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ADVERTISING PAYS

PA'S ALMANACK.

There's lots of books in our house, Esop and Thomas Hood, Josephus, Poe and Parley, tales, and others just as good. In fact, up in the parrot, for I've seen them there myself. Are half a hundred dusty books piled on a But I've never touched one from out that musty stack. For when he has the chance to read, he reads 'em all.

He reads the leading "Hints to Health" and what will cure a ache and the pills that you should take. The symptoms of black measles and the points on heart disease. And as Pa turns the pages back he thinks he has it all these. "By gum!" he'll say with troubled look, "I've sharp pains in my back. And that's the way humbug comes—it's in the Almanack."

We like to see Pa winter nights sit by the open grate And read aloud his Almanack and tell us just the date That Pa played the fiddle while old Rome was burning red. And when that wicked English king cut off poor Raleigh's head, It's mighty interesting, and the jokes that Pa will crack Are just the kind that fill each page of his old Almanack.

Pa reads the tide a hundred times and when the next eclipse And he has all the weather news right at his finger-tips. He knows just when dr. spells are due and when wet weather's near. And sometimes he puts on his gums when all the weather's clear. "It is raining yet," he'll say, "but it will ere I get back." And if it don't we dassn't laugh—it was in the Almanack. —Victor A. Hermann, in Puck.

The Amateur Revolutionist.

The Revenge of a Lover and a Child.

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

If you should see bronzed men or men with soldierly bearing frequenting a certain office in a small street in San Francisco, and if you knew who the men were or what they represented, you could predict to a nicety the next Central American revolution, its leaders, and its outcome. That is because San Francisco is the place where everything commences, and many have their end in the way of troubles in the "sister republics."

Three years ago the present government of Guatemala missed overthrown by just a hair. As the man who had been attacking the insurrection said bitterly when the bottom fell out: "If it weren't for women there'd be no revolutions. And if it weren't for a woman every revolution would be successful." He said this to the man who knows more about troubles political where there's money and fighting than any other man in the world. This man nodded his head with a smile not often seen on his sly face. The financier didn't like the look, and he growled some more: "They might at least have let me hold the government up for my expenses before calling the whole business off. I could have got everything back and interest on my venture."

The other man kept on smiling. "That's the way you fellows look at it. If you can't win sell out at a good price. But that don't win in the long run. One woman can spoil the scheme."

Two years before this a young woman landed from the Pacific Mail steamer City of Paris, and registered at the Palace as from Mazatlan. She had a little maid who giggled and talked Mexican, some luggage with Vienna and Paris hotel labels over it, and the manner of a deposed queen. She signed herself as "Sra. Maria Rivas."

In due time Senorita Rivas left the hotel for quiet lodging on Vallejo street. But before she disappeared from the court, a gentle-mannered old man with knobby hands, called and introduced a companion. "This is the young man I spoke of your excellency about. I present Senor Thomas Vincent." Then the gray-haired man slipped away, and Thomas Vincent was left looking down into the dark face of Maria Rivas. He did not know why he was there, nor who she was, nor even the name of the man who had introduced him. But he was not sorry.

She let him stand while she glanced him over. Vincent drew himself up at her somewhat insolent manner, and was rewarded by a smile. "Will you accept an invitation to supper tonight if I press you very hard?" she asked him in smooth English.

Vincent turned his eyes about the court. Then he looked down at her again, and nodded curtly. "Certainly, madam." He flushed, and went ch. "But I failed to catch your name. I am awfully embarrassed."

She got to her feet, and held out a slender hand. "I am Miss Mary Rivas," she said, quietly. "My father was formerly the president of Honduras. I went to school at Bryn Mawr, and I met your sister there. That's why, when I found you were in San Francisco, I asked to have you brought and introduced."

Vincent looked at her very soberly, almost pityingly. Then he offered her his arm, and they went into the supper-room, where everybody turned to watch their progress, knowing neither of them.

When she removed to the flat on Vallejo street, Miss Mary Rivas told Vincent to come and take the first dinner with her. "We'll christen the new place," she said gaily, "and, besides, I hope you'll find that I'm really American and can cook."

That night at nine o'clock when the Mexican maid had departed giggling to the kitchen, Vincent's hostess leaned forward over the table at which they sat, and rested her elbows on it. Her bare arms framed her face in a sudden way that took Vincent's heart out of its regular beat. He leaped to his feet when Maria Rivas, dropping her head, burst into a torrent of sobs, her white shoulders heaving as her agony got the better of her.

As he stood there biting his lips she threw back her head and darted up and to the window. He heard her moan, as if she saw and heard something too awful to comprehend. He walked over and stood back of her till she swung round, and he saw the tear-stained face relax and the swimming eyes close. He carried her to the table, and laid her down across it, and rubbed her hands. Then the maid came in, still giggling hysterically, and together they revived her until she sat up between Vincent's arms and slid from the big table to the floor. Vincent sent the astonished maid out by a gesture of command.

"Now what's the matter?" he demanded, hoarsely. "If you're in trouble tell me." She panted before him. "It was what I remembered," she replied. "How can I forget?"

"After I had been five years in the States papa sent me to meet him in Colon. I got off the steamer, and he was waiting on the wharf. I knew

he would do it just that way. He put on his glasses with both hands, and looked at me as if he were very glad, and oh! I loved it, for it was just like it was when I was a little girl and ran into the big room.

"But trouble came in Panama, and papa thought we'd better come up to San Francisco. I've been so busy down here one way and another," he said, "that I'm always suspected of conspiracy. Your mother is dead, and the fun of life is out of it. We will live peaceably as befits an old man and his daughter."

Vincent's voice broke in on her story. "When was this?"

"Five years ago. And everything went all right till we got to Amapala. There a friend of papa's came on board and showed me a paper. It said papa was not to be allowed to land in Honduras. He put on his glasses to read it. When he looked up at me, he said: 'We shan't set where your mother is buried, nor the place where you were born.' He shook hands with the friend and said nothing more."

"On the day we were in Ocos, in the afternoon, I saw the commandante come on the steamer with some soldiers. He said he wanted to arrest papa, but that if he came along willingly he would not use force."

"I am under the American flag," papa said. "I know who has done this. It would mean my death if I went with you." Suddenly I heard a shot and then another. I hurried to papa's room. Outside there were two soldiers aiming into it. I saw papa sitting on his camp-stool and his two revolvers were in his lap. He was hunting for his glasses, but the chain had slipped down. He could not see to shoot. One of the soldiers, after a long time, fired his gun again, and father suddenly picked up his revolvers, and I cried out again. He didn't shoot, and I know how that he was afraid of hitting me. Then he fell. The soldiers fired again and ran away, panting and yelling to each other. I went into papa, and he asked for his glasses, sitting up on the floor very weakly. When I found them and gave them to him, the blood was running very fast down his breast. He put up his glasses with both hands, wrinkling up his forehead in the old way, and looked at me very— He looked... He said, 'I am glad I could see you, little one... before I go.' That was all."

She went to the window and stayed there, immobile, while Vincent walked up and down behind her. At last she turned around. "That was five years ago. No one has done anything to punish them."

Vincent, because she was suddenly to him the woman, did what every man once in his life will do for one woman: he sacrificed his sense of humor. With all selflessness he stiffened up. "It was under my flag he was shot down. I've served under it. Give me another flag for Guatemala and I'll go down there and those murderers shall die against a wall, with your flag flying over their heads, its shadow waving at their feet on the yellow sand."

Marie Rivas, because she was the woman in this case, understood perfectly. "A revolution?" she said, very quietly. He bent over her hand gravely and youthfully. His manner was confident, as if he saw very clearly what was to be done and knew how to do it, not as if he had promised a girl with tear stains on her cheeks to overturn a government because of a murder one hot afternoon on a steamer in a foreign port.

This was the beginning of the affair. Its continuation was in a little town on the Guatemalan coast, where Vincent landed with a ton of munitions of war, marked "Manufacturers of Metal," and thirty ragged soldiers. A month later he had a thousand insurgents and twenty tons of munitions, and his blood had drunk in the fever that burns up the years in hours. The first thing Vincent did under its spell was to march on Ocos and take it. When the town was his and the commandante in the iron, the young man took out of his pocketbook a little list of names, made out in Maria Rivas's hand. He compared this list with the list of prisoners and ordered out a firing squad. Half an hour later the shadow of the flag made by the woman in the Vallejo street flat wavered over the sand on which lay six men in a tangle. Generalissimo Thomas Vincent went out into the sun and looked at the last postures of the six, and then out across the brimming waters of the Pacific. A mail steamer lay out there in the midst of a cluster of canoes, the American flag drooping from her mast.

An Irishman in a major's uniform came out of the cool of the barracks and stopped beside Vincent. "Another week ought to see us in the capital," he said slowly. "But I don't like this business, general. These beggars don't amount to anything. Why did you order them shot?"

A barefoot girl of some ten years crept around the corner of the sun-baked wall. She picked her way over the sand, darting hot glances fearfully at the two officers. Suddenly she stooped over the crooked body of one of the motionless ones. She tugged at

the sleeve of a shirt, and as the fact turned slightly upward to her effort she fell to beating on the ground with both hands, and sobbed in the heat of her eye.

Vincent strode over to her, and gently picked her up. Her quick sobs did not cease as he carried her into the shade, his own face drawn and white. He looked over at the major who stood knawing on his stubby mustache. He did not reply to the question until the major repeated it angrily. "It was because... they deserved it..." Vincent stopped and then went on, almost inaudibly, "God knows why I did it, and then there's the—"

He stopped once more for the girl's hard sobs had ceased, and her little hands had darted from the folds of her scanty gown to the young general's throat, and the major saw him set the burden softly down, and then fall forward, the blood pouring round a blade of a knife deep in his throat.

With an oath the major leaped over to him and lifted his head. Vincent's eyes looked clearly into his. Then the wounded man looked over at the little girl, poised for flight a dozen feet away. He nodded at her with an air of absolute comprehension, and then died.—San Francisco Argonaut.

FASHION IN READING.

How the English Woman Makes Up Arrears.

Great boxes of books are going up to Scotland and the shooting moors now, addressed to the chateaux of historic houses. They are not intended to augment the resources of the library or to amuse guests of literary proclivities upon days of storm and rain, but are destined for the particular pursuit of the hostess herself in her own boudoir.

The very exacting duties of the London season make the pleasure of keeping up their pursuit of literature an impossibility to many women. It may be practicable to dip into the latest novel when it makes its appearance during the few leisure moments that are sandwiched between a busy London hostess's day, but to devote any time to serious reading is quite impossible. Numbers of biographies, books of travel and of science, delightful memoirs and interesting poems must go unread, unless the modern plan of having them up for September is resorted to, as it very generally is now.

This resource is the established custom of one very exalted personage who is devoted to literature and whose sympathies are so wide that no good ever escapes her perusal. It is her custom to keep in a little book throughout the earlier months of the year a carefully compiled list of novels, works of travel, memoirs, autobiographies and so forth that she desires to read, and these her bookcases forward to her in her Highland home for her delectation during the autumn. As this princess reads not only the best English writers but those of Germany, Italy and France, the precious hours she spends in comparative privacy in the north are most fully occupied in the perusal of their works.

System in the pursuit of literature is the best friend the busy woman can possess if she is to maintain her acquaintance with the writers of the day. It is not sufficient for her to have a miscellaneous collection of novels and serious works forwarded to her in the country. For these, though they may afford her a certain amount of recreation, will not further her aims of self-education, to accomplish which task is the aim of the modern seeker after enlightenment, who holds the view that education only ceases with life itself.

One woman makes a specialty of reading all the works of all the leading novelists in Europe, and her task is no light one; another gives works of fiction a secondary place, and devotes herself to travel; while to the third the form of literature appeals so successfully as those volumes of clever causerie that so often appear, and prove so useful as the subject of conversation.—London Daily Mail.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An English police court comes to the front with an antisentite New Testament for oath-taking purposes. The 65vers are guaranteed to be death to germs.

Editor Barnett of the American Grocer, New York, is advocating the establishment of a school for grocers and a state board of examiners for its control.

The combined salaries of the presidents of the 14 leading universities in the United States do not equal the amount paid the head of one life insurance company.

An elephant at Jena, Germany, seized a man who was teasing him with a knife and dashed him to the ground. Three days later the man succumbed to his injuries.

A couple of cyclists in Epping, near London were the principals, at a wedding, and they added a new wrinkle to marriage etiquette. The bride and groom rode to the church on single machines, but they returned on a tandem.

The English delight in odd rents, but the oddest is a tenancy at Brookhouse, in Yorkshire, where the rental is one snowball in June and a red rose in December. The rose is easily arranged and the snowball is now made of shaved ice.

A rich gold strike in the Kantishna diggings, 300 miles away, left Fairbanks, Wash., practically without officers. The mayor and all the councilmen joined the rush. All the principal saloon keepers closed up and accompanied them.

Algeria has a river of genuine ink, caused by the joining of two streams, one of which comes from an iron region, while the second stream flows from a peat swamp. On meeting, the acid of one stream blends with the iron solution of the other, and ink is the result.

THE TRUE ECONOMY?

It Never Pays to Settle Unnecessarily—Some Incidents.

The good policy of letting riches fly to bring back more is quaintly illustrated by Benjamin Franklin, while Postmaster-General, in telling of the American postoffice as it was before the Revolution. In his inimitable way he says: "The American office never had hitherto paid anything to that of Great Britain. We were to have \$3000 a year if we could make that sum out of the profits of the office. To do this a variety of improvements were necessary. Some of these were inevitably at first expensive, so that in the first four years the office became about \$4500 in debt to us. But it soon began to repay us, and before I was displaced by a freak of the ministers we had brought it to yield three times as much clear revenue to the crown as the postoffice of Ireland."

Farsightedness, however, is not given to all. The woman who, when the winter time drew on, "starved her bullocks to save her hay until another year" undoubtedly thought she was the most provident of women. The tradesman who would never work by candlelight because he wanted to save a candle surely thought himself a pattern of prudence.

However, all is not waste that seems so. The scholar must spend lavishly for books; the housewife for improved labor-saving devices; the farmer for the latest machinery; the business man for widespread advertisements; the artist and artisan for tools pertaining to his art and craft, if he would by spending have the richer gettings.

Not all can do as well, to be sure, as a man who laid out \$10,000 in sleep. He subsequently told his friend that they died of rot. "That was ill, indeed," consoled the friend, "Not so ill," returned the other, "for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost."

Good judgment and a certain long-headedness are gifts of the gods, and save many a man from lack, nay, even increase his store, while a too tightly held purse string often means his undoing.

Never hesitate, then, to give up small change for greater coin. Life, honor and riches in moderation; these are the greater coin and are worth many pennies.

"Keep the thought in readiness," says an old philosopher, "when you lose anything external: What you acquire in the place of it, if it be worth more, never say, 'I have had a loss.'"

The World's Railroads.

According to the most recent German statistics, the length of the railroads of the world was 537,105 miles on December 31, 1904, of which 270,380 miles were in America, 187,776 in Europe, 46,592 miles in Asia, 15,639 miles in Africa and 16,702 miles in Australasia. Of the mileage of European railroads Germany stands first (34,016), followed in their order by Russia (33,286), France (28,265), Austria-Hungary (24,261), the United Kingdom (22,592), Italy (10,025), Spain (8,956), Sweden and Norway (7,730). The average cost of construction of the European railroads per mile is estimated at \$107,577, while for the remainder of the world the estimate is only \$59,680. The total value of the railroads of the world according to these statistics is \$45,000,000,000, of which the European roads figure for \$22,000,000,000. The estimate for rolling stock is as follows in numbers: Locomotives, 150,000; passenger coaches, 225,000, and freight cars, 3,000,000.—Consul-General Guenther.

Long Joseph, Seven Feet Ten.

Frederick the Great's father, Frederick William, the creator of the Prussian Army—whose special mania was the collection of giants from all parts of the earth—would have given something like a King's ransom for "Long Joseph," who has just joined the First Foot Guards at Potsdam, at the age of twenty, with a weight of about eighteen stone and a stature of seven feet ten inches—an ugly man, decidedly, to meet in a bayonet melee. Frederick William had a whole regiment of such colossi, known as the Riesengard, among the tallest of them being one Kirkman, a Scots-Hibernian, or Ulster Irishman, whose portrait may still be seen in the Palace at Charlottenburg. One of Frederick's first sovereign acts was to disband this preposterous brigade of giants, which had cost the Prussian State about as much as all the rest of its army.—London Chronicle.

Irish Voice Culture.

Danny McCaffrey is a well-known chorus man, with a telling tenor voice. He has been with the Bostonians and many other companies of the comic opera variety. At a recent rehearsal Danny's voice was swaying the chorus into line and carrying the music along in a way quite pleasing to the stage manager. Some of the principal performers were sitting together when Albert Parr, the tenor, asked: "Danny, have you studied music much?"

"Some."

"What method do you use?" continued Parr.

"Irish method—main strength," was the answer.—New York Press.

Baby Under a Train.

For the purpose of crossing to Abercrombie, the people of Pentrebach, near Merthyr, use the Plymouth Colliery Company's line. A woman with a baby on one arm and a basket on the other, attempted the other day to crawl under the buffers of the trucks of a long mineral train which was stationary. She first deposited the baby between the metals, intending to return for the basket, when to her horror the train began to move. Snatching the baby, she just managed to clear the wheels, but so close was the peril that one of the wheels passed over a portion of her dress.—London Mail.

Sweetening Main Streets.

"Beautiful" Societies have arisen in several of the large manufacturing towns, and are busy spreading a good deal of sweetness and light through the hardness of chimneys. While it is most impossible to invest the maze of dingy streets with the atmosphere of a sylvan retreat, much can be done by a little thought and trouble to lighten with touches of beauty the ragged places in which the laboring man lives.—Estates Gazette.

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