Weakness never won a battle.
Cowardice cain't score a pi'nt,
An' you ort to show your mettle
When your heek is out o' j'int.
Don't go limpin' 'round a roarin'
How the world's a treatin' you,
Fer your kick is only borin'.
Them you tell your troubles to.
Pull yourself together, and
Shet your fists an' make a stand.

I the soul-enthrallin' troubles hat a skered-up mortal sees but airy, thin-shelled bubbles is could prick an' bust with ease le'd only stop his kickin' sout his luck and git to work, the troubles only thicken the troubles only thicken y makes the matter was to loaf around and cuss.

In a word, despairin' brother,
When the clouds obscure your sun
You must do jest one or 'tother—
You must do jest one or 'tother—
You must make a fight or run.
Nineteen times in every twenty
If you stand you'll land on top—
Run an' you will git it plenty
Run an' you will git it plenty
An' the world will hastle by
Your remains without a sigh.
James Barton Adams, in Denver Post.

a Stratagem That Failed. By P. Beaufoy.

is not only workene, but almost cer-tail of success."

"All right, guv'nor; fire away and hunfold your tale, as the song sex," he muttered, with a grin. And, thus en-couraged, I proceeded to explain my

sheme, "I propose to take a suite of rooms to the Hotel Recherche," I began, peaking in a slow, deliberate voice, so not he might follow my meaning, and when I have secured the aparticusts in question I shall attire myself a gorgeous clothing and pay a visit to lessrs. Stoner & Sons."
"Werry good," he muttered, "and out then?"

Mesers, Stoner & Sons."

"Werry good," he muttered, "and wot then?"

"Then I shall ask to be shown some specimens of their best work. I shall explain that my wife is lying in a somewhat delicate state of health at the hotel, and that she desires me to choose some stones for her. After some deliberation I shall go on to point out that I would prefer my wife to riew the things for herself, and that I would suggest their sending an assistant with a large assortment to the hotel during the afternoon."

"I see," he replied, nodding his large head; "and when the chap comes round with the stuff you'll just knock him on the head and secot with the swag. Ha, ha, ha!" and here the worthy fellow laughed long and loud.
"Your sumnise is perfectly correct except in one detail," I made answer; "I shall not knock him on the head, as you elegantly suggest, but shall administer to the gentleman a mild sedative in the form of a dose of chloroform, which will render him quite harmless until we have made good our escape to the Continent. Or, rather, I shall leave to you the task of drugging our friend whilst I divert his attention in some manner or other. And now, if there is any weak spot in the scheme which you have noticed let me know."

"Ow are you goin' to dispose of the stuff?" he naked, as he eyed me nar-

"'Ow are you as stuff?" he asked, as he eyed me narrowly.
"Nothing will be easier. Our friend Groby, at Amsterdam, will discount the stones for us, after deducting his usual infinitesimal profit of four hundred per cent."

Basting smiled approvingly.
A week later I drove up to the Hotel

dred per cent."

Basting smiled approvingly.

A week later I drove up to the Hotel Recherche in a hansom, accompanied by some baggage in the shape of a trunk containing a large consignment of stones, a portmanteau wherein there reposed a few necessaries of the tollet, and lastly my faithful associate, Ted Basting, who, garbed in black, represented a valet to the life. Assuming what is known as a "ordly" manner I engaged a couple of sleeping apartments for Basting and myself, together with an elegant sitting room adjoining.

HROUGHOUT the entire course of my criminal career, which has included all sorts and conditions of ups and conditions of ups and conditions of ups and convex. I have encountered several very discouracing failures. I will endeavor to record the history of the most humiliating of these repulses in the lines that follow.

Early in September, 1885, I found myself sitting in my den in St. Glies, discussing the state of our mutual finances with Ted Basting, my oldes, discussing the state of our mutual finances with Ted Basting, my oldest this glowing clay as though concentrating all the bitterness of his emotions on the tobacce which burned therein.

"Heverythin's played out and hoverdone," he remarked in a gloomy tone, "and that's the bloomin' truth. Blow me if I don't feel like joinin' the per like force unless somethin' turns up before I'm much holder."

"My dear Ted," I remarked, with a smille which I could not repress, "sure ly you would not disgrace your family in that manner?"

"Well, guy'nor, I dunno. A copper's life anit at bad when 'e 'appens to get 'old of a good beat, with plenty of cooks and port-kpies in two. But, there, wot's the good o' talkin' abaut side huxuries when it only makes my mouth water to think of 'em without satisfying the wacancy just below my belt?"

"I' quite agree with you." I repiled "hot I fancy that I am on the verge of effecting a coup which will bring us in sufficient to remove the vacancy for exercing twenty thousand pounds' worth of everly from Stoner's, the big Bond street irm? How would that suit your book?"

He leaned back and peered at me cynically.

"Twould suit me down to the ground, guy'nor," he answered, "but the question is, 'ow do you propose to work the fob?"

"He leaned back and peered at me cynically.

"Twould suit me down to the ground guy'nor," he answered, "but the question is, 'ow do you propose to work the fob?"

"By a means which is simplicity itself," I returned slowly, 'and if you will agree with me that the plan is not only workable, but almost certain of s

Charles Fuger.
Recherche."
"Thank you very much, sir. The messenger shall wait on you at the

"Thank you very much, str. The messenger shall wait on you at the time you name."

He bowed politely, and insisted on accompanying me into the street and holding open the flap of the hansom whilst I took my seat in the vehicle. Much pleased with the success of my scheme thus far, I drove back to the hotel and told Basting that all was in capital train for the working of the stratagem. His eyes lit up with delight.

capital train for the working of the stratagem. His eyes lit up with delight.

"Blow me, guv-nor," he muttered, "If you ain't a werry Nerpoleon o' dooplicity. Pon my sivey, it's a pleasure to commit a fellerny with a bloke like you, and no mistake."

"Hush!" I said quickly, "remember, the game is not ended yet, and one false stroke may bring overything to ruin. Have you the chloroforn ready?"

"Ere it is," he replied with a chuckle, producing the phial from his pocket.

"And the bag for the stones?" I asked.

"It's in the sittin' room. Heverythin's as right as a trivet, guv-nor, and if the job falls through it won't be along of any want o' forethought on the part of yures truly."

"Good?" I cried; "and now there is nothing to be done but to await the arrival of Messrs. Stoner's man."

At a quarter past five a waiter entered and informed me that the jeweler's assistant was below.

"Show him up," I replied smartly.

The man bowed and retired. A moment later a tall, pale-faced youth made his appearance, bearing a parcel in his arms.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said softly. "I have brought some stones for your inspection."

"Oh, ah, yes," I exclaimed; "my wife will be down in a moment, and, mean.

the ground. The young man struggled helplessly for a few seconds, and then with a heavy sigh became unconscious. Without a moment's delay I grabbed the stones and placed them in the small bag. I then told Basting to quit the hotel and meet me outside Charing Cross Station, as the sight of my supposed valet accompanying me into the street might have created suspicion. He obeyed with a grin, and ten minutes later we both stood upon the platform of the big terminus awaiting the boat express to Folkestone. Arriving at the latter port we journeyed to Boulogne, and next morning caught the first train to, the Dutch capital. All had worked thus far with the utmost smoothuses, and no scheme in which I had taken part had ever occasioned me so little trouble and so much amusement.

meso little trouble and so much amusement.

We breakfasted at the railway hotel in Amsterdam, and then set out for Groby's den, situated in the east end of the city. Groby, though possessed of an English name, had lived so long in Holland that he spoke our tongue the waiting for like a foreigner, and when we entered his "office" he greeted us with a very mazing accent.

"Al gute morning, zhentlemen," he stad, smilling. "And vat brings you here dis fine morning?"

"Business, as usual, Mr. Groby," I replied, as I took the greasy hand which he extended to me; "my friend and I have been engaged in the diamond trade of late, and we have brought you some very excellent stones."

"Ha, ha! dat was goot—very goot,"

brought you some very excellent stones."

"Ha, ha! dat was goot—very goot," cried Groby, rubbing his hands. "You know me, zhentlemen. You know that I give de best price in Holland for good things."

"Well, here is your opportunity to be generous," I returned, as I opened the bag and drew forth the big collection of "annexed" jewels. "Look at these," Groby eyed the stones for a few minutes narrowly. Then he burst into a honree, irritating laugh.
"Yat do you call dese?" he asked, slowly.

"Yat do you can slowly.
"I call them diamonds, rubles and opals," I answered. "What do you call them?"
"Paste, my goot sir—paste, and not-ing more."

call them?"
"Paste, my goot sir—paste, and noting more."
"Paste!" I thundered, as I turned slek with apprehension, while Dasting eyed the merchant as though he contemplated designs upon his life. "Paste! Are you joking?"
"My goot fellow, I never choke in bizness. All dis stuff is a goot initation of the real ting, but I do not deal in imitations. Ze market price of the lot would be one thousand marks—dat is, fifty pounds in your Englesse money. Not a groat more."
At first I would not believe this terrible truth. Next morning illumination came. Basting, who had been enjoying an early potation at a neighboring cafe, returning to the hotel, clutching a copy of Galagnani's Messenger in his hand, whilst his eyes gleamed with fury.
"Bead that paragraph, guv'nor," he

care, returning to the botel, clutching a copy of Galagnani's Messenger in his hand, whilst his eyes gleamed with fury.

"Read that paragraph, guv'nor," he yelled, "and you'll understand all."

He pointed to a passage that ran thus:

"Strange Sequel to a Daring Jewel Robbery.

"A very extraordinary affair is reported from London. It would appear that a few days ago a well dressed stranger called at Messrs. Stoners, the well-known Bond street jewelers, and commissioned the firm to forward a consignment of stones for his wife's approval at the Hotel Recherche. On the clerk arriving at the hotel he was set upon by two men and drugged, and, needless to add, he found on recovery that his assailants had made good their escape. The extraordinary sequel to the episode lies in the fact that the rogues had their trouble for nothing, seeing that the stones which he displayed consisted of paste goods, worth at most some fifty pounds. It would seem that the assistant charged with the errand in question was also commissioned to proceed afterwards to another hotel, where he was to show some paste goods to another possible customer, but owing to the fact that he was suffering from severe neurelgia and sleeplessness he made a lucky mistake and displayed the sham stones to the thieves, the genuine articles boing securely placed in his breast pocket. Thus has it come about that Messrs. Stoner have been preserved from a loss of some twenty thousand pounds."

Easting stared at me with a curious expression in his eyes.

"Guv'nor," he muttered, "I should like to have that clurk all to myself for about two minits."

"So should I." I answered.

And then we let the matter drop, for, indeed, it was too painful for further comment.—Tit-Bits.

Steering Big Ships.

Marvelous progress has been made

Steering Big Ships.

"I have brought some stones for your inspection."

If have brought some stones for your inspection.

If have brought some stones for your inspection.

If have brought some stones for your inspection.

It have brought so will be down in a moment, and, mean then the wheel.

Is ant's hand upon the wheel is of sufficient power to turn a vessel complete ly around. Huge boats are steered by a steam apparatus which is an eye the white, which we have then wheel so four sufficient power to turn a vessel complete ly the wheel.

In when, who in name, then them, who in the wheel is of sufficient power to turn a vessel complete ly the wheel is of sufficient power to turn a vessel complete ly the wheel is of sufficient power to

Domestic Training For Girls.

By Mrs. Coulter, of the Utah Legislature.



By Mrs. Coulter, of the Utah Legislature.

UR girls need domestic training at school because they have, with new school methods and the present social life, little time at home for such work. The young man who would fill a position of responsibility and power fits himself for it by study and practical training, but our daughters, who are to be the builders and business managers of the home, the disbursers of the family income, and the mothers of the coming generation, are permitted to go into this work without a question as to their scionard development of woman, if the school and college claim the girl during these foundation years, provision should be made by the school for instruction which will not only make up for the lost opportunity at home, but fit her to meet the increasing demand for skilled labor in this field. Educationally, the first stop is found in the department of manual training now introduced into some of our schools. Financially and practically, we have taken the second step in considerable sums of money pledged; in interest awakened, and in the earnest co-operation promised on every side.

The time is not far off when it will be considered seemly and will become the province of every good woman aggressively to influence public opinion for all that constitutes human well-being. Toward this the clubs are certainly well on their way, in that they are now co-operating with leagues and societies specially organized for reforms and ameliorative movements, while they have long been working apart for the lowering of the illiteracy record, the suppression of unfit literature, the relief of wage-earning women and children, a more practical training in the public schools, and the reign of nobler standards.

0 a War, the Geographer.

EFORE these troubles in Venezuela how many of us thought of the country save as a patch of color on the map? How many were cock-sure as to the spelling of Caracas? How many knew that Venezuela means "Little Venice," or had read that the first invaders, after the Spanish discoverer, were the Germans, about three centuries before James Monroe framed his famous maxim?

Even the Buccaneers are not associated intimately with the country. There is only one reference in Esquemeling's brave chronicle where he writes: "Hence they departed, with design to take and pillage the city of Caracas, situated over against the island of Curacoa, belonging to the Hollanders."

The boy who studied geography in the sixties, when the earth was still comparatively romantic and unknown, was interested in land, or sea, or town, chiefly through color or name. Blue or purple countries on the map were necessarily delectable regions. No desert is as sandy as the "Great North American Desert" then looked. There was Van Dieman's Land, a dismal, suspicion-exciting country; and after the boy had been persuaded that it was not inhabited by demons equipped with horns and hoofs and talls, he would nevertheless have sworn to the truth of Hazilit's description: "Barren, miserable, distant; a place of exile, the dreary abode of savages, convicts and adventurers."

Bagdad, Damascus, the Galapagos, Andalusia—what faschation in the

venturers."

Bagdad, Damascus, the Galapagos, Andalusia—what fascination in the very names to the schoolboy who delights in the smell of the wharves or knows his Arabian Nights and Washington Irving as a clerk his ledger!

As the boy becomes man, names may still wield their spell; but they are vague, often imaginary localities. War breaks out; fleets meet and wage battle off some obscure fishing town; an army surrenders near some hamlet which had hitherto lelept peacefully by day as well as by night. The village is suddenly world-famous. The name of the fishing town is written on banners.—New York News.

0 Manhood Higher Than Money

By Edwin Markham.



By Edwin Markham.

E are making remarkable progress in wealth-gathering, yet one thing is certain—we shall reach no enduring greatness until we make manhood stand higher than money. A mere millionaire, with his cramped and sordid life, cuts a sorry ilgure when measured by the side of a progressive editor, an unsetting the theorem of the true heroes, not the stuffed ones, not the pompous nothings strutting out their little hour upon a painted stage. Let us choose for our honoring the large-hearted servants of mankind.

Once upon a time a distinguished foreign nobleman visited our land, and desired to meet a representative American family. To whom was he pointed? To the family of that conscientious teacher who is touching young souls with ideals and inspirations? No; the nobleman was pointed by well-nigh all of us to the family of a Sir Croesus, who had inherited uncarned millions, and who was in no wise a representative of our American grit and generosity, of our democratic simplicity and fellowfeeling, to say nothing of our art and letters.

Thomas Hughes said, long ago, that we may not be able to hinder people in general from being helpless and vulgar—from letting themselves full into slavery to things about them, if they are rich, or from aping the habits and vices of the rich, if they are poor.

But, as he says, we may live simple, manly lives, ourselves, speaking our own way, and doing our own work, whatever that may be. We shall remain gentlemen as long as we follow these rules, even if we have to sweep a crossing for a livelihood. But we shall not remain gentlemen, in anything but the name, if we depart from these rules, though we may be set to govern a kingdom.

0 0

B Permissible Recreations and Amusements

By Hamilton W. Mable, Author and Critic.



By Hamilton W. Mabie, Author and Critic.

LAY is as much a man's duty as work. Our taste for play and the intelligent selection of proper forms of recreation have never been sufficiently developed.

Many people play too much and unintelligently, others give no thought to recreation and do their work in an inferior way because they lose the freshness that play brings. Work and play should never be separated; and this is particularly true in the higher forms of work, where play is absolutely essential. For example, in art there is a necessity for the spontaneity of play. The suggestion of toil instantly destroys the art quality.

I believe in all amusements that the rational, morally wholesome and civilized man can enjoy. But I do not believe in any kind of anausement in excess. It is a mistake for a man to give up his work and devote his time to golf, or so to overdo with the wheel as to strain the heart.

It seems difficult for the American to carry moderation into his work or his play. Moderation in recreation is as essential as moderation in work, Everything should be done in reason.

Again, that recreation is best which takes one further from his routine and active life. The student, the man of sedentary occupation ought to put emphasis on out-of-door recreation. He needs more tramping, more horse-back riding and less theatre than the man whose vocation takes him constantly out of doors. Every man's life needs all the variety he can possibly crowd into it. The serious man needs to read novels, and go to the theatre; that is, provided he reads good stories and sees good plays.

Half of the mistakes of the reformers, the philanthropists and the ethical tenchers arise from their lack of perspective. They are too much interested in one field. All followers of carnest pursuits especially need recreation. We all ought to cultivate the sense and use of humor properly to balance life.

A great many admirable people make serious blunders because they are constantly at work and never at play. The man of narrow and int

inade legitimate. This is the first step toward maning accelerant clean.

It is a significant fact that so many of the great organizers of business enterprises and leaders of gigantic interests at the present time take long vacations and make time for their recreation. They have discovered that tremendous activity is destructive unless the strain is constantly relieved by intervals of play. The colossal workers of to-day almost without exception are men who pursue some form of recreation as earnestly and methodically as they push their work to completion.

And it is not too much to say that the great financial men of the future, the great organizers, the students, and the leaders in the professions will by necessity be great devotees of some form of recreation.

The Funny Side of Life.

HIS SUIT.
She smiled upon his suit,
Oh, lucky, lucky lad!
She smiled upon his suit,
And yet he was not glad.

And yet us all awry,
His trousers begged, to boot;
And that's the reason why
She smiled upon his suit!
She smiled upon his suit!

AS WE TALK.

Hoax—"I just heard some news that seems too good to be true."

Joax—"That's too bad."—Philadelphia Record.

THE RESPONSIBILITY PLACED.

"So their marriage was a failure."
"Not at all. Marriage is all right.
It was the man and the woman who
were failures."—Philadelphia Press.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.



Tawyer-"What is your business?"
Witness-"I am a conductor."
Lawyer-"Railway, musical or lightting?"-New York Journal.

HAS HIS DOUBTS.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," said the man who quotes.
"Not at the bottom of an oll well," I'll bet," snarled the man who had invested.—Ealtimore Herald.

IMPROVED.

Purchaser—"So this is an improved typewriter?"
Agent—"Yes; if you don't know how to spell a word there is a key that will make a blot."—Philadelphia Record.

HOMER'S GOOD POINT.

HOMER'S GOOD POINT.
"I see that Andrew Carnegle thinks
Homer didn't amount to much, after
all."
"That's queer. Surely Homer must
have had one good point in Andy's
estimation. He didn't die zich."—
Chicago Record-Herald.

CRAFT WINS.

"How did you ever manage to get on the good side of that crusty old uncle of yours?" asked Fan.
"Fed him the things he liked when he came to visit us," replied Nan.
"The good side of any man is his inside."—Chicago Tribune.

TEST OF ALTRUISM.

Little Willie—"Pa, what's an al-trulet?"
His Father—"A man, my child, who
carries his umbrella all day withous
using it, and then is glad it didn't rain
on account of the people who had no
umbrellas with them."—Judge.

EITHER WAY.

"How sad Miss Forior looks," re-marked the guest sympathetically. "Yes, poor thing," replied her host-ess, "she was disappointed in love." "And who is that awfully sour look-

ing woman?"
"Oh, that is Mrs. Ketcham. She was disappointed in marriage."—New York Sun.

HIS FALL

"Speaking of bad falls," remarked Joggers, "I fell out of a window once and the sensation was terrible. During my transit through the air I really believe I thought of every mean act I ever committed in my life."
""H"m," growled Jiggins, "you must have fallen an awful distance."—New York Sun.



Sor?"
Visitor—"Herr von Vandersemertootlehelmer."
Maid—"Yes, sor. Will ye plaze walk
up stairs an"—an' bring it wid ye?"—
Scraps.

A NATION'S BLUFF.

A NATION'S BLUFF.

"Do you want war?" asked the prime minister.

"Certainly not," answered the king.

"Then why do you assume such a defant and belilcose attitude?"

"Because I have reason to suspect that the other country is even more nverse to war than I am."—Washington Star.