WHEN?

When will we reach the end of this Thaw business in the courts?—Universal inquiry.
What is the answer?
Say, can't you guess—
As long as the money holds out
No less!
Oh, money's the power
That makes the law
Handle the halter so it will not draw;
Money's the dope
That crazes the mind
Of the man who kills a human kind
And makes his deed
By the size of his wad,
Nothing more than an "act of God."
Then money again
Obtains the call,
And shows that the killer
Wasn't crazy at all.
Money's the stuff,
That works the bluff,
Going and coming and plenty enough.
The law is the law,
Majestic, grand,
A bulwark of safety to the land;
And, say, watch it stand,
And stand and stand
With outstretched hand
As long as it hears the money command.
Courts of justice
Are not for sale;
The bench and the bar
Will never fail
In the duty they owe—
They will keep up the fight
As long as a dollar stays in sight;
They're honest enough—
The law's delay
Depends upon whether or not it will pay;
That's the answer.
And there'll be no end
As long as there's any Thaw money to spend.
Put that on the docket,
Please.
—W. J. Lampton, in the New York Times.

The Reason

"You needn't read any longer, Margaret," said Benson. "Somehow I'm not in the mood for it."

The girl closed the book very softly and turned slowly to look at the white face on the couch.

"You are tired, Ted?" she asked.

"No," said he with a dry smile, "not tired, but querulous and rather peevish, I'm afraid. I used to think, at the first of it, that I had some pluck; but I'm rapidly being disillusioned. I haven't the nerve of a chicken."

"Oh, haven't you, you splendid boy?" she said. "I would like to know who but you would have laid here as bravely and uncomplainingly and faced the things you have the past year?"

"There are thousands of people who would have done it much better than I," said he gloomily. "The thing is getting on my nerve. Good Lord, I can't stand it! I can't! I can't!"

She moved her chair closer to the couch. Her face suddenly paled with tenderness and pity. "Ted, hush!" she said soothingly. "You mustn't talk like that that. Think of your splendid courage all these long, long months since the accident. And every month puts you so much nearer recovery."

His eyes were turned away. She saw his fingers working nervously.

"That's the rub," he confessed.

"What is?" she asked quickly.

"The chance of getting better—the chance of ever being of any use in the world again," said he. "Gordon told me this morning very frankly that it was a question whether or not I would ever walk again. I wish he had told me that in the first place instead of carrying me along like this with his ill-conceived kindness of false hopes."

The girl's face grew paler. "He told you that?" she asked.

"Yes. He said I had the right to know. He was perfectly correct there, too. Only, as I say, he should have told me in the first place, if he had any doubts about it."

"Why?" said she.

He moved uneasily. "Oh, for many reasons," said he. "Things would have been utterly different. I could have stood it better, I believe, if I had known it then."

"But it isn't at all certain you are going to be helpless permanently," she declared. "Gordon is simply telling you that to warn you in case the worst happens—and the worst is not going to happen," she ended cheerfully.

"As to that, we can only make surmises," said he. "Time alone will settle the question, and from what Gordon said, and the way he said it, I am rather inclined to the opinion that it won't do to have too many hopes."

The girl said nothing. She was looking out the window at the first green leaves on the street, and her eyes were dim with tears. Benson, too, was looking at the leaves. His face was stern and set, and about his mouth were hard lines of stubborn determination.

"And so," said he, quite as if their talk had not been broken by the little period of silence, "I want to be very frank with you, Margaret. Let's not have any foolishness or any quixotic business about this affair. I was thrown from the horse and very apparently I am in this fix for the rest of my life. Well, very good! I was very childish just now to cry out so against it. What is done is done, and cannot be helped now. But that needn't necessarily upset the whole universe."

She looked at him questioningly. She had never heard him talk like this before. His had always been a cheerful, hopeful nature, even after the bitter accident had left him to spend his tedious, endless days on the couch.

"First," said he, "give me the ring, please."

The girl merely looked at him in unbelief.

"Give me the ring, Margaret," he repeated sternly.

Slowly she drew the diamond from her finger and laid it in his outstretched hand. He put it in the pocket of his smoking coat and the lines about his mouth grew more tense.

"Now," said he, "you are free. This matter of a woman tying herself to a crippled man has been tried before! It is all nonsense. It doesn't work—except in theories and sentimental fiction. You are not to come here again—not while things are as uncertain as they are at present, at any rate. You are to forget me—forget me, do you understand?"

The girl pressed her hand to her white cheeks. "Ted," she said incredulously, "what are you saying? What does all this mean? Are you trying to test me? If you are, it is most ill-timed. You—know very well I would never break it off, no matter what had happened. You are slandering me—insulting me."

His face twisted for a moment. Then he smiled grimly.

"I am doing nothing of the sort," he declared. "I am simply talking good, cold, common, everyday horsesense. It is better so. Can't you understand me?"

"No, I can't," she said brokenly.

"Then let me make it plainer," said he. "I wish it. I suppose I am not very noble about it—but a man in my condition isn't supposed to be noble, or if he is expected to be he fails far short of the mark. I wish it. Do you realize all that means?"

"It means," he went on, "that we are not suited to each other—not now. In the old days it was different, but we have to face new conditions, now. I am exacting, peevish, broken. I shall probably be so for the rest of my life. I have got to face the future coldly, calmly. In that future you won't fit. You are too sympathetic, too solicitous, too sensitive. You make me aware every hour of the day that I am a crippled wreck, and if I am never better it will be like that through all the future—a future, frankly, I don't dare face—with you. Have I made it all plain, now?"

The girl's face was buried in her hands. She was shaken with sobs. She could not see the worn, pitiful expression on Benson's own face.

"Of course, all this is very hard for you to listen to, and very hard for me to say. Still, I think it is far better to say it now than to go on making some horrible mistake and finding it out when it is too late to remedy it."

There was a long silence, broken only by the girl's sobs. Benson's face was turned to the wall. He did not dare to look at her.

"You will forget me in time," he said. "You will marry some other and better man, and I shall, mayhap, marry some woman who is fitted to my peculiar position in life. There are such woman I thoroughly believe."

Again the silence. At last the girl slowly rose. Her eyes were red and her shoulders shook convulsively.

"If you wish it, of course," she said and turned away.

Benson bit his lips. His face was gray and drawn.

"Good-bye," he said shortly.

The girl was looking at him closely. Suddenly she dropped on her knees beside the couch, and burying her face on his shoulder, wept without restraint.

"Ted," she cried in a choking voice, "you were lying, lying. Tell me it is so. Tell me that you were lying—for my sake. I can't bear it!"

She felt his hand on her shoulder. Then she heard his voice, strangely shaken.

"Yes, it was a lie, Margaret," he was saying, "a ghastly lie. I thought I was strong enough to carry it through for your sake. But I'm not. Here is the ring. Put it on again, dearie."—New Orleans Picayune.

LITTLE THINGS Worth Knowing

India produces about 7,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

Australia has more unexplored area in proportion to the population than any other country.

The microbes in city air are fourteen times more than in country air.

There are nearly 150 languages, derived from nearly twenty linguistic sources, spoken in India.

After working for Heathcoat & Co., lace manufacturers, of Tiverton, England, for seventy-one years, William Huxtable has just retired.

The water that pours over the falls of Niagara is wearing the rock away at the rate of five yards in four years.

Mr. S. F. Edge, two years ago, at Brooklands, accomplished the unprecedented feat of covering 1581 miles in 1440 minutes in a motor car.

Morning milk is best for babies—fresher and fewer germs than the previous night's milk, but slightly weaker in cream.

Yokohoma's foreign population at the end of 1908 was 6409, including 3789 Chinese, 1221 British, 547 Americans, 291 Germans and 160 French.

Profanity at the Telephone

The Court of Appeals of Iowa is reported to have decided that a telephone company cannot refuse to provide service for a householder because he swears at the operator, or apparently, because he is in the habit of eavesdropping on party lines, says the New York Sun. The text of the decision is not at hand and its full effect therefore cannot be stated, but evidently the company is declared to be without power as a censor of the language and manners of its customers. What recourse a telephone operator assailed with indecent, violent or profane language would have the newspaper despatches do not set forth. It might be in a prosecution for disorderly conduct, threats and even assault. For the creature who listens to conversations over the line he uses, boiling in mush is not too severe a punishment.

The temptation to profane and violent language over the telephone is felt and acknowledged even by those strong men who resist it. Why is the number busy at the moment when we want to arrange for tomorrow's picnic? Probably it isn't at all; that lazy girl is simply neglecting us and flirting with some clerk over the wire. Then comes strong language; a relief for the feelings, it may be, but we have been informed that it reaches the ears not of the operator for whom it is intended but of a callous person whose sole duty it is to listen to the abusive outbursts of irate customers.

There was once a popular series of stories of "flirtatious operators." What basis had these yarns? We never encountered an operator who was other than coldly businesslike. Our instinctive "Thank you!" is cut in halves by the pulling of a plug or lifting of a jack, or whatever mechanical action disconnects the wire. "Will you please"—we begin when our watch has run down. "Ask information" comes over the wire with a decorousness that is anything but enticing. "I am much obliged" is cut off in the flower of its polite youth by the final click. It may be that our voice is not attractive to the young woman at the central office.

As for swearing at a telephone operator, it belongs in the same class with kicking the door on which a night groping householder has banged his head. The instinct to such useless acts goes deep into human history. Professor THISANDTHAT asserts that it is a survival from that stage of development in which each rock, tree, river, pool and mountain had its spirit to be propitiated or punished as the victim of its good will or malice believed discreet. But who has not longed "to take it out" of the transmitter and receiver when the essential guest blandly informed him from twelve miles away, just as the butler was announcing dinner, that, "he had been forced to change his plans and couldn't get over tonight"? Of course profanity is never defensible, but men are weak. Let the man of the house send his wife to the telephone when the guests are arriving. She does not swear, though only Heaven knows how she restrains herself from hot words a thousand times a day.

There are, of course, timid souls who are valorous at the other end of seven miles of wire. These are they who, having got a number they did not want, arrogantly tell the man who has risen from his easy chair to answer the jingling bell to "ring off" in a tone that conveys their conviction that he is disturbing them on purpose, and that they would punch his head gladly could they reach him; but to such profanity is of no avail. Answer them calmly; give your full name, business address and home address; remark that you will be at any spot at any hour that may suit their convenience; declare that you are out of condition, but still willing to have a go with any person who boasts his prowess from a safe distance; and add that the extermination of muckers is a subject of the deepest interest to the man who keeps his temper and his decent manners when telephoning.

INDIANS' SUDDEN WEALTH.

They Wanted Their Money in Greenbacks for Display.

Wealth has suddenly come to the French River Indians through the sale of the valuable timber on their lands near Lake Nipissing. For many years the late chief of the Ojibways sternly repulsed the advances of the lumbermen, but his son has yielded to their solicitations, and it is stated that altogether the band will ultimately be entitled to something like £200,000. The distribution is being made by Indian Agent Cockburn at Sturgeon Falls. The assembled braves listened stolidly to the explanations of the agent that the piece of paper each received meant that a large sum of money was in the Quebec bank to their credit, which could be obtained when required. A short lecture on banking and the convenience of the savings department followed, after which the recipients marched solemnly to the bank and drew the face value of the checks.

Burdened with wealth, they returned to the agent's office, where each Indian piled his money upon the table and joyfully regarded the stacks of greenbacks which spelled ease and comfort for some time to come. One Indian insisted on having bills of small denomination and was loaded up with a mountain of greenbacks. With a grin he staggered into the office, money bulging out of every pocket. Slowly unpacking himself, he piled his treasure on the table, making a bigger display than any of his red brothers, which afforded him the greatest satisfaction.

With difficulty the men were dissuaded from carrying off their money to the reserve, twenty miles across Lake Nipissing; but finally, after making generous purchases and paying their bills, nearly all deposited their wealth in the bank. It is stated that the sale will mean an income to some families of £600 a year. A not unnatural result of this sudden acquisition of wealth has been the frequent and prolonged visits of young bucks from other tribes, who are finding new attractions among the maidens of the Dokis families. The matrimonial market has shown quite a boom. One wedding has already taken place and and indications are favorable for many more in the near future, as every Dokis maiden represents an immediately cash value of about £200 and a prospective yearly income of £60.—London Telegraph.

TORRENT FROZE IN NIGHT.

Mountain Stream Turned to Ice in Remarkably Short Time.

The phenomenon was one that I have never before experienced—a running river frozen solid in a night. When we arrived the waters of this stream, tumbling over the great bowlders and rushing through the tortuous channels, made a deafening roar. Gradually, but almost imperceptibly, the tumult decreased, while, worn out after a hard day, we fell asleep. A few hours later, when we awoke, a deathly silence prevailed, and on looking out, to my intense surprise, I found that the rushing torrent of the previous night had been transformed into a solid mass of ice. In this region of extreme temperatures I had on other occasions seen torrents frozen, but never under such startling conditions. On looking round we found that everything we possessed was also frozen solid, including our saddle of mutton, which was merely a block of ice. We were ravenous, but we got no satisfaction from gnawing at lumps, of rock which ought to have been a succulent joint, and so, despite our hunger, we had to content ourselves with a little tea—to make which we melted ice—and a few biscuits.—J. Claude White, in Wide World.

Cubical Cantaloupes.

C. E. Parrish on North Yakima, Wash., marketed cantaloupes here this week that are perfect cubes.

Parrish has been doing novel things with fruit and vegetables for several years, but says that his idea of growing cantaloupes in the shape of cubes is the most practical of anything he has undertaken. He had troughs made from heavy lumber and these are partitioned to make an interior size of 4 inches each way. As soon as new cantaloupes are seen to form on the vines each fruit is placed in one of the partitions in a trough. The fruit continues to grow and gradually assumes the shape of the cubical house in which it lives. To prevent the top from becoming round Parrish places a heavy top on the trough in time to avoid it.

As soon as the cantaloupes have filled up the cubic shape allotted to them, they are taken out by removing the bottom of the trough and packed away to ripen.

Parrish already has larger troughs partitioned off, in which he is growing square watermelons, and all over his apple, pear and peach trees he has hundreds of cubical shaped boxes hanging, each filling with fruit.—Charleston News.

Chinese Pork Not Wanted.

The first shipment of Chinese hogs to England bids fair to be the last.

The Peninsular and Orient Steamship Company believed that the carcasses could be imported in refrigerating ships and that the trade might prove a competitor with frozen beef and mutton.

The carcasses sold well in the wholesale market, but the retailers find that the public will not have the meat. Some 5,000 hogs were brought over on a trial shipment and placed on sale at the shops for the first time Saturday at 25 per cent. below the prices charged for other imported hogs.

But the public prejudice, even in the poorer classes, was so pronounced that the butchers had in most cases to raise the price of other pork, such as American and European, before they were able to dispose of their stock.

Good Roads Mean Money.

The people need to be educated to the fact that money spent for good roads is not money thrown away, whereas money spent for makeshift improvements is worse than thrown away.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No race is safe from cholera. It is deadliest to negroes.

TATTOOING OUT OF STYLE.

Od Facts About a Custom That Is Referred to in the Bible.

One of the customs of the past ages which is now going out of use almost entirely, is that of tattooing, or marking the skin indelibly by puncturing it and inserting a coloring matter. The practice of tattooing arose among primitive people in many different ways. With some it was a mark which served to signify subordination to a chief, very much as farmers at this day brand their cattle. Among the Sandwich Islanders it indicated the district in which the person lived. With many others it had a religious significance, and sacred emblems were marked upon the body.

Some superstitious service of the dead was evidently indicated in early Bible times by tattooing, for the book of Leviticus contains this command: "Ye shall not make any cuttings on your flesh for the dead, not print any marks upon you."

Among other people tatooing has been resorted to from shee vanity, and the practice, so far as it has survived in modern times, has been the result of a mixture of vanity and superstition. Occasionally the "dime shows" and the "side shows" contain a tattooed man, some of whom were willingly marked over their whole bodies, while others were tattooed by their captors when they were taken prisoners in savage wars.

At the present day it is sailors and soldiers, among civilized people, who practice it chiefly, and their arms and the backs of their hands are often decorated with anchors, shields, and all sorts of fantastic devices, or with religious emblems.

In Europe workingmen frequently decorated their arms with entire sentences. Some one of the great iron works at Neuilly, France, has been observing the tattooed arms of the workmen and has found upon them the following sentences, the first three being very common among French workingmen:

"No luck," Child of misfortune," "Thin for life," "Death to the unfaithful," "Born under an unlucky star," "Glory, honor, fatherland," and "All for the fair."

Many representations of clasped hands and emblems of occupations, such as hammers, squares, compasses, of anchors were also found.

Some extraordinary tattooing has been observed among the native recruits for the French service in Algeria. One soldier had tattooed upon his breast an elaborate picture of a lion hunt, while his back was ornamented with a representation of a cavalry charge. As the process of tattooing is painful, the man who bore these works of art must have suffered greatly.

Many men who have had the backs of their hands tattooed in youth, and have at that time regarded the decorations as something to be very proud of, or who, as workmen, have been proud to bear the emblem of their trade, have very earnestly wished, in reaching maturity or in working their way to wealth or social position, that they might be rid of the marks which they took such pains to get, but the marks remain tenaciously and indicate with almost perfect certainty that he who bears them was either a very foolish boy or that his early life was passed among bad associates or in a menial occupation.

There are, however, fewer and fewer men who bear such decorations, and it is probable that tattooing will, before many generations, disappear among enlightened people.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Identification Difficult.

The late A. J. Cassatt, at a dinner at the Philadelphia Country club, was asked his opinion of the fashion of women riding horseback astride.

"I don't altogether favor it," said Mr. Cassatt. "It sometimes leads to confusion.

"I was driving one afternoon on Lancaster pike when a rider was thrown violently from a spirited bay horse. Luckily, the accident happened in front of a pharmacy. The proprietor ran forth with his clerk. He propped up the head of the unconscious rider, and seeing a gold cigarette case lying on the ground, he took is up and read 'P. S. Browne, No. 1838 Walnut street.'

" 'Jack!' he shouted to his errand boy, 'telephone to Mrs. Browne, No. 1838 Walnut street, that her husband ——.

"But just then a ting gold hand mirror with a powder puff attachment fell from the rider's trouser pocket and the pharmacist called:

"Jack! I mean telephone Mr. Browne that Mrs. Browne has fallen——'

"But at this point the clerk, who had been burning a feather under the rider's nose, tickled her lips with it, and she smiled and murmured, 'Jim.'

"And then the pharmacist shouted: " 'Telephone Mr. and Mrs. Browne that Miss Browne has fallen off her horse.' "—Everybody's Magazine.

Those Delightful Swedes.

"Ay tank Ay go across the street and get the tailor to mend my vaist," drawled the Swedish foreman, showing his employer a very ragged vest.

"All right, John."

In a few minutes the Swede returned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him vhat he charge an' he say, 'Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him, 'Vill you take the vaist in part payment?' an' he wouldn't do it."—Everybody's Magazine.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

ACTIVITY IS GENERAL

Purely Distributive Trade Displays Slight Falling Off, but Season Nearing Close.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says.

"The price situation in leading departments of trade is proving a factor of overshadowing importance and in some directions causes marked conservatism in purchases, but the demand to replenish stocks, which will grow more urgent as the need becomes greater, is expected to soon start an unusually active buying movement. Industrially the outlook is as brilliant as ever, particularly in the fundamental iron and steel trade, in which prosperity cannot exist, except that the crops promise abundantly, and the other productive powers of the country are profitably employed. In New England, the cotton mills continue active although the primary market for cotton goods is for the moment quiet. Men's wear mills are busy, but in footwear, factories are awaiting returns from salesmen only recently started out. Hides and leather are gradually adjusted to new conditions, but prices are firmly maintained.

"Statistics of building operations testify to the activity in that direction. Taking the country at large, there is a notable freedom from industrial disputes. The very satisfactory employment of labor must soon add to retail purchases, which now expand slowly.

"Retailers are numerous in the dry goods market, but purchases are conservative. Following the Government report on cotton, prices in the primary market steadied perceptibly and the position is now regarded as strong, although new business is of moderate proportions.

"New business in footwear is still held in check by the price situation. Shoe salesmen are on the road for New England premiers and it is anticipated that another fortnight will witness a much better movement.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Wheat—No. 2 red	$	
Rye—No. 2		
Corn—No. 2 yellow, car	83	84
No. 2 yellow, shelled	80	81
Mixed car	68	69
Oats—No. 2 white	54	55
No. 3 white	52	53
Flour—Winter patent	6 75	6 80
Fancy straight winters		
Hay—No. 1 Timothy	15 50	1 00
Clover No. 1	12 00	12 50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton	28 00	29 00
Brown middlings	26 00	26 50
Bran, bulk	27 00	28 00
Straw—Wheat	8 00	8 50
Oat	8 00	8 50
Dairy Products.		
Butter—Elgin creamery	$ 29	30
Ohio creamery	25	26
Fancy country roll	19	15
Cheese—Ohio, new	14	15
New York, new	14	15
Poultry, Etc.		
Hens—per lb	$ 17	19
Chickens—dressed	20	22
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh	23	24
Fruits and Vegetables.		
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu	1 00	1 05
Cabbage—per ton	55 00	60 00
Onions—per barrel	1 50	1 60

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent	$ 5 79	5 90
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08	
Corn—Mixed	70	71
Eggs	27	28
Butter—Ohio creamery	26	28

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent	$ 5 90	6 00
Wheat—No. 2 red		1 07
Corn—No. 2 mixed	75	76
Oats—No. 2 white	61	62
Butter—Creamery	28	28
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts	22	23

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patents	$ 5 90	6 00
Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15	
Corn—No. 2	80	82
Oats—No. 2 white	52	53
Butter—Creamery	28	29
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	25	30

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

CATTLE

Extra, 1450 to 1600 pounds	6 60	6 75
Prime, 1300 to 1400 pounds	6 30	6 60
Good, 1200 to 1300 pounds	5 75	6 25
Tidy, 1050 to 1150 pounds	5 25	5 65
Fair, 900 to 1100 pounds	4 10	5 10
Common, 700 to 900 pounds	3 00	4 00
Bulls	3 00	4 75
Cows	2 00	3 50

HOGS

Prime, heavy	8 50	8 70
Prime, medium weight	8 60	8 65
Best heavy Yorkers	8 50	8 60
Light Yorkers	8 00	8 20
Pigs	7 75	8 35
Roughs	7 50	7 75