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FINN & PHILLIPS' MUSIC HOUSE

Where the Great Piano Sale is taking place for this week only. And people from every town and hamlet are making us a call and are going away well satisfied with the bargains in Pianos and Organs that we are giving. We will save any buyer \$100 this week on any instrument they may select, including the following well known makes—Mason & Hamlin, Hardman, McPhail, Popular Pease, James & Holmstrom. Our Stock of New Baby Grands have certainly won for us during this sale the popular favor of all the leading musicians who have tried them. And we do hereby send a special invitation to all who have not yet visited our store to examine these Superb Grand Pianos.

Look at These Prices and It Will Give You an Idea of What We Are Offering You One Fine New Full Size Upright Piano, \$135.00. This price only for today and tomorrow. Another—One Mahogany Case, Good Make, Today Only \$190.00. One Almost New—Fine Upright, Ebony Case, \$122.50, and other bargains accordingly. We have a full line of Mason & Hamlin Pianos and Organs. We call especial attention to this make of pianos as there is none better. Come early. Our Band Goods continue to sell because our prices are right and the goods the very finest. We especially invite all to come and visit our store, whether you buy or not. Do Not Forget the Number--

FINN & PHILLIPS, 138 WYOMING AVENUE.

TUNE YOUR PIANO NOW.

My Revenge.

I hated the boy. Oh, of course it was not right and Christian-like; I never said it was. And no doubt I ought to have loved him the better for having such a large supply of the good gifts that fate had denied to me; only I did not.

He was my step-brother. My mother married the second time when I was a little chap, and a year later Claude Eccleston was born.

He had the better of me even from birth. I was a wizened bit of a boy, dark-haired, dark-eyed, snail-like my father, my mother always said; and he was like his father. He had laughing gray eyes, hair with a wave in it, a fresh, clear skin, which made the women want to kiss him. Nobody evinced any longing to kiss me, except the child himself, and I hated him.

He was the only child, and Boddiefield would be his after his father, so there was no need for him to earn his living as there was for me. I was to be a lawyer and to study hard to fit myself for the work, while Claude picked up a gentleman's education in leisurely fashion. I felt that to be another injustice.

It can not be laid to my charge that I simulated an affection that I did not feel. I always held as far as possible aloof from him. I did not return the caresses that as a child he lavished upon me. I never encouraged him to grip my arm and pour his schoolboy confidence into my ear. Later on, I never invited him to join me in my evening smoke. My reserve did not seem to rebuff him; whatever I did I was always "poor old George," or "dear old George"; and when I uttered my true sentiments, he laughed at my cold-blooded cynicism.

He was of course my mother's favorite son; the cup of injustice would not have been full without that.

When I was twenty-five, and he nineteen, there occurred a fresh cause for hatred. The Rise, a pretty little place just out of Boddiefield village, was taken by a young and fascinating widow—Mrs. Sinclair.

She was tall and slim, with fair hair and blue eyes with remarkably long lashes, and she suffered it to be understood that her married life had been short and unhappy. Short it must have been, for she did not look more than twenty-three. Altogether a most interesting person.

My mother and her husband took to her at once. I had already heard of her winning ways, and of her pretty gratitude for all kindness shown her before I went down to Boddiefield for Christmas. She dined at the hall on the very evening of my arrival, and before the evening was over I found myself also entangled in the meshes of those long lashes.

It was a keen, frosty night, and she expressed her intention of walking home. It was so delightfully moonlight, and she was not nervous, oh, no! Of course, I had to escort her, and, of course, on my return my mother called me on an attention that I had cer-

tainly never shown to any woman before.

I had seen her twice before Christmas day, and, on the second occasion, after skating with me all the afternoon, she had taken me into her house for a cup of tea. I detest tea, but I had begun to entertain a feeling that was distinctly not detestation for Adela Sinclair.

Christmas eve brought Claude. Adela Sinclair's caresses were expended now upon him. I was still "dear Mr. Holland," and my taste and judgment were continually appealed to, but I knew that the glances through the eyelashes were not for me.

Certainly the boy was amazingly fresh and handsome. I knew that my face looked cloudier and more sallow by contrast with his. I knew also that he was heir to some thousands a year, while I could only hope to count my income by hundreds. Of course, I could not expect to be loved for myself.

There was some satisfaction for me in perceiving that my mother and the suite were as little pleased by the widow's attentions to Claude as I was. It amused me to make her own, indirectly, of course, that she considered the widow very suitable for me, but not good enough for Claude. I betrayed no sort of feeling over the matter myself.

"Two days after Christmas I left Claude at Boddiefield to enjoy Mrs. Sinclair's society, but I was to run down again for a couple of days' hunting before he went back to Oxford."

When I came back those few days later I found that Claude had been making the most of his time. He had spent part of every day at The Rise, notwithstanding that Mrs. Sinclair had also been to the hall, and he spoke of the lady as Adela.

"If only I were as old as you, old boy," he said regretfully, "I suppose she'd laugh at me if I made a regular proposal at 19. I shall be 29 in a month or two, and then I'll do it."

"What?" I laughed quietly. Away from Boddiefield I had somewhat thrown off the spell of the widow's charms, and it might be that Claude would go through the same experience. In the meantime, I intended to have an eye on the lady in a different sense from that in which I had hitherto indulged in the practice.

"She has a cousin down here now. Confound him!" Claude went on. "I dare say he is a nice fellow enough, but you can't see her without him hanging around."

"I thought she said she had not one belonging to her?"

"I suppose she would not count cousins as anybody. Any way, the fellow is there and seems pretty intimate. The mother does not quite approve of her having male consorts to stay."

"It seemed a little queer to me after vowing that she was alone in the world. You can not be exactly that when you have a cousin privileged to stay in the house. However, nobody ties a woman down to absolute accuracy of speech.

Claude was missing during the evening—down at The Rise, my mother supposed, with a sigh. He was there too often. Perhaps my influence might do something to stop it. I turned over a page or two of my book; if Claude was doing anything likely to get him into any sort of trouble, I was most distinctly not going to stop it.

When my mother retired I strolled out into the wintry darkness. I might as well see what was going on at The Rise for my own satisfaction. The cousin's appearance did not appeal to my taste. The widow's house I passed, Claude or rather stepped back into the shadow to let him pass me. He was whistling rather ruefully. I went on and looked for a chink in the enchantress' shutters.

As luck would have it, the cousin had drawn back the curtains to look out at the night. I saw into the room. The table was covered with evidences of card-playing and of whisky-drinking. It struck me that the lady had been sharing in both pursuits. The cousin's appearance did not appeal to my taste.

"Well, Adelle," he said, dropping the curtain so that I could only gain a chance glimpse of either of them, "your pupil comes on promisingly. He'd marry you in a minute if it weren't for the little obstacles that he don't know of; but as that can't be, we must make what we can of him otherwise. We have more than emptied his pockets to-night, only unluckily the contents of a boy's pocket won't go far with us."

"It was no use," answered Adela, with an air of apology. "He is too shrewd and cold-blooded. There's no turning him round your little finger like Claude. I like the boy, John; you must not go too far with him."

The man laughed broadly.

"I'll go no farther than his money goes. Come, I'm ready for bed. I have done a good day's work."

I stepped back quietly out of the garden. I knew enough; Claude was likely to pay dear for the widow's favor, but I was not called upon to intervene.

After that I heard little or nothing of Mrs. Sinclair. My mother rarely mentioned her, and Claude never. I worked steadily at my profession, and had lit- tle room in the multitude of my thoughts for women or love.

One evening at the beginning of June Claude came in upon me abruptly. His dress was unusually careless, his eyes were red, and his whole appearance showed signs of distraction.

"I'm in awful trouble, George," he said, sinking into a chair in front of me. "I don't know how to save myself, and I'm come to you for help."

The boy looked wretched enough, but I concealed my gratification at the sight of his misery.

"It's through Erreton, Mrs. Sinclair's cousin," he explained. "She did give me a hint to be careful, but it was too late then. He turned up at Oxford and made me introduce him to a lot of the men, and he's fished them as well as me. And—here the boy broke down, and the rest of the story I got from him piecemeal.

Erreton had got him so deeply in debt that his father, after paying one demand for extra money, he had refused to allow him more. He tried, as gamblers will, to mend his fortunes by continuing to gamble—a hopeless speculation in most cases, and certainly fatal with such an opponent as this. Then came a night when Erreton, after his usual success, taunted his miserable debtor, and having taunted him with exposure to the suite and the college authorities, terrorized him into

forging his father's signature to a check for a considerable amount.

He should not use the check at present, he said, but kept it in reserve, in case he found it necessary to enforce obedience to his commands.

Claude had by this time formed an attachment to the daughter of a certain professor. Erreton demanded an introduction to the members of the family, which Claude daily refused, and being told that if in three days he had not yielded the check would be presented for payment, he fled to me as his last hope.

I listened to the story with inward triumph. My hatred was in a fair way to become gratified now. His sole chance, if I left him alone, was to confess everything to his father before Erreton had time to act, and let the 'squire communicate with the bank. Knowing the 'squire's horror of any kind of gambling, I was aware that Claude would have a bad time of it if he did that. Mother's pet and Fortune's Darling as he was, he had come to such a pass now that his bitterest enemy might feel gratified.

I could free him if I chose, for it chanced that I had recently become possessed of information concerning Mr. Erreton, by use of which I could compel him to almost any course of action. But why should I stir myself for the boy I hated? I looked at him as he sat before me with a miserable, hunted look on his face, and I sat for a minute enjoying my triumph.

"I don't see that I can help you," I said harshly.

"I only know that if you can't, nobody else can," answered Claude with a sort of half-sob. Then he flung his arms, haw-fasting, round my neck, and his face against me. "George, dear old George! You have always been good to me. I know you will save me! Good to him! I had always hated him. But there was something I could not stand in his open confidence in me. In the touch of his clinging arms and the recollection of the hundred times he had clung in like fashion before."

Something in my heart seemed to give way; I pushed him back, and actually kissed him—the kiss of peace—and then straightway went out and set- tled Mr. Erreton's pretensions.

Next morning Claude had the satisfaction of burning that check, and at the present friend I have no dearer friend than my brother.

SOUND ADVICE TO STUDENTS OF LAW

THE ATTORNEY'S DUTY TO THE COMMUNITY.

Some Suggestions and Admonitions Presented by Attorney General Griggs in His Recent Address to the Graduates of the Yale Law School.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: I commend to you the cultivation of a spirit that will enable you to take a healthy, sound, and cheerful view of the struggles and movements of society, of law, and of government, believing that their tendency is toward improvement, not deterioration.

It is a common error to suppose that the court room is the only place where the lawyer's talents are employed, or their potency felt. They are the skilled directors now of the great business and commerce of the world; not in a mechanical or commercial sense, but in a legal way, as guides and advisers. It is better to instruct your client how to avoid trouble and litigation than to help him come successfully out of it. The business man who waits for the lawyer's advice upon matters which he does not understand himself until he has got into a lawsuit, is as imprudent as he who insures his building after the fire.

LEGAL GUIDANCE.

The best function of the lawyer is that of legal guidance, to show how pitfalls may be shunned and collisions avoided, and to point out the pathway that may be followed in peace. In law, as in medicine, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Litigation among clients, like war among nations, should be the last resort. The lawyer should be a peacemaker. Counsel of moderation and self-restraint, given at the proper time and in a wise spirit, will often save your client from a precipitate rush into the annoyances of a suit, which even with the best results will yield much trouble, ill-feeling, and expense. Smooth down your client's ruffled feelings toward his adversary. Restrain his passion. Give no encouragement to mere revengeful motives. Let your object always be to place before his view the pure and simple rules of justice, and make that the object of his action. Differences there always must be—differences as to facts, differences in construction of the law, besides wrongs and outrages which only a resort to legal remedies can decide and rectify. But in seeking the aid of the courts of justice in such instances, remember that you are yourselves ministers of justice, and that any willful perversion of fact, any attempt to distort unrighteous doctrine into a rule of practice is unworthy.

The further maintenance of the high authority and repute of our Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence as the foundation of our progress and prosperity and the safeguard of our liberties is intrusted to the bar. The world will judge of the system according to the manner in which its ministers administer it.

DUTY OF THE STATE.

Beyond his immediate duty to his client, the lawyer has a larger and wider sphere of duty to the state in illustrating, supporting, and maintain-

ing the priceless value of that system of law and justice which is the heritage of the American people.

As the characters of the members of that profession is sound, patriotic, and pure, so will legislation, the administration of public officers, and general public sentiment continue upon lines of justice, safety, and conservatism.

So I urge you not to strive exclusively for the pecuniary rewards of your profession, but to look forward to a career of influence and usefulness that shall include your neighbor, your state, your country within its beneficent reach.

THE IDEAL LAWYER.

For your example let me commend the ideal of the good lawyer—I do not say the great, but the good lawyer—an ideal that has been realized in the life of every substantial city and court house town, especially in the older neighborhoods; a man of kindly and benignant disposition, friendly alike with his well-to-do and his poorer fellow-townsmen; acquainted with their habits and individual history, and with a pretty accurate notion of their opinions and prejudices, as well as of their ways and means; genial and sociable, yet dignified and self-contained; of staid and comfortable appearance; in manner alert; in conversation always moderate and respectful; shrewd in his observations; wise, but with perennial humor and lowly cheeriness; as a citizen always concerned and active in the interests of his town, his state, and his country; not an agitator, nor a perpetual faultfinder, nor giving out the intimation that he is better or wiser than others; but ready to confer, to listen, to agree, to get the best possible, if not the utmost that is desirable, to him the people turn in local emergencies for guidance and counsel on their public affairs, ever partnership fearing not to trust to his honor and wisdom, so free from all cause of offense that there is no tongue to lay a word against his pure integrity; too dignified and respectable to tempt familiarity; too genial and generous to provoke envy or jealousy; revered by his brethren of the bar; helpful and kindly to the young; in manner, suave and polite, with a fine courtliness of the old flavor—what Clarendon described in John Hampden as "a flowing courtesy towards all men;" successful, of course, in his practice, but caring less for its profits than for the forensic and intellectual "light which the study and practice of the law bring to him; he knows much of the old "learning in the law"—can tell you of fines, of double vouchers, and recoveries, of the "Rule in Shelley's Case"—though he keeps all these things in mind as collectors treasure their antiques and curios, more as objects of art and historical interest than of practical utility. His mind is grounded upon the broad and deep principles of jurisprudence rather than upon "wise saws and modern instances;" but over all is reflected the illumination of a strong common sense and a refined tactfulness. To his clients he is an object of confidence and real affection; the secure depository of family secrets, and the safe guard and counselor in trouble and difficulty; composing, not stirring up strife, but when in actual trial, strong, aggressive, confident; never quibbling or dissembling; respectful to witnesses, to jurors, and to judges, as well as to his adversary.

In the judgment and feelings of the community there is something of the venerable and illustrious attached to his name; not for his learning in the law, not for his success as an advocate,

not for his mere usefulness to his fellow-citizens as a counselor and guide, but for the benignant influence of his whole life and character; and when he dies, to every mind there comes a suggestion of the epitaph that shall most fittingly preserve the estimate which the people have formed of him—"The just man and the councillor."

RAILROAD CARS.

What Some of Them Cost and What They Weigh.

An ordinary passenger car on a steam railroad costs from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and weighs 25,000 pounds, or nineteen tons. A mail car, which costs from \$2,000 to \$2,500 and is shorter by about one-quarter than the ordinary passenger coach, weighs about 22,000 pounds, or sixteen tons. A baggage car, without the baggage in it, weighs 28,000 pounds, fourteen tons, and costs about as much as a mail car. A sleeping car, with observatory attachments, ordinary annex, and ordinary department, costs anywhere from \$10,000 to \$20,000. The average weight of a sleeping car is from twenty to twenty-two tons.

A full train in motion, as a little figuring will show, is no light affair. The ordinary weight of the railroad locomotive, for passenger service, inclusive of tender, but not of fuel in the tender, is forty tons. One baggage car weighs fourteen tons and one mail car sixteen tons, bringing up the weight of the locomotive and the baggage and mail cars to seventy tons. Six passenger cars at an average of nineteen tons, weight of baggage, of fuel carried, weight of a train made up of locomotive and eight cars would be 184 tons, of 288,000 pounds, exclusive of the passenger and mail matter.

Pulling 184 tons along rails at the rate of fifty miles an hour or more is an achievement which has not been easily brought about, and the more the problem is studied the more clearly it is understood how far the mechanical work on railroads has been pushed. There were by the last figures reported 35,000 locomotives in use on the American railroads, 25,000 passenger cars and 8,000 mail and baggage cars. These figures seem large until compared with the number of freight cars in use on American railroads, and then they seem insignificant, for the number of freight cars in use is 1,250,000.

Freight cars among the railroad non are divided into four classes—flat cars, such as are used for the transportation of stone, machinery and lumber box cars, such as are used for the transportation of grain, fruit and ordinary merchandise; stock cars, such as are used for the transportation of live stock and cars which are used for coal and oil—those used for oil being supplied with tanks. The average weight of a flat or gondola car is seven tons. The car costs from \$300 to \$100. Box cars weigh a ton more and cost \$100 more each. Stock cars weigh eight tons each on the average, and oil cars weigh three tons each. It costs about \$200 to build coal or oil cars, and they are designed to carry five tons apiece. The weight of fifty coal cars is 150 tons, and their contents, if all filled, 250 tons, which, with locomotive and engine added, makes 240 tons as the weight of a train. It may be added, roughly that the weight of loaded trains, passenger, coal or freight, ranges from 200 to 550 tons. The lighter the train the greater the speed; that's the railroad rule.