HOW HEGOTSTARTED

A MERCHANT TELLS OF HIS WIN-NING BY A SHOW OF HONESTY.

After Many Failures In Attempts to "Catch on," He Worked a Little Scheme en the Business Man Who Called Him "a Sterling, Honest Fellow."

"You wish to know how I got my start in Chicago, ch? Well, I don't mind telling you about it now, although you may not indorso the means I adopt-

Here the merchant prince laughed heartily, withdrawing his cigar for the After a moment or two he re

"I had come here from the country, a gawky farmer boy, ignorant of the ways of the world and disposed to regard every city chap as a sharper. Before leaving home I had a settlement with my guardian, who turned over to me \$300 in cash, all the possessions I had in the world.

The distress of the panie of 1857 had not passed, and things were awfully dull here. After securing a modest boarding house I applied myself with diligence to the seeking of employment, in the meantime assidnously studying bookkeeping every evening. The 21 years of my life had been spent upon the farm, and I was utterly ignorant of all business methods. Hence I sought humble work, being willing to begin at the lowest rung of the ladder. But somehow I didn't catch on. I must have been what is valgarly called an 'ornery' chap -neconth in speech, vulgar in manner and easily abashed. Still I persevered, offering myself as porter, coachman, day laborer, gardener, helper in grocery stores-in short, any kind of work that demanded muscle without too much experience. Once in awhile I got a job of sawing wood, cutting grass and tending garden, but I spent far more than I carned, although I lived very economically. Month after month passed in this way until nearly one-half of my capital

was exhausted.
"My necessities led me to much cogitation, and having made rapid progress in my study of bookkeeping as well as in knowledge of good English I finally concluded to aspire to something higher. A prerequisite to this step was the doffing of my old jeans suit, which had become decidedly seedy. The tailor's bill made a big inroad upon my diminishing capital, and the thought of it set my teeth on edge. Out I went day after day among the merchants, offering my services as a bookkeeper, accountant, shipping clerk or salesman, but I found no takers. The market was suffering from an oversupply of the commodity, and

Finally I decided that something had to be done. I could not and would not be penniless in a big city. I am natnrally of a sanguine temperament, but six months of enforced idleness to one who loves work are enough to beeloud the sunniest temper. But I see you are getting impatient. A change did finally come. One day Mr. Davis, the head of the big dry goods store on Lake street, was surprised out of his usual equanimity by the rushing in of an excitd individual, myself, holding in his hand a small bundle and saying bro-

the demand was nil.

"'I have found, sir, a package of money---a hundred dollars, I think. I am a stranger in the city and wish you to keep it until you find the owner.

'When he found breath, Mr. Davis, who recalled me as one who had applied to him more than once for employment, demurred, insisting that I should leave it in the hands of the police,
"'That will not do, sir. I know your

reputation and can confidently leave the sum with you. I am desperately poor and unemployed, and any imputation upon my honor would kill me. My only wish is that this money may reach its owner. You will be sure to find "Mr. Davis became interested. You will be sure to find him.'

"'Is there any way of identifying him-any name or address in the pack-

age?' I think not, sir, 'I replied, 'but the bills, as you will see, are done up in a peculiar red cloth—debiege I think it is called—and if you would merely advertise the fact that a sum of money had been found, and required the applicant to name the amount and the envelope covering it, you could not possibly mis-

"My importunity finally overcame his objections, and he took my address, and after pronouncing me a 'sterling honest w,' bade me come around in the

morning.
"Well, that was my start in life. Mr. Davis greeted me when I returned in the morning most affusively.
"'I've been thinking over that matter

and confess that I admire your honesty. There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't have kept that money. Many men who are far better off than you

"He ended by offering me a place behind one of the counters at \$6 a week, and five years later I was his partner.

"Oh, the money! A number of parties answered the advertisement, but

they couldn't prove up, you see, for the best of all reasons. The money was my own, and Mr. Davis finally returned it to me. I ran not the slightest risk and was satisfied that the act would bring me under the favorable notice of Mr.

"Yes, there was deception in it, and I am not saying that it was commend-able. But I did so one an injury, and it was the groundwork of my present comfortable fortune. Still I would not advise any other young man to go and do likewise."—Chicago Tribune.

Brignoli's Weak Point. Brignoli, the tenor, was sensitive about his age. A young lady once said to him in admiration, "Signer Brignoli, I have known you ever since I was a little girl." He turned around in a fury and shouted, "Yes, and I have known you ever since I was a little boy?"—Exchange. SARCEY'S FAMOUS DUEL.

The Noted Parislan Critic's Own Story of

At this moment appears a gentleman whom all Paris knows and almost all Parisians adore—namely, Francisque Sarcey. Knowing himself to be among friends, he talked freely. For half a century nearly our great critic has held the pen, at first timidly, and now he wields it with unquestioned authority. Like most Parisian celebrities, he was born in the provinces, at Dourdan, where his father kept a school after the fall of the first Napoleon dissolved the army in which the elder Sarcey had insisted on enlisting in spite of his excessive near sightedness, transmitted to his son. There Sarcey's parents toiled with varying fortunes, and thence Francisque took his flight for Paris and walked firmly in the footprints of the late Jules Janin, who also devoted his life to dramatic criticism. He makes an idol of the drama. He lives for his work. He respectfully considers dramatic criticism an art and not a trade, and perhaps for that reason is the greatest critical au-

thority in France. He told us of his duel with Hector Pessard, the musical critic and comic opera composer, who is a very charming man, by the way. Sarcey, in 1865, wrote a scathing attack on Girardin's paper, La Liberte. Emile de Girardin objected on principle to duels, so the editorial staff, considering their literary style insulted by Sarcey, drew lots as to who would call him out and kill him if possible. The lot fell on Pessard. Now, Pessard and Sarcey were great friends, but it was necessary to obey the call of honor, so Pessard , at the challenge, which Sarcey accepted with dignity. The adversaries took off their coats and vests and faced each other, swords in hand, when, lo! the four seconds took to squabbling over some detail. The dispute was long and ferocious, and the two adversaries fell into conversation, sword in hand.

Quoth Pessard-I am frozen. Would you mind if I put on my coat? Sarcey—A good idea. We can kill

Pessard-Let me tell you, my dear Sarcey, how greatly I admire your tal-

Sarcey-I can say the same to you, but why are we going to kill each other? Pessard—I don't quite know. It seems you grossly insulted me, and if I do not succeed in killing you that you must certainly slay me in expiation.

Sarcey (meditatively)-I do not remember having insulted you, but if you

say so I suppose it is true.

In the meantime the four seconds were quarreling furiously. One gentleman was shaking his fist in his opponent's face and another was brandishing his riding whip, whereupon Sarcey suddenly burst out laughing and said:

"Come, Pessard, let us separate our seconds, and then, instead of cutting each other's throats, we will go and have some breakfast."

Which was no sooner said than done, and the two duelists have been fast friends ever since.—Paris Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.

EXCURSIONS FOR SCHOOLS.

A Form of Instruction Scarcely Yet Known In This Country.

Among the methods of instruction scarcely yet known in our country, but long established in Germany, is the school excursion. Indeed, while to the uninitiated this measure may be regarded as no less than revolutionary, it is nevertheless true that excursions from two to three weeks in duration were undertaken by Salzmann with the pupils of his school at Schnepfenthal, in Thuringia, when Washington was president of the United States. Since the close of the last century the school excursion, in one form or another, has been growing in popularity in Germany, and today it forms a regular feature of perhaps the majority of the elementary schools of

that country.

The school excursion offers the most favorable opportunity for introducing the child into many branches of knowledge, for the reason that, by means of outings, the pupil may be brought in direct contact with various phases of nature and the works of man. And indeed the locality is exceptionally unfavorable where an abundance of material may not be found for instructing the child in geography, history and the natural sciences.

In Germany this broad study of the environment is recognized as a distinct branch of knowledge, known as die heimathskunde (homeology), and as such is included in the curriculum of the first three years of the elementary schools.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Forum.

Limitations of Fame.

"I went into the office of a Texas editor one day," says Mr. Fred Pelham, the Lyceum bureau man, "to see about some corrections in the proof of a programme I was having printed there. 'This name,' says I, 'is Bret Harte, not Bretelwaite.' 'All right,' answered the editor. But the name came back 'Bretharte.' Again I undertook to explain. harte.' Again I undertook to explain.
'Bret is the first name, and Harte is the second,' said I. 'Surely you have read his books and know about Bret Harte, the poet-author?' 'No,' said the editor, 'I never heard of him before in all my life, but then you can't expect the editor of a live daily in a busy town to have time to keep track of every little jimcrow poet that bobs up!' ''—Chicago Record.

A Pardonable Mistake

A Pardonable Mistake.

Hotel Proprietor—What is that crowd outside looking at?

Clerk (after a brief inspection)—
Well, I swan! That jay in No. 500 has twisted around his gas jet and poked it out the window with the flame burning.

Proprietor—Front! Take a pair of shears to No. 500, get that card which says—

"Don't blow out the continuation of the continuation of

"Don't blow out the gas. Turn it out, and cut off the last line."—New York Weekly. LOST AND SPOILED MONEY.

The Bank of England Makes a Big Profit

Bank notes of the value of thousands of pounds are annually lost or destroyed by accident. In the 40 years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been either lost or destroyed, amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the

In many instances, however, it is postible to recover the amount of the note from the bank in full. Notice has to be given to the bank of the note supposed to be lost or stolen, together with a small fee and a full narrative as to how the loss occurred. The note is then "stopped"—that is, if the document should be presented for payment, the person "stopping" the note is informed when and to whom it is paid. If presented, after having been "stopped, by any suspicious looking person, and not through a banker, one of the detectives always in attendance at the bank would be called to question the person as to how and when the note came into his or her possession. It is quite a mis-taken idea that*'stopped payment' of a bank note has the effect supposed by very many people. It simply means that the Bank of England carefully keeps a lookout for the note which has been "stopped," and, though it cannot refuse to pay such note immediately on its bepresented, a notification would at once be made to the person who stopped it, and the bank would give all the assistance in its power to enable the loser to recover the amount.

In the case of a bank note having been, say, burned by mistake, if the number is known and notice sent to the Bank of England it will pay the amount after an interval of five years from the date of lodging notice of destruction should no one have presented the note for payment in the meantime. The bank in such cases also insists on a guarantee being given by a banker or two house-holders that it shall be repaid in the event of the document turning up and being again tendered for payment. It is not at all an unusual circumstance for a mutilated note to be presented for payment, burned perhaps half through, with marks of burning on the fringes. Nor is the damage always accidental. The men who indulge in the luxury of lighting their pipes with a bank note are not always, as some may think, millionaires or recognized lunatics of society. The spoiled notes are more often than not presented by workmen or laborers, who confess without hesitation that they have intentionally lighted their pipes with them from mere braggadocio. — Ashton (England) Reporter.

An Anecdote of Perier.

Once during the schooldays of the president of the French republic his prossor in geography asked him, "Perier, give us the exact position and indicate the latitude of the Gambier group. Casimir-Perier crossed his arms tightly upon his chest, looking very perplexed. One of his neighbors whispered to him the wrong answer, whereupon the professor gave him the exact position of this little group, which belongs to the more important French establishment of Tahiti, and after a short pause, and with a little point of irony, said: "You ought to know that, Perier, because it is thanks to your grandfather that France acquired the ascendancy in these parts of the world. It was through his efforts and entreaties that the dusky queen of these islands was induced to come to France, and the men of my generation still remember the comical songs which celebrated the event." Perier blushed considerably, but, holding his head still higher, answered the pro fessor with his quick and peculiar dic-tion, "I will most certainly go over this lesson again and try to be more proficient at the next lecture; but, so far as the deeds of my grandfather go, they are so numerous that I am not old enough yet to know them all."-San Francisco Argonaut.

A Paris correspondent describes one of the oddest industries of that city to be found in a little shop in the Rue de Ecoles, which deals exclusively with the condhand boots of the men who work in the sewers. These boots are furnished by the state and come half way up the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new, they cost \$9; when sold secondhand, they realize the modest sum of 50 cents, but as at least 6,000 pairs per annum are sent to the Rue des Ecoles it makes quite a booming industry. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer cleaners paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers, for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV heel.

Old Mr. Kerr-Muggeon, who agrees with George II in hating "poetry and painting," and who is never agreeable except when he is smoking, was engaged in this favorite amusement on his door-step when Mrs. Gusscher passed. "Oh, Mr. Kerr-Muggeon," she said, "I

am glad to see you enjoying the beau-ties of nature!"

"Heh? What d'yo mean?" asked Mr. Kerr-Muggeon. "Why, weren't you looking at the

"The sunset! Well, no, not just exactly. But, now that you mention it, it does look fine, doesn't it? Looks a good deal like a meerschaum pipe just after it's begun to color!"—Youth's Compan-

An old Dutch legend says that Thom-as a Becket cursed the Kentishmen of England, who spitefully cut off his horse's tail, and that the entire generation of Kent which followed wore tails

From a grain of sand barely visible to the naked eye 1,000 miles of quarts thread may be spun.

That Despot, the Editor.

The despotism of editors is not so arbitrary as it used to be. My memory does not go back to the fear in which the quarterly, "so savage and slaugh-terly," used to be held. One would have supposed it took its name from its quartering as well as executing its victims. In my time nobody cared much for the attacks of the heavier reviews, partly perhaps because they were generally be-lated and did not bear down upon authors until their reputations had been es tablished, but the power of the weekly organs of literature was still considera-ble. The then editor of The Athenseum, Hepworth Dixon, was greatly feared by the small fry of literature and not much liked by the large fry. It is well known that Thackeray had

objections to his daughter becoming an authoress, from the apprehension of what Dixon might write of her work. I remember as a young man, when speaking rather gushingly of the kindness I had received from editors in Dickens' presence, he observed with a droll look that he concluded I had not yet made the acquaintance of Hepworth Dixon. I had met him, however, at dinner and had had rather a humorous experience of him.

I was sitting next to a great eastern scholar, who had told me quite as much as I wanted to hear of Assyria and was still going on, when he was suddenly interrupted by the host, who, in a tone of conciliatory reproof, observed: "Professor So-and-so, silence if you please. Mr. Hepworth Dixon is about to say something." I forget what he said, but the rout of the Assyrian was complete and amused me exceedingly.-James Payn in Cornhill Magazine.

Chicken Surgery In Florida.

A marauding hawk made an attack on a Lakeland (Fla.) fowlyard and succeeded in ripping a chicken's craw entirely from its body, so that it dragged on the ground, and also cutting a hole through the craw, so that it would not hold food. A day or two afterward the owner caught it, and one of the ladies of the family performed a surgical operation. The craw was sewed up, the chicken was soaked in hot water until the wounded and dry skin was made elastic again, the craw was restored to its place, the wound sewed up, and now that is about the healthiest chicken in the yard.

A Different Opinion.

Contributor-I have here an article "What Poets Have Said of the

Editor-That would interest no one, count of what the moon has said about the poets during the past few thousands of years I would willingly pay you double rates for it.—Pick Me Up.



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A. GASKILL, Versailles, Ill.

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