

WHAT MISS LESTER HAD ON

Or Rather, Didn't Have On, Shocked the Old Maid.

Too Many Spricimens of the Laffor Find-Summer Hotels for Comfort of Other Guests.

Miss Tabitha Grey had not reached the age of forty-five years without acquiring an extensive and unfavorable knowledge of her own sex.

"I assure you, ladies," exclaimed the proprietor, "I have never seen a thing like this before in my house."

"It must be the last," said Miss Grey firmly. "I will act at once," declared the proprietor.

"Oh yes, to be sure—of course, my soul, miss. As it was, I had a bother about it last year—my license I mean, miss. I'll go to Mr. Lester at once."

"The proprietor was a nervous, bashful man, and when he found himself standing before the Lesters and Captain Petrie, as they drank their after-luncheon coffee, he was much embarrassed.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Charlie. "Go on. What's the matter?"

"The proprietor nerved himself for the effort. After all, if these people were not ashamed for themselves, why should he blush for them?"

"What do you mean, you little rascal? What's this scandalous nonsense you've got hold of?"

"I wonder when Maggie will be down," said Lester. "I want to tell her."

"Oh, you're too late," said Petrie. "I've told her."

"Yes, I knew she'd like to know, so I went outside her door five minutes ago and shouted what we'd heard, and she came out directly."

"Had she anything on?" inquired Lester, in an interested tone.

"No," responded Captain Petrie. "but that made no difference."

"It would to me," said Lester, with a smile.

"And to me," said the Captain; "but it didn't to her. I reminded her of it, and she said that it made no odds—she wanted to hear all I knew directly. So we stood in the passage and—"

Miss Grey had been gradually becoming more and more horrified. She had been prepared for a good deal, but this was too much.

"Miss Grey was a woman who never allowed herself to be turned from the path of duty, however painful that path might be to others."

"By Jove! I got it. Oh! this beats anything!" And he joined in with a loud guffaw.

"Is that the way you treat such an abominable?" began Miss Grey astutely.

"Oh, stop! for heaven's sake, stop!" exclaimed the Captain. "You'll be the death of me, you really will!"

chain of evidence. They made a joke of it! What could the suggestion of boots—only boots—be, except a vulgar shameless jest? The ladies went in a body to the proprietor, and intimated that either they or the Lester party must forthwith leave the hotel.

"I assure you, ladies," exclaimed the proprietor, "I have never seen a thing like this before in my house."

"I will act at once," declared the proprietor. "This is a respectable house, and such proceedings cannot be tolerated. Good gracious! It would endanger my license!"

"And your soul!" said Miss Grey solemnly.

"I beg your pardon, miss?" said the proprietor.

"Oh yes, to be sure—of course, my soul, miss. As it was, I had a bother about it last year—my license I mean, miss. I'll go to Mr. Lester at once."

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"Oh, stop! for heaven's sake, stop!" exclaimed the Captain. "You'll be the death of me, you really will!"

"Silence follow for a moment, and the Captain, conquering his mirth, went on: 'I don't know if any of you ladies go in for horse-racing. Probably not. I'm sure Miss Grey doesn't. Well, this morning I heard that a horse of mine which is running in a race today had done an exceptionally and quite unexpectedly good trial—I mean, had proved a far faster runner than we had supposed. In fact, there was little doubt that he would win the race. Sometimes, ladies, I am wicked enough to bet. Occasionally Charlie Lester is equally wicked. Now and then Miss Lester yields to that vice. Well, as you know, we are far from a telegraph here; and we were much annoyed, Charlie and I, that we could not take advantage of our fresh information to bet on the horse—to put something

on, as we say. Miss Lester regretted also, when I told her the news, that she had nothing on—the horse. Do you begin to understand, ladies?"

"The ladies glanced at one another in some confusion. Miss Grey looked angry and suspicious.

"And the boots?" she said. "To put your boots on the horse," explained the Captain politely, "is a slang expression for letting your entrails fall out of your shirt."

"Sir!" said Miss Grey. "But Miss Grey's sway was ended. Maggie burst into a fresh fit of laughter, and, after a moment's pause the whole company followed suit.

"The next day she left the hotel, she could not face her victorious foes. Captain Petrie insisted on handing her into the omnibus, saying as he did so: 'Be easy, my dear madame. In future it shall be my care to see that Miss Lester has something on.'"

"Aristocrats in Humble Roles. A few months ago Viennese society was much shocked at the death of a nobleman connected with some of the highest families in the city, who died a pauper in the workhouse. This unfortunate scion of a noble race was in his younger days a popular society favorite.

"In the course of a few years, however, he squandered a large fortune, and actually had to join a traveling circus in order to earn bread and cheese."

"Subsequently he left the circus and was reduced to the extremity of selling matches in the streets of Vienna, until he was successful in securing a situation as porter in a large commercial house. He could often be seen carrying or wheeling goods through the fashionable thoroughfares. It was while pulling a truck too heavily loaded that he overstrained himself and died through the bursting of a blood vessel. Strange to say two days afterwards a distant relative died and left him a legacy of \$30,000, a remarkable example of the irony of fate."

"Somewhat similar are the circumstances connected with the career of a beggar aristocrat well known in one of the largest Italian cities, who was recently left a fortune at sixty years of age. This noble beggar, although of princely descent, had for many years eked out a miserable livelihood by selling lemons and begging. A short time ago, however, a relative appointed him joint heir together with a female relation to a fortune amounting to over six million florins.

"After having spent fifteen years as a miner in the wilds of Alaska, Camilo Espinoza, a cousin of the ex-Empress Eugenie, returned a few months ago to civilization. In his youth M. Espinoza was an officer of the Spanish Royal Guard, but was forced to fly from the country through accidentally causing the death of a brother officer, who was a relative of the ex-Queen Isabella. In 1884 he met three fellow-countrymen in Bombay, and they decided to go to Alaska, where all four were successful in making fortunes. Mainly owing to the efforts of the ex-Empress Eugenie, the Queen-Regent of Spain has pardoned M. Espinoza for his offense of years ago, and he has now returned to civilization in order to enjoy the fruits of his hard toil in the wilds of America."

"Rather than trouble to ask his rich relatives for help, Captain J. W., who is said to be related to some of our aristocratic families, decided a year or two ago, when practically penniless, to serve before the mast on a sailing cutter. He won a commission and no small amount of fame in the Matabele campaign with the British South African Company. After the campaign, however, he was unfortunately enough to lose all his money through speculation, and it was then that he decided to ship before the mast, and before long was able to add 'A. B.' after his name as well as the 'B. A.' he had won at Oxford."

"It is rather strange that the sons of two of America's most famous millionaires should have won a certain amount of popularity on account of their fondness for humble toil. Mr. Herbert Croker, the third son of 'Boss' Croker, went to work in a blacksmith's shop at a big ship-yard in Elizabeth Port some time ago; while Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, it will doubtless be remembered, displeased his father by marrying Miss Grace Wilson, started to build up a career for himself as a common clerk on one of the chief railways. Mr. Vanderbilt, by-the-by, has just invented and patented a new engine fire-box and boiler, which has been tried, with great success.—Tit-Bits."

"Mr. Keene's Plans. According to the World, James R. Keene will have one of the best stables of race horses in England next season. It is announced that he has just secured the noted English trainer, Felix Lynch, to take charge of his string. Sam Darling, who trained for him last year, is in bad health and has been compelled to take a trip to South Africa."

"Wages Voluntarily Advanced. South Bend, Ind., Dec. 24.—The Indiana Railway Company, of this city, which operates the lines in South Bend, Elkhart and Goshen, and twenty-six miles of interurban railway, posted an order today giving an increase of wages to the motormen, conductors and power station employees. This increase, the second within a few years, will amount to about \$10,000 a year."

"Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists."

BUSINESS MAN TO HIS SON

Who Thinks He Needs a Pleasure Trip to Europe.

No Fool Like an American F of Who Gets Picture Paraisis The Chicago Packer's Coat of Arms.

June 25, 189— Dear Pierpont: Your letter of the seventh twits around the point a good deal like a setter pup chasing his tail. But I gather from it that you want to spend a couple of months in Europe before coming on here and getting your nose in the bull ring.

"Of course you are your own boss now and you ought to be able to judge better than any one else how much time you have to waste, but it seems to me on general principles that a young man of twenty-two, who is physically and mentally sound, and who hasn't got a dollar and has never earned one, can't be getting on somebody's pay-roll too quick. And in this connection it is only fair to tell you that I have instructed the cashier to discontinue your allowance after July 15. That gives you two weeks for a vacation—enough to make a sick boy well or a lazy one lazier."

"I hear a good deal about men who won't take vacations, and who kill themselves by overwork, but it's usually worry or whisky. Its not what a man does during working-hours but after them, that breaks down his health. A fellow and his business should be honest friends in the office and sworn enemies out of it. A clear mind is one that is swept clean of business at six o'clock every night and isn't opened up for it again until after the shutters are taken down next morning."

"Some fellows leave the office at night to whoop it up with the boys, and some go home to sit up with their troubles—they're both in bad company. They're the men who are always needing vacations, and never getting any good out of them. What every man does need once a year is a change of work—that is, if he has been curved up over a desk for fifty weeks and subsisting on birds and burgundy he ought to take to fishing and a living and try bacon and eggs with a little spring water for dinner. But coming from Harvard to the packing house would give you change enough for this year to keep you in good trim, even if you didn't have a fortnight's leeway to run loose."

"You will always find it a safe rule to take a thing just as quick as it is offered—especially a job. It is never easy to get one except when you don't want it, but when you have got to get work, you'll find it as shy as an old crow that eggs farmer in the county has had a shock at."

"When I was a young fellow and out of a place I always made it a rule to take the first job that offered, and to use it for bait. You can catch a minnow with a worm, and a bass will take your minnow. A good bait will tempt an otter, and then you've got something worth skinning. Of course, there's no danger of your not being able to get a job with the house—in fact, there is no real way in which you can escape getting one, but I don't like to see you shy off every time the old man gets close to you with the halter."

"I want you to learn right at the outset not to play with the spoon before you take the medicine."

"Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible. Procrastination is the longest word in the language, but there is only one letter between its ends when they occupy their proper places in the alphabet."

"Old Dick Stover, for whom I once clerked in Indiana, was the worst hand at procrastinating that I ever saw. Dick was a powerful heavy eater, and no one ever loved meal-time better, but he used to keep turning over in bed mornings for just another wink and staying off getting up until finally his wife combined breakfast and dinner for him, and he only got two meals a day. He was a mighty religious man too, but he got to putting off saying his prayers until until he was in bed, and then he would keep passing them along until his mind was clear of worldly things, and in the end he would drop off to sleep without saying them at all. What between missing the Sunday morning service and never being seen on his knees, the first thing Dick knew he was turned out of the church. He had a pretty good business when I first went with him, but he would keep putting off firing his bad clerks till they had lit out with the petty cash, and he would keep putting off raising the salaries of the good ones till his competitor had hired them away. Finally he got so that he wouldn't discount his bills, even when he had the money, and when they came due he would give notes so as to keep from paying out his cash a little longer. Running a business on those lines is, of course, equivalent to making a will in favor of the sheriff and committing suicide so that he can inherit. The last I heard of Dick he was ninety-three years old and just about to die. That was ten years ago, and I'll bet he's living yet. I simply mention Dick in passing as an

WHITEHORSE LOOKS GOOD

Indications There Point to Future Prosperity.

While it is perhaps a little early to guess at the prospects of the winter's trade, everything points at the present time to a prosperous business for White Horse during the present closed season. From reports we gather from reliable authorities we think that we are not far out when we state that in all probability four or five thousand people will make the trip to Dawson 'over the ice.' It will be remembered that large numbers came out from lower river points during the months of September and October. Many of these people expressed their intention of returning early in 1902. On the other hand nearly all of those who left for the outside with no definite intentions will find their way back to Yukon, when they realize, after living for a short time in towns and cities where wages are low, that their chances are still good in the Golden North. The recent discoveries which have been made in the neighborhood of Dawson after inducements to the 'poor man' which heretofore he could not always avail himself of, added to this are the advantages of cheaper provisions, better roads and everything else which tends to make the life of a miner less burdensome. Possibly the most direct benefit to White Horse will be felt as the result of the many discoveries in the Big Salmon district. While it has always been our policy, to some extent, at least, to discount the reports brought to us by the sanguine residents of an undeveloped country, still we think we are very conservative when we state that at least one thousand people will go into the Big Salmon district during the next few months. Many have already expressed their intention of taking in machinery suitable for working profitably the ground that a miner strikes in some portions of this district, and even at the present time active preparations are being made for work in the spring. The present season, so far, has been a little discouraging owing to the effect of the mild weather on the winter trails, still we do not hear many complaints from the merchants, who are rather inclined to feel that the dull season is very nearly over, and good times will soon make them forget the short quiet season. We are not overlooking the rich copper properties right at our own door, which will be opened up extensively at an early date and about which we will have more to say in the near future.—White Horse Star.

instance of how habits rule a man's life. There is one excuse for every mistake a man can make, but only one. When a fellow makes the same mistake twice he's got to throw up both hands and own up to carelessness or cussedness. Of course, I knew you would make a fool of yourself pretty often when I sent you to college, and I haven't been disappointed. But I expected you to narrow down the number of combinations possible by making a different sort of a fool of yourself every time. That is the important thing unless a fellow has no lively imagination, or has none at all. You are bound to try 'this Europe' sooner or later, but if you will wait a few years you will approach it in an entirely different spirit—and you will come back with a good deal of respect for the people who have sense enough to stay at home."

"I piece out from your letter that you expect a few months on the other side will sort of put a polish on you. I don't want to seem pessimistic, but I have seen hundreds of boys graduate from college and go over with the same idea, and they didn't bring back a great deal except a few trunks of badly fitting clothes. Seeing the world is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins, and, like charity, it ought to begin at home."

"Culture is not a matter of a change of climate. You'll hear, more about Browning to the square foot in the Mississippi valley than you will in England. And there's as much Art talk on the Lake front as in the Latin Quarter. It may be a little different, but it's there."

"I went to Europe once myself. I was pretty raw when I left Chicago, and I was pretty sore when I got back. Coming and going I was simply sick. In London, for the first time in my life, I was taken for an easy thing. Every time I went into a store there was a bull movement, the clerks all knocked off their regular work and started in to 'mark up price.' They used to tell me that they didn't have any gold brick men over there. So they don't, they call them 'bulls' and 'bears' and 'traders.' I bought two, you know the ones—those hanging in the waiting room at the stock yards; and when I got back I found that they had been painted by a measly little fellow who went to Paris to study art after Bill Harris had found out that he was no good as a setting clerk. I kept 'em to remind myself that there's no fool like an American fool when he gets this picture paraisis."

"The fellow who tried to fit me out with a coat-of-arms didn't find me so easy. I picked him when I first went into business for myself—a charging steer—and it's registered at Washington. It's my trade mark of course, and that is the only coat-of-arms an American merchant has any business with. It penetrated to every quarter of the globe in the last twenty years, and every soldier in the world has carried it—in his knapsack."

"I take just as much pride in it as the fellow who inherits his and can't find any place to put it, except on his carriage-door and his letter-head—and it's a heap more profitable. It's got so now that every jobber in the trade knows that it stands for good quality, and that's all any Englishman's coat-of-arms can stand for. Of course an American's can't stand for anything much—generally it's the burned-in-the-skin brand of a snob."

"After the way some of the descendants of the old New York Dutchmen with the hoe and English general store keepers have turned out, I sometimes feel a little uneasy about what my great-grandchildren may do, but we'll just stick to the trade mark and try to live up to it while the old man's in the saddle."

"I simply mention these things in a general way. I have no fears for you after you've been at work for a few years, and have struck an average between the packing-house and Harvard, then if you want to gaze over a wide

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Will Increase Wages. Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—The Union Traction Company, which controls every street car line in this city, employs upwards of 5,000 motormen and conductors, will increase these men's wages from 18 to 19 cents an hour on January 1. This is the result of much agitation among the employees for some time. A meeting of the men was held several days ago and a vote was taken on the question of declaring a strike. The men opposed to striking won.

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