

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

A YOUNG MAN ADOPTED THE ABOVE AS A MOTTO AND GOT RICH.

"Men Don't Do What They Like; They Do What They Can"—This Young Man Understood Pickles, and Into Pickles He Went—Good Advice.

There lives in the city of New York a man who has accumulated quite a fortune by simply advising people what to do. There always will be a large number of persons who are unable to rely on their own judgment; others come to a conclusion with ease and certainty.

A young man had accumulated a thousand dollars, and was debating whether he should buy a small candy store with it, or whether he should lend it on a mortgage. This latter he knew was the secure way; the other promised great profits. In this perplexity he saw an advertisement, "Advice given to those going into business."

After stating his case the counselor said: "My fee will be \$5 in advance."

When this was paid he asked: "Do you understand the candy business?"

"No; I did not think it was necessary. I expect to supervise it generally."

"Then you will lose all your money in three months."

"You think I had better lend the money on the mortgage?"

"I do not say that. What is your business; that is, what do you perfectly understand?"

"I know the pickle business through and through. I can make pickles of all kinds, but I do not like it."

"Never mind what you like. Go and get a small place and make pickles; go from hotel to hotel, restaurant to restaurant, and sell them. In ten years come back and see me; you will have \$10,000 at least."

As the young man was going away he was called back.

"Here is a card. I want you to put it where you can see it a hundred times a day." These were the words on the card: "Business is business. Men don't do what they like, they do what they can."

THE FASCINATING CARD.

The card had a strange fascination for him; he read it with care as he walked along the street. As he studied it, new light seemed to enter his mind.

He found a dingy basement, and began to arrange for his operations. Of course vinegar must be got, several barrels of it; some was offered him at ten cents a gallon, some more was shown at five cents. "Which shall I take?" He thought of the words on his card. He seemed to see people testing his pickles, and, not liking them, depart without buying.

"They will know good vinegar," thought he, and so he bought the honest stuff.

In a few days several tubs of materials were ready, and he knew he must market them. Now he greatly dreaded to face strange people and push his goods upon their notice. He never had courage when a boy, and now as a young man he felt more timid it seemed. But he thought of the words of the card, and entered a restaurant. The evident manager was a blooming young woman, and the pickle dealer was more afraid of women than men. But "business is business" repeated itself over and over in his mind.

The answer to his statement was that his pickles would be tried, and, if found all right, would be purchased.

"Glad I got that good vinegar," thought the young man; and he began to feel that there was a certain power in the maxim his adviser had given. He began to feel a courage he had never expected in meeting people and trying to sell his goods to them.

Calling at a store to get, if possible, an order for pickles in bottles, he was quickly and rudely met with, "Don't want to see any such stuff." Noticing the utter dismay on the young man's face, the merchant said, short and sharp: "Don't you know enough of business to put up your goods attractively?"

As he retreated, ruffled and disheartened, the maxim repeated itself over and over with this additional sentence: "It is business to put up goods attractively."

He sought out a lithographer and had some handsomely colored labels printed. "They will buy the bottles," said the friend, "just for the picture you have on them."

APPRECIATED ADVICE.

When he had gained sufficient courage he again sought out the merchant who had rebuffed him. "I have come to make you a present of a bottle of fine pickles."

"Why do you make me a present of them?"

"Because you gave me advice that was worth a great deal."

The morning of one Fourth of July came, and he pondered whether to go to his store or not. All at once he thought, people going on picnics will want pickles. It was the magic words on the little card that ran through his mind. He found, as he had thought, a large number of buyers waiting for him.

The little card was consulted in all sorts of weather. If a man made a proposition to him of any kind, and he was in doubt, he would go and look at the words, though he knew them by heart already. One day a cheese merchant came to persuade him to buy his stock.

"People," said he, "who buy pickles always buy cheese; you will do a big trade." It was a temptation. He went and looked at the words and studied them intently, trying to think out their application to the case in hand. "Men do what they can," he reflected. "I would like to sell cheese, but I know I can sell pickles;" then he returned. Now he was resolute and firm, although by nature easily bent and swayed by the words of others.

"Business is business," he said. "I am in the pickle business; if I cannot make money in this I shall quit and go into something else; but I shall not have two kinds on my hands."

When the ten years were up of course he had the \$10,000, and more, too.—Treasure Trove.

THE PICTURESQUE BRIDESMAID.

Different Styles of Costumes Worn Nowadays by the Bride's Attendants.

The fashionable wedding of today has become a pageant of picturesqueness, in which the bridal procession is a glittering array of gay colors and historical costumes. The bridesmaids in dresses of the first empire or the directory style, and the tiny pages in court dress of the time of Louis XIV alternate, and vie with the bride's procession of flower girls, who are attended by Little Lord Fauntleroy. It may be that the fair bride has chosen to go into the church escorted by a bevy of fair maidens who are arrayed in the hues of the rainbow, and shining in red, yellow and blue.

Others again are preceded in their passage down the aisle by a seeming flock of snowbirds, in their frocks of white silk, trimmed with white fox furs and silver braid. Another bride will choose a bevy of fair maids who shall dress in gowns of golden yellow, carry bunches of yellow chrysanthemums or roses, and altogether lend a gleam of sunshine to even a rainy wedding day; while one bride is recorded as having clothed her maids in wedding garments of dust colored broche figured with pink and red roses, and hats of dust colored felt hidden beneath claret tipped plumes crowned their pretty heads, while tiny pages dressed in ruby plush danced gayly along.

Formerly the bridesmaids, like the bride, were "clad in robes of shining white," and their beauty and elaborate array were supposed to be her as the pale beauty of the moon to the radiance of the sun, as the modesty of the violet to the elegance of the rose, as the limpidness of water to the richness of ruby wine; nowadays, the bride, the central figure round which clusters all the love and joy and hope that a wedding ring can hold—the bride is apt to be in her conventional wedding gown, the fashion for which varies but little from year to year, though she may substitute roses, hyacinths, chrysanthemums or lilies of the valley for the old time favorite, the orange blossom and flower, is somewhat overshadowed by the gorgeousness of her attendant maids. She may have them hand-cuffed together with floral links, she may have them bound with chains of roses which shall fall asunder as she falters forth her solemn vow to love, honor and obey, or she may have them ready to strew flowers in her path as she turns, a newly made wife, from the altar; but in all these picturesque fashions and quaint ideas, she detracts from the interest which should center round herself alone, and instead of one interesting and beautiful figure—for who ever thinks of the groom?—there comes a group of lovely maidens, a galaxy of beauty in which each star is of equal brilliancy. It can hardly be gained that in their picturesque array the bridesmaids are fast stealing the honors from the bride, who must confine herself to the regulation snowy garments of silk, satin and tulle, while her maids brighten and beautify the wedding pageant with sweet artistic fantasies and rhapsodies in raiment. So long as they are thus attired the truth of the old adage that "Every wedding makes another," is quite sure to be proved; and the charming maid, in addition to her gifts of pin and locket and bangle and buckle, may count among her trophies a captured heart.—Boston Herald.

The Rustless Process for Kettles.

The rustless process, which has been until lately an experiment, has now demonstrated that great economy can be used, not only in iron pipes, but in every article where iron is used. Over 2,000,000 kettles have been subjected to this process in Pittsburgh. The method is very peculiar. After the article is made it is put into a furnace made in an oval shape, air tight. After the iron has attained almost a white heat, the air that comes through the regenerators and air valves is shut securely off, and the furnace is made air tight. After the air has been shut off the superheater, which is located in the combination chamber at the rear of the furnace, and at right angles from the air valves, is opened, and the furnace is filled with steam and kept in that condition for eight hours. At short intervals a small valve is opened, so as to allow the exodus of steam in the furnace, allowing fresh steam to be put into it. When the articles have been about ten hours in the furnace there has been accomplished the formation of magnetic oxide upon the iron surface. They are then put into an acid well, which is the last treatment.—Exchange.

Anecdote of Rubinstein.

La Starina, a Russian paper, tells how in Rubinstein's earlier days he narrowly escaped being sent to Siberia. He played before the Czar Nicholas in the house of Count Wielhorsky, and on returning home lost his passport. A day or two afterwards he was arrested and brought before Gen. Galahoff, then chief of police, who informed the prisoner that he declined to believe anybody's evidence of his identity, even that of the count. Rubinstein persisted that he was a mere musician, and as one of the subordinate police officers knew something about music the two were sent to try matters over on a dilapidated piano. The test proved satisfactory, and the general, remarking that "the prisoner was apparently a musician," gave him a permit for three weeks.

The Demand for Cut Glass.

The popularity of cut glass for table decoration is not a fad, but a growing taste, the outcome of its increased beauty in manufacture and design. When you see a fashionable woman peering over the cut glass counter, inquiring for something in Parisian or Henrietta or discussing the merits of "strawberry," "fan" or "diamond," you may know she is after American glass and prefers a particular cut.

While the inexperienced shopper sees little difference in the similarly shaped and decorated wares, it is yet true that a man in Pennsylvania is rich as a king because he had the wit to take out a patent on one peculiarly cut figure.—Washington Critic.

HIS SWEETHEART'S SONG.

IT SOOTHED THE LAST MOMENTS OF A YOUNG SCOTCH IMMIGRANT.

The Strange Group Gathered at Early Morning About the Death Bed of John Kirton—A Highland Lassie's Grief and Bravery.

"Maxwellton's brasses are bonny When early fa's the dew"—

The girl's voice died away in a sob, the tears streamed down her cheeks, her figure quivered with the agony of sorrow, and she fell upon the rough floor in the utter abandonment of a great grief. The lover who had followed her from

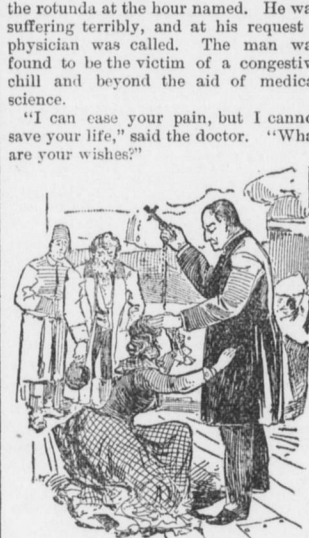


"SING TO ME, SWEETHEART,"

the far off highlands of Scotland—who, hand in hand with her, had wandered through the gray old cathedral of Elgin and gazed upon the memorials of saints and warriors gone while they planned out the progress of their united lives—was dead, and the future seemed utterly blank and barren.

Perhaps never before in all its eventful history had Castle Garden seen such an event as this, which was to tinge with melancholy interest the final months of its existence, for the days of Castle Garden as a receiving place for immigrants are numbered. The time was 4 o'clock on a Friday morning in the closing days of February, John Kirton, a Scotch immigrant, who had obtained permission to await the arrival of the Wyoming, on which he expected his parents, awoke from his uneasy slumbers on a bench in the rotunda at the hour named. He was suffering terribly, and at his request a physician was called. The man was found to be the victim of a congestive chill and beyond the aid of medical science.

"I can ease your pain, but I cannot save your life," said the doctor. "What are your wishes?"



"LOOK UP, MY DAUGHTER."

"Send for Bessie," groaned Kirton. "She's at the Mission of our Lady of the Rosary, at No. 7 State street. Her full name is Bessie Hewitt, and we were to have been married after the Wyoming got in."

A messenger rushed out, and meanwhile the sick man was conveyed to the wooden hospital building by a Russian Jew and an Armenian who, like Kirton, had been spending the night on the benches. Miss Hewitt soon arrived, escorted by one of the assistants of Father Callahan. She sank down beside the cot on which her almost unconscious lover lay. He revived at her touch and asked: "Is't thou, lass?"

"Yes, John, dear."

"I'm goin' a lang journey, sweetheart; langer than the journey to America was, and I want to start with the music of thy sweet voice in my ears. Sing to me, Bessie, lass; sing one of the tunes we knew when we were barefooted children paddling in the burn."

"My son," interrupted the priest, "have you made your peace with God?"

"I confess myself a sinner, and I look to Christ for mercy," gasped the sufferer. "Bessie, sing."



"HE WAS A SOLDIER—I WILL BE BRAVE."

The girl crept to his side and placed her right arm under his head. Then she began the sweet old strains of "Annie Laurie," each sorrowful contralto note sanctified by sorrow bravely borne.

"Maxwellton's brasses are bonnie"—

And the sick man settled back with a sigh and a smile upon his honest, homely features.

"When early fa's the dew,"

"Cease, my poor girl," interrupted the physician. "Your lover can hear you no more. He is dead."

Then Bessie gave way, and the torment of her sorrowing heart found vent

in sobs and tears. The strange group about her stood with uncovered heads in the presence of the majesty of death and the majesty of woe until the priest stepped from their number, and, raising high a little crucifix, said to the quivering Scotch lassie:

"My daughter, look up and be comforted. Behold the symbol of him who suffered more than you, and rely upon the promises that shall endure when all of us are dust."

A gun boomed its brazen welcome to the rising sun from the not far distant Governor's Island. It aroused the girl even more than the exhortation of the minister. She arose, wiped her eyes, and said: "John was a soldier once; he fought the Soudanese at Suakin; he always told me to be brave, and I will. Gentlemen, you have been kind to a poor, heartbroken stranger. Accept my thanks. Now, father, we will go."

The night of bereavement had raised her from the level of a peasant girl to that of a queen for the moment. She drew the cover over her dead warrior's face and clasped the priest's arm. The others followed like vassals in her train. At the outer door of the Garden she paused and told the Russian Hebrew by the hand. "I bless you," she murmured. "Sholam alacham," replied the dark and bearded man.

"And you," she continued, addressing the Armenian.

"Salaam aleikam," was his response.

"And you, and you," to the doctor and the writer.

A bow was all my answer, for what could I add to the lofty and oriental dignity of the salutes of the Israelite and the Syrian? "Peace be with you," and "Bow unto God," comprised a hail and farewell beyond the scope of ordinary English.

So back to the mission went the widowed maiden and the black robed priest, and back into the Garden went the Americans and the visitors from the far east. And as they separated a mighty sound of whistling arose above the sunlit, wind tossed waters of the bay, and the Wyoming bore down to port. John Kirton's aged parents hastened into the great rotunda to meet their son and prepare for a wedding. They found a corpse and made ready their dead for burial.

FRED C. DAYTON.

STANLEY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDE.

He Was a Trained Observer of Natural Phenomena and a Good Soldier Also.

Lieut. W. E. Stairs, Stanley's second in command for the last three years, has proven himself of great value in carrying out certain objects of the noted African explorer's latest and most famous expedition. The primary result to be obtained was, of course, the rescue of Emin Pasha, but one of the secondary considerations was to collect scientific data of all sorts. In this branch of the service Lieut. Stairs gave evidence of signal ability, and the results obtained by him promise to be of permanent value, and add much to the world's stock of useful knowledge.

The lieutenant is still a young man, having been born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1863. Well educated and studious, most of his manhood life has been devoted to travel in strange and little visited countries.

He is an acute and intelligent observer, and this line of mental training proved of great value in the way of life saving, subsequent to one of the skirmishes in which Stanley's expedition chanced to be involved with the natives of the Nyanza, country. Several men who received but slight arrow wounds—mere scratches—died after intense suffering. Lieut. Stairs searched the huts of the defeated Africans, and in one of them found a quantity of the poison with which they tipped their weapons. It proved to be made of the bodies of red ants, spiders and other insects, dried, ground to powder and cooked in palm oil. Having learned the nature of the vermin he was able to discount future disasters in this line by providing adequate remedies. Lieut. Stairs was not, however, an observer solely. He was an able leader, and showed conspicuous gallantry in time of danger.

A Remarkable Criminal Case.

A criminal, named Hilton, was sentenced at the county sessions court, London, the other day, to eight years' penal servitude for housebreaking. His case is remarkable chiefly for the reason that he had previously undergone the following list of penalties: Seven years for burglary, fifteen months for malicious wounding, twelve months for assault, twelve months for attempted felony and ten years for burglary. The metropolitan police declared that he was the most dangerous character in England.

Barnum Won as Usual.

Just before leaving England Mr. P. T. Barnum, the showman, was made defendant in a suit for £250. Mr. Trotman, the plaintiff, claiming that sum for temporarily taking charge of the "sacred white elephant." While on the witness stand, Mr. Barnum presented the opposing counsel with a copy of his book, and created much amusement by his quaint style of giving testimony. Judgment for defendant.

A Railroad Boycotted.

A railroad in Ireland, running from Carrickmacross to Enniskeene, is the object of a boycott which has been successfully maintained for many months. The Monaghan tradesmen are getting their goods carried more cheaply by road now than formerly by rail, and say the boycott is putting money in their purses.

A statistical account of crime in Greece shows that 400 murders were committed during 1889, a homicidal record equalling that of France, a country which has twenty times the population of the Hellenic kingdom.

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