THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

Five strokes of the office clock, and Dick Perchmont shut his ledger as if they marked an epoch. They did. The probability was that he would never place in it another figure, for five more years were ended, and, according to the policy of Deaker & Co., publishers, the senior of four partners would retire on the morrow and a trusted employee would become the junior.

Having risen from office boy to chief book-keeper, Dick felt quite certain of this promotion, and was, in consequence, mightily impressed with his importance. For it was an exalted distinction to be a Deaker. The firm was a power in financial circles; but what served most to lift Dick skyward was that to the highest society of the great city its name was a passport.

"Tom," he said to his assistant, "you'll occupy this desk after today."

Tom Wilgus penciled a footing, then slowly replied:

"You'll become the junior."

"Certainly. Come, it's time to quit."

"Can't just yet. I haven't finished squaring up these accounts. I'm rather slow."

"Yes," said Dick, with superiority, "Tom, you are slow. You must be more brisk and enterprising. In five years, you know, you'll have my present glorious prospect, and unless you're spryer it'll be a serious question if you'll be taken in."

He slid off the high stool and began preparations for going home, while Tom Wilgus, with pen behind his ear, turned around and seriously asked:

"Do you really think, Dick, that I'm too slow? I can't waste time here if I'm not to become a partner. I've too many depending on me. I know I'm slow and cautious; but am I too much so?"

"Yes, Tom, you are. Your traits are adverse to the dashing, go-ahead policy of Deaker and Company. Now, when I was in your place I made spryness a point, and did lots of Emmert's work as well as my own. And do you think the firm hasn't noticed that? No, siree."

James Emmert was then junior partner, having been promoted five years before.

"You haven't forgotten the old fable about the tortoise and the hare, have you Dick?" Tom asked, in mild retaliation.

"No, I haven't," replied Dick, smiling loftily; "but it don't apply to these modern times. You ain't catching a firm like ours sleeping by the way and letting any mercantile tortoise win the race. That was the only time a tortoise ever did win a race, which is a moral you'd do well to profit by, Wilgus."

With which impressive advice the future Deaker strutted forth to a car.

Dick Perchmont, as book-keeper, had wooed Annie Jermyn, a young lady of his suburban neighborhood, whose plain, old-fashioned practical sense was refreshing; and richly blessed was she in those womanly traits that stand firm and helpful when sorrow and adversity sweep away human chaff.

But could Richard Perchmont, as a Deaker, marry such a girl? The most exclusive circles would soon be open to him. Would he wish to take Annie Jermyn there? Would she be received? Could she grace a scene of gayety; be a belle amid belles; be what a Deaker's wife should be; like—well, like Sophia Emmert, the flashing daughter of the junior partner?

"No," he decisively answered, as he pulled the bell at Annie's humble home.

Easily detecting his mood, Annie was not unprepared for the words he soon spoke:

"Annie, my position in life will be greatly elevated to-morrow."

"You will become the junior partner," she quietly replied.

"Yes, but you don't congratulate me, Annie."

"Yes, I do, Dick; but will you let me be frank with you? I see by your manner that the time for plain speech between us has come. Will you?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Well, then, I've seen a great change coming over you. You're not the same Dick I used to know. Your bright prospects are always in your mind, driving out much of the kindness and friendliness of my old friend. Dick, you are being dazzled by your anticipations of social distinction, business prominence and increasing prosperity."

"Well, Annie?"

"Well, Dick,—I'm to be frank, you remember—don't you think a heart made cold to one's old and tried friends a high price to pay for these? Have you ever thought of it that way, Dick?"

"No, I haven't; but then other men rise to these elevated positions. Why can't I? My old friends wouldn't want to keep me back from prosperity, would they?"

"No, no, indeed, Dick, it isn't that. There's no change in your old friends, but they are sad to see success changing you. You have brought yourself to believe that the friends you will make in the higher plane will be better than we, and there have sprung up the wish and the purpose to turn your back upon us. You feel that you'll be ashamed even of your good, blessed old mother, and—and, Dick, of—"

"Well, Annie?"

"Of me."

Memory placed beside this truth the feeling once fondly cherished — the anxiety that she should reciprocate his many secret vows of constancy, and the contrast pierced him. But not deeply; he had too long nursed the belief in her "incompatibility," and the old affection faded as stars at dawn.

"If you feel, Annie," he replied, "that a life in the fashionable world that I will soon enter is distasteful to you, I—"

"There, there, Dick, don't finish it. I know now how you feel, but please don't say it. Spare me at least the plain statement that I'm too common for the plane you are rising to. Don't go away thinking I don't wish for your happiness and success. I do, Dick. You can't wish for them more than I do. I will always be glad to see you. Good-bye. God bless you."

He had attained his wish—was free from this lovely girl—but where was the feeling of relief? Walking homeward he felt cast adrift, not like having himself loosed his bark upon a desirable tide.

Next morning the customary formalities made Dick junior partner and Tom Wilgus chief book-keeper. The dinner always given on the evening of this day by the retiring partner was announced by Sydney Deaker, and Dick, with his mother and sister was cordially invited.

Words fail to describe Dick's lavish preparations for this important introduction to society. Highly delighted therewith, sharp misgivings as to his mother and sister pricked his refined soul as they rode dinnerward in the coach. The former was too plainly dressed; the latter entirely too demure and lacking in that dashing grace of Sophia Emmert. His giddy fancy pictured her cold, critical glance upon them, and her turning haughtily away and forever ignoring him.

The celestial creature did drop such a glance upon the plain widow and daughter, but she did not turn haughtily away. She was exceedingly gracious; Dick feared patronizingly so; but he repelled the base thought, particularly when he saw that such, too, was his mother's impression. Sophia was angel-high above such prettiness. What cordial congratulations! What queenly dignity! What loveliness! What radiant signs of a loving, confiding, womanly heart! The junior partner was a worshipper from that moment, and lowly, unassuming Annie sank below the horizon.

Old Sydney Deaker was plainly dressed, but Emmert shone resplendent. Dick couldn't help noticing the genuine cordiality extended by the two Leakers to his mother and sister; and when Mrs. Deaker, a placid, motherly old lady, entered, no patronage iced the kisses she gave them, but they were warm with true, unaffected hospitality.

Emmert's greeting was like throwing reflected sunlight into another's eyes, and greatly impressed by it, Dick shallowly rejoiced at the increased prosperity awaiting his firm when those old-fogy Deakers dropped out. How sadly purblind is youth, but experience soon adjusts corrective spectacles. He was not too far gone, however, to note, with some wonder, how easily his mother and sister were conducting themselves, instead of sitting neglected in a corner, as he had expected but he was not permitted to profit by the observation. A soft voice beside him asked:

"Do you sing, Mr. Perchmont?"

Sophia flashed her glorious eyes into his face. He had been fluttering mothlike around her, and now, looking down into those lustrous orbs he saw in their divine depths a shrine of devotion.

"No," he replied, "but I know you do."

"How do you know?"

"Your face, your eyes show me that the divine spirit of music must be in your heart."

Oh, callow youth!

"You men are such flatterers. I didn't think it of you, Mr. Perchmont. Turn the pages, please."

He was only too glad to serve her; would have tried impossibilities for her. The first link of love's soft but tenacious chain had been forged.

She sang "Waiting" — heavenly, Dick said. He trilled with the delicious hope that soon his "footfalls" would be music to her. He was, indeed, far gone. Annie, too, sang "Waiting," but not like that. Sophia's voice soared to a musical pinnacle; Annie's—Dick scorned the comparison; yet at this moment his mother was thinking how sweetly simple and touching Annie's rendering was compared with this giddy performance.

Taking leave, he truthfully said it had been a delightful evening. It had been a dream; a fragment of Heaven descended to earth, and Sophia was the light thereof.

James Emmert's gorgeous mansion was a fit temple to enshrine the object of Richard Perchmont's love, and would that all worshippers were as constant as he. His life was ecstacy. With Sophia he entered into the tinsel mazes of fashion—the Argus-eyed doorkeeper, exclusiveness, who guards the portal of society, having benignly passed him in. He had eaten the lotus of social success; his former life, his old friends, were forgotten; mother and sister were neglected; Annie was obscured.

A year flashed by, and the senior partner announced the customary dinner, which was similar to that given by the retiring partner, except that, in addition to the other members and families, such employees as he chose to invite, with their families, were present.

It was an occasion after Richard Perchmont's own heart. Where else could the humble employees be so duly impressed with his importance? Tom Wilgus needed such impressing more than any, for he had so far forgotten himself several times as to call him "Dick," and he determined to impart a lesson.

He did not accompany his mother and sister. Sophia had proclaimed that she would not go without his escort. What would the dinner be without her? What is day without sunshine? What is Hamlet without Hamlet? He obeyed, still thinking, poor fool, that it was his own delightful free will.

Whether the assembled employees were properly awed by his imposing entrance is not known, but certain it is that a Joshua-like surprise caused this society sun to stand still—stunned.

In a select little group — Sydney Deaker smiling his interest; his kindly little wife beaming her admiration; Dick's mother and sister flushed with worthy pride—sat Annie Jermyn telling a story.

In sullen wonder he stood apart, noting the good impression Annie was making, and when the story ended in a burst of applause the party separated, and old Sydney proudly led Annie through the rooms on a tour of introduction. He instantly sought his mother and asked:

"How did Annie get here?"

She looked mild resentment at him and quietly replied:

"Mr. Wilgus brought her."

"Where is he?"

"He excused himself for a time. I believe he said he had work at the office."

"That fellow's too slow for our purposes," Richard muttered, following old Deaker and Annie with wondering eyes; then he turned at Sophia's order. She said:

"Come for a walk in the hall. Where have you been so long? I can't endure this room! It is filled with so many clerks. I hope when you get to be a senior you'll stop these disgusting mixtures."

She spoke angrily, but Dick thought he detected anxiety, too, in her manner. As they promenaded the hall she grew quite restless, and plainly anxious. He walked quietly by her, thinking of old Deaker and Annie, and too ill-humored to ask the cause of her nervousness.

They walked into the sitting-room at the end of the hall, and from there heard the servant girl admit some one at the front door.

"There's papa, now!" Sophia exclaimed, brightening; and Dick, remembering that the gathering did lack a customary brilliancy, saw that this had been the cause of her anxiety.

It was not the gorgeous Emmert who had arrived, but plodding Tom Wilgus, greatly excited, with face spotted red by unusual exertion.

"Where are Mr. Alfred and Mr. Edward Deaker?" they heard him ask.

Both gentlemen hastened from an adjoining room, and Sydney appeared, startled, at the parlor door.

"I must have an interview with you, gentlemen, at once," Tom said.

Sophia, trembling, caught Richard's arm.

"Where is Emmert?" asked the old gentleman, as he and his two sons, with Dick and Wilgus, entered the library and closed the door.

"He hasn't been here," Edward replied. "Now, Wilgus, what is it?"

Then Tom slowly told how he had watched Emmert's extravagance, and, knowing that he had lost heavily in a late speculation and needed funds to save himself, he had come to suspect him, and had only that evening finished a careful examination of Emmert's books as treasurer of the firm.

"He was in his office this evening while I was there," continued Tom, "and rushed out past me, trying to hide his face, but I saw it was pale and excited. I hurried to his office and found his check book. Three checks were just torn out, leaving the stubs blank."

"Well, well?" they all cried, as Tom paused.

"Can't you guess, gentlemen? To meet the heavy expenses of our new building Emmert has collected all the available funds in three banks."

"But he couldn't use the checks," said Edward, confidently. "The banks all know that our checks must be signed by two members of the firm."

From the sofa came a groan; Richard had sunk upon it, wringing his hands.

"I have reason to know, gentlemen, that those three checks were signed by Emmert and—and Perchmont."

"We are lost, then. Father, have you funds at command? We have heavy obligations."

ALWAYS IN SIGHT

Crowded street. People passing by. Old and young. All eager about their own affairs and always somebody in plain sight who needs Scott's Emulsion.

Now it's that white-haired old man; weak digestion and cold body. He needs Scott's Emulsion to warm him, feed him, and strengthen his stomach.

See that pale girl? She has thin blood. Scott's Emulsion will bring new roses to her face.

There goes a young man with narrow chest. Consumption is his trouble. Scott's Emulsion soothes ragged lungs and increases flesh and strength.

And here's a poor, sickly little child. Scott's Emulsion makes children grow—makes children happy.

SURPRISE

is stamped on every cake of SURPRISE SOAP.

It's there, so you can't be deceived.

There is only one SURPRISE.

See to it that your soap bears that word—

SURPRISE.

A pure hard soap.

Don't forget the name.

St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

"I tied up the last available funds yesterday."

"No, not lost, gentlemen," said Tom. "I followed Emmert to his home and forced an entrance. He was packing a satchel. There was a struggle; but here are the checks."

He produced them, and sank exhausted into a chair.

An explanation from Dick was demanded, which was that Emmert, working upon his infatuation for Sophia, had induced him to sign the checks, but he earnestly asserted that he was entirely innocent as to their intended purpose.

"In fact," said old Sydney, "your head has been turned. I've been watching you. You must remember, Richard, that dash and style don't make business, nor fine clothes and gay acquaintances and empty womanly beauty make life. We must reconstruct the firm. For your worthy mother's sake, we won't dismiss you; but I think another term of five years as book-keeper will condense your giddiness into business; and I suppose that Tom Wilgus be junior partner."

And as Tom Wilgus rode home with Annie Jermyn, he asked in his plodding way:

"Annie, will you be the wife of the junior partner?"

"Oh, Tom—Tom!"

Which meant "yes," of course. And as Dick Perchmont sees the slow but telling methods of the new junior he believes there may be, after all, a modern application of the old fable, and remembers the vanished Emmerts as one thinks of a hideous dream.—Home Journal and News.

HOW A WOMAN WON A FORTUNE.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a polite action seems like a pretty fair rate of compensation, yet that is the sum that Mrs. Anna Taylor of Riverside has received for the simple act of courtesy that she showed to an elderly and slightly known woman relative who visited Chicago a little over a year ago.

Almost everybody has heard of the nice young man who helped a tottering old man over a crowded thoroughfare, and was surprised a few months afterward to hear that the old man was dead and had left him heir to a fortune of $100,000. Yet the experience of Mrs. Taylor and the reward consequent upon it throws that of the young man into the shade, and at the same time conclusively demonstrates that politeness pays. That it doesn't always pay at the rate of $250,000 does not derogate from the soundness of the proposition. The old axiom of the copy books might well be amended to read: Honesty and politeness are the best policies.

Mrs. Taylor's bequest comes from a distant cousin, and one of whom she knew comparatively nothing. The cousin was a Mrs. Field, a widow for many years, whose home was in New York city, but who was a woman of many and marked eccentricities, and who spent the most of her time travelling about the country. It was vaguely understood among her relatives that she had a little money, but as there was an absence of ostentation and display in her appearance and habits, it was generally supposed that her means were small and simply sufficient to supply her needs from the income. Mrs. Field had several other relatives in Chicago besides Mrs. Taylor, but her visits to this city were so few and so far apart that she was virtually a stranger to them all.

A little over a year ago Mrs. Field came to Chicago on one of her flying trips. She was then on her way to California and decided to rest a few days in this city, and at the same time see her relatives here. Instead of going to a first-class hotel she went to one of a lower grade and from there sent out cards to her various relatives in the city.

Of all those who received cards Mrs. Taylor was the only one to take any notice of them. Mrs. Taylor, knowing that Mrs. Field was alone in the world, felt compassion for the solitary old woman and called on her at the hotel where she was stopping. She found Mrs. Field a most interesting personage, and when the latter confided to Mrs. Taylor that she wanted to do some shopping and asked her to accompany her the latter gladly consented to act as her guide among the great stores of Chicago. Mrs. Taylor knew just where the greatest bargains could be procured, and in the course of three or four days' shopping the two women became better acquainted with each other than they would in six months under ordinary conditions. The shopping concluded, Mrs. Taylor invited Mrs. Field to make a short visit at her home in Riverside, and the old lady accepted the invitation with pleasure. When she finally announced that she would have to continue her journey to California she supplemented it with the assertion that she had never enjoyed herself more in her life than she had on her visit to Chicago.

In all this time not one of the other relatives of Mrs. Field in Chicago made the slightest attempt to call on her or to extend any courtesy to her, although some of them lived in Riverside within almost a stone's throw of the Taylor house. Mrs. Field keenly felt this neglect on their part, but only once during her visit did she allude to it, and then in a whimsical way.

"I'm getting old," she said one day to Mrs. Taylor, "and I'm not fashionable. I guess they don't care to know old people who are not fashionable."

After Mrs. Field had arrived in California she wrote to Mrs. Taylor and the latter answered her letter. From that time a regular correspondence ensued between the two women. In the following spring Mrs. Field again came to Chicago on her way East, and was cordially received and entertained by Mrs. Taylor. All this time, according to the gossip in Riverside, Mrs. Taylor did not have the slightest idea that Mrs. Field was a wealthy woman.

From Chicago Mrs. Field went to Europe, and that was the last seen of her by Mrs. Taylor. While travelling in France the old lady was seized with a sudden illness and expired. A few weeks after her death Mrs. Taylor received a letter from Attorney Jay of New York, in which he informed her that she had been left a handsome fortune by Mrs. Field. The will has not been probated yet, and until several technical questions concerning the legality have been disposed of the Field estate will not be turned over to Mrs. Taylor.

When the story of Mrs. Field's bequest became known in Riverside several days ago it caused a sensation in the pretty little suburb with the winding driveways. Every one from the village butcher to the mayor began talking of it, and the affair became the subject of so much gossip that Mrs. Taylor would not tolerate its being discussed in her presence. Her son, Louis Taylor, was besieged with questions concerning the great fortune that had befallen the family. Young Taylor occupies a responsible position in the offices of the Pullman company.

"Every one seems to take a personal interest in this affair," he said "I don't see why people will insist on discussing something that does not concern them in the least. For my part I know very little about Mrs. Field. I don't know anything about the bequest except that Mrs. Field has left my mother some property; the will has not yet been probated, and therefore our attorneys in New York had advised us not to discuss it. Mrs. Field died in Europe about six months ago. At the time of her death she had no home. She traveled constantly and spent most of her time in Europe."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Catholic Spain.

Spain is one of the most conservative countries in the world, and its people, especially the peasants, change very little in manners and customs, even in the course of centuries, says the "Irish Weekly." They are probably much the same now as they were in the time of the Moors, or at least of Ferdinand and Isabella. The fact is regarded from a different point of view by different people. With some — the most cultured—it constitutes the chief charm of Spain and Spanish travel; with others it is a subject for hostile criticism and animadversion. It really is very amusing to listen to the various opinions set forth by tourists at hotel tables.

Those who live in the busy world of industrial competition, and gauge what they call civilization entirely by facilities for money-making, loudly lament Spain's unprogressiveness. They regard the whole world from this point of utility; beauty and art they despise.

These devotees of what Count Tolstoi calls "a sordid and soulless commercialism," would fain see grimy factory chimneys belching forth volumes of black smoke to obscure the incomparable blue of the Spanish skies; and shapeless heaps of slag and refuse where now the rushing rivers flow between flowery banks bright with the rosy glow of luxuriant oleanders. This talk about the "indolence" of the people who are so "behind the age" that they actually prefer a life of simple independence, lived according to their own ideals, to toiling and moiling from morning till night in order to heap up dollars—for other people to gather probably—is amusing.

Yet another class of travellers appears to regard Spain solely as the land of the "bloody Inquisition," of "lazy" monks and friars, and of a "benighted" people given over to ignorance and superstition, whose sole idea of religion consists, as an Anglican bishop said recently, of "Mariolatry and water worship."

On the other hand, to persons of taste and culture, to the artist, and to the lover of all that is beautiful and venerable in art and nature, Spain is a land of inexhaustible delights, a rival of loveliness. It is, too, a land of rest and lotus eating, far from the hurry and turmoil of the world's crowded marts, of any dreams that call back again the ages of chivalry and romance— more the ages of faith. Everything speaks to you of the past, from the names of the ancient streets to the classic forms of the Moorish water jars which the women poise on their heads. In Spain it is a joy only to exist. To sit beneath the shades of the olives and pomegranates in the old world gardens; to breathe the warm air fragrant with the mingled scent of orange and myrtle, and of the roses that trail over every wall and hedge; and to listen to the song of the nightingales, and the drip of the water in the marble fountains is a delightful privilege.

And Spain is as conservative in her religion as she is in all else. An Ethiopian could as soon change his skin, or a leopard his spots, as a Spaniard cease to be a Catholic.

In Spain, as in all Catholic countries, it is looked upon as a matter of course to hear Mass every day, and many persons who have leisure hear several Masses. The church bells begin to ring with the earliest blush of dawn, to the great annoyance of the English tourists at the fashionable hotels, who make loud complaint about the way their rest is disturbed, and wonder that the Government does not legislate to "stop the nuisance" and curtail the number of "saints' days," as Anglicans invariably call all festivals of the Church, from the Circumcision to the Ascension. The earlier the Masses are, the larger is the attendance at them, for then the working classes and the very poor find their opportunity to be present.

The muleteer leaves his gaily-bedizened mules outside and goes in to say his prayers, and the peasant woman, coming from the country to market, sets down her basket of vegetables and fruit on the marble floor and kneels beside him. Round every altar in the vast and shadowy Cathedral is gathered a little group of devout adorers—young men and maidens; old men and children; the matronly dona with her slender daughters in their graceful mantillas; the old caballero wrapped in his long Spanish cloak, and reminding one of Don Quixote; and the beggar in his rags; little children, too, who wander hand-in-hand, alone, but quite at home in their Father's house. When the Mass is over the groups melt away like shadows, and their places are filled by others as the next Mass commences. Where in England will you witness anything like this? Yet I have heard complacent English Catholics say: "Oh, we see the best Catholicity here." Do we?

Then, too, with what solemnity and devotion are the great festivals of the Church celebrated! In what a striking and realistic manner are they each brought home to the popular understanding! Take, for example, as a summer feast, the Ascension, with its imposing crowds of communicants and its magnificent music. In the Cathedral at Granada we had no less than three High Masses, the last being at noon, at which hour, according to tradition, Our Lord ascended to heaven. Pentecost, too, with its "sound of a mighty wind coming," which reverberates through the vast Cathedral till the very pillars seem to tremble, and priests and people kneel in silent awe, is celebrated in a most impressive manner.

A NUN'S WITTY REPLY.

A good story is recalled by Mr. Barry O'Brien in his "Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." Speaking of the famous case of Saurin vs. Star, he described how Mrs. Kennedy, the mistress of novices, was cross-examined by Coleridge:

Coleridge's case was that the breaches of discipline were trivial, contemptible. He pressed Mrs. Kennedy on the point, asked what had Miss Saurin done. Mrs. Kennedy said, as an example, that she had eaten strawberries. "Eaten strawberries!" exclaimed Coleridge. "What harm was there in that? "It was forbidden, sir," said Mrs. Kennedy — a very proper answer. "But Mrs. Kennedy," retorted Coleridge, "what trouble was likely to come from eating strawgerries?" "Well, sir," replied Mrs. Kennedy, "you might ask what trouble was likely to come from eating an apple, yet we know that trouble did come from it." The answer floored Coleridge. He threw himself back on his seat and laughed. The whole court laughed.—Catholic Record.

WHEN CHILDREN BEGIN TO WALK.

The following table records experiments upon 1,220 children and gives the age at which they commenced to walk, and should be of interest to young mothers:—

Age	No. of Children.	Per Cent
8 months	3	0.2
9 months and under	53	4.3
10 months and under	120	9.0
11 months and under	213	17.5
12 months and under	393	32.2
13 months and under	520	42.6
14 months and under	680	55.7
15 months and under	803	75.8
16 months and under	886	72.6
17 months and under	941	77.1
18 months and under	1,048	85.9
19 months and under	1,073	88.0
20 months and under	1,098	90.0
21 months and under	1,106	90.7
22 months and under	1,128	92.5
23 months and under	1,135	93.0
24 months and under	1,165	95.5