AT THE FULL OF THE TIDE.

Among the summer visitors that year were two young girls, without friends or acquaintances in the gay company. For them was no lawn-tennis, no rambles with congenial spirits by the shore, no drives to the one or another of the many points of interest about them. They chose from necessity an unpretentious boarding-place, where the fare was not always of the best nor bountifully supplied. Plainly dressed, they were often seen in some picturesque nook by the sea or on the mountain roads, the one with her easel before her, for with her brush she strove to increase the income which their small property afforded; the other with folded hands and patient face—poor girl, she was blind—a picture artistically perfect, and one which touched each heart with pity. Nor were the sketches—one could hardly call them more—of the young artist without merit, for she caught the spirit of nature and transferred it feelingly to her canvas. One or two of these little pictures had found their way into the hands of fashionable guests, and one of them—a few storm-beaten trees, and a bit of rock jutting out into the breakers—was now attracting the attention of a group of tennis-players on their way to the field.

"A very excellent picture," commented one of them, a young fellow who had recently come from the city.

"Ya-as, rather, but very crude," returned another of the number, who aped English ways, and was consequently admired by the others

"I must disagree with you there. I find it anything but that. There is a sentiment about it which lifts it at once out of the ordinary run. I should say a lady painted it."

"It looks like one of Miss White's," chimed in one of the young ladies." "I have seen two or three of her pieces."

"Who is Miss White?" inquired the newcomer.

"Haven't you seen her yet? She is that pretty girl with a blind sister whom we met down by the beach yesterday. You surely must have noticed her."

"Not I, I assure you, But I should certainly notice anyone whom I suspected of being a fellow-artist."

"And very impertinent it would be, Mr. Fillebrown," cried a little fair-haired lady at his side, "if you were walking with me, as you were then."

The other regarded her laughingly, and so the subject was dropped, and they passed on.

Was it his superb figure, set off by his light flannel suit, bounding lightly over the grass to return or volley the ball, or was it the light-heartedness of the four players as they eagerly followed the fortunes of the game, which caused a passer-by to draw a long breath, perilously like a sigh, as she glanced at them over the pailing? Her companion remarked it, and pressed more closely to her side. "What is it dear?" asked she. Her voice rang with a vague plaintiveness born of her affliction, and her hand trembled on her sister's arm.

"Nothing much, pet, only the same old story, 'For one was poor and the other was rich.' I ought to be thankful that it has been given me to keep you *from* want and harm; but sometimes my heart rebels, and I wonder how it is that others have means to gratify every wish while I must struggle for our daily bread."

"*Don't* talk so, dear; you make me feel as if I were a burden to you."

The other stooped and kissed the upturned face.

"Never that, pet; you can never be a burden to anyone. My nature demands that I should love someone, and you are the one who satisfies it."

"Yet——"

"No, not 'yet.' Never. You always fling that horrible word 'man,' at me. My dear Nettie, they are monsters of iniquity, all of them. They have no feeling for anyone—they are all self. If you think that I shall ever link my fate with one of them be undeceived at once."

And poor Nellie was so overawed at her sister's superior wisdom and her earnestness that she kept silence until they had entered the forest.

There was, indeed, some truth in her judgment as regarded three of the players, but Walter Fillebrown was certainly rich in the usual sense. He had a moderate assured income; he had *once* or twice made successful ventures in stocks, or grain, or cotton, and his artistic talent paid. But he had a warm heart and a liberal education had fitted him to hold his own in whatever company he was placed. And, although Miss Rivers was far from suspecting it, she had interested him in the blind girl and her artistic sister, so that he was on the alert to meet them, and followed them with his eyes—thereby making a serious error of play—until they disappeared.

It was not altogether chance which led him, an hour or two later, along the path skirting the shore. By his side the billows lashed the rocks, or crawled up the steeply-sloping beaches; overhead great clouds flew, producing changes of light and color almost magical; the aroma of the pines and cedars were borne to him on the breeze; a great bird wheeled overhead, seeking its finny prey; a white-winged vessel was running in from the open sea with legions of feathery waves chasing at her heels. He turned a sharp corner in a cove walled on one side by titanic-rifted, square-cut rocks, while on the other great trees sprung at the water's edge from clefts in a rock flooring, on which lay fragments thrown up by the tide. Here lay a box of sketching materials and a few colors; beside an easel inclined a girl, asleep or deeply plunged in reverie; over against her another was searching in a pool between over-lapping rocks just above the water-line, her sweet profile revealed or hidden in her eagerness. Fillebrown saw that already the water had run over the only path by which she could return, and just then a wave higher than its fellows swept under the easel, which fell clattering on the rocks; swept, too, through a concealed channel into the rock-pool bubbling up among the mosses. Both girls started; the one drew back with a pretty gesture of affright, the other rose, uttering a terrified exclamation, and stretched out her hand uncertainly.

"Where are you, Grace?" cried she.

For answer a manly hand grasped hers, and a strange voice replied to her instinctive opposition. "Do not be afraid of me. Your sister can not come to you just now. Allow me to help you in her place."

"Grace, Grace?" called she.

"Well, pet?"

"What does this gentleman mean? Who is he? Where are you?"

"He is a stranger to me. But he is right. The tide has cut me off. Be careful of her, sir, because she is blind."

"I know it, Miss White. There"—leading his charge under the pines—"now the water can not possibly reach you." He leaped across the fissure in which the tide was already knee-deep. "Permit me!"

She looked hesitatingly at the rocks, ruefully at her easel, the sport of every wave, and shook her head. "I am afraid, sir, I can not attempt the leap you have just made and my poor easel——"

"That is quickly remedied." He leaned over, and taking advantage of the counter-current, drew it to the shore. He held out his hand to her again. "Now can you come?"

Fiercely curled an oncoming breaker and dashed against the rocks. The water deepened behind her, and a little stream trickled from it over the platform on which they stood. "I—I fear I can not. Do not think me cowardly, sir, but——"

"So be it. Excuse my impertinence, if impertinence it be."

He clasped her in his arms, and clearing the waterway stood with her by her sister's side. Her face was covered with blushes—a man had held her as no man ever had done before.

"I thank you, sir," she stammered presently, "though more for my sister's sake than my own." For she had noticed the water already rushing over the spot where her sister had been. "I could have escaped with a slight wetting."

"Doubtless," he returned courteously; "yet it is better not to wet one's feet when it can be avoided."

He showed no disposition to continue his way, but stood watching her as she gathered up her box of parcels, then glanced across at the little pool, now part and parcel of the fast-rising tide, as she looked back.

"May I ask what you were looking for over there?"

A faint color again arose to her cheeks. "Sea anemones and star-fish for my aquarium."

"There are plenty of them hereabouts. Though one oughtn't to look for them when the tide is rising unless one knows the ground."

She had by this time collected the sketching materials and had come over again to where he stood. "You addressed me as Miss White just now. How did you know my name, sir? I don't recollect having ever met you before."

He laughed quietly. "Perhaps you are not as entirely unknown as you imagine. You were pointed out to me as an artist. Being something of one myself, I was interested. Permit me to say you paint exceedingly well."

She made a gesture of dissent. "I only wish I could feel that what you tell me is true."

"Be assured that I never praise without cause," he returned quickly.

She busied herself in some way near her sister and said nothing.

After a short pause, "I trust that if we should become better acquainted, I may be permitted to sometime see your work. Pardon me for having forced my company upon you *so long*;" he lifted his hat and passed away under the trees. The elder sister turned and looked after him, half-expecting that he would glance backward at them, but he did not, and was soon out of sight. She remembered him now; he had been among the tennis-players; he, too, was one of the lordlings of the earth.

"What do you think of him, pet?" for she was accustomed to trust to her sister's intuitive perceptions of true gold and false.

"He *is* a true man," answered the other, "without fear and without reproach."

A hush fell upon them, broken only by the monotonous roar of the breakers. Grace seated herself and began to sketch a gnarled stump before her, about which were growing gay-colored flowers. Her sister clasped her hands behind her head and lay back on the rocks and mosses.

"Without fear and without reproach," she repeated. "Sister, you should love a man like that."

A brush fell from Grace's lap on the rocks. She stooped and picked it up before replying, "Yes."

"Yes. Ah, if I had only the gift of sight I might love such a one myself. Perhaps my infirmity quickens my other senses, but I know by his voice that he is a man one might trust utterly."

"It may be so. I had not thought of it," returned her sister, busy over her sketch.

"Some day you will think of it, and then you will go away from me and——"

"Hush!" The other rose quickly and pressed an impulsive kiss on her sister's brow. "What have I done that I should deserve this?"

It was no more than just that Miss White *should notice him when* they next met, and having done so she could not blame him for joining her. He introduced himself frankly, and in his off-hand, easy way at once won her favor. A foot-hold thus gained, he rapidly developed in her a strong interest, so that she learned to consult him in many matters relating to her work, and to place reliance upon what he said. Though not forward or obstrusive in his intentions, he was nevertheless so much occupied with her that his former companions saw less and less *of him*. He was by no means a great "catch," yet one or two of the summer loiterers did not consider it unworthy to engage in a slight flirtation with him—such a one as consists in moonlight strolls along the bar, or evenings passed in threading the little fleet of yachts clustered around the pier,—which, if conducted by one more in earnest than he might have become serious. But, however he might be inclined to flirt with those who invited it, his intercourse with the fair young artist and her sister was free from any suspicion of it. Sometimes a bunch of wild flowers—it was astonishing what numbers of them he found—or of cultivated plants found its way to cheer her on whom all beauties of color were lost; or his timely suggestions supplied the one thing lacking to insure the ready sale of the pictures upon which depended so much; one or two sketches, the joint work of both, added to the little pile which was steadily accumulating; sometimes he read to them while one worked and the other listened in contentment too complete for words; occasionally as they floated near one or another of the rocky islets he would sing ballads to the accompaniment of his banjo.

As the summer deepened, deepened with it their intimacy. He heeded not society calls to other summer resorts; he seemed unmindful of the enchantment of sweet voices which had been wont to cast over him their spells. His thoughts, his mind, his soul, were absorbed in this great enchantment, which overtopped them all. Small wonder was it that the elder sister, coming suddenly in, saw the younger's face buried with passionate fervor in a handful of flowers. Small wonder was it that in the moment of her happiness, as they stood together in the glow of the setting sun, she forgot for an instant what she had seen, and answering, met his lips as they sought hers. And then she dreaded to speak of what had come to her, and for the first time the bond of absolute confidence between the two young girls was broken. Yet, none the less was he with them both; none the less did he shower kindly attentions upon the poor helpless girl, and, if he sometimes took advantage of her infirmity to touch her sister's lips, or press her sister's hand, who shall blame him for it?

He rowed them at evening out into the bay. Calm and still were the waters, the moon looked over the mountain-tops, and made a path of silver over the sea; and beneath it all was the great treachery of the tide, which set with a strong current away from the shore. An oar snapped somehow—he had taken but two—and the rower, seizing the other, attempted to skull again into the harbor. But the force of the waters was too mighty; he was borne backward, and, as the lights paled and faded or were concealed by intervening rocks and trees, he became for the first time uneasy. Then he called, and his voice rang loudly over the water, but it met with no answering cry.

He ceased skulling and looked blankly about him. A heavy cloud arose and obscured the moon. Afar off a pale flash of lightning gleamed, and the dull, distant boom of the thunder proclaimed the coming of the storm god. Grace rose and clung to her lover's arm, for she was of a timid nature after all; but when she asked her sister if she were not afraid, a high smile lighted up the blind girl's face, and she made answer deeply: "I fear nothing since Walter is here to protect us." A blush of shame rose to the other's face. This love which trusted so utterly was indeed greater than hers, for she had sought a visible support. So they drifted till the mountain-tops and the distant land-line were enveloped in a black shroud, and around them was only the softly-swelling sea.

The blind girl shivered and drew her shawl more closely about her. "I am cold," she murmured; and her sister rose from her lover's side and went over to her, and gathered her into her embrace. "Thank you, dear," she said, and nestled into her sister's arms.

"The tide must be nearly at its ebb," said Walter bravely; "we will be carried back before morning."

Out of space behind them came a black shape, silently, like a ghost, gliding over the sea. Two colored lights, its eyes, glared at them; a third clung higher, and gently swayed from side to side. Propelled by some mysterious influence, the great misshapen thing crept nearer, as though to run them down and destroy them. From it presently came a sound of music, and a change in its course revealed a line of lighted cabin windows, which again swung out of sight.

Pattering drops, the edge of the passing storm, swept over the boat. Walter rose. "Steamer a-ho-oy!" he cried. There was no response. Thank heaven that he had at least powerful lungs! Again his clear voice rose, and now an answering trumpet-blast. "Where away?" smote on their ears with startling nearness.

"In a row-boat—dead ahead—or broken—drifting out to sea!"

A thrill seemed to pass through the nearing shape, a lantern hurriedly crossed it, a confused group of shadows rushed hither and thither; then the onward motion slowed, and on deck a blue light suddenly blazed, illuminating the sea with a strange, steely glare. It flooded the faces of those in the boat; so near were they that fifty yards advance would infallibly have crushed them. By it they could see that some of the shadows wore long robes; and now their voices were heard, sweet and clear, among the deeper tones around them. Arms were extended, fingers pointed.

"Lower a boat," cried Fillebrown; "I can not skull against the tide."

They were indeed sweeping past the steam yacht; every foot was taking them further away. The blue light went out, a second was lighted up, the davits creaked as a cutter struck the water and flew toward them.

"Ladies!" exclaimed the coxswain, in a surprised tone. He had evidently not expected such. It was the work of a moment to fasten the boats together; then sturdy arms pull them back to the steamer.

"Let Nellie go first." But she shrank back as her fingers touched the cold iron. "Where am I?" she cried.

"It is only the ladder, pet, leading to the deck." Yet she hesitated: she turned uncertainly. Fillebrown interpreted her wish, though he was far from suspecting its cause. As his hand touched her she trembled a little, then became passive, and courageously began that ascent of which she knew nothing. But his arm supported her; at that moment, wet and chilled through as she was, she was happy. As they gained the deck someone came to meet them.

"Ask the lady to step this way into the cab—why Fillebrown! how are you? What brings you here?"

"I will tell you in good time." He clasped his friend's hand, then in a low voice, "Take charge of her for a moment, please; she is blind."

"Poor girl!" A look of pity passed over the other's face as he hesitated to comply.

In another moment Grace stood beside him. They joined the others. "Mr. Adams—Miss White—Miss Nellie White."

The owner of the "Siren" bowed courteously to the ladies, perhaps more to the second, though she could not know it, than to the first, then led the way to the cabin.

A young fellow rushed from some shadowy corner up to Fillebrown and shook his hand with enthusiasm. "How are you, Walter, old boy!" he cried. "Delighted to see you;" then lower, "She's a 'stunner.' Introduce me, will you? Who is she?"

"My betrothed wife," answered the other, calmly; and then the "Siren" resumed her course and sped through the thunder-storm into a safe harbor at last.

Every day the task which Grace had set for herself became more difficult. Why had she not spoken at first? Why had she prevented Fillebrown from speaking, and influenced him by specious pleas to conceal from her sister their relation to each other? For the poor blind girl's love for him had become almost a passion, and she, accustomed to confide in her sister, confided this to her also—her hopes, her doubts, her fears. "Does he love me?" she would say. "Sometimes I almost think so, he is so kind, so tender, so gentle. How could he be this if he did not love? And yet, no—he can not. I am blind and helpless; he knows I would be a burden to him, even as I am to you. Do you think he loves me, sister?" And that sister unnerved by the great sorrow which tortured her, would murmur some reply which quieted the questioning for a little, and soothed the questioner's troubled heart.

This sorrow she must bear alone, for it must never be told to him, and he, manlike, strayed not into the faintest suspicion of it. What a terrible double part she was forced to play, and how would it end? Some disclosure, some breaking of the charm which now held her sister in its power, and then—oh, what an awakening would be hers. For her only chance of happiness in this world lay in this, and this could not be.

The long summer days glided into their fruition and decay; on every side were evidences of migration; the gaudy-plumed birds of passage were about to resume their way, and leave this northern climate for a more congenial abiding-place. Yet these three lingered; the golden-rod blossomed for them, and the trees put on their gayest livery; the rocks reflected in sinuous lines the glory about them; the sea took on a colder hue, and the sea anemones, with their hosts of cousins and cousinsgerman, drew themselves farther from the unfriendly air.

On an elevation overlooking the bay and town sat the lovers, through the branches the sun sent down his kindliest rays—poor, cold things they were at best—upon them. For a while a desultory conversation had been kept up; but now the third, reclining among her shawls, lulled by the faint roaring of the breakers, had fallen asleep.

Presently, seeing this, the two took up again the old subject; that never-tiring subject which held in its power the hopes, almost life, of that other so near.

"No, Walter. It can not be. Your income is not large enough to support three, and Nellie must always be my care."

"Yet you earn barely enough to make both ends meet."

"We can struggle along," she smiled faintly. "Better it is that you should wait; you are young yet and have a future. Achieve it! Some day, perhaps in five years, perhaps one, your talent will be properly recognized, then I will come to you gladly."

"And I must wait till then?"

"Yes, dear; we will not become a drag to pull you down. Perhaps—though it is almost a sin to say it—perhaps if I were alone, I would yield to you and come now; we could fight our battle together and make ourselves a foothold."

"Your words are sound sense;" he spoke bitterly now—"there speaks the woman of business." He caught her appealing look and checked himself, "I know you are right, darling, but what you say is none the less distressing for that. No. It has indeed narrowed itself down to this. My income will not suffice for three; but it might for two. This is a lesson I must learn; and, having learned, must profit by it."

He rose and paced nervously over the fallen leaves; she rose, too, and clasped her hands about his arm. "But I love you just the same, Walter."

"I know it, my dear, noble girl; and it will not be my fault if our marriage is long delayed."

They passed away together into the full gladness of the sunlight. A slight figure sank still deeper into the coverings about her; she emitted a smothered cry—they, bound up in each other, heard it not—then voice and form alike were still.

Presently the two returned. "She is still sleeping," said he, glancing at her, but his companion saw there a nameless something which filled her with dread. With a bound she was at her side. "Nellie!" she cried, but the lips moved not in answer, nor was the pressure of her hand returned. "Walter, come here. What is the matter?"

The face was white and cold. An agony seemed to have left there its fearful impress. The little hands clutched a few broken twigs and leaves; but the pulse beat still, though uncertainly and faintly. The two fell beside her, and rubbed her cold palms and colder brow. Water, which they had brought with them, was dashed in her face, and at last she revived. Slowly the color chased away the pallor of her cheeks.

"What has happened?" though the elder sister trembled as she asked the question, knowing full well the reply.

"Can you ask me, Grace?" What piteousness in her tone! What a world of reproach in her sightless eyes! "My God!" murmured the unhappy girl, "my cross is greater than I can bear."

And in their privacy of their chamber that night: "You were cruel, sister. He would not knowingly have deceived me so."

Thereafter on this subject she held her peace. Only the pallor of her face—its hard, pinched look—the listlessness of her movements, told of the great forbearance which she exercised; of the struggle which was going on within. Still she accompanied them on their artistic strolls, but she took little or no part in their conversation, seeming always to hug some phantom of her imagination, or to meditate upon some overmastering resolve. And once, as they sat by the shore, they missed her. Calling, they received no answer; searching, they found her not; till at last——

For the poor girl had dragged herself to where the moaning sea attracted her—through the scanty woods, over the shelving rocks—till the froth of the breakers rolled up to her feet, and their voices bellowed, inviting, in her ears.

"Yes, yes, I come to you,' she whispered; "It is the only way. I am always a drag, always a hindrance. Without me they could be happy. Oh, my loved one—my sister—accept my sacrifice, and rejoice."

Gently she slid into the waters. "It is cold," she murmured, "but I will not be cold long; it will soon be over, soon——." The waves engulfed her; a bubbling cry, a faint struggle, and then——

So they found her, lying peacefully but an arm's depth beneath the sea, whose spray sparkled in the sunlight, and made about her an aureole like that of the Christian martyr.

* * * * *

Years may come and go, but will those two ever reach that happiness which seemed so near? Ah, no! The act which should have united them has parted them forever; unless in the hereafter they may meet again, and be joined for eternity by her forgiving and forgiven spirit.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Protection to Oil Paintings—Card Telegrams—False Comets—Ingenious Contrivance for Steamship Shaft, &c., &c.

Rapid progress is making on the Aliwal North Railway, South Africa. When completed this line will form a short and direct route between the coast and the Free State and Basutoland.

At Bourke, New South Wales, the average temperature of the hottest part of the day for the first fifteen days of the present year was 119.6° Fahrenheit, and the highest temperature recorded during that period was 122° Fahrenheit.

Mr. W. H. Massey, of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, London, has strongly urged the introduction of a small engine and dynamo-electric machine on each locomotive, in order to supply incandescent lamps, by means of which, he maintains, railroad carriages can be lighted better and cheaper than by gas-jets.

The first Londoner according to the *Builder*, who idtroduced conduit water into his premises, was a tradesman of Fleet-street. This is how a record of 1478 sets forth the occurrence: "A wax chandler in Fleet-street had by crafte perced a pipe of the condit withynne the ground and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride through the citie with a condit uppon his hedde," the city crier meanwhile preceding the criminal and proclaiming his offense.

Card telegrams are much in use in Paris. There are two kinds of them—one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue and capable of being so closed as to conceal the writing. They are each large enough to contain a message of fully 60 words. When a card is dropped into the card telegram box of the nearest telegram office the official in charge picks it up and has it transmitted through one of the pneumatic tubes which extend all over the city, thus insuring its delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less than half an hour from the time it was "posted."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* describes several false comets observed by himself and others in and near Philadelphia within recent years. He ascribes them to reflection by a water-charged atmosphere of the sharp and well-defined flames produced by the ignition of natural gas at the extremity of escape pipes. Other places in Pennsylvania have been the scene of like phenomona under analogous circumstances. Probably similar spectacles witnessed at Porto Rico and Sulphur Springs may, when all the facts are thoroughly sifted, be found to have their origin in not disimilar terrestrial agencies

M. Cailletet, one of the two French savants who succeeded in liquidizing the last of the gases, has invented an apparatus for the continuous production of intense cold. It consists of a closed steel cylinder containing a coil of copper pipe, the ends of which project from each head of the cylinder. Two copper tubes are also screwed into the cylinder, and one of them communicates with the mercurial piston pump already used by Cailletet, while the other receives the ethylene which has been compressed by the pump and cooled by methyl chloride. A circuit is then formed in which the same quantity of condensed ethylene is repeatedly evaporated in the copper coil, producing intense cold, and then compressed again by the pump being sufficiently cooled with ethyl chloride and ready for evaporation again.

In the absence of flexibility other than that provided by the springing of the screw shaft of a steamship the *Engineer* maintains that breakages will occur, and in order to minimize the results of fractures, suggests an ingenious expedient borrowed from rolling mill practice. In rolling mills a "breaking spindle" is always introduced between the driving wheel and the roll trains to save the rolls and gearing from the effects of undue strains. This spindle is simply a short length of shafting of smaller section than the rolls or roll-necks. If something must give way it will be the weak or breaking spindle, which being of cast iron, can be replaced for a few shillings, and with no more than a few minutes' delay. Why, very pertinently asks our contemporary, should not screw shafts have one short length in each, with a strength of, say 75 per cent of the rest of the shaft? Two or three lengths might be carried. If the shaft breaks at all it will be here, and the broken bit can be taken out and replaced by a sound section in a couple of hours.

A Good Clerk.

A good clerk is a prize too rarely found, and when found often unappreciated. When a man has a clerk in whom he can place confidence, he may regard himself as extremely fortunate. One good clerk will do more, and do it better, than two poor ones. He does not require constant looking after. When he does anything there is no necessity for his employer to do it over again. He will always take pains to treat customers well and serve them with exactly what they want. He never acts as if he owns the whole establishment, and a very large portion of the world outside of it. He is polite, unassuming and anxious to forward his employer's interests. He is sufficiently level headed to recognize the fact that the more his employer's business increases the better is his own chance for advancement. With this end in view he naturally takes a close personal interest in the business. When a man is fortunate enough to get such an employe, he would do well to endeavor to retain him. If he wants a holiday once in a while, let him have it. He will appreciate it and make it up to you. Should he ask a favor of you, grant it, as by so doing it will make him regard you as his best friend and the bond between you will be one of friendship as well as business interest. Many employers overlook the fact that a good clerk is a person of some influence. He can always bring trade with him, and need never be at a loss for emyloyment. If he leaves one employer he can readily obtain a position with another, probably in the same neighborhood, and draw trade to his latest employer. When you get a good clerk keep him. You can feel a sense of security when you go to market or for an evening's recreation if you leave such a person in charge. Your business will be well attended to, and even if you pay him a liberal salary, you will find it a benefit in the long run.