

FIRST CHARGE TO CUSTOMERS.

Somewhat Novel System in Vogue in Store of Salem.

Evidence of that thrift which contributed its share in making Salem the prosperous little city it is to-day...

The shop's exterior was tempting and I entered, to find some indifferent mahogany littered about a severe maiden lady who stood framed in an extremely interesting interior.

"Thank you; I really couldn't use it," I replied, edging away for the door.

"But the charge is ten cents," she added, coldly, moving nearer.

"So I understand," said I, skillfully maneuvering for a hurried but dignified exit.

The admission to the store is ten cents," she put in here, with chilly distinctness, outflanking me.

For anything savoring of novelty in this age of staid business world let us be truly thankful! The shopkeeper who charges you a fee for the privilege of entering her store does not lose in dignity by the proceeding.

ASTONISHED BY THE GIRAFFE. Frenchmen Were Slow to Admit Existence of the Animal.

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, refused for many months to believe in the Liban earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as skeptical as to the existence of the giraffe.

The giraffe was first heard of in 1781, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levaillant, who had journeyed in the lands of the Hottentots and Kafirs.

When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks he was looked upon as a Munchausen and told that he was such in not the polite language.

English and American Contrasts. The English business man's hours are shorter than ours, and, besides, when his work is done, he turns to some avocation, culture, theology, art or literature.

Better Odds. A farm laborer was taken ill on a visit to London, and a friend gave him the address of a doctor to whom to go.

Identifying Chris. In the afternoon in all the schools a part of the time was devoted to the study of the life and deeds of Columbus.

High Lineage of Siang. "That expression, 'Painting the town red,' is not," writes a correspondent, "the creation of some unknown Cockney genius."

Crocodiles Along the Nile. At the sound of the shot the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life.

Not Scared. "Were you frightened during the battle, Pat?" asked a sergeant of an Irishman who had received his "baton" of fire.

One Advantage. Reverend Old Gen' don't you find a sailor's life a very dangerous one?"

Faith and Hope. Mamma, if you don't love him why are you going to marry him?"

Refuted. Long Faced Individual—Young man, you can't attend to your business if you don't keep straight.

A Success. First Broker: How's that mining scheme of your coming on?"

He Knew His Mamma. Neighbor—Bertie, your mother is calling you.

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LIABLE TO BECOME IRKSOME.

Some Drawbacks in Having Disease as an Occupation.

A New York man was brought before a magistrate the other day for speeding. The magistrate asked his occupation. "Rheumatism," replied the prisoner. It was so recorded.

When you think of it, he was probably not far wrong. If anything will keep a man occupied it is a pet trouble like rheumatism or indigestion.

It has one advantage over the ordinary ones; hard times can't interfere with it. Every factory in the world may close, but the man who makes his disease his occupation need not work.

His occupation will not be touched. It will always be open, beyond all "chance and change of the unsteady planets."

IN EUROPE WITH MOTOR CAR. Much There That Is Perpetual Delight to Traveler.

Belgium and Holland, though not blessed with good roads as a rule, have much to charm visitors in their quaint views and old world cities.

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THE REAL AMERICAN HEIRESS.

A Worth Standard of Conduct the Only Imperishable Heritage.

To know that one's forebears were people of refinement, of culture, of gentle breeding, instead of inspiring arrogance should challenge the best that is in one, lest he fall short as a representative of those in whose persons these graces once flowered.

An inherited standard of life—let us put that down in our list of blessings. And for all inherent good which has come down to us as a benediction, without the asking, and which may be held only in trust as a sacred responsibility, let us delight to give thanks.

We American women, then, will tell to our children any true story of prowess, of chivalry, of long patience and reverent waiting—of any great quality which has found expression in lives of any of their ancestors—so that they may know themselves thus endowed with the only imperishable heritage.

She may not have a dinner gown to her name, or be "up" in the etiquette of fashionable life. Perhaps she is not even a person of leisure, much less a member of the "leisure class."

PAIN MADE A DEFINITE POINT. No Manner of Doubt as to Location of Trouble.

Angelina Spring, in spite of the hectic sound of her name, had a bad temper. One day she insisted on crying, and protested when the question was put often enough to elicit an answer, that she had a "pain."

Fortune. Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counseled my friends never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them; but to place all things as given them so as she might ask them again without their trouble.

Charles I's Cloak. The mayor and corporation of Shrewsbury, England, have recently had presented to them the scarlet cloak which was worn by Charles I. on the scaffold at Whitehall.

Encouraging the Boy. "Som," remarked Mr. Ernest Pinkley, "I don't mind you talking 'bout me in a great hunter."

The Cycle of Fashions. Progress follows the line of advantage, substituting always the better adapted; it never returns on itself, never substitutes fish oil for kerosene, horse cars for trolley cars.

History in the Vernacular. A father of a Trinity school scholar of 12 said to his boy:

Truth Will Not Be Compelled. "Truth is such a flyaway, such a slippery, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light."

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SURELY HAD MONEY'S WORTH.

Uncle Hod Had Come Far to Get It—and He Got It.

There being no dentist in the little town where he resided Uncle Hod Rowdybush had gone to the county seat to have an aching tooth extracted.

"I don't know," answered Uncle Hod. "Does it cost anything extra?" "Yes, it will be two dollars if you take gas and one dollar if you don't."

CAME TO HIM AS INSPIRATION. When Mr. Sankey First Sang the Famed "Ninety and Nine."

The story of "Ninety and Nine," the well-known hymn the music for which Mr. Ira D. Sankey improvised in a burst of deep feeling, was told by Rev. Dr. C. E. Locke, at the funeral of Mr. Sankey.

Story of Dying Trees. Attention has recently been directed to the number of trees in Glasgow which are in a dying state, their sickly condition being attributed to smoke.

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JUST WHAT HUNTINGTON SAID.

Clever Salesman "Got" Railroad King in Book Purchase.

The late Henry Miller, who was guide, philosopher and friend to many booklovers within a thousand miles of New York, was a most successful salesman.

"There are two volumes of this," said Mr. Miller. The other volume is in perfect order, as you see this one is. You cannot possibly let them escape you, for you know you have nothing like this in your library."

VICTORY THAT WAS DESERVED. The Struggle of One Scottish Youth for an Education.

Many hardships endured by students attending university or college in Scotland have been brought to light from time to time.

Man's Inhumanity to Woman. In all the civilized cities of the world woman is encouraged to demoralize herself and hold herself cheap in music hall, theater and even in opera house.

Shifting the Burden. "Never get out of trouble or bring it on someone else," remarked a man on the train the other day.

No Orator. Booker T. Washington, at a dinner in Cleveland during the National Educational Association's convention, was complimented by a clergyman on his eloquence.

Diving Suit with Laced-Up Legs. "Blowing up" is one of the accidents to which deep water divers are the most liable.

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WRITES NOVEL IN TEN DAYS.

That is Feat of Popular F. Marion Crawford.

The popular American novelist, F. Marion Crawford, has a beautiful villa in Sorrento. The villa, on the edge of rich brown cliffs that fall sheer, like a wall, into the blue waters of the Mediterranean, offers a superb view of the shining sea, off Capri, of Naples and Vesuvius.

Mr. Crawford has written an incredible number of novels. Indeed, it is said of him that he can, without difficulty, write a long and really quite readable novel in ten days. Hence it is not strange that with his wealth and fame he should be the lion of Sorrento.

In a Sorrento hotel sat a group of American tourists. The natives here," said a tourist from Duluth, "talk of nothing but Marianna Crawford. I have found out at last what they mean. They mean, by Jove, our great American novelist, F. Marion Crawford."

"Crawford is a wonderful writer," said a tourist from Hoise City. "He thinks nothing of turning out a novel in three days."

"I doubt that," a tourist from Baltimore said. "You it is true that Crawford has written a great many books—over 100, I think the figure stand. And he is still young, remember. He may yet break all records."

"I don't believe any man living ever read all Crawford's books," said a tourist from New York.

A tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, who had been listening on the out skirts of the group, with something like a sneer lifting his sweeping mustache, spoke up impatiently at this juncture.

"I have read them all," he said. The tourist looked in surprise at the stranger.

"Have you, eh?" said a Chicagoan. "And who, may I ask, are you?" "I am Crawford," was the reply.

FISHWOMEN ON THEIR DIGNITY. English Show Up a Police Inspector—He is Removed.

A telegram from Cherbourg, England, describes a strange happening here. The fishermen had brought in a big catch of fish and shellfish and the market was just opening when a police inspector stepped up to one of the fishwives to make a note of an infringement of the local by-laws.

The woman had stepped two yards further than the by-law allowed her to do. A minute later a second police complaint was made—against a woman who had undertaken to sell the fish of a fishwife who was ill. A third complaint was made against a fisherman who went out of his turn in putting up his catch for sale.

The news of the police officiousness spread quickly. Many of the women were still bargaining with the fisher men, but the bids and counter bids could not be heard for the shouts of the women established behind the fish baskets on the market place.

It all comes from denying to woman a responsible voice in the highest affairs and placing her on a lower plane. It is proposed to legally forbid her to serve in a public house, because of her bad moral atmosphere, which men alone have given it, while public opinion allows her to make needless displays on the stage of the theater and music hall. Westminster Review

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