

ON DUTY.

Under the cornice, a hundred feet
Over the paves of the murmuring street,
Belch the masses of turgid smoke,
To spread afar like a giant's cloak,
And close by the curb, at the bulging's
base,
Stationed here in a vantage-place,
Fighting the march of the treacherous
fire,
The engine stays till the chief says: "Go!"

Torrents of flame from cranny and crack!
Rises the warning: "Back! Back! Back!"
Back from your footing! Ware the wall!
Back for your lives, ere the rain fall!
Free to a distance those who can,
But true to his charge is the engine-
man,
True to his charge, 'spite blaze and blow—
For the engine stays till the chief says:
"Go!"

THE ADJUSTMENT OF A DIFFERENCE.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

The supply of "bewitching curves" must have been temporarily exhausted when it came Rosemary's turn to be fitted out. Possibly, in her case, Nature had decided that length and angularity would be more useful for the performance of such duties as accompanied her daily walk.

Not to attempt the humorous at the expense of a pathetic subject, but to point to a fact, it was two miles to the schoolhouse and Rosemary's stride covered that distance in just thirty minutes under favorable conditions of weather.

If she had been short of limb and round of body, three-quarters of an hour would have been consumed in making the trip, so it may be seen that a saving of time was effected as some compensation for less graceful locomotion.

A thrifty soul, impregnated with the ancient superstition that "time is money," may be competent to figure out Rosemary's financial gain from this economical method of procedure, but, beyond compliment from the school committee for habits of punctuality it had not been reckoned in practically augmenting her resources, which, like her frame, were of an attenuated character. The casual observer would have remarked Rosemary as simply a tall, thin, brown country girl of a lankness to excite amusement. A more critical eye might have gathered interest from a perusal of her features, which, while irregular, were distinctly pleasing and indicative of intelligent and wary faculties.

When Mr. Pepper, in the past, felt a strong desire for the possession of any article, it had been his habit to strenuously exert his powers in the direction of acquisition, and his wits being as bright as his blue eyes, he was quite invariably successful.

But Rosemary was outside ordinary methods of acquirement, and but for the inspiration of that young gentleman "who laughs at locksmiths," the storekeeper would have been in despair.

Many times had the object of his adoration visited the store, but words, so ready with others, failed him before the steady gray eyes gazing down into his own with a half wondering look as if in astonishment at his diminitiveness. Pepper had never felt so small. His size was no drawback in dealing with men; he considered himself, by the equalizing power of Nature, as big as anyone. The new sensation worried him, and worry to Mr. Pepper was a preliminary to achievement.

Therefore, he resolved upon a stroke of boldness, and when next Rosemary peered through the mall window (for the store accommodated the post-office), Mr. Pepper, first making sure of no listening ears, mounted a concealed soap-box and brought his blue orbs on an exact line with those of his startled vis-à-vis.

"I'm bound to be on your level for once," stammered he with a tremendous effort. "Miss Dudley, I never cared to be a tall feller, 'til I see you. I don't s'pose you'd care to go anywhere with a runt like me? Lots of times I've thought if I was only bigger—you—would be the young lady I'd like to know—an—an see—"

Here the box slipped, as Mr. Pepper made a convulsive effort to finish his speech, and he slid down with a gasp of consternation.

The girl had shot an angry look in the anxious face at the first words. Then she checked a laugh. Now her cheeks were crimson and her lashes drooped. Behind the grotesque burned the sincere. Something pitiful and far away, yet near and sweet, had confronted her in that forlorn visage starting through the window. For a second she felt like crying. But she smiled instead—a wide, gracious smile, and stepped around to the counter.

"I'd like father's paper," she whispered. "I—don't think size ought to make any difference with folks if they want to be friends. I've always liked you, Mr. Pepper—I mean—"

Rosemary grabbed the daily print and fled with a blazing countenance as Mrs. Deacon Raggett opened the back door with a squeak.

Mr. Pepper eyed the fleeing vision in rapturous silence and filled Mrs. Raggett's pail with butter instead of lard. The deacon's wife fixed a gaze of piety upon the ceiling and said nothing. If Mr. Pepper wished to do business in that way she had no objection.

This began it, and of all the foibles ever known within the precincts of Pinney Corners, Rosemary and Wilton Pepper soon acquired the reputation of leading lights.

Little cared they. Independent souls both, and completely absorbed in this new and agitating experience, public opinion, mirthful and tinged with sarcastic criticism, was an oblivious quantity. Together they walked, drove and attended festivities, with one mutual idea, "the elimination of physical disparity by artifice."

However, Mr. Dudley, a small agriculturist, heartily approved. So did his wife. They immediately ran up a bill at the store and purchased freely.

Then came the day when chastisement fell upon "Tony" Shillaber. Tony was the star artist of the school and his well known touch was apprehended without a moment's delay.

It was well done, that ridiculous caricature upon the blackboard. The flogging administered to the reckless and ambitious author of the sketch was very well done, also—albeit Anthony was one of the larger boys and a fighter.

His aspect, when Rosemary's final hold relaxed, was not indicative alone of bruises and rent apparel. There were more than suggestions of gore. There was also a tomb-like hush over the entire school.

Rosemary dismissed it in an awful voice; glaring at the clock. Only quarter past two of the afternoon, but much had been crowded into fifteen minutes—sufficient to render the rest of the session an educational

fares. The teacher knew it. The children knew it. They filed out into the soft August day on thyme. All but Tony, who stamped and swore vengeance through his tears, at a safe distance.

Alone, Rosemary glowered in horror at the representation on the blackboard. The chalky eyes stared back in mockery. Wilton and she—Wilton and she—in all the exaggeration of their innocent efforts for a mutual height. If the children so viewed them, what must their elders think? She was making him a butt for ridicule and scorn. It could not go on. It must not.

The girl sank her head on her tired arms and sobbed, weeping bitterly and long. That very afternoon he was to call for her at the school. The drive they had planned. It was to have been so happy.

With sudden determination Rosemary sat up. She would wait. At four o'clock he would come. There, with that hideous object lesson before them, they must decide to go in separate ways—he would see—oh! he could not help seeing that it must be best.

A long agony, those crawling minutes, while the purr of the drowsy insect voices, floating from the fields, brought painful visions of loved nooks where they had sauntered hand in hand.

His step at last. No! It was a heavier tread—Ichabod Shillaber—the neighborhood terror, the father of Tony. Mr. Shillaber was exceedingly irate, and worse—in a state of savage stimulation. This condition was habitual of late to Ichabod. There had been talk of confining him recently, as a matter of precaution.

The drawing caught his attention as he stumbled in. He laughed coarsely. "Just like yer!" came his snarl. "Say! will ye lick my boy nigh ter death fer a little thing like that—say, will yer? Come here! I'll pinch them claws of yours fer what ye done. A-ah! ye would, hey?"

Exhausted and wild with fear the girl endeavored to dart under the outstretched arms. The brute seized her roughly and she screamed, just as a shadow darkened the doorway. It was Mr. Pepper in full regalia.

He paused one second to wrench at his foot. Another moment, with a leap like a hunting spider, he pounced on the burly shoulders of the startled Ichabod, and his arm flew up.

Something very exciting was occurring in the tiny schoolroom. A perfect rattle of clips and thuds from a unique weapon cut and battered the head of Mr. Shillaber, while he vainly tried to shake off his adversary.

At last he sank down, groaning for mercy. Mr. Pepper was not in a merciful mood. Poising himself on one stockinged foot, he deliberately and with violence kicked Ichabod squarely in the point of the jaw with a very hard, pointed and well-polished boot-heel. Mr. Shillaber lay still.

Mr. Pepper picked up his tall hat. It was a ruin. Then he put on his shoe. "Come, Rosemary," he said coolly. "I'll drag this rascal out and lay him on the grass. Then, if you're ready we'll take our drive. Scared you, didn't he? Well, you're all right now. Bless me! Who drew that picture?"

Stepping to the board, he erased the direful tracings with an angry scowl, kicked his dilapidated tie under a desk, grabbed the unconscious Ichabod by the collar and hauled him ruthlessly outside with an amazing display of strength.

"My team is down by the corner," he announced. "I'll have to drive bareheaded. I—I guess I won't wear that style of hat any more, and I'm sick of these shoes. Come on!"

But Rosemary stood still, with her hands over her eyes.

Mr. Pepper pulled them down, elevated himself on his toes and kissed away her tears.

"Isn't I big enough for you as I am, Rosemary?" he murmured with a quiver in his voice. "Let's quit these improvements and be natural." The girl held him close. "You're big enough for any woman, and I wouldn't have you an inch taller," she whispered.

"Say that again," cried Mr. Pepper delightedly. "Say that again, Rosemary."—The Criterion.

Not So Easy to Make Inventions Pay

Even with a Really Good Device, Inefficient or Overhasty Management May Bring Failure.

By George Wetmore Colles.

THE process of putting an invention on the market is not so simple as an inexperienced person is apt to suppose. It is usually necessary to create a public demand before the invention can be sold on any considerable scale, and it is necessary to follow up this demand by supplying the articles, otherwise the fruit of the labor in creating it will be lost.

Of course the manner of procedure will depend largely on the nature of the invention, but I here speak of articles of public consumption, which have a more or less general and distributed sale, and which are dealt with by the manufacturer in wholesale lots.

After figuring out carefully the net cost of manufacture, and fixing a reasonable wholesale price which leaves a margin of profit, the manufacturer next secures trial orders from various concerns.

If the article is to be sold to manufacturing firms, it will be found that, however good the device may be, the firms will not take it up unless they can be assured of a reasonable certainty in the supply, for to do so would not only occasion expense in changing over their former system of manufacture, but would also subject them to disastrous losses in case they create a new demand with their customers which they subsequently find it impossible to fill.

The manufacturer, therefore, of the patented article, must, if he wishes to make it a success, not seek for more orders than he can fill for the time being, and he must seek to obtain a steady continuance and enlarging of those orders. This is done sometimes by sending out solicitors on the road, sometimes by advertising in trade papers; in either case, it requires time and a considerable outlay before there is any certainty of returns.

An invention does not always succeed in proportion to its merits. One of great merit may fail absolutely for want of proper management, while another of very little merit may bring its promoter a rich reward.

In fact, the case often arises where an unpatented device involving little inventive novelty, has been pushed to such good advantage and given results so much in excess of the manufacturer's expectations that it becomes necessary to obtain some sort of patent covering it, even though that patent covers very little worth covering, and acts rather to frighten off imitators than to actually restrain them from entering the same field.

Even where a patent cannot be obtained, it can be applied for, and the words, "patent applied for" have, as is well known, a restraining effect in practice, if not in law.—Cassier's Magazine.

The New Aristocracy

By Gertrude Atherton.

HERE is no doubt that new fortunes, with their unaccounted temptations, their magnetism for parasites, toadies and flatterers, the barricade they raise against the ordinary trials of life, develop abnormally three qualities that are latent, at least, in every nature; frivolity, selfishness and pride; and the constant exercise of these qualities hardens them, for convenience, we call the heart, and breeds indifference for the feeling and rights of others.

An Englishwoman who had entertained at her country home a number of wealthy American women once confided to me that the maids invariably complained to her maid of the refined brutality of their employers. The English woman, who was large minded, added that she made allowances for these ladies, as she believed them to be merely the victims of the traditions of slavery. She was very much astonished when I told her that the black slaves had been far better treated by the genuine American aristocracy of fifty years ago than are the highly paid servants of the pampered women whose grandfathers got their intellectual equipment at a night school, or kept a shop on the Bowery. Those we have of ancient lineage—who have framed their family tree and proved their seven generations, whose fortunes have kept pace with the times, and who form the somewhat attenuated backbone of society, in New York, for instance—are more objectionable in some respects than the new-rich. While they ought to know better, they are so unseemly conscious of their position as real aristocrats in a country too large to give them a universal recognition that anxious pride has bleached their very blood, attenuated their features, narrowed their lips, and practically deprived them of any distinctive personalities. The best thing that can be said of them is that they are not, with one notorious exception, vulgar, in the common use of the word.

I have particularized the society of New York because it is the cynosure and envy of all the social aspirants in the Union; its influence is the most extensive and detrimental; it is indubitably the most heartless, extravagant and arrogant; and because, small as it is in numbers, it has come to be the objective point in the somewhat vague term "American society." As a matter of fact, it not only represents an abnormal development of the most objectionable traits in the American character, but in many respects it is quite different from the fashionable life of other cities in the United States. In Boston there is an immense amount of wealth and luxury; but there are traditions behind—a great deal of genuine cultivation, pursuit of art and literature, high American ideals, and that simplicity that characterizes well-bred people everywhere. There are millions enough to excite the envy of the working classes, but they are kept in the background by the good taste of their owners. In the classic language of one of the cleverest men in America, "Money in Boston does not stink," and this it certainly does in New York.

The Sermon in San Francisco's Stones

By H. H. Supplee.

THE ruins of San Francisco mark the failure of ordinary brick, set with ordinary care, in ordinary lime mortar. Trimmings of fancy tile, of moulded terra-cotta, of marble, granite, or other stone, all went down in the fire after having been shattered by the tremor. Such work at its very best is almost inelastic and cannot be expected to stand heavy vibration, and it is not often at its best. San Francisco should grasp the occasion so to revise its building laws as to check the use of any such dangerous construction, and open wide the opportunity to encourage the use of the one appropriate system of construction for such purposes, that of reinforced concrete. While many and varied systems, so called, of reinforced-concrete construction are in service in all parts of the world, the principle is open to all, and proprietary interests cover only special modifications, so that there is no reason why this most appropriate, safe, and rapid method of construction should not be applied.

By using light skeletons of rod, small structural material, etc., wrapped with wire, and stretched with netting, the whole imbedded in first-class concrete, a method at once earthquake-proof, fireproof, and capable of effective artistic development, is found, and it is to this method that San Francisco should turn to rebuild her shops, town residences and moderate buildings. This method of construction also has the great advantage that much of the work, under proper supervision, can be readily and rapidly done by unskilled labor, so that the labor cost, otherwise certain to be a heavy item in the rebuilding of the city, may be kept at a minimum. The experiments of Considere, although at first questioned, appear to have demonstrated the fact that properly imbedded metallic rods increase the elastic limit of concrete to a great extent, probably by distributing the stresses throughout the mass and preventing such localization of strains as would otherwise cause the formation of cracks, and this fact alone shows the immediate applicability of reinforced concrete to the reconstruction of the shattered and burned buildings to which the large steel-cage system cannot be applied.—Harper's Weekly.

ONLY A POOR MILLIONAIRE.

The millionaire sat in his chair,
And madly tore his store bought hair,
And groaned in bitter pain.
Ah, woe was his! You know it is
An awful thing, this Croesus' biz—
And sang this sad refrain:
"I am only a poor millionaire;
No friends have I;
The people all hate me, the papers be-
rate me,
I wonder why?
I have but a million—they say it's a bil-
lion.
And that all my wealth has a taint;
That I am inhuman and don't know
what's due men,
I know I am not—and it ain't!

"If I don't own an auto car,
—They say that I am short;
I trot out a 'wagon,' they say I'm a
dragon
And run over people for sport,
If my money in bank I keep I'm a
"crank."
A miser, a gold hoarding boor,
But if I invest it, they say, or suggest it,
That I am an oppressing the poor.

"If I attempt to give away
My money, 'Tis Plutus' minion.
Through charity public opinion,
My wealth's a disgrace, and I have no
place
On earth; and I can't get in heaven,
For—its no use to try—through the nee-
dle, its eye,
The camel cannot be driven."
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



The cranks of one age are the prophets of the next, provided they die in the meanwhile.—Fuch.

She—"I suppose you read a great deal." He—"No; I haven't time. You see, I'm a book reviewer."—Philadelphia Record.

"I see that trials by 'phone have been pronounced illegal." "Glad of it. I've been severely tried by mine."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Biggs—"There goes a politician who has paid the price of success." Diggs—"I'll bet he didn't receive as much change as he expected."—Chicago Daily News.

First Politician's Wife—"My husband gives me every cent he earns." Second Politician's Wife—"Is that all? Why my husband gives me every cent he gets."—Judge.

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella."—Washington Star.

"He introduced the bill in the legislature, you know." "The bill. What bill?" "Why, the bill. Before his time the graters were mostly reckless fellows and used checks."—Puck.

"What, my friends," volcanically demanded the Hon. Thomas Rott, "does the Old Party stand for?" "Well, you, for one thing!" replied a pessimistic voice from the back of the hall.—Puck.

"I say, old chappie, how on earth do these astronomer fellows ever manage to predict eclipses, y' know?" "They buy an almanac and look 'em up, you silly abess!" "Bah Jove!"—Cleveland Leader.

"What do you consider the principal features of corrupt legislation?" "The eyes and noses, for those features enable corrupt legislation first to scent jobs and then to wink at them."—Baltimore American.

"Do you think your constituents endorse your opinion on this bill?" "I hope not," answered Senator Sorgum. "I have done my best to keep them from finding out what my opinions are."—Washington Star.

"A prominent oculist says he never saw a pair of perfect eyes," said the woman who reads the newspapers. "That," replied Miss Cayenne, "merely proves that the prominent oculist was never in love."—Washington Star.

Towne—"Whenever you hear a politician declare that 'every man has his price' you may rest assured that he's one of them." Browne—"Not necessarily. He may simply be calling attention to the fact that he hasn't got his yet."—Philadelphia Press.

"Are you all in favor of free alcohol for use in the arts?" "Yes," answered Col. Stillwell of Kentucky. "But to be perfectly candid and not mislead you, I ought to add that I consider a competent mixer of beverages an artist."—Washington Star.

"Why is it," queried the American globe-trotter, "that our American girls are so much more attractive to foreigners with titles than you English girls?" "I don't know," snapped the English beauty, "unless it's because they have more money and less sense."—Chicago Daily News.

"I want to know," said the irate matron, "how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week." "I can't give you that information, ma'am," answered the man in the cage. "You're the paying teller, aren't you?" "Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."—Chicago Tribune.

Kind of Him.
"No, dear," said he, "I don't intend to have you do your own work after we are married."
"Yes," he went on. "I have just been looking up your business affairs, and I find that you are perfectly able to keep a hired girl."—Detroit Free Press.

Slam was a cotton producing country 2500 years ago.