

## AN ADMIRATION.

Does his best from day to day? That's 'bout all that you kin say. Wasn't built fur gettin' rich. Never bought no bonds an' sich. Never made no speeches fine. Never quite could git in line. In life's hurly-burly quest: Goes ahead an' does his best.

Does his best. In hours of pain Bends his head an' won't complain. And afar from envy's sneer, Men an' children hold him dear; Safe from praises misapplied An' the mockery of pride, He seems noble as the rest; Goes ahead an' does his best.

—Washington Star.

## Dudley Barrington's Lesson

I.

Milly Barrington was only 18 when she came to live at Holly Lodge. Very young to be married, said the gossip of the neighborhood, still younger to assume all of the cares and responsibilities of a household. And there were not lacking doleful prophecies who declared, with eyes rolled up and mouths drawn down, that Mrs. Barrington never would "get on" with the old gentleman.

"He is so fastidious," said one. "So difficult to suit," said another. "His ideal is so impossibly high," declared a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment—Milly and her father-in-law were the best of friends from the very first moment in which they looked upon each other's faces.

Milly was anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great, roomy old house, so ambitious to excel every housekeeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said, with a smile, to his son:

"Don't let your little wife undertake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered, with a yawn:

"There's no danger of that, sir. The ladies of Holly Lodge have always been first rate housekeepers, you know. And if a woman is at work, she isn't spending money foolishly or gossiping."

Mr. Barrington's keen blue eyes regarded his son sharply for a moment.

"Do you think Milly is addicted to either of those pernicious practices?" he asked.

"They come natural to all women, don't they?" said Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not at all," said his father. And in his secret soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until one bright October day the old gentleman, chancing to pass the low kitchen window, where the vines made a screen of moving shadow, looked smilingly into where his daughter-in-law was at work.

"Have you got a glass of cool milk for me, little girl?" he said.

Milly brought the milk promptly. "See, papa," she said, triumphantly, pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done to-day. Three apple pies, three loaves of bread, a pan of biscuits, a cake, and a dozen plum tartlets."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Barrington. "But Milly, why are you baking? Where is Hannah?"

"Hannah wanted her wages raised," said Milly, rather soberly. "And Dudley said it was all nonsense keeping a girl when I was so fond of housework. So she has gone."

"But are you fond of housework?" he said. "In itself, as an abstract thing, I mean?"

"Yes, papa," Milly answered, with some hesitation. "But I'm a little tired this morning. I rose early and swept the house through before breakfast, so as to have time for the baking."

"You are a good little girl," said the father-in-law, "but we mustn't let you work too hard."

"Papa," said Milly, with downcast lashes and a deep pink shadow creeping over her cheek, "I've been thinking for some time that—that—"

"Well?" said Mr. Barrington, encouragingly.

"That I should like to ask you for a little money," faltered Milly.

"Money?" he echoed in surprise. "Doesn't Dudley give you all you want?"

Once more Milly hesitated.

"He wants to know what everything is for," said she. "He thinks two shillings is too much for ribbon, and he says hats ought to be had cheaper than three shillings each, and he declares it's all nonsense to buy kid gloves when cotton will do as well. And I do need another hat since the rain spoiled my best one, but I don't like to ask him for it."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Barrington, leaning his elbows on the sill, "that you don't have a regular allowance every week?"

"No, papa," said Milly, lifting her prettily arched brows. "Dudley says women don't know how to use money, and that a wife should always receive every halfpenny she spends from her husband. And I can tell you, papa, because you are so kind to me—I am

so ashamed to have him think me extravagant, and I really need so many little things that men haven't any idea of. It's a little hard sometimes."

Mr. Barrington took his purse out of pocket and laid it on the windowsill. "Here, little girl," he said, "you have earned the contents of that a dozen times over."

Milly reached up to kiss him through the wine leaves.

"Oh, papa, you are such a darling," she said.

He only patted her cheek in reply.

"Dudley don't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered as he kept on his walk up to the front veranda, where a great chestnut tree was showing its blooms over the steps and the balmy sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Circassian slave out of that dear little woman."

And he took his book and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reveries.

II.

It was the next day that his son came to him in the library, where a for a chilly, northeast rain had blown all the yellow maple leaves away, and the sunshine was obscured in driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said his father kindly, "you are off to the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington, Jr., a tall, straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion and sparkling eyes. "And before I go perhaps you had better give me a check if it's convenient."

"A check?" said his father. "For what?"

"I'm about out of ready cash," said Dudley, carelessly, "and a little spending money would come very handy for current expenses."

"Ah! And what are you going to buy?"

Dudley looked at his father in amazement.

"I need a summer suit, sir," said he, "and—"

"Yes—yes," nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for a summer suit now?"

"Oh, six or seven pounds," answered Dudley.

"Six or seven pounds," echoed Mr. Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly," explained Dudley.

"Ah! but you ought to know," interrupted the old gentleman. "And now clothes of Poole, don't you? Aren't there cheaper places?"

Dudley ignored the question and said:

"I've a little bill at the cigar shop and there are some new books I should like to read."

"Just send in the bills to me," said the old gentleman. "I'll pay them."

"The bootmaker, sir—"

"You must try and not be too extravagant with your boots. Young men have so many fictitious wants nowadays. But, as I said before, let all the bills be sent to me. And as for spending money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out half a sovereign and handed it to his son. Dudley stared at it in amazement.

"I expected a check, sir," said he, somewhat discomfited.

"Did you?"

"It isn't agreeable to be put on such an allowance," went on Dudley, sharply. "I'm not accustomed to it."

"Not agreeable, eh?" said his father, comfortably adjusting his feet on an embroidered rest. "Then why do you practice the system with your wife?"

"I give her all that she needs to spend," said Dudley, coloring up.

"And I have given you all that you need."

"I am a man!" said Dudley.

"And she is a woman!" retorted his father.

"I am the manager of your wardrobe, and I claim my honest remuneration as such," cried Dudley. "I am no beggar. There is not a penny I ask for that I do not earn."

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as she pleases? Do not think me a meddlesome old fogey, my son," he added, rising and placing his hand kindly on his son's shoulder.

"But I have been observing all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this lesson in economy. You see how it humiliates one to have to beg humbly for the money that one has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. Don't put your wife into such a false position as that. Treat her as one of the firm of Barrington & Co."

Dudley stood still a moment, pondering, and then he said, earnestly:

"I will, sir. You are right!"

And Milly was delighted, that very day, to receive a check for an ample sum of money from her husband.

at one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No, you never had, more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are no child to be given a few shillings at a time. You are my housekeeper and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you five pounds for your own personal expenses at the beginning of every month, and you shall use and economize it as you choose. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in my life," said she. "Now I can dress like other women, and give a little money to the church and help the poor and feel independent! And I can lay by a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh, you shall see what an excellent manager I can be."

Dudley Barrington looked at his young wife with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart. Why had he never made her so innocently happy before? Simply because it had never occurred to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa!" she cried. "I am to have five pounds a month all for my own self and never to give an account of a penny of it, unless I please! It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Colonel Barrington smiled and patted her head, and answered, with a touch of sarcasm:

"Very kind, indeed."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## AN ANCIENT EMPLOYMENT.

### Our Consul Tells a Curious Story About German Lapidaries.

From Consul Walter Shuman, in Mainz, Germany, comes a curious story of the lives of the lapidaries who live in the principality of Birkenfeld.

Although an improved factory system is gradually superseding the laborious methods of former times, there are nevertheless plenty of the old polishing and cutting works, which bear evidence to the lives sacrificed to this industry. In the early days of the trade, agate quarries existed in the nearby hills, and this half-precious stone was cut and polished by a very laborious method, which is still practiced, although the agate quarries have long been exhausted and the raw material—as well as amethyst, jasper, opal, topaz, etc., has been imported (since about 1834), chiefly from Brazil, whence it is shipped to this out-of-the-way place to be cut, shaped and polished for the jewelry trade.

The usual method employed in cutting and polishing these stones is the following: In a rude but by a stream, which furnishes the power, four large grindstones about four feet in diameter are so fixed that their axes are only about one foot above the floor, into which a slit is cut, so that part of the grindstone is below its level. This lower portion passes through the water, thus keeping the stones constantly wet. The operator has a bench or block of wood about eighteen inches high, hollowed out to receive his chest and body. On this bench he lies at full length, and with his fingers holds the small piece of opal, amethyst or other stone which is to be cut, against the grindstone, slightly above the level of the floor. In this position the men lie from morning to night, day after day. Consumption usually carries them off at an early age, but other men are found to follow this vocation, as the earnings are comparatively high. The operator usually owns his grindstone, or at least half of one. This represents an investment of about \$500, and a skillful lapidary can earn from \$15 to \$25 per week. He does not usually cut and polish stones on his own account, but generally contracts with manufacturing jewelers, who furnish him the stones in the rough, to cut and polish at a certain price per gram. As the stones, even in the rough, represent quite an outlay of money, the honesty of the workman must be greatly relied upon, for nobody can say in advance how many grams of finished stones a certain piece of opal, amethyst or the like may yield.

Besides these half-precious stones, precious stones such as diamonds, etc., are also cut and polished there; but this is an entirely different branch of the industry and is chiefly carried on in factories with modern machinery.

Another branch of the industry in these parts is the cutting of cameos. Pearls are also polished, drilled and cut and shipped in large quantities to all countries, including the United States, invoices covering single shipments of the value of \$60,000 having been certified to at the Mainz consulate.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Luxurious Railways.

Mexico has certainly the most luxurious, if not the most comfortable, railways in the world. The rails of the Mexican Gulf Railway are laid on sleepers of mahogany, and the bridges are built of white marble. On the west coast of Mexico there is another line which has sleepers of ebony and ballast of silver ore drawn from old mines beside the track. The reason for this apparent extravagance is that the engineers had no other material on the route, and found it cheaper to use these than to import the ordinary plant.

The national young man sometimes comes to naught.

## YAQUI INDIANS AS TRAILERS.

### They Ought to Make the Best Scouts in the World.

"The Yaqui Indians are wonderful natural trailers," said a former Mexican trader. "They ought to make the best scouts in the world. Some years ago I was stopping at a place called Yaceli, near the east coast of Yucatan, when my cabin was robbed one night of several hundred dollars in gold. I hired a very intelligent Yaqui named Pedro to help me chase the thief, and we started out together on a 'cold trail.' The fellow who did the job had fled on horseback, striking northwest, and before long my guide had a pretty accurate idea of his personal appearance. He picked up his information a scrap at a time, beginning with the discovery that he was undersized. When I asked how he knew, he pointed to a willow tree from which one of the lower branches had been recently broken. The rascal had dismounted there for a rest, and several flat stones were piled on the ground under the broken branch. Pedro surmised that he wanted a whip and had to stand on the stones to reach the limb, which was really not very high."

"I mention the incident because it seemed to me at the time to be very far-fetched guessing, but it turned out afterward to be absolutely correct. He knew the color of the man's saddle blanket from a few shreds caught on a thorn bush, and learned that he carried a native water-bottle by its print in the soft dirt near a spring. What astonished me especially, however, was the ease with which he followed the trail of the horse over flinty, sun-baked stretches, where not the faintest sign of his passage was visible to my blunter vision. We caught up with the thief on the second day, and all of Pedro's predictions were verified to the letter. He was a prowling half-breed, and when hard pressed, had hidden the money under a log in a dense thicket. My Indian located it in almost less time than it takes to tell the story, and laughed contemptuously at the other's lack of finesse. Yet he was not an exceptional trailer. I have met dozens of the tribe who were equally clever."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Curiosities of Suicides.

At the conclusion of a recent inquest on John Brooks, an engineer of Upton Park Manor, who flung himself off the Royal Sovereign, while the vessel was nearing Southend on her return journey from Margate, Mr. Wood, the deputy coroner, made some remarks calculated to surprise the uninitiated. He said that apparently the case was one of those which made up the terrible epidemic of suicide in and near London recently. This is what students of psychology call "suicide through imitation," or, as Mr. Wood correctly termed it, "epidemic suicide."

As a rule, though, civil communities are less prone to it than military ones. It has happened several times before now that a soldier having hanged himself in a barrack room, or having put a bullet through his brain in a sentry box, the drama was repeated for many days under similar conditions without the authorities being able to put a stop to the recurrence otherwise than by changing the regiment's quarters. The most notable case on record occurred in 1805, in the camp at Boulogne, when Napoleon was preparing, or pretending to prepare a descent upon England. The regiment was sent inland, and it was on that occasion the emperor enunciated the famous axiom in a general order: "The soldier who kills himself is practically a deserter." More than a quarter of a century later a dozen veterans hanged themselves in as many days from a nail in one of the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris. The nail was removed and the epidemic ceased.—London Telegraph.

## Chin and the Future Life.

Immortality forms no part of a Chinaman's belief. This may sound strange in view of the fact that Laotianism is the oriental version of western spiritualism, but the Chinaman's spirit-world is to him something of a remote past, much as miracles are far removed from the Christian's present day. The Chinaman has no soul in the Christian sense of that word. He is material of the earth earthy. This has been his belief for thousands of years, and it is so deeply rooted that it can never be removed. So when you tell him that when he dies his soul goes either to heaven or hell he replies: "No sabs." Being a materialist he cannot imagine what there is about him to be immortal, except his material body, and he knows that his body cannot ascend into heaven or descend into hell.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Sea Island Cotton.

Considerable sea island cotton could be produced in Louisiana and in former years this crop attracted much attention, more particularly along the sea shores in St. Bernard parish, and this industry could doubtless now be very largely developed if it were found profitable.

The experience of Florida in this direction would indicate the desirability of our Louisiana cotton planters along the Gulf coast giving greater attention to this staple than formerly.

In Florida about 2,300 acres of sea island cotton are reported by their own department of agriculture. South Carolina and Georgia give some attention to it, and in North Carolina 775

acres have been reported, and in Georgia 1,808 acres.

Sea Island cotton, or black seed cotton, as it is sometimes called, cannot be grown upon all kinds of soil. In recent years the Egyptian cotton has interfered more or less with the price of sea island cotton, the Egyptian taking its place in the production of the well-known halbriggan goods.—The Southern Farmer.

## SUICIDE AMONG ANIMALS.

### The Impulse is Not Confined Alone to Human Beings.

There is no longer a question of the fact that the impulse of suicide is by no means confined to human beings. Many of the lower animals deliberately destroy themselves under certain conditions—such, for example, as imprisonment, which seems to give them an abhorrence of living. It is impossible to keep a fur seal alive in confinement because it will invariably starve itself to death, refusing food. Rather odd it is that such should be the case, inasmuch as the hair seal is so remarkably tractable an animal—fond of its human master and quick to learn tricks. Dogs have been known to refuse food and starve to death at their master's graves, but grief rather than an intention of self-destruction may be accountable in such instances.

The crab has a way of amputating its own arms and does not hesitate to throw one of them away if it happens to be slightly injured. This self-amputation of the crab is not accomplished by detaching the limb at a point, as one would naturally suppose, but the fracture is made in the length of the upper arm, at a point where it is small, says the Saturday Evening Post. Examination of the member will show that nature has provided for such amputation in a very curious way; a little cut, like the scratch a boy makes across a stick of candy to break it, is distinctly observable at the point mentioned. When Mr. Crab wants to get rid of a claw he throws the arm backward with a jerk and it snaps off.

A fox will gnaw off his own leg if it is caught in a trap and a wolf will do the same thing. The so-called glass snake, which is really a lizard, will drop its tail and leave it squirming in the grass, while the reptile itself seeks safety by crawling off unobserved. The "praying mantis" is addicted to the practice of chewing off its own toes, while it is almost impossible to secure a perfect Barbitistes serricauda, because the creature, when it finds itself held, bites off its front legs instantly.

A scarabaeus beetle native to Florida, when caught, dies in the hands of its captor almost immediately—apparently of intense nervous excitement.

## How Moltke Began War.

On the memorable occasion of the declaration of war by France in 1870, the staff officer who had received the telegram from Ems galloped wildly with the news to the house of Count Moltke, and, dismounting, rushed excitedly into the study of the general-in-chief. Moltke first offered him a cigar, then opened a drawer in his writing desk and took therefrom a neatly arranged bundle of official letters and telegrams, remarking, as he handed them to the adjutant, "Take these to the military telegraph office and have them despatched!" This simple act put the vast machinery of the German War Office in motion, so that the entire army was mobilized some days before the French could realize their hopeless state of unpreparedness.

## "The Lady Palmist."

The lady palmist, according to the report of a case just heard at Kidderminster, continues to follow conventional lines when dealing with those who are eager to gaze into futurity. In this case (her visitor being the wife of a detective sergeant) the modern seer told the former that she liked very much to have her own way, and was inclined to worry if her husband was out for an hour and she did not know where he was. It was further averred that she might live to sixty or seventy, and that married life had not been all unalloyed bliss. She would do a good deed when she had the chance, and would not die of religious mania. The magistrates discharged the palmist on her promising to leave the town.—London Globe.

## Silence Reigns Supreme.

The most lonely highlands of our national territory are the sparsely wooded Sierras of Western New Mexico. The clank of the wood cutter's ax echoes through the steepest glens of the European Alps and Southern Alleghanies, but in the Sierra Mesilla, west of El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of marmot is the only inhabitant of these solitudes, and rarely leaves its burrows before noon. Birds are extremely rare, though a silent vulture now and then floats across the sky, on its way to the cave labyrinth of the Gila valley.—Indianapolis Press.

It requires about 500 pounds of water to make one pound of dry material in the straw and grain of oats. This shows what an enormous amount of water a crop uses.

The pensive maiden sometimes becomes an expensive wife.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### How the Plumber Works.

The plumber came down Like a wolf on the fold, And made a big bluff 'Mong hot pipes and cold.

Nine hours by the clock He made love to the cook, And that night eighteen dollars We were charged on his book.

### The Extent of His Knowledge.

"What do you think is at the bottom of the ocean, professor?" "Excuse me, but I have never gone into the subject deep enough for that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Significant Sign.

Carry—What makes you think that Dick intends to propose to you tonight? Edna—He's been laughing at papa's jokes all afternoon.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Painful Uncertainty.

"Humor and pathos are closely allied." "That's so; when a man gets off an obscure joke it is pathetic to see him wait for people to laugh."—Detroit Free Press.

### Evidence to the Contrary.

Railway Agent—Our railway, madam, is strictly up to date in every respect. Madam—Nonsense. Look at this woman on your excursion folder; her sleeves have been out of style for three years.—Chicago Record.

### After the Ceremony.

"Ah, George," she sighed, "do you remember how we used to sit on one chair at papa's?" "That was all right at papa's," replied the practical George, "but I'm not a-going to forget that these chairs cost me good money!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Melancholy Reflection.

"The writings of Confucius are unsurpassed as moral precepts," said the able Chinaman. "Yes," answered the cynic, "but they resemble most proverbs and other forms of good advice. When it comes to a pinch they don't stop any riots."—Washington Star.

### Only a Cheap Imitation.

"I hear," remarked Nanny Goat, "that you made that bonstful goat from Bleytown look like turry cents." "I guess not," declared the victorious Billy. "I'm the one that looks like thirty cents, for I'm the best butter. The very lowest ole quotation about fits him."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Rude Shock.

He—I know your family does not like me, but—will you be my wife? She—Well, I should say no! He—Whew! That's rather a— She—I repeat I should say no, but as a girl in love doesn't generally do as she should I'll say "Yes!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

### The Hub-bub Club.

"Julia and I have organized a lovely conversation club among the girls." "What do you call it?" "The Hub-bub Club."

"Gracious! What does that mean?" "Oh, we meet around in the mornings on one another's porches and all talk at once."—Indianapolis Journal.

### No Encouragement.

Mrs. Short—Oh, dear! I do wish we were rich. Just think of the good we could do if we only had lots of money. Mr. Short—True, my dear; but we can do a great deal of good in a quiet way now.

Mrs. Short—Yes, of course—but no one will ever hear of it.—Chicago News.

### She Wanted Only Pins.

Friend (noticing the confused heaps of goods of every description scattered promiscuously around the shop)—Hallow! what's happened? Been taking an inventory, had a fire, or are you going to move out?

Haberdasher—That shows how little you know about shopkeeping. We have merely been waiting on a lady who dropped in for a paper of pins.

### A Probability.

She—You know, Harry, so far as I am concerned, I am only too happy to become your wife, but my father, you know— He—But what has your father got to do with it? Your father hasn't got to live with me.

She—No, Harry, but you may have to live with father, you know.—Boston Transcript.

### Just Saved Himself.

"Do you know, Miss Point Breeze," remarked young Mr. Softley, "it is said that monkeys actually have a language and talk to each other."

"If that is true," replied the young woman, "I should very much like to hear the monkeys' opinion of—"

She stopped suddenly, as one who had escaped a break.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Times.