

ton, answers: "1. Ill-health. 2. Mistake in the choice of employment. 3. Lack of persistent and protracted effort. 4. A low ideal, making success to consist in personal aggrandizement, rather than in the training and development of a true and noble character.

Dr. Lyman Abbott answers. "The combined spirit of laziness and self-conceit that makes a man unwilling to do anything unless he can choose just what he will do."

Judge A. W. Tenney, of Brooklyn, replies: "Outside of intemperance, failure to grasp and hold, scattering too much, want of integrity and promptness, unwillingness to achieve success by earning it in the old-fashioned way."

The attorney-general of a neighboring State replies. "Living beyond income, and speculating with borrowed funds, unwillingness to begin at the foot of the ladder and work up. Young men want to be masters at the start, and assume to know before they have learned." And another reason in the same line. "Desiring the success that another has, without being willing to work as that man does. Giving money making a first place and right-doing a second place."

Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," considers the frequent cause of business collapse to be. "Trying to carry too big a load." As to others he says. "I don't know how about a professional man's failing, if he works, keeps sober, and sleeps at home. Lawyers, ministers and doctors live on the sine of the people, and, of course, grow fat under reasonable exertion, unless the competition is too great. It requires real genius to fail in either of these walks of life."

Hon. Joseph Medill, ex-mayor of Chicago, answers: "Liquor drinking, gambling, reckless speculation, dishonesty, tricky conduct, cheating, idleness, shirking hard work, frivolous reading, lack of manhood in the battle of life, failure to improve opportunities."

Among the causes of failure given by my correspondents many may be classified under the general fault of wavering, such as "wavering purpose," "non stick-to-it-iveness," "failure to grasp and hold," "scattering too much," "trying to do too many things, rather than stick to the one thing one knows most about." A young man spends seven years in a grocery store, and when he has just learned the business he concludes to go into dry goods. By failing to choose that first he

has thrown away seven years' experience. Probably, after learning the dry goods business, he will conclude to become a watchmaker, and at last becomes a "jack at all trades," good at none. A prominent merchant says: "Nearly all failures in legitimate business come from not serving an apprenticeship to it," that is, from leaving a business one knows for another which he does not understand.

Another cause of failure is the disposition to escape hard work, and get rich in haste—"desiring the success another man has, without being willing to work as that man does, and begin, as he did, at the foot of the ladder." How many who were in haste to get rich, to reap without patient industry in sowing, have learned the truth of the old proverb. "The more haste, the worse speed!"

THE STORY OF A WATCH.

One day I was passing through the Green Park. Let me recall that eventful day. I have been working hard all day to catch up lost time, am now walking slowly through the park, when a sight meets my eye which makes me forget fatigue and change my stroll into a sharp walk. A crowd. I am soon in it. What is the matter? Indeed! Then I must stop. One does not see a Sultan every day. This is something like. An Oriental potentate, in all his magnificence, is about to enter the palace of the great Queen upon whose dominions the sun never sets. Hark! Music! Here they come! Hurrah! A rush, a squeeze, a man pushes rudely against me; I glance around at him; he is working his way quickly through the crowd, very quickly. A suspicion flashes upon me. One touch of my hand to my side makes it a certainty. My watch is gone! I plunge fiercely after that man. I think of my wife's tears, of my own vexation; I think, with a tender regret, of winding up time, I feel like a father as I think of the times I have corrected my treasure by the church. I picture Blogg's pretended sympathy and secret glee. I imagine him flaunting his gold Geneva in my face, and myself without my good old forty guinea English lever to put him down with, and all because of that black whiskered vagabond now making his escape. These thoughts—the thoughts of a moment—give me the strength and energy of a lion. I dash and push and squeeze through the people, who give me

no aid, but curse me volubly as I stamp on their toes and dig my elbows into their ribs. I make a clutch at him. Missed by a hair's breadth. Oh, if that man between us had been thin! Another attempt; I touch his coat. Once more—I have him! Oh, the ecstasy of that moment, mingled with the fear of his having passed the watch to a confederate! Before I can gasp out a word he turns half round, slips it into my hand, and as I place it in my pocket he makes off once more, this time unpursued, for I have regained my treasure and am satisfied. I do not venture to take it out of my pocket, but walk home at once, keeping my hand on the watch all the way. No one shall come near me till I reach home. I feel very hot, but at the same time a hero. Have I not had an adventure, and have I not come through it triumphantly? No tears now from my wife, no sneers from Blogg. How shall I enjoy winding my watch to night! Its value is enhanced, it has a story! I wish I could go home on horseback or by steam. I am bursting to tell my wife all about it. At last I am home. I am sitting down I begin my tale. I tell of the crowd, of the thief, of my loss. My wife tries to interrupt me, I won't allow it, I describe the deed, the chase, the capture, the restitution! I pause for my wife's word of admiration and congratulation, which I am sure will now follow. She says quietly "My dear, you know you left in a hurry this morning. If you look on the mantelpiece you will see your watch, which you left at home." She was right. I have now two watches!—*London Society.*

GEORGE GRAHAM AND HIS WATCHES.

Under the above title we find a very characteristic anecdote of George Graham, the celebrated inventor of the anchor movement, in a German contemporary, whether true or not, at least it speaks of a man held in reverence by all watch-makers.

As it is well known, Graham was a quaker. He one day sold a watch to a stranger, and guaranteed its correct rate. The purchaser said he was on the eve of embarking for East India and desired to know how long he could depend on the good rate of the watch.

"My friend," said Graham, "I have constructed and regulated the watch myself, thee can wear it, whenever thee