

Amazing Ignorance of an Ambitious and Aspiring Young Man.

"Phyllis! Darling!" "There was a tremor in the full, rich, merry tones..."

"What is it, Clarence?" said the beautiful girl, turning the rare and dazzling loveliness of her face towards him...

"Owe for your last week's board," came the cold, calm, matter-of-fact and business-like reply.

"Yes, he faltered, 'I remember. It was whether I favored the League or the Brotherhood..."

A THRILLING SITUATION.

Loaded C. P. Coaches, Derailed, Hanging Between Heaven and Earth.

A gentleman just arrived at Winnipeg from the coast of British Columbia...

The Power of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, perhaps millions think..."

A Firm Farm.

Recently the Duke of Fife sold a farm to two of his tenants under highly interesting circumstances...

How to Eat in Company.

The knife should be held by the handle only. Do not touch the blade with your finger...

His Vocation Would Be Gone.

"Young man," said the temperance orator, "if there was no liquor in the world you would be standing round on the corners, out of work..."

Extortionists.

"Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer?" "Because he is employed at the post-office. And that ain't the worst of it..."

Poor Widow Beddell!

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only— "An affliction sore Long time bore..."

Let the Good Work Go on.

Young lady—I want a very stylish hat and something awfully becoming...

AGENTS MAKE \$100 A MONTH

AGENTS MAKE \$100 A MONTH for my money. Husband—Everybody else thinks the same thing.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?

mented, or by the hiatus between his advertisements and his business, he will lose the confidence of that customer, and powerful as a good advertisement is cannot make up for the loss of it.

A Little Talk About How to Reach the Public.

And make your advertisements attractive. Specialize; talk business to your customers. State your offer plainly, briefly. Don't resort to circumlocution.

METHODS AND MEDIUMS.

The Ethics of Advertising—Perfect Prohibitory Necessary to Secure the Best Results—"Fakes"—Relative Cheapness of Writing—Ads.—Don't Hammer the Compositor.

The Non-Advertiser! He usually had a small, dark shop in an obscure street. He was consistent in that he was careful that the opacity of his windows should prevent the prying public from seeing his wares...

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

Why do people advertise? Are you going to trade? Why do they go into business? Generally to buy and sell goods? Why do they buy and sell goods?

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The newspaper! One of standards and influence! One that circulates among those you would reach. Circulation means publicity; standing and character give influence.

THE MUTUAL FRIEND.

The merchant leaves a shop, engages a stock clerk, and hands over to him a stock. He is ready for work. If every man in his employ is worked as hard as a reasonable employer wants to see him worked...

THEIR'S MONEY IN IT.

Does it pay? Let us make a calculation! Mr. Jones has been in business for some time. He has done a fair business, but in these days only a large trade can secure mercantile prosperity in any branch.

HE PAYS OUT OF STORE.

Now to this ought to be added a very considerable sum for interest on investment, deterioration of stock, etc. We find he has been selling about \$60,000 worth of goods a year, which, at 20 per cent. net profit, would be \$12,000.

THE VEILED WIDOW.

Visitors to the ruins of Dunfermline Abbey, so long the burial place of Scottish royalty from the days of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, will not fail to remember an exquisite piece of statuary by Foley in the modern church adjoining, which represents a veiled widow weeping over the corpse of her husband.

A New Cold-Air Supply.

A company is said to have been organized in New York City to supply cold air just as steam heat and gas are supplied through pipes laid in the streets. It is proposed in a short time to supply this cold air to the butchers of Washington Market, and, if the project proves a success, to extend the supply to restaurants and saloons, and possibly summer resorts.

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING.

Good enough; but how? Many men embark in business enterprises and lose money. Many men squander money in their efforts to advertise and yet get no benefit from the outlay.

HE REPROACHED HER.

"My dear," said Mr. Lushly, in a tone of mild reproach which broke a silence which was becoming oppressive, "when I came up the steps last night I did not walk with the firmness that is one of my characteristics when I am—in perfect health."

SETTING A DUCK'S AGE.

Are you fond of duck? Says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. Do you shoot your game or buy it? If you buy it, how do you know it is your own old? Do you want to know? I'll tell you.

THE TIMID SOUL.

I do not want a dog for fear he'll bite me; I do not want a girl, for fear she'll slight me; I do not want a friend, for fear he'll forsake me; I do not want to live, for fear I must die.

the young man. Middy, as her father had called her, was too old to be spoken to caressingly, as though she were a child, and too unformed to greet him as a woman would. He compromised the matter by smiling; in return she frowned.

"Well," said the girl, "if truth is to be told, I don't want you here. Why don't you go on up to Mellish's? Your legs seem long enough to walk it. You'd get a decent supper there. I could tell you how to get there."

"The idea that the girl was half witted occurred to Noble. 'Oh, I'll go early to-morrow, Middy,' he said jestingly. 'For my part,' answered Middy, 'I wouldn't stay at all where I wasn't wanted.'"

"The prettiest idiot that I ever saw," thought Noble. He turned toward the fire and began to stir the coals with a long poker. Meantime he kept his traveling-bag between his feet. Heavy steps were heard going about overhead.

"You'll have to move. I'm going to cook." "When he left the fireside and walked to the window, carrying his bag with him. The girl looked over her shoulder at him. 'You haven't a bit of pride,' she said, 'or you'd get out of a place where your very victuals are begrudged you. There's the door, and straight along the footpath is the road. Go to the left and keep on to Mellish's. Maybe they want you there.'"

"The old man sat down near the table, to which he summoned his guest when the meal was ready; and shortly a younger man came in, nodded and took his seat. 'My son, stranger,' said Smith, as he did so. But all Noble's efforts to make talk were fruitless, and soon after supper he decided to go to bed.

"All right. Early to bed is said to be good for folks," remarked the elder man. He lit a candle, and preceded his guest upstairs. A hammock swung between two beams; a couple of blankets and a pillow were arranged in it. The broken window led in the damp night air. Bunches of herbs and ropes of onions dangled from the hooks in the beams.

"Noble placed his portmanteau under the pillow of the hammock and sat down on an old box. He was vexed by not having reached the mines that night, for his mission was to bring a sum of money, which Mellish had borrowed at easy interest, to deliver over a season of trouble. It was in small bills, and the men were to have been paid from it at sunset. Its delay might cause something like a riot.

"It was not his fault, but it was annoying, all the same. 'The one thing I can do is to sleep and forget it,' he said, and had pulled off his cravat and collar, when a whisper fell upon his ear: 'Come here,' said a voice—"come to the window! and he saw, appearing mysteriously, a candle, and preceded by his face and great red-rice eyes. 'Come softly,' she said—"come quick!"

"He went to her. She had climbed upon a shed beneath the window and stood with her chin on level with the sill. 'Well, Middy,' he said, fancying this only another entrance to a lack of good sense, 'there you are, eh?' 'Yes, I'm here, said the girl in a whisper. 'Lift the sash and put your head out.' He obeyed.

"I'll show you to come down and go with me. I'll show you to come down and go with me. Come—I want you to. 'I'll go in the morning Middy,' said Noble. 'Morning,' said the girl, 'will be too late for me. I'm talking sense. Your name is Noble, isn't it?' 'Yes,' said the young man. 'You've got a lot of money in that bag,' said the girl. 'What makes you think so?' asked Noble. 'I've heard them talking about you,' said the girl—"uncle and Sam."

"Oh, they're mistaken, Middy," said Noble, carelessly. 'Mr. Noble,' said the girl, 'I'm risking my life to tell you this. Uncle and Sam are all right, and many a dishonest thing I've heard, that makes me sick to think of, I've held my tongue about. But this is the first murder they've planned to do.' 'Murder!' gasped Noble. 'They know all about you,' said Middy. 'Last week they robbed the mail; they've done that before; but this time they've got a letter from you, and know just what you've got there—and she named the sum correctly. Then uncle got your telegram, offering to take it to the Mellishes. So he got the money, and many a dishonest thing I've heard, that makes me sick to think of, I've held my tongue about. But this is the first murder they've planned to do.'"

"Great heaven! it is possible!" gasped Noble. "Oh, my God, it is!" sighed Middy. "Pray, Middy, tell the stuff; then when he is gone, climb out of the window; I'll wait for you below. Will you?" "Yes," said Noble. He stared at her, half believing her, half fancying her mad, and with a motion of his hand, she disappeared from the window.

"A moment more and Smith came up the stairs, with a steaming glass in his hand. 'A night-cap, stranger,' he said. 'Thank you,' said Noble. 'Just what I was wishing for. Can you give me something to make my pillow higher? I can't sleep with my head low.' Smith grunted and went to the farther corner, where some old garments hung. As he turned his back Noble emptied the glass over his shoulder, and the sound of the slung over his shoulder, was upon the girl's head. 'Thank you,' said Noble. 'Then Smith went down the stairs, and on the instant Noble, with his portmanteau slung over his shoulder, was out upon the shed. As he dropped to the ground a girl's face appeared in the window, and she waved away toward a road which lay like a gray ribbon amid the darkness of rock and stunted bushes.

"Not a word was spoken, not a moment was lost. At last the roaring of the rapid stream was heard, and they crossed a bridge. After that the stunted pines grew thicker, the road ascended, a few houses appeared; a large one of some pretensions, in the windows of which lights were glowing, was visible upon an elevation. 'The right kind of stuff,' he said. 'Thank you.' 'Then Smith went down the stairs, and on the instant Noble, with his portmanteau slung over his shoulder, was out upon the shed. As he dropped to the ground a girl's face appeared in the window, and she waved away toward a road which lay like a gray ribbon amid the darkness of rock and stunted bushes.

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The Great Procession.

Did you ever happen to think, when dark lights on the lamps outside of your window, and you look through the glass on that wonderful head...

Where do witches are making their tea in the rain. Of the great procession that sets its prayers All the way up and climbs the stairs, And goes to a wonderland of dreams, Where nothing at all is just what it seems?

All the world over at eight o'clock, Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay, These with their eyes as bright as dawn, Those almost asleep on the way; This one carrying a yellow maid, Flashed tresses, or curling floss, Flows the long procession streams Up to the wonderland of dreams.

Far in the islands of the sea The great procession takes its way, Where, throwing their faded flower wreaths Little savages tire of play; Though they have no stairs to climb at all, And go to sleep wherever the wind blows, By the sea's soft song and the stars' soft gleams They are off to the wonderland of dreams.

Then the almost blind of the Tartar boy Drop like a leaf at the sound of down To the tawny child of the Himalay; And the lead on the lousest-pup Arabian Scout night, who at just breaths around him fan, Lead up from the desert his stately teams And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals, And touches the head of the Russian maid, And the Vikings some leave wreaths and leop, And stretch a line of yellow hair, And Hess and Arthur for long alone, And sweet Mavourneen at even-song, All mingling the moon and schemes With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew, See how the great procession swells; Hear the music to which it moves, Hear the children's voices and the evening bells, It climbs the slopes of the far Astores, At last it reaches out western shores, And where can it go at these extremes But into the wonderland of dreams?

Hurrying, seaparing, lingering, slow, Out of the towers of the East, Eyed like heavy as flowers with bees, Was ever anything half so sweet? Out of the towers of the East, I do believe it has come for you To be off to the wonderland of dreams, Where nothing at all is just what it seems! —Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas for October.

WAS SHE IN EARNEST?

"Hallo, stranger! I might you be looking for somebody?" The man who had been addressed—a good-looking young fellow, wearing a costly overcoat, and bearing in his hand a traveling-bag—turned as the words were spoken, and saw behind him a heavily built, elderly man of the farmer sort, who carried in his hand a long whip, and wore in his trimmed felt hat well pulled over his eyes.

"Am I looking for somebody?" he repeated. "Yes, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Mark Mellish. He was to meet me here and take me down to his place. I've been waiting for you to form for a full hour, and as the sun is going down and I have no idea where I am, and I— Here he paused, evidently thinking it best not to utter the remainder of his sentence.

"Mellish had good reasons for wanting to meet me," he added. "I'm beginning to think that he never got my telegram. Have you a hotel or tavern hereabout?" "Nothing but the boarding house at the mines," said the farmer, "and when you get there you are at Mellish's. But if you're Mr. Nelson Noble, then—"

"I am," interposed the young man. "Then," proceeded the farmer, "I've come to fetch you, and you haven't any need of a hotel." "Good," cried young Noble, "this great, grand, stony country of yours, with its bald hills and nothing growing, gives a man from Connecticut a feeling of having got into the giant's country as Jack of the Beanstalk did. Your depot-master trotted home a while ago, saying that there were more men to be taken down to his place, and I'm going to be a decidedly gloomy night. The idea of spending it here was unpleasant—in fact I was getting nervous over it when you spoke to me."

"And yet you couldn't be among the chosen people, could you?" "I don't like your big cities, where there is robbers, and bunco men, and pickpockets, as I've heard told, and trapset for you everywhere. You'd find every man a brother here." "Very likely," replied Noble, with a laugh, "homestead, I'm glad you came for me." "Smith, you may call me," said the old man, "and we might as well be off; my wagon is in the hollow there. The horse is acting queer and I wouldn't give him the pull up hill. Any baggage, Mr. Noble?"

"Only this," answered Noble, with a swing of the traveling-bag. "I'm only going to stay over night," and he followed Mr. Smith over the rocky road and down a steep slope until they reached the spot which covered wagon, drawn by a bony old white horse, stood waiting. "You sit inside out of the draught," said Smith, "and you've got chilled at the depot. The wind is kinder keen."

"Thank you," Noble answered, and shortly finding that the man addressed to him fell asleep under the dingy canopy, and slept until the sudden stopping of the wagon and loud shouts from the driver aroused him. "What's the matter?" he cried, thrusting his head through a slit in the awning, and from the man's face beyond the night had fallen white he slept—Smith's rough voice replied: "Darn it all, the horse has done it at last. He's dead as a door nail, and you can't get the mines to-night, stranger, nohow you can fix it."

"Let me look at the animal," said Noble. "Perhaps he's not dead." "I know more about horses than you do," said Smith, "if you'll excuse my saying it. I'll have to ask you to stay at my place to-night. I'll borrow a bed to-morrow and take you up to Mellish's."

"You are very good," said Noble. "Personally, I'm not in haste, but Mr. Mellish had good reasons for wishing to see me to-night; he should have sent a better horse for me."

"Oh, that's my horse," said the farmer, laughing. "He gave me the job to fetch you. Guess he had reasons for not sending folks from his place. Well, losses are to be expected, I suppose. This way, stranger; I'll take hold of you. I know the way in the dark."

And shortly Noble found himself emerging from the darkness of the starless night into a little area of yellow light that fell from a lantern swinging before the porch of a shabby-looking house.

As Smith, with the freedom of the owner of the place, hung upon the door, Noble caught sight of the figure of a girl of 17, who sat crouched upon the hearth before a blazing fire.

"The girl was a handsome creature; and as she sprang lightly and alertly to her feet, Noble saw that she owed nothing to the assistance of dress. Her hair was cut short like a boy's; her dress was a faded calico, made without regard to the fashion; and her shoes were the roughest specimens of the cobblers' art.

She stood in the blaze of the firelight and looked at them with great, dark eyes that reminded Noble of those of a stag at bay.

"Brought home company, Middy," said the man, with an air of jollity. "Set your feet on the floor, and get up, we're starved. Mighty plain doin's you'll find here, stranger; but you'll have to stand it."

Then he marched out of the room. Noble sat down upon a splint-bottomed chair near the fire, and at the girl. She stood staring at him. Evidently, the advent of a stranger had alarmed her. A cautious feeling of awkwardness came over