BUSINESS NOTICE

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Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham. N.B

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Worth Remembering.

"It is the man at the top of the ladder who can reach things," remarked the haughty representative of a noble family.

"True," remarked the sarcastic man in homespun, "but it is the man at the bottom who can upset the ladder."—Chicago Post.

Haunted Him.

Miss Sue Perstitious—Do you take any stock in dreams, Mr. Ledger?

Mr. Ledger—Do I? Why, sometimes after we've been taking stock at the store I don't dream of anything else for weeks.—Philadelphia Press.

Only Pieces Left.

"You sent a collector to see me this morning," said the burly visitor.

"Ah, yes! That little bill you owe," replied the installment man. "Well?"

"Well, you'd better send another one up to my house."

"What for?"

"To collect the first one."—Philadelphia Press.

DELIA LEAVES THE STORE.

Delia's lift the shtore, me fri'nd, so shtop and shake me hand;
I'm the gladdest man, bedad, that's livin in the land!
Betther news, it seems to me, was never told before.
Delia's lift the shtore;
Delia won't be workun anny more.

Della liked her place, you know, and thought of naught but that;
So, whin I would shpake to her of marriage and a flat,
She would say, as if she'd niver heard the like before:
"What! And lave the shtore?
What! And not be workun anny more!"

Many times I asked her and got the same reply;
So I thought it over, and I told mesilf, says I:
"She has quite decided, as I should have seen before,
Not to lave the shtore.
Well, then, I won't ask her anny more."

Weeks and months I niver saw her; thin one plisant day,
Goin home at six o'clock, she joined me by the way.
Faith, we fell to talkin just as aisy as before.
Thinks I: "Dom that shtore!
Dom it! But I hate it more and more!"

Then all of a suddint as we raiched the place to part,
Delia whispered softly, wid a shmile that hit me hairt:
"Thomas, I must tell you somethin—I forgot before.
Tom, I've lift the shtore;
Tommy, I ain't workun anny more!"

Well, thin, you'll belave me, it was very aisy fixed;
Sure the banns are published, and the weddin's Sunday nixt.
There's me hand; now shake it as you niver shook before.
Delia's lift the shtore!
Delia won't be workun anny more!

—H. A. Crowell in Puck.

AN ARTIST'S COMMISSION.

A Singular Request and How It Terminated.

In a small, barely furnished room several stories above the street a young artist had his studio. Even on bright, sunshiny days the apartment had an air of dreary discomfort. Today it was raining, and the wind was howling a dismal accompaniment to the artist's thoughts, which were of the most somber description.

For the past three years he had occupied his present quarters and as yet had been unable to obtain more than a living described as being meager from the sale of his pictures. Indeed there had been times when in order to keep the wolf from the door he had been obliged to sacrifice some of his best work at very inferior prices. Today he was asking himself whether it were wise to continue in his chosen profession.

"Would I not do better," he asked himself, "to give up painting altogether, realize what little I can from the sale of my pictures and go into some other pursuit?" At this point in his reflections he arose and, glancing out of the window, saw that the rain had ceased and the sun was making its appearance.

Just as he had made up his mind to go out for a long walk to divert his thoughts into some more pleasant channel there came a rap at his door. He opened it and ushered into the room two visitors, a gentleman and a lady, both past the prime of life and evidently people of wealth and culture.

"Gerald Marston, I believe?" said the gentleman in an inquiring tone.

"That is my name," said the artist. "Pray, be seated."

"My name is Harlow," said the gentleman. "Let me also introduce my wife, Mrs. Harlow."

When they were all seated, Mr. Harlow continued:

"We have come to you on business, Mr. Marston. We have brought you a commission to execute. I will explain to you fully the nature of our wishes. Twelve years ago today we lost our only child, a beautiful little daughter, 6 years old. I need not tell you what a calamity this loss was to us nor what sorrow it has occasioned us. Our only consolation has been in looking at her likeness, an oil painting, made about three months before her death. Now, it has occurred to us that it would be a source of much gratification to us if we could have a portrait made from that, but representing her as she would be now if she had lived."

Gerald opened his eyes very wide at these words, but prudence caused him to remain quiet and let his patron further announce his wishes.

"Just as I was about to give up art altogether," he thought, "here comes a commission that for originality and oddity is ahead of anything I ever imagined. I must take as the foundation work a child of 6 and, peering forth into the future with my mind's eye, must see and paint the woman as she will be. I confess I am quite taken with the oddity of the thing. But where am I to find a suitable model?"

As if in answer to his query, a rap was heard at the door, and, opening it, he saw the figure of a young girl of perhaps 18 standing before him.

As she stepped into the room the artist at a glance noted the rare head, with its bright, golden hair, that so perfectly harmonized with her large blue eyes, both being set off by a fair, clear complexion. She was, perhaps, a degree too slender, but was otherwise of faultless form and carriage.

"I came to inquire," said the girl, "if you could make use of my services as a model." Her voice was clear and distinct, but soft and low toned.

"Have you had any experience in that line?" asked the artist.

"No," said the young girl, "but my circumstances now require me to earn my own living. I have never learned anything by which I can make a living, and I thought perhaps I could begin at this." So saying, she handed him a letter from a mutual friend, introducing her to the artist.

"You may come tomorrow morning, Miss Warren," said the artist when he had finished reading the letter of introduction.

That afternoon, according to agreement, the oil painting of the child he was to represent arrived at the artist's studio. Gerald was immediately struck with the close resemblance between the features of the child and those of his model, Isabel Warren.

"A very fortunate coincidence," he said to himself. "I have done well to engage her."

The artist sent word to his patrons that his work was finished and requested them to call and see it. Immediately upon receiving this message Mr. Harlow and his wife drove to the artist's studio. Isabel Warren had just gone away, and the artist was alone. He sat by a window, alternately contemplating the beauty of the clear autumn day and turning his attention to his completed work. He had wrought upon it until he could do no more. He was satisfied with the result of his labors and felt confident that his patrons would be pleased.

Soon he heard footsteps outside, and in a moment Mr. and Mrs. Harlow stood before him. Long and silently they stood and gazed at the picture. Not a word was spoken until after several moments Gerald said in a low tone, hesitating to disturb their thoughts:

"Are you satisfied with my work?"

As he spoke he noticed that the tears were slowly gathering in the lady's eyes. She could not speak. Mr. Harlow was also deeply moved. Turning to his wife he said:

"We know now more than ever what we lost."

The lady could no longer control her agitation and sinking on a couch close by burst into tears.

At that moment Gerald opened the door in response to a rap, and Isabel Warren now stood before them.

Mr. Harlow and his wife looked at her in dumb amazement. The lady was the first to speak.

"How is this, Mr. Marston? Who is this young lady?" she asked.

Before Gerald could reply Mr. Harlow said:

"I see that this is your model, Mr. Marston. Let me congratulate you. As connoisseurs, what has seemed to us a wonder work of imagination and divination is in reality but a painting of this young lady. Was it well to try and impose upon credulous people?"

With admirable self control Gerald said:

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Harlow, and if you will allow me I think I can convince you of this." Then turning to Mrs. Harlow he introduced Miss Warren to her and then to Mr. Harlow.

"I am much gratified at your explanation, which is entirely satisfactory to me," said Mr. Harlow, who was now looking intently at his wife. That lady had risen and, taking Isabel by the hand, said:

"I am so glad to have found you, my dear. It seems as if I already knew you and that we were the best of friends." The tears were in her eyes and in her voice as she continued: "Would you not like to come awhile and visit us? We would be so glad to have you. But perhaps your people may object?"

Isabel looked gratefully at her newly found friend as she said:

"I will be very glad to visit you. I am all alone in the world, and I have no one to consult."

"If you tell me where you live, I will send my carriage for you tomorrow," said Mrs. Harlow.

Isabel gave the desired information, and then bidding all good afternoon left the apartment. When she was gone, Mr. Harlow handed the artist a check which represented more money than Gerald had made in the three years previous.

"You are very generous," said the astonished artist. "Have you not made a mistake?"

"Not at all," said his patron, with a smile. "You deserve it—every cent. My friends shall hear of you. Before long we will have you established in finer quarters."

Gerald Marston became famous as an artist, who, in painting form and feature, portrayed the heart and soul.

The day after the interview in the artist's studio Isabel Warren was driven to the home of the Harlows. Her visit became prolonged for one reason and another until at last she said to Mrs. Harlow:

"I really must go tomorrow. I have made such a long stay."

"Are you not happy with us, Isabel?" asked Mrs. Harlow.

"Oh, yes. I am very happy here indeed, but I am afraid I have taxed your hospitality too long already."

"It would not be too long for us, my dear, if you staid with us always," said Mrs. Harlow, and, looking affectionately at the young girl, she continued: "We have talked it over, Isabel, and if you wish to stay with us and be our daughter we would like, above all things, to have it so."

The young girl looked at Mrs. Harlow for a moment in surprise, and then going over to her said in her quiet way:

"You are very kind to me, and if you want me I will be very glad to be a daughter to you. I will try to deserve your goodness."

So it was decided that Isabel should become the adopted daughter of the Harlows. The great need of the bereaved parents was now filled by this young life, and the living daughter came to fully take the place of her whom death had called away. As Isabel became surrounded with the advantages that she had all her life been craving she developed great beauty of expression. She became daily more like the portrait for which she had been the model.

Happy ever in her new home, Isabel knew once more the love and care of parents, and to them she was an unfailing source of consolation. The old life of longing and unrest gave place to a new life that was bringing with it peace, joy and contentment.

A Foiled Interviewer.

When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nohant, near the close of his life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined British journalist of her own sex, who opened a formidable notebook and demanded:

"At what hour do you work, madame?"

"I never work," replied George Sand gayly.

"Ho! But your books? When do you make them?"

"They make themselves, morning, evening and night."

This was baffling, but the British lady, although deficient in grace, did not lack grit and said, "What is your favorite, may I ask, among your novels?"

"'Olympia,'" returned George Sand, with a beaming smile.

"'Olympia.' I do not know that one."

"Perhaps. I have not yet written it!" And the victimized author beat a hasty retreat, much amused as she looked back and saw that her nonsense was being duly jotted down in the formidable notebook.—Youth's Companion.

A Mantrap.

Willie (glancing up from his book)—Pa, what is a "mantrap?"

Pa—Well, my son, the most effective mantrap I know of is an old fashioned rocking chair in a dark room.—Philadelphia Press.

A Careful Player.

"How did that young man come out of the poker game he got into at Crimson Gulch?"

"Oh," answered Three Finger Sam, "he come out all right. You see, he played very conservative. He didn't take any risks whatever. He just said, 'That's good!' and kept his hands off the money."

The Proper Tribunal.

Mrs. Snaggs—Do you suppose that Queen Wilhelmina and her betrothed ever have lovers' quarrels?

Mr. Snaggs—I suppose so. Why do you ask?

Mrs. Snaggs—I was wondering if they would be referred to The Hague board of arbitration for settlement.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Would Believe His Stories.

He had come home late the previous night and was telling how it happened.

"You really ought to have married that little Miss Jones instead of me," she said at last.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Oh, she's such a credulous little thing."

WEST POINT CADETS.

PRANKS WHICH THE UPPER CLASS MEN PLAY ON THE PLEBES.

Traditions and Precedents Which Must Be Faithfully Observed by All Newcomers at Uncle Sam's Military Academy.

There is probably no place in the United States where traditions and precedents have so much weight as they have at West Point. These traditions are carefully preserved and handed down from one class to another, and it is of the rarest occurrence for a cadet to do anything that is contrary to them. If he does violate an important one, the cadet in question is made to feel the displeasure of the corps in an unmistakable manner.

Such a tradition is that a "plebe," as members of the fourth class are called, is never regarded on an equal footing with an upper class man until he has completed his first year at the academy. He is invariably addressed as Mr. So-and-so or just plain Mr. and must always address upper class men in the same formal manner, and, in addition, he must be prolific in his use of the word "sir," affixing it to the end of every sentence.

If a plebe is asked by an upper class man what his name is, he must reply "Mr. Brown, sir," or whatever his name may be, and if he fails to do so he is certain to be told to "put a 'sir' on that, Mr.," in a way that will usually cause him to remember it. Of course, a plebe soon learns this, and there is no longer any trouble with him on that score.

An amusing anecdote is told of a raw country lad who reported at West Point a few years ago concerning this use of the word "sir." When the new cadets report at the academy, they first visit the adjutant's office, where they deposit their credentials and give information concerning their parents or guardians and their former careers. Next they visit the treasurer's office and deposit what money they may have with them, and then they go to the barracks, where they report to the cadet officer in charge of their instruction. It is here that they receive their first taste of military discipline. Well, this young man passed through the preliminaries, finally reaching the barracks, and after several attempts to enter the office in a military manner and to the satisfaction of the austere lieutenant in charge he was asked by that functionary what his name was.

"John Smith," answered the lad.

"Suppose you put a 'sir' on that!" cried the cadet officer, forgetting for the moment in his assumed wrath the equally heinous omission of the "Mr."

"Sir John Smith," innocently replied the plebe, and supposed he had obeyed to the letter his superior's injunction. For the next few minutes that poor plebe's life was a burden to him, for all the cadets about the room at once began "crawling" him for his supposed attempt at facetiousness. The name "Sir John" stuck to him throughout his entire career at the academy and even followed him into the army.

It has been the custom in the corps from time immemorial to "devil" plebes during their first encampment. A great many of the practices indulged in are perfectly innocent, and so long as the upper class men confine themselves to them there is little or no opposition from the authorities.

An incident illustrative of this is told by an officer who was walking in the rear of Company D's tents one afternoon in one of the encampments of the cadets at West Point. He heard a voice from the body of the encampment shouting in stentorian tones: "I'm mad! I'm mad! I know I'm mad!" Wondering what the trouble was, he walked a short distance farther and looked between the tents. There he saw in a tent across the company street a great, strapping plebe, over six feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds, creeping on his hands and knees about the tent like a caged lion and every minute or two giving vent to the cry that he was mad. Stopping for a moment to take in the situation fully, the officer heard a mild and persuasive voice from a nearby tent say: "Put more feeling in it, mister. Say it as if you meant it."

The officer, perceiving that the whole thing was only an innocent form of devilment contrived by some ingenious yearling, made no report of it, but went on his way.

Another amusing incident of this kind occurred one quiet Sunday afternoon, when most of the cadets were asleep in their tents and the visitors' seats in front of the camp parade were nearly deserted. A tall, slender cadet, wearing a shako and plume, armed with a saber and riding between his legs a little tin horse scarcely six inches high, came charging down the company street, brandishing his saber and shouting: "Turn, boys, turn. We're going back." Back and forth through the different company streets he ran, dragging his horse with him, until finally he ran into the officer in charge, who promptly confined him in the guard tent. But all the camp had been awakened, and the cadets and a few visitors had a good laugh. The plebe was released the next morning none the worse for his night in confinement.

A plebe's first night on guard is generally an unpleasant experience for him, for, besides the official visits of the various officers and noncommissioned officers charged with his instruction, to see that he understands all the fine points of his duties as a sentinel, he is sure to be visited by a legion of spooks, hobgoblins and various other unauthorized individuals.

An incident of this kind is related where a yearling, wrapped in a sheet, appeared on the post of a plebe sentinel at night. "Halt!" shouted the plebe. "Who is there?"

"Moses and the Ten Commandments," came the response.

The poor plebe thought there was something irregular, but he remembered his instructions about never allowing more than one to advance at a time at night, so he promptly shouted:

"Advance, one commandment, to be recognized."

A favorite pastime among cadets for generations past has been to capture a land tortoise and after taps at night to start him across the parade with a lighted candle on his back. As a consequence many a plebe has been severely "jumped" for permitting a light to approach or cross his post.

She Must Have Had a Rival.

The Wife—I came very near not marrying you, John.

The Husband—Yes, I know; but I had no idea you were on to the fact.—Smart Set.

A Dread.

I am a bold campaigner who
Fears naught—'twas proved of yore—
Save one thing, which I'll name to you,
And that I fear full sore,
A gloom would settle o'er the land
Where daily I rejoice;
A national grief would take command
If I should lose my voice.

Who steals my purse steals only trash;
Who steals my thunder finds
Oftimes but an unmeaning crash
To tickle careless minds.
I ask but to vociferate,
I make no prouder choice,
And shudder at my awful fate
If I should lose my voice.

FAMILY GENIUSES.

MISTAKES MADE IN CHOOSING CAREERS FOR OUR CHILDREN.

The Foolish Remarks of Friends Often Lead to Unwise Action—Let Us Be Ambitious For Our Children, but Not Expect Too Much.

"Have you noticed," said the professional man—and I have—"that in every family where there are children there is at least one youngster, or two, destined in the eyes of the parents for some great and mighty calling or career in life? Have you noticed, too, how their friends help them along in this belief? Dr. Blank calls, pats the youngster of 3 years on the head and says to the fond parents: 'I declare, it is quite remarkable how much this child looks like Brown, the great surgeon. Of course, you do not remember Brown. He died before your day.'"

Right then and there the fond parents make a resolve. Johnnie shall be a surgeon. And when Johnnie pulls the limbs off his sister's doll and cuts it open and laughs in fiendish glee to see the sawdust running out he is not properly and duly spanked, but smiled upon, for his methods of nursery dissection are regarded as signs of budding genius. In after years when Dr. Blank sees Johnnie "tending" a soda water fountain it does not trouble him in the least that long ago he thought Johnnie looked like the great Surgeon Brown. In fact, he has forgotten all about having called his parents' attention to the likeness. But Johnnie's parents did not forget it and squandered all their small means upon Johnnie's education along the lines he was "destined" to follow. Now behold Johnnie, flitting around a drug store, to be sure, with an easy air of familiarity, but he cannot write M. D. after his name.

Now, it was too bad to spoil a nice, strong boy like Johnnie by persisting that he remain in college when he had been far better off working in a sawmill. He would have been an excellent hand at sawing limbs off trees. But, my, it makes me shiver to think of husky Johnnie as a doctor! And I am sorry to see Johnnie still trying to live up to what is required of him and doing nothing greater than clerking in a drug store. His doting mamma still tells her friends that Johnnie is studying medicine, "is getting practical experience." I am daily expecting, however, to see Johnnie jump out of lending strings and join a baseball team or do something of the kind that his brawn has fitted him for.

"Did you ever see such a head?" remarks the admiring friends concerning the infant with bulging forehead. "That is a lawyer's head!"

Now, I have never seen lawyers possessed of heads larger than the average man's or foreheads that bulge noticeably, but the child whose dear baby head appears a wee bit too big for his dear little body is set down at once as a coming lawyer. "We'll make a lawyer of him," say the fond and foolish parents. But they seldom do.

When, oh, when will doting parents learn that "genius must be born and never can be taught?" And when, oh, when will they let their dear little boys and girls be as individual as they should be allowed to be while they are growing to be men and women? I am wondering this because I know a dozen—and I am sure you know quite as many—boys and girls who are ever on parade before their parents' friends. Unhappy little mortals!

It isn't in the natural order of things that every child born should be immensely and startlingly clever, and it isn't always the great geniuses that give early signs of what they are to be in the coming years. Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed."

It is well for one to be ambitious for one's children, for has not there been many a great endeavor made simply because the maker of it knew that some loved one was expecting him or her to make it? We never want to disappoint those we love. We always want to be just as great as they expect us to be, but the destiny of a child should be as wisely directed as possible, but not robbed of all individuality. It may be the fondest dream of a mother's life to see her son following this profession or that, but will he be as successful in it as he should be if he was prompted in the adopting of it solely by the determination not to disappoint his mother?

With an inordinate desire to have her children appear to the very best possible advantage the unwise mother often forces them to appear at their very worst by correcting them before strangers. Jack is growing tall, and there is quite a humpy look to his shoulders when he slumps down in a lazy fashion—a fashion dear to boys who are long of limb and tired of the restraint of the schoolroom. At the same time Jack is quite as proud of his good physique as is his mother, and it is not calculated to put him at his best to demand of him before lady callers that he stand up straight, "for goodness sake." At once Jack becomes ill at ease, and suddenly his hands and feet seem to have grown so big that he does not know what to do with them, and he is glad enough to get out of the parlor, hearing the half deprecating remark as he goes that "the boy is growing so fast I don't know what to do with him!"—Margaret Hannis in St. Louis Republic.

Whose Boy Is Tommy?

"I notice," said Tommy's mother, according to the New York Evening Sun, "that whenever Tommy brings home a good school report or makes his mark at football or otherwise distinguishes himself in any way it is the habit of Tommy's father to fondly and proudly refer to him as 'my son.' But just let the school report come in gory with red ink, meaning 'unsatisfactory,' let Tommy play truant from Sunday school to go fishing or let the neighbors send in complaints about ball playing too near their windows or chicken chasing, then it is that Tommy's father turns to me with a frown and groans, 'Ah, my dear, I don't know what you're going to do about that son of yours!'"

Putting on Poultices.

If for any reason a poultice cannot be put on as soon as it is made, put it between two hot plates and stand it over a saucepan of boiling water. Never put it into the oven to keep hot, as the dry heat hardens the outside of it, and it is very likely to chafe the skin. All poultices except linseed meal should be put into muslin bags. Linseed should be spread on muslin and the meal itself put against the skin, with nothing in between.

"Candidly, Jane," said an October bridegroom to his bride in a spirit of self abasement, "I can't perceive what you saw in me to make you willing to marry me."

"Never mind, dear," replied the bride; "that's what all my relatives say."

Her Feelings.

Husband (looking at his wife's check book)—You should number every check you send out.

Wife—But I don't want to, dear. I am ashamed to let the bank know how many I use.—Life.

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HOW ENGLAND SECURES FACTS

Intelligence Department of the British Government Valuable Factor.

The method by which our Intelligence Department gathers together its stores of recorded information are varied in character, says a writer in the Forum. Some are open, some secret and unavowed. The regular reports of our military attaches at foreign courts supply much. These officers, whose qualifications necessarily include acquaintance of the language of the country in which they are serving, are in constant touch with the section of the intelligence to which that country is appropriated. It is their duty to watch all military events, to attend manoeuvers, to observe changes in armament, equipment, and in administration generally. They gain their knowledge in the first place by keeping open their eyes and ears, by studying the press, the military periodicals, and the annual war budget, and, above all, by associating with foreign officers on terms of intimacy. There is, as a rule, no reluctance to help the military attache. Foreign nations know the importance of reciprocity. They keep attaches in London who are always

EAGER TO LEARN.

These are, as a rule, courteously treated, made free of the military clubs, are invited to be present at professional functions, manoeuvres, experiments, and trials with new weapons. Some attaches, both our own and our neighbors', have become personae gratae in the countries with which they have been connected often for years. Two French officers were popular with us, the Baron de Grancey and Count Pontavice de Heussey. Many English officers won golden opinions abroad. General Swame, who was long at Berlin, was much esteemed by all from Kaiser to junker; so was Col. Grierson, who has just accompanied Count Waldersee to China. General Slade, for many years military attache at Rome, was admitted to close friendship by the ill-fated King Umberto; and American officers who served in Cuba learned greatly to like Lieut.-Col. Lee, who shared their hardships.

The task of obtaining knowledge has no doubt been greatly helped in this way; but a zealous officer has been known to go sometimes beyond the official channels and deal, sub-rosa, with the secret agents that are often pressing in their offers of purveying exclusive news. There is more than one Easterhazy abroad ready to sell information true or false, and it is a well-known fact that at the time Dreyfus became involved in the web which led to his expulsion from the French army, the same matter which he was supposed to have purveyed was hawked about the intelligence offices of Europe. It was offered at Berlin and brought to our own people in Queen Anne's gate.

THE RISK IS GREAT

in tampering with these unavowable sources of supply. Some years ago a military attache at a certain Imperial court got into trouble by listening to the specious proposal of one of these creatures. He was suddenly informed by his own chancellory that his passports were ready, and that he had better make his way out of the country with all possible despatch, as his Ambassador would have no power to protect him from arrest. Nevertheless, a good deal of confidential, not to say secret, information reaches our intelligence Department by degrees, bit by bit, a small scrap at a time, so that all the items can be pieced together by an expert hand. There may be some matters still shrouded in mystery, a new form of explosive, or a new weapon, such as the French quick-firing gun, which may long escape unraveling, but the desired information will come sooner or later.