

RESTORATION

By Beatrice Colburn.

Some tell how as a lad John Stokes had a frank smile and a pleasing way. In those days fortune promised to shed much brightness over his path, but suddenly without warning her light flickered like a lamp in the night and went out.

Of course he failed in his business. That was the proper move for fate to make next, and because his partner, who had lost all in speculation shot himself upon the morning of discovery—it did not put Stokes on his feet again.

So as the years passed John Stokes laid aside his youthful ambition like an out-grown coat and opened a small periodical shop in a suburban town.

"Times, one cent. No, sir, we don't keep that brand of cigar. Your papers will be here this afternoon, Mr. Bill."

Sometimes you would wonder (if you could have heard the sharp, metallic click of Stokes' bones) whether they were uttered by the God-given voice of man. The intonation was ever the same and the words came with the even precision of clock-work.

Every night at six Stokes emptied the contents of the cash drawer into a tin box which he hid underneath a pile of newspapers, then extinguishing the light he locked his shop door and turned homeward.

Home to him consisted of a back room two flights up in Mrs. Grubbin's lodging house, which said room boasted a stove, bed, two chairs and an old-fashioned table as ugly as sin itself.

Stokes would then with stolid silence fry his scraps of bacon, munch a baker's roll and after "doing up" the solitary dish, sit by the window and commune with his pipe until bed time. Over his flint-like features there would pass no shadow of expression, but when the seance was a long one, as on hot summer evenings, he would occasionally for variety remove his pipe to utter an unemotional "hump!"

Mrs. Grubbin accused her back-scratching lodger of being "queer," and resented to the charming Widow Pinkcheeks (who with her little flock, occupied the two front chambers) that there was something missing in his make-up—just what, she couldn't say.

John Stokes trusted no man—trust his word to his penny.

One day when Stokes was well along in years, for the first time in his remembrance, he lay in bed from dawn until dusk, saw the sun when it first peeped into the little room and watched its setting rays crimson the flag-back windows of a neighboring house.

Mrs. Grubbin was too busy to make a personal call upon the invalid, but twice sent her daughter with a bowl of ill-smelling gruel.

Toward night as Stokes lay looking out toward the darkening sky, he seemed to be thinking intently and did not hear the door open. Suddenly a child stood before him. It was the Widow Pinkcheeks' youngest daughter and she carried in her dimpled hands a third bowl of gruel.

Very carefully she deposited the precious burden beside the bed, then paused and clasped her hands behind her.

"Well," he said, and one could almost fancy the word clicked like something metallic. "Well?"

Hazel Pinkcheeks stepped nearer, unbidden by her reception.

"I had a birthday today. I's free years old."

"Hump!" was Mr. Stokes comment.

"Yes," continued Miss Pinkcheeks, clasping her hands and twisting a curl around one plump finger. "An' I has free dollies an' a pin wiv blue stones."

Mr. Stokes returned her gaze with cold indifference.

"Isn't you lonesome?" was Hazel's next remark. Receiving no answer, she continued, "Muzer says you's awful old—mos' old 'nuff to die." The hand on the blanket twitched. "Yes, Muzer says you's old, an' you's poor, you, isn't you? When I die, I habbed on the little voice, 'I's doing to late Sally Ann—that's my new dollie'—long too."

Suddenly Miss Pinkcheeks seemed to be inspired for she clasped her hands and tripped toward the door calling in a shrill treble:

"I's tumbling wite back, old man, wite back."

Presently there sounded the patter of little feet and the brown-eyed baby entered. Straight up to the bed she went with determined step.

"Dare, poor old man, I's hot you sumpting to keep you tumpy!" said Stokes' arms tumbled something soft and black.

"It's my Dinah! be doot to her won't you, man? The little hand caught Stokes' fingers, pressing something into them spasmodically as though the sacrifice was an effort. "An' here's a penny. I saved it all myself."

The soft footfalls died in the distance, but no sound broke the silence of the darkening room.

When next day the sun peeped in the morning window it saw the bed covered with a rag Dinah clasped in her hand.

CHAMPION PROCRASTINATORS.

Persians Look Upon Promptness as a Form of Lunacy.

There are parts of the world where punctuality is held of no account in the making of successful transactions, and among the Persians it absolutely is unknown.

According to Henry Savage Landor, who has spent much time studying business methods among these people, the Persian hates anything that savors of promptness. He is a dreamer, and although he cannot be called absolutely lazy, as he is usually absorbed in deep thought, still he seldom has little leisure for anything else. The returns for his work, however beneficent, are too small for his expectations.

In marked contrast is his abhorrence for punctuality. There is no country where time counts for less. He thinks nothing of making a business appointment for 10, delaying it until 11, only to explain that he wished he might have come sooner, but it could not be helped; he has just finished his morning meal. However important the business transaction may be, he will not give it his attention until he is ready.

It was only recently an Englishman called on a dealer to buy Persian rugs. The servant brought the word, and the merchant commanded him to tell the stranger to return in a few hours and he would see him. The word was brought back that the Englishman had to make a train within an hour. "Then let him go," said the dealer. "My meal is as important as his train."

The manana of the Spaniard sinks into perfect insignificance when compared with the habits of the Persian. Punctuality is especially unknown when it comes to payment of debts. He must take time to reflect about everything and will not be hurried. Three months to a creditor, or even six months, seem terribly short in his eyes. A period of twelve, eighteen or twenty months suits him better, but he never is ready to pay unless placed under great pressure.

A Frenchman called on a Persian one day and asked him to pay a debt, but the indifferent debtor made an answer: "I will pay you some time." "When is this sometime?" queried the impatient Frenchman. "Is it twelve months, eighteen or two years?" "I don't know," answered the bland son of Iran. "I guess we had better say when I am ready."

It must be said to the Persians' credit that they usually pay in the end, but they wonder why people should worry when they have so much time. It is quite beyond them to realize what difference it makes whether payments are made today, tomorrow, or a year from today. They look upon American haste as an acute form of lunacy and believe that our strenuous life is so foolish it is not worth consideration. As a cultured Persian recently told an ambitious young American, "I work a little, enjoy much, and live long, while you work much and will die before you attain the fruits of your labor. We must take time to sleep and enjoy our food."

Business conducted in European and American fashion cannot prosper in Persia. It is hard to say whether this desire simply to act on impulse is due to temperament, conceit or climatic conditions. With conditions such as they are, the economic development of production, distribution and circulation are bound to be hampered.

The currency is another difficulty that limits the making of business success. Gold coin is a mere commodity, and is so scarce it is used chiefly for presents and hoarding.

In spite of these obstacles, most Persians earn a livelihood and often succeed. They are skilled craftsmen, showing a wonderful ability for weaving and the working of metals, but they are seen at their best when they are making loans of money at high interest on ample security. They often get from 50 per cent to 80 per cent, sometimes 100 per cent, while 15 per cent is deemed a modest amount for small private loans.

Mexican Football.

At the end of the first half he rose in his seat and lighted a cigar.

"Mexican football," he said, "is not like this. It is called gomaes. The ball is of wood and weighs five pounds. The course is three miles long and eight yards wide. Three players, each with a ball, start simultaneously from one goal, and the man who kicks his ball first to the goal three miles distant wins the game. It is an exciting game and a fast game. Three mounted surgeons follow the players, for, kicking so heavy a ball, it frequently happens that a toe or an ankle is broken. But in gomaes, of course, the surgeons don't have so much to do as in our kind of game."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

First Use of Forks for Eating.

The Greeks and Romans, with all their luxury, ate with their fingers. They had large forks for hay and for taking meats from kettles, but they never dreamed of having small ones for table use. These are the only forms of forks known to have been in use before the fifteenth century. Sometime during that epoch the Italians began the practice, now common to all civilized people among the western nations, of eating with forks.

There were 1,800 guests at a marriage feast at Sevignac, near Mortal, Brittany, and 300 servants waited on them at an open table.

Our enemies hate us for faults, and reach.

USE FOR HAT IN PARLIAMENT.

When It Must Be Worn and Can Be Laid Aside.

I hazard the speculation that a good deal of the Parliamentary rites connected with it have no symbolic origin, but arose from the simple circumstance that the House of Commons has never provided itself with a hat rail, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The Lords have lordly hats pegged just outside the inner doors of the Chamber, and you may see the peers' names boldly printed in proper sequence of precedence, beginning with royal dukes and ending with the newest barons. But the lowlier Commons have to carry their hats about with them, and so laws had to be made to govern the nice behavior of a member in relation to his hat.

A member may wear his hat at all times in the Chamber except when he is on his feet. Even if he be leaning over a bench to speak to a fellow member behind him he should raise his hat, for his body is then in theoretical motion. But there is one point in parliamentary debate when he must wear his hat, and wear it sitting. This is in the interval between calling a division and clearing the House, when the sand-glass on the table is turned over to count the two minutes. If a member then wishes to raise a point of order, he must speak covered and sitting in his place.

Some years ago a new member wished to raise a point of order after a division had been called. He rose in his place, and the House—always a keen guardian to its etiquette—roared at him. "Order, order!" In the tumult the new members gathered round his neighbors that he must wear his hat. So, putting it on, but still standing, he began afresh. Then the cries of "Order, order!" were louder than ever, and the new member, catching the words, "You must do it sitting down," sat down—and took off his hat! Still more furious came the cries of "Order, order!" and the member, already bewildered, became maddened by the instruction roared at him: "Do both together." He turned to his friends to shout: "How can I do both—sit down and stand up?" And then, in despair, his friends seized him, forced him in his seat, put on his hat, and said: "Now speak!" But all he could utter was: "I've clean forgotten what I was going to say."

It was in a similar case that Mr. Gladstone, having left his hat in a room, had to borrow one from a colleague who took a very small size, and the G. O. M.'s gravity heightened the comic effect of a small hat precariously wobbling on a massive head. Mr. Will Crooks recently had to resort to the same expedient, when the House was very excited, and what is called "an ugly scene" was brewing. But the hat handed to him was a very rakish opera hat, of brimmy shape and opulent curves, and the gathering clouds were dispersed by the hearty breath of laughter.

The Parliamentary hat is a useful implement. It serves as a sort of workbox for the M. P., and is stuffed with official papers, orders of the day, notes for speeches—and speeches that are never delivered. If a member is alluded to in debate, he raises his hat in acknowledgment; when a Minister answers a member's question, the member raises his hat; when unopposed bills are going through, the Patronage Secretary raises his hat instead of opening his mouth and making a formal motion.

The Parliamentary hat, again, secures a member's seat for the sitting. If the member is present during prayers, but the procedure has had its abuses, and led to rulings from the Chair on the proper practice of the Parliamentary hat. During the great Home Rule days, when all the 670 members turned up to struggle for the 400 odd seats provided, a prominent Liberal Unionist, son of a still more prominent personage, entered the House laden with ancient headgear, which he strewed along the benches claimed by the faithful retainers of his father. An Irish member, admiring the device, copied it in the interests of his friends, and so the Speaker was called upon to rule out the fraudulent hat, and to insist on the honest working headgear and the bodily presence of the member as conditions necessary to a valid tenure.

There is no satisfaction in seeing a member sit on his soft crush hat. Indeed, he has the best of the joke, which is unfair and mean to him. To sit on a deerstalker is to pay it a compliment; to spoil the shape even of a bowler is to trifle with the House and with one's opportunities. What the House loves beyond anything is to hear the hearty, crackly crunch of a silk hat.

A 25,000 Mile Railway Train.

In the service of the railways of the United States today more than a million and a quarter of men are employed. Of this multitude 52,461 are engine men, 55,000 are firemen, 40,000 are conductors. The number of engines in active use is 47,000, the number of passenger cars 46,000, and of freight cars 1,760,000. These cars and engines, if placed in line would encircle the globe.

A stone carving of a grizzly bear in the attitude of defending her cubs has been made by A. C. Thompson, Seattle, and will be shipped to Alaska, to be placed over the grave of R. Shastley, one of the most prominent Indians of the North when alive. He died on December 17, 1904, leaving \$800 to pay for the monument.

Theory and Practice

Harcote was accustomed to frown when he said it—the sort of frown that betokens masculine superiority. He was knocking the ash off his cigar with his little finger and had just had a good dinner with congenial friends.

"No," Harcote would say, "I'm rarely ill. But I hate like sixty to have any fuss made over me when I am."

Thereupon his hearers, if they were feminine and the owners of husbands, sighed and secretly envied Mrs. Harcote's luck.

Mrs. Harcote, too, admired her husband when he said it. For they had been married but a few years and Harcote in all that time had enjoyed perfect health.

One day, however, he came home from the office looking pale and confessed that he felt wretched. That was tragic to her. Wild thoughts of hot-water bag, doctors, trained nurses and medicine every half-hour surged through her mind. Then she remembered. Now that he really was ill she would restrain her natural anxiety and not add to his misery by fussing over him.

"I am so sorry," she said, collectedly. "Wouldn't you like to go to bed? Maybe if you get to sleep you'll feel better."

Harcote paused at the foot of the stairs and the face he turned on her was noble in its martyrdom. "I am glad you can take it so calmly," he said, in a hurt voice. "Of course I am not worried, but from the way I feel it is likely to be something serious. I wish you'd telephone to Dr. Phelps and to save time ask him to bring along another doctor, so they can have a consultation right away. I'll go in the guest room, because if I'm sick a long time I'd have to be put there anyway."

Mrs. Harcote stared after him with large eyes. Then she rushed to the telephone. After she had delivered her message she wrung her hands and tore upstairs, pausing at the guestroom door to enter in a casual and unexcited way.

She found Harcote in his pajamas seated in the biggest chair. "I don't suppose you thought of it," he said in a tone of careful restraint, "but it might be very dangerous for me to lie in sheets that have not been aired since they were put on that bed. A chill might result fatally when I feel as I do!"

Mrs. Harcote, reproaching herself abjectly tore the bed apart in great haste and made it up with sheets carefully aired before the kitchen fire. Then Harcote climbed in. He groaned and then gave her some complicated directions about the adjustment of the window shades and suggested that it would behoove to have a little table by the bed to hold medicine, a book or two and a candle.

By this time the doctors had arrived. With horrible suspense Mrs. Harcote awaited their verdict. Dr. Phelps strolled into the library at last, and if he had not been trying not to smile he would have been scowling.

"Nothing to worry about," he told her. "It really was quite useless to insist on a consultation, Mrs. Harcote. Of course, I suppose you were anxious, but—oh, he's just caught a little cold and it's settled in his back! It's nothing at all."

"I tell you," murmured Harcote, "it makes a fellow think seriously when he gets to the point where he has to have two doctors watching over him! I wanted to get a nurse to relieve you, but Phelps objected for some reason. Could you forgive me?"

Mrs. Harcote fanned him. Between times she bathed his forehead with cold water at his suggestion and also applied it to his wrists. He said he thought his fever was rising. Once when she passed his medicine about her disregard for his life and her amazing indifference over his slight chance of recovery. She fed his frugal supper to him because he said he could not raise his head. He told her he thought he might get to sleep if she would hold his hand. Because of her constant trips up and down stairs on errands for him Mrs. Harcote was very tired by 11 o'clock. She said she believed she would go to bed, but the look of indignation that her husband turned upon her willed her completely.

"And leave me here alone!" he almost shouted. "To be sure I have no fresh symptoms now, but goodness knows what may develop any minute! I supposed, of course, that you'd be willing to sit up with me!" Mrs. Harcote sat up with him and did not even dare take catnaps for fear he should waken from the peaceful slumber that was his all night and should catch her at it.

In the morning she was a wreck. Harcote woke and stretched his arms.

"I think," he said patiently, "that if I had a good nourishing breakfast—say some berries and breakfast food and a poached egg or two and some bacon and coffee—I'd try to get up. Not that I feel well, but it is my duty to get to the office if I can. I may have a relapse, but I'll have to take the risk."

Harcote is still living. But he pays for the nurse to make his bed, remark any more, because when he starts to do so Mrs. Harcote has a way of coughing significantly.—Chicago News.

USE FOR CHICKEN FEATHERS

What Becomes of Those from Ducks, Geese and Turkeys.

One turkey supplies more different grades of feathers than a season's crops of turkeys show different grades of turkeys, and although five cents a pound covers the range of difference in value of the toughest old tom turkeys and the plumpest young hen, the feathers sell at five cents a pound for the body feathers, up to 40 cents a pound for the fine tail feathers.

Local poultry men sort six to eight grades of turkey feathers and the buyers make even more assortments the feathers being used for as many different purposes. The small body feathers, which are used for pillows and feather beds, are worth about five cents a pound for common mixed. White feathers are worth more, according to grade bringing generally about three times the price paid for mixed feathers.

The fine tail feathers used for dust-ers are kept separate and sell for about 40 cents a pound and the "skirt" feathers are worth nearly as much. The wing and "point" feathers are also carefully saved and sold to manufacturers of featherbone and other substitutes for whalebone, and the larger ones find their way to milliners, after being made over, cleaned and dyed. Some of the small feathers are made up into artificial bird breasts and tails that adorn countless bonnets. They may cause the bonnet owners a twinge of conscience when wearing such a beautiful bird when in reality, they are wearing a bunch of cleverly arranged chicken or turkey feathers.

Duck feathers are worth about 35 cents a pound and goose feathers range from 60 cents a pound for white to 50 cents for mixed. Dealers say the principal reason that goose feathers are worth more than the finest turkey and chicken feathers is that aside from being fluffier, there is an absence of odor to them that can not be overcome entirely in chicken and turkey feathers. The reason that white chicken and turkey feathers are worth more than mixed, however, is that they are available for mixing with the better grades for pillows.

Most of the chicken feathers go in the five to ten cents a pound class, to be used for cheap feather beds and pillows, the white feathers being saved separate and bringing a good premium over the mixed grades. Fine tail and wing feathers are saved separately, selling as high as 40 cents.

Feathers shipped from this market are packed in bales of 200 pounds or in six foot sacks. The tail and wing feathers are usually packed in boxes and sometimes tied in neat bundles.

Five chickens will give a pound of feathers, and with Indianapolis firms killing two or three thousand chickens a day for home consumption and shipment this market has nearly two tons of feathers a week to sell. A week's output can be packed in twenty bales, 45x3 feet each, but if the feathers were left loose they would fill a house.

A single carload of feathers shipped to Cincinnati yesterday contained about six tons. They cost the shipper more than \$1,600. Cincinnati and Chicago are good buyers of all grades of feathers, most of the local shipments going to those cities.—From the Indianapolis News.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona.

This terrific gash is more than two hundred miles long and more than a mile deep, and its area exceeds two thousand square miles. From the El Tovar rim, on which I stand, to the gleaming, snow-capped crags on the opposite side of this stupendous cleft the distance is thirteen miles. Human vision cannot take in the full extent of this wide pageant of terror and glory, nor is it within the capacity of words to set forth its overwhelming splendor. The plain on which I stand is nearly eight thousand feet above the sea level, and here, in a prodigious fissure—gaunt, abrupt, frightful and wonderful—are assembled mountains, valleys, enormous rocks, precipitous crags, ravines of mystery and forests of gloom, through which the black waters of the Colorado rush onward, in their resistless flow, and over which the dauntless eagle wings his upward flight to meet the sun. All the forms are here that imagination could construct, and all the colors are here that glow in sunset skies. Far down in the subterranean vista the forests show like green lawns. Not less than the seven geological periods in the physical history of the planet are displayed in the layers of tinted rock—black, green, gray, red, brown, blue, pink, orange and alabaster, with many other mingled hues—that constitute the walls of the colossal gorge; walls that seem continuous and unbroken, yet everywhere are rifted with lateral fissures, the beds of mountain streams that swell the flood of the great Colorado river. The American continent has nowhere else a spectacle to show commensurate with this in beauty, grandeur and awe.—Pacific Monthly.

The municipality of Paris awards every second year a silver medal to the most industrious street cleaner.

Binks—"Do you mean to say that Cop is a polisher by trade?"

Dinks—"I just saw him put a hard-wood finish on an obstreperous prisoner."

Chrysanthemums, it is said, were cultivated in China before the seventh century.

ROYALTY INCOG. IN LONDON

Great Folk from the Continent Delight to Stroll About Her Streets.

London is not the only biggest thing of its kind on earth but it is the town that the royal folk on continental Europe love to visit in a wholly unofficial capacity.

To these royal refugees or truants London is perfectly charming, because of its size, its mixed population and that excellent habit its natives have of attending to their business and letting eccentric persons follow their own sweet will in many things.

The Pope himself could stroll along Coventry street without ever having a head turned. The result is that in water the streets of this crowded yet orderly city hold many personages who wear crowns and coronets and big titles when they are at home.

In winter they flock to London because then the British royal family and most of the fashionable folk are away from town, but the streets are full of life, the shops full of desirable things for purchase and the theatres full of excellent plays.

Sometimes Scotland Yard is informed and keeps an eye on the royal visitor: who is in disguise, but it only keeps an eye out, it does not tell the newspapers of its knowledge. For instance when Emperor William is going to drop over to London for a few days incognito his whereabouts are revealed to Scotland Yard, which, however, takes precautions that in no wise interfere with the absolute freedom of a certain Herr Blank who poses, at a small hotel, as a German councillor sojourning in the British capital on account of his legal interests.

Of late years he has come nearly every winter for a couple of days at least to London. On one occasion he went all through the offices and plant of the London Times without being recognized. He brought a card of recognition from a newspaper editor of great influence in Berlin and in the capacity of a master mechanic he was shown by a courteous member of the pressroom staff all over the premises of the Thunderer.

The police of London can boast that their town entertains unknowingly more royal folk than any other in Europe and without an accident befalling any one of them. Once upon a time a German Princess did sprain her ankle as she came down from the top of a bus, but that is the most serious casualty that ever befell a personage visiting the town unofficially.

There is really some surprise to be felt over this because one and all the holiday making princes ride on the tops of omnibuses and find those two-horse arks the most delightful charlots in the world. There is a well known Grand Duchess of North German origin who declares that the top of a London omnibus is the proudest and most comfortable position she ever occupied in all her exalted life.

Several great ladies of her class have rented small flats in London where they can live when they visit the capital incognito, and the Queen of Rumania has even tested the London boarding house. She explains the fancy of her class for making these experiments by saying that many a crowned head confesses to the possession of a very bohemian heart and that London is the only spot on earth where a royal personage can feel at once free and safe. The Duchess d'Asota, before her marriage the Princess Helene of Orleans, grew up in England and speaks English like a native, and she comes every year to London as plain Mrs. John Brown, to put up at a nice, exclusive little hotel and shop. She and one companion, an English woman, stroll about the streets, looking in windows and picking up bargains in a way that would not be tolerated in a princess in Italy.

Balls and Bats in California.

Californians buy more baseballs and bats with which to play the national game than the people of any other state in the Union in proportion to population.

Close to 50,000 balls and 20,000 bats are annually required to supply the demand created by the strong hold which the great American game has secured in this state. Climatic conditions in California impose no limitations on the playing season, and therefore the game is in evidence here during every month of the year, which, of course, furnishes one of the explanations why a greater number of balls and bats are required than in other less favored localities.

Of course the professional leagues use up a great many balls in the course of a season, but they are by no means as important a factor in the trade as are the numerous amateur teams organized among the business houses of a large city like San Francisco. These amateur teams cut a very much greater figure than would be imagined by the casual observer.

It is worthy of note that at the present time there are six baseball teams in San Francisco made up of Japanese, all of whom are well equipped with uniforms and the other appurtenances necessary to the playing of the great American game in the most up-to-date style. The Orientals declare that they like the game very much indeed, and they readily become proficient players. Baseball is making a big hit in Japan, and the sport may become as popular in the realm of the Mikado as it is in America.