

A WELL-MEANT EFFORT.

A RAY of sunshine touched the rings on Hester Palmer's right hand as she raised her coffee cup.

"And what do you wish me to do, father?"

The gray haired man looked across the table.

"Look out for my two visitors," he said. "Explain to them that a telegram calls me away from home, and that I must spend an hour in the city. If I catch the 8.30 I can return by the 10.30." He looked at his watch. "Fifteen minutes to reach the station." He drew away from the table. "Hold them both here until I get back."

"Just mention their names again, father."

"John Hammond and Barclay Hill. You've heard me speak of John. He's a son of old Jared Hammond, and no earthly good. Follow full of visions. Nothing practical about him. Always hard up. Of course he's coming for a loan. I've no idea how much he owes me. Poor visionary vagabond."

"But why do you let him impose upon you, father?"

"Case of soft heart, I guess, dear. I knew his old father so well, and—'d hate to think he might be in actual want. Better keep him here until I get back. I'll investigate him sharply this time, and if he isn't perfectly frank with me I'll turn him adrift for good and all."

"Easy, old daddy," laughed the girl. "And who is the other man?"

"Barclay Hill, the confidential adviser of Barham & Goldie. Looks after all their legal business, you know, and gets a whopping big salary. Wonderful head for figures. Goldie told me they trusted everything to him. He's coming here to settle a little deal that we have planned together. If it goes through, my dear, it means six months abroad for the pair of us. There, I'll have to hustle for the train."

And he hurried into the hall and a moment later was gone.

Hester Palmer tucked back a few straggling locks and smoothed down the folds of her pretty gown.

"It's a shame," she murmured, "that papa allows himself to be so dreadfully imposed upon. Son of an old friend, indeed! As if that relieved the man from all the ordinary moral obligations. I'll see what I can do to convince him to the contrary."

And then Hester's attention was arrested by the click of the iron gate at the foot of the lawn.

A man was coming up the gravel walk. He was a tall man, attired in black, a man with gray hair and gray beard. He was pale and stooped a little, and his glasses covered a pair of bright gray eyes.

He took off his soft hat and gravely bowed to Hester.

"Is Mr. Richard Palmer at home?"

Hester smiled down at him from the porch. What a strong old face it was and what fine gray eyes. And the poise of the head—no wonder the shoulders stooped under the burden of garnered wisdom.

"My father is not in. He was suddenly called to the city. He expects to return before noon, and he begs you to wait."

"I thank you," he said. "I will cheerfully wait."

Hester ushered him in.

"You will find it cool here in the study, sir. There are papers and books that may interest you. Make yourself quite at home."

"Thank you, young lady," said the elderly man, as he dropped into the easiest chair. "And might I ask you for a biscuit and perhaps a cup of tea?" The walk has been a little fatiguing.

"Certainly," cried Hester. "I will send the maid with them."

She gave the order and was turning back toward the study when she was stopped by a merry whistle. Somebody was coming up the walk. She went to the door. A young man was approaching and whistling as he approached. He was dressed in a gray summer suit and a straw hat dangled from one of his hands. He stopped short when he caught sight of Hester. His whistle stopped, too.

"I beg your pardon," he said with a sudden smile. "I'm afraid I was a little noisy."

Hester admitted to herself that his face wasn't wholly weak. If anything it was more inclined to be crafty. There was a twinkle about his eyes that she didn't approve. And he seemed altogether too free in his manners.

"You have called to see my father?" she said in her coldest tones.

"I think I may safely answer yes," he replied with a little bow. "That is, if I can take it for granted that I am addressing the charming daughter of Mr. Richard Palmer."

"I am Miss Palmer," Helen answered. "Will you come in? My father expected you. He has been called away, but will return before noon. He requested me to ask you to wait."

"Thank you for conveying the message," said the young man as he followed her into the roomy library. "Of course I will wait. I am used to waiting."

Hester pictured him waiting outside the doors of his victims for the crumbs they might see fit to toss him. What right had he to appear so careless and indifferent? She pointed to a chair and he seated himself. She took a chair on the opposite side of the room. She must not neglect the little sermon she had mentally promised him.

"My father has spoken of you," she said.

"Indeed. Agreeably, I hope?" Hester hesitated.

"Not entirely."

His eyes opened a little wider.

"I am sorry for that. And he has always seemed so very kind."

"He is too kind," said Hester quickly. "And too easily imposed upon."

"That's the penalty of having a sympathetic heart," said the young man. "How indifferently he spoke of this. How thoughtless he must be."

"You are not so old as I supposed you to be," said Hester.

"I am older than I look, I fancy," he said. "I feel at times that I don't look old enough. It's really a drawback with most people."

"You have been in your present business for some time," she said.

"Nearly ten years," he answered. "I went at it pretty young."

"You like it?"

"Oh, yes. It's second nature to me now."

"You do not find it distasteful?"

"No."

He looked at her curiously. A rather singular girl she seemed to him—and singularly attractive, too.

"I know something about your mission here," she said in freezing tones. "Do you?"

"Yes, and I do not approve of it."

"You do not approve of it? May I ask why?"

"It does not appeal to me. I have told my father so."

"May I ask what he said?"

"You know his kind heart."

"Perhaps nobody knows it better."

"Well, he decided to take my advice."

"Which means?"

"That you are to wait."

The young man looked thoughtful.

"Do you object to the scheme?"

"I object to all such schemes."

"But there seems to be a lot of money in it."

"I believe," said Hester, sarcastically, "that that is a peculiarity of all your schemes."

The visitor slightly flushed.

"I will admit," he said, "that I have been reasonably fortunate."

Hester stared at him. That flush upon his cheek was actually a blush of pride.

"And yet I beg of you," she said, "not to work upon his feelings again. It distresses him to think of saying no to you, and yet there must be a stop to this."

The visitor slightly straightened up. "I wonder what your father could have said concerning me?" he said. "It seems to have greatly prejudiced you."

Before Hester could speak again a sudden interruption drove the repartee from her lips. There was a sharp crash as of some solid body falling from a height and striking on an equally solid object. Hester sprang up and turned toward the door of the inner apartment.

"Was it here?" queried the visitor, as he hurried forward and faced the study door. "And may I have your permission?" And without waiting for an answer he quickly opened the door.

It was a small room and its contents were taken in at a glance. The chief of these was the venerable stranger. He was stretched back in the easy chair with his feet on another chair, sound asleep. And from his half-open mouth came a prolonged muttering. He had eaten his biscuits and emptied his tea cup. It was the fall of this cup from the table to the floor that had aroused Hester and the young man. But it did not arouse the sleeper.

For a moment the two stared into the room, and then Hester drew back and motioned to the young man to close the door. He latched it softly and turned to Hester. There was a question in his glance.

"A friend of the family," said Hester stiffly.

"His face seems familiar," the young man remarked. "I'm sure I have seen him before."

"Very likely," said Hester drily. "Very likely. He has the reputation of being generous."

The young man looked at her queerly.

"If I remember right," he said, "his generosity had nothing to do with the circumstances I recall. I should like to have this impression cleared away if I am mistaken in the man."

Hester stared up. He certainly was very bold and very inquisitive.

"I can't see how it can concern you in the least," she said, "but the gentleman in the study is Mr. Barclay Hill, of whom no doubt you have heard."

He made a queer gurgling noise in his throat and suddenly turned and looked out of the window. Hester stared at him in some alarm.

"It is nothing," he quietly said, as he turned and caught her look. "I choked a little—that's all."

Hester did not remove her eyes from his flushed face. Her expression suddenly softened.

"Sit down," she said, "and I will bring you a glass of water."

"No, no, don't bother."

"Perhaps—perhaps you are hungry?"

"Not yet. I don't expect to be hungry before luncheon time."

Hester froze again at his impudence. Whereat he laughed until the tears came in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Whenever I choke that way I have to laugh." And he laughed again. Then he straightened up. "About this man Hill?" he said. "Is he so very much?"

She shuddered at his slang.

Mr. Barclay Hill is the legal adviser of the great house of Barham & Goldie. He is one of the leading men in his profession, a gentleman of whom all men speak highly. We are proud to acknowledge that such a man is a friend of the family."

She said this with a withering emphasis that should have had its effect on the imprudent person before her. But he only laughed again.

"I wasn't much impressed by his looks," he said.

"He has a fine face," said Hester quickly. "A strong face, and a beautifully poised head."

"It struck me that the pole slanted his head a little too sharply backward," said this incorrigible.

Hester frowned.

"We will drop the subject," she said. "Please don't," said the incorrigible. "I have never heard Barclay Hill discussed before. There is a delightful novelty about it that of course may not appeal to you. You know him so well?"

"He is an old friend," said Hester severely.

"He looks older than I supposed," persisted the incorrigible.

"I have no doubt that the business burdens he carries have done much to age him before his time," said Hester.

The incorrigible suddenly choked again at this time he controlled the affliction better.

"If I am not greatly mistaken," he said, "you would have me regard this Hill as a model upon which to pattern my own conduct?"

"You couldn't find a better," she said. "Once more he showed signs of choking again, but happily warded it off."

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you are asking me to aspire a little too high."

"I don't expect so much of you," said Hester, "but I really feel that it is not too late for you to strive to improve—to drop your foolish scheming and to cultivate a higher degree of—of financial responsibility."

"Very well put," he said, "and I thank you. If I understand you right you are afraid that I mean to borrow money from your father. Come, I'll promise not to ask him for a cent."

"Thank you," said Hester. "But if you force money on you?"

"I'll make him take it back." He pronounced this seriously, but his eyes merrily twinkled.

"I begin to have some confidence in you," said Hester. She hesitated. "If you really are in want I would be glad to aid you myself." She produced a little purse. "But don't ask father."

"I'll put up his hand quietly."

"Don't tempt me," he cried. "By Jove, he said, 'there comes your father,' and he pointed to the window."

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"Don't tempt me," he cried. "By Jove, he said, 'there comes your father,' and he pointed to the window."

Sure enough the head of the household was ascending the steps.

"He must have caught an early car," said Hester as she turned toward the door.

"Well, well," said Richard Palmer, pushing in the doorway. "I sincerely hoped to find you two together. Are you really acquainted?"

"Not formally," said the young man, and his twinkling eyes rested on Hester.

"Hester, dear," said her father, "let me present our very good friend, Mr. Barclay Hill. Mr. Hill, Miss Palmer."

Hester felt the blood leap in her cheeks. Her lips trembled. She did not dare to look at him. She wanted to drop through the floor. Fortunately, her father failed to notice her agitation.

And now where is the impetuous guest?" he cried as he looked around. "Surely he came?"

"He's in the study, father."

How strangely her voice sounded. "I'll see him in there."

As the door closed behind her father the young man quickly stepped toward Hester.

"Not a word," he softly said. "Only remember that you owe me an explanation, and that it is my right to collect it when and where and as often as I please. Is that agreed?"

His eyes were very bright, but their glance was tender.

And Hester looked down with a blush—W. B. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Sheep Herder's Life.

Few people in our Eastern cities have the least idea of what sheep herding means on the immense ranges of the West. The herders are men of many nationalities, principally Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Mexicans and Americans. Any man can herd sheep if he possesses ordinary intelligence and exercises a little care. A sheep herder, however, is looked upon with contempt, and is considered the personification of laziness, if he remains long in the business.

Young men sometimes come from the East in search of health and take to sheep-herding. A more healthy life cannot be imagined for the summer months—living entirely in the open air, eating plenty of plain food (if a man does not become too lazy to cook it) having clear, cold, pure water from mountain torrents and not a care in the world if he contends himself amid the monotony and loneliness and unquaintness of these wild hills.—Detroit Free Press.

Last of Louis Philippe's Family.

Princess Clementine d'Orleans celebrated her sixty-sixth birthday a few days ago at the Chateau of Ebenhauf, her seat in lower Austria, whither she has just returned after passing the winter and spring at Mentone. Princess Clementine, who is the only survivor of the large family of Louis Philippe, is the widow of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, younger brother of the late King Consort of Portugal, who died in 1851. Prince Augustus was the son and heir of Prince Ferdinand, a brother of the late King of the Belgians, and of the Duchess of Kent, who settled in Hungary in 1815, when he was so lucky as to marry the only child of the late Prince of Kohary, a great territorial magnate, possessed of a vast fortune and immense estates, which now belong to Princess Clementine's eldest son, Prince Philip, son-in-law of the King of the Belgians.—London World.

The Business Ideal— Not Wages But Profits

By Andrew Carnegie.

In late years I never see a fishing fleet set sail without pleasure, thinking this is based upon the form which is probably to prevail generally. Not a man in the boats is paid fixed wages. Each gets his share of the profits. That seems to me the ideal. It would be most interesting if we could compare the results of a fleet so manned and operated with one in which men were paid fixed wages; but I should question whether such a fleet as the latter exists. From my experience, I should say a crew of employees vs. a crew of partners would not be in the race.

The great secret of success in business of all kinds, and especially in manufacturing, where a small saving in each process means fortune, is a liberal division of profits among the men who help to make them, and the wider distribution the better. There is latent unsuspected powers in willing men. Money rewards alone will not, however, insure these; for to the most sensitive and ambitious natures there must be the note of sympathy, appreciation, friendship. Genius is native in all its forms, and it is unusual, not ordinary ability, that tells even in practical affairs. You must capture and keep the heart of the original and supremely able man before his brain can do its best—World's Work.

A Sensible View of "Race Suicide"

By the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

SOCIOLOGISTS continue to discuss "race suicide." This question, so vigorously brought into the forefront of public concern in the early part of the year by the President's pronouncement, has had quite a long history, and its historical interest is still far from being exhausted. In the North American Review, one "Paterfamilias," a gentleman who has "for many years been laboring privately and publicly in the interest of many kinds of social reform," takes up what he considers to be the common-sense end of the argument and says some plain things because they need to be said. He protests that the logical deduction from the President's expressions on the subject, in his famous prefatory letter, and in letters to benefactors of large families, is that "the nearer Americans approach the physical status of rabbits the more patriotic they become." His own view is that "we need better citizens, not more of them," and he sees no reason "for a man bringing into the world a larger number of children than he is able to care for," which practice, he contends, means death for some and a state of social degeneracy for the rest. With frankness and, it must be said, some courage, he denies "that the sexual relation is a function designed solely for the propagation of the human race," averring that this theory is a mere assumption and that it is contrary to human experience. He denies, too, that marriage is solely an institution for the promotion of self-sacrifice and the unlimited propagation of children and misery. In short, he believes that the present generation is entitled to a goodly share of well-being and happiness, and that its claim to them should not be made completely subservient to the claims of the next generation. The change in the economic condition of women which has come about is a large factor in the diminution of the numerical size of families. "The wives are no longer pack-mules, but are getting some of the comforts of life," says the writer. "Why shouldn't they?" he asks. Why, indeed? will be the answer of many women and some men.

Flies as Bacteria Carriers.

Some Experiments at Johns Hopkins University—From the Scientific American.

In the theory that flies may be active agents in the spread of bacteria, there is, of course, nothing new, but a forceful demonstration made under the auspices of Johns Hopkins University, which has been recently brought to our notice by a member of the medical staff of that institution, is well worthy of record. The experiments were conducted with a box that was divided into two compartments, in the first of which was exposed some food material infected with an easily recognizable species of bacteria—barnacles bacteria, of course, being used—while in the second compartment was placed an open dish containing a sterile nutrient such as is used as a culture medium for bacteria. Flies were placed in the first compartment, and as soon as a number of them had been seen to walk upon, or eat of, the infected material, they were allowed to pass through a small door into the second compartment, where they had a chance to come in contact with the culture medium in the dish. The result was that bacteria deposited upon the surface of the sterile nutrient, multiplied there, and formed characteristic colonies.

In these experiments molasses mixed with a growth of yellow bacteria was spread on a plate in the first compartment, and a dozen flies were put into the apparatus in the first compartment, and as soon as a number of them had been seen to walk upon, or eat of, the infected material, they were allowed to pass through a small door into the second compartment, where they had a chance to come in contact with the culture medium in the dish. The result was that bacteria deposited upon the surface of the sterile nutrient, multiplied there, and formed characteristic colonies.

To prove that the germs from which these colonies grew came from the infected material in the first compartment, and not from accidental sources, further experiments were made with other groups of flies, but with no infected material in the first compartment. In this case, however, some of the dishes used in the second compartment developed yellow, red or violet colonies. To prove further that the flies were the only means of transmitting the bacteria, experiments were made with infected material in the first compartment, but with no flies in the apparatus. The dishes containing the nutrient in these experiments also developed no colonies.

Amateurs vs. Professionals.

By the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

In the days of thirty years ago, perhaps even later, very few, if any, of the country played baseball, or ran, or vaulted, or leaped, for money. Probably there were men who roved for the pecuniary gains of victory, or for gate-money, coming into money their muscles, their breath, and their knowledge of the ways of tides and of men. Other and more brutal men punched each other's faces into bloody pulp, also for money. But there were then gentlemen sports into which the conception of gain did not enter, and into which entered the students of our colleges—universities were then a dream—and other amateurs. In baseball we had the Athletics and the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, great champions; the Unions of Harlem, the Knickerbockers of Albany, the Haymakers of Lansingburgh, and a club in New York City the title of which escapes us, the championship being at rare a visitor to the metropolis as it is in these later days of professionalism.

Manners have changed. It is largely to the honor of professionalism that we owe the change, and it has not been for the better. Let us not be understood as saying aught against the occupation of the professional. Baseball is a good trade for those who have no better, and it is no more prone to intemperance and idleness than, say, stercorizing or than striking, although stercorizing may, in the end, be more useful to the world than baseball playing. The latter is as lofty, too, as any other, excepting, while the dirt plowed up by the elder of bases is more easily got rid of than is the black of the minstrel's business. It is also a much better occupation than the "bumbling" of ballists on election day used to be. It is respectable, but not noble, while it is easily seen by the clear of mind that baseball playing is not among the great arts by which the world advances. It is a pity, then, that the professional player of games should set the fashion for amateurs, and it is especially to be regretted that the spirit of professionalism has invaded the colleges, whose athletics should be not only secondary, but an expression of the joy of life, certainly not of its selfishness. In England the amateur still rules, and his spirit is still manifest. A defeat in a game is not an event in his life, any more than the stubbing of his toe or the tearing of his coat on a barbed wire is something to be recollected throughout the life of any one. Defeat in spirit is only important to those who make their living by sport, for defeat impairs the market value of those who suffer it.

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA.

This is Menelik's Title and He is a Descendant of Solomon.

And who is the Emperor of Ethiopia? Those who happen to know may consider it an absurdly easy question to answer. But such is the ignorance of things most necessary to know in which our people are sunk that only a few are aware that Menelik II. of Abyssinia has borne that title since 1889. He used to be called the negus, his full title being negus negast, meaning king of kings. The Abyssinian monarch used to be a mere King of Choa. But now he rules the united kingdoms of Choa, Godjam, Djimma, Kaffa and Wotamo, with some other provinces. Consequently he is an emperor.

Ancient blood is expected in an emperor, and it is remarkable that he of Abyssinia, the most obscure of the imperial line, is of the oldest stock of all. At least that is his claim. Allu, his father, came of the old royal family of Ethiopia that traced its descent to Menelik I. son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. Allu was eldest son of a great chief named Sella-Selassie, under whom the kingdom of Choa attained to its highest pitch of power. Now, Sella-Selassie's own name had formerly been Menelik, but he had been warned by a monk to change it, otherwise he would suffer great misfortune. He should, however, said the monk, call the son of his first born by the name of Menelik, and the child so christened would one day be the conqueror of all Ethiopia and the greatest of her rulers since the days of Menelik I. son of Solomon. As soon, therefore, as the grandson was born he was named Menelik. The really curious thing about this story is that it was certainly told and retold by an Italian traveler some years before Menelik "conquered Ethiopia" and consolidated his realm.—London News.

Epitaph in the Cemetery of Fallers.

Worried killed him.
He was too sensitive.
He couldn't say "No."
He did not find his place.
A little success paralyzed him.
He did not care how he looked.
He did not guard his weak spot.
He was too proud to take advice.
He did not fall in love with his work.
He got into a rut and couldn't get out.
He did not learn to do things to a finish.
He loved ease; he didn't like to struggle.

He was the victim of the last man's advice.
He was led down with needless baggage.
He lacked the faculty of getting along with others.
He could not transmute his knowledge into power.
He tried to pull the covers out of his occupation.

He knew a great deal, but could not make it practical.—Success.

A Galling Feet.

New foundations under old buildings are a feature of some of the important building construction now in progress in Chicago, says Engineering News. In the business district a number of buildings are to be torn down and replaced by office or store buildings of steel frame construction, and in order to reduce the loss of rental to a minimum, the foundation work for the new building (which is often the slowest part of the work) is done before the old building is vacated. The basement or cellar openings are used for delivering materials, while the building and side-walks are supported by shoring and underpinning where the original supports have to be removed. The caissons are then sunk or other work carried out before the leases of tenants expire. When the old building is vacated it takes very little time to demolish it and clear the site, and the construction of the new building can then be commenced at once upon the foundations built in advance.

His Bargain in Postage Stamps.

"Do you make any reduction in price when you sell postage stamps in quantity?" inquired the funny man who frequently bothered the corner druggist.

"As you are a constant customer and the hour is late," said the druggist, "I will let you have the entire stock of two-cent stamps I have on hand for a cent and a quarter. I happen to have just thirteen."

"All right, I'll take them," said the funny man, who sipped a bargain.

The druggist handed him the thirteen two-cent stamps and took full pay for them out of a five-dollar bill which the wise funny man tendered, saying that a cent and a quarter amounted to just twenty-six cents.—New York Press.

As It Was Printed.

There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent poet wears off. She spent two days upon a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

"My soul is a lighthouse keeper."
When the printer finished with it the line read:

"My soul is a light housekeeper."
—New York Tribune.

First Scientist in Mummy Cases.

Professor Edmund S. Mearns, of the Smithsonian Institution, is the first scientist to visit the mummy caves of the Aleuts of Alaska. Many mummies, to be sure, have been sent from Alaska from time to time, but no man of learning has ever examined the caves themselves. The report which the professor will doubtless prepare will be looked for with some interest.

A Costly Argument.

A ten-cent argument often ends in a \$10 quarrel.—Chicago News.