

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VIII.

The picnic came off on Saturday afternoon. The weather, which often throws a wet blanket upon the festivities of such occasions, was highly propitious, and several hundred persons young and middle-aged, turned out.

CHAPTER IX.

One morning, a few days later, Joshua was walking moodily up the village road with his hands in his pockets. He was reflecting, in a spirit of great discontent, on the hardships of his situation.

Besides these arrangements for enjoyment, there were two boats confined by iron chains, which were thrown around trees near the brink of the water. After enjoying the swing for a time, there was a proposition to go out in the boats.

One important difference between himself and Dick Norris did not occur to Joshua. Dick worked in a shoeshop, and it was out of his own wages that his father allowed him a dollar a week.

The other boat had already set off, and, as it happened, under the guidance of Walter Conrad, who had long been accustomed to managing a boat, having had one of his own at home.

At this moment he saw Sam Crawford approaching him. Sam was perhaps a year younger than Joshua, but was a native of the village, but was a native in a situation in New York, and was only in Stapleton for a few days.

Walter's boat kept the lead. His perfect steering made the task easier for the rowers, who got the full advantage of their efforts. Joshua, however, by his uncertain steering, hindered the progress of his boat.

He held up the paper, and, including the bill, directed it. The next thing to do was to mail it. He decided, though unwillingly, on account of the trouble, to walk to the next postoffice, a distance of three miles, to post his letter there.

Joshua considered that the steersman's place was the place of honor, and he was not disposed to yield it. Meanwhile, Walter, from his place in the first boat, watched the efforts of his rivals.

He went across the street to his father's house, and, going up into his room, locked the door, not wishing to be interrupted. Then, opening his desk, he took out a sheet of paper, and wrote a note to the address given in his lottery circular, requesting the parties to send him by return of mail a lottery ticket.

Joshua returned home, feeling tired and provoked, but congratulating himself that he had taken the first step toward the grand prize which loomed in dazzling prospect before his eyes.

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"Are they all wool?" she asked, critically, examining one of them.

"Yes," answered Joshua, confidently, though he had not the slightest knowledge on the subject.

"What is the price of this one?" asked the customer, indicating the one she had in her hand.

"Five dollars," answered Joshua, with some hesitation. He knew nothing of the price, but guessed that this would be about right.

"And you say it is all wool?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"I guess I'll take it. Will you wrap it up for me?"

This Joshua did awkwardly enough, and the customer departed, much pleased with her bargain, as she had a right to be, for the real price of the shawl was nine dollars, but, thanks to Joshua's ignorance, she had been able to save four.

Joshua looked at the five-dollar bill he had just received, and a new idea occurred to him. He replaced in the drawer the bill he had originally taken from it and substituted that just received.

"I won't say anything about having sold a shawl," he said, "and father's never know that one has been sold. At any rate, till I get money enough to replace the bill I have taken."

Just then a little girl came in and inquired for a spool of cotton. Joshua found the spools, and let her select one. Then he hurriedly folded up the shawls and replaced them on the shelves. He had just finished the task when Walter entered.

"Are you tending store?" he said, in surprise.

"Yes," said Joshua. "Nichols got tired waiting for you, so I told him I'd stay till you got back."

"I had some distance to go and that detained me. Did you have any customers?"

"Yes, I just sold a spool of cotton to a little girl."

"I met her a little way up the road, holding the spool in her hand."

"Well," said Joshua, "I guess I'll go now you've got back."

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He added, shrewdly, as he thought, "If this ticket draws a prize, I will keep on buying; but if it don't I shall get discouraged and stop."

"I guess that'll fetch 'em," thought Joshua.

He filled up the paper, and, including the bill, directed it. The next thing to do was to mail it. He decided, though unwillingly, on account of the trouble, to walk to the next postoffice, a distance of three miles, to post his letter there.

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(To be continued.)

IF SUN ALWAYS SHONE.

Development of sleep appears to have been artificial.

If the sun always shone we should never go to bed; sleep would not have been developed. It is true, nocturnal animals sleep and wake just as much as diurnal ones; and a drowsy owl, blinking and nodding in the light of daytime, is a familiar object. But, then, all such animals are themselves descendants of creatures which were once for many ages diurnal. The habit itself viewed abstractly, is one which could never have arisen except from the regular alternation of light and darkness.

There is no particular reason why we or any other animals should rest on an average of about eight or nine hours out of every twenty-four, save for the fact that eight hours is about the average time during which there is an absence of light in which the animal might get about with comfort. If there are any animals in Mars, we would naturally expect them to sleep and wake alternately for a period which would be entirely determined by the duration of day and night in their own planet.

Observe, too, that this most fundamental distinction due to day and night is wholly relative to the sense of sight, and can affect only those types of life which are not sufficiently high to have evolved for themselves eyes.

Plants, it is true, being dependent for their growth upon the chemical action of rays of sunlight that fall upon their surface, have an equally wide distinction of day functions and night functions with the highest animals; they eat and digest in the light, and grow or repair themselves through the hours of darkness.

But the lowest of animals have no such marked division of nocturnal and diurnal habits; with ceaseless industry they roll through the waters by day and night alike, seeking by touch alone whom or what they may devour in their native element. If they rest occasionally for digestion and repair, it is at irregular periods—sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for hours or even days together. If dried up, they remain mummified for a year; if you moisten them once more, they start at once on their travels. In other words, they have no distinct periodicity of their own.

But as soon as eyes are evolved, and in proportion to the perfection and height of their development, animals begin to divide their lives markedly into two main portions, a waking and a sleeping one; a more and a less active. While light is supplied them, they perform all motive functions; the moment night comes on they retire to nests or lairs and become torpid and motionless.

His Only Fear.

"Of course, I love you, Jack," said the wilful daughter of the wealthy Mr. Frumley, "but it's one sure bet that papa will kick about you."

"Well," replied Jack Poorley, "he can kick about me all he pleases if he'll only not kick me about."—Philadelphia Press.

Always Absent.

Quizzem—To what religious denomination do you belong?

Stayaway—I'm a Seventh Day Adventist.—Kansas City Times.

Room for Much More.

His Hostess—Don't you think you've had enough ice cream?

Franchise—No, ma'am. I don't feel sick yet.—St. Louis Star.

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE CHICAGO THEATRE.

MAJESTIC.

That vaudeville is encroaching more and more upon what is known as the legitimate dramatic stage is again evidenced at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, by the engagement of the noted English actress, Miss Constance Crawley, for the week of March 9th, when she will play an adaptation suitably condensed of Sardou's famous play, "La Tosca," which she will play for the first time in America at the Majestic Theater. She is supported by Arthur Maude, an actor of distinction, and by her English company. Among the other features on the bill, all of which range above the average in consequence, are the Pianophobes, a distinct novelty in which five pianos are made use of, and a company of ten people engage in a series of comedy situations culminated by a somewhat novel use of the piano. Dan Burke and his dancing girls, Bob Daily and company, who are rare entertainers, may be depended upon to fill in a most interesting half hour. Charles Wayne and Gertrude Des Roche play a brilliant comedy, while Wallace Moody, the distinguished composer and singer, assisted by Grev Elliott will contribute some of the best vocal music which has yet been heard in vaudeville. By way of additional variety the Georgietys, famed as acrobats, who present entirely novel feats will be in evidence, while Roberts, Hayes and Roberts in a stirring cowboy comedy, Kelly and Rose, singers, and Harry Barnes, a general entertainer, are among the others on the bill who are certain to gain applause.

GARRICK.

Owing to the great success of "The Witching Hour" at the Garrick Theater two weeks of the time formerly allotted to Blanche Bates has been cancelled in order to extend the engagement of the Thomas play, which will, however, be revived on March 29th for a road tour, owing to previous bookings.

Augustus Thomas, the author of "The Witching Hour," is credited with having more stage successes than any other American dramatist. Bronson Howard is not excepted, and it said that he never attended any school after his twelfth year.

Seats are now selling for the seventy-fifth performance of "The Witching Hour" in the Garrick Theater. Appropriate souvenirs will be distributed on this auspicious occasion.

LA SALLE THEATRE.

"Honey-moon Trail," a new musical comedy by Adams, Hough and Howard, is announced as the successor of "The Girl Question" at the La Salle Theater, Chicago. "The Girl Question," which has passed the mark of 300 performances and has enjoyed the third longest run in the history of Chicago theatres, will be sent on an eastern tour at the urgent request of managers who have watched its success in Chicago.

It will depart from the La Salle March 8th and for two weeks thereafter the theater will be occupied by "The Time, the Place and the Girl," presented by a company headed by John E. Young, Elizabeth Goodall, Fred Walton and Jessie Huston. "The Time, the Place and the Girl" will give way March 23d to "Honey-moon Trail," which is the latest product of the brilliant young authors of "The Girl Question," "The Time, the Place and the Girl," "The Impire," and other La Salle hits.

"Honey-moon Trail" has a California setting and is woven around material gathered by the authors during a recent sojourn.

The full strength of the La Salle musical stock company will be found in the cast.

Manager Mori H. Singer announces that the new Princess Theater, the most beautiful playhouse in Chicago, will be finished for its premier performance May 1st.

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS OF THE "FOLLIES OF 1907."

Big Ziegfeld Show - Enjoys Record Breaking Successful Run at Big Chicago Auditorium.

Beginning Monday night, March 9th, the Ziegfeld Musical Revue, "Follies of 1907," starts on its last two weeks of the record breaking engagement. This has been one of the most successful engagements ever played at the Auditorium Theater. Over 120,000 persons have witnessed this big fine show since its remarkable opening at the Auditorium four weeks ago. Every one of the principals, which include Bickel and Watson, Lucy Weston, Grace LaRue, Annabelle Whitford, Frank Mayne, Lillian Lee, Grace Leigh, Marcus J. Abby, Florence Tempest, William Powers, Dan Baker, James Manly and Dazie, America's greatest dancer, have become Chicago favorites, and the songs sung in the "Follies" are being played and whistled all over town. There is an array of pretty girls, who appear as drummer girls, Peacock girls, Gibson bathing girls, Dixie girls, fencing girls, sea-shore girls and the famous Ziegfeld beauty girls.

Manager Ziegfeld has again proven to the public that he is the peer of musical comedy producers, and his new Revue, "Follies of 1908," which is promised to theater-goers of Chicago next summer, will be looked forward to with keen expectation.

Marconi, the wireless telegraph inventor, was once cautioned by a reporter, who said that the man of science was working too hard and gaining fame at the expense of flesh. "I am not like the Italian admiral, Libertini, then," said Mr. Marconi, laughing. "Libertini," he went on, "had won many battles and great renown, and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another: 'But how frightfully fat our dear admiral is getting.' 'Yes,' said the second lady, 'Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals.'"

A Richmond housekeeper had occasion many times to employ a certain odd character of the town known as Aunt Cecilia Cromwell. The old woman had not been seen in the vicinity of the house for a long time until recently, when the lady of the house said to her: "Good morning, Aunt Cecilia. Why aren't you washing nowadays?" "It's the old way, Miss Annie," replied Aunt Cecilia indignantly. "I've been out of work so long that now, when I could work, I find I don't wash any more."

Treatment of Invalids.

"I made it a point," said Goodley, "to tell him he didn't look very sick."

"That was a mistake," said Wiseman. "When a man's sick he likes to be told that he looks ill; a woman likes to be assured that she doesn't."—Philadelphia Press.

"Pshaw!" Mrs. Good exclaimed, smoothing down the skirt of her blue and white calico dress, while her plump face grew rosier with the praise.

"Pshaw, Abby! Why, I've known Emily Benton always, and she never paid me a compliment in my life."

"Well, she's paid you a good one now, and you'd better salt it down and remember it," Abby answered.

"Pshaw! It's ridiculous. I don't do a thing of the kind, Abby, and you know it. Why, of course—apologetically—I always think things are coming out all right, because they do. And of course I always think the weather's going to be better, because, why, Abby, that's my way!"—Youth's Companion.

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NO FAULT OF HERS. "Fine day; must be a weather breeder, sure," remarked Mrs. Benton, shaking her head at God's sunshine, as she leaned over the Peckham gate for a minute. "Say, Abby Peckham, what we going to do without Mr. Good, after she moves away?" Abby chuckled as she flapped out wet dish towels and spread them on the grass to wring. "I was just thinking of her when you called this splendid day a weather-breeder. I'll bet she never used that word in her life. I used to laugh, when we'd pull the bedclothes up to our chins, she'd say, with her teeth chattering, 'I tell you, Abby, we're going to have it nice and warm after this.' And every day, when the sky got the blackest, she'd look out of the window and tell me this was the clearing-up shower, sure."

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