

EMMONS COUNTY RECORD.

WILLIAMSPORT, DAKOTA.

D. R. STREETER, PUBLISHER.

The India papers state that King Thebaw of Burmah, whose acts of despotic cruelty were at one time so notorious, continues to exhibit himself in the character of a "reformed monarch." In addition to the recent improvements introduced by him into the administration and laws, he has just issued a proclamation announcing important reforms in the financial system of his kingdom.

An international exhibition of metal work is to be held next year at Nuremberg. It will be held in the new museum building, and will contain specimens of the art of the silversmith and the worker in brass and copper, together with the machinery and appliances used in the making of jewelry and art metal work. The exhibition will be open from the middle of June to the end of September.

A nice young man who was engaged to marry the daughter of President Jewett, of the Erie Railroad, has learned wisdom at some cost. He boasted rather prematurely of his good fortune in securing a bride, not only charming in herself, but also invaluable on account of the wealth she would bring with her. The young lady heard of this and told her father, whereupon the old gentleman told the youth that he could seek further for a wife and fortune, as the proposed union with the Jewett family was "off."

In point of longevity, Mansfield is credited with the best record among Connecticut towns. The oldest inhabitant is ninety-eight years old, and within the last half century twenty-eight persons have died whose average age was ninety-seven years, four of whom were over one hundred years old. Mrs. Mary Southworth died at the age of one hundred and two. About one hundred persons, it is said, have died within fifty years upward of ninety years old. At present there are forty-nine persons over eighty years old in the place.

HERRY IRVING relates that on his last night in Philadelphia he found his entrance to the stage blocked by several strange men, who did not heed his request that they would move away. Then Irving grew angry, forced his way through, and demanded of the man nearest the stage, "Who are you and what do you want?" "Baggage," was the scant reply. He took this for an insult, and not as an equivalent for "Ingrage." After the play he found that the intruders were porters waiting, by his own orders, for trunks to take to a train.

The South is wide awake to the advantage of having manufacturing interest established there. At Calera, Alabama, a company has been organized with \$1,500,000 capital to build an iron furnace, car works and agricultural machinery shops. At Jacksonville, Florida, \$1,000,000 is about to be invested in works to build a motor power. A new cotton mill with \$100,000 to back it is being erected at Columbia, Tennessee, while at Trenton, in the same State, a movement to secure subscriptions for a cotton mill resulted in securing more than were needed.

A work entitled "A Curious History of Swearing" has just been issued in London. According to its scholarly and intelligent author when a man says, "I don't care a damn," he is not swearing at all, but merely quoting the Duke of Wellington, who invented the expression and introduced its use. It appears that there used to be a coin in India, of infinitesimal value called "dam," and that is what the man "doesn't care." So, too, according to the author of the book, the phrase, "don't care a cuss," a milder form of the iron Duke's oath, but merely the equivalent of "don't care a cuss," the word "cuss" being an old form of "cress."

Mrs. ELSINGER, of Brooklyn, had never heard the story of the old lady who tried to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom, or she would not have measured her strength with a railroad company, and an elevated road at that. Mrs. Elsinger did not want the road built in front of her premises, and when the workmen appeared there she seated herself upon a flagstone which they desired to move, and dared them to touch it or her. The men dug around the stone, and under instructions from their foreman, lifted it very carefully and carried it some distance down the street, the lady thereby getting a free ride, which she will probably never have on the road itself. As there was nothing left to fight over but a hole in the ground, she capitulated.

Some people will persist in going to bed with their false teeth in their mouths. Sebastian Carner, of Greenburgh, New York, is the latest victim of this piece of foolishness. He

other morning feeling a great soreness in his throat. Shortly afterwards he missed his dental plate containing four teeth, and concluded that he must have swallowed it. A physician was sent for, and pushed the teeth down into the stomach. He was taken to the hospital, where efforts for future relief proved useless. On a consultation of physicians it was decided to open the patient's stomach and remove the teeth. The operation was performed, but the teeth could not be found, and it is now a question whether he swallowed them or they were stolen from his mouth by burglars, who mistook the plated ware for solid goods.

PERHAPS the most significant indications of the influence of modern ideas that has been given at all, says *The New York Tribune*, is the announcement that the University of Oxford has formally admitted women to the examinations, and by consequence to a place in the honor list. Twenty years ago such a step as this would have been not merely impossible, but preposterous. It would not have been discussed seriously by the authorities or the public. But now the congregation meets and gravely deliberates over the proposition to admit women to the examinations on equal terms; and, notwithstanding the advancement of all the old-fashioned objects, notwithstanding the ailing of the staple predictions of evil, the statute was adopted, and today the great change is in operation.

An important point in the law of life-insurance has just been settled by the United States Supreme Court. The policy in question contained a stipulation that if the representations made to the company by the insured should be found to be untrue in any respect the policy should be void. To the question whether he had ever had asthma, scrofula, or consumption, the assured replied in the negative. After his death it was shown that he had these diseases in an incipient state at the time of making application for insurance; but it was further proved that he was unaware of the fact. The Circuit Court ruled that if the representations were false the policy was void, and the company relieved from payment, even if the insured believed them to be true. This ruling is reversed by the Supreme Court. It holds that if the policyholder did not know and had no reason to believe that he had the diseases the company is bound by the policy and must pay. In such a case the applicant does not fraudulently or knowingly misrepresent his condition.

STEWART CRUMP, of the White House in position to know of what he speaks, gives a very different description of ex-President Hayes' characteristics as an entertainer, and so far from being parsimonious, "he spent as much or more for entertaining at the White House than any other President before or since." Mr. Crump says: During the administration of President Hayes there was wine used at only one dinner, and that was at the one given to the Grand Duke Alexis. During their family meals there was never wine on the table, nor was there any at the state dinners. The Hayes family were good liveries, and they were also great entertainers. During the last three months of President Hayes' term there was an average of thirty-seven at each dinner, and he always had a house full of guests. It is not true that he was stingy and parsimonious in his management of the White House expenses. He never bothered himself at all about my accounts. I had carte blanche as to buying things for the table, and I always got the best of everything in the market.

A French Surgeon.

In France surgeons like to manufacture little pleasantries to show the uncertainties of medicine, and the doctors delight in doing the same thing for surgery. The doctors are now telling the following: The victim of an explosion was pierced through and through by an iron drill. The surgeon felt his pulse. "You are wounded, sir," said he; "you have fever." I know, I'm wounded," said the patient; "I've three feet of iron in my stomach." "The three accidents often happen in your family?" "Not very often." "Have you ever had such a trouble before?" "First time I ever had it." "It must embarrass you to lie upon your back." "Yes, sir." "And upon your stomach." "Very much so." "You would be easier on your side." "Yes, slightly." "Very well. You have a drill through your body; two courses are open to you—leave the drill where it is and die of inflammation or extract it and bleed to death. Science will do its best, but you must choose for yourself and take the responsibility as to your life; all our patients do that."

A Dutiful Husband.

At a recent trial in which a young actress in Buda-Pesth sought to recover damages from a local paper for libel and defamation of character, while the numerous witnesses were being examined a jurymen got up and addressed the bench as follows:—"Would the Herr President be good enough to send word home to my wife that I am not coming home to dinner to-day?"

THE KORAN says, "God is with the patient." After the doctor is called in, however, it often happens that the patient is with his God.

S. S. PRENTISS.

Reminiscences of the Most Eloquent Man Who Ever Addressed the House of Representatives. Sargent S. Prentiss was undoubtedly the most eloquent man who ever addressed the United States House of Representatives. A carpet-bagger from Maine, he went to Mississippi poor and friendless, and not only became foremost among her sons, but acquired a national reputation. Edward Everett, after having listened to one of his impassioned bursts of eloquence in Faneuil hall, turned to Daniel Webster, who sat next to him, and asked: "Did you ever hear anything like it?" "Never," said Webster, "except from Mr. Prentiss himself!" He was indeed a remarkable orator, his intellectual endowments presenting a remarkable example in which great logical powers and the most vivid imagination were most happily blended. As Dryden said of Halifax, he was a man

of piercing wit and frequent thought, shadowed by nature and by learning taught. To move assemblies.

The great secret of his oratorical success was his readiness—he seemed never at a loss for an epigram or a retort, and his impromptu speeches were the best. Prentiss used to tell a good story about his second canvass of the State of Mississippi. He had arranged a route, and one of his friends had gone ahead to make arrangements for a hall in each successive town, and to advertise the meeting there. The proprietor of a traveling menagerie took advantage of these congregations, and followed, exhibiting at each place on the day that Prentiss spoke. The first intimation that the orator had of this rivalry was at a small town in the northern part of the State, near the Alabama line. After Prentiss had been speaking for an hour, holding the attention of his audience, he observed the attention of some of the outsiders looking over their shoulders, and this movement was gradually followed by more of his audience. He began to think he was growing dull, and endeavored to rouse himself up to more animation; but it was all in vain. He at length looked in the popular direction, and there, to his horror, just coming over the hill, was the elephant dressed in his scarlet trappings and Oriental splendor. A foolish feeling of vanity, not to be outdone by the elephant, came over him, and he continued to talk. He found it was no use. So he said: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am beaten. But I have the consolation of knowing that it was not by my competitor. I will not knock under to any two-legged beast, but I yield to the elephant."

Prentiss afterwards made an arrangement with the proprietor of the menagerie to divide time with the monkey and the clown, the first hour being given to politics. One of the cages was used as a rostrum. Soon he heard a low sound, which represented a growl, and learned that the hyena was his nearest listener. There were large auger-holes in the top of the box for the admission of air. Prentiss commenced speaking, and when he reached the blood-and-thunder portion of his speech he ran his cane into the case, and called forth a most horrible yell from the enraged animal, at the same time gesticulating violently with the other hand. "Why, the very wild beasts are shocked at the politeness and corruption of the times. See how this worthy fellow just below is scandalized. Hear his yell of patriotic shame and indignation!" The effect was electric; he called down the house in a perfect tempest of enthusiasm. He hurled his anathemas at his foes, and enforced them by the yells of his neighbors. The people of Mississippi worshipped Mr. Prentiss, his habits, which would have been condemned in other sections of the country, only endeared him the more to them. Generous to his foes, faithful to his friends, he won the confidence and affection of all who knew him. Bailey Peyton used to illustrate his readiness at an impromptu speech by narrating an incident which occurred in 1844, when Prentiss joined a hunting party, with which he spent a week or two under a tent in the forests of the Sunflower, a small river tributary to the Mississippi, in the vicinity of Vicksburg. Towering above the tent stood one of the most remarkable elevations, evidently the work of art, which abound in the Mississippi Valley, and are commonly called Indian mounds. One day Mr. Prentiss, with the aid of the vines and the overhanging boughs, made his way to the top of the mound, when his friends, who were collected around the tent, discovering him, united in a call for a speech—a speech from Prentiss. "Upon what subject?" "Upon the subject upon which you now stand." He at once set off in a playful sally for the amusement of himself and friends, but, warming in the subject as he proceeded, his creative imagination now people the forest with that lost tribe, that mysterious race, who, ages past, inhabited the country before the birth of the aboriginal trees that abound upon every variety of character, fairies, princes, courtiers, warriors, marshaled armies and fought battles, going on thus for more than an hour, in a vein of philosophical reflection and poetical invention, which imparted a thrilling, almost a real, interest to the imaginary scene. The gentleman from whom I had this incident was a man of cultivated tastes, had often heard Mr. Prentiss at the bar and on the hustings, and he considered this one of his happiest efforts.

The later years of Mr. Prentiss were passed in New Orleans, where he practiced almost up to the hour of his death, with an emaciated countenance and a frame exhausted from the cruel ravages of disease, but with a spirit undaunted, a mind ever luminous and exhibiting in every effort its almost superhuman energy.—Ben. Perley Poore.

How He Lost His Free Pass.

Some time ago Judge Q., of Nashville, was pressing a suit before a Stewart County jury against the railroad in an action for damages for killing his client's cow. "What is that thing, gentlemen of the jury, what is the name of that instrument of death fastened on in front of the engine?" asked the Judge,

with well-aimed ignorance. "It's the cow-catcher," replied one of the jurors. "Ah! I thought so." And yet Judge Lurton, with more cheek than any young man I ever knew, tells you that the railroads do not intend to destroy your stock, even while they carry a cow-catcher, but there to run your cow down and catch 'em and kill 'em, as the name of the fearful implement of destruction implies—even while the roads fasten this cow-catcher on in front of the train—yes, gentlemen, it is fastened on to chase your cows around and catch the poor things and crush the very life out of them."

The Judge got his \$75 verdict for a \$15 cow; and what's more, he got his free pass "tuck up" on the way home, and has been paying the usual per mile-
em ever since.—Nashville World.

Some of Lincoln's Jokes.

President Lincoln has been made responsible for so many jokes that he reminds one of a noted Irish wit who, having been ruined by indorsing the notes of his friends, used to curse the day when he learned to write his name, as he had obtained such a reputation for willingness to oblige that he could not refuse. Mr. Lincoln might well have regretted having made a joke, for he was expected to say something funny on all occasions, and has been made answerable for all manner of jests, stories and repartees, as if he had combined all the elements of humor, commonplace heartlessness, and coarseness, mingled with a passion for reviving the jokes of Joe Miller and the circus clowns. Yet he did say many excellent things. On one occasion when Senator Wade came to him and said:

"I tell you, Mr. President, that unless a proposition for emancipation is adopted by the government, we will all go to the devil; at this very moment we are not over one mile from hell."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Lincoln, as I believe that is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, where you gentlemen are in session."

On one occasion, at a reception, when the crowd of citizens and soldiers were surging through the salons of the White House, evidently controlled by the somewhat brusque western element, a gentleman said to him:

"Mr. President, you must diminish the number of your friends, or Congress must enlarge this edifice."

"Well," promptly replied Mr. Lincoln, "I have no idea of diminishing the number of my friends; but the only question with me now is whether it will be best to have the building stretched or split."

At one of these receptions, when a paymaster in full major's uniform was introduced, he said:

"Being here, Mr. Lincoln, I thought I would call and pay my respects."

"From the complaints made by the soldiers," responded the President, "I guess that is all any of you do pay."

Ward Layman, when Lincoln had appointed him Marshal of the District of Columbia, accidentally found himself in a street fight, and, in restoring peace, he struck one of the belligerents with his fist, a weapon with which he was notoriously familiar. The blow was a harder one than Lamont intended, for the fellow was knocked senseless, taken up unconscious, and lay for some hours on the border of life and death. Lamont was alarmed, and the next morning reported the affair to the President.

"I am astonished at you, Ward," said Mr. Lincoln; "you ought to have known better. Hereafter, when you have to hit a man, use a club and not your fist."—Ben. Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.

Banking Out West.

A Baltimore man who started a bank at Custer City a year or so ago and failed within a week, simply because he didn't know Western human nature. His place had not been open an hour when a man in buckskin slouched came in and presented a note of \$100 running for sixty days, and asked to have it discounted.

"I don't know you," replied the banker, who was his own cashier.

"Stranger, that's my name that at the bottom—Bill Riggs."

"I see."

"And that note is backed by Jim Madden."

"I see, but I don't care to discount it."

The man picked up the paper and walked out, and in the course of ten minutes a chap with a pistol in either hand danced into the bank and cheerily called out:

"Here's Jim Madden, and he wants to set eyes on the galoot who won't discount a note when he backs it."

Love and Friendship.

There seems to be a popular belief in the law of the attraction of opposites as supplying the matter of love and friendship—a law supposed to be based on induction, according to the true method of science. But is it not simply one of those formulae which is true, when it is true, and no other? Does the appeal to experience prove any more here than it does when made use of by believers in what are called "special providences," who have a way of calling to witness this or that special fact, which is held to confirm their theory, while they persistently disregard the more general facts, which lie right beside the particular one, and contradict the inference it is desired to draw from it? Opposite natures do attract each other, there is no doubt; a man of phlegmatic temper, sometimes finds an irresistible fascination in a woman whose gay vivacity cheers and stimulates him like sunshine and the birds' song; or, again, it is sanguine, buoyant natured man who is mated happily with a wife whose serious and discreet mind is the balance-wheel, insuring the safe running of the household machine. Indisputably, there is an attraction, sometimes difficult to account for, between persons of contrasted natures; nevertheless, a nice observation will often show, I think, that dissimulations between husbands and wives or between intimate friends are superficial, while the strength of the mutual attraction resides in an underlying likeness. A marriage which is truly such, or a serious friendship, involves a very close intercourse, which to be sustained must rest on certain deep moral affinities—if there be also intellectual affinities, the union or communion will be stronger still; but such are not necessary, as the former are. Circumstances may play their part, and an important one in the formation of our friendships or in the selection of our lifemates; but among persons of any depth of character, choice as well as chance has to do with the matter, although the choice be often rather instinctive than deliberate. My opinions may agree or disagree with those of my friend; my sentiments may or may not correspond exactly with his; but that he should not be destitute of ideas and sentiments seems indispensable, if we are to find lasting satisfaction in companionship. The closer the bond, the more it becomes a spiritual or emotional one; the older we grow, the more we find that the stable affection our friend cherishes for us is precious above any mere similarity of tastes, pursuits etc., there may be between us, while at the same time we may perhaps remember that it was the delight of sharing those that drew us together in the beginning. The ready sympathy which springs up between high and noble minds, and draws them into lifelong union has its counterpart, I believe, in the mutual attraction of shallower natures. There is a tacit comprehension between such; and whatever their external, superficial contrast, their mere negativity of character becomes the tie, which is as real in its way as that uniting characters of positive weight and worth. A further evidence of the truth of this view of the matter seems to be the fact that each of us finds it possible to maintain an intimate friendship with persons who differ greatly from each other in many respects. My friend A may be of an emotional nature, while B is reserved and chary of expressions of regard. The former is intellectually quick and fine, the latter of a slow and solid order of mind. Superficially, the two are most unlike, and yet I, who stand between them—a friend of both—am aware of that in each of them which is the source of my deepest feeling for them, and which, should opportunity for acquaintance offer, would bind them together, as they are now separately bound to me.—Exchange.

Flush Times in California.

"The prices of everything ran tremendously high in the year '49; so high, indeed, that they sound almost incredible to people nowadays. Everybody in Sacramento lived in tents, most of them with only the bare ground for floors. You can appreciate the reason for this when I tell you that when I bought lumber to make a floor and front to my tent I had to pay \$700 in cash for one thousand feet, and it wasn't very good lumber at that. A pie or a loaf of bread cost \$1, potatoes were \$1 a pound, and onions \$2 a pound, and in order to make an egg on Christmas day I paid \$16 for a dozen eggs. That was a holiday price, you understand. I turned my hand to building, and put up the first house in Sacramento, the material being adobe bricks. That these flimsy buildings were rather expensive, you can imagine from the fact that I paid my bricklayers—men who had been journeymen masons in the east—\$25 a day, and my hod carriers \$16 a day. I commenced to make real bricks, and early in '50 Upton and I started the first lime-kiln on the coast, at White Rock springs. Until that got to working we had to pay \$16 a barrel for lime, all of which was bought around the horn. The first fire in Sacramento started in my tent, just after the big flood at the close of '49. One of my men was getting the place in order for return from a ship out in the stream, and managed to set the canvass walls on fire. There were four kegs of powder on the bed, and after that went off I never succeeded in finding a square inch of anything we'd left in the tent.—San Francisco Call.

A Conscientious Dealer.

"John," said a merchant to his clerk, "what are the latest reports from the crops?"

"The peach crop is entirely killed by the last cold snap; cherries badly injured; blackberries and black raspberries killed to the snow-line, and pears touched to some extent."

"All right, John; order a lot of new baskets with the bottoms a half inch nearer the top than last year. I am determined to keep down prices out of regard to my poor customers."—Texas Siftings.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.—Colton.

MARYLAND reports a new industry in watermelon vinegar.

SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE

Wild mint will keep rats and mice out of the house.

To MAKE mucilage take equal parts gum tragacanth and gum arabic with sufficient water to dissolve.

GREEN blinds that have faded may be made to look like new by oiling over with a brushing of linseed oil.

To REMOVE tar from the hands, rub with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and wipe dry immediately.

To REMOVE mildew, rub the spots well with soft soap, then cover with a mixture of soap and powdered chalk and lay upon the grass.

CARPETS should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water.

TASTEFUL curtains for the sitting room windows are made of drab moccasin cloth. Put them up with a cornice, and in the usual way; then, where they part, fit in a piece of moccasin cloth on which a pretty group of flowers is embroidered in Kensington stitch; the edges may be trimmed in fringe or with lace crocheted of linen thread. Tie the draped part of the curtains back with narrow bands of moccasin cloth on which is a vine matching the bouquet on the curtains.

BEFORE paint or calcimine is applied to walls, every crevice should be filled with plaster or cement. For the calcimine put a quart of a pound of white glue in cold water over night, and heat gradually in the morning until dissolved. Mix eight pounds of whiting with hot water, add the dissolved glue and stir together, adding warm water until about the consistency of thick cream. Use a calcimine brush, and finish as you go along. If skim milk is used instead of water the glue may be omitted.

A PLETTY pretty table cover take fine line of a creamy tint as the foundation. Select a piece of fine cretonne figured in crimson poppies, roses or any flower that can be cut out and grouped to form a pretty border. Cut out the flowers and arrange them on paper. With a pencil trace their outlines on the paper; then, by means of tracing paper, transfer the designs thus made to the linen. Next stretch the linen on a frame and paste the flowers upon it with smooth paste. When the work is dry remove it from the frame and button-hole stitch around the edges of the flowers. Then outline veins and markings with floselle, and work the stems in stem-stitch with crewels. Finish with a fringe of the linen and a band of drawn work and floselle.

A PRETTY wall panel is made by taking a piece of cardinal satin nine inches square. In the center cut out a piece not quite large enough for a photograph; next turn in the edges so they will be when finished the required size. Around the bottom and one side of the center piece work in Kensington or satin stitch a vine of yellow blossoms. Finish the top and bottom with a border of cardinal plush or velvet, running in the edges of each a double row. Turn in the sides and fasten down on the wrong side. In the lower left hand corner place a double row of cardinal and yellow and hang it upon one yellow and one red ribbon. Put in the photograph and fasten securely; do not let the stitches show on the wrong side. Line with red silesia.

The Story of a Spider Web.

To me, the web of a spider is truly a study, and I learn many things from it. First, I note the patience of the little spider in spinning his delicate threads. What a model of this virtue he is! He is far from being pretty, but his work and his virtue of patience are beautiful, surely. Then I think of the skill the fellow has.

And another thing I learn from ugly Mr. Spider is that patience wins. I never saw a spider (and I've been acquainted with a good many of them, and like to watch the morose looking specimens), who don't catch something nice in his trap before he gives up.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," and "Go to the spider, thou impatient," ought to go hand in hand, as proverbs. And another thing, you may say what you please, but gentleness tells. Who ever saw a rough, burly spider? Spiders know that they can catch more flies with soft, delicate meshes than in rough ways.

A spider might spit at the flies and chase them, and get all his family at work shouting after them, and never catch a fly in the world. But he is gentle, and seems to know the old proverb, that you can catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar. But see the way he sits at the center of his web-work, and feels out, as it were all along the wires, to the very extremity of his meshes, that sparkle in the sunshine.

Every thread is like one of his own nerves. I think all this is like the human heart. The threads are like our affections. Touch our feelings, and the heart at the center feels it in a moment.

Let us try and keep our feelings soft and tender. Let conscience respond to the slightest touch. We sit, as it were, in the midst of a delicate network of thought and affection. Let us be tender of the feelings of each other. The heart feels the slightest touch that is laid even on the most distant part of the vast and intricate network of which it is the center.

The Art of Borrowing.

When you want to borrow money from a man, choose a time when his friends are about him. Then walk up to him and say pleasantly: "Oh, I nearly forgot about it—can I depend upon you for a couple of dollars to-night?" You mustn't wait for him to answer; add before he speaks: "Oh, it will do in a few minutes," as though you were interested in something one of his friends were saying. If that man doesn't search his pockets for the money, he is a rare avis. Of course, if he hasn't got it, you embarrass him; but you are less embarrassed yourself than you would have been had you been alone, and that is a gain. I thought not a lucrative art.

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