

## His Treasure.

He was so small, so very small,  
That since she ceased to care,  
'Twas easy just to pass him by,  
Forgetting he was there;  
But though too slight a thing he seemed  
Of interest to be,  
One heart had loved him with a love  
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,  
That now, since she had died,  
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat  
With nothing much inside;  
But, ah, a treasure he concealed,  
And asked of none relief;  
His shabby little bosom hid  
A mighty, grown up grief.  
—Florence Earle Coates in Harper's Bazar.

## For GREED of GOLD

BY J. S. FLETCHER

James Rutherford had come back—come home—to Slowford, and the countryside rang with the news. There was more excitement and commotion when it was known that James had arrived than if the village crier had gone round to herald the approach of a circus or a menagerie.

No one had ever expected to see James again, unless in hopeless poverty and fluttering rags; but here he was, and it was obvious that poverty and James were not even acquainted.

Ten years previously James Rutherford, at that time a young man of three and twenty, departed from Slowford, leaving behind him the prettiest of bad characters.

He was a wild, bad lot, said everybody (except some of the women, whom he had deluded with his handsome face and wicked eyes), and he would end his days in the workhouse or on the gallows. When he finally cleared out it was with no regret on his part, and with a good deal of relief on his neighbors'.

And nobody ever expected to see him again. He went off, a rather down-at-heel, mocking, dare-devil lad; he returned a very carefully-attired, prosperous-looking, well-fed gentleman, with sober manners and an air of distinction.

The truth soon leaked out. James Rutherford had drifted to South Africa, had struck oil in the shape of diamonds, had seized his chance with the tenacity of genius, and was now a millionaire. A millionaire in ten years! There was no doubt of it—the parson and the doctor had seen his name in the papers.

Mr. Rutherford—plain James no longer—went around the neighborhood and paid off numerous debts which he had contracted during his youthful days—paid them with handsome interest. He further discharged some obligations incurred long years before by his father, who, like the pre-formed James, had not been very particular about money matters.

James did things in great style; it was evident that there was nothing mean about him. And the apotheosis of his glory was arrived at when he invited all the principal folk of the village—parson, schoolmaster, farmers, tradesmen—to dine with him in the big room of the Red Pig, while all the rest of the folk, even down to the babies, were regaled with supper in the coachhouse outside.

Everything was done handsomely; gentlemen were invited to take appetizers—sherry and bitters, gin and bitters, and what not—until dinner was ready, and all at Mr. Rutherford's expense. And everybody did, seeing that it cost nothing and tongues wagged freely.

Never had such a repast been served in the history of the village. There were dishes which the simple Slowford people had never heard of, and wines

were laid out, and settled themselves for an evening's conviviality.

The conviviality chiefly consisted, however, in listening to James. He took good care to see that every man's glass was constantly replenished, that a fresh cigar was always to his hand, and that everybody was comfortable.

And he talked—talked well and easily, not in any bragging fashion, but in modest, assured tones, after the fashion of a man who knows that he has proved himself.

He told them of his adventure, of his work, of the coming of success, of the building up of a great business;



Poverty and James were not even acquainted.

and, at the request of the parson, he entered into a learned, but simply worded disquisition on the prospects of diamond-mining in South Africa, and displayed such marvelous knowledge of it in its scientific and financial aspects, that his audience broke up in amazement at his ability and cleverness.

Next day Mr. James Rutherford had many callers. Each caller had the same story to tell. He had saved money and money had come to him from his forbears (they were a thrifty and a hard-working, self-denying people, the Slowford folk), and they would like to know if Mr. Rutherford could not invest it for them in his own concerns or in something similar, that would bring in heavy interest.

And with each Mr. Rutherford talked carefully and in businesslike fashion, and each went away feeling assured that he had been conversing with a master-mind in finance, and that his money would be safe, and he himself a rich man. And he naturally told all his friends what he was going to do, and everybody applauded, because everybody was going to do the same thing.

There were a good many people of means and resources in and about Slowford, and there was scarcely one that did not entrust almost the whole of his savings and property to James Rutherford during the next few days. The vicar had a small private fortune invested in railway stock, paying 3½ per cent; he realized and reinvested in James Rutherford, with notions of getting at least 30 per cent. The vicar's wife also had a nice little capital invested in gilt-edged securities—that, too, flowed into James' coffers.

And at the end of ten days Slowford had entrusted some \$75,000 in hard cash to the man whom it had once regarded as a hopeless ne'er-do-weel. On the last day Miss Pamela Spriggs came to see Mr. Rutherford. He remembered her as a middle-aged spinster who had always had a kind word for him in the day when all other Slowford folk had looked at him askance, and who earlier in life had given him tarts and apples. He caused her to be admitted.

Miss Spriggs had grown ancient, but she was still shy and nervous and old-young in manner. Mr. Rutherford made her drink a glass of port before he inquired her business—he guessed what it was before she spoke.

"I wished to speak to you, Mr. Rutherford, about a little business matter," said Miss Spriggs. "I have come into money since poor Jane died—\$10,000 it is, Mr. Rutherford, and it's lying in the bank just now, and hearing of your good fortune, I thought perhaps—"

Mr. Rutherford rose from his seat and paced the room, apparently deep in thought. He came up to Miss Spriggs' side and spoke rather brusquely.

"I'm sorry I can't do anything for you just now, ma'am," he said, "my

hands are full—quite full. But as soon as I hear of a good opening, I will write to you about it. Good day, ma'am."

He bowed her out, and came back to his desk.

"It'll be a long time before she gets that letter," he said, laughing sardonically. "No, no—not old Spriggs! The others are fair game, but she isn't."

The next day Mr. James Rutherford left Slowford. He was accompanied to the station by nearly all the population of the place, and was given a hearty send-off.

But Slowford had never seen or heard of him again. There has been no dividends; there has been nothing indeed but weeping and wailing and deep curses—always excepting thankfulness from Miss Spriggs, who frequently remarks that it was very fortunate that Mr. Rutherford was too much engaged to deal with her little affair, and who is firmly convinced that he was a good man who must have been murdered and robbed on his arrival in London.—Black and White.

## DIG GOLD DESPITE THE WAR.

Americans in Korea Said to Be Prospering in Their Operations.

According to a report received by the state department from the American legation at Seoul, Korea, the Korean gold mines controlled by the Oriental Consolidated Mining Company are prospering wonderfully, in spite of their being in the center of the war zone.

A few weeks ago J. Sloat Fassett and H. D. Perkins of New York, and Leigh Hunt, formerly of Portland, Ore., applied to the United States government for protection for their property and employes in Korea. In answer to the representations made by the state department the government was assured by both belligerents that the property was safe from molestation.

The report received from the American legation gives some figures from the annual report of the Oriental company. It shows that the company controls 500 square miles of rich territory in northwest Korea under a concession obtained from the emperor by Leigh Hunt. They are operating eight mines, besides a number of tributary mines worked by Koreans. The total operating profit for 1903 was \$762,315.84.

## Missed Her Own Party.

Senator "Joe" Blackburn tells a story of a quaint old woman in a remote Kentucky village who was locally famed for her kindness of heart and good will toward her neighbors.

"For months and months she had been saving her slender means to give a great party, so she said," the Senator relates, "and at last came the great event. All of her friends, dressed in their best, were on hand to render the occasion notable in the annals of the village, and all voted the party a great success, the only false note in the gamut of their enjoyment being the mysterious absence of their hostess.

"Meeting her the next morning, one of the guests of the night before spoke rapturously of the party.

"I'm certainly glad you enjoyed yourself," returned the old lady, beaming her satisfaction. "So it really was a success? Yes? My! I certainly should like to have seen it."

"But why were you not there, Aunt Sally, at your very own party?"

"Laws, child," answered the erstwhile party giver, "I had to stay in the kitchen and wash the dishes."

## Disinterested Affection.

When you see a little feller lookin' fondly at his dad,  
You know he thinks he's 'bout the greatest man  
That any town in all this glorious country ever had,  
An' he's proud to go a-walkin' han' in han'.

There's friends an' there is fam'ly sympathy  
When you grieve  
An' ready fur to answer at your call!  
But there's somethin' in his manner  
Which compels you to believe  
That the little feller loves you best of all.

An' it kind o' makes you feel like bracin' up an' jumpin' in  
An' tryin' fur a record in the game,  
'Cause you know how honestly he is expectin' you will win,  
An' if you don't he'll love you jes' the same.

An' there isn't any thought in him that isn't fur your good,  
An' if at last you're driven to the wall  
You know he's goin' to stand by dad, jes' where he's always stood,  
'Cause the little feller loves you best of all.

—Washington Star.

## Applies for Pension at 104.

A peculiar pension application has just been made to Ordinary John E. Youmans of Swainsboro, Ga. It is that of James Clark, a free negro, who enlisted in company K, Twenty-eighth Georgia regiment, as a fifer, and went through the civil war. Clark is now 104 years old and is unable to work, hence his friends are trying to have him placed upon the pension rolls. Judge Youmans has sent his application to Pension Commissioner Lindsay. This is the first case of a negro applying for a pension in the state. There are many negroes drawing pensions on the union side, but none in Georgia for serving in the confederate army.

## American to Serve the Sultan.

Capt. R. D. Buckman, widely known in marine circles along the Atlantic coast, has been appointed a vice admiral of the Turkish navy at a salary of \$10,000 per year. He took the new Turkish cruiser Mejdida from Hampton roads to Constantinople last year, having been selected for that task by the Cramp Shipbuilding company. It will be remembered that the cruiser did not leave American waters until the shipbuilding company had been paid in full. The young American has been given free hand to work what reforms he thinks necessary in the sultan's navy.

## Dame Fashion's Edict Is That Waists Are to Be Smaller; Girls, Go Hungry!

Just how the big, substantial girl with the waist of the Venus of Milo is to be pared down into the sylph-like, wasp-waisted creature which fashion now demands it is hard to tell; but one thing is certain, that there is an intimate relation between

avoid eating many. Let her not intervene to reprehend the servitors, nor yet speak unless occasion requires. Let it appear that she hardly minds any diversion, but that only timidity quenches her pleasure. But let her in eating so manage her hands that in washing the clear water may remain. Let her drink be but small. I approve a light collation, eating little, and in likewise at supper let her avoid comfits and fruits. Let her make it rather slight than heavy."

In seventeenth century English courtesy maxims have not quite so stately a tone, and a spade is frankly called a

the Panada"—nowadays this nourishing compound is composed of crackers and water with a little, sugar, and gives them warnings against "Fat Meat." Yet he is so far from insinuating that the "Maids and Borders" are greedy that he kindly admits that they are "For the most part not subject to the least Excess, unless it be of the Sugar-Plum or the Macaroon, and for this they are too often punished by the discomplection and pain of their teeth."

During the comparatively brief reign of the Empire gown the vigilant suppression of the appetite was secretly much relaxed, there being no delicate waistline to preserve, and a course of high feeding seemed to be the only bulwark which these nymphs, half clad in muslin, could put be-



the waist line and the appetite.

Before the era of large waists it was held that a maiden should appear to live on the smallest amount of food and drink that would sustain life and that she should display such a dainty capriciousness about this trifle as to suggest a fairy sipping dew from the flower cups. Eagerness for food was considered indecorous, for she was presumed to be a creature of so much delicacy that the needs of the inner woman were the very last thing she thought of.

Indeed, at the slightest mental disturbance she usually refused to eat altogether, and never remembered the lack of food until she swooned away from hunger. This was all extremely interesting, but when big, strapping girls became the fashion it was necessary to pack away in lavender the notion of a genteelly delicate appetite.

The young athletes were obliged to have fuel for vigorous frames, and it soon became quite permissible for a fashionably mannish girl with a straight front figure to take a truly masculine interest in her food. Nowadays she is frankly hungry, and eats straight through a meal of any number of courses with much enjoyment and with no great amount of conventionalality as to table manners.

But if fashion demands waists reduced by many inches the appetite will surely have to be curtailed by many courses—and what true woman would allow the pleasures of the table to interfere with an eighteen-inch waist? Did not the comfortable daughters of the dark ages sacrifice their flowing robes and buxom outlines to become heroines of chivalry, ethereal creatures, part angel, part fairy princess and of an elegant slimmness of shape?

All the quaint old courtesy books required that a well-bred damsel should eat but little, and her table manners were regulated with all possible nicety, especially when fingers took the place of forks. Barberino, an Italian poet of noble family of the early fourteenth century, tells how a bride should conduct herself at table on her wedding day.

"Let her have washed her hands aforetime so that she may not greatly bedim the water. Let her not much set to at washing in the basin, nor touch mouth or teeth in washing, for she can do this afterward in her chamber. Of the savoury and nicest viands let her accept but little and

spade in the following extract from "The Accomplish'd Lady's Rich Closet of Rarities or Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion":

"A gentlewoman being at table abroad or at home must observe to keep her body straight and lean not by any means with her elbows, nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite. Talk not when you have meat in your mouth and do not smack like a pig, nor venture to eat spoon-meat so hot that tears stand in your eyes. Which is as unseemly as the gentleman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a mouth and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonfuls, but took them one by one and cut them into two before she would eat them. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone, and are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself; throwing down your liquor as into a funnel is an action fitter for a juggler than a gentleman."

Codrington, in his book on "Instruct-



Dandies Who Starve Themselves for Their Waist's Sake.

ing of the Younger Sort of Maids and Borders at Schools," suggests that "the best Refection that young Gentlemen can take in the morning is

## THE POINT OF SIMILARITY.

Kentuckian Had Line on Name of Boston Suburb.

"One of the thousand suburbs of Boston is called Jamaica Plain," said Anthony Buck, a Bostoner. "You know Boston is noted for its suburbs. It's got them to burn. Four burned this summer already.

"Well, one of your Kentucky gentlemen—one of those 'By gad, sah,' gentlemen—visited friends in this little suburb. The first day he was there he went into Boston.

"When he had tasted of the various beverages of the Boston town and was ready to go back to his friend's home, he found himself in the embarrassing position of having forgotten the name of the suburb. He scratched his head, he looked at the stars, he kicked his feet together, but nowhere could he find the name of that confounded little suburb.

"Finally, in sheer disgust, he went into a hotel and inquired of the clerk there if he could tell him where he lived."

"The clerk laughed at that hard one, but amused at the way the strange looking gentleman put the question, he asked if he couldn't give some inkling, some idea, or some facts which might suggest the name of the place to him—the clerk.

"Well, sah," he said, "I can't exactly recall the name of that infernal place, but, sah, it strikes me that it was

something on the order of 'Whisky Sour.'"

"O," said the clerk, "you surely mean Jamaica Plain."—Louisville Herald.

## Bitter.

The late William Weightman, the millionaire chemist of Philadelphia, took a deep interest in the army and navy. He did not particularly approve the seniority rule of promotion, but he held that, as long as this rule was in force, it should be adhered to, and instances of its overriding angered him.

On the occasion of an unusually young soldier's installation into a captaincy over a dozen older men, Mr. Weightman said with a smile:

"This case reminds me of my friend, Lieut. Blank. Blank was in the navy, and he was getting to be a pretty old man. There seemed no chance of his promotion, though.

"At lunch one day, some one called attention to his baldness.

"You are very bald, Blank," the man said. "I never saw so bare a head. What is the cause of your baldness?"

"It is due," Blank answered, "to so many junior officers stepping over my head."

Steyn Returns to South Africa. Former President Steyn and his wife have received permission to return to South Africa in December. They will occupy a farm near Bloemfontein.

## TACT OF A HUSBAND.

Big Thing Is Knowing When to Let His Wife Cry.

Another thing the tactful husband does is to let his wife cry. I don't mean that he drives her to crying, or that he lets her weep while he stands unsympathetically by with his hands in his trousers pockets, his feet apart, and grinning sardonically. I mean that when an emotional woman needs a good cry, he realizes that it will relieve the tension. He does not get up and rage about and kick footstools out of the way and say, "Oh, for heaven's sake! stop crying, or you'll drive me to drink!"

No! He goes and pats her shoulder soothingly, and says:

"There, little woman! I'm sorry the cook has left and your new gown looks up crooked, but cheer up! Let's go out and have a jolly little dinner, and to-morrow I'll write that tailor a letter that will make his hair curl."

Then she looks up through her tears and thinks how handsome and big and strong and glorious he is, and before the dinner is over she has thought up two ways in which to economize, and so pay for the extravagance of his order to the waiter. For the common purse is not elastic, and she knows it.—Harper's Bazar.

## Balfour's Income.

Premier Balfour's private income is \$350,000 a year. He inherited his grandfather's wealth.



A wild, bad lot.

which they would never taste again. There were delicacies hard to procure, and liquors and coffee that made most of them wonder of they were dreaming.

There were speeches by Mr. Rutherford, who spoke very modestly and feelingly; and by the vicar, who voiced the pride of the village in this, its distinguished son, and by the oldest man present, who said that he'd seen a many amazing things in his day, but this was the amazingest of all.

Then came a visit to the coachhouse where there were more speeches, and some songs, and singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" from the assembled company, and then James and his guests returned to the great room, where cigars of the best brands, and spirits and similar creature comforts