

### MY FATHER'S FRIEND.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"Your father and I were good friends, sir, long before you were born." We were at a public reception, and the old man who said it stood grasping the hand of a younger man, who was a candidate for high office.

"Indeed?" I overheard the young man reply. And he turned with more than passing cordiality to say: "Any man whom my father honored with his confidence and high regard shall have mine, with compound interest!"

It must be an impressive experience in an old man's life to see the son of his dead friend advanced to high honors. After all the years, the little fellow, whose birth in his friend's household he remembers as if it were yesterday, has grown to be great, and talked about.

"Can it be possible? That boy? And what would his father have given to live to see what I see now? I must congratulate the young man. I wonder if I shall detect his father's lineaments in his younger face. Yes; he is a chip of the old block. I can shut my eyes and imagine I hear his father's voice in his tones, as that voice sounded five-and-thirty years away. Of course the boy will not know me. I wonder if he is proud and vain. If he only knew it, I once lent his sire a helping hand that saved his fate. But let's see. I knew his father and loved him, as he did me, forty years ago!"

For my part a friend of my father's is always dear to me. To meet him is always a bit saddening. It is a pathetic reminder of the shadowy past. I see such a man approaching, and it seems, almost, as if I could detect a shadowy form walking at his side, as there used to be.

He always recalls father to my mind, whether anything is said or not. I associate him with father. And, while I know, of course, that he had many other surroundings in life, and still has, to see him is to bring just that one thought to my mind. I have even detected in myself the half thought that he belongs to another world, that his tarry here is a mistake. How hard it is not to complain that he lives to be a father to his sons, while my father left his sons orphans too soon in a lonely world. So it transpires that the sight of my dead father's friend fills me with conflicting emotions. I am sad and glad as I grasp his hand.

How the sight of my father's friend affects my mother. And I can read unutterable things in her face when he calls, saluting her with, "How are you, Martha?" in the old familiar way. I know she likes to have him come, inquires after him if he does not come in so often. But after he is gone—oh, my mother!

If your father's friend is a strong man, he will serve you. He will protect you. It will be a pleasure to do a thousand things for his dead friend's children. He will regard such service as a sort of debt. Hence he is willing to act as administrator or executor for your father. Heaven forbid that you quarrel with him. Whatever pay he gets, the office is a thankless task at best. It he be a good man, he is vastly more troubled and anxious over your estate than he is over his own affairs; he has a sense of the dead looking down on him. With his own money a man can do what he will and if he loses it, it is nobody's business. But trust-money is a sacred and a worrying care.

I beg you, trust the man whom your father trusted. Do this, by all means till you have something more substantial than mere suspicion and natural irritations to make you do otherwise. It is natural that you are annoyed in "settling up." But, if you remember, you and your own father were not always able to wholly agree; he thought you often careless if not worse. Do not strain mere friendship, when you recollect that natural affection sometimes hardly brooked your fretfulness. What would you do if your father's friend should throw up your cares entirely? Could you select better than father?

I stood, a few months ago, among the throng at the funeral of a neighbor. The clergyman, instead of talking about the dead, did a sensible thing; he talked to the living. He exhorted any of us, who had reason to remember the dead man with gratitude, not to waste all our gratitude in idle tears that day.

"But," quoth he, "as often in after days as you meet the children of this departed friend, remember your debt to their father. They will need a friend. Act like the friends of the man who has gone."

It struck me as about as sensible talk as I had heard in a house of mourning for a long time.

If your father's friend is a weak man—that is, if his after life has gone hard with him—ought you not to be kind to him for your father's sake? Ought you not to treat him somewhat as your father used to?

What a misery it is that the children of a good man are often cold-hearted! The poor knew your father's door. But since he has gone, they often look on the door as they pass, and sigh. It is your door now, and it is not open as your father kept it.

There is an old clerk in your store whom your father befriended. But after you boys came into possession, you made the old clerk's life so wretched that you broke his heart. If your father is permitted to look down, what do you suppose he thinks of you? There are scores of men who used to look to your father for a helping hand. You are not your father's successors.

Are there honorable and high-minded men and women, citizens of the better class, who were your father's friends, and who would not to-day associate with you? If so, whose fault is it? Hardly theirs. Did they not try you? Did they not begin by receiving you into good society? But you cared not for such companionship. Is it possible that the trade is full of you; father's friends, but you have not a friend in the trade? Whose fault is that? Is it possible that the whole town were your father's friends, and the same town your enemies? Whose fault is that? The church over there, whose spire you see from your window, all your father's old friends were or are there. You were brought up in those aisles. But to-day you would walk in there a stranger. The more's the pity.

It is a wise thing to heed your father's friend in advice. He can tell you many of your father's ideas. He can recall many of your sire's sayings and doings which you never heard of. If he loved your father he loves you, provided he be a decent man. It is doubtful if a man can leave a better legacy than a town full of friends who will be kind to his children, as he was once kind

to them. It is first-view evidence that a man means you well that he was once admitted into your father's confidence.

**He Wanted Sharing Cross.**

One afternoon I jumped upon a 'bus in the Seven Sisters-road.

An elderly Frenchman was the only other occupant of the vehicle.

"You vil not forget me," the Frenchman was saying as I entered. "I desire Sharing Cross."

"I won't forget yer," answered the conductor; "you shall 'ave yer Sharing Cross. Don't make a fuss about it. That's the third time 'ee's 'arst me not to forget 'im," he remarked to me in a stentorian aside. "Ee don't giv' yer 'much chance of doin' it, does 'ee."

At the corner of Holloway-road we drew up, and our conductor began to shout after the manner of his species.

"Sharing Cross—Sharing Cross—ere you are, lady—Sharing Cross."

The little Frenchman jumped up and prepared to alight; the conductor pushed him back.

"Sit down, and don't be silly," he said, "this ain't Charing Cross."

The Frenchman looked puzzled, but collapsed meekly.

We picked up a few passengers and proceeded on our way. At the Angel we, of course, stopped.

"Sharing Cross," shouted the conductor, and up sprang the Frenchman. The conductor collared him as he was getting off.

"Carn't yer keep still a minute," he cried, indignantly. "Blessed if you don't want looking after like a bloomin' kid."

"I vont to be put down at Sharing Cross," answered the little Frenchman humbly.

"You vont to be put down at Sharing Cross," repeated the other bitterly, as he led him back to his seat. "I shall put yer down in the middle of the road if I 'ave much more of yer. Yer stop there until I come and sling yer out. I ain't likely to let yer go much past yer Sharing Cross. I shall be too jolly glad to get rid of yer."

The poor Frenchman subsided, and we jolted on. At the top of Chancery-lane the same scene took place, and the little Frenchman became exasperated.

"H's keep on saying Sharing Cross—Sharing Cross," he exclaimed, turning to the other passengers, "and it is not Sharing Cross. He is a fool."

"Carn't yer understand," retorted the conductor, equally indignant; "of course I say Sharing Cross—I mean Charing Cross—but that don't mean that it is Charing Cross. That means that—" and then perceiving from the blank look in the Frenchman's face the utter impossibility of ever making the matter clear to him, he turned to us with an appealing gesture and asked:

"Does any gentleman know the French for 'bloomin' idiot'?"

A day or two afterwards I happened to enter his omnibus again.

"Well," I asked, "did you get your French friend to Charing Cross all right?"

"No, sir," he replied; "you'll 'ardly believe it, but I'd a bit of a row with a policeman just before I'd got to the corner, and it put 'im clean out of my 'ead. Bless if I didn't run 'im on to Victoria."

**The Guillotine at Work.**

Eugene Beaujean, who in July murdered an unfortunate named Valentine Dolbear, was guillotined on Friday morning last near the Pont Colbert at Versailles. Pauline Siller, his accomplice, who urged Beaujean to commit the crime, and stamped on the dying victim, was informed that her sentence was commuted. Beaujean had been awake two hours when the magistrates and the executioner entered his cell. He displayed great courage, and was left with the c. plain, to whom he confessed, but declined to hear Mass or receive the communion. He was then taken on a cart to a slow pace to the Pont Colbert, about half a mile from the prison. Beaujean jeered at the crowd and the mounted gendarmes in thoroughly Parisian slang. Arrived at the scaffold, he embraced the chaplain and delivered himself up to Diabler. Forty seconds after all was over. The body, which was buried at the Gonards Cemetery at Versailles, was not handed over to the medical faculty, at the special request of the condemned man. It is noted by the Debats that among the "privileged" spectators who were allowed to take up a position within a few yards of the guillotine was one of the jailers, who had brought to witness the ghastly sight his little boy, about 12 years of age.

**Boomers Outwitted by a Girl.**

The Chicago Tribune relates the following incident in connection with the rush to the Cherokee territory. A little girl about 14 years old came through the jam of teams and horses near the booths, dismounted, and tied her horse to the hedge. Going to a coffee stand, she procured a tray and two cups of coffee and started for the dense throng of men about the booths, now at least fifty deep. At the outer edge her piping voice was heard saying:

"Please make way, gentlemen, I have lunch for the clerks."

She slowly made her way between the Strippers until she reached the magic circle marked by barb wire. The stolid soldiers on guard refused her entreaties, but when she said Col. Gallagher (chief clerk) wanted his lunch she was admitted ahead of the four lines held in check. Walking up to the first desk she put down her load and said:

"I am an orphan, and, therefore, am the head of my family. I want to register."

The men gathered about looked upon this proceeding with gloowering faces until a great hulking fellow in the crowd cried out: "Bully for the little gal!" Then a hearty shout went up from the men she had so clearly outwitted, and she received her certificate and proudly held it aloft as she passed out to her waiting horse. Her name is Cora Wiley, from Sedgwick county, an orphan, whose widowed mother died about a year ago.

**Death Preferred to Siberia.**

A tragic incident has just occurred at Warsaw on the occasion of the trial of a young ensign of the Novobrinsk Regiment, who was charged with having struck a sentinel on duty. While the sentence of the court was being read out, condemning the accused to the loss of all rights, degradation to the ranks, and exile to Siberia, the prisoner suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and shot himself with fatal effect before the military officials present could interfere.

### DR. PETERS, OF AFRICA.

The Celebrated German Explorer Interviewed in Toronto.

Thinks Emin Pasha is Alive—European Settlers in Africa—They Should be Masters—Britain will Retain Uganda—Has no fear of Matabele.

When the story of African settlement, not the missionary enterprise, comes to be written, the records of the last two decades of this century will be principally devoted to the doings of three men, namely, H. M. Stanley, Dr. Carl Peters, and Emin Pasha. Stanley has begun the study of British politics, and has already fought and lost an election. Emin Pasha is reported to have been killed and eaten by some hungry African, but Dr. Carl Peters is alive and well, and spent five or six hours the other day in viewing Toronto. In the register of the Queen's hotel was this entry: "Dr. Peters, German-Africa," and a reporter of the Mail had no difficulty in locating the man whose actions once or twice very nearly involved Britain and Germany in war.

Whoever has seen the portrait of the explorer in the illustrated papers would have no difficulty in picking him out even in a crowded hotel corridor. He was most affable, and readily granted an interview. In answer to questions, Dr. Peters said he organized the German Colonization Society in 1884, a charter for which was granted by Emperor William I., who acted on the advice of Prince Bismarck. Immediately the charter was received Dr. Peters proceeded to Africa, and opposite Zanzibar began his work. His staff consisted of two officers and two non-commissioned officers of the German army, and his first duty was to organize and equip a force of native soldiers. Having got his small army ready for the work of exploration, he began, not for the sake of discovery, but for business purposes exclusively. After many adventures and several angry discussions with the British Consul at Zanzibar, Dr. Peters returned to Germany in 1886, consulted with the members of the society, and received increased powers from the Government. Returning to Africa towards the latter part of 1887 he immediately commenced an extension of German influence in the "Dark Continent." So critical did the position of affairs between Britain and Germany over the claims of the two nations in Africa become, that debates were raised on the subject in the Parliaments of both countries, but eventually certain arrangements were made by which peace was secured, and on the 25th of July, this year, Dr. Peters and Consul Smith, Britain's representative in Zanzibar, completed a treaty at Berlin which settles the territorial questions between the two Empires so far as Africa is concerned.

**EUROPEANS IN AFRICA.**

What is your opinion of Africa as a place for European settlers?

A tropical country is never a success for settlers from Europe. Africa has immense possibilities for trade, so immense that we cannot realize them, but Europeans cannot do hard work there except in certain well-defined districts. White men going to Africa must go as masters or not at all.

You went in search of Emin Pasha, doctor?

Oh, yes, I did, from 1888 to 1890, and I found him. You know when I was on that search it was reported I had been killed, and many papers wrote my obituary. When I feel low-spirited I read the many kind things they said about me when they thought I was dead.

Do you think Emin Pasha is dead now?

He may be, but all the stories about his death vary so that it does not convince me. In fact, I fully expect to hear of his appearance in some unexpected place. There have been so many different stories about his death that I am a little skeptical.

Did you prefer to fight the natives rather than make treaties with them?

No, no, although I am put down as a firebrand and one always ready to fight, I am misrepresented. I never fight if I can possibly avoid it, but I always take care to strike a sharp and decisive blow when I have to fight. My followers were mostly Sudanese and as my band was very small I was more frequently attacked than if I had had a larger force.

Have you traversed much of Africa?

I have travelled over 6,000 miles, but as my business was colonization, and not exploration, I did not travel merely for discovery. I surveyed the Tana district, which is now a British possession. The Tana river is a magnificent stream, navigable for over 240 miles. Then I went all over the Kilimandscharo, or Snow Mountain kingdom.

Have you seen much of Uganda, Mashonaland, or Matabele Land?

I have seen a good deal of them, all three. Uganda reminds me of our own Thuringia, mountain and valley, woodland and fertile plains. Mashonaland and Matabele Land are also rich and valuable territories, and Britain will not be likely to let go an inch of either. The Matabele have no chance of doing even temporary injury to British prestige or British property in Africa.

Is there much chance for Canadian trade with Africa?

I cannot say. German trade we desire, and Britain will seek her own interest there, but Africa will be an immense field for trade, and that very soon, too.

**ABOUT HIMSELF.**

What is your opinion of Stanley?

I met Stanley recently, but I do not wish to talk of him or his work. It would not be polite.

The traveller did not care to enter into the story of his personal adventures, but admitted he had fought 11 duels in Germany, nine with the sword and two with pistols.

Were any of those duels fought recently?

No, I have not had any duels since I have been in Africa. I am old now, and I hope I have more sense than to fight duels.

The doctor smiled as he spoke of his age, for he was born in North Hanover, near Hamburg, in 1856, and is consequently only 37 years of age. He is about five feet six inches in height, wears no whiskers, has a light brown moustache pointed in the true military style. He is rather slightly built, but wiry, and, although a pleasant-looking gentleman, when he talks about his work he seems to be all on fire, and his countenance assumes a set determined look.

He has been visiting the Chicago Fair, and is now on his return journey. He did not purpose staying in Toronto at all, but in view of the beauty of the country he decid-

ed to see Toronto. He was delighted with all he had been able to see, especially the wide, clean streets and the apparent effort of all the citizens.

**THE DOOM OF MEN CLERKS.**

**They Are Rapidly Being Elbowed Out of Existence by Young Women.**

Mr. J. L. Hayne writing in the Canadian Magazine says that girls are much more clever as clerks than men, that the male clerk is doomed to extinction like the dodo, and he thinks the results are most disastrous both to women and to the men. The following are the salient passages of his paper, which is entitled "The Displacement of Young Men." Nearly all classes of clerical work are passing rapidly into the hands of young women. These young women enter the offices with skillful fingers, winning manners, industrious ways and general aptness to write letters, keep books, count cash, and discharge the multitudinous duties attaching to business life. They do their work satisfactorily and well. Taken altogether, they are neater, better behaved, and quicker than young men. Nor can it be said any longer that physical disabilities render them inferior to young men in clerical positions where endurance sometimes becomes a factor. Experience has clearly demonstrated that these young women can do whatever is required of them, and do it to the satisfaction of their employers. From observation, I should say that two young women now enter the departments at Ottawa and Washington to one young man. What is true of the Civil Service is unquestionably true of

**ALL BRANCHES OF BUSINESS**

where clerks are employed. Shops and offices are all but closed to young men and each year the situation assumes a more fixed form. Into all the lighter branches of labor women are entering in steadily increasing numbers, to the exclusion of men. The result is, that these bright young fellows, capable of doing excellent work, are forced to toil for long hours, often at night, for the meagre salary of \$15 a month. After two or three years of hard and faithful service, promotion to the \$25 a month class is possible; while \$35 to \$50 is the outside figure to which a clerk may aspire if he exhibits special qualifications and sustained devotion to his task. If the next twenty years witness the same relative increase in the number of working girls and women as has taken place since 1870 in this country and the United States, we shall see young men doing the house work, and their sisters and mothers carrying on half the business of the land. As an instance of how the pinch is commencing already to be felt, I might cite the case of a family, consisting of two girls and a boy, all old enough to earn their living. The young man is a wide-awake, industrious and clever fellow; but while his sisters are in good situations, he finds it impossible to secure an opening in which he could hope to make even the price of his board. This is by no means an exceptional case. Marriages are on the decrease in proportion to the population. Some months ago I took occasion, in writing for an American magazine, to prove by statistics,

**TWO REALLY GRAVE FACTS:**

First, that the proportion of marriages on the part of young men between the ages of twenty-three and thirty had materially declined during the past twenty years; and, second, that the number of unmarried persons, in relation to the total population, had very materially increased. I hold, after giving the matter careful thought, that the increasing number of working girls, and the falling off in the relative number of marriages are connected in the relation of cause and effect. Neither young men nor young women are content to live as did young men and women a generation ago—a thing which is natural and in most respects commendable, but it is only accomplished by the payment of a high price. A part of this price is, that the daughters shall earn their living as well as the sons, and that neither the daughters nor sons shall have the willingness to begin married life on a humble scale. I am honestly in doubt as to whether or not a remedy for this state of affairs can be successfully applied at the present time, or in the near future. Any means at all practicable would have to be educational in character, and should aim to simplify the general conditions of life. Take away this artificial basis of social and domestic life, this imprudent and wasteful effort on the part of common people to live as if they were opulent, and by that one act you would return half the girls who now work to their homes. I say this because I believe that

**MORE THAN FIFTY PER CENT.**

of all the girls who now toil do not need to do so. Twenty-five years ago only one girl earned her living to ten who do so to-day. Will any one say necessity has caused this great change? I think not. A very large proportion of the additional ninety per cent. have entered the field of toil in order that their parents may keep up appearances and they themselves enjoy many luxuries. No girl should work who does not need to. If this rule was observed it would create an opening for at least two hundred young men in this city of Ottawa alone; for there are at least that number in the capital who have no other excuse for working than comes from consideration of cupidity, selfishness and pride. I know something of the circumstances of at least fifty girls who earn their living, and it is the simple truth to say that thirty of them should be at home. Young women must realize these two things in chief: First, that in working, if they do not need to, they take the places properly belonging to young men; and secondly, that modern notions about the independence of women, coupled with extravagant ways of living, are partly responsible for the conditions which are bringing about a steadily declining marriage rate on the part of young men. In other words, when girls work they intensify the conditions which are filling this country with spinsters and bachelors.

**Doing Penal Servitude.**

Father (who had caught Tommy stealing): "I thought you knew better than to commit a theft; you know how the law punishes people for small offences."

Tommy: "How about you, father, when you stole mother's heart?—you never got punished for that."

Father: "I got a very severe punishment, my son—I got penal servitude for life and I am doing it now."

### BRIEF AND INTERESTING.

White is the mourning color in China, Japan, and Siam.

One thousand ships annually cross the Atlantic Ocean.

The British have \$500,000,000 invested in United States railroads.

Honey, kept in the light, granulates. Therefore, the bees always store it in the dark.

Queens have been worn by Chinamen since 1627. They were first worn as a sign of degradation.

Pious Russians do not eat pigeons, because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures.

A five-pound nugget of gold was recently mined at Mojave, Cal. It contained \$1,100 worth of pure gold.

The Swiss postoffice conveys anything from a postal card to barrels of wine, scythes and bundles of old iron.

Australian rabbits have lately become tree-climbers, and scientists note that their claws are growing longer.

A coal mine at Nanaimo, British Columbia, has galleries which extend twelve miles under the ocean.

Chinese burglars wear not a scrap of clothing and artfully braid their pigtails full of fishhooks for obvious reasons.

A wonderful pig is owned by J. W. Garrison, of Flat Creek, N. C. It has two heads, two tails, three eyes, and six legs.

Forty-three women were recently interviewed as to the animals they feared most, and not one of them named the mouse.

A special trolley car in San Francisco is intended to carry the dead to the cemeteries, while the mourners follow in other cars.

The hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Eylau was sold in Paris in 1835 for a sum equal to \$400 in United States currency.

Children in India have to learn the multiplication table up to 40 times 40, and this is further complicated by the introduction of fractional parts.

Baron Felder, of Vienna, has occupied his time for many years in gathering rare butterflies. Recently he sold his collection to Lord Rothschild for the sum of \$5,000.

Someone who has figured on the work done at Pompeii since June, 1872, says that it will take until 1947 to unearth the entire ruins with eighty-five men working every day.

Waste paper in the U. S. States Department, of a private character, is carefully burned in an open grate in the Secretary's own room.

A Liverpool dentist, being without work, thought he would get his hand in at a new occupation; so he attempted pocket-picking, and was caught at it.

People who fail to clean their teeth after eating fruit invite early decay of their masticators. In California, where fruit is cheap and plenty, sound teeth are rare.

A flock of geese is used by Dr. McBride of Orange, Va., as a team. In winter they are attached to an iceboat and draw him over the ice at a speed of a mile in forty-eight seconds.

The poet Shelley feared being buried alive. In order to guard against it he ordered his heart removed. This queer relic is still preserved at Bascombe Manor, Bournemouth, England.

Frederick the Great revolutionized the cavalry of his time. All evolutions were executed at full speed, and the charging and rallying of the Prussian cavalry were deemed miraculous.

Members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, when appointed, must be between nineteen and twenty-five years of age, unmarried, and are not allowed to serve in a country where they have relatives.

The Japanese tattoo likenesses of individuals on the bodies of persons who are fond of this kind of ornamentation. The likenesses are copied from photograph, and are usually remarkably accurate.

A strange experience came to Thomas Somers, a resident of Brooklyn. A friend was drowning in the Wallabout Canal, and Somers plunged in to save him. He dove, and brought up the body of a strange man.

A Brooklyn girl, while on a lonely street at night, on her way to summon a doctor, was approached by a rowdy, who insisted on escorting her. She plucked the point of her umbrella into his eye, and destroyed the sight.

Some incautious burglars, while blowing open a safe in Lebanon, Ill., used such a big stick of dynamite that the explosion startled the town. Everybody seemed to have been awakened, and the burglars were easily captured.

Emma Hollard, aged twelve, of Lyons, N. Y., while laying her wraps on the bed, felt something cold and clammy. It was a black snake over six feet long. The child was so terrified that she went into convulsions, and it was feared she would not recover.

The Sultan of Turkey is a monomaniac on the subject of carriages. He has been steadily engaged in making a collection of such vehicles for the past twenty years and now has nearly 500 of all makes and kinds.

A Rahway, N. J., widow, who had stowed away \$500 in small bills in an old bureau drawer, discovered two days ago that her hoard had been converted into fractional currency by mice. The moral is that hoarding at home in nooks and corners is a raw way of banking.

Judge McDonnell, of the City Court, Savannah, was tardy in attending court, because he had to stop at the house of a physician, to have a wounded arm dressed. On arriving at court he fined himself \$10 for being late, and then directed the clerk to remit the fine.

A clergyman in Springfield, England, noticed that his sermons made several members of his congregation sleepy. On a recent Sabbath, he took a snap-shot picture of the congregation, and had it hung in the vestry, with the sleepers made conspicuous in a red border.

Only women of extraordinary merit are permitted to wear trousers in France, and for this privilege they are each taxed from \$10 to \$12 a year. So far the privilege has only been granted to George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Madame Dieulafoy, the Persian archaeologist; Madame Foucault, the bearded woman; and two feminine stonecutters, Mesdames Fourreau and La Jeanette.