

THE BLESSING OF JIM ROBBINS

SPENCER GIFFORD was quite too ready to admit that he was just an average sort of fellow. That was really all he cared to be. What he could do he did fairly well, but he did not care to be anything more than a little better than the average. He was a good scholar, too, but was quite willing to rank with the intellectual second-raters. When he left college he went abroad and dabbled about in an aimless way, and came home with few impressions that he cared to mention. Then he went in for society, and there seemed to be reasonable contentment. Society amused him and wasn't too exacting. Society considered him; he was young, handsome, clever and rich.

And yet he would admit that he felt a little conscience-stricken when Anna Goldie gravely asked him one day about his future home. There was a look in her eyes that he didn't like when he laughed off the query. It set him to thinking, and thinking was an occupation he rarely indulged in. Thinking always disquieted him. He avoided Anna Goldie for a time, and found that that was still more disquieting. And then just as he was thinking he would write another talk with her on the original disquieting subject she suddenly went away. She went, they told him, to visit an invalid aunt in the interior of the state, who might be gone some time. It was more a visit of duty than of pleasure, and its continuance would depend altogether upon the failing health of the aunt. In what part of the state did Miss Goldie's aunt live? Somewhere near Palmyra.

Palmyra? That was where Jim Robbins lived. Good old Jim Robbins, whom he hadn't seen since his last college year. Jim was somebody down in Palmyra. Member of the local legislature, or something. He saw Jim's name in the papers occasionally. Jim was a rising man.

As the days wore along the desire to visit Jim grew upon him. He had a standing invitation to come down at any time. There was a pressing note in his desk of quite recent date in which he was told of the treat he was missing in not making the acquaintance of Jim's matchless wife and equally matchless girls. He wondered if Jim would know the abiding place of Anna Goldie's aunt. If he was a politician he probably knew everybody. He decided to go down at once and make Jim a visit, and he wrote to him to that effect.

Then he went to the bank and called on his father. And while he was there his uncle Tom came in and the three were closeted for a long time in his father's private room. When they came out his uncle Tom shook hands with him and patted him on the back in his usual hearty fashion. And his father shook hands with him in graver fashion, and both the elder men seemed highly delighted. Spencer shook his head a little doubtfully as he left them. Then he branched up with a swift stiffening of his fingers and clenching of his hands, and accelerated his pace. He was going to his rooms to fill his dress suit case for the visit to Jim.

He arrived at Palmyra early in the evening. He had meant to reach there in the afternoon, but the train was delayed. He hadn't told Jim just what day he would start, and so his old friend wasn't bothering over his non-appearance. Spencer concluded he would look Jim up in the morning. He went to the hotel and had his supper. After supper he strolled up to the clerk's desk and inquired about his friend.

"Oh, Jim Robbins?" cried the clerk,

"Yes, yes, Jim is one of our leading citizens. Has a nice home up on the West Hill. He's a great hustler, Jim is. Going to send him to the state senate next fall. Friend of yours?"

"Yes," said Spencer, "an old friend. Came down to visit him."

"Tell you what you do," said the clerk. "Jim is the chairman, toastmaster, whatever you call it, of the big banquet at Raymond Hall tonight. It's a complimentary feed given in honor of Col. Jack Speed, who is home for a brief visit, and everybody, pretty much, is going. Col. Speed is our congressman, you know, and he's in high favor in Palmyra. Hon. Dwight Perkins from somewhere out West, one of the big national lights of the house, is to be the speaker of the occasion, and they'll have plenty to eat and good music. Better go over."

A half hour later Spencer ascended the stairway of Raymond Hall. He noticed a number of ladies in the crowd that steadily marched into the hall, and he was rather glad to find that the banquet was not to be of the usual political-for-men-only character. At the head of the stairs he noticed a door standing open, and looking through into the brightly-lighted ante-room he saw his old friend. The impulse was too strong to resist and he passed in the doorway and held out his hand.

"What's the matter with Jim Robbins?" he laughingly called.

"In an instant Jim's friend's hand gripped his."

"Spencer, old man, so glad to see you!" He nudged Spencer off a little and held him there. "You are looking prime," he said. "And, by George, you are just in time. He laughed as he pushed his coat and hat to the side, such a comical expression that it instantly recalled to the latter some amusing experiences of the dear old school days.

"What mischief are you up to?" he cried. "Back here, Jim in the way. Don't let me bother you, I'll see you in the morning." And he drew back and half turned towards the door.

"Hold on," cried Jim, with a plunge at him, "you don't get away from me tonight. You stay right here until I can properly discuss you."

"Hon. Jack Speed was seated at Jim's right and Spencer at his left, much to the latter's increased uneasiness. Then the banquet commenced, and for an hour the clatter and chatter continued without a break. Jim was as delightful as ever, dividing his attention very equally between the guest of the evening and Spencer; but the latter's heart was filled with a vague distrust.

When the clatter finally ceased, Jim rapped on the table and in a nice little speech told of the purpose of the banquet. He introduced the Mayor, who briefly welcomed back Hon. Mr. Speed to Palmyra. Then Hon. Mr. Speed responded in a brisk speech, testifying to his delight in returning home to such friends and such a welcome, a sentiment which was greeted with loud applause. Then Jim arose again, with a crumpled telegram in his hand. He much regretted, he said, to be obliged to announce that Hon. Dwight Perkins could not be with them. A telegram he just received announced a railway accident that blocked the road and held back Mr. Perkins 60 miles away.

"Our regret, however," said Jim, "is somewhat mitigated by the fact that we fortunately have with us as an honored guest one of the most prominent of New York's young political and social leaders, Mr. Spencer Gifford, who will talk to us on the question of the hour."

As Jim sat down a patter of applause ran round the hall and the long lines of faces assumed an expectant expression.

"Remember your old debating tri-

umphs," whispered the perfidious Jim, "and sail in."

Spencer gave him a horrible scowl as he rose to his feet. Then he turned to the auditors with a pleasant smile. He put his teeth together hard. He wouldn't be bluffed. And deep down in his soul he felt gratified that Jim—despite his consummate meanness—had confidence in him. Jim knew he wouldn't fluke. He would say a word or two and retire as gracefully as possible.

When Spencer, after an eloquent windup, finely took his seat, the applause was vigorous and long drawn out, and Jim, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling, grabbed Spencer's hand under the table and squeezed it hard, and said: "Great, my boy, great! You ought to get down on your bended knees to me for bringing you out."

When it was all over Jim said: "We must get our coats and hats to Minnie, Minnie is Mrs. Jim. She's a little jealous of you now, don't make her more so. By the way, she has a young woman from your overgrown town in town tonight, and we'll have to escort her to her aunt's home. Know her? She's a Miss Anna Goldie."

KILLS EACH YEAR OVER TWO MILLION IMMENSE SCOPE OF PIONEER PACKING COMPANY.

Genesis of the Immense Establishment Presided Over by P. D. Armour—A Chapter of Interest in the Dramatic History of American Industry.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

The Armour packing industry, with its allied industries, now undergoing incorporation, represents an annual business of \$100,000,000, an estimated average disbursement of not less than \$100,000,000 per annum, and the annual killing and disposing of more than 2,000,000 cattle, sheep and hogs. This business was started by one man—Joseph P. Armour, a brother of Philip D. Armour. The latter brought it to the

the business which now extends into every civilized country in the world, and which in rush seasons employ between 22,000 and 25,000 men, women and children. The average number of men employed by the firm during late years has been between 12,000 and 15,000. The pay roll for years past—the annual distribution of wages—has not fallen below \$5,000,000. Employees, faithful to the trusts placed in their keeping, have been rewarded by permanency of position, advancement and increased salaries.

It has been the policy of the house to encourage every employe who showed an attitude for his work and faithfulness to his duty. The senior Armour never missed a detail of his business, and this quality has been transmitted to J. Ogden Armour, his son. The elder knew his employes personally. He has regulated them by an informal civil service system which has always advanced the ablest. He taught them to deal with facts as they would with dollars. To one of these employes he is reported to have said once:

"When I am done with work, George, remember this—that I have always had great respect for facts. If there

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.



Today the King of Italy, whose picture we present together with that of his wife, Queen Margherita, is one of the most worried of the world's rulers. Anarchist plots are being discovered daily in his realm, revolutionary talk fills the air, and court rumor has it that the conference of the Emperors of Germany and Austria will result in the occupation of Albania, European Turkey.

A little later they were out in the open air, Anna walking with Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Jim going ahead, that acute married dame having apparently sized up the situation.

"After hearing you this evening," said Anna, softly, "I think this is the field you are fitted for."

There was a pause. They fell back a little farther.

"Do you know?" he asked abruptly, "what it is that has awakened me?"

"No," she answered.

"It is love," he said.

He looked down at her. Her face was averted.

"Do you know what brought me down here. Do you know what carried me through that speech tonight?"

"No," she softly murmured.

"You?"

A half hour later he stopped Mrs. Jim as she excused herself to the two men smoking in the library.

"One moment," he said, "I want you to know that I had mentally promised your scamp of a husband a sound thrashing for the liberty he took with my name tonight, but I've found he blundered into doing me a favor. I'm going to forgive him. I've even gone so far as to bless him." He held out both hands. "Congratulations, my dear friends," he cried, with a radiant smile. "I'm a very happy and very fortunate man."

And then he told them about Anna—W. R. Ross, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

proportions of today. He took a strong business acumen of his own, and brought to its support the brain and energy of numerous young men in whom he had confidence. Some of these, now advanced in years, are to be officers or directors of the new corporation of Armour & Co.

The generation of today has known little of anything of the upbuilding of the Armour house prior to 1885. Yet it was nearly twenty years old when that decade opened, and is now in its fortieth year. The Armour "boys," as they were known back in Stockbridge, N. Y., from which place they originally came, were brothers whose financial interests from the start were closely knit together. Their mother believed in family unity, family concert of action, and held her children to the same line. Her rule was:

"You must all stand together."

It thus came about that no matter where in after life the children located each had one eye upon the other, their interests were more or less in common, and in what they undertook presented the spectacle of a family pitted against the world. This oneness of aim has had much to do with the success of the Armour interests in Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City. These interests have invariably advanced, retrograded.

were fewer theorists in the world there would be more successes. Facts can be discounted at any bank, but a theory is rarely worth par. Stick to facts."

They say that as one result of this way of looking at business the Armour house at any moment can furnish more information as to the visible grain and provision supply of any particular nation in the world than the information department of any existing government can. The ramifications of the business are such that its agents, scattered all over the globe, can, on telegraphic call, advise their principals of what the conditions of the Argentine fields are, what corn there is in Nebraska, how many salable cattle on the ranges of Kansas and Texas, what hogs are in Iowa and Minnesota, what the wheat supply from the Russian territory will be, what provision supplies the English, French or German armies will need, what next year's status of the grain markets of the world will most probably be.

ZACH CHANDLER'S DISPATCH.

J. B. Work writes as follows to the Saturday Evening Post: "I have seen this statement before in the press, but never over the signature of Senator W. E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, or from any one who had authority to speak for him. I heard the inside of that campaign related to Assistant Postmaster General Hazen in his office in the postoffice department, one afternoon by one who was close to Senator Zachariah Chandler. In that conversation I heard the Hayes administration and its ingratitude to Senator Chandler portrayed in a masterful manner, and incidentally a famous dispatch that was sent all over the country by Zach Chandler, as chairman, was referred to. The conversation so impressed me that when I returned to my home, Lynchburg, I wrote to Hon. Zachariah Chandler under date of April 8, 1877, inclosing an original telegram, and asked him whether or not he was its author. The telegram follows:

"To J. B. Work: Hayes has one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected." (Signed) "Chandler."

"In reply I received the following autograph letter:

"J. Birney Work, esq., Lynchburg, Virginia.

"Dear Sir: Your letter of the 6th ulto was duly received and should have reached earlier attention. My dispatch of November 8, 1876, saying 'Hayes has one hundred and eighty-five votes and is elected,' was true, but had those words not been said and said at that time Hayes would never have occupied the presidential chair."

"But for the most indefatigable exertions and unyielding determination that right should prevail, the Democrats would have stolen a vote or a state somewhere, and thus given Tilden the presidency. Very truly yours, (Signed) Z. Chandler."

opened in NEW YORK.

Before the senior of the present house of Armour gave up the grocery and grain business in Milwaukee, in which he had interested himself with the Plankinton after a successful trip to the gold fields of California, another, H. O. Armour, opened a packing house in New York city, and a Chicago feeder to this was established by Joseph P. Armour, another brother. This was prior to 1863. Chicago was a cattle market almost from the day of its incorporation, but the first great reviving circles and the first effort to concentrate packing and receiving interests here did not come until 1848, when the "Bull's Head" yards were opened at West Madison street and Ogden avenue.

In 1854 the Michigan Southern received open yards at State and Twentieth streets, which endured for twelve years. The Myrick yards were opened in 1856 on Cottage Grove avenue. The Burlington road opened large yards of its own a mile and a half west of the city, but they were not a success. The present yards were opened in 1865, and at that time the Armour house was but an infant.

The health of Joseph P. Armour began to fail. Competitive interests in Chicago made it imperatively necessary that the Armour business should have a strong head. It is said that at the time there was much discussion as to which of the brothers now residing in Chicago should be called to take charge of the business. However this may be, P. D. Armour, already one of the foremost business men of Milwaukee, removed to this city and took charge of affairs. He retained his valuable connections with the Plankinton, increased his financial holdings in the city, and the Armour house, which was to give him the eventual reputation of being one of the greatest provision suppliers the world has known. Two of his brothers at least kept in close touch with him for years. George Armour was president of the board of trade in 1875 and Joseph P. D. Armour owned the Chicago and Danville elevator, with a capacity of 450,000 bushels.

MAGNITUDE OF BUSINESS.

P. D. Armour, nor his two sons, into whose hands much of the active control of the business passed in later years, has never been inclined to say much publicly about the magnitude of

WALDRON'S Auction Sale of Horses TOMORROW.



Sold to the Highest Bidder Without Reserve. CUSICK'S OLD STABLES, Washington Avenue.

Removal Sale of Furniture. D. I. Phillips,

Board of Trade Building, 507 Linden Street

NEXT WEEK I will remove to a more commodious store—the one formerly occupied by Clemons, Ferber & O'Malley, No. 422 Lackawanna Ave. I desire to move as little of my present magnificent stock of furniture as possible. It costs money to move and I would much rather sell my stock at a considerable reduction and have less moving expense, thereby giving the people the benefit of the loss which I am bound to incur if compelled to handle and re-handle my immense stock while moving. Therefore, this will be a

Great Money-Saving Week

At this store. Every article of this reliable furniture stock will be offered at a considerable discount. It is unnecessary to describe the stock in detail, but would call your attention to my fine line of

Side Boards, Parlor Tables, Rockers, Bedroom Suits, Iron Beds, Dining Room Tables, Dining Room Chairs, Etc.

The people of Scranton and vicinity know that I have never sold any but honest, reliable furniture, and it is needless to say that I shall retain my reputation in this direction.

D. I. Phillips,

Board of Trade Building, 507 Linden Street

Hayes & Varley Dress Goods.

If you are interested in Dress Goods, we would advise you to call during this week and see the display we are making of rich, handsome designs, at prices that are emphatically tempting. Our show window will give you a faint idea of what we are offering.

WE MENTION A FEW:

- 36 inch All Wool Mixed Cheviot, brown and navy.....25c
- 36 inch Camel's Hair Plaid, handsome design.....25c
- 36 inch Granite Cloth, new pastel shades.....30c
- 40 inch Striped and Plaid Cheviot.....50c
- 54 inch Camel's Hair Cheviot light and dark greys, 75c to \$1.98

424 and 426 Spruce St., bet. Washington and Wyoming

were estimated at \$1,000,000. They have undoubtedly increased since that time. German scientists have been pleased to visit this country and study the Armour methods. Sometimes they learned them and sometimes they did not, but they always paid the compliment of saying that the Armour ways of handling by-products were unsurpassed in the old world. As a matter of fact the by-product establishments of the Armour plant in Chicago are far more interesting for study, if one can get into them, than the packing and canning houses, great as they are.

STORIES AFLOAT.

There are a good many stories afloat of the Armours that will not bear verification; there are innumerable good ones that ought to be true if they are not. Most of these stories relate to the relations of the heads of the house with employes. It is said of the elder Armour that he has always entertained a prejudice against shirts made from various colored materials and used for summer wear. Their wear in the Armour offices were frowned upon. Plain white linen was approved. And out of this the following story:

A son of an old friend of the firm was employed in the main office. He came to his work one morning in a loose, highly colored flannel shirt. During the morning the eyes of the senior member of the firm fell upon this unfortunate shirt and they glistened. The young man was quietly called to his desk and an order handed him for half a dozen white shirts to be secured at any haberdashery. He took the hint and appeared in them thereafter. During the stockyards strike of 1887 a newspaper reporter who had been stationed at the packing-houses for several days came into the city temporarily, dressed in his working clothes. He did not present the best appearance in the world, but there was an excuse for this. His city editor sent him in haste to interview Mr. Armour. The latter looked at his soiled clothes and rumpled appearance and then remarked:

"Don't you think your paper could send me a reporter with decent clothes on?"

"This particular reporter bristled all over."

"Mr. Armour," he said, "I have been at the stockyards night and day for a long time doing my duty to the people who hire me, and I have to wear these clothes. I hadn't time to change them when I came in and I'm going back as soon as I can."

"Young man," said the packer, "you know more than I do." Then he gave the young man an interview that could not have been secured under less favorable circumstances and also wrote his managing editor a letter commending him.

"How is it that you are late every morning?" said one of the firm to a clerk who did not dream that his excitement was known outside the job rolls. "Well," he replied, when he gained his breath, "I am only a few minutes late."

"That's just it. That's why you are not a good man. You are just a few minutes too late in all the bright things you do."

Another Mean Man.

"Stimmon is a mean man."

"Why so?"

"He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change."

"How's that?"

"He spends it all before he gets home."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A single File.

Convent—Well, did the governor get me pardon petition?

Warden—Yes, and out it on file.

Convent (tearfully)—Say, tell him to return me petition if unavailable and to send the file along with it.—Chicago News.

Extremes.

Along life's highway as man goes, He rages grasps as others do, At that which tares his joy bestows, And finds delight in what is new, Then, just to make variety, In pleasure's odd and curious maid, He likens tears, as we may see, To find delight in what is old.

—Chicago Record.

WARM WEATHER WARE

just received, a very choice new selection of dainty cool Wash Fabrics, all new faces. The very proper things at the proper prices.

- Jaconats—Linen finish, a very durable fabric.....10c
- Batiste Lawns—Fine and firm, strong and cool.....12 1/2c
- Indian Muslin—very dainty printing in quilt designs.....15c
- Scotch Dimities—Require no recommending, endless selection.....15c
- Cotton Foulards—Printed like silk. Look like silk.....15c
- Organdies—A new one prettier than any other, butterfly weight and firm as wire.....39c
- Ginghams—The satisfactory cloth of all ages, the strongest assortment of Checks, Stripes and Plaids, Blues, Pinks, Greens, Hetia, etc. Full range of prices, 8c, 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 25c and 35c.
- Galatea—One for the boys for Waist Trousers, all new patterns, even and broken stripes, plain shades, the boys' own material, because it wears.

Percales, Madras, Sateens, Etc.

MEARS & HAGEN, 415-417 Lackawanna Ave.