

The Five-dollar Gold Coin

"Your change, sir!" and the clerk at Loring Graham & Sons handed over the counter a number of coins with a neatly done up package. "Thank you," and he stepped in his alert, business-like way to another customer who had just entered the large hardware establishment, while Carl started toward the door with the package containing his new skates, at the same time slipping the change left over from the crisp five-dollar bill into his trousers pocket.

"Haven't you counted it?" asked Uncle Tom, who had aided Carl in the selection of the bright nickel skates.

"Why, no; I never do! What's the use—the clerk does that! I don't at Loring Graham & Sons as it is at some stores; they're honest there—never heard of any one being cheated!"

"It isn't that so much as it is the liability of one's making a mistake. A person never ought to receive any change—however small the amount—without counting it over on the spot. You can hardly expect a mistake to be rectified after one having left the store, however reputable the firm."

"But it makes lots of bother," argued Carl, "when one's in a hurry."

"It makes no difference, it's business; and every boy ought to train himself early in strict business principles and live up to them."

"Aren't they a dandy pair—my ice skates—that's what I'm going to name them!" exclaimed Carl, admiringly changing the subject. "There isn't a fellow in Shirley that's got a prettier pair!"

"They are beauties, no mistake! I think you got them, too, at a very reasonable figure. Now don't forget, my boy, hereafter about counting your change." And Uncle Tom, without waiting for a reply, entered his place of business, a few blocks from the hardware store.

"It's all nonsense taking such trouble. That's just the way lots of folks do. They stand and count ten and five—fifteen; and three—eighteen; and two's twenty; when they give a quarter for a five-cent lead pencil!" declared Carl to himself, going down the walk. And they know the clerk would give them the right change. I'm not going to do it, it's too foolish!"

During the fall and winter Carl Bradford obtained his spending money by making himself generally useful, an hour each night and morning to his uncle's firm. Their "fill-up folks" man had been Carl's designation of himself, and now he was known to all the clerks in the establishment as "F. C."

A bright morning in early winter as Carl was about to leave, his uncle called him into the office.

"I wish on your way home, Carl, you'd call at the freight office and pay this bill. It's twelve dollars," handing him a twenty-dollar note. "You may bring the change back after school."

"Yes, sir," and Carl took the money and went whistling on his errand.

After he had paid the bill Carl took the change that was handed him—he remembered afterward that it consisted of one note and the rest in coins—and slipped it in his vest pocket.

"I won't be so liable to lose it there," he thought.

It didn't again enter his mind until his uncle asked him in the evening if he had taken a receipt.

"Oh, yes; and the change—I'd forgotten all about it! Here it is," and Carl handed the receipt and money to his uncle just as he had received them at the freight office.

"Why, this isn't all," said Mr. Bradford, slowly counting the amount the second time. "The receipt's all right, but the change—there's only three dollars here—one dollar bill, two halves, and four quarters."

"It's just as I took it," declared Carl positively.

"Did you count it before you put it in your pocket?"

"No; I—I didn't think. I supposed it would be all right," coloring.

"But it isn't Carl; it's five dollars short!"

"It ought to be there," and Carl emptied all his pockets, and then went through them again. "I—I didn't take it!"

"Of course you didn't, my boy; no Bradford would do such a thing as that! It was a mistake made at the freight office owing to—"

"My not counting it when 'twas given me," interrupted Carl dismally.

"Perhaps if you go over early in the morning by their looking over their accounts they may be able to rectify it, though it's doubtful they're closed now."

But when Carl went over on his way down town, they insisted they had given him the right change the day before, and, bitterly disappointed, as Carl reported to his uncle.

"I'll pay it," declared Carl, "out of my earnings. I'll take ten weeks, but by going without everything else I can do it."

Uncle Tom, encouragingly. "I'm sorry, but it may"—

"Teach me a lesson—it will," and Carl smiled grimly as he spoke.

During the following weeks Carl saved every cent he earned, to pay back the five dollars to his uncle's firm.

One morning—'twas at the end of the ninth week—Carl carried his vest he was accustomed to wear. "It needs two buttons—and the pockets leak," playfully "Leave it on a chair, dear" and he saw to it and stop the holes. "I'll see it ready by noon," and his mother smiled with her "love-to-work-for-my-boy" smile as he laid down the garment.

"See what I've found!" she exclaimed. "A bright five-dollar gold coin!"

"In—'twasn't in the vest, was it mother?" and the expression on Carl's face was a mingling of hope and incredulity.

"Indeed it was, hidden away down in the corner, where the unsuspected leak hole had dropped it."

"Then it's the change, the five dollars of that freight money! Hurrah! But, more soberly, 'I'm glad now it got lost a while, for by it I've learned one of Uncle Tom's business principles, and I'll not forget it!" Christian Advocate.

Should He Marry.

The Man—
Who goes home to grumble and growl.
Who thinks he can keep house much better than his wife.
Who cannot remember his wife's birthday nor the anniversary of their marriage.
Who believes that no one below the status of an angel should be his helpmate.
Who decides his wife is "fixed" for the season if she has one new gown.
Who imagines a woman's bonnet should cost about \$1.96.
Who fancies his wife exists for the comfort and convenience of his mother and sisters.
Who provides himself with a family and trusts in Providence to produce a home and something to eat.
Who labors under the delusion that his wife's money belongs to him.
Who advises his sick wife to be up and doing and she will feel ever so much better.
Who doesn't know what a woman wants with ready cash when she has credit at a dry goods store.
Who forgets his manners as soon as he steps across his own threshold.
Who thinks a dining-room carpet should last a lifetime.
Who constantly talks about supporting a wife, when she is working fourteen hours a day, including Sunday.
Who declares it all nonsense for a woman to want a ten-cent bunch of violets when she hasn't seen a flower for five months.
Who quotes the Apostle Paul on the "woman question" and firmly believes the mantle of the holy man has fallen upon his shoulders.
Who looks upon his wife as a rental waste-paper basket into which he drops the chips of ideas he has collected during the day.

Mutual Forebearance.

A much neglected little duty is the duty of mutual forbearance; which in-the-observance-or-in-the-breath, none has more to do with the happiness or unhappiness of life. In our hurried lives we are constantly jostling against each other, we are bustling out not only of the little courtesies that sweeten our lives, but oftentimes of the common decencies, the lack of which does so sadden and sour life. Our interests, therefore, with those of others and in the pushing of our plans, the enthusiasm of our efforts and the promotion of our self-interests we are apt to say and do things which injure others.

Antiseptics.

About 1860 Dr. Lister, while studying the experimental researches of Pasteur, came to the conclusion that the evils observed in open wounds were due to the admission into them of organisms which exist in the air, in water, on instruments, on sponges, and on the hands of the surgeon. These organisms, he concluded, finding a suitable opportunity for their growth in the discharges and surrounding tissue, germinate in them, and thus give rise to septicæmia. After much study he settled upon carbolic acid as the remedy for the difficulty.

Perils in London.

To elderly people London is no longer a pleasant place of residence. The streets have become a labyrinth of horror and difficulty, a region of hideous sounds and foul smells. With motor houses toppling over on the sidewalks, and private motors knocking down lampposts and impinging on the shelters, the unfortunate citizen knows not whether to wend his trembling steps.

Headache and Cold Feet.

Often it is found that a chronic sufferer from headache often complains of cold feet. This shows bad circulation and it should be strengthened. A simple and helpful remedy is to bathe the feet in cold water night and morning and rub briskly with a fresh brush or Turkish towel.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN WAR.

Russians and Japs Had Great Faith in Their Gods.
A great deal has been said about Russian superstition in the war in the east, as expressed in the blessing and forwarding to the front of ikons, or sacred pictures, which, by the common soldiers at least, were expected to bring victory to the Russian arms. No one knows just how many Russians with the least education believe in the miraculous powers of these ikons of how many did believe in them before the defeat of the Russians in every engagement on sea or land, operated to destroy what confidence any one had in them. But there can be no doubt that the Japanese from high to low, have been sustained and soothed by certain beliefs that would certainly be regarded as superstitious in this part of the world.

The idea was further developed by Admiral Togo in his message to the mikado. He said that the spirits of that sovereign's imperial ancestors had helped him in the battle. This, too, the admiral really believed. There are no firmer spiritualists in the world than the Japanese, unless it is the American Indians, whom physically, and in many respects, they much resemble. They people the world with the spirits of the dead. After each of the great land battles in Manchuria the Japanese erected altars and conducted services in honor of the spirits of their dead soldiers.—New York Mail.

LESS VIBRATION ON STEAMERS.

Simplicity of the Method Used Excites Surprise.
By means of a governor, which does not impair the efficiency of the engines because it does not throttle them, the steam supply for both engines is so coupled that neither will work more rapidly than the other.

The consensus of opinion in the Institution of Naval Architects, where the invention was described, is that absence of vibration will be readily secured if the engines are made to run at the same speed and in opposite phase, no matter how much the engines may be out of balance. The device consists of a set of differential level wheels or balance gear arrangement, one wheel being driven by the port engine and the other by the starboard, and these two wheels being mounted loosely on a shaft. Two pinions mesh with both wheels and are mounted on an axle keyed to the shaft.

As long as the two level wheels revolve at the same speed the shaft remains stationary, but if the speeds differ the movement of the pinions causes the shaft to rotate. This rotation works an eccentric mounted on the shaft, and the eccentric in turn actuates a small steam valve, by means of which high pressure steam is admitted to the low pressure cylinder of the engine working at the lower speed.—Chicago Tribune.

Dogs in the Ambulance Service.
Recently the Austro-Hungarian War Dogs Club held its first show of dogs for war and ambulance service. The highest officers in the army witnessed the performances of the dogs. Soldiers had dispersed all over the field of action, and were concealed behind hedges, among shrubs and bushes. These were supposed to be the wounded. The dogs found them all, and either stayed with them and barked if the trainers were near enough to hear them, or ran for the trainer when the distance was too long. Then they were sent with messages contained in a cloth fastened to their collars, to which they had to bring answers.—New York World.

Queer Physical Facts.
The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair haired people. The smallest vibration of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right.—Indianapolis News.

Admiral Togo's First Victory.
Admiral Togo Heihachiro is 47 years old. He is a samurai of the clan of Satsuma. His parents decided upon a martial career for him and when a boy he was sent abroad to study the science of war. He went to England and received his naval training on the Thames aboard the training ship Worcester. His opportunity for distinguished service came in 1894, when he was commander of the Naniwa. War had not been declared with China, but when Togo, sailing through the Yellow Sea, saw Chinese cruisers escorting transports laden with Chinese soldiers, he took it as a declaration of war and fired upon them, even though they flew British flags.

Compressed Air Chimes.
The chimes of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Fifth avenue, in New York, are rung by compressed air. Nineteen bells are in the spire. The heaviest weighs 6,000 pounds, the lightest 300 pounds. The keyboard of the chimes is in the sacristy. The operator presses a key corresponding to a bell in the spire. This establishes an electric connection, which opens a valve in the steple, conducting compressed air to a piston with a hammer that strikes the bell. Electricity is the trigger and compressed air the motive power in playing the chimes. St. Patrick's was the first church to adopt the new system.

PUNISHMENTS IN CHINA.

Many Cruel Forms Abolished Forever. Others Modified.
Wu Ting-fang, long Chinese minister in Washington, has succeeded in inducing the Imperial government at Peking to abolish some of its cruel punishments. An Imperial edict gives Wu and Shen Chiapen credit for suggesting the changes and then proceeds: "At the beginning of the dynasty when our sovereignty extended within the great wall, the most severe punishment was beheading. In the year of Hsin Jui, however, when we revised the laws, we permitted the introduction of those punishments which had been prevalent in the Ming dynasty, hence ling chi (cutting to pieces) was allowed for certain crimes. Now that we are once more revising the laws, therefore, we hereby order that for all variations of the crime of taking life, beheading shall be the extreme penalty in future; ling chi, exposure of the corpse must be abolished forever."

The penalty of chan hsiao, or what might be termed compound decapitation, or the entire removal of the head, and exposure of the same, must hereafter read chao chueh or strangulation on sentence. This is supposed to be a far more honorable death than decapitation and was formerly reserved for princes and other great men.

Another important reform is the abolition of the "condemned" brand on the faces of prisoners. Hitherto all who have been sentenced to banishment for robbery and other serious crimes have been tattooed on the face, in order to mark them as criminals for life.

FIRE WORSHIP IN SCOTLAND.

Ancient Custom Still Practiced in Certain Sections.
Reminiscences of the pre-Christian days of Baal worship and fire worship are still to be found occasionally in Scotland. A few years ago a traveler wrote: "On the last day of the year, 1911, which falls on Jan. 12, the festival of the clavis takes place in Forthhead, a fishing village near Forres. On a headland in that village still stands an old Roman altar, locally known as the douro. On the evening of Jan. 12 a large tar barrel is set on fire and carried by one of the fishermen around the town, while the assembled folk shout and hallow. If the man who carries the barrel falls, it is an evil omen. The man with the lighted barrel having gone with it round the town carries it up to the top of the hill and places it on the douro."

More fuel is immediately added. The sparks as they fly upward are supposed to be witches and evil spirits leaving the town. The people, therefore, shout at and curse them as they disappear in vacancy. When the burning barrel falls in places the fishermen rush in and endeavor to get a lighted bit of wood from its remains. With this light the fire on the cottage hearth is at once kindled and it is considered lucky to keep this flame all the rest of the year. The charcoal of the clavis is collected and put in bits up the chimney, to prevent the witches and evil spirits from entering the house.

How to Cut Glass.
Glass can be cut without a diamond, and the way is very simple. Dip a piece of common string in alcohol and squeeze it reasonably dry. Then tie the string tightly around the glass on the line of cutting. Touch a match to the string and let it burn off. While it is hot plunge the glass under water, letting the arm go under well to the elbow so there will be no vibration when the glass is struck. With the free hand strike the glass outside the line of cutting, giving a quick, sharp stroke with any long, flat instrument, such as a stick of wood or a long-bladed knife, and the cut will be as clean and straight as if made by a regular glass cutter.

The Art of Tattooing.
The master of the tattooing art in Japan is Chyo, who can produce such pictures on the human skin as are the envy of all rivals. He has photographs of all his more important works, most of the originals having been produced on the outfit of English and American travelers. Two of the most remarkable are a huge dragon in three colors, covering an American doctor's back entirely, while another is a life-sized fly, which was put on an Englishman's wrist so naturally that one would feel tempted to call his attention to the fact if one were not told that it was the work of the tattooing needle. Chyo's work is recognized by his countrymen at a glance, and is looked upon with much respect.

The Nose and Deafness.
Dr. Wallace Mackenzie of Wellington, New Zealand, reports the case of a healthy man who came to him because of deafness following an operation on his nose. Examination revealed the fact that both nostrils had grown together. The man was chloroformed, the nostrils reopened with the knife and prevented from growing together again by placing in each a little cylinder of celluloid prepared from a photographic film. Two weeks after the operation hearing was greatly improved and eventually almost completely restored.

Japanese Economy in War.
Japan's war department is economical. The worn-out socks, stockings and other hosiery used by the troops in Manchuria were sent back to Japan to be remade into knitting yarn. These are then given out to hosiery manufacturers and reknitted by machinery into underwear, which was remade into the best of wool.

Fier Week End Visit

Mr. Rockwell, a business friend of father's, dined with us a few weeks ago and told us about the beautiful new home he had just built in Milwaukee. I knew by his description that it must be unusually artistic and, as I hope to induce father to build soon, I was especially interested. I am rather making a study of architecture just now, to prepare myself for intelligent supervision of the work, should I succeed in persuading father to build a handsome, modern home.

"What a very practical young lad you are!" said Mr. Rockwell, after he had answered some of my questions about the heating and plumbing. "I should like very much to show you our place."

"I should love to see it," I replied enthusiastically.

So I was not surprised a few days ago to receive a cordial invitation from Mrs. Rockwell, whom I had never met, to pass the week end in Milwaukee.

Arthur Knight took me to the station Friday in his automobile.

"This is the one delightful way to annihilate space," I remarked as we whizzed down the boulevard, "I wish

"PAPA'S AWFUL MAD"

I were going to see the sights in Milwaukee in a motor car, but Mr. Rockwell says he has expended so much on his new dwelling that he must wait another year before he sets up a garage. I suppose my outings will be in the street cars," I sighed at the prospect.

I found that Mrs. Rockwell was a painfully domestic person, with scarcely an idea beyond her home and her family.

"We'll go to church this morning," Mrs. Rockwell said at Sunday breakfast. "I have invited the minister and two or three other friends that I wish to have you meet to come home with us to dinner."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dear Mrs. Rockwell," I said. "I can't go to church and I fear I shall not be here for dinner. I have an engagement with a friend from Chicago who is coming to take me for an automobile ride around your beautiful city and to dine at a hotel."

"I thought of course you would desire to attend church," said Mrs. Rockwell, severely, "and I asked some of my nicest friends to meet you at dinner."

"Oh, the loss is all mine," I said, as pleasantly as I could. "I regret exceedingly that I can't make the acquaintance of your friends, but of course it's quite impossible to break my engagement."

Then I excused myself and fled to my room to dress, for I knew Arthur would appear bright and early. I was naturally somewhat perturbed as I couldn't help feeling hurt and uncomfortable at the disapproval so plainly shown by my hostess. I dressed in nervous haste and left my room in such an untidy state that I locked the door and slipped the key in the pocket of my coat so that no one could come in and see the disorder.

The family were just starting for church when Arthur came for me, and I climbed into the nice little runabout that he had hired. I fancied that the Rockwell boy and girl watched me longingly.

When after a most delightful day Arthur left me at the Rockwell house late in the afternoon I was greeted with this news from the young daughter of the family. "Mamma's sick in bed and papa's awful mad. He's gone to walk it off. The water just spoiled the hall and drawing room."

"What water?" I asked.

"Why, the water from your room. You left it running in your basin and while we were at church it flooded the whole downstairs pretty near. Papa had to break open the door you locked. He smashed the walnut panel and he says it'll take three months to get another from the south."

"And there's got to be new ceilings made," chimed her small brother, "and mamma feels so bad it makes her head ache awful."

I thought the kindest thing I could do was to leave immediately, for Mrs. Rockwell evidently was to ill to enjoy entertaining a guest. I wrote her my adieux, expressing the hope that she would soon be quite well again, and left a good-by for Mr. Rockwell. Then I had a cab ordered and caught the same train that Arthur had told me he intended to take. He was surprised and apparently pleased to see me and we had a very enjoyable trip home.

After Twenty Years

By Isa Brackett.

Sir Abbot Sylvester had travelled all over the world trying to seek relief from the heavy burden which had rested on his conscience for the last 20 years.

At last he set sail from Barisal, India and on the 27th of June arrived at Coolidge, his little native town. He stopped at a flourishing hotel over night, noting with interest changes the village had undergone and was listening with no little amusement to a number of remarks which were made about his old mansion. It seemed that a few tourists, the night before, had come back to the hotel rather late, and in passing the stately old house had seen a light through one of the turret windows.

He was eager to throw open this cold dreary house altogether too suggestive of the tomb to prove agreeable to him. The next morning he walked briskly through the great gateway. A wilderness that had once been an evergreen park revealed itself in all its unpromising beauty and loneliness. Winding walks and lawns alike had long since disappeared in a jungle of weeds. There was the stone seat under the poplar where he and—ah, well, he wouldn't think of these happy days. They were all gone by, and some day he might be able to atone. "The same thing I've said for the past 20 years," he muttered bitterly to himself.

He reached the huge door and inserted the key he had kept so many years. To his surprise the door was unlocked and easy to open. He walked into the uncarpeted hall and stood wondering. The mantelpiece above the cavernous fire-place and even the smooth faces of the long French mirrors in the drawing-room were gray with dust. Everything about the place looked deserted, but what about those lights the tourists had seen? Here was an adventure!

But the adventure, however, seemed to slip from his mind, for he sat down on the edge of a dusty chair and seemed lost in thought.

Twenty years ago that day, in that very room, he had told his wife that he was going away forever, that it was best they should part, and that she could get on without him—as he could without her. There had been stormy words from him, cold, cruel words, and from Martha there had been first mild reproaches, then tears, and finally, when she could bear it no longer, she had swept out of the room like a queen. Ah, how he remembered that day, and the tears trickled down his sunburnt face unheeded.

At last he aroused himself from his reveries and walking aimlessly up the stairs he reached the room where Davie, the manager of his estate, long since dead, had written to him that his wife had died. Yes in that very room, and, covering his face with trembling hands, the old man wept as though his heart would break.

After composing himself as best he could, he reached the attic. It was a huge room, half the height of chests and articles of furniture such as attics are universally constructed to hold. He reached the cupola through a trap-door and found himself in an octagonal superstructure of good size. Many of the window panes were either broken or had fallen out, but the view of the old grounds and the surrounding hills took up most of his thoughts. This was where he and Martha, when they were children, used to climb and play.

He stood there 15 minutes perhaps, when there was a creaking sound below, and after a few moments the trap-door opened cautiously. Before him, with a strange startled look, was a most beautiful girl. She gave one frightened cry, and then darted through the trap-door, Sir Abbot Sylvester following. Through the bedchambers and hall they rushed, she running nimbly as a squirrel, he panting and stumbling after her. When she reached a large oaken door she turned around, and giving him one look of defiance passed through. Sir Abbot paused, breathing heavily and scarcely knowing what to do. He finally opened the door, and lo! there on the couch propped up with pillows was an old woman, the girl kneeling by her side, sobbing. The old woman gazed in wonder at his figure and he gazed back at her. There was a look of recognition on both their faces. The woman's face turned to an ashen hue, and she cried: "Have you at last come back?" It was Martha, and that beautiful girl was their daughter.

Well, it was after 20 years, but who would not give 20 years for such a reconciliation?

Modesty.
"Do you know the Jacksons?" asked a lady of a young man who lived in the neighborhood.
"No, I am not personally acquainted with all the members of the family," he replied. "But I always speak to the dog at the front gate as I go past."—The Sun.

