The Daily Grind.

My son, when you speak of the work
you do, there's something to keep in
mind;
No matter how little it pleases you, don't
call it "the daily grind."
Don't tell of the tasks that you dislike,
nor grumble at sorry fate—
There never was work set to our hands
that we had a right to hate;
It isn't the work; it isn't the hire; not
toiling from sun to sun
That counts in the eyes of them who
see—it's "how is the labor done?"
As soon as you say it's a daily grind,
that moment you hate your work,
That moment the imp of indolence shows
you how you well may shirk;
That moment you lose all your good in-
tent; that moment you ought to quit,
For the work that you do is a friend to
you while you are a friend to it.
And once you have called it a slavish
task and named it "the daily grind,"
Your work is a snare that will catch your
feet and cause you to fall behind.
My son, when you work you must finish
your task; you must finish that task
alone,
And work that is done with a friendly
hand will change to a stepping stone.
Will carry you over the barring stream
or out of the clinging slough
And lift you to where you may put your
hand on the work that you want to
do.
It will help you along to the heights you
seek, will bring you unto your goal—
But when you declare it's "the daily
grind," it will grind you both heart
and soul.

W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

That Ball Dress

BY ROSE ROYANT GERRY

Leoline Harper was just 21, a bright, ambitious, high-spirited girl, who earned her livelihood by teaching in a grammar school. But her prosy profession left her plenty of time to dream of a larger and brighter future, and she erected some very stately edifices in Spain.

"For I don't want to drudge all my life so," said Leoline. "I am pretty enough," with a conscious laughing glance at the mirror, "and clever enough, I hope, to make my own future."

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Josepha, who admired her niece exceedingly, "you are pretty enough, and I believe you are smart enough; but still I don't understand how you are going to do it."

"You'll see," said Leoline, with a bright smile and a nod.

And when Kitty Topplefield, who taught in the primary department of the same school, told Aunt Josey about Mr. Maurice, the new trustee, who was so handsome, and wore such superb diamond studs, and admired Leoline's method of imparting instruction so enthusiastically, she began to comprehend what her niece meant.

"Leo," said she, when she had the rare chance of being alone with her niece, "do you like this Mr. Maurice?"

The blood flushed into Leoline's face.

"Of course I like him, Aunt Josey," said she.

"Do you love him?"

"I—I don't know whether I might or not," said Leo, coloring still deeper. "That is, if I knew him better. He is a society man, and I have so few opportunities! If I was only in a fashionable circle like Georgie Fitzalan!"

Now, Miss Georgie Fitzalan was a pretty, dashing young lady, the daughter of a rich importing merchant, who had been in the same class as Leoline Harper at school, and Leoline had always secretly envied her luxurious, butterfly sort of life that seemed to have so few of the elements of shadow about it.

"And," added Leoline, "he is to be at Georgie's birthday party, and Georgie has asked me to come—and—and I can't, because I haven't anything fit to wear. And I do believe, Aunt Josey, if I could only go"—

"Yes, yes, I understand, my dear," said Aunt Josey, regretfully. But, really, I do not se how you can go."

"Nor I, either," said Leo, gulping down a little suffocating lump that somehow would keep rising in her throat. "So I must just be contented to give it up."

But half an hour afterward she came

"I—I don't know whether I might or not."

to her aunt with depened color and eager, shining eyes, the newspaper in her hands.

"Look, Aunt Josey!" cried she.

"La, child," said the old lady, "you know I can't see a thing without my spectacles."

"Then I'll read it to you"; and Leoline read as follows:

"'For sale, at a bargain, two silk evening dresses, one a blue and the other canary color; worn only once, by a lady just returned from Europe. Price, twenty-five dollars each. Apply 'X. Y. Z., No. — Rotherward street.'

"What do you think of that, aunty? Blue is just my color. And silk, too! Why, I never had a real silk in my life!"

"I don't like the idea of second-hand finery," said Aunt Josepha, shaking her head.

"But when you can't afford anything else," pleaded Leoline. "Oh, Aunt Josey, I do so want to go!"

"My dear, remember the old fable of the daw with borrowed plumes," warned Aunt Josepha. "If this man is really a man of sense he will think as much of you in your cashmere dress as if you wore the queen's diamonds."

But Leo, believing that her aunt was hopelessly behind the age, persisted.

"I will go to the number and address. I will just look at the silks; of course I needn't buy unless I like them."

The house was a magnificent brown stone establishment whose splendor rather abashed our little school teacher. "H. C." proved to be Mlle. Hortense Chenier, the lady's maid, who occupied an airy fourth-story apartment, to which the visitor was conducted by a grumbling footman. Leoline felt altogether out of her element, and almost sorry that she had come; but when she saw the superb silks, scarcely worn, her heart leaped within her. The blue one was trimmed with deep, pointed white Spanish zlond, and

"May I ask, Miss Harper, if you order your dresses from Worth?"

proved to be the exact color to match Leo's bright beauty.

"Madame bestows these upon us," said Hortense, grimacing and twisting herself after the manner of French maids. "Madame is all goodness."

Leo bought the dress and it was sent home that night.

"Yes, it is very pretty; but all the same I don't like you to wear a second-hand dress," said her aunt.

"A great many ladies do the same thing, Aunt Jo."

"A great many ladies do a silly thing, then," retorted the old lady.

But, notwithstanding Aunt Jo's disapproval, Leo felt very proud and happy when she went off that evening dressed in the blue silk, which had required very little alteration to fit her supple figure.

Miss Fitzalan's parlors were full and Leo's heart beat high with anticipatory triumph as she saw Mr. Maurice among the crowd. The next moment she perceived that he was not alone. A tall and beautiful young lady leaned on his arm. With a pang of jealousy Leo would fain have shrunk away, but Mr. Maurice advanced toward her.

"Miss Harper, allow me to present to you my wife; Mrs. Maurice, Miss Harper. Oh, I see you're surprised. So am I. She only arrived from Europe four days ago"; this with a smile.

Leo tried to mutter a few congratulatory words, but could hardly make herself audible. Mrs. Maurice put up her eyeglasses.

"How very strange!" she cried. "My blue silk dress that I had made at Worth's. I should know the trimming anywhere. May I ask, Miss Harper, if you order your dresses from Worth?"

Leo turned scarlet, but she clung bravely to the anchor of truth.

"No," she said, blushing with mortification; "i am only a school teacher, and can afford no such extravagance as that. I bought it second-hand of Mlle. Hortense Chenier, No. — Rotherward street."

"My maid," cried Mrs. Maurice. "And she stole it from me—all the time pretending that the packing case that contained it was lost on the voyage, the hypocritical thing."

Mr. Maurice laughed.

"That comes from your foreign French maids," said he.

Leoline Harper felt her face glow with burning scarlet.

"I—I am very sorry. I hope you do not consider it my fault," she said.

"Oh, not at all; perhaps I shouldn't have spoken of it, but you see, I was so taken by surprise. Pray wear the dress; it is so charmingly becoming to you," said the lady.

Leo did not stay long. She felt as if every one in the room must know that she was wearing a second-hand dress, stolen from its owner! And the fact, now for the first time ascertained, that Mr. Maurice was a married man seemed to take all the sparkle out of her life. She went home early and cried herself to sleep. The next morning she sent back the dress to Mrs. Maurice with a note of apology, and she has been a wiser girl ever since.

"If my fortune comes to me, well and good," she said, "but I shall not go a step out of my way to seek it."—Chicago Journal.

Peculiar Accident in Football.

Capt. Stangland of the Columbia football team, who was taken from the Yale game practically unconscious because of a kick in the head, has lost all sense of taste and smell. Physicians have not yet determined just what the exact trouble is, but they fear injury to the brain resulting from a blood clot. Mr. Stangland's mental faculties are not deranged in any way except to the extent mentioned.

TO KEEP FLOWRS FRESH.

Will Last Three Four Weeks If Treated Perly.

"Cut flowers wh properly treated," said a florist, an be made to look fresh for thre or four weeks. Every night take th out of the water and thoroughly re the stalks under a faucet, remo with the fingers any decompos matter. Then put them to bed fo the night in a basin of strong so suds, but be careful not to allo any water to touch the blossoms The soap suds supply a certain amnt of nourishment.

"In the morning re the stalks under the water again d as each blossom is arranged fo he day in the vase of fresh wate nip off a tiny portion of the stalk h a pair of scissors. Always carefu trim away any faded part.

"Food for the da is supplied by sulphate of ammonia few drops of which should be add to the water put in the vase. night put the flowers into some ck, cool place—say a pantry—as it not good either for the flowers or f the household that they should rem in all the time in the living rooms.

"To revive cut flows put them into warm salt water to hich has been added a few drops o sulphate of ammonia. Cut flowers are constantly sent by express and tough the mails, but seldom in such fashion as to preserve their bloom and freshness. To effect this pack em in a light wooden box lined wit cotton or wadding, laying over thi a sheet of tissue paper. Then lay he flowers not on top of each other it in rows, side by side, the blossoms of each row on the stems of their neihbors.

"Pack closely, othewise the flowers will be displaced and injured in the journey. Before packing they should stand in wai for several hours in order to osorb moisture enough to keep them rom withering. It is not good to spinkle them too heavily after they are in the box, for without air this is liely to produce mildew."—St. Louis Republic.

It Puzzled the Expert.

The customs official as greatly puzzled. He knit his brow and frowned darkly. He even tapped his foot nervously on the polished oor.

"What seems to be the difficulty?" inquired a sympathetic subordinate.

The chief turned to him with a troubled stare.

"I'm bothered," he rowled. "I'm badly stumped. And yet I am the very man who classified frogs' legs as 'dressed poultry,' and admitted a colt from Canada as 'household furniture.'"

"And what's the question now?" the subordinate respectfully asked.

The chief ran his hand through his matted hair.

"I'm worried to death," he cried, "over a proper classification for a three-legged stool. It isn't a biped and it isn't a quadruped—and there you are!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Diplomacy.

"How did you work father so beautifully?"

"With diplomacy, my dear, pure diplomacy. I told him I wanted to marry one of his daughters. He glared at me and asked me which one of the six. I said Myrtle."

"You said Myrtle?"

"Uh-huh. All diplomacy, my dear. He flew into an awful rage and said I couldn't have her. He said she was too good for me. I insisted. He grew madder. I still insisted. Then he roared out:

"'You can't have Myrtle, you know-nothing! Grace is plenty good enough for you!'

"And that's the way I go you, Grace, dear. Wasn't it beautiful diplomacy?"

Jack's Advice to His Friend.

Why, Tom, thou'rt a seaman; and may
every wind
That thy wishes can prosper and
favor,
Still sit in thy soul, that each port
thou mayst find,
While honor shall guide thy behavior;
While good, true and hearty, the stays
of thy mind
Are steadily braced by thy duty;
While to king, wife and friend, thou
art constant and kind,
And thou driest up the sorrows of
beauty.

But may all thy tackles, grown rotten,
give way;
Thy vessel, may leaks fairly fill her;
Thy timbers all splinter'd, no rope to
belay,
Broke thy compass, and shatter'd thy
tiller,
When shook in the winds are the sails
of thy heart,
And thou'rt false to thine honor and
duty;
When from king, wife and friend thou
wouldst basely depart,
And thou mock'st at the sorrows of
beauty.

—Charles Dibdin.

One Difference.

"I'd like to know what's the difference between a guesser and a forecaster," said Mrs. Wonder, puzzling her mind over the ante-election figures in one of the papers.

"A guesser," explained Mr. Wonder, "simply lumps his figures, and is either right or wrong at once; while a forecaster arranges his figures in a table of statistics and makes you wonder how on earth he could be anything except right."

Hard Work.

"Back from your vacation, eh? I suppose you'll find your work harder than ever now."

"That's what!" replied the clerk. "I've got ten fiancees to correspond with."

Bicarbonate of Soda Mine.

A deposit of millions of tons of bicarbonate of soda, 86 per cent pure, has been discovered in Lake Carissa, thirteen miles from Olig, Kern county, California. A refinery will be established there.

The Minot Grocery Co., has three hot cars going south on the Soo and the same number north during the week. This gives them excellent service.

Ships Coal to Sweden.

Two or three years ago the Dominion Coal company of Sydney, Nova Scotia, shipped a cargo of coal to Sweden to be used as an experiment on government railways. The experiment proved such a big success that the company now ships some 25,000 or 30,000 tons annually for general consumption in Sweden. This year the company is to make a further experiment in the foreign market by sending some of its product to Mexico to be tested on the government railway there.

Kills Insects by Electricity.

Recently in a paper read before a technical society at Odessa, Mr. Lokuzejewski described a way of killing the young of insects in fields by electricity. A dynamo is carried on a wagon (horse or automobile), and the current excites an induction coil, giving a high tension discharge. One pole of the coil is to the metal tires and the other to metal brushes passing over the ground. The discharge kills the grubs, etc., in the soil.

The Voyage.

I go not where I will, but must;
This planet-ship on which I ride
Is drawn by a resistless tide;
I touch no pilot wheel, but trust

That One who holds the chart of stars,
Whose fathom-lines touch lowest deeps,
Whose eye the boundless spaces sweeps,
Will guide the ship through cosmic bars.

My soul goes not a chosen way;
A current underruns my life,
That moves alike in peace or strife,
And turns not for my yea or nay.

Not on the bridge, but at the mast,
I sail o'er this far-streaming sea;
I will arrive; enough for me
My Captain's smile and word at last.

Suicide Statistics.

An Austrian student of the phenomena attending suicide says that of those persons who try to take their life by shooting themselves only one-third succeed in attaining their end at once. Another third died after a long period of suffering from the wound inflicted, while the remaining third survive.

LOT FOR SALE—A very desirable residence lot in the southern part of the city. Not on the hill. See J. L. Fahey. 12-7-tf.

Small Salary for High Office.

It may be some comfort to laboring men to know that the salary of the poet laureate of England is $360 a year and a hogshead of wine thrown in. Of course, this represents only a fractional part of what Alfred Austin really earns; still it is all that he gets for being poet laureate to the English speaking race. This salary is without any prospect f a raise, although it was increased to its present munificent proportions when Lord Tennyson died. Some time before his death it was decided to increase his salary to that amount, but the government did not decide till after his death. Thus the present poet laureate came in for the raise intended for Lord Tennyson.

New Statue in the Vatican.

The following story is told of the late Leo XIII.: A number of English women obtained an audience. When the Pope came into the room every one knelt down except an extremely tall young woman of pronounced Protestant proclivities. The pontiff turned to his secretary and said: "It is only too true that my power is diminishing. There is a new statue in the vatican, and no one has told me."

Necessity for Learninig.

"Now, you ought to be ashamed, James," said the teacher, after the children had been assigned to their classes, "to have your little sister to go into a class ahead of you, and you so much older than she is?"

"No'm. Pa says girls has to be smarter 'n boys."

"Well, they usually are. But why does your papa say so?"

"Pa says like as not a girl 'll be a old maid an' then she'll have t' know enough to teach school."

Point of View.

Harkins—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you, eh?

Larkins—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.

Political Education.

It takes a campaign of education sometimes to teach a candidate that he isn't so popular as he thought he was.