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## An Kour with the Editor

ILLIMITABLE POSSIBILITIES

If we accept as true, and if we claim to be Christians we can hardly do otherwise, the accounts given in the New Testament of the things done by the nostles, we seem forced to one of two conclusions Either a great power, once possessed by some men and apparently exercised by others, has been lost: or the power yet exists and is not utilized to any conspicuous extent. It seems as if, in the Christian world, the burden of proving that this power is not exercisable today rests upon those who assert it is not, and that to require believers in it to prove their case from the beginning is illogical. One can readily understand that a person who refuses to believe that Peter and John caused a man, who had been lame from his birth, to walk, or that "Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people," can be absolutely incredulous when asked to believe that there is an occult power whereby physical effects can be produced; but why one, who believes these narratives contained in the Acts of the Apostles, should do so is not so clear. What right has any one to say that any man or woman may not be "full of faith and power," as. Stephen was, that is if he admits what is told of Stephen is true. It is very true, that most ecclesiastical authorities refuse to believe in occurrences, which are attributed to this "faith and power," but so also did the ecclesiastical authorities, who were contemporary with Stephen, so that all this refusal appears to establish with certainty is that ecclesiastical authority is not very greatly different now to what it was nineteen centuries ago.

If we assume the truth of the story of the Apos-

tles, and if we admit that the "faith and power" by which they worked is exercisable today as efficiently as ever, are we not forced to the conclusion that we are losing one of the features of Christianity, which might greatly promote the welfare of mankind, if it were employed as the Founder of Christianity and His immediate successors employed it? Leaving absolutely out of the question all matters of religious belief, all questions in regard to sin, forgiveness, future life and matters of that kind, all ideas respecting an offended God and an atonement, and taking the story of Christ and His Apostles as a historical narrative, are we not forced to concede that, whatever else is demonstrated thereby, the one thing about which there can be no cavil is that there i an occult power whereby men can control physical conditions? We may differ as to the construction to be put upon language employed in teaching; we may or may not argue logically from the precepts laid down by those who founded Christianity; but if water was turned into wine, if Lazarus was raised from the dead, if the lame man did walk, if lepers were cleansed, there can be no question at all but that in these things was exemplified an actual power quite as real as the power of gravitation, and it would seem logically to follow that the laws governing the operation of this power are as proper a sub-ject of investigation as are those of the force that makes an apple fall to the ground when loosed from

the bough of a tree. Let it be conceded for the sake of the argument that this power does exist, can any one fix its limitations? If it is an efficient agency exerciseable by those who qualify themselves to employ it, what might it not accomplish in the way of the regeneration of individuals and society? One thing seems clear enough, namely that such a power was inconsistent with wrong-living and hence one may reasonably infer that it is only available to those who live When Jesus used his oft-quoted expression rightly. about faith that could remove mountains, he added, "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." In all ages and all lands prayer and fasting have been regarded as prerequisite to the exercise of occult force. Gluttony, licentiousness, evil thoughts, the concentration of the mind upon material things, fishness, all these are hostile to the development of faith. Every ecclesiastic will concede that, no matter with what section of the church he is asso ated. But the faith they have in mind is something that will save a man from the consequence of his sins in a future life, whereas what Jesus seems to have been speaking of was a faith that could acand see for yourself. This is as far as it seems be worth following out by those who think of such things. It seems to bear out the idea expressed in the first of the articles suggested by the Acts of the Apostles, namely, that it is Faith, which rightly exreised can make us superior to physical surroundings, which differentiates us from the brute creation, onstitutes our likeness to God and is the source of eternal life.

SALAMIS

After the battle of Thermopylae there was nothing to obstruct the advance of the Persian hosts and they overran Attica, capturing and burning Athens, against which city Xerxes cherished the revenge which had been the inspiration of the expedition planned by his father Darius. Previous to Thermopylae the Persian and Grecian fleets had been in ollision and the latter had demonstrated its superiority in naval skill, although it was greatly outered by the former. More serious than any ininflicted by the Greeks was the damage result-

rom a terrific storm. It is interesting to read the accounts of the supplications made to the gods by the Greeks, of the consultations with the oracles, and of the repeated sacrifices. The Persians pursued much the same course, and indeed the whole cam paign seems to have been conducted in accordance with what were understood to be the wishes of the gods. The storm at Artemesium encouraged the Greeks to hope that they were under divine protection and had a dispiriting effect upon the Persians, who remembered the disaster which had followed the partial destruction of their fleet at Mount Athos during the expedition of Darius. If the fleet of Xerxes had advanced without hesitation, treating the storm simply as an incident in the natural order of events, they would have found the Greek naval forces disorganized and the rival commanders divided in opinion as to the best course to follow; but they layed, and the delay gave Themistokles, the Athen-

ian commander, an opportunity to carry out his plans.
The fighting ships of those days avoided the open sea as far as possible, seeking the narrow channe o as to be within reach of shelter in the event of storm. Propelled only by oars, and carrying a large number of men in proportion to their size, they could take few chances in rough weather, and, if the wind blew with unusual severity, the practice was to beach the ships and haul them up out of the reach of the waves. Conditions of this kind made a rapid advance difficult, and yet the conduct of the Persians seems inexplicable. After much disputation the varous Grecian naval contingents assembled in the narrow strait between the coast of Attica and the island known as Salamis. The Persians occupied the northeast end of the strait, and for a considerable timethe navies confronted each other, the Persians hesitating to advance, and the Greeks quarrelling among. themselves as to what line of conduct they should adopt. At first all of them except Themistokles nselled dispersion, so hopeless did an encounter with the vastly uperior forces of the Persians ap-

about a conflict. He succeeded in persuading the Spartan commander to agree to his plan, but the other commanders held aloof. The issue of their disputes was very doubtful, and Themistokles resolved to attempt by strategy what he apparently could not accomplish by argument. Towards the close of a day during the whole of which the dispute had waxed furious, Themistokles excused himself from the council and despatched his favorite slave on a secret mission to Xerxes, conveying to the Persian monarch the exact condition of things among the Greeks and strongly recommending him to send a part of his fleet to the western end of the strait, and when morning came to attack the Greeks, both in the front and the rear. His advice was taken, and when morning came the Greek commanders saw that their retreat was cut off and hence no recourse was left to them but to fight. Thus the wily Athenian

Details of the battle of Salamis are very incom ete, which is not a matter of surprise, seeing that nearly half a century elapsed before the story of it was committed to writing. The battle took place some time in the year 480 B. C. Herodotus gathered the various narratives in circulation among the people and reduced them to historical order about fifty years later. But a sea-fight in those days was not an incident that lent itself to a general description. After the first marshalling of the ships, battle became a series of encounters between single ships or groups of ships without any general plan of The first effort was to ram the enemy's ships, and failing that to get alongside and trust to a hand to hand conflict. Rapid evolutions were impossible. In a small space ships got in each other's way, oars became entangled and broken, and the confusion would be such that a connected account of the battle would be well nigh impossible. . A few stories of individual daring have been preserved, but substantially all that is known with certainty is that the Greeks were victorious and the Persian fleet was very seriously crippled. It was not by any means annihilated, for the remaining ships outnumbered those of the Greeks, but its morale was completely destroyed. Its numerical strength had contributed to its defeat, for the vessels got in each other's way and many of them were thus sunk by collisions, with

which their opponents had nothing to do. Xerxes witnessed the battle from a lofty throne which had been erected on the shore, in the belief that his presence in a conspicuous place in sight of his fleet would inspire his men with confidence and courage. The result of the day produced in his breast a feeling of panic and he ordered the evacuation of Greece by his troops, excusing himself by saying that, having destroyed Athens, he had avenged the memory of his father. He left Mardonius with 300,000 men to complete the subjugation of Greece, but this force was utterly defeated later at Plataea, and the Persian invasion was at an end. There are few reliable particulars of the retreat of We know that the bridge of boats over the Hellespont was destroyed by a storm, that starvation and pestilence claimed thousands of victims, that an early winter added to the horrors of the march, that all the splendor which had marked the advance disappeared; but we cannot account in any way for the vast host which a short filme before had been led down the Egean coast by the Persian monarch. Neither do we know the fate of the hundreds of vessels which remained after Salamis. Probably the Egyptian and Phoenician ships made their way home. as best they could. What became of the men from what are now known as Turkestan, Northwest India, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Egypt, Nubia and other lands, which made up the vast army, we can only guess. Xerxes seems to have been most concerned about his Persian soldiers, and to have sought chiefly to protect them. It is probable that many of the others, who survived the horrors of the retreat, remained in the northern provinces of modern Greece and the southern provinces of modern Turkey. Salamis will always have a place in history because there was decided the fate of Europe, so far as the ambitions of Asiatic monarchs was concerned. Thenceforward Greece was able to develop her civilization according to her own ideals, and those ideals are to a large extent ours. After Salamis Pericles, when literature, learning and art attained their highest culture and our modern systems of

ethics and philosophy were evolved. Contemporary History

The battle of Marathon was fought in 490 B. C. and that of Salamis in 480 B. C. This period corresponds with the early days of the Roman Commonwealth, the expulsion of the Tarquins, the end of the monarchy being generally assigned by historians to the year 509 B. liable history of Rome covering this period. Carthage had at this time reached the pinnacle of her military greatness. At the battle of Himera, fought in the same year as Salamis, Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, had 3,000 ships and 300,000 men under him. His object was to conquer Sicily and he was acting concert with Xerxes. He was repulsed by the Sicilians. Britain was discovered by the Carthaginians about this time and explorations of the western coast of Africa were carried on. Confucius was living at the time of the battle of Salamis, and he died in 475 B. C. The Buddhist movement in India began at this time, the date generally accepted for the death of this great teacher being 477 B. C.

GENERAL GORDON

In compliance with the request of a correspondent a brief sketch of the career of General Charles George Gordon is given. He was son of Henry William Gordon, a lieutenant-general of artillery, and was born at Woolwich on January 28, 1833. He entered the army as a lieutenant in 1852 and served in the Crimean war with distinction. After the close of the war he was engaged in the survey of the new boundaries between Russia and Turkey in Asia. Promoted to a captaincy he was engaged in the Anglo-French expedition which resulted in the capture of Peking in 1860. He remained in China after peace was concluded as commander of the royal engineers at Tien Tsin, making several expeditions into the interior and acquiring a great knowledge of China. He became major in 1862, and in the following year was entrusted by the Peking authorities with the suppression of the Tai-ping rebellion. He organized what became known as "The Ever-victorious Army," and as a result of his operations he opened the great silk-producing provinces to commerce. . He was offered an immense reward in money for his services, but declined everything except honorary recognition, accepting the position of mandarin of the first rank and the title of Ti Tu, which is the highest in the Chinese military service. He returned to England and was made lieutenant-colonel and from 1865 to 1871 was in command of the royal engineers at Woolwich, at which time he distinguished himself by his work among the sick and noor. He next represented the British government on the International Danube Commission, and in 1874 went to Egypt to establish the sovereignty of the Khedive in the basin. For his services he was created a Pasha, and in 1877 was appointed Governor of the Soudan. His administration was very successful. He did much towards suppressing the slave trade, promoted com-

the development of the national resources of the country. He resigned office in 1879 and in the following year went to India as secretary to the viceroy, the Marquis of Ripon. Finding clerical work un-congenial he went to China to assist Sir Robert Hart in adjusting the relations of that country and Russia. This accomplished, he was sent to the Mauritius in command of the Royal Engineers and made a majorgeneral. He was unsuccessful in an attempt to adjust the differences between Cape Colony and the Basutos, and returned to England by way of Palestine. He was then invited by the King of the Belgians to head an expedition to the Congo, but the rebellion of the Mahdi having broken out in the Soudan he went to Egypt, where he was commissioned to withdraw the scattered garrisons from the scene of hostilities. He reached Khartum in 1884, but his military operations were unsuccessful owing to the treachery of some of the Pashas under him. communication with Egypt was cut off and he was besieged in Khartum, which he heroically defended for ten months. The town fell through the treachery of one of his Pashas, and Gordon was slain when th Mahdi's forces entered. At this time General Wolseley's relief force was only two days' march distant from the beleaguered town.

General Gordon was a man of the noblest qualities and with a sense of duty rarely evidenced. He was deeply religious. As a soldier he possessed great talents, and as an administrator he has had few

The Birth of the Nations

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE SPANIARDS

I.—Earliest History

Spain boasts of a civilization of great antiquity. We are told by ancient chroniclers that the primitive laws of this land were framed six thousand years before the beginning of time, whatever that may mean. Another old story, relates how Tubal, fifth son of Japhet, was the first man to set foot in this wonderful country, which the Romans named Hespania and the Greeks Hesperia, which means the Land of the Setting Sun. Still earlier legends tell us that Spain was one of the places visited by Hercules and his followers in their search for the Golden Fleece. So sunny was the elime and the soil productive of such a variety of rich and luscious fruits that the heroes of the Argonautic expedition tarried there a while and some of them, falling quite in love

with the country determined to settle in it.

were joined some years later after the fall of Troy, by refugees from the burning city. The early history of this fair land is clouded in mystery, bewildering, fascinating, romantic, history. There are probably few other countries that can claim to be the scene of such a spectacular historical drama as Old Spain. She is justly famed for the number of heroic men she has given to the world, heroes distinguished for their chivalry, their learning, their prowess in war, and their genius and love for

A country so rich in natural resources, so easy of access and of such a maryelous climate could not fail to attract settlers from all parts of the world. Authentic history names the Phoenicians as among the earliest people to invade the country, though they were peaceful invaders for the most part, giv-ing their time and attention principally to commerce. The Carthaginians joined them at the Phoenicians' invitation, and for many years the two peoples united in the endeavor to keep the land of their adoption a secret from the Romans, who were growing threateningly powerful. Hence we are told the origin of the name. In Punic the word Span (Spain) means

something hidden. However, their vigilance counted for little. Greek and Roman navigators sailing towards the shores of Spain, attracted by the appearance of the land, and the sweet and spicy odours wafted seawards from the wooded hills, anchored their ships off the coast, and, after reconnoitring the country, carried such tales of its beauty and richness to their respective homes that the cupidity of the Greeks and Romans was aroused, and each nation sought to conquer the land for herself. The Punic wars followed, at the end of which Spain became a Roman province, the fairest and one of the richest that the great Empire

The peoples of the two countries co-mingled, and ace was established turned their time and attention to the cultivation of the arts, the sciences and philosophy. The Romans had borrowed most of their ideas in regard to these things from the conquered Greeks, but the inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula prided themselves upon their own learning and advancement. Had not their forefathers founded Cadiz, Sidon and Tyre and the now ruined Carthage? Had they not conquered Sicily and Sardinia? So there began an era of poetic literature and scientific advancement. The Romans were the teachers, it is true, but the Andalusians proved such apt pupils that they soon surpassed their masters. Euclid was taught, all of the industries brought to a high state of perfection, and the sciences cultivated, until it came to pass that everything in the way of literature that Rome produced was the work of Spaniards, and the Empire counted upon the conquered province to export to her most of her luxuries, from the black grapes and the amber wines, the sweet oil and honey and the richly dyed cloths, to the dark-eyed, lissome-limbed girls who should people the Roman harems.

But "already the blue victorious eyes of Vandal and of Goth were peering down upon Rome; already they had whispered together and over the hydromel

had drunk to her fall." Some historians would have us believe that in the general destruction of the civilized world under the ravaging inroads of the Goths, the Vandals and the Huns, Spain was graciously spared by them, that even the barbarians were affected by the refinement there, the evidences of art and culture, and were inspired with a desire to emulate the conquered people. But Wilberforce claims that Spain suffered as did every other part of the Roman Empire, that the Goths' influence there, far from being a Christianizing one, led only to degradation, and "that throughout the whole of Europe at this time, not a shred of

light was discernible." It was during the 8th century that Spain came under the rule of the Saracens after remaining for three hundred years subject to the dominion of the Goths. After the death of the last Gothic king and during the first invasion of the Arabs, Pelayo, the hero of many a Spanish romance, lived and ruled over some few hundred subjects in the wild and impregnable country of the Asturias. stories related of him is to the effect that with only thirty men he once held a mountain pass against four hundred thousand Moslem besiegers, putting them to rout and destroying a countless number. It stands to reason that such a report must be largely

merce, established routes of trade and stimulated the product of the chronicler's imagination, but Pelayo was undoubtedly a great soldier and won many victories against great odds. His brave steadfastness and wonderful success becoming the theme of song and story did much to awaken in the hearts of his country people, who lived after him, that spirit of patriotism which fired the ambition of the Spaniards and acted as an incentive to inspire them to take arms against the Moslem foe, and bring Spain under Christian rule. Pelayo was the founder of the Spanish monarchy.

WITH THE POETS

The Faring Forth Wrought All A little of life, a little of love,
A little of joy—little worlds to move—
And the day is over.

A glint of the heaven that might shine through,
A little of life—so little of you
That the mountains rise and the mists renew When the day is over.

Ah, Sweet, if the faring forth wrought all, With the heart and breath of me ever athrall To your beauty, Love's lover, Then 't were to laugh in broad, glad day, And round up the stars, and live, I say! For oh, if the faring forth wrought all Day ne'er would be over!

-Mary Byerley in Lippincott's.

Man's Strength for Man's Distress Father in heaven, who lovest all, O, help thy children when they call: That they may build from age to age

Teach us to rule ourselves alway, Controlled and cleanly night and day; That we may bring, if need arise, No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends, On Thee for judge, and not our friends; That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek By deed or thought to hurt the weak; That, under Thee, we may possess Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things, And mirth that has no bitter springs; Forgiveness free of evil done, And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Mine are the buds of hope Upon the vine: Mine is the morning's cope Of sapphire stain Mine is you grassy slope
That's beryline:
And mine the warm white rain,

The rainbow skein! I am the throb that stirs The daffodli;
The sap within the firs—
A living core:
Take heed, my worshippers!
I am the thrill
Of song that runs before

Of song that runs before By crest and shore! In every vein of earth
I pulse, I leap;
I cause all beauty's birth— The joy thereof The joy thereof:
Where once were death and dearth
(The long white sleep)
Through me, beneath, above,
Are life and love!

-Clinton Scollard in Ainslee's.

Lincoln

"You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier, You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace, Broad for the self-complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face

"His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, His lack of all we prize as debonair, Of power or will to shine, of art to please:

"You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh, Judging each step, as though the way were plain, Reckless, so it could point its paragraph Of chief's perplexity or people's pain:

"Beside his corpse, that bears for winding sheet The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew, Between the mourners at his head and feet, Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?"

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer, To lame my pencil, and confute my pen; o make me own this kind of princes peer, This rail splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue, Noting how to occasion's height he rose, How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be; How in good fortune, and in all the same; Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he, Thirsting for gold, nor feverish for fame.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil, The iron mark that turns the lumberer's ax, he rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil, The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear-Such were the needs that helped his youth to train: Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear, If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do, And lived to do it; four long suffering years"

Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise, And he took both with the same unwavering mood; Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A felon hand, between the goal and him, Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed, And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim, Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips, Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen, When his vile murderer brought a swift eclipse To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men,

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea, Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came. -Tom Taylor. THE STORY TELLER

The Secret of Success

The motto of success was given in this tale, told

at a banquet:
A Swede among the miners in the west was noted
A Swede among the miners in the west was noted for always striking pay dirt. His fellows thought that there must be some secret to the unusual suc-cess of the Swede and questioned him as to how he always succeeded in finding the spot where the gold

"Vell, Ay don't know ef Ay can tell anytang 'bout dat," answered Ole. "Ay only know dat Ay yust keep on diggin'."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Quaintness

Prof. Brander Matthews, the writer and teacher, was discussing literary quaintness at Columbia. In illustration of the quaint he said:

"A little girl I know was very bad one day. She

was so bad that, other corrections failing, her mo-ther took her to her room to whip her.
"During this proceeding, the little girl's older brother opened the door and was about to enter. But in her prone-position across her mother's knee the little girl twisted round her head and said se-

verely:
"Eddie, go out! Can't you see we're busy?""

A Reflection "The late Senator Allison," said a Dubuque lawyer, "was a stickler for personal cleanliness, even for personal elegance. There was no quicker way for a man to get on his black books than to be unshaven, to have the trousers unpressed, the boots unpolished.

"We used to have here in Dubuque a decidedly "We used to have here in Dubuque a decidenty slovenly lawyer. This lawyer appeared one afternoon at a meeting with a rose in his buttonhole. The sight of a rose in the buttonhole of such a sloven excited a great deal of comment. "I wonder where on earth he got it?" said L "Senator Allison smiled. "Probably,' said he, 'it grew there.'"

Too Frank

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was discussing jocularly the society leaders' claim that too many statesmen appear to rely on their uncouthness—on the absence of socks, etc.—for their fame.

socks, etc.—for their fame.
"I would point out," said he, "that neither Caesar nor Alexander wore socks, and if I attacked New York society as frankly as this person has attacked public life, I might—but, after all, perfect frankness in the said that attacked public life. is invariably a bad thing.

"You have heard, perhaps, of the young man who admired perfect frankness? Calling on a pretty girl,

"If there is one thing that I reverence in this world, perfect frankness is that thing." "Yes?" said the girl. Then I'll at once grasp the opportunity to urge you to shave off your moustache before you eat another soft-boiled egg."

Unofficially Fired A western magazine editor narrated, at a Tolstoi

birthday dinner in Chicago, an interesting story about the great Russian. "Tolstoi," he said, "abominates sneaks, spies. He intensely abominated Melikoff, whose treachery and ty to the young radical party was a scandal to Russia.

even to Russia.

"Melikoff one day, suspecting that a good deal of revolutionary work was going on at Tolstof's estate, visited Yasmaya Polyana unexpectedly.

""Do you come," said Tolstof to him sternly, 'officially or as a private person? If you come officially, here are my keys. Search. Examine everything.

You are quite free to do so.'
"But, Count,' said Mellkoff, 'believe me, I come
to you as a private person.'
"Tolstoi looked at him in silence. Then, calling" two stalwart mujhiks, he said:

'Here, pitch this man out of the house!'"

The Retort Final

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of olly, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water— No, there—

that funny streak in the water --- No, ther Right over there!"
The guide was busy rebaiting the old gentleman's hook, and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."
"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were

not to be denied. "look right over nting and tell me what makes that funny streak The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."—Everybody's Magazine. The Little Man

"Hello, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice office here. How are you making out?"
"I'm at the top of the ladder. I am the vice-

president of this mining concern."
"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"
"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one

The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes, He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. But, remember, he is a first-class man. We pay him a big salary." The man over there behind that railing is another official, is he not?' "Yes. That's the treasurer. He's another great

man. We pay him hig money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened-face old man over there in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He—ahem—owns the mine, you know."—Bohemian.

"Who Are You?"

The telephone jangled its bell madly, insistently, until we hurried to take down the receiver.

Then a rough-spoken individual, whose voice sounded like the end of a campaign, asked us if we sounded like the end of a campaign, asked us if we are ward. were the Myomy Pieplate Company. We answered we were not. Then the receiver recorded another

rasp:
"Who are you?" yelled the other end with emphasis on the you.

We admitted our number and party letter and

waited in silence "Hey!" said the voice. "What?" said we. "If you ain't the party, get away from there." We said we were because we were rung up, and en we hung up. One minute later the bell rang then we hung up. One minute later the bell rang like a house on fire. We leaped to the phone and selzed the receiver. Again that awful voice after the

Myomy company, and then the question:
"Who are you?" with the emphasis bearing on the

We again committed ourselves as far as our number and letter. "Will you please give me your name!" yelled the

"We don't think that is necessary," we said, and advised him to get the operator.
"I'm trying to," was the last we heard as we hung

We didn't feel called on to give our address to a we didn't feel called on to give our address to a party that rung us up and then told us to get away from there; besides, how could we have known he didn't want our name for some dark purpose? We are glad we had enough presence of mind to say what we said.—Newark (N. J.) News.