

The Crown of Failure.

When you have lived your life,
When you have fought your last good fight
And won,
And the day's work is finished, and the sun
Sets on the darkening world and all its
strife—
Ere the worn hands are tired with all
they've done,
Ere the mind's strength begins to droop and
wane,
Ere the first touch of sleep has dulled the
brain,
Ere the heart's springs are slow and running
dry—
When you have lived your life,
'Tis good to die.
It may not be so,
If you but fight a fight you may not win—
See the far goal but may not enter in—
'Tis better than to die and not to know
Defeat—to die amidst the rush and din,
Still striving, while the heart beats high and
fast
With glorious life, if you must fall, at last,
Such end were best, with all your hope and
all
Your spirit in its youth,
Then, when you fall.
Far better so to die,
Still toiling upward through the mists ob-
scure,
With all things possible and nothing sure,
Than to be touched by glory and passed
by,
To win by chance, fame that may not en-
dure,
That dies and leaves you living, while you
strive
With wasted breath to keep its flame alive,
And fan, with empty boast and proud re-
grets,
Remembrances of the past
The world forgoes.
—Chamber's Journal.

A NOVEL PROPOSAL.

John Raeburn, counselor at law, sat in his office, a volume of "Wait's Practice" on his knee, but his eye wandered through the open door to the outer office, where he could see a graceful figure of his stenographer, Bertha Wilson, as she bent over her work, her pretty hands tapping the keys of her typewriter with unerring swiftness and precision.

"A lady, every inch of her," mused Raeburn, as his gaze dwelt lovingly upon the delicate profile. "By birth and breeding as well as in manner; but, thanks to the whirligig of fortune, compelled to work for a living.

"If I only knew, now, how she would take it—but I would rather not venture than meet a rebuff—and then the upshot of that would be that I would lose my stenographer as well—and if I cannot have her in one capacity, I surely do not want to be deprived of her in the other. Dear me, forty seems dreadfully old and twenty-three childishly young, when I think of the contrast; and yet is only seventeen years' difference and a great many people would consider that no obstacle. And she need have no foolish scruples about disparity of position, for intrinsically her position is as good as my own—she only wants to regain it, that is all. How I wish I could discover some plan of judging her feelings without the danger of driving her away altogether, in case they were not favorable. Ha! I have it! The very idea—and she will not suspect the ruse. I will put it to the test this very minute."

John Raeburn was a good scholar, an excellent lawyer and a gentleman in every sense of the word, but in regard to the fair sex he was most unaccountably shy.

Not that he was not capable of as sincere, deep and ardent an attachment as any man, but the very intensity of feeling brought along with it a discouraging and aggravating sense of every real or fancied deficiency of impediment that might interpose a barrier between himself and the young lady, whom he had at first esteemed, then admired and finally loved.

He touched a bell on his desk.

Bertha waited to check off one last word and adjust her typewriter for the next line, and then, notebook in hand, appeared at the door.

"Come in, please, Miss Wilson," said her employer, drawing forward a chair perhaps a shade closer than usual.

"This is a personal letter, so I will supply the address in my hand."

"My Dear Miss—," began Mr. Raeburn, with a side glance at his pretty amanuenses, who looked all the prettier for the little bit of color that came into her plump cheeks, "you will excuse me, I know, for communicating with you by this means, being well aware, as you are, that my handwriting is very difficult to decipher, and you will appreciate the fact that I wish there to be no mistake in your interpretation of what I am about to write. Your name and address, of course, I shall add myself, so that to all intents and purposes this letter—while having the added merit of being legible—is as confidential as if it were in reality penned as dictated by me.

"I have enjoyed your acquaintance now for a number of months"—Miss Wilson's cheeks grew a little more vivid just here. "Short as that time has apparently been, it has been suffi-

cient to reveal to me the fact that you have awakened a sentiment much deeper and more lasting than can be comprised within or implied by the word 'friendship.' The disparity in our years has made me diffident of expressing these sentiments to you, but I have finally resolved to make my plea, with the hope that it will not prove an insuperable obstacle to my deep, sincere and devoted affection for you; and with the further hope—which it remains with you to ratify or extinguish—that my affection is returned. Will you kindly give me an answer, dearest friend, and kindly make my suspense a brief one? If fate is adverse I must bear it like a man; if you grant my suit I will not wish to lose a moment in hearing your lips confirm the precious news. Please let me have a reply by the first post in the morning, and believe me, under any and all circumstances, devotedly your friend."

"There," said Mr. Raeburn, after treating himself to a prolonged survey from behind his hand at the pretty face, now flushed and unmistakably agitated that bent over the note book. "You are a young lady of taste, Miss Wilson, and I should like your opinion. How do you think that sounds? Not very flowery, eh?"

"No, sir; but, what is better straightforward and manly," replied Bertha, with just the faintest little tremor in her voice, which she skillfully concealed—or fancied she did—by a convenient cough.

"Thank you? If the lady for whom it is intended will only regard it as appreciatively I shall have little fear," replied Mr. Raeburn, with a very beaming expression. "Now, if you will kindly copy the letter for me that will close the work for today. And you need not come down tomorrow, for if the answer is favorable I shall spend the day with my friend and the office will be closed. So you can have a holiday and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, sir,"—another unmistakable quiver of the pretty chin this time.

If Miss Wilson could have seen the look on her employer's face a few minutes after she left the office, her thoughts would have taken a very different turn.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he exclaimed.

"I am answered! Bless her dear little ingenious soul, she could not keep the tell-tale story out of her eyes and voice. They betrayed her with every sentence of the letter. John Raeburn, you are the luckiest man alive!"

Then picking up the finished letter he first pressed it rapturously to his lips, added a hasty scrawl at the bottom, addressed and enveloped it and took it to the postoffice himself; then went on home, whistling like a boy.

Meanwhile Bertha Wilson had reached her home, put her things away with scrupulous care, spread her little table and sat down for the first time in her healthy young life without a morsel of appetite.

As she sat toying with her spoon there came a ring at the door, and in another moment a letter with a special-delivery stamp was placed in her hands.

She opened it, glanced at the first few lines, then fell back with a low cry, while an expression of mingled incredulity and rapture overspread her face; and when she came to the last few lines, written in a hand which, between natural imperfections and agitation was reduced to a series of hieroglyphics has nothing short of the inspiration of love could have enabled her to decipher, she just cried for pure joy.

"Dear, Darling Bertha," it said, "will you forgive the little ruse by which I sought to learn what I had ventured to hope was really true—that you did care for me? I wanted to read in your dear face whether such sentiment from me would be acceptable to you, and what I saw there was emboldened me to send this letter—tenfold dearer to me because your dear hands traced it—to assure you that you and only you were the one for which it was intended—and the object of my heart's sincere affection. May I come tomorrow? Just say one little 'Yes.' We can say the rest when we meet. Yours devotedly,
"JOHN RAEBURN."

"The dear, darling, wicked, deceitful fellow!" exclaimed Bertha, in one tremendous rapture of joy and surprise. "To take such a mean advantage of me and make me write my own love letter! Never mind! I had the double pleasure of reading it and hearing it, and knowing that it came right warm from his heart. And I wasn't so far out of the way in applying so many of those expressions to myself and fancying how I would regard them. Say 'Yes,' indeed I shall!"

And, springing up, she went over to

her desk, selected her very prettiest sheet of note paper, wrote on it simply the words:

"Dear John; Yes. Bertha."

Sealed it, kissed the envelope and had it in the post box at the corner, with the special delivery stamp which John had thoughtfully enclosed to facilitate its journey, and went back to eat her supper to the last mouthful and then to enjoy a good, comfortable, graceful cry before she fell asleep with a smile on her pretty lips.—[New York Advertiser.

Most Gorgeous Sight in Asia.

A well-conducted Chinese funeral is the most gorgeous sight in Asia. It may seem to us a little tinselly, but that is a mere matter of taste. At the front of the funeral procession walk the noisy musicless musicians. Then come men (they may be friends, they may be coolies) bearing the insignia of the dignity of the dead, if he had any. Next walk more men carrying figures of animals, idols, umbrellas, and blue and white streamers. After them come men carrying pans of perfume. Just before the coffin walk bonzes, Chinese priests. Over the coffin a canopy is usually carried. The casket is borne by about a score of men. Immediately behind the coffin walk the children of the deceased. The eldest son comes first. He is dressed in canvas, and leans heavily upon a stout stick. He is supposed to be too exhausted by grief and fasting to walk without the aid of this staff. The other children and relatives follow this chief mourner. They are clothed in white linen garments. White is the mourning color of the Danes, of the Burmese, and of the Chinese. The women are carried in chairs in the Chinese funeral procession. They sob and wail at intervals and in unison.

When the burying place is reached, the bonzes begin chanting a mass for the dead, and the coffin is put into the tomb. When the coffin is laid in its final position, a large oblong white marble table is placed before the tomb. On the middle of it is set a censer and two vases and two candlesticks, all of as exquisite workmanship as possible. Then they have a paper cremation! Paper figures of men, horses, garments, and a score of other things, are burned. They are supposed to undergo a material resurrection, and to be useful to the dead in the Chinese heaven. The tomb is sealed up or closed, and an entertainment concludes the ceremony at the grave. The forms of Chinese tombs vary somewhat according to the province in which they are built, and very much according to the means of the relative who undertakes the expense. With the very poor the coffin is placed upon the ground, earth and lime are packed about it, and a rude grave is formed. With the rich a vault is built in the form of a horseshoe. If the dead was of note or position the decorations of the grave and of the coffin are very elaborate. There are a thousand interesting things to be said about Chinese mourning, about the ceremonies commemorative of the dead, and about the funerals of the Chinese royal family. But they cannot be put into a paragraph or into a column.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Memory.

"The science of memory," said James W. Dodd to the corridor man at the Lindell, "is very little understood and the more it is investigated the farther one gets from the solution of the difficulty. I am acquainted with a man who could never learn to write or to calculate although a large sum of money was spent by his wealthy parents in attempts to educate him. To this day he can scarcely distinguish one letter from another, but he can read easily from sight in some manner neither physician nor philosopher can understand.

"He is fond of reading out loud, and seldom stumbles over a hard word, although he cannot spell out the easiest ones. Strange to say, he has a most wonderful memory of what he reads and will repeat the plot of a book with the exact quotations of leading incidents and expressions, after reading it once. His general habits indicate mental weakness in various ways, and the only memory he seems to have is in regard to printed matter.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Financial Activity.

"How is Gullen getting along?"

"Splendidly, for him."

"How do you know?"


"He has just succeeded in borrowing ten dollars from me."—[Chicago Record.

Great Britain and her colonies have 27,906 ships of all kinds; France has 15,279; Germany, 2,635; Russia, 4,406; Italy, 6,810; United States, 22,623; the world, 107,137.

STAFF OF LIFE.

HOW BREAD IS MADE IN A BIG BAKERY.

Processes Through Which It Has to Pass Before It is Ready for Delivery—Improvements in Machinery.

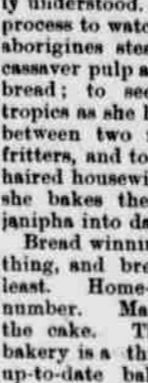


CONCERNING bread and its making on a large scale, the Washington Star has this to say:

To the ancients bread was the staff of life, and it is just as important an article now as then. The main difference is that to the Hebrew and Chaldean authors of the staff of life theory, bread meant "to eat." Latter day theologians agree that the passage of Genesis which reads "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," refers not solely to rolls and muffins, but embraces the entire dietary system from little neck claims to café noir and cheese.

The subject of bread is not popularly understood. It is an entertaining process to watch the South American aborigines steal the poison from the cassava pulp and roast the latter into bread; to see the maiden of the tropics as she hammers parched maize between two rocks and fry it into fritters, and to spy on the Atrakhana-haired housewife of darkest Africa as she bakes the roots of manihot and janipha into daily bread.

Bread winning is a most important thing, and bread making is not the least. Home-made bread is a back number. Machine-made bread takes the cake. The twentieth century bakery is a thing of beauty and the up-to-date baker is a joy forever. Baking on scientific principles and a mammoth scale is a high art. The Washington baker will tell you that his business is a progressive one. It is an evolution. A man must lay out his capital, take time by the forelock and mark time to the music of progress if he means to keep up with the procession.



GRINDING CRACKER MEAL.


and perhaps throwing occasional pieces of dough out upon the floor. These sweepings are sold to farmers as food for swine. In this way six barrels of flour may be thoroughly ground in twelve minutes. This, in the days of crude methods, was one of the slowest and most laborious processes in baking. Stalwart men bent over, punched and tugged at the dough, and perspired there, too.

The mechanical device is in the line of speed and cleanliness. After the necessary treatment in the hopper the material is lifted into wooden troughs. In professional parlance this bread-elect is called "sponge" and the process "rising." The apartment set aside for the "rising" is apt to be filled with an odor anything but perfumeful to the uninitiated scent. It is allowed to remain in this condition for two and one-half hours. Next it is fired down through chutes to the floor below and falls on polished hardwood tables. The kneading process is then gone through. This is best done by hand and in this department of the work the ways of our forefathers prevail.

Next it is weighed out in batches of thirteen and three-quarter pounds and tossed into a machine which cuts it into twelve parts, all exactly equal. Each chunk represents a loaf, and as each of these should by law weigh one pound, the overweight is to allow for shrinkage. The machine which does this work is a German invention, but it is stated that the patent was bought by a Chicagoan, and the first instrument of the kind was put into practical operation in this city. It apportions the dough after the manner of a bullet mold. It is unvarying in its accuracy, and renders it impossible for the journeyman to alter the weight of the loaf either from negligence or violence.

With the present machine the journeyman has no authority in the premises. He simply pulls the lever and the engine does the rest. The shaping process is next in order. Thence it is passed along to the oveners. First it is treated with steam to lighten it and glaze the crust. After its Turkish bath it is placed in the finishing oven by means of pole handled wooden shovels, allowed to remain thirty minutes, and then removed by the same means. Each paddle will bear six loaves.

There are in Washington twenty-four modern high-classed ovens. Those hot-air chambers have an average area of 100 square feet, and accommodate, as a rule 200 loaves at each sitting. They are absolutely free of dust and obnoxious gases and are brilliantly lighted, so that every loaf is under the surveillance of an operator. Before science and bakery got



BAKING VIENNA BREAD.

Bakers of ye olden times worked sixteen and eighteen hours per day and received about \$8 per month and board. Bakers to-day work ten hours per diem and earn from \$12 to \$18 per week. And yet it costs less to produce a loaf of bread now than then. The reason lies in machinery and centralization of force.

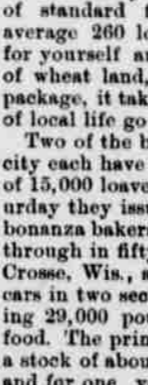
Washingtonians eat 200,000 loaves of bread daily. A 196-pound barrel of standard flour will make on an average 260 loaves. Calculate this for yourself and see how many acres of wheat land, bread in the original package, it takes to make the wheels of local life go round.

Two of the banner bakeries of the city each have a sworn to circulation of 15,000 loaves per day, and on Saturday they issue 25,000. One of the bonanza bakers some time ago brought through in fifty-eight hours from La Crosse, Wis., a special train of forty cars in two sections, each car containing 29,000 pounds of tissue-making food. The principal local bakers carry a stock of about 6000 barrels of flour, and for one year the books of one baker record the consumption of 16,000 barrels of flour.

All the first-class bakeries use only northern-grown wheat, because it is harder, grinds finer and yields better bread. Southern grain, they say, won't do. Nearly hard is said to be the best, and is the most generally used. One baker used last year 32,000 pounds of the lubricant. The days of malt and potato yeast are only memories, and compressed yeast is the feature of today. Fourteen thousand five hundred pounds is the amount used last year in a single bakery.

The superiority of bakers' bread lies in the fact that the proper percentage of ingredients—salt, sugar, milk, yeast, flour, lard and water—has been determined by years of experiments and experience. The ratio of ingredients having been settled on is not allowed to vary.

To the dear little wife who gets her arms and manicured fingers all gummied up with dough this mixture process is largely a matter of guess work. Today she hits it and blushing honors fall thick upon her. Tomorrow she misses it and the rolls have to be swallowed gently to save a fracture of the ribs. Then the baker's flour is selected by an expert, and unlike the parlor angel he is not to be roped in by florid



SPONGE AND DOUGH TROUGHS.

advertising, tinsel labels, specious guarantees nor poetic names.

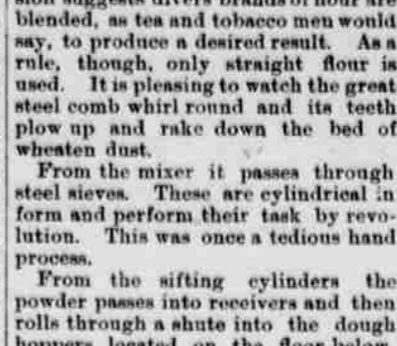
When a consignment of flour reaches the bread mill it is weighed in the bal-

ance and inspected. If not found wanting it is hoisted to the top story in the steam elevator. Here as wanted it is dumped into the mixer. This machine bears the same relation to bread that the hopper boy did when you and I were young.

It is a circular bin about eight feet in diameter and the mixing is accomplished by a harrow-like weapon that swings around the circle. When occasion suggests divers brands of flour are blended, as tea and tobacco men would say, to produce a desired result. As a rule, though, only straight flour is used. It is pleasing to watch the great steel comb whirl round and its teeth plow up and rake down the bed of wheaten dust.

From the mixer it passes through steel sieves. These are cylindrical in form and perform their task by revolution. This was once a tedious hand process.

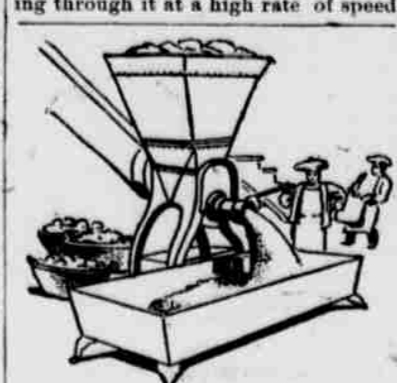
From the sifting cylinders the powder passes into receivers and then rolls through a chute into the dough hoppers located on the floor below. In the hopper is a metal revolving machine, much like a ship's screw. As the flour showers down from the upper floor salt is sprinkled in and pure cold water, pumped by steam power from a sealed and concreted well directly beneath the bakery, pours in. The mass is churned and torn, the blades tearing through it at a high rate of speed



THE BIG CRACKER OVEN.

rule bakers are fat and jolly, but in nine cases out of ten are only moderate eaters. Bakers are cleanly. Modern bakeries are provided with all means to facilitate next-to-goddiness. There is a dressing room where he must doff his street attire and don his sandals, cap and gown. He is robed in fine linen. He must wash before going on duty and must always wash after having been excused from work. Bakers know how a good song counts as muscle on a dough batch, and sing as they labor.

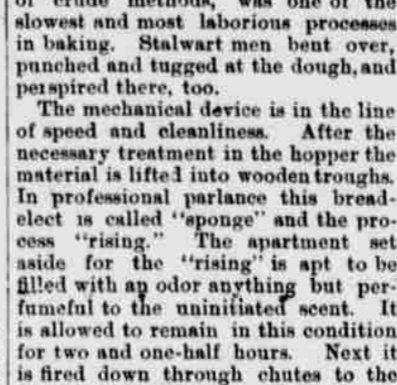
There are fashions in bread just as in belles and bonnets. Vienna has the call at present and experts say that it will continue to be the ruling bread because of its excellence. It contains a large percentage of milk. The book-keeper in one of the mightiest bakeries in town told a reporter for the Star that during the year his food-factor had soaked up 25,250 gallons of milk at a cost of over \$5000. Chicago bread five or six years ago was all the rage. Now it is a dead letter. At that time one bakery furnished the trade with 6000 loaves. The same concern now bakes but twenty-eight loaves. It was a loaf baked in large sheets and had to be torn from its partners a la postage stamp. Capitol bread is enjoying a good deal of popularity just now. It comes in sheets of sixteen and retails for four cents. Box bread, which comes in square loaves is fairly well received. Pullman bread, which is baked in rectangular loaves and by the yard, is having a run with the Connecticut avenue population. Home-made bread, so-called, is on the decline and the biscuit loaf is advancing in favor. Rye bread is a very popu-



DIES FOR STAMPING CAKES AND CRACKERS.

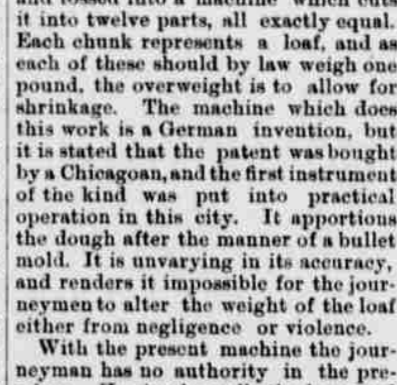
lar brand with the bakers themselves, but very little is made. It is eaten principally by the Germans. It has no hold on the Washington heart. More rye bread is baked in Baltimore in one day than in Washington in one year. In northern Europe simple crushed rye is made into bread and the loaves sometimes weigh twenty pounds. Off these a family will live an indefinite period. It is said to be nutritious. Bakers say that the Graham is the king of breads. In it is found the grain with a flavor of sun, wind and shower. The bone, sinew, meat and soul of the wheat are preserved.

Unkind.



Willie Wilt—"Do you know—Miss Perte, I have half a mind—"

Miss Perte—"Oh, surely more than that, Mr. Wilt."—Raymond's Monthly.



MIXING THE DOUGH.

tangled up and interlaced the operator, when he deemed it advisable to look at his bread, would turn on the rays of an oil lamp or ignite a bunch of kindling wood so that the flames would light the interior of the oven. That is why in times that are history now baker's bread would sometimes taste of pine and resin. In one local bake shop seven ovens are kept in almost constant running order, at a cost of one thousand tons of superior coal annually.

There are about three hundred bakers in Washington, and a proportionate number of apprentices. To be graduated as a baker a three years' course is required. Eighty per cent.

of the bread builders of Washington are Germans, either by birth, breeding or inheritance. A small percentage are American, native and to the manor born. The land of the lily and merry England are also represented by small contingents. As a

The average sum in a savings bank runs from sixty-nine dollars a year to seventy dollars. This means the average sum left for drawing interest.

Texas is first in cattle and cotton, second in sugar, sheep and mules, seventh in cows, eighth in hogs.

A high tax on butcher shops has just been imposed in the State of Sinaloa, Mexico. It is so exorbitant that the butchers have been compelled to advance the price of their meats correspondingly, and now it is said that the prices are so high that the poor are utterly unable to afford the expensive luxury, and the use of meat is practically restricted to the rich. Meat is selling in Sinaloa at from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound. For a thinly populated country, which raises a good deal more beef and mutton than it consumes, this is a most extraordinary state of affairs.—New Orleans Picayune.