



HERE was considerable talk in the city room the first day that Clarence Holt made his appearance there and began his work on the Daily Sensation. He made his entrance accompanied by his father, a stockholder in the paper, and the business manager, and was introduced to the city editor.

While they were chatting the oldest reporter in the room, a chronic kicker, growled:

"Well, here comes another favorite to be foisted upon the city man. He'll be a pet, of course; his old man is a stockholder and has got money to burn."

Further controversy and retort was interrupted by the approach of the city editor, who left his desk to introduce Clarence Holt to the members of the staff, who greeted him according to their various dispositions.

Young Holt returned to the editor's desk, and his father and the business manager having gone, he said to the latest addition to the staff of the Sensation:

"I believe you have had some little experience in writing?"

"I have done no news work, but have written some stories for publication which have been published and paid for."

When he said "paid for" he put a bit of emphasis on the words.

"When your father first broached the subject of your coming here he gave me some samples of your work to read. Your descriptive powers are very good and you have a keen sense of humor."

"Now what I most need on my staff is a good writer of special articles. Now, if you can produce rapidly and graphically, you can begin your career well up the ladder, although I shall make some deadly enemies on the staff by giving you the opportunity."

"In the exigency of daily publication you must do rush work, but not poor work. You will not have time or opportunity for re-writing and polishing as the great lights of literature are presumed to lavish on their efforts."

Clarence Holt nodded his head and the editor further said:

"But you have one thing to encourage you, and you can well afford to serve an apprenticeship and stand the eternal grind. It is only a mere matter of time when you will have a paper of your own, and your father is well fixed—has money to burn."

"I've come here to learn the way, and will succeed if it is in me, but don't you think that to start off you are overestimating my abilities? I want to be taken for what I am, and for what I can do. Don't let my father's interest in this paper put any figure with you."

"Good! Now, what I want you to do is to go to the Olympic theater and interview one of the chorus girls. You must find one who has an interesting life history, something on the romantic."

The comic opera of "Cupid" had proven a success, and everybody he was to meet was in the best of humor, shaking hands with the others—and himself.

Now it happened that the author of the libretto was a journalist, and he immediately came to the new reporter's rescue with:

"Just hold on a little, while I run around a bit. I've had a heap of experience in this sort of thing and I may be able to help you out."

Pretty soon the author came back and said:

"By Jove, I've found her, and she's as pretty as a peach. The stage manager knows all about her; comes of a good family; once had plenty of money

—money to burn—haven't got it now. Father dropped it some way. Hang around and I will point her out to you. Why, there she is, that stately-looking creature. Superb!"

The stage manager brought the young lady forward and introduced her.

"Miss Ethel Allen."

"Mr. Holt, of the Sensation."

Miss Allen and Mr. Holt said something about "pleased to meet" and the success of the opera, and, of course, referred to the money.

The stage manager put an end to the talk by calling the next scene, and the rehearsal proceeded rapidly with suggestions from the author and composer. When the rehearsal was over Ethel Allen came shyly up to Clarence Holt, and said:

"Now, Mr. Newspaperman, I am at your mercy."

"As this is about meal time and you must be hungry," he replied, "I suggest that I walk along with you to your home, if you have no objection, as you

know it is part of my errand to see you chorus girls at home."

The pair walked a block in a awkward silence, for Clarence Holt was rather a bashful fellow, and the situation was a novel one. Ethel Allen was the first to break the ice.

"Have you been a journalist long?"

"The young man laughed outright at the question.

"I make my start as a reporter today."

The young lady laughed, too.

Before another block was gone Ethel Allen was telling something of herself and her family, speaking mostly of her parents.

"Papa was very well off once and in a prosperous business. By a bit of sharp practice, which I cannot understand, a partner of his in a transaction managed to make the money and leave papa in the lurch, a broken man, just at the time that he thought of retiring."

"As the saying goes, there was a great 'come down' for the Allen family, and father had to go clanking and begin life all over again. In all his distress he managed to educate me. I am fond of music, blessed with a voice, and here I am, a member of the chorus of 'Cupid.'"

"Why, indeed, this is a romance in real life," said the reporter.

"It may be a romance to you, but it is a reality to me," said the girl, with a tinge of sadness in her voice.

The Allen family had already dined, and the chorus girl's father entertained the reporter in the parlor with a precise account of the financial ruin and the direct cause that led to it. Clarence Holt made copious notes, and informed the defunct merchant.

"I've got the whole transaction down to a dot. Could you favor me with the name of the villain that wronged you?"

"That would be libelous, you know, and would involve your paper in litigation."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the new reporter. "I see that would never do; the story is strong enough without the name."

Clarence Holt had been invited to dine, but had declined. It was not his dining hour, but he wanted to see Miss Allen "for a few more questions."

When the girl of the chorus appeared he forgot all about the questions, but he said, instead, how pleased he had been to meet her father, who had suffered such wrongs at the hands of an unprincipled scoundrel.

"There was fire in his eye as he added: 'But I'll show him up in a way that will make him wince.'"

There was an unusual demand for the Sensation the next morning, such an extra call that the man in the counting-room at last had his curiosity so much aroused that he asked:

"What makes the Sensation go so this morning?"

"Why, sir, you on to it?" said a purchaser. "You'll hear from it soon enough. Just read this article: 'A Chorus Girl's Romance.' Just skip the first part of it and get down to the digging up of a skeleton, an exposure of how old man Allen, the girl's father, was done out of his fortune. The whole town has got it, and there'll be the deuce to pay in your office. You hear me?"

When the business manager came in he was frothing at the mouth like a mad dog and the language that he used was dreadful.

"Send the city editor to me," he screamed, "the moment he arrives!"

Angry voices were heard in the manager's private room, but the senior Holt was doing the most of the swearing.

When the city editor arrived he was summoned, and he responded promptly and appeared before the council.

Holt, senior, was the spokesman. Thrusting forth the paper, he demanded:

"Who wrote this article?"

"Your son," was the answer, "the best first attempt I ever saw; you should be proud of it and him."

The rich Mr. Holt, the man with money to burn, sank into his chair and gasped for breath; after awhile he managed to stammer:

"That is—all."

A prolonged hush fell over the assembly; it was an awkward spell of silence. With an effort the rich Mr. Holt spoke as if in apology:

"It was a business transaction, that was all. I got the best of the bargain, nothing more. If I robbed Allen, where is the law to punish me?"

Everyone present knew how skillfully he had kept within legal bounds and out of the reach of the law.

As he stumbled out he turned and whispered, harshly:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, not a word of this to my son."

Clarence Holt had been told that the article was a success, and thereafter he accepted many important assignments, all of which he filled with credit to himself and the paper.

### THE WAYS OF TURKEYS.

Experiences of a Lady Who Keeps An About the proper Birds.

In April your turkey-hens will not stay together, as they have done all the winter, but each seems to have a separate secret, and you will often find one in the most unexpected places, far away from the house. Then the deceitful old turkey-hen will try to look so unconscious! She just goes on plucking at the grass and weeds, slowly turning first one way and then another in an aimless fashion; and when she is sure you are watching her, she will lead you back and forth, around and around, sometimes for half a mile.

Yet—would you believe it?—right here, near by, along the fence in a clump of grass, or under some dried brush, or perhaps in the middle of the pear orchard, with never a thing to mark the spot, or in a tangle of blackberry bushes in the old graveyard on the cool moist earth is a nest of speckled eggs! But take care! Do not for the world put your hand in the nest! You must take those eggs out with a fresh, clean spoon—turkeys are "mighty particular," as the colored people say; but if you don't take them the crows or the setter dog will. You must leave her a "nest egg," of course, and above all things the hen must not see you do this, for you and she are playing at hide-and-seek.

Some day you will find her sitting on the nest, crouched down close to the ground, with a scared look in her pretty brown eyes. Don't say a word; trip noiselessly away, and that late evening give her back those speckled eggs, slipping them under her with your hand. She will pluck you, but do not mind that; you and she will be friends some day.

Once I made a turkey sit in a henhouse where there was many a rat hole. She had been on the eggs four weeks when little turkey voices were heard beneath her and little turkey heads peeped out from among her breast feathers. When I took her up by both wings such plucking and pecking and scratching as she did! I looked, and behold! not a turkey chick was there. The little things just out of the shell, obeying the wild instinct of the nature, had "scooted" in the twinkling of an eye, leaving a nest of empty shells. I hunted all over the henhouse, but no sight or sound of them could be heard, but as I turned away, I heard the old hen calling softly; then, more softly still, came the answers, and from ratholes, from wisps

of scattered straw, from chips, from cracks and from corners the little ones came creeping back to the nest. I caught them, though, after all, and did as an old woman told me. With my finger nail I scratched off the little "pip" at the end of each tiny bill, and, holding the little turkey firmly and placing a finger in the bill to keep it open, I examined the little pip—which looks like a piece of meal husk—and a whole grain of black pepper down each little throat. The black pepper makes them warm. Then the young turkeys are treated to a dab of salt grease and stuff, mixed together in a brown paste, first on the top of each head and then under each little throat. Their food is now to be wet corn meal and chopped garlic on onion tops—with an occasional seasoning of black pepper on damp days. How those little turkeys like onion tops! They actually squeal with delight when they smell them. What tussling when two or three are hanging on to the same piece! What funny little things they are!—so weak in their legs, so easily upset, yet so strong in their bills. You can lift a little turkey off the ground with an onion top if he once gets a firm hold.—Mary R. Cox, in St. Nicholas.

The Boys That Are Wanted.

A young man with practical knowledge in his head, skill in his hands, and health in his body, is his own letter of recommendation, diploma and reference. Mix him up with sixty thousand other people, and you can find him again, he will have the habit of being on top. Throw him naked on a desert island, and he will be at the head of something. He does not go whining up and down the land blaming fortune and saying he has no chance, but goes out and does something, and goes out again and does it again better. Boys and men that do something definite, either with head or hands, are the boys and men that are wanted, and the demand is as great here and now as it has been any time since the beginning.

Pussy's Uncomfortable Trip.

The steamer from Newport to Providence, R. I., had a passenger the other day which escaped the notice of the purser and paid no fare. On the arrival of the steamer a peculiar noise was heard in the paddle box, and investigation revealed the presence of a very disconsolate and much-bedraggled cat, and its appearance gave conclusive evidence that it had made a very unpleasant trip. Its own mother would probably not have recognized it, but after it had been taken out and dried it was found to be the feline pet of the Newport agent of the line. It was sent back on the next trip to its master in much more comfortable quarters, and the purser says it purred all the way.

It is said that whales can remain under the surface of the ocean for an hour and a half.

In the days of Columbus only seven metals were known to exist. Now there are fifty—

There are 103 students taking the course of electrical engineering at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

The Electrical Review says the electrical purification of sewage "is a complete success, chemically and bacteriologically."

MEDICAL men die off more rapidly than other professional men. Between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five, two doctors die to one clergyman.

A LOBSTER'S skin when shedding splits down the back and comes off in two equal parts. The tail slips out of the shell like a finger out of a glove.

TO MAKE animals unconscious before slaughtering is considered humane in Bern, Switzerland. A test was recently made there by legal enactment and it took six quarts of alcohol to render an ox unfeelingly drunk.

THE Ohio senate has enacted a law placing the heavy penalty of \$3,000 fine and five years' imprisonment on the publication of obscene literature.

DR. W. S. LUMPKIN, of Atlanta, Ga., sued that city for \$10,000 damage, alleging that the injurious fumes from an open sewer had ruined his health. The jury found in his favor to the amount of \$400.

SUR for \$1,000,000 damages has been brought in the United States circuit court at Chicago by the French republic against the World's Columbian exposition. The litigation grows out of the French government's claim for damages to exhibits of French subjects injured during the Manufactures building fire.

AMONG flowers chrysanthemums live the longest after being cut.

An attempt is being made to export flowers from Australia, refrigerating them as beef and milk are treated.

THERE is a wild flower in Turkey that is the exact floral image of a humming bird; the breast is green, the wings are a deep rose color, the throat yellow, the head and beak almost black.

PLANTS often exhibit something very much like intelligence. If a bucket of water during a dry season be placed a few inches from a growing pumpkin or melon vine the latter will turn from its course and in a day or two will get one of its leaves in the water.

THE petrified body of an elephant was recently uncovered under three feet of earth near Castle Rock, Kan.

An old boiler, which the owner claims belonged to the first boat propelled by steam in the world, is a relic at Frederick, Md.

A POSSIBLE oak tree, about twelve feet long and over two inches in diameter, was found in a canyon near Giant, Ore., recently by John Day.

IN an egg just broken for use in the family of J. P. Bergin, of Hamilton, O., was found the eye half of a needle in which was a thread five inches long.

THE king of Dahomey was educated in France and speaks French fluently. The body of the late Edmund Yates, editor of the London World, was cremated, in accordance with his desire.

### TABLE TALK FROM AFAR.

The English people are famous diners. ROUND tables are the most popular in France.

The Persians are great lovers of confectionery. The modern dinner is a direct descendant of the feudal feast.

In Turkey the water pipe follows the roast; in Persia it comes first. In China there is no equivalent of what is known to us as "the dinner party."

SILENCE and expedition are the chief characteristics of a Turkish dinner.

The Chinese show their courtesy by feeding their guests and visitors at any hour of the day.

In England the number of invitations to dinner is a good gauge of the individual's popularity.

FOKS are unknown in Turkey; but a good Mussulman washes his fingers before he begins to eat.

RAW fish, garnished with red seaweed, is a crowning feature of an "away up" Japanese feast.

A JAPANESE dinner of high pretension is eaten with chopsticks, to the accompaniment of music and dancing.

—Good Housekeeping.

### SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

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### PRETTY VERSES.

Serve They Who Wait?  
"They serve who wait!" I hold the statement true  
If God has planned the waiting, and our might  
Has sought all ways of conquering for the right;  
If deep within the purpose holdeth strong  
To give ourselves, our all, against the wrong,  
To live or die or wait, if wait we must,  
And, sure of guidance, hold each hour our trust.

And waiting, hold forever up to view  
The standard of our faith and of our aim—  
A standard graven with a living name,  
If waiting, we are like the faithful men  
Of seventy-six who held the "arm," but when  
The word came, "March!" whose step rang firm and quiet  
Along the road to where the blows fell thick.  
—E. H. Chase, in Chautauquan.

The Croaker  
Things ain't what they used to be; the world ain't half as bright;  
There ain't such suns by daytime—such mellow moons by night;  
Oats was grown 'taller, corn was ten-foot high,  
An' money don't buy half as much as money used to buy!

Things ain't what they use to be; goods ain't half as cheap;  
Harvest ain't as plentiful as them we used to reap;  
Not much use in livin' now, an' kinder think I'd die,  
If 'twas that these new funerals come so amazin' high!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Teller  
Mist fields of green and sides of blue  
And waving orchard fair,  
And gardens smiling to the view  
And flowers rich and rare,  
A woman tells.

For love she tells, she tells for home,  
From early morn till night  
She tells the weeds, but for the bloom  
Fresh bursting into light  
No time she finds.

With busy feet and hands and head  
She cooks and cleans and irons and sews,  
She sweeps the room, she makes the beds,  
The poultry trends, the garden hoes,  
This toiling woman.

Teller, heavenward lift thine eye!  
Lest the winds soft wooing,  
Pluck the bloom fresh burnt to greet you,  
Hear the doves low cooing,  
Spring and summer come to meet you,  
Come to bless, oh, teller!  
—Amanda W. Cain, in Housekeeper.

The Widowed Farmer  
Since Hamner died the sun don't shine so bright,  
The stars don't twinkle near so keen at night,  
The church bell Sunday mornin' ain't the cheer  
It had when she was here,  
Since Hamner died.

The very chickens misses Hamner's care,  
And go round with a sorter lonesome air,  
There ain't no kind of joy about the place  
Without her smilin' face,  
Since Hamner died.

The garden tools hangs in the apple trees,  
The hoesweds are a-kilnin' off the peas;  
There's no one here to hoe the taters now,  
Er feed the hogs an' caw,  
Since Hamner died.

I s'pose, of course, I'd er resigned,  
But when I go out in the shed and find  
The ax she chopped the wood with all them years,  
I wet it with my tears,  
Since Hamner died.

—Robley D. Stevenson, in N. Y. Sun.

Of a Little Girl  
Here is a little girl—  
So sweet, so perfect sweet,  
From every golden, wind-tossed curl  
Down to her slippered foot,  
And even the rustle of her dress  
Is unto me a sweet caress!

Here is a little girl—  
So perfect, sweet and pure,  
That I do think the thought of her  
Still evermore endure!  
And even her lightest footfall seems  
To pass like music through my dreams!

Here is a little girl  
Who in the storm and strife  
Still sweetly whispers words of love  
And tender words of life!  
And even her lightest whisper falls—  
A melody in memory's halls!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

He Won't Marry Her  
She is beautiful of person and of manner very gracious,  
And she never that I've heard of was the slightest bit flirtatious,  
But I've come to the conclusion that I will wed  
Because she has informed me—'h'm! Well, that she loves another.

—Washington Star.

What I Have  
I've only few square feet of ground  
But oh I have the sky,  
And all the wondrous picture 'round  
That wealth nor fame can buy!

My cot is of the humblest kind,  
I have no curtain door,  
I have God's breezes and flowers  
Ever given to the poor!

The morning glory is the lace  
That veils my window frame;  
The smile of Heaven all the grace  
Or honor I can claim!

And yet I riches have and power,  
Heirs of that grander birth  
The sun will crown the humble hour  
Of all the poor on earth.

—Womankind.

Along the Beach  
Last night a storm was on the sea,  
The wreathing drifts ashore;  
Come walk along the beach with me,  
And hear the breakers roar.

What soul their sorrow understands?  
What eye can trace their path?  
They fling themselves upon the sands,  
And foam with fear or wrath.

The shore receives them, patient, dumb,  
Nor trembles at their shocks,  
But lifts to meet them as they come,  
Its great, insensate rocks.

They calm me with their awful strength,  
So small my life appears,  
So less than nothing in their length,  
Are all my days and years.

I look across the restless sea,  
And seem an atom, less,  
To wandering winds, and what to me  
Is joy, if kept or lost?

And what if wearied on the way,  
I fall and faint and die,  
Would any miss, 'till judgment day,  
So small a thing as I?  
—Ellen M. Gates, in Youth's Companion.



THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without glossing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

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