The Donaldsonville Chief

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

DONALDSONVILLE, : LOUISIANA.

Deer are tramping down Connecticut crops. They must be enforcing the game laws in that state.

It cost more to live last year than during any previous year since 1899. But, after all, it was worth the price.

In four years $400,000,000 has been spent in the United States on automobiles, and the horseless era is as far removed as ever.

A bigger and better Valparaiso is promised. Nevertheless, none of the civic improvement societies recommend such radical shake-ups.

Belva Lockwood says it is just as necessary for women to study law as to learn to cook. A good many other women seem to take the same view of the case, and they are not studying law either.

An English inventor wants London to banish smoke and stifling fogs by generating electricity for its light and power at coal mines 120 miles distant. He says the cost of the plant would be $17,000,000, and that the loss from the smoke nuisance in London is $10,000,000 a year. The proposition is sound that the best way to suppress smoke in a city is to keep it out.

News comes from Burlington, Vt., that America Vespucius Spaulding has sued Christopher Columbus for $17.50. Christopher Columbus has been boarding with America Vespucius, and one discoverer apparently discovered that the other discoverer thought he had discovered a soft snap. So does history again repeat itself. The original Columbus, it will be remembered, was mistaken as to what he had really discovered when he reached America.

We need not have the slightest fear that civilized man is going to become degenerate from city dwelling or any of the other strains of civilization. Contrary to popular belief, declares the Success Magazine, the white man of to-day has a lower death rate, a higher average length of life, is taller, heavier and stronger than any of his predecessors, or any known race of savages. Almost any company of American and English soldiers will contain men who can outrun, outwrestle and outswim the best athletes of any native tribe.

Did anybody ever see anything like the disappearance of jiu-jitsu? A year or two ago everybody was listening open-eyed to marvelous stories of skill with which slender little men overcame giants by a simple twist of the wrist. Teachers of the mystic art were appointed for West Point and Annapolis, and other colleges were to get them as fast as they could be found. Then our American athletes very obstinately refused to be unjointed by any of the little tricks, but flung the jiu-jitsu experts on the floor, and jiu-jitsu was forgotten.

In the event of the Donegal county council's decision to sell the old Lifford prison being confirmed by the local government board one of the most historic jails of Ireland will disappear. Within its walls, says the London Daily Mail, were once confined many notable offenders, including persons concerned in the Irish rebellion and a number of French prisoners who were captured in the sea fights off the mouth of Lough Swilly. Napper Tandy, rendered famous by the lines in "The Wearing of the Green," was incarcerated in this old prison.

Persia has instituted a reform that in old days would have been accomplished by bloody revolution. The shah has granted a constitution and a council of state of 50 members from all classes except peasants. The reform is partly the result, no doubt, of the upheaval in Russia, which is a warning against absolutism; and partly due to the demands of the people of Persia backed by threats of armed rebellion. The liberal spirit of the age, however, which impressed the shah in his journeys through Europe, lies farther back of the change. A modern enlightened monarchy may rise upon the domains of Xerxes and Darius.

It is flattering to our self-esteem to find that we are paying for tuition an aggregate sum nearly equal to half the cost of the national government, but when this is reduced to an average it will be found that our generosity gives less than laborer's wages to the instructors of our children. If the service we obtain for that outlay is better than we could expect it must be laid to the conscientious administration of the schools rather than to a businesslike policy of paying a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. After all, declares the Pittsburg Dispatch, as a nation we have not advanced much beyond the time when the teachers "boarded around."

How practical a machine the automobile has become may be judged from the trip recently completed by two men, who covered the distance from San Francisco to New York in 15¼ days. The best previous record, made by the same men two years ago, was 33 days, and the best record before that was 66 days.

A Colorado man, while shaving, tried to brush a fly from his nose. He succeeded, but lost the end of his nose. It is a good plan to use the other hand than the one containing the razor when brushing flies.

It will, no doubt, rejoice the hearts of the anti-smokers to know there is a likelihood that the tobacco crop cannot be gathered in Cuba on account of the revolution on that island. Cigars will go up in something besides smoke if there is a shortage of the weed that Charles Lamb cursed and blessed in almost the same breath.

Several hundred white women attended the recent prize fight at Goldfield, Nev. Let it be distinctly understood that they were nowhere mentioned in the dispatches as being beautiful or prominent in society.

AN UNSATISFACTORY FIANCE.

By FRANK H. MELOON.

Twenty times in the past two days had Hortense Heaton made up her mind to definite action; and 20 times, of course, she had allowed her thoughts to vacillate backward to the old doubt, the old indecision. "It is so supremely ridiculous," she said to herself, softly. "And the complaint seems so absurd and so difficult to form into words. I can't tell Robert that he doesn't love me enough. His adoration is too evident in his eyes for me to doubt it, but I'm not a marble image and I don't want to be adored as if I were an angel. I know I'm not. I know I'm just ordinary flesh and blood, but Robert doesn't seem to think so. I've tried every way I can think of to convince him, but it's no use."

Miss Hortense flung herself face downward on the most tempting piece of furniture in the room, burying her pretty nose in the very middle of a pillow stuffed with fir balsam. She did not attempt to keep back the tears which forced themselves to her adorable blue eyes or to choke down the sobs which convulsed a throat as dainty and fair as any model's.

"What would Robert say if he could see me now?" she thought, a smile like sunshine in the midst of summer rain flashing across her face. "Just because we're both college bred, he thinks he must act differently than other people. And he was so ready to believe my jest about the danger of microbes in kissing, that I've never been kissed once since we became engaged. He says hugging's a demonstration of rudiamentary affection, and laughs at holding hands as something peculiar to the lower classes. Well, I'd just like to have a little rudimentary affection, and if somebody doesn't hold my hand pretty soon, why, I'm just going slumming!"

Having finished her cry, Miss Hortense felt decidedly better. She sat up and began to fling soft pillows into new positions with athletic vigor. "The idea!" she exclaimed, sharply. "I don't see what makes Robert so stiff and prim. He's a good deal like an old maid since he got those horrid degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. What good will they do him, anyway? He's got the money to have a good time without them; and if he hadn't it now, he could share mine as soon as we're married. I guess dad will give me enough for both. As it is, I can truthfully say I'd rather have been born without a silver spoon in my mouth, if all the silver spoon is going to bring me is a man gone daft against kissing and hugging and holding hands. Being engaged to a man like that is what our Mamie would call 'the raw limit!'"

Her brain formed a mental picture of Robert Rouin, A. M., Ph. D., tall and athletic of figure, clad in perfect fitting evening clothes, just as she had last seen him. Severity sat Centaur-like upon his Gibson-modeled face, but it was the severity of thought.

"Why," continued the girl, indignantly, "can't he cast it off for a few minutes when he is with me? He loves me; I don't doubt that. But it is like the terrible admiration of Zeus. It is as if a god were making love to a mortal, half fearing to sully himself by touching the inferior being. I'm sure Robert hasn't that feeling, but that's exactly what it's like."

Miss Hortense recalled the fact that her unsatisfactory fiance had won his varsity letter on the football eleven. She also summoned to mind several stories of his athletic ability which had not a little influenced her decision when she had to make up her mind whether to say yes or no to the great question which comes at least once to every girl.

Since his classmates had separated and scattered to the four corners of the earth, Robert Rouin, A. M., Ph. D., had been continually, though unconsciously, demonstrating the difference which existed between himself and Robert Rouin, right tackle of the varsity eleven. It was, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that his mind had turned to newer and graver channels; that he was confronted by obstacles of infinitely greater difficulty and moment; and that, being always set and obstinate and perseveringly stubborn in his way, he was bound to surmount them.

"Now, what shall I write?" Miss Hortense asked herself, dipping a pearl handled pen into the cut glass ink well at her right hand. She poised the pen above the paper for a moment undecidedly. Then she laid it down carelessly, not noting that she dropped it into a box of monogramed writing paper, over which an ink blot spread itself alarmingly.

"It has come to the point," asserted the young lady, as if seeking to convince herself that her action was perfectly just, "it has come to the point when I must break off this engagement; and it's so ridiculous, too, when I love Robert, and he loves me. But the gist of the situation is that we aren't fitted for each other. We're too opposite. It would drive me wild to have to live with Robert the rest of my life and be admired from a distance. I want to do part of the admiring myself, and I am obviously unfit for doing it in Robert's way. I suppose it will make the poor boy dreadfully unhappy, but I've heard that men get over affairs of the heart very easily. I wouldn't do it, if I thought Robert would feel very, very much cut up over it, but it somehow seems to me as if he is the sort to find plenty of solace in his philological researches. Anyway, he's perfectly set on a trip into the South seas, so that he can study the Polynesian tongue at first hand."

As Miss Hortense reached this stage in her soliloquy, she glanced at a little jeweled timepiece, suddenly recalling an engagement to attend a production of amateur theatricals by the alumni of Robert's university. She had barely time to make her preparations. Everything else was immediately laid by, and a half hour later found her at Conservatory hall, awaiting the rise of the curtain.

"Did you know your fiance is to take the leading part?" asked Miss Ridge, her boon companion.

"Why, no," admitted Miss Hortense, "he never said anything to me about it."

"Well," rejoined the other, "it was not known until the last minute that it would be necessary. Mr. Rouin had taken the part once before, and his old friends wouldn't listen to his saying no."

The select audience that afternoon was accustomed to witnessing the performances of the world's leading stars, but it was unanimously conceded that the part of the passionate lover had never been so perfectly depicted as it was by Robert Rouin. It was so natural that, in the language of the press agent, the audience forgot to applaud.

"I congratulate you, Hortense, on having a lover like that!" exclaimed Miss Ridge, roguishly, yet more than half in earnest.

The face of Hortense flushed crimson, but inward agony was her portion. "Oh, if it were true, if it were true!" she exclaimed, again and again, but always with the realization of how very far it was from being true. It is, however, very seldom that a sensible American girl fails to accomplish what she desires to achieve; and this is especially true in love affairs. In a flash of pure inspiration a plan outlined itself vividly before the girl's eyes. She laughed aloud. That night it was carried into execution.

When Robert Rouin, A. M., Ph. D., called at 7:30 o'clock that evening, he seated himself in the usual chair, and, faultlessly attired, without so much as an eyelash awry, began his customary long distance admiration of his fiance. Miss Hortense, with a look of determination to do or to die in her eyes, after a few minutes' conversation, rose from her chair, walked over to her lover, and plumped herself into his lap with a solid drop of 135 pounds that fairly made the floor creak and the chair threaten to give way at every rung.

At the same time, she threw both her shapely arms around his neck, and, careless of germs, planted a resounding smack on his lips, which, as soon as he recovered from his first astonishment, he made haste to return with interest.

"And you aren't play acting now, Robert?" she asked, anxiously, after a time.

"Not a bit, little girl," he replied, heartily. "You see, I thought you were really opposed to kissing and holding hands and lovers' embraces. You said so, I remember, in your valedictory."

"I said a lot of things in that I didn't mean," was the girl's reply. "And, Robert, I can't tell you what I started to write to you this afternoon."

But after awhile she did. She had no fault to find in that quarter since she explained why she had mentally referred to him as her unsatisfactory fiance.

Actress' Arm as a Relic.

"This is the arm of Mme. Allcoyne, the celebrated actress, burned in the great Paris bazaar fire. It was amputated and presented to Dr. Baker, of Worthing, after the inquiry held in Paris."

So runs the notice that hangs beneath a gruesome relic in the saloon bar of the Black Bull at Whetstone, Middlesex, England. Charred and mummified, it is nailed to the wall within reach of anyone, and occupies the place of honor among such monstrosities as a two-headed kitten and a double-bodied dog.

CONSTABLE AS A FISH.

Pony and a Trap Landed by Angler With Rod and Line.

Two remarkable angling stories come from Durrus, in Cork county, the one relating to the attempt made to land a police constable by means of a salmon fishing rod and the other to the strange experience which befell Dr. Orr, a Huddersfield surgeon, in the same place.

Dr. Lewis, the medical officer of Durrus, undertook to land any swimmer in the river in 15 minutes, and Constable Kennedy, a noted swimming champion, consented to act the "fish." A belt was fastened across the constable's shoulders and to this was attached a strong salmon hook. A lancewood rod and the ordinary salmon fishing line were used. The human fish took the water at high tide and with a bold stroke swam out ten yards. At this distance Dr. Lewis checked the constable's progress, and then the fish dived and turned on his back, but without avail.

For two minutes it was an even contest between angler and fish, then the constable swam away for 20 yards, when he was again brought up. He dived and wriggled like an eel, but not another inch could be add to his advantage. Aften eleven minutes' struggle the angler was gaining ground; but Constable Kennedy gathered strength, and diving, made away with a powerful stroke. At the fourteenth minute, when only one minute remained, the salmon line snapped and the fish was declared the victor.

More remarkable still was the incident which followed. Dr. Orr, of Huddersfield, was flyfishing in the river when the pony which brought him from Dunbeacon broke loose from where it was tied and fell into deep water with the trap attached. The pony made frantic efforts to swim ashore but was hampered by the weight of the trap.

Dr. Orr, the narrative goes on, was fishing at the opposite side of the stream and he threw his line toward the pony. By a fortunate chance the fishing hook caught the pony in the ear and held fast. The angler pulled his line and the pony responded, with the result that both pony and trap were safely landed on the shore.

LABOR AND TIME SAVERS.

Advice That Will Be Found of Value to the Housewife.

Just knowing when and how to do a few little tricks about the household is of no end of value in saving time, worry and expense. To clean the porcelain kettle, fill it half full with hot water and put in a tablespoonful of powdered borax; let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains, scour with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

A cork soaked in oil makes a good substitute for a glass stopper.

Apply a drop of oil to the door hinges to keep them from creaking.

Kitchen tables may be made "white as snow" if washed with soap and wood ashes. Floors look best scrubbed with cold water, soap and wood ashes.

Add to the covered brick used as a door stop a strip of the covering sewed strongly to the sides, and raised just enough to admit the foot, then lift it by the toes and save stooping.

To purify the air of the cellar and destroy parasitical growth, place some roll brimstone in a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tightly as possible for two or three hours; repeat every three months.

Half an ounce of gum arabic dissolved in a wineglassful of boiling water, and adding plaster-of-paris to form a thick paste. Apply with a brush to the edges of broken china, and join ends evenly together.

FROM AN OLD COOK BOOK.

Culinary Hints Good To-Day as When They Were Written.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.
Veal cutlets dip in egg and bread crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come.
Grate Gruyere cheese on macaroni;
Make the top crisp, but not too bony.
In venison gravy, currant jelly
Mix with old port, see Francatelli.
In dressing salad, mind this law—
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.
Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve,
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe.
Roast pork, sans apple sauce, past doubt,
Is "Hamlet" with the prince left out.
Your mutton chops with paper cover,
And make them brown all over.
Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.
Kidneys a finer flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.
By stall fed pigeons. When you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.
Wood grouse are dry when cooks have marred 'em;
Before you roast 'em, always lard 'em.

THINGS TO BE AVOIDED.

Common Mistakes Made by Inexperienced House Furnishers.

House furnishing is one of the most difficult of arts, especially to the ambitious housewife, who is not quite certain that her taste is all that might be expected of her. A few "don'ts" will give her a little help.

Don't place a bronze figure of mercury in a window where it appears to be pulling down the drapery with one hand and crushing down a lamp shade with the other. Place the statue where it will seem less destructive.

Don't place a lamp near the lace curtain, or in any other part of a room so that it will keep nervous people on the point of starting off for the fire brigade.

Don't place marble busts or bronze figures where they look so insecure that reading a book near them in comfort is an impossibility.

Don't choose pedestals that are so ornamental that the objects placed on the pedestals become secondary in importance.

Don't buy pedestals any way, if you can avoid it. If you must have them, don't place them so near your library shelves that the books cannot be taken out without moving all the furniture.

A Delicious Gingerbread.

The following is an excellent recipe for a quick and inexpensive gingerbread. Not only is it quick and inexpensive, but quite the most delicious gingerbread possible.

Two level cups of flour, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and ginger, one heaping teaspoonful of cocoa, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix these together and add a little salt. Then put a teaspoonful of baking soda in a cup and add a little boiling water. Then, leaving the soda in the cup, add two tablespoonfuls of shortening, beef dripping, butter, or any preferred shortening ,and fill the cup with hot water. Mix with the batter until smooth. If desired it is made richer by putting with it a cup each of raisins and currants. This makes one large or two small cakes.

How to Launder Lisle Hosiery.

Lisle thread socks should be washed in tepid water tinted with a little blue, and soap should only be used for the feet. Rinse in clear water, allowing a piece of ammonia the size of a bean to every gallon of water. Dry quickly in fresh air, but not in the sun. If this is impossible roll up tightly and wring in a clean cloth, letting a fold of the cloth come between each fold of the stocking.

Delicious Peach Butter.

Select mellow yellow peaches. Pare and stone. Weigh, and to every pound allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the peaches in a porcelain-lined kettle; heat slowly. Mash and stir the peaches until perfectly smooth; then press through a fine seive; add the sugar and boil for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Put into small jars and tie up.

Kitchen Towels.

The most soiled of kitchen towels will become sweet and white with this treatment: Cover with cold water, put them at the back of the stove, add one tablespoonful of shaved castile soap and the juice of half a lemon. Let it come to a boil gradually, and repeat the process. Rinse first in tepid then in cold water.

MERCHANT WHO BUYS RIGHT CAN SELL RIGHT

Merchant's Right to Make Long Profit on Shaky Article—Taking the People Into Partnership—Retailer Profits by Advertising His Own Brand of Goods—Broken Lines a Bad Thing—Concentrating Business Profitable for Retailer—Wholesale Houses More Ready to Give Credit to Faithful Customers.

By CHARLES N. CREWDSON, Author of "Tales of the Road," Etc.

"Yes, we must mark our goods in plain figures when we do a retail business, and sell them at one price," said French, the dry goods merchant, addressing the group of traveling men and merchants gathered in the hotel lobby. "At the same time," he continued, "there is no reason why we shouldn't get a good round profit on a lot of the things we have. If we mark them in plain figures the people will think we are treating them right, so we might as well go ahead and get a profit. Now, for example, a man came to my town last season direct from the mill, and I bought from him 3,000 yards of assorted widths in laces at 7½ cents a yard.

"Now, when these goods came in — you see I had bought them myself, without talking it over with the young lady in that department—I didn't tell her what they cost, but merely said to her, 'Now, look here, you take these laces and sort them out and tell me what you think they will bring. She said the very narrowest ones would bring 12½ cents and that the broadest would bring 50 cents a yard. I didn't tell her anything about what they cost, but said that we could afford to sell them for that price, and I let her go ahead and sell. Do you know, she cleaned out nearly all of those 3,000 yards. Now, that's the way I believe in doing business."

Hoover, another merchant, grinned and quietly answered, "Well, that may be your way, but I do things a little differently." Hoover was a man who had a business in a smaller town than the other fellow. "Yes, sir; I do business a little differently. That fellow struck me, too, and I bought 3,000 yards, but I marked it this way: the narrowest widths at 7½ cents—just what they had cost—and for the broadest I didn't ask more than 20. Now, you've told me that you cleaned out nearly all that you had. I had to reorder twice. Of course a merchant has a right to make a long profit out of a shaky article. A man has a right, in fairness to his customer, to make a long profit on short season goods, for he should not carry over things that have gone out of style. Take, for example, ladies' hats. They change in style as often as we have a new moon, but it's a mighty poor practice. I don't believe a merchant should follow in the footsteps of an old merchant I once knew down in Kentucky, where I was raised. During the war, when sugar was worth over 25 cents a pound, he bought a hogshead of it. He had two rules of business; one was never to sell anything on credit, and the other was never to sell an article without a profit—and, do you know, that when that old man died, 20 years after the war, he actually had a part of that hogshead of sugar that he had carried during all that time. All at once sugar took a drop and nobody would buy it from him because he asked too much for it. Finally he bought more sugar and sold it, but he would never sell what was in that hogshead for less than what it cost him. I say a man has a right to make a long profit on short season goods. He can do this and still be fair to his customer, because when the season for these things is past—take straw hats for example—he must sell them below cost. But this gouging a customer will not win out."

One Merchant's Experience.

"You're right there, Hoover," remarked Watkins, the dry goods salesman. "I agree with you. You've heard of Ed Wilson, who used to be in business away down in Alma, Neb., haven't you?"

"Yes, I've heard of that fellow. A great many of the boys have spoken to me about him."

"Yes, sir; Wilson was strictly business. He prided himself on keeping an appointment that he made right to the minute. He bought goods quickly and if he bought anything at a low price—say a good clean job lot at 50 cents on the dollar—he would give his customers the benefit of it. When he first started in business he nearly went broke at making long profits and giving long time. He took a tumble to himself all at once and quit patronizing blank book men—no more ledgers for him. He turned as complete a business somersault as any man I ever knew. He is 'way out there in the hot wind country, but he has built up a big business. People know that Wilson sells stuff cheap, and people come through other towns to buy goods from him. When I first knew him his credit was no good. Now he not only discounts bills but makes additional discounts by anticipating payments. He owns a big mill and a bank. He is the most successful small retail merchant that I know of. He profited by taking the people into partnership with him."

"Another policy I have always adopted," began Hoover, the merchant, "is to advertise Hoover and not the other fellow. I want my own brands on my goods. I want my people to know that it is Hoover and not some fellow in Chicago or Boston that has put out good stuff. I do this also for self-protection because I have seen my competitor come to grief more than once because he has sold branded goods. He carried, I know, a certain line of shoes on which he had built up quite a reputation. The price on them was stamped on the bottom, $3.50. Now, you cannot keep people from getting goods when they want them. They can go to some of their friends in business in some other town if they want a certain line of stuff, and buy it and have them ship it in. This is just exactly what one of my competitor's enemies in the town did. You know there is a sneak in nearly every town in the country. This fellow got a relative of his to buy and send to him a lot of the same shoes that my neighbor had advertised so long. What happened? The shoe that had been sold for $3.50 for many years by one man was advertised in flaming letters by the other at $3. The man who had sold them at $3.50 was, of course, compelled to meet the price and he was driven to switch off from the line of goods which he had been talking up for a good many years simply because they had a brand on them and a price stamped. It's a good thing, all right, for a manufacturer or jobber to get their line of branded goods onto our shelves and get us to advertise them, but the retailer who does this kind of business will sooner or later come to grief."

Buying Right.

"Buying right is the thing that makes you able to sell right," the cloak man spoke up. "Yes, you bet your life, that's the thing we must look out for," remarked both of the retail merchants.

"I know one man," continued the cloak man, "who worked a good smooth game on the wholesale house he had been dealing with. They carried a certain line of goods in heavy flannels that he wished for his trade. He was out in the mountains of Colorado. But somehow or other he had a hunch that the house was gouging him a little on the price, so one day he went into this concern—he was a good-looking fellow—and struck the head of the house for a job to go on the road. He offered to go out on a commission basis and you know a man who is fool enough to do a thing of this kind does not have much trouble in getting a line. He made a sort of an arrangement with the old man—did it just in a few minutes—but first asked to look through the house and see if the line would suit him in that he was going to put up his own money for traveling expenses. When they got down where the flannels were that he wished, he said to the old man, 'Well, now, what's the price on these goods, for example?' 'Twenty-four dollars a dozen,' said the old man,—the price that this man he had just hired had always paid for them. 'Still, of course, we do frequently cut them to $22.50, and at a tight pinch we can still sell them and make a pretty fair profit for $21.00. That is absolutely bottom.'

"'And so you've been robbing me right along,' said the merchant. 'I rather had an idea that you had.' 'Well, how's that?' asked the old man he had hired out to. 'Why, my name is Sandusky, from ———, and I've been buying these goods and paying you $24.00 a dozen for them. I don't wish to sell any goods on the road for you, but what I do wish is to buy them right.'"

"It is all right to buy goods at the right price," said the hat man, "but the merchant who goes floundering around shopping from one place to another and putting his limited knowledge of business against the specialized experience of the traveling salesman who waits on him, doesn't get the best of it. In the first place, if he tries a little of this and a little of that he mixes his line——" "And it is better," put in Hoover, "to pay a little more for goods than to do this. Broken lines are a bad thing for the retail merchant."

"And another thing," continued the hat man, "his business will be so small that no man on the road—and no wholesale house or factory will care anything about his business. Instead of buying goods cheaper this way, he will not only get his line mixed, but have to pay more for them. The wholesale house appreciates the loyal, faithful customer who concentrates his business."

Customers of Little Value.

"Yes, these shoppers are not worth anything to us," began Watkins. "The shopper and the professional kicker are two classes of merchants that I do not care anything for. Any reputable wholesale concern or manufacturer tries its level best to please the customer, but the man out in the country is often unreasonable. If the merchant in the country who has a complaint will make it in a reasonably fair kind of a way he will get a great deal more attention paid to his order than if he sets up a howl every few days."

"Well, you don't have much trouble with me, Watkins, do you?" asked his customer, Hoover.

"No,—and you get good treatment, don't you?"

"Yes, you bet your life I do. That's why I am up here again. There is another reason, for a retail merchant to concentrate his business. It is this: The question of credit. I know, for when I hadn't been in business a very great while, I went through the mill, and came very near having the life ground out of me. I tried this plan of getting a little here and a little somewhere else. This was in '93."

"Ah, who doesn't remember that!" exclaimed French.

"And," Hoover continued, "I wasn't doing very much business myself. My business fell off from 25 to 40 per cent. But still I had these bills to pay. These strange houses began to get scared and write me that they would give me additional discounts if I would pay my bills. I would go to the bank but I couldn't borrow any money. Next thing, they would draw on me. Then some of them placed their claims in the hands of attorneys. I managed to swim through, all right, but when I set foot on shore again I began to mow them out. I got into a tight scrape again in '96, but at that time I was doing most of my business with six houses,—and I tell you, I picked six that I knew to have plenty of capital. When I got into the squeeze the second time I wrote them and told them so, and they said to me, 'Don't worry, Hoover, we know you're all right. If you are a little slow don't fret about being pushed.'"

Duse Refuses Jubilee.

Eleanor Duse, the famous Italian actress, has positively vetoed a plan to celebrate her jubilee as was done in England and France for Ellen Terry and Bernhardt. When the subject was broached to the signora she thanked her friends but declined the honor. She enjoys the distinction—almost unique in her profession—of shunning everything in the shape of publicity. As a general rule she also scorns the usual artifices of her sex on the stage in the matter of paint and powder, appearing almost as nature made her, rapidly graying hair and all.

Hindu Moon Lore.

The full eclipse of the moon was observed in Singapore on the night of August 4. According to the Hindus this eclipse is the contact between the moon and another planet called Rahoo, but the masses believe that owing to the will of God, Rahoo, or the serpentlike planet, catches hold of the moon by its hideous mouth and releases it after a short time.

At the first contact the Hindus bathe principally in the sea and anxiously await the release. After the contact they take another bath. During the interval they are not allowed even to drink a cup of water, as their belief is that all things in the world get polluted during the contact.—Singapore Times.

WHO PAID FOR THE DRINKS?

Endless Chain Operated by Thirsty Men on the Mexican Border.

"Now, here is the best yarn of the lot and a good puzzle for the Sunday papers to print," said the man with the alkali in his whiskers, when he had settled down in the hotel lobby after a long day on the rubberneck wagon.

"Several years ago American silver coin in Mexico was on the same basis as Mexican silver was at that time and still is in the states; it passed at half its face value. Drinks in El Paso and in Juarez, the Mexican town across the line, were a bit apiece or 12½ cents, as you easterners would say.

"In those palmy days a citizen of El Paso could go into a drinking emporium and buy a drink, paying for it with an American quarter. The bartender would hand him back a Mexican quarter, which was, of course, worth 12½ cents in Texas.

"Then with this Mexican quarter in his hand the citizen could cross the bridge to Juarez and there buy another drink, laying his Mexican quarter on the bar.

"If the Greaser barkeep should give him in change an American quarter worth 12½ cents in Mexico the joyous citizen could return to Uncle Sam's back yard and repeat the process.

"Now, the question is: Who paid for those drinks?"—N. Y. Sun.