

The Democratic Advocate.

\$1 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903.

VOL. XXXVIII.--NO. 15.

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

AFTER STOCK TAKING

Means much everywhere, but most of all, here. Those choice, much desired bits of merchandise are here, full and plenty. The business is even with expectations. But accomplishment doesn't stifle effort—not at Hering's. There's no rest, if success is to be wasted. Your grand responses to our offerings are inspirations. We must be worthy of such universal confidence. No use pointing back to what has been done. Our interest and your centers in the present. The beauties and benefits of our store are broadening daily. We are offering values and endeavoring to perfect a service that approaches nearer to ideal retailing than has heretofore been attained.

REMNANTS! REMNANTS!

We have placed on our front counters a lot of Remnants of DRESS GOODS, SILKS AND VELVETS, at one-half their regular price. Lots of these have enough for a dress and many others suitable for skirts.

Special in Ladies' Shoes!

50 pairs LADIES' FINE SHOES, in a variety of styles, and all sizes. New, perfect, well made Shoes, in all the latest styles—fine, soft dongola kid leather—extension and thin flexible soles. Our regular \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes at

\$1.98 A PAIR.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

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We want to say that if you are run-down, weak, too thin, ailing, with bad stomach, poor appetite, cough, nervousness, that we think Vinol will help you.

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Jan 27 v

GEORGE O. BRILLHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office with Charles E. Fink, Esq., Court Street.

15TH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Sykesville Perpetual Building Association of Carroll County, Maryland.

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Cash on hand Dec. 1, 1901..... | \$ 712.96 |
| Received on account of Shares to Dec. 1, 1901..... | 19,938.89 |
| Received on account of Notes and Mortgages..... | 23,707.00 |
| Received Interest, Fines and Fees..... | 3,117.03 |
| Total..... | \$47,475.88 |
| Redeemed Shares of Stock..... | \$ 3,248.72 |
| Loaned on 1st Mortgages..... | 16,000.00 |
| Loaned on 2nd Mortgages..... | 25,057.29 |
| Patrol Interest on Money Borrowed..... | 777.78 |
| Paid for Recording Committee Fees and Insurance..... | 113.26 |
| Paid Officers' Salaries..... | 508.00 |
| Paid Office Rent..... | 30.00 |
| Paid Sundry Expenses..... | 68.99 |
| Cash on hand Dec. 1, 1902..... | 3,701.83 |
| Due Members on Account of Shares..... | \$38,580.93 |
| Borrowed Money on Notes..... | 18,566.00 |
| Amount of 15th Annual Dividend..... | 1,628.90 |
| Total..... | \$58,775.83 |
| Invested as follows: | |
| Notes..... | \$13,329.00 |
| 1st Mortgages..... | 41,470.00 |
| Sinking Fund..... | 175.00 |
| Office Outfit..... | 100.00 |
| Cash in Bank..... | 3,701.83 |
| Total..... | \$58,775.83 |

OFFICERS OF ASSOCIATION.
GEORGE SCHIRADE, President.
A. A. FORTSMAN, Vice President.
E. M. MELLOR, Treasurer.
O. O. MILLAR, Secretary.
J. E. BARNES, Solicitor.

O. O. MILLAR, Secretary.
DIRECTORS.
Richard McCrone, Levi Barnes,
John Harris, John W. Firoved,
Wm. Melville,
Incorporated 1887.
Capital Stock \$300,000.00.

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Select Story.

OLD HAUNT OF PIRATES.

Venezuela the Rendezvous of Buccaneers.

Venezuela, the country on which the eyes of the world are now turned, occupies a position in the family of nations similar to that held by a faded aristocrat with regard to the rest of his fellow-men. From 1600 to 1689 the operations of the buccaniers along the very coasts that are now menaced by the guns of the English and German warships furnished news and gossip for the entire civilized world, since which time Venezuela (Little Venice) has remained as inconsequential and obscure as many of the Central African States. It is only now emerging from under the cloud of oblivion which for two centuries or more has shut this region off from the view of the outer world.

Those who have read the histories of the buccaniers, written by Esquemeling (himself a pirate), Von Archenholz, and Burney, feel doubtless that they are renewing old acquaintances when they read in the headlines of the daily press of the operations of the English, and German fleets before Puerto Cabello, Maracaibo, Merida La Gnaira, &c., for it was here that two of the most remarkable raids ever undertaken by a handful of men were enacted under the leadership of the two greatest freebooters the world ever produced—Francis L'Ollonnois and Henry Morgan.

Readers of the history of the buccaniers many years ago, who have since forgotten many of the details of these enterprises, will doubtless be at a loss to know whether the Puerto Cabello bombardment by the English and German fleets recently is the old town sacked in 1666 by Morgan, and a word of correction may here prove of value. The Venezuelan Puerto Cabello is the place where L'Ollonnois and Morgan both rendezvoused to attack, first Maracaibo, another Venezuelan town about 100 miles to the west of Puerto Cabello and the second for the expedition that ended in the sack of Panama.

From the year 1600 to 1689 England and France were engaged in almost continuous warfare with Spain. At that time England and France owned and held as colonies only a few of the smaller West India Islands, and it was there that all the adventurous spirits in Europe flocked, to engage in privateering enterprises against the Spaniards, as subjects and soldiers either of England, Holland, Portugal and France, countries that were then at war with Spain. They were the buccaniers, and although from the very outset the French and English governors of these colonies realized that from a moral standpoint these men were little better than pirates, they encouraged them in their enterprises for the reason that it all helped toward the one great end of breaking the back of the Spanish power at home.

AIDED THE BUCCANERS.

Thus Burney in his history states that while the French and English governors of such places as Martinique and Jamaica were interested in encouraging the cultivation of sugar and coffee, their greatest concern lay in promoting the buccanering industry. A Frenchman who was a great stickler for morals, regardless of any question of advantage, regarded on his return home from one of the French West Indies that the officials in question "encourage these adventurers because it is always possible for them to disavow and repudiate their misdeeds, while on the other hand their successes go to swell the list of victories for the French crown, and as such are quite useful."

These men increased in numbers from a date about fifty years before the destruction of the Spanish armada, until, by 1666, they literally swarmed in the West Indian ports. Before the loss of the armada, Spain had plenty of ships, and although the taking of a Spanish treasure ship en route from Porto Bello (spelled also Puerto Velo and Porto Cabello) to Spain was well worth the trouble, it was to be accomplished only by the hardest fighting, in which the buccaniers stood ten chances to one of being whipped.

After the destruction of the Spanish armada all this was changed. Spain's entire navy went down in that fight, and consequently all the vessels stationed in the colonial waters, and which were used in transporting and conveying the products of the Puruvian gold mines, the Mexican silver lodes, and the Bolivian emerald workings, were called home to defend the coasts of the mother country from the inroads of the English, who, flushed with victory, were preparing for all manner of enterprises against Spain.

This left the South American and West Indian coasts without ships or other defense than the forts along shore. When this happened the buccaniers realized that their occupation had vanished when it came to a matter of raiding the Spanish treasure ships, yet for that they hailed the change with delight for the reason that it gave them carte blanche to raid and plunder the defenseless cities and towns of the Spanish Main, settlements where untold wealth lay hoarded awaiting their coming.

The richest of all the towns and cities of the Spanish Main were La Guaira; a place called Gibraltar (named after the old city and rock of that name in Spain), which, today, is nothing more than a miserable village of huts; Maracaibo, and Merida in Venezuela, and Puerto Bello and Panama on either side of the isthmus. Here, since the days of Cortes and Pizarro, the merchandise coming from Spain and destined for the colonies of Ecuador,

Peru, and Chile on the south, and Mexico on the north, and the gold, silver, emeralds, and other products from the colonies intended for shipment to Spain was handled, the entire six cities forming a cluster of distributing and collecting points for the products of some of the richest countries on earth. These towns were full of merchants, Maracaibo being a settlement of Christianized Jews, and all of them were fabulously rich.

BOLDEST OF ALL PIRATES.

The pirates were not long in getting under way. Francis L'Ollonnois, the most intrepid of the buccaniers, gathered a fleet and set sail for Puerto Cabello, then a mere pirates' resort, from which point he fitted out and proceeded toward Maracaibo. This was in 1654. L'Ollonnois was a remarkable character. He came of a good family in France, and as a young man went to Tortuga as the "engage," or indentured slave, or apprentice, of a buccanier. Such things were common in those days, and after serving his term he took command of a ship and began operations on his own account against the Spaniards.

A short time before he started on the Venezuelan expedition the governor of Cuba sent a man of war against him, with instructions to show L'Ollonnois and his crew no quarter. The latter was lying off Haiti, and ascertaining the location of the Spanish ship, armed himself with a meat cleaver, and telling his men that he would give them a lesson in bravery, left with one companion for the hostile vessel. Climbing on board, he surprised and killed the sentinels on guard, and, going below among the sleeping officers and crew, he, singlehanded, beheaded them one by one, placing the cleaver to his lips and tasting the blood as he dispatched them one at a time. This feat stands unparalleled for daring and courage. He then wrote a letter to the governor telling what he had done, thanking him for "his kindness," and promising to visit him before long and serve him in the same style.

The sack of Gibraltar, Merida, and Maracaibo, which followed this adventure, was a carnival of bloodshed and debauchery from start to finish. L'Ollonnois differed from Morgan in the respect that he did not torture much. If a prisoner did not divulge the location of treasure instantaneously, L'Ollonnois, whom Esquemeling states was the most impatient man that ever lived, simply struck off his head with his meat cleaver, his favorite weapon. From the sack of these cities L'Ollonnois reaped a harvest of \$600,000 in coin and \$100,000 in church plate and jewels. This, according to the rules of the buccaniers, he divided among his men. He spent his own share in two days.

Soon after this he set sail for Honduras, but fate turned against him, and L'Ollonnois, who was so fond of chopping people to pieces, was hewn down by the Darien Indians, among whom he had sought shelter from the Spaniards, and who actually chopped him up in fragments, boiling and eating the remains for supper.

CHARACTER OF MORGAN.

Henry Morgan, a Welshman, the greatest of the English buccaniers, was a different sort of man from L'Ollonnois. Burney states that "he was a greater rogue, and little respected the old proverb of honour among thieves." In 1667 he attacked Porto Bello, or Puerto Velo, on the Isthmus, with 300 men, surprising and storming the outer works at night. In the morning he locked the officers in one room of the castle, set fire to the magazine and blew them into eternity.

The explosion caused such consternation that the brave old governor could not rally the people to his support, and was obliged to retire within the inner castle, where the fighting continued until Morgan compelled the priests and nuns of a convent to plant ladders against the wall. They screamed and pleaded for mercy, but the governor, who had some of the old Cortez spirit in him, shot them down in crowds. When the ladders were planted the pirates rushed to the attack, scaling the castle wall and putting all to the sword. From the raid the pirates secured \$250,000.

It was soon after this that Morgan undertook what turned out to be one of the most remarkable naval engagements ever fought, and which is of interest to Americans owing to the fact that the conditions were almost exactly the same as those which prevailed in the Santiago fight, of the late Spanish-American war. Maracaibo had been sacked in 1654 by L'Ollonnois, but had recovered from the shock, and in 1668 was again a very rich town. Like Santiago, in Cuba, it is situated on the shores of a long bay, or lake, having a very narrow mouth, so narrow in fact that one ship could almost block it.

Morgan entered this peculiar bay with three ships, stormed the town and took the fort. His entire command entered the building and were making merry with some wine which the garrison had left, when Morgan stepped outside to take a view of the place. As he did so he noticed something burning on the ground, and, hastening to where it lay, found that it was a fuse which the enemy in their retreat had laid to the powder magazine in the fort. It had burned to within a few feet of the powder vaults, but he snatched it away and stamped out the flame, which in another minute would have blown him and his command to atoms.

TORTURED THE CAPTIVES.

The city was deserted, but Morgan sent 100 men into the woods to hunt up the fugitives, who, with their wealth, were secreted in the forest round about. They returned with thirty men and women. This was kept up for days, and the most inhuman tortures were employed to force these unfortunates to confess where they had hidden their wealth. Some were

broken on the rack, while others were tied and burning torches placed between their fingers. In this way many were roasted alive. Slender cords were wound round the heads of the men, and twisted until their eyes burst from their sockets. Every day for nearly two weeks the town resounded day and night with the screams and cries of the tortured. Crime such as is seldom seen was enacted here, and modes of torture were invented that rivaled in ingenuity of cruelty the inhuman devices of the Inquisition.

Weary of scenes of bloodshed and suffering, Morgan finally sailed away but, to the dismay of his crew, found the entrance to the harbor blocked by three Spanish warships in the same manner that the fleet of Cervera was blockaded in Santiago harbor. They had also rebuilt the fort at the mouth of the harbor, but, undismayed, Morgan coolly removed the plunder and prisoners from his largest vessel to the smaller ships of his fleet, and filled it with all the gunpowder, pitch, tar, resin, and other combustibles that he could find in Maracaibo. Then he mounted wooden cannon about over the vessel, and covered the decks with posts dressed to resemble men. Having finished all this he sent word to the Spanish commander, stating that unless he paid a heavy ransom for Maracaibo he would burn the place to the ground.

The Spanish admiral replied that unless he surrendered in three days he would enter the harbor and pay the ransom in lead. This brought matters to a head, and next morning Morgan sailed down the harbor, single file, after the same manner of Cervera leaving Santiago Harbor, the dummy ship leading, in charge of a few resolute men, who, at a signal from Morgan, were to place the match to the fuses and escape in a small boat to the other ships. When the Spanish admiral saw the first vessel of Morgan's squadron coming out of the harbor and heading directly toward him he sailed in to meet him, grappling and making fast to the vessel's sides for what he expected would be a hand-to-hand conflict.

Then the matches were applied, and pandemonium followed. The Spanish admiral could not unfasten the chains and clamps with which he had fastened his own vessel to what he thought was Morgan's flagship, and in a few minutes his own ship was ablaze from stem to stern. He and the members of his crew jumped overboard to drown rather than to fall into the hands of Morgan, while the two remaining vessels of his fleet were run aground and abandoned by the officers and crews, who fled to the woods.

The fort, farther down the harbor, had still to be passed, but Morgan executed a maneuver which threw the garrison into a state of alarm, causing them to expect an attack in the rear, and to meet this threatened onslaught they removed their cannon to a point some distance from the fort. When this was done Morgan sailed out of the harbor, his sailors jeering at the Spanish garrison, who were unable to bring their ordinance back in time to fire on the bold and resourceful pirate.

Bob Burdette To Young Men.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten millions went to the funeral. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have for it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, and they are more stylish; your mustache is neater; the cut of your hair is better. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrawling signature on the business end of a check will draw more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

Toothsome Economy.

A modest maid had borne the chronic pain of a troublesome tooth for days, hoping that by exercising a little more endurance and patience she might avoid the expense of a dental operation. Her courage failed her at last, however, and she resolved to go the dentist one evening to have the tooth extracted. Being of a thrifty tendency, she inquired of the operator:

"How much do you charge for taking out a tooth?"

"Fifty cents—with gas a dollar," was the reply.

"Then I guess I'll call to-morrow in the daytime," announced the patient.

His Mistake.

The puzzled plebeian who is attempting his first meal on a railway dining car is obviously perplexed with the names of the different dishes.

After some study of the menu he says to the waiter:

"Bring me a plate of this alfalfadalf."

"Beg pardon, sub," whispers the waiter, "but dat is de name er de cab, sub!"

Anxious Resident—Hello! Hello! Is this Smith's coal office?
Coal Dealer—Yes, what do you want?
A. R.—I've only got coal enough in my cellar to last only tonight—
Coal Dealer—(interrupting)—That's good. What'll you get for it?

Some Story Tellers.

"The Lord save me from an Englishman who has done things or says he has," said a western man at the Waldorf Astoria recently, relates the New York Tribune. "Such a one will spoil any party and throw gloom on any gathering he happens to be in. An Englishman of this type was once a visitor in my town, and at the club he became an unmitigated nuisance. No matter what story was told, the Britisher invariably went the narrator one better. For example, the man told of a big faro game he had seen at Cheyenne in those never-to-be-forgotten days when cattle sold at \$75 a head and every one in the cattle country simply reeked with wealth. It was a good story, but as soon as it was finished the Englishman rang in one of an experience he had had at Monte Carlo that made the Cheyenne tale seem like a bottle of flat champagne.

"Then an ex-army officer told of a company of infantry at Gettysburg that had been sent up to capture a certain hill. They didn't secure it, but 75 per cent. of the company lay dead or wounded on that bloody hillside before the boys in blue could be driven back.

"The Englishman capped that with an experience of his in India. Out of a company of 76 Sikhs that he commanded only two escaped—himself and another, the other shot so full of holes that he looked like a nutmeg grater.

"When the refreshments made necessary by this last anecdote had been imbibed another man so forgot himself as to relate an experience he had had while hunting bears. The Englishman chimed in at once with a legend of a bear hunt of his own. He had only six shots in his magazine rifle and was attacked by four adult and two cub bears. After an exhibition of fancy shooting that must have made the performances of 'Wild Bill' or 'Billy the Kid' look amateurish, the last bear fell, shot through the heart, only six feet from where the doughty Englishman stood.

"The silence that followed the relation of this Munchausen positively hurt, but when it was at last broken the fate that Englishman had so long been tempting was upon him.

"That experience," said the soft voice of a six-foot mining man, who had been silent, "reminds me of a similar one I myself once had. I was after antelope and had chased a pair of them all the afternoon. They finally came to a canyon and made for it. Just as they got to its entrance I shot twice at them, missing both times. I didn't fire again, for the reason that those two shots were all that I had in my magazine rifle. Nothing daunted, I spurred my weary mount forward and soon found myself within the shadows of the canyon, which rose precipitously. With the idea of resting my horse I dismounted and that wretched broncho took prompt advantage of my kindness by jerking the reins from my hand and making a bolt of it. Looking around for the cause I saw a grizzly at least nine feet high rushing toward me with open mouth. I can tell you I legged it up that canyon and a bushy brain accompanied me. I couldn't shoot the grizzly, for my last shot had been fired at the antelope. Just then a rock came into view, and, utterly spent, I cast myself upon it.

Here the miner came to a full stop, and the deeply interested Englishman leaned breathlessly forward. "What," he queried, "what did the bear do, my dear fellow?" "Why," returned the other, without batting an eyelash, "he ate me up, of course."

Queer Chinamen.

His left hand is the place of honor. He carries a pig instead of driving him. He whittens instead of blackens his shoes.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

He says sixths-four instead of fourths.

He keeps out of step in walking with others.

He shakes his own hands instead of his friends.

He puts on his hat in salutation when he takes it off.

He rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups.

He deems it polite to ask a casual caller's age and income.

His long nails are not a sign of dirtiness but respectability.

His visiting card is eight and sometimes thirty inches long.

He often throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

His merits often bring a title not to himself but to his ancestors.

His women folk are often seen in trousers accompanied by men in gowns.

A chinaman's given name comes after not before, "his honored family name."

His compass points south and he speaks of westnorth instead of northwest.

He does not consider it clumsy, but courteous, to take both hands to offer a cup of tea.

"Don't you think that if I had lived in the days of old I would have made a good knight?" asked the young man who had been talking ancient history from 8 to 12 p. m.

"I don't care so much what you would have made then, wearily observed the young lady, "but you might see what kind of a good knight you can make right now."

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.—"Bre'r William, since you all time singin' 'bout de yuther side er Jordan, how come you ain't in no hurry ter git dar?"

"Bre'r Thomas, you should't ax sich leadin' questions. 'Sides dat, you well knows I can't swim!"

Thoughts For The Thoughtful.

Healthy minds let by-gones be. Purity is the best patriotism. The moral sense grows but by exercise. God takes his own part in each thing he made.

Prudent, cautious, self-control is wisdom's root.

Be sure that God ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart.

If success is rare and slow, everybody knows how quick and easy ruin is.

Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being.

If a man's character is to be abused there's nobody like a relation to do the business.

The affection between parents and children, or between lovers and friends is deepened by demonstration.

Happiness is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out either is an enemy to society.

The pleasures of dissipation are like gaudy colors—they attract for a moment, but afterwards they oppress the senses.

Truth is with ourselves; it takes no rise from outward things, whatever you may believe.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.

A woman's happiest kingdom is home, her highest honor the art of ruling it, not as a queen, but a wise and mother.

O brother wearers of motley! Are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling and the jingling of bells?

From a mere sense of consistency, a persecutor bound to show that the fallen man is a villain; otherwise he, the persecutor, is a wretch himself.

All tastes gratified, all success obtained, each step won by gratified pride, every end attained, leaves in certain natures a feeling of insufficiency and disappointment.

The habit of blaming others when things go wrong is an insidious and dangerous one. Far more is it to the purpose to inquire within whether the fault, or much of it, may not lie at home.

Benevolence should never be exercised at random, nor upon irrational impulse, but should be the outcome and expression of a disposition trained and nourished in the atmosphere of human friendship.

People in Vanity Fair fasten on to rich folks quite naturally. Their affections rush out to meet and welcome them. Their kind sentiments awaken spontaneously towards the interesting possessors of it.

No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may as well put himself into the best society that the world has ever seen. He thus elevates his rank in the world and becomes independent.

No one can ever nourish within himself a generous spirit who refuses to perform the small offices of generosity that he continually in his path. Nor can any one persist in fulfilling them without experiencing a gradual response in his own spirit of goodwill and friendliness.

An imperative duty devolving upon employers is that they should as far as possible know their weak people, be in regular personal contact with them, and do all they can to ameliorate their lot. That an amount adequate to compensate for the work performed should be given as wages, is an elementary principle of justice.

Of all paths a man could strike into, says Carlyle, there is, at any given moment, a best path for every man, a thing which, here and now, is were of all things wisest for him to do, which, could he be led or driven to do, he were then doing like a man, as we phrase it. His success, in such case, were complete, his felicity a maximum. To find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him.

There are two kinds of power in the world, and much confusion often ensues from the failure to discriminate between them. One is internal, the other external; one is strength, capacity, ability, knowledge, efficiency; the other is authority, supremacy, position, place, control, rule. It is the latter kind of power that men are usually so eager to obtain, quite oblivious to the fact that unless the former is stored up within them, to meet the necessary demand, the latter is impotent for good, and, moreover, is frequently a source of untold injury.

Washington Day By Day.

While Secretary Moody was in dry dock in his K-street house and the surgeons were repairing that part of his face that collided with the gravel road at Annapolis when he jumped from his carriage last week. President Roosevelt called up the house by telephone and asked if Mr. Moody was to be there all the afternoon. He was told that Moody was playing whist with some friends and would be there.

The President walked over to K-street. He rang the bell. The negro butler came to the door. This was the conversation: "I should like to see Secretary Moody."

"Mr. Moody am not at home."

"But I understand he is at home, and I want to see him."

The butler hesitated, and then said: "Well, I'll see. Who is you?"

"The President," Mr. Roosevelt replied.

"President ob what?" asked the butler, scornfully.

Just then Secretary Moody heard what was going on and established the entente cordiale.

SURTEFFUG.—"I must say that your appetite has greatly improved of late."

"Yes," answered the hypochondriac. "My doctor said he would have to limit my tobacco. He said I might smoke a cigar after each meal. I am now eating six meals a day."