out one cotton-gloved hand.

"Sylvius! Oh, Sylvius, how glad I am to see you!" Mr. Bellmont instinctively retreated -he colored scarlet, and put both hands ingloriously into his pockets.

"Ahem-of course-happy to meet you, Miss Revere, and all that, but I'm sweep or beat it out. Two-ply are easin something of a hurry this morning,

Miss Revere drew back her hand as if some noxious reptile had stung it, ann | Have less carpets and more rugs, that tily as if she had been a queen. "I will not detain you any longer,

And she passed on with burning cheeks. After all it was only another one of life's bitter lessons. She should have learned them all, after awhile, and

As Ella was fastening on her shawl to leave the office that afternoon, just, "on the edge of the evening," as country to polite ears, came jumping up stairs, through on the uneven places first. It two steps at a time. "Miss Revere, there is a gentleman

down stairs asking for you. "Did he give any name, Sandy?" "No, miss, I told him you'd be down d'reckly, and he said, 'Very well, he'd wait there by the door.""

Ella Revere went down stairs, marvisitor could be. She gave a start as she recognized the familiar countenance of John Armitage. "Mr. Armitage!"

"Yes, Miss Revere, it is I. Are you sorry to see me!" "Sorry! Oh, Mr. Armitage, when I have so few friends left!" She looked so pleadingly into the

oung man's dark hand he could feel his heart thrill within him. "So you are a type-setter!" he said, after a moment or two's silence. "Yes. Do you, too, despise me for

attempting to earn a livelihood for my-Ella spoke almost haughtily-she had

earned to be acutely sensitive above herself in regard to these things, and was almost tempted, at times, to set the world at defiance. "Despise you! Never! I respect the motive of honorable independence-I

honor the courage and enterprise which dictated your conduct." Ella's eyes brightened-it was very pleasant to receive this cordial approval

from his lips. "Ah," she said you are unlike some of my friends. I chanced to meet Mr.

She tried to laugh, but the annoyance

"Bellmont is an insignificant little puppy," he said. 'I agree with you," responded Ella,

"And yet, Ella, there was once a time when you preferred Sylvius Bellmont's "That was before I had learned the

value of my various friends and their Mr. Armitage stopped and tried to catch a glimpse of Miss Revere's face

beneath the folds of her thick vail. "Ella," he said, "I wonder how it would be now?"

"How it would be now? I don't un-"Whether, if I were now to tell Miss Ella Revere how long and earnestly I "The gold-haired Cleopatra?-of have loved her, she would turn scorn-

"Suppose you try," laughed Ella, half mischievously, yet with an unwonted

"Ella, will you give me the right to work for you-to call you my wife? Do you think you can learn to love me, my own little Ella?"

And she only answered. "Yes!" Sylvius Bellmont met John Armitage

on the way home, that night, at an hour suspiciously close on midnight. "Hallo, old fellow," he began, "why didn't you come to the parsons to-night? "The little Cuban heiress watched the of hers that made their money in the doorway the whole evening, and went cloud. You're letting the golden oppor-

> "You are welcome to them. I do not care a particle for your Cuban girl." "But it's a cool hundred thousand,

John. "Nevertheless, I shall not enter the lists." "Are you crazy?"

"No. Then what's the reason you are so indifferent?" "I am engaged to Miss Revere!"

"To Ella Revere! Why, she hasn't a cent' and sets type in old Tregarvan's Armitage turned upon him with

THE PEPPERMINT KING.

"Belmont, I am not a fortune hunter,

How to Get Rid of Dirt.

through on the paper or floor below, it

is constantly flying up when disturbed.

catch the drift, as it gets into the mid-

ier to keep clean, but why have any?

What! would you have the bare floors?

Not just that-I would compromise,

can be taken up weekly, but on the

squares," as they are called, furnish a

carpet good enough for most people.

different sized rooms, woven in quite

tasteful colors, with borders and fringes.

What can be prettier or easier kept clean?

In carpeting a floor the first thing to be

considered is the floor itself. If your

floor is slightly uneven anywhere, if

kind of carpet you have is sure to wear

is "penny wise and pound foolish" to

put hay or stray under a carpet because

it cannot be put down evenly; unless it

is fresh it will make your room smell

handled. This paper is carefully fitted

doors, and your floor is left clean.

A Story of Russian Serfdom.

were scornfully rejected by his master,

who seemed actually to enjoy the torture

he inflicted on his millionaire slave, who

could neither bequeath his fortune to

his children nor otherwise benefit them

without the consent of his lord. It hap-

pened one day that the Count had invi-

ted several friends to a dinner party,

and when his maitre d'hotel laid before

him the menu for inspection he was

aghast to find that oysters did not figure

among the hors-d'œuvres. In answer to

his indignant remonstrances, that func-

tionary assured him that oysters were

not to be had at any price. At the

'height of the angry scene, which was

continued even in the presence of the

guests, Schalouchine was announced,

and in order to vent his wrath on the

unfortunate serf the Count shouted out:

"Show the slave in. What do you want,

dog? If you want your freedom, I tell

you I will never grant it. I care not

for any offer you may make-no, not for

at this moment would be worth more to

me." "Do I understand my lord,"

asked the serf, "that you would grant

me my freedom if I procure them for

you?" "Yes," replied the Count, much

to the amusement of his guests. As it

happened, Schalouchine had .brought

his master, knowing of the great dinner-

of freedom was immediately signed; and

with the utmost courtesy, said: "Sir, may I invite you to join us?"

Mark Twain and His Room-mate's

Boots.

thing about 'em?"

Dan, in rage.

your own boots?"

thank Providence. Ella Revere is a

the market.

treasure in herself-a noble, independ- An Account of a Unique Industry in Wayne County, N. Y.

Along the banks of the Garnagua River, which flows through the southrespectfully unless you want to be kickern the portion of Wayne County, may be seen at this season of the year large Sylvius Bellmont did not desire any fields of green-colored plants, about eight inches in height, extending over an extensive area. To a botanist mentha peperita is the name by which it is "Oh, yes, of course," he said awkknown, but to the world in general it is pepermint. In this comparatively small area seven-eighths of all the peppermint in the world is raised. The low, mucky Ella Revere was married from Mrs. land is ploughed in the spring. It is then laid off in furrows 18 inches apart, and sets, portions of old plants, are planted closely together in a row. This done early in April. The roots are transplanted every other year. It takes pretty as love's own radiance could about eight square rods of roots as they lie upon the ground to plant an acre. "I've lost my best type-setter," said The roots that are planted this year, after the crop is gathered, will be transplanted in every other row for next year's crop. The first year's crop is always the best, because the plant is then freest from weeds. Usually they are allowed to run only two years, after which the ground is ploughed under. When the plants have grown to about One of the easiest ways to get rid of two an a half feet in height they ripen. dirt is not to invite it to come in. How? By not having any woolen carpets, especially those that have a cotton or linen back, like Brussels or tapestry carpets. There being no way for the dust to sift

The harvest begins usually in the last of August. It is cut like clover, with a cradle, and raked into cocks, when it is allowed to wilt a little before it is taken to the distillery. The process of distillation continues until the last of October. The plant is brought from A three-ply carpet is a good thing to the fields in large wagons and tightly packed in steam-tight vats. The steam dle ply, and it as almost impossible to is let into the bottom of the vat and the oil from the plants thus volatilized. The oily vapor and steam pass through a condensing worm into a receiver, where the oil, being lighter than water, is dipped off and is then put up in tin cans holding twenty ponnds and taken line out of doors and beaten. The "art to the refinery of H. G. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, where it is refined and put into twenty-one ounce bottles, eighteen bot-They come in good quality, light or tles in a case, labelled and shipped to

heavy, small or large sizes, so fitting all parts of the civilized world. Mr. Hotchkiss is justly styled "the peppermint king." "The average crop per year in Wayne County," he said, "is between 80,000 and 100,000 pounds, and yields on an average about twenty pounds to the acre in a good season. This year the crop will be much smaller than usual, owing to the late planting, necessitated by floods which occurred early in the spring. Although there is an increase of acreage over last year the crop looks poorer than it has for many years. Seven-eighths of the whole crop close and stuffy. Leave the hay in the in the world is raised in Wayne County. barn. The wise woman begins at the and that principally in the towns of foundation by putting down the best Lyons, Arcadia, Palmyra, Sodus and carpet paper she can buy; the firmer Wolcott. A large proportion of the oil veling within herself as to whom her and thicker the better. The best I have is exported. Our principal buyers in found is a plain, heavy paper that is Europe are William H. Cole & Co., made on purpose. That with cotton London, England; David Taylor & Son, stitched between soon goes to pieces London; Ernst Bostch, Hamburg, and

when cleaned, unless very carefully M. Gompertz, Paris. "Oil of peppermint has many uses. around door and window casings to It is used for medicinal purposes in genkeep out moths, also cold. It covers eral, is an important agent in cholera. all inequalities of the boards, keeps out It is also used in flavoring conlectioncold, and when cleaning day comes and ery and in perfumes, essences and pepthe carpet is taken up you will find permint cordials the latter being a most of the dirt on the paper, which favorite drink with Europeans. It is can be rolled up and carried out of used as a household medicine all over picious object, and it was agreed that the world, and for children's complaints is unrivalled.

"How much of the oil do you handle ?' 'More than three-quarters of the crop

Among the wealthiest bankers of Russia are the noble members of the house raised in this county, and more than of Schalonchine. A couple of generaany other one man in the world. I tions ago their ancestor was a serf, owned have been in the business since 1839 by one Count Scheremetef. By dint of and had a varied experience. In 1879 great industry this serf, amassed an enthe yield was the largest ever known, ormus fortune. All his efforts to puraggregating 150,000 pounds. This year chase his freedom, however, were of no it will be hardly one-third of that. avail, and offers as high as \$250,000

"The market is now at a standstill, owing to the uncertainty of the growing crop. Last year's crop is nearly all marketed. The avergge price paid for the last three months has been from \$3 75 to \$4 per pound for the crude oil. In 1879 it was down to \$2. I have known the market to jump \$1 per pound in a single day.

"One farmer last year brought into our refinery a common sleigh-load, policy, but that if this was found to be which, when measured, was found to out of the question, they must be taken be worth \$4,000. You can see from at breakfast. There was not much sleep this how much money there is in peppermint.

Lynched by Cowboys.

out from Musselshell Dakota they came neighed as if recognizing old friends, were picketed a score of stolen animals. When they were near enough to make None of the party knew the man who an observation, three or four of the came to the door, and his protestation boys dismounted and went ahead. They that he was a square settler found some credence at first. He was of middle that some of the thieves were bestirring a million rubles. A few dozen oysters age, with grizzly hair and whiskers, He stood in the doorway of his cabin this was the time to strike, and all eying his visitors sharply, but making hands with loud shouts dashed into the no move and giving no evidence of camp. The surprise was perfect. Very a barrel of oysters with him as a gift to party. They were brought in; the deed the Count addressing his former slave against the frame, said:

Mark Twain and Dan De Quille roomed together in early Comstock days. One morning Dan missed his boots, and knew most of the horse thieves by sight, time, Nosey Bartel, the last one, makafter a vain search he suspiciously in- if not by name, and not one of them ing a short speech somplimenting the qaired of Mark, who was lying in bed had ever seen this man before. Some boys on the ease and grace with which lazily smoking a clay pipe: "Mark, I of them were in favor of letting him go, they had performed their duties. away looking as black as a thunder can't find my boots; do you know any- but others said this was a business trip

"Your boots?" complacently replied He had a lot of stolen horses, and the You do a very slick job."

Mark. "Well, yes; I threw them at probability was that he helped steal When the last of these that blasted cat that was yowling around the house last night!"

"Threw my boots at the cat!" howled the cate was a good enough thief to begin with, some one said. If the man, standing carelessly at his door, had recovered horses, more than a hundred "Why didn't you throw watched them closely, as perhaps he of them, and that the others should "Dan," said Mark, after a reflective puff or two, "Dan, if there is anything I hate it is a selfish man. I have obwhich growing only a few feet from his mation from that quarter is anxiously served of late that you are growing self- door, spread its branches over the roof awaited. of his weather-blackened home. The What difference does it make cowboys dismounted. The rope was whose boots were thrown at that cat?" thrown over a limb, The man in the tree jumped down leaving a dangling Meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you?

Two of the lynchers stepped to tiaman. Mars; "but he open door, and took the man by bad, and then where are you?

ingly down the little beaten path. One threw his old slouch hat off, and the other put the noose about his neck, drawing it tight, while three or four men having hold of the other end of the rope stepped off one or two paces until

the cord was without a kink. "If you have anything to say," remarked one of the cowboys, "now is

the time. The man looked them full in the face for an instant, and then, raising his eyes slightly to the long mountain ranges in the distance, as if peering beyond their ragged peaks, he replied:

"I have nothing to say." "Hoist away there, then!" The boys who had hold of the rope ulled steadily and all together, raising the man by the neck about two feet from the ground. Then, fastening their end of the rope to the trunk of the tree, they mounted their horses and rounded up the stolen animals. They camped that night near there, and the next morning they rode by the little house whose former tenant was hanging lifeless in the shade of the big tree. The door was still open as he had left it. One of the party dismounted and entered. He found an old stoye, a bed neatly made, a few books, and two or three old daguerreotypes.

"If he was a thief he was a queer one," they all said, "but he was a thief, of course, or how did he get the

From this point the boys took a northerly direction, and in the course of a week came upon a house known to be a rendezvous of thieves. As they rode up they received a very different reception from the one they had at the hands of the silent man down the trail. Four rifles were thrust through a window and discharged almost simultaneously. The attacking party returned the fire instantly, and with such telling effect that the guns in the house were soon silenced. Presently the door was opened and a voice was heard asking for a truce. The man was made to throw up his hands, and another came out in a similar attitude. There had been four of them, but two had been killed by the first fire of the cowboys, who, widely scattered, had all aimed at the open window. The two men who surrendered begged piteously for their lives. They admitted that they were thieves, but pleaded that they were unable to make a living in any other way. Neither was over 30 years old. When they saw preparations making for their execution they promised to go with their captors and point out the hiding place of a big gang near the mouth of the Musselshell. Finding this unavailing, they begged to be shot instead of hanged. The scene was a trying one, but it was soon over. They were tied up by the neck side by ide on the same tree, and their dead companions were laid on the ground teneath them. About thirty stolen horses were recovered in this vicinity.

guided to some extent by the information given by the thieves just lynched, the boys soon came upon a herd of horses, many of them bearing brands. After consultation, it was agreed that they were probably near a big camp, and that it would be wise to move with great caution. Every man was instructed to keep a close watch on every sus under no circumstances was a shot to be fired unless the presence of the thieves was actually revealed. It was toward sunset, and the boys scattered in reconnoitring parties of two or three, each armed with a rifle, two revolvers, and a knife. Three or four remained behind to guard the stock. After dark the scouts began to come in. The first comers had found nothing, but others had located the robber camp and made fair estimate of its strength. The boys estimated that there were twenty or thirty of the robbers, all desperate characters, who would rather have a pitched battle than not. After a long council it was decided that the wisest course would be to wait until sunrise and then stamped the camp. It was the unanimous opinion that if the raid could be made before many of the thieves were awake it would be the best in the cowboy camp that night. All hands were up examining their arms and tighiening their saddles long before dawn. Just at daybreak they moved cautiously toward the robber camp. As When the Cowboys were two days they approached it the stolen horses upon a humble cabin, around which but there was no sign of human life. returned presently with information themselves, but that most of them were and had an easy and listless bearing. still asleep. It was hastily decided that great concern. Failing to answer sat- few of the robbers could reach their isfactorily the questions that were put weapons, though many ran, and, mountto him, and not being able to explain ing horses in the corral, made their eshis possession of the stolen stock, he was cape. The boys covered seven with informed by his visitors that they be- their revolvers and rifles and captured lieved him to be a thief, and that they them, the others getting away. Several "What I have told you is nevertheless | Felix, Jim York, and Nosey Bartel. true. I bought the horses. I have They knew their fate and met it unof you fellers. I never stole a horse." that point, and each man had one to The boys parleyed a while. They himself. They were hanged one at a

"I have seen men hanged before," he and the evidence was conclusive enough. | said, "but never so gentlemanly as this,

When the last of these wretches was did, through his half-closed eyes, he push on in pursuit of the fugitive could have seen a rope in one man's thieves. It is believed that they have hands, and another man climbing a tree gone to Woody Mountains, and infor-

> "WERE you ever in an engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars; "but she sued me for breach of for the body and occupation for the

HINTS TO JOURNALISTS.

A Veteran Makes Some Suggestions for the Rising Generation.

Carry a large note book at all times. Take it out of your pocket ostentatiously in places as often as possible, and make a show of writing in it. A pocket stuffed with very long, pointed pencils will add to your impressive appearance.

When you go to interview a man always ask him the questions most calculated to be offensive. It is not news you are after, so much as it is to appear in a humiliating position before your readers.

Always make it appear that everybod' you interview is simply delighted with. the opportunity to talk to your particular newspaper. If he kicks you down stairs do not let that interfere with your pursuit of picturing him as fairly wild with enthusiasm over the chance of being interviewed by you.

In case of being engaged in working up a particularly disagreeable story, if you are offered ten dollars to keep anybody's name out of the paper, indig-

nantly refuse and you may get twenty. If a man says to you "Please do not print that part of the story, because it would be severely injurious to me," promise him faithfully to do as he asks. Then print it. A journalist's first duty is to do injurious things.

If you have to go to a public dinner always wear your day clothes, and, if possible, go in muddy boots. Newspaper men should always be distinguishable from the common horde and muddy boots at a public dinner will usually fix

If somebody offers you a bottle of wine to carry home in your pocket, take The offer goes to show that he regards you as a perfect gentleman, and you want to keep him thinking so, first, ast, and at all times.

It is a good plan for a journalist, in calling upon a gentleman at his private residence, to take his ten cent cigar with him right into the parlor. Gentlemen, as a rule like to have their apartments scented up with cheap tobacco, and it needs something of this sort to impress the ordinary gentleman with the fine breeding of some reporters.

When you find yourself in any place where there is a collation, go for that first. Find fault with it to the best of your ability. Any trained journalist can pick flaws in a collation, no matter how well it may be served. Cling to the end of the table where the wine is, and if possible get a little full. This would be inexcusable in anybody else, but of a journalist it is expected.

Whenever anything does not suit you in your daily life, make a great row about it and threaten to "show it up in the papers." It doesn't make any difference how trivial the offense. You can scare people by threatening to show them up. Everybody knows that editors are Pushing on to the mouth of the river, aching to show up the private grievances of their employes. And everybody cares a great lot whether they are pud-

lished or not. Never return a manuscript loaned in order to save you a lot of trouble. It does not make any difference how faithfully you have promised, just tear the manuscript up and give it to the printers. This is calculated to make things pleasant for the next journalist who wants

to be accommodated by the next man. Always try to get everything without paying for it, on the ground that you are a newspaper man. There is no earthly reason why you should not pay as much as anybody else, because you can do nothing more than any private citizen for the benefit of the seller. But some people are weak enough to make presents to journalists, when they would not think of doing the same to anybody else, and it is every newspaper man's duty to keep this sort of thing going the best

way he knows how. Instead of devoting your earnings to the purchase of good clothes and other tokens of respectable citizenship, spend your money in rye whiskey and draw poker. This will give your profession the high regard of everybody who knows

If you can ring into your paper a sidelong illusion to a shoemaker, or other tradesman, do it. Then go around next day and strike him for a pair of boots, or something of the kind. He will get to like journalists after a time.

Never try to get credit in a bar room that is near a newspaper office. There are chances it has been worked before, and you will fail.

Always let somebody else do the treating. A journalist never ought to invite anybody up. He is supposed to go through life on the dead-head plan, and to see a journalist stand treat would be likely to frighten a stranger to death. Journalists should not frighten strangers to death-not in this way.

Mongolian Child Venders.

In Nankin and Kai-fun children from 6 to 12 years of age are sold out by tens of thousands. Not hired out or transferred-but sold for a small sum of cash, in consideration of which the progenitor, by a tacit understanding, renounces all were after just such men as he. He of them were pursued for a short dis- parental rights, even the right of them shifted his position from one side of the tance. The seven men taken comprised ring into the fate of his offspring. The door to the other, and leaning heavily some of the most notorious outlaws on purchasing trader may be the middle the border including Downly, Jake man of a well-to-do childless couple, or the agent of a wholesale tea-planter, or a coolie-breeder, raising and training lived here two years, and have seen lots flinchingly. Trees were numerous at slaves for a foreign market. For the equivalent of 3 pounds sterling any commission pedler will undertake to "adopt" the same number of young Mongols in the name of any employer, and at very short notice. The authorities might object to a formal and public purchase, but the meaning of the adopting transaction is well understood and connived at.

It is a lesser evil, and few parents ask any questions. Rather than see then children starve they will resign them to any fate-with one exception; the orthodox Buddhists seem to have evinced occasional scruples in delivering up their youngster to proselytizing mission aries, whom they suspect of all sorts of damnable practices. But even such scruples can be readily outweighed by a few extra dollars

The grand constituents of health and