

tial steps in making the issue are examined into by lawyers experienced in this sort of work, and until satisfied that the debentures have been legally authorized and issued the bonds are not turned over to the investors.

And so, in buying bonds or debentures from a bond house, the investor need not fear that he is buying something which the house is keen to sell him to make a commission. He is really securing something which they have bought and paid for only after careful investigation. True, they are, not in the business for the mere joy of it. Their reason for being is to make money selling bonds, but, as one writer says, "in so doing they are guided by that enlightened self-interest which used to be expressed by the phrase, 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

A Cowboy's Funeral

A little adobe schoolhouse, fenced in from the surrounding ranges with barbed wire, a wide expanse of semiarid land with small areas under cultivation, and large herds of cattle roaming over extended tracts of nearly sterile country—this was the picture outside. Within was a little Massachusetts school-teacher, "not bigger than a pint of cider," as her admirers in the neighborhood said, beginning a missionary school with half a dozen pupils.

Advertise!

Waiting for a wind;
Hanging off and on;
These are the terms the sailors
used

In days now past and gone,
Describing why their blessed ships
Were ever late in sailing,
And so lost out in making good
To owners left bewailing.

Too many now hang in the wind
On board another craft—
The craft preservative of crafts—
For some kind fate to waft
Them to a port of trade and gain;
Not using brains or eyes
To note the means to make their
way

Is here, and advertise.
The sailors used to whistle
A clear and lively note
To get the wind they longed to
get;
This plan would get our goat
To-day, because a whistle shows
One has the wind already,
And all you've got to do, my son,
Is blow it strong and steady.

There was need of the work. There was no place of worship, and there had been no school until the opening of the little mission, and the coming of the little woman from Massachusetts.

Slowly the school grew, and gradually other pupils entered than the very little ones who had constituted the first half-dozen. But there was a wide disparity between the age even of the oldest pupil and that of one who arrived one morning after the school had been in operation about a month. He was a tall young man, with spurs, lariat and sombrero, and he sat his Indian pony as if he had been a centaur. Fastening his horse to the barbed-wire fence, he came inside without knocking, and took his seat without removing his hat.

"Would you like to become a member of the school?" asked Miss Selby.

"Well, I don't know," said he. "I'll see how I like it."

His investigation continued that day and the next. He took no part in the school beyond the occasional throwing of paper wads. This disconcerted the school a little at first, but later attracted no attention, for the teacher herself disregarded it, and found means to suggest quietly to the younger children that they show their visitor a model school. When the school was dismissed at the close of the

second day, he approached the teacher with his sombrero in hand, and said:

"I know I hain't behaved decent. I hain't been to school since I was a little shaver, and don't know how to act, but I know better'n I've done, and if you'll forgive me I'll settle down to study. I'd like to come and learn."

The teacher had been waiting for this capitulation, and she improved the opportunity by telling him what obligations he must assume in the way of conduct if he became a member of the school; and by this time he was ready to promise anything.

With great diligence he applied himself to his books, and with even greater ardor to the reading of the papers and magazines which friends in the East were sending to the teacher.

The little school-teacher also had a Sunday-school, and although at first the cowboy pupil thought little of this institution, he attended that he might assist the teacher in the arrangement of the seats. He soon became a most attentive pupil, and before long an earnest seeker after a better life.

So matters went on for more than a year, and the second winter came, the severest known in the settlement. Cattle perished on the prairie. The horses which the children rode to school shivered in the frail sheds in the rear of the building, and in one terrible blizzard these very sheds had to be torn down and burned, since other fuel was lacking. A week the blizzard lasted, and when it was over the cowboy pupil did not reappear in school. He was sick with pneumonia, and in a few days he died.

There was no minister within twenty-five miles, and no Christian funeral had ever been held in the settlement; but the whole community deemed it unbecoming that Jack should be buried without a religious service. So they brought his body three miles across the plains to the little schoolhouse, and the frail young teacher stood before the open coffin, and read, "I am the resurrection and the life." Then she closed her Bible and spoke to the people who had gathered. What she said she never could remember. At first it had seemed impossible that she should say anything, but the blood of Puritan ancestors that had never quailed at duty rose within her, and she stood between the living and the dead, and spoke of the change that had taken place in Jack since first he gained the love of learning, and then the love of God.

The little school-teacher's health broke down soon afterward, and she returned to her Massachusetts home; but the school had grown, and two teachers came to take her place. Many were the traditions which these gathered of their predecessor in the work, but of all her good influences, that most frequently referred to was the earnest word and prayer of the little school-teacher at the grave of her cowboy pupil.

He Earned His Money

Mr. Huckins was trying to make over a screen door for the Widow Jennings. The day was hot and muggy, and she hung over him all day with questions, suggestions and complaints.

"Aren't you getting that too narrow?" asked the widow, hovering over the carpenter in a way suggestive of some large, persistent insect.

"No ma'am," said Mr. Huckins. "You know few minutes ago you thought 'twas too wide, and I measured it to show ye."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jennings. "Well, anyway I believe it'll sag if you don't change the hinges. Just hold it up and see."

Mr. Huckins held the door in place, and proved that the hinges were in the right spots, and after that Mrs. Jennings kept silence for a few moments.

"O dear," she said, grasping Mr. Huckins' hand after the short respite, "I'm sure you planned it off so the flies can get in at the top! Please hold it up again, and I'll just get on a chair and see if a fly could squeeze through. You may have to add a piece."

When at last it was hung and Mr. Huckins was ready to depart, the widow asked him for his bill.

"I don't make out any bills," said Mr. Huckins wearily, "but I'll tell ye what this work'll cost. If I'd've done it under the ordinary circumstance I have to contend with, 'twould have been fifty cents, but in this case I'll have to charge ye an extra quarter, ma'am, for pester."



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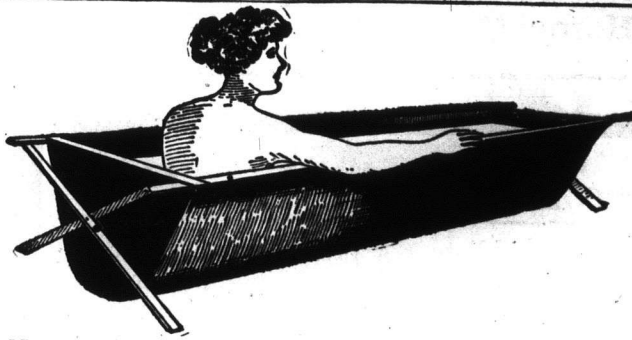
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