

## Tom Matthews' Wise Decision; Lesson in Speculation.

THE GAME WASN'T WORTH THE CANDLE.

His name was Thomas Matthews but everybody around the store called him Tom. He had come to the business of Haines & Co., when a boy 10 years old, and in 14 years he had gained the position of bookkeeper and cashier. At every stage he had been complimented on his honesty and fidelity, and the day he took charge of the books and the cash, Harris, the active partner, said to one of the "Co.":

"Well, Johnson, I feel a load off my mind. Tom is as straight as a string, and we need not worry about him. I don't believe that he could be tempted to do a crooked thing."

Never did a young man carry a cleaner record into an office. There had been a thousand chances for speculation, but Tom had not been tempted. If any one had whispered in his ear that temptation was going to get the best of him, he would have smiled at the idea. He had put in another year when it came, and during that year had married and established a home. The firm had made him a liberal present in cash, and up to the hour of his temptation, had his books been examined and his cash counted, they would have been found correct to a dot.

To oblige a friend he took \$50 from the cash account for three or four days. The friend repaid the loan and put Tom on to a "sure thing" in the stock market. Tom invested his week's salary and made \$200. It was his first speculation, and the thing seemed so easy that he gave it a whirl a month later, and came out several hundred dollars to the good.

The man who wants to speculate can run across "sure things" every hour in the day. Tom had known of scores of men in trusted positions going wrong through speculation, but his name should never be added to the list. He would make or lose with his own money, and not a penny belonging to Haines & Co. should be put in peril.

That was the policy he pursued for six months, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing, but, of course, he should never be added to the list. He would make or lose with his own money, and not a penny belonging to Haines & Co. should be put in peril. That was a larger sum than he could raise outside, and he was drawing near, and if his books were overhauled he must surely be branded as an embezzler. He had "covered" the shortage in a way that an expert would uncover it in half an hour.

The trusted cashier who goes wrong has a choice to make. He can face the music and take his punishment, or he can flee the country or commit suicide. He puts off his decision for a very last hour, hoping he knows not what, but the hour comes at last when he must choose between the two.

He came to Tom Matthews, and he returned behind in the office to decide what step he should take. He fully realized that he must choose between the three evils, but the hours went by and he could not lift his head. He should have left the store at 10 o'clock, but he was still there at 2, and at 9 he was yet undecided. As he sat with his face in his hands and the office only dimly illuminated by a single gas jet, something touched him on the arm and he lifted his head to find a stranger standing beside him.

"You must excuse me calling so late," observed the man, "but the fact is I had some difficulty in getting into the store."

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked Tom, more puzzled than startled.

"Oh, as to my name you can pick out any old thing, but as to what I want I dropped in to do a little business with you."

"But the store is closed."

"Yes, I know, and that's my best time for doing business. Don't you say?"

"You don't mean that you are a burglar—a robber?" queried Tom, after looking the man over for a moment and wondering if it was a real live man who stood before him.

"That's pretty close to it," laughed the man as he sat down on the nearest chair and brought out a cigar and lighted it. When he had taken a few puffs he resumed:

"I've had my eye on this plant for some time, and when I got in tonight I didn't expect to have your company. How does it come that you are here and what's the matter that you look so seedy? I'd been spying on you for half an hour before I entered the office, and I think you've got a peck of trouble on your mind. Let's hear what it is."

It was a strange situation, but the cashier was in a strange mood. The caller had said that he was a burglar and had come with designs, but yet there was a touch of sympathy in his tones. Tom hesitated for a moment and then told him all. The man listened, nodding or shaking his head now and then, and when he had heard all he said:

"Look here, my boy, there's only one way in this thing. You've got to be either all good or all bad. You can't be half and half and make a go of it. I'm all bad and I go along very well. What are you going to do?"

"For God's sake, what am I to do?" wailed Tom.

"Want to turn bad?"

"No."

"Is there money enough in the safe to take you out of the country?"

"There's about \$800 in there, but I wouldn't touch a penny of it. I've yielded to temptation, but I'm no thief."

"And if you were given a chance?"

"I'd be a burglar after awhile."

"Well, my boy, I'd live on crabs before I'd put myself in this position again! Think of my 14 years' record! Think of my wife and relatives!"

"Y-e-s. The game wasn't worth the candle. Suppose you give me your home address."

"What for?" as he wrote it down.

"Just to know where you live. Suppose that we also go out now."

"Yes, but—"

"Just to get out, you know. I'd like that \$800 in the safe, but to get it I'd have to crawl out on the roof and add to your troubles. If I were you I'd go home and manage to keep this thing to myself for a day or two longer. Come—let's walk out together. Your way is up the street and mine is down. So long to you."

Before Tom left his house next morning a messenger brought a text containing \$1,500 addressed to him. An hour after the package had been delivered the senior partner of Haines & Co. was saying to the burglar of the night before:

"Well, I'm glad he took it that way, and he shall have his chance. Tom is honest, and we have got to have honest men about us. I don't think he'll meddle with stocks again, and on Thursday when his books are overhauled they will be found all O. K. All right, Singapore, all right. You worked it beautifully."

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BLOOD  
BITTERS**

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BITTERS**

# Has No Rival as a Spring Medicine

## WITHOUT EXCEPTION The Best Spring Medicine

### ORIGIN OF COMMONPLACE PHRASES.

Expressions that we use nowadays metaphorically, were used in their real sense in bygone days. For instance, we speak of "beating a retreat," forgetting perhaps that the phrase comes from the fact that in war time when a retreat was ordered, the drums were beaten in a particular manner, just as today it is sounded on the bugle. Then again one speaks of going off "bag and baggage." How many know what the "baggage" was? The general idea is that it was part of the soldier's kit. In point of fact, the "bag" was originally the soldier's haversack, the "baggage" was his wife. The familiar phrase "To give the cold shoulder," originated in France, where it was the custom to serve with cold shoulder of mutton instead of hot meat to a guest who had outstayed his welcome. "A feather in his cap" comes from Hungary, it being formerly the custom for the Hungarians to put a feather in their hats for every Turk killed. The word "dead-head," is according to some authorities, one of great antiquity. It is said that "dead-head" was in Pompeii an individual who gained admission to all entertainments free of charge by means of a pass in the form of a small ivory death's head—Golden Penny.

SO POPULAR is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of coughs and colds of the throat, due to exposure to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it restores freedom from throat and lung diseases.

The birds' nests used for soups are little else but the nests of birds of prey, equally from the saliva of tiny birds of China.

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both the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have stricture that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back up his claims. He has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay out his case before him. He sends the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him at:

Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room G, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about. Write at once.

### THE DOG AND DRINK OF A MAN'S LIFETIME

#### WHAT A HEALTHY PERSON WILL CONSUME IN 70 YEARS.

The most modest eater in the world, or even the man who complains that he "never has an appetite," would probably be appalled if he could see passing in imposing procession before him all the solids and liquids he will consume in a lifetime, says Tit-Bits. But let us assume that we have to deal with a man who is not ashamed to admit that he enjoys his meals, and let us place before him all the food and fluids that he will require to keep him going a lifetime of 70 years. Such a man will make light of disposing of 100 four-pound loaves every 12 months, so that we must provide him with 2,000 substantial loaves. Let us engage 77 herculean carmen, and make them file past him in procession, each carrying a sack of flour 280 pounds in weight, every one of which will be required to supply him with bread for his life.

Of meat he will eat on an average a pound a day, and if we limit him to beef, we shall require nearly 40 bullocks to provide the necessary joints for his life; or if he prefers mutton, we must sacrifice about 40 sheep on the altar of his not immoderate appetite every ten years. His aggregate consumption of potatoes will weigh seven tons, representing 83 sacks, each weighing 18 pounds, or approximately the entire produce of a couple of acres of land. We shall require half a dozen strong horses to draw our potato supply.

Of fish we must allow him half a hundredweight a year, so that his "aggregate fish," if not so large as a whale, will yet turn the scale at one ton, 1,500 weight, and will tax the strength of 20 strong men to carry it to his lair.

Our purchase of eggs will be on a formidable scale, even limiting our man to an average of fewer than two eggs a week. In all we shall want 7,000 eggs, weighing at least 700 pounds, and representing a year's industry of about 80 hens.

BUTTER AND MILK. Assuming that we only provide seven-tenths of a glass of milk a day—a very modest quantity for all purposes—we shall find it necessary to monopolize the services of a cow for two years and a quarter, and the resulting milk will measure 120 gallons, and will weigh more than five tons. Nothing less than 18 pounds of butter

can be considered sufficient for a year's supply; and this means that in his lifetime our man will dispose of the contents of more than a dozen barrels, while limiting him to one pound of cheese a month, we reach an aggregate of 840 pounds. So far we have laid in a stock of food which it would take 600 strong men to carry to our imaginary lair, for it weighs well over 30 tons; and this is, as can be seen, but an instalment of 'what we shall require.

TEA, COFFEE AND LIQUOR. Of tea and coffee, we will furnish more than a pint a day, having regard for our patient's nerves; and yet we shall find that he will drink during his life no fewer than 3,220 gallons. A coffee pot large enough to contain the two beverages will outweigh companies of soldiers, and people could be stowed away inside it if they did not object to a little temporary discomfort.

We will suppose that our hero is content with a pint of beer every day—two glasses—so that he does not touch it until he has reached his 20th birthday. Then, in spite of his moderation, he will require for the balance of his days more than 255 nine-gallon casks, which would prove a sufficient burden for eight powerful dray horses. Limiting him to a bottle of whiskey a week for 70 years he will consume 2,600 bottles, weighing not much less than two tons; and when he has drained his last glass our moderate drinker will be astonished to learn that his bill for whiskey and beer alone amounts to at least \$3,250. But yet the man who consumes these mountains of food and rivers of liquors in a lifetime can never be accused of being at all abnormal in his appetite.

A RECOGNIZED REGULATOR.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they prescribe nothing better than Paine's Vegetable Pills, which will be a pleasant medicine of surpassing virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

The London cabman is noted for his up-to-date repertoire. One of them silenced another of his kind recently by shouting: "You fit to drive a keb! Why you ain't fit to command a Russian a Russian battalionship, you cabman!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc. In a foreign office report on the trade of Nanking it is stated that such is the value placed on literary degrees by the Chinese that during a period when hundreds of the inhabitants were dying daily from cholera no fewer than 17,000 students came to the city to compete for 200 vacancies.

### THE FAMILY SKELETON.

"Yes," said the pink-cheeked school-ma'am, "you'll be surprised at the array of family skeletons trotted out for the teacher's inspection by the pupils of every primary school. All the trials and tribulations of a family are retailed to the teacher, sometimes in a most embarrassing fashion. For instance, the reading lesson the other day was about somebody's pet dog, and how much its master loved it. Little Willie Smith was moved to say:

"We got a dog to our house—it's got mange awful. Papa wanted to kill it, but mamma said she'd get a divorce if he'd be such a cruel brute, then papa he kicked the dog and mamma she threw the sugar bowl and went and had hysterics and the doctor came and I shut him off at that point, but Willie routed me a moment afterward by saying:

"Oh, teacher, your cheeks is just like my mamma's. I'd rub red stuff on every day, too!"—Portland Oregonian.

### PECULIARITIES IN DRESS.

The cap which a young widow wears often becomes her exceedingly—yet its becomingness does not account for its origin. When the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Naturally a woman could not go about with a bald head, so some ingenious widow devised a cap. The cap remains, though the necessity for wearing it has long vanished.

Every man must have noticed the bow on the left side of his hat a thousand times. Yet how many have ever stopped to consider why the bow should not be worn plainly without any such adornment? This little flat bow is a relic of times when hats were expensive. Then it was customary to tie a cord round the crown and let the ends hang down on the left side, so that they might easily be grasped if a sudden gust arose. Later on these ends came to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless, and were retained simply as an ornament.

Those two buttons which a tailor always places with care in the small of the back of a morning or frock coat are now like the buttons of a vest, perfectly useless, yet once had a practical purpose. The full-skirted coats of a century or two ago were troublesome when the wearer would engage in sword play or other violent exercise. The skirts were therefore provided with buttonholes, and the buttons placed where they still remain, served to hold them back and give the wearer's nether limbs full play.

Lately a roll collar has become fashionable in the dinner and smoking coat. But all other coats for men have their lapels nicked. The reason for this oddity is said to have arisen in this fashion: Napoleon conceived a strong aversion for Gen. Moreau, and made things so hot for his friends that it became no longer safe to express public sympathy with the general. So the admirers and supporters

of the latter agreed to nick their coat lapels, thus forming the outlines of the letter M, and in this manner to display their sympathy and recognize one another.

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