# The Scranton Tribune

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# TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, MARCH 27, 1902.

If the exorbitant costs of the Langstaff contest can be pruned, the taxpayers will rejoice. County Controller Jones, in doing what he can to protect the taxpayers in this matter, lays large claim to their gratitude. The courage with which he is facing the duties of his office shows that in electing him the voters made no mistake.

## On the Right Track.

A SETTLEMENT of the street car strike on terms which would give re-employment to as many as possible of those now idle and break the boycott still observed by some would be good news. We trust that we may soon have the pleasure of announcing it. The course of the Central Labor union in urging the strikers to accept the liberal terms now offered is in pleasing contrast with some of its earlier attitudes and merits appreciative recognition.

Having secured from the street car company this offer of settlement, which goes beyond any previously offered, and quite certainly is as much as the strikers will ever get, though they were to remain out for six years longer, the Central Labor union will naturally be expected by the public to do all in its power to secure prompt acceptance by the men. If vigorously used, its power ought to be sufficient. Heretofore the responsibility for trying to adjust this deplorable strike has rested upon citizens not directly interested from the labor standpoint. Now it is upon the local headquarters of the organized labor movement. Let the Central Labor union carry its point, putting an end to a burden grown tiresome to all involved, and it will acquire new prestige and popular respect.

While it is much easier to fire up a strike than to cool off the bitterness it creates, we think all concerned in this one have learned valuable lessons. Though the money loss and annoyance have been great, the future is likely to profit. After this strike is dead and buried, we think it will be a long time before there will be another one similar in kind. The sooner the burial, the better.

Another report is abroad to the effect that Rev. Mr. Tsilka has been arrested for complicity in the abduction of Miss Stone. Pastor Tsilka certainly displayed great fortitude in bearing up under the absence of his wife, but it is to be hoped for the sake of the missionary cause in general that he will be found not guilty.

## Cecil Rhodes.

THE STRONGEST personality South Africa has produced was Cecil Rhodes. The title "empire builder" was his deservedly. As a yong man he went to Cape Town to die of consumption but, once there, fought the ailment until he mastered it, and by fortunate investment in gold and diamond mining became in time a multi-millionaire.

Money with Rhodes was useful only as an instrument of power. He was generous to a fault; but his liberality was always calculated. Among the first to appreciate the enormous possibilities of South Africa, the moment his business interests permitted he set out to win for the British crown whatever he could lay hands on. Many views of the man are current; some crediting him with an utter lack of conscience. It is not for us to say which view is correct. But the probabilities are that, while he worked out great problems with almost miraculous energy and daring and rode rough shod over principles which, in a more settled civilization, are better observed, counting the end as a justification of the means, he was neither better nor worse than his critics would have been if similarly circumstanced.

The Boer war is largely credited to his instigation, but no doubt this exaggerates his influence. He was a personification of the forces which chafed at Boer narrowness yet the antagonisms which culminated in the present distressing conflict were inherent in the conditions of South Africa and must have brought on war had Rhodes never been born. Dying at 49, in the prime of strength and power, his dream of a federated South Africa is for others to see realized. But however roughly he laid them, the foundations of Anglo-Saxon civilization which he more than all others helped to put in place are there to stay and generations hence his name will be held in honored remembrance.

That his death will hasten peace is possible and probable. Boer hatred and fear of him were inveterate and implacable. With Rhodes subtracted, mutual understanding is likely to be expedited and an eventual harmony of racial interests promoted. He was a builder who worked on broad lines over great areas with little time for the delicacies that conciliate the defeated. Others will complete and smooth out what he began but his initials will always adorn the corner stone.

The anthracite coal situation does not seem to cause much anxiety at present save among the headline writers of the yellow newspapers.

## Concerning John P. Elkin.

THE Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch recalls that winter before last, when the outlook for Colonel Quay's election to the senate was at its darkest, and one by one his lieutenants decided that he had better give up the struggle, John P. Elkin alone of those active in the management of the colonel's campaign refused to accept that view and declared his intention of fighting until there wasn't a thing left for him to stand on. His pluck and cheerfulness in the face of adverse circumstances saved the day for Matthew Stanley Quay, and no man knows this better than Colonel Quay himself. This is only one of many incidents which we could cite to illustrate that there isn't an atom in John P. Elkin's make-up suggestive of cowardice, timidity or ingratitude.

Republicans who know Mr. Elkin only as he is pictured in the insurgent newspapers will know more about him before long; and we venture to say that the knowledge will dispel any doubts which may now exist in minds open to reason as to the wisdom of his nomination. The insurgents are throwing stones at him because their leaders know it was Elkin who balked them in the last senatorial campaign. Had he been out of the way, they would have captured the legislature, sent a Democrat or a bolter to the senate at Washington, and installed William Flinn, of Pittsburg, as the general manager of Pennsylvania's political destiny. Of course, therefore, they are after Elkin's scalp. They have reason to be. They know that if he is elected governor, the profession of "insurgent" will soon cease to be the source of profit and prominence that it has been since the Wanamaker syndicate and its subsequently revived fragments entered into competition for party mastery. They also know that as governor he will give a clean, intelligent and progressive administration.

The attempt to load upon Mr. Elkin's shoulders responsibility for what has gone wrong at Harrisburg is unfair, and the people know it. It is true that as state chairman he was responsible for saving the party organization from disruption at the hands of its allied assailants; but he was only a subordinate when it came to formulating executive and legislative policy. A man young in years and in mental and physical energy, but old in his knowledge of how to handle men, as well as scholarly and gracious and generous, Mr. Elkin has few, if any, superiors among the younger men now in American public life. The stone-throwing he is undergoing does him absolutely no harm, as is shown by the returns from the various primaries; and his nomination for governor, now generally recognized as likely to come to pass, will be followed by a stirring campaign crowned with victory certain and impressive.

Congressman Rhea seems to have been unable to swallow his own prescription without making a wry face.

## Innocent Diversion.

A NUMBER of our esteemed contemporaries are moved to rebuke Colonel Watterson for alleged disrespect toward the president of the United States in his recent ebullition before the Virginia Democratic association. We hardly think this necessary. The gallant colonel possesses a gift of picturesque speech which should not be too tightly fettered by conventionality. Watterson oratory in motion is too great an addition to the gaiety of nations to be hampered by insistence upon accuracy and formality. Almost anybody can be prim and decorous; it takes genius to be neither without at the same time becoming offensive.

We have little doubt that President Roosevelt, even more heartily than our distinguished Blue Grass philosopher and friend himself, enjoys to be called, in vivid Wattersonian phrase, the "Man on Horseback," who, "affecting the simplicity of the cowboy, conceals beneath the self-confidence and queer manners of the broncho buster the sentiment and ambitions, if not the talent, of a Diaz." To be called that is much preferable to being called dishonest or to being accused of stupidity or coldness. No American in public life has ever suffered in his political career from being called ambitious. The accusations which destroy a man in politics are dishonesty, ingratitude and naughtiness. None of these can be made truthfully against Theodore Roosevelt. He may have peculiar mannerisms; he may be undignified; he may be quick, impetuous and pugnacious; he may do things on impulse that later are regretted; but so long as the people believe in his fundamental honesty and manliness his future is safe.

Consequently if our Democratic brethren find respite from political family cares in the effervescence of Wattersonian humor, by all means let them have it. They need it.

According to reports from the house committee, the Chinese exclusion measure will prevent the Mongolian from getting under the American flag in any corner of the earth.

## Sending Money by Mail.

THE RECENT wonderful development of mail order business, which is by no means yet exhausted, has intensified the need of better facilities for sending small payments through the mails. What is known as the "Post Check" proposition, so named from its inventor, C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., who, by the way, assigns all patent rights to the government, supplies this need admirably and it is hoped that the present congress will authorize the postoffice department to give the system a trial.

The general appearance of the Post check is that of the present one or two-dollar bill. On one side are blank lines upon which the holder may write the name and address of anyone to whom he desires to make payment by mail. The payee, upon receipt of the money, attaches his signature and collects the money at the office named. To forge the signature of the payee is a penitentiary offense, same as counterfeiting. As rapidly as the signed bills come into the possession of postmasters they are sent to Washington for redemption. By this process, one can carry about his person paper money in various denominations under five dollars, and it passes as good as gold. Should he desire to make remittance by mail he simply takes out a bill or piece of frictional currency, writes the name of his creditor, affixes and cancels a stamp, and it only requires the signature of the latter to again make the money as good as gold at the office named.

It is estimated that the government would by this method save $600,000 a year over the money order system now in use; and the larger use would surely soon provide an increased revenue. The fact that more than half of all the postoffices in the United States are not money order offices is a sufficient reason for providing this species of currency, "instantly transferrable into safe money to send through the mails."

If the senate oleomargarine color scheme becomes a law, the average consumer of the boarding house butter will be obliged for economy's sake to indulge only in the black and white series. The proposition to place a tax of ten cents a pound upon oleo of a golden hue is enough to arouse a protest even from Farmer Bryan.

## OUR RICH GATE.

For The Tribune.

Porto Rico, the "Pearl of the Antilles," is rightly named. It is a "rich gate" of opportunity through which American capital, American enterprise and American education (the world's chief civilizers) are entering to great advantage. Not only advantage to ourselves, but equally so to the natives of the island who are adapting themselves so readily to the benefits of American rule. In what we have done for Porto Rico so far we have been "building better than we know." The day is now upon us on which we have to take up the control and energizing of another new people—the three islands and numerous islets of the Danish West Indies, only a few miles distant from Porto Rico. It thought best by the administration at Washington, all we need do is to say to Governor Hunt of Porto Rico and his American associates: "Your administrative territory is enlarged," and the problem is practically solved at the start.

Porto Rico will also be of immense value to us as a base of supplies and a strategical point in connection with the proposed Isthmian canal, through which, in a very few years, half the commerce of the world will pass, and by means of which the vigorous Atlantic will be wedded to its far Pacific bride. When the day of that happy marriage arrives Porto Rico will be "best man" and Hawaii the charming bridesmaid, while the newly united waters will flow on to kiss their sister of the Orient—the Philippines—not forgetting little Guam on the way.

Leaving the future and turning to the present, let us see how Porto Rico is fitting herself for the responsibility which will undoubtedly be hers in the near future. Is she making headway along American lines of progress, or only hanging on to us to be cared for as if she were an unpromising child?

By the courtesy of Governor Hunt the writer is enabled to append the following up-to-date figures, which, speaking for themselves, show most successful results in the various departments of the island government:

CUSTOMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Exports to the United States—For first six months fiscal year 1900 there were exported straw hats valued at | $3,077 00 |
| For the same period, year 1901 | 89,106 00 |
| Oranges, first six months fiscal year 1900 | 13,981 00 |
| Oranges, first six months fiscal year 1901 | 31,200 00 |
| Value of tobacco exported first six months, 1900 | 176,721 00 |
| Value during same period year 1901 | 515,038 00 |
| Porto Rican coffee sent to United States first six months, 1900 | 857 00 |
| Sent to United States first six months year 1901 | 1,918 00 |
| Sugar exported to United States first six months, 1900 | 651,316 00 |
| First six months year 1901 | 1,149,067 00 |
| Exports to foreign countries—Coffee, first six months year 1900 | $807,811 00 |
| Same period year 1901 | 1,458,956 00 |
| Tobacco, first six months year 1900 | 171,041 00 |
| Same period year 1901 | 49,973 00 |

INSULAR EXCISE REVENUE.

| | February, 1901. | January, 1902. |
|---|---|---|
| Number of distillers | 181 | 207 |
| Number of tobacco manufactories | 170 | 234 |
| Amount of tax on rum | $9,052 40 | $12,122 65 |
| Amount of tax paid on beer and wine | 2,260 10 | 4,245 18 |
| Amount of tax paid on tobacco manufactories | 8,146 56 | 25,207 21 |
| Number of dealers in articles subject to excise taxes | 6,000 | 9,500 |

Excise tax collections from February, 1901, up to the present time have steadily increased. In February, 1901, they were $20,666; in January, 1902, they were $42,147. In February, 1901, the value of the exports of cigars, cigarettes, rum and lard rose to $14,602, while in January, 1902, their value was $108,797.

HEALTH.

| | Death rate. 1900. | 1901. |
|---|---|---|
| Measles | 50 | 41 |
| Dysentery | 2,605 | 189 |
| Enteritis | 2,757 | 1,314 |
| Tuberculosis | 1,126 | 923 |
| Typhoid fever | 210 | 56 |
| Malaria | 1,398 | 1,109 |
| Anemia | 2,804 | 1,151 |
| Diphtheria | 20 | 14 |
| Glanders | 11 | 4 |
| Pneumonia | 158 | 165 |

EDUCATION.

| | |
|---|---|
| January, 1901, number schools | 682 |
| January, 1902, number schools | 875 |
| January, 1901, pupils enrolled | 30,000 |
| January, 1902, pupils enrolled | 44,000 |
| Teachers employed in 1901 | 721 |
| Teachers employed in January, 1902 | 994 |
| Number schoolhouses built in 1900 | None |
| Number schoolhouses built in 1901 | 72 |

These magnificent results are all the more astonishing when we remember that it is only a little more than three and one-half years since the Stars and Stripes was first given to the Porto Ricans as their banner of liberty and concord. The figures clearly show that Mr. M. Kinley, to whom Porto Rico owes so much, did a very wise thing in therefore as well as for Porto Rico when he opened our markets free to her products. Note the very large increase in our purchases of tobacco and sugar. We have not begun that it is so important to us to buy of our own people as it is to sell to other peoples. Detailed comment on the figures is not necessary. The record is simply magnificent, progress all along the line.

Walter J. Ballou.

Scranton, N. Y., March 24.

## THE RETORT POETIC.

"Hard it must be to write in numbers swelling"
Thus to an impecunious poet uttered a wife,
"The while, perhaps, your mental is rebelling,
But—you know you've got mouths to do get into it."

"To write with empty pocket, Lucius darling,
I grant you that were hard," the man said,
"But then I think you'll find it much the hardest
To write a poem with an empty head."

Dennis A. McCarthy, in the Sun.

# AN ANECDOTE OF HANNIBAL HAMLIN

For The Tribune.

IT WAS my proud privilege, when I was a young man, living in Bangor, Maine, to count among my friends, Hannibal Hamlin. There was no special distinction in this, as he was the natural friend of all men, and especially young men, in whom he saw the hope of the country. Great statesmanship was his hobby, and as his idea of a good citizen embraced and incubated vigorous thinking and noble living under all circumstances, it demanded and developed all that was best in man. As our friend and teacher, Hannibal Hamlin, was an ex-governor, ex-congressman, ex-senator, ex-minister to Spain and ex-vice president of the United States under the immortal Lincoln, all of which exalted positions he has filled with highest honor and ability, there was an impressive force in all he urged us to do, as can be well understood. But to my little story.

Hannibal Hamlin was a member of a fishing club, which, about June first, made annual trips to the shores of some of the green lakes of Maine, for a week's fishing. The personnel of the club changed somewhat every year, but there were four old members who were sure to be present—two ex-colonels, one ex-general and Hannibal Hamlin. The military members were old Union soldiers, dearly beloved by Hannibal Hamlin. Each year some new members were taken in or special invitation was extended to some sojourning in the town. But to go sojourning in the company of two colonels, the general and Hannibal Hamlin was well considered a rare privilege. The club usually started Monday morning and returned Saturday, but for some reason, on this occasion, they started Friday. They were well equipped, having everything to make them comfortable, two large sleeping tents, dining tent, fishing tackle, warm blankets, and abundance of good things to eat. They were to meet their guides at Moosehead lake, the guides to furnish the boats and canoes. The camping-ground had already been selected and prepared.

So Friday night found them with their tents pitched in one of the beautiful coves of the lake, the big campfire burning, and the young and old boys seated upon the "deacon seat" around the fire, smoking, telling stories, cracking jokes with a gusto and good cheer which only such gentle and native environments can induce. In front of them were the rippling waters of the great lake; back, the dark, soft outlines of the fragrant and comforting woods; and still farther back could be faintly discerned the serene and solemn outlines of old Squaw mountain, and peace hovered over all. They retired to sleep—and such sleep! Those only who have experienced the deep that comes to men in the woods where there is warmth and ease and careless freedom, and realize what it is to have the "senses steeped in utter forgetfulness." In the morning, some of the men had secured a fine mess of trout and their menu for breakfast was baked potatoes, fried trout, brown bread, doughnuts and coffee, followed by the inevitable jolly smoke on the "deacon seat," while the guides were preparing for the inexpressible sport.

The fish, as if appreciating that they should do their best for this distinguished company, took a lively interest, and an active part, in the sport, and seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. Long before noon, the fishermen had secured all they could possibly use for themselves, and enough more to send a fine basket of fish to their friends in Bangor. Night came, and with it the jolly supper, the exchange of wit, the camaraderie, the smoker, and the long, happy, glorious sleep.

They had a late breakfast Sunday morning; the two old colonels started out for a walk in the woods, the younger members coupled up their rods and began to make preparations for fishing. Mr. Hamlin sat smoking on the "deacon seat," silent and saturnine. Several of the young members of the party stood about waiting for the launching of the canoes. One of them stepped up to Mr. Hamlin and said:

"Aren't you going fishing with us this morning?"

He did not reply at once, but sat looking into the fire voiceless as a sphinx. There was something almost ominous in his silence. One member confessed later, "I felt guilty of something, and that I was standing before a judge awaiting sentence." Finally, the dark old man spake, and in his long-drawn, nasal tones, said: "Boys, the fact of the matter is this—I have some old-fashioned ideas, which my father gave me, that I cannot outgrow, and I am too old to try. My father said that good citizenship requires that we respect the Sabbath day. I want to be a good citizen, and I know you do. Now, according to my farmers' almanac here," and he pulled an old almanac out of his side pocket, "which I have always found more or less reliable, and which reduces to bridge an hour, regardless of time or circumstances, this day is the Sabbath day."

It is hardly necessary to say that though there was considerable tobacco burned in camp that day there was no fishing.

—George S. Kimball.

Carbondale, March 26.

# OUTLINE STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE

### Took the Hill Before Breakfast.

According to the members of the New York Holland society, who entertained General Joubert during his visit to America, the victory of Majuba Hill was due not so much to "Slim Piet" as to his wife, says Collier's Weekly. This is the story as told by General Joubert himself:

The wives of the soldiery and officers had come, as is the custom of the Boer women in times of war, to the camp to remain over Sunday and attend "meeting" with the men. Bright and early she was up Sunday morning to make the coffee for her husband. Going outside, Mrs. Joubert looked up the hill, and saw something gleaming in the sunlight, which she at once decided was bayonets. The night before it had rained hard and the thick fog which followed was now disappearing in a thin mist. She rushed back into the tent, and called to her husband: "The British are on the hill. Get up quick, and go out."

"Go back to bed, woman," was the sleepy retort of her husband; "the sand fill's out of your eyes yet. What do you think the ostriches are doing?"

With that he turned over, and was about to resume his nap, when his wife shook him. She made him go to the door; and with his own eyes he saw she was right. Cronje was hastily summoned, and within thirty minutes Joubert (without his coffee) and 100 sharpshooters were climbing up the almost perpendicular face of the hill, while the main body of between 600 and 700 Boers advanced in the regular way to shoot attack. The first Boer volley brought down 150 men. The British turned and attempted a charge. Only one more volley was sent into their ranks by the Boers. Then there were many more dead and wounded on the field. Their comrades turned and fled. The Boers returned to camp and had their coffee.

### Orders Are to Be Obeyed.

A young man with a decidedly seedy appearance entered the superintendent's office, and placing his hand familiarly upon the superintendent's shoulder accosted him thus, says the Philadelphia Inquirer:

"Boss, can you gimme a job?"

"What department?"

"Either brakin' or firin'."

"Do you know the Book of Rules?"

"Some."

"Well, let me see how well you are posted. We will suppose you were firing a train that was running from Jersey City to Philadelphia; the engineer would get killed and you would take his place. You would find on his clip that the train had orders to take the side track for another train somewhere in the woods where there was no telegraph office. Now, suppose that train did not arrive there for, say, twelve hours, what would you do?"

"That would be the affair of the conductor, not mine."

"I will take your name, and if we have need of your services we will send for you. Good day."

The next applicant to enter seated himself back of the superintendent and waited for him to break the silence, which he did shortly.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I would like to have a job, boss."

"In what department?"

"Train service."

"Are you familiar with the Book of Rules?"

"A little."

The superintendent then asked him the same questions as the first.

The fellow scratched his head, then looking the superintendent square in the eye he replied: "Boss, if the orders looked good, and were positive, I would stay on that side track till hades froze over."

"Go down and report to Mr. ——, the trainmaster, for duty."

### His Denomination.

W. F. Cody had in one of his companies a Westerner, "Bronco Bill." A certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the morals of the Indians, relates the Baltimore Herald. Thinking that Bronco Bill would bear a little looking after also, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner table and remarked pleasantly, "This is Mr. Bronco Bill, is it not?"

"Yaas."

"Where were you born?"

"Near Kit Bullard's mill, on Big Pigeon."

"Religious parents, I suppose?"

"Yaas."

"What is your denomination?"

"My what?"

"Your denomination?"

"Deuyaas. Smith and Wesson."

### Was Going Home.

An artist named Thorpe came to Washington the other day, says the Post, with a commission from the legislature of Montana to paint the portraits of Senators Clark and Gibson, of that state. Yesterday Mr. Thorpe entered the office of Clerk McKenney, of the United States supreme court.

"My name is Thorpe," he said, "and I understand you want to see me."

Mr. McKenney grasped him cordially by the hand. "I have been looking for you for two years," he said.

The meeting was the sequel to an interesting story. Many years ago there was a notice of the Supreme court named Nelson, a famous judge in his day, but now almost forgotten. When his portrait was to be painted for the gallery of the justices, Mr. Thorpe, then a young man, was engaged for the work. After two sittings, however, Justice Nelson became engaged upon an important decision and neglected to appear before the artist. The latter finally gave up the commission and went away, leaving the unfinished picture in the capitol. It was discovered during the overhauling of some old rooms after the building, with Thorpe's name plainly visible in the corner. Clerk McKenney began a search for the artist. He wrote everywhere and set a hundred wheels in motion. He had seen no results of his efforts, however, until Mr. Thorpe walked into his office.

With the aid of photographs and the recollection of the artist, the long unfinished portrait is now to be completed.

### A Thief Among the Angels.

One day, the mayor of Cambridge, who had tried to curb Mr. Spurgeon's tendencies to sensationalism, inquired of him if he had really told his congregation that, if a thief got into heaven, he would begin picking the angels' pockets.

"Yes, sir," the young preacher replied. "I told them that, if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without leaving his nature changed, he would be none the better for being there; and then, by way of illustration, I said that, were a thief to get in among the glorified, he would remain a thief still, and he would go round the place picking the angels' pockets!"

"But, my dear young friend," asked the mayor seriously, "don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?"

"No, sir," replied young Spurgeon with equal gravity, "I did not known that; but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get."

The next Monday morning Spurgeon walked into the mayor's place of business and said to him cheerfully, "I set that matter right yesterday, sir."

"What matter?" he inquired.

"Why, about the angels' pockets!"

"What did you say?"

"Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to say that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them; but that I had met a gentleman—the mayor of Cambridge—who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I must correct what I had said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would, therefore, say that, if a thief got among the angels, without having his nature changed, he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!"—Homiletic Review.

### A Wasp in Her Corsage.

The recent publicity given to the private affairs of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont recalls to Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall a story which she had from the lips of Mrs. Fremont herself. Many years ago, when Jessie Benton was a girl just budding into womanhood, she paid a visit to her grandmother in Virginia, a stately dame of those post-colonial days, with all the inherent dignity of the self-respecting, southern aristocracy, of which she was a distinguished member. There was a house party during Miss Jessie's visit, and a grand reception, attended by the wealth and beauty of the surrounding region, and the dear old grandmother presided at the table and conducted herself with all the aplomb of a member of the first family.

After the dinner, and after the guests had withdrawn, the grandmother invited Miss Jessie to her room, where she asked the girl to assist in disrobing her, and while taking of the brocaded corsage out flew a wasp, which had stung her grandmother most cruelly in a number of places. The girl was horrified by the suffering which her grandmother stoically endured, but her grandmother simply said: "It was to see this I brought you to my chamber. Let it ever be a lesson to teach you through life the self-possession and unalterable dignity that must characterize a southern woman in every circumstance.—St. Louis Mirror.

### He Got His Salmon Cheap.

A gentleman entered a fishmonger's shop the other morning and after making a small purchase began a friendly talk with the proprietor.

"Do your lady customers give much trouble?" he inquired.

"Well, you know, they never want to give the price. It seems part of their nature to beat down everything," answered the fishmonger.

"My own experience—my own experience," remarked the stranger.

"Yes, I quite believe it, sir. Now, there's beautiful salmon at two-and-ten a pound. Were I to ask one-and-six a pound for it a woman would probably want it for a shilling!"

"Well, now, here's a lady coming across the street. Try it on, just for a joke. It she asks the price of salmon tell her one-and-six a pound."

The fishmonger agreed, and when the lady entered and made the desired inquiry he promptly answered:

"Very cheap, ma'am; only one-and-six a pound."

"Then I'll take that one," she as promptly exclaimed, pointing to a twenty-pounder, and take it she did.

The gentleman disappeared at this moment. The fishmonger has since discovered they were husband and wife.—Tit-Bits.

### His Bad Boy.

Professor Hardy Thurston Peck, editor of The Bookman, has written a delightful story for children. It is entitled "The Adventures of Mabel." A few days ago a woman entered one of the Chicago stores to buy a book for her little girl.

"How old is she?" the clerk asked.

"Five."

"Here is a nice tale for a child of that age," the clerk said, handing out Professor Peck's story about Mabel.

The woman took the book, looked at the title page, and then handed it back, saying:

"Mercy! I don't want that in my house. I've read some of that stuff he wrote about that bad boy, and that's enough for me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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