

A TYPEWRITTEN LETTER.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for its skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy, he became even more sobered than usual and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say, "You are a rich man, Mr. Denham and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed, gratefully leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long and he had been so hopeless about it that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans fought a fierce battle, not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the inevitable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office, staring at the dingy wall paper, so long that Rogers the chief clerk, put his head in and said in a deferential voice:

"Anything more tonight, Mr. Denham?" Denham started as if that question, in that tone, but had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that? What's that?" he cried. Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Anything more tonight, Mr. Denham?" "Ah, quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street, everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked long, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages. He, too, might sit in an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog, with its nose to the ground, sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him: "Invite me to your house. I am lonely. I want to know people."

If he got such an invitation, he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and its language, but the drawing room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase so lightly spoken, made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park and away from the busy streets he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been the mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeply into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Suddenly another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed from the one who married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family which had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl, who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was no reason against it, except that he felt he had not the courage. Nevertheless he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day business went on as usual. Letters were answered, and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal, yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and in the second place he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself and automatically placed on her knee the short-hand writing pad, ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been so for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively. "Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think, in an important matter like this, Mr. Rogers, or someone who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give you advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner if the partner is willing."

"It is then a question of the capital the capital a partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do; that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused nor give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal?"

"No, no. Oh, no. That is, I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis then?"

"Well, I can hardly say. On a personal basis perhaps. I rather hope that the person—like my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale mercilessly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course, and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No, it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I know no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you, it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said, "How will this do?"

Dear Sir—

"Wait a moment, cried Mr. Denham. "That seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it, 'Dear Friend'?"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the 'sir' and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter letter:

Dear Friend—I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is and has been for several years very prosperous, and, as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will—

"I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale defiantly. "Better put it on the friendly basis, as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first rate; better than I could do. But just put it on the friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

"* * * join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly and not from a financial standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No. I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short typewritten, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that though. 'Yours truly' or 'Yours very truly'?"

"You might end it, 'Your friend.'" The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no," answered Mr. Denham with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself: "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It is a most unbusinesslike proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again today?"

"No, Miss Gale, and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came in to Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it for I thought it was for me and that perhaps you did not need me today. But I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me today?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. I got a letter twice, I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the doorknob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—final consideration—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale in a long drawn, quivering voice. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door, behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door; but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in, Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his own room and found a letter marked "Personal" on his own desk. He tore it open and read in neatly typewritten characters:

I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offering a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions, as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend,

MARGARET GALE.

"Rogers!" shouted Denham joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered that estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advise for another typewriter, girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.—Robert Barr.

Statement Confirmed.

By a Justice of the Peace

Another Victory in Nova Scotia.

Paine's Celery Compound Does the Good Work After Other Medicines Fail.

The majority of people cured by Paine's Celery Compound feel compelled to make public statements with a view of benefiting other sufferers. Cured people gratefully contribute important testimony in order that the sick and afflicted may cease spending money for worthless preparations that can never effect a cure. Truthful letters coming from reliable people, who testify to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound, have a mighty influence for good, and are fully appreciated by thinking men and women.

Mr. Jss. Cossaboom, jr., of Tiverton, N. S., says:

"It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. For some years past I have suffered from stomach trouble, also pains in the head. I tried many medicines that were recommended to me, but never received any benefit from them. At last I was advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had finished the first bottle I experienced a happy change. I continued using Paine's Celery Compound till I had taken five bottles, which made a perfect cure."

"I can heartily recommend the use of Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from the same troubles. You have my best wishes for the future success of your excellent medicine."

Mr. Allen Outhouse, Justice of Peace, says: "I can certify that the above statement is true in every particular."

Washing Chamois Skins.

In washing chamois skins have the water just warm, and add a little ammonia to it before putting in the skin. Press and shake, but do not wring the skin to remove the moisture, and hang it where it will dry quickly. Frequently stretch and pull the skin while it is drying, and hang it from different corners so that it will dry evenly. Treated in this manner the skin should be as soft as when new.



BOY LIFE IN ARMENIA.

Peculiar Characteristics of the Armenian Youths.

The mystic truthfulness of the old saying 'boys will be boys' is just as true in the land of the sultan as anywhere else, for boy nature is the same the world over, says the New York Tribune. For the last few years, however, the natural boyish spirit of the little Armenians have been more or less affected, as all have felt the influence of the dark shadow of fallen or impending calamity.

In ordinary times they are a jolly sort of fellows, full of fun, good-tempered, active, quick-witted mischievous, but never malicious. The first thing to claim the attention of an American traveler in Turkey is that not only are the schools of the different nationalities, Turks, Greeks, Jews and Armenians, quite distinct, but that the boys, though next door neighbors, never play together. If a small Greek boy lives in the very next house to an Armenian, and just across the road from a Turk, they never think of starting off to school together, or joining company on the playground, or go to the woods together to catch birds with waxed sticks fastened to the evergreen branches; no, nor even to play the fascinating game of 'Chum Kuch' in the street. That would never do! So, according to Turkish custom, Greek Gorgy betakes himself for companionship to Greek Demetrief, though he may live blocks away; Armenian Hovhannes goes in search of his comrade Krekor, and little Turkish Mehmet spends his leisure hours with Osman.

When the Armenian school is dismissed the teacher arranges the boys of each street in a long procession, putting them in line according to the number of their houses. For instance, the boy living furthest away would be at the head, and the one who lives nearest the school, at the foot of the line. Every day a different boy is appointed as 'lieutenant,' to walk along and keep the line in order; this important office being bestowed upon the boy who has made the best record for the day. As the little procession moves along with book-bags and gaily painted luncheon baskets made of reeds hanging from their shoulders by a string, the children now sing religious songs in place of the national airs which they used to sing. The latter are now forbidden by the government.

When the boys reach home most of them are sent to the stores to bring provisions for the dinner, after which they have the time until dinner to play. In the summer the boys of Nicomedia rush down to the sandy shores of the Sea of Marmora; in Sumatra they fly to the beautiful Golden Horn, put on their bathing suits, and plunge in. Nearly all are good swimmers. They are also skillful fishers, never using a pole, but merely throwing their line in the water. They have no artificial spoons nor fancy flies for bait. A good honest worm is far more tempting to the sgunruf tekir, a sort of terra-cotta, stubby little fish that the boys are very fond of. In fishing the boys are careful to keep out of sight of the Turkish officials, for the law is strict, that everything taken from the water must be carried to the officers of the custom house, and a tenth set aside for the government.

Saturdays, after all the errands are done, the bread is carried to the public ovens to be baked, after the old Roman method, and then brought back again; the boys have the afternoon for a holiday. Sometimes they take their provisions and go off for a picnic to some pleasant grove, where they swing and play after the fashion of the ancient Ionic dance.

They are very proficient at a barn ball. They place one hand behind their head to support it, then, with the other, keep the ball bounding back and forth against the house or wall, often doing this as many as 150 times without missing.

They are very expert with their jack-knives, making a great variety of bird cages and traps, for one of their winter pastimes is the catching of birds. They doubtless appreciate their knives all the more because they know that as soon as they are grown the government will prohibit their carrying them.

Although the catching of the birds seems cruel, the boys never hurt them, but cherish them carefully. Perhaps this may come in some measures from the teachings of the Koran, which says that in Paradise some of the 'rae believers will be transformed into lovely green birds.

Sometimes they catch the birds in winter by shovelling a place in the snow down to the ground and sprinkling it with hempsed. Then a circular trap, made with a wooden rim, five or six inches wide, with a fishnet stretched over it on one side, is set up over the seed with a stick to prop it up. A cord fastened to the end of the stick is carried to the upper window of the house where the young hunter lies in wait. Soon the birds chaffinches and redheads—come

fluttering to the feast; the stick falls, and the birds are prisoners. Then they are transferred to little wicker cages and carried into the house.

At another time the boys may select a small evergreen tree and, fastening waxed sticks to its branches, carry it and a caged bird to the woods. Here they hang the cage to the branches of the tree and, retiring to a distance, await developments.

Soon the caged bird begins calling its fellows, who come fluttering and chirping from every direction, and settle down near their comrades. Once comfortable located, they cannot fly away, and are readily captured.

In all games where a leader or 'tag' is to be chosen—the latter corresponding to the American boy's 'it'—the choice is made by chance in this way: One boy, appointed by the rest as chief dro tem, takes a small stone in one hand, and then doubling up both fists so that they look alike, he holds them up in front of him and says: 'Is this hand full or empty?' If the lad to whom the question is propounded answers correctly he is passed over, but if he makes a mistake he has to be 'tag' or be 'it.'

But a boy's playdays in Turkey are short. When he is 15, he is considered no longer a boy. A man's duties await him, and he must put away childish things.

First-Rate Reason.

According to the papers badgering lawyers are always having the tables turned on them by quick-witted witnesses; and it is to be hoped that the papers do not exaggerate. One of the last stories of the kind is from Tid-Bits.

It was at a police court. A witness for the defence had just been examined, when the prosecuting police-sergeant stood up to crush him.

Sergeant—Why did you hide Sullivan in

your house on that Sunday night?

Witness—I did not see Sullivan at all on that night.

Sergeant (knowingly)—Will you swear that your wife did not hide Sullivan on that night?

Witness (hesitatingly)—Yes.

Sergeant (more knowingly)—Will your wife swear that she did not hide Sullivan on that night?

Witness (more hesitatingly)—Well—I don't—think—so.

Sergeant (most knowingly)—Ah! And perhaps you can tell the court how it is you can swear your wife did not hide him, while she cannot swear the same thing. Speak up now, and tell the truth.

Witness (unhesitatingly)—Well, you see, I'm not a married man.

One of the Many.

'I say, old man,' remarked the other man's friend, 'really, you won't take it amiss if I give you a pointer.'

'No, indeed. What is it?'

'Rather personal, don't you know.'

'Tell me. I don't care.'

'Well, now, you won't be offended I hope, but you—er really ought to take more pains with your dress. Now, I think you have worn that suit three months. Haven't you?'

'Believe you are right. What of it?'

'It looks it. You ought to pay more attention to your clothes. You know what they say in Shakespeare, "The habit oft proclaims the man." Now, look at me. Don't you know I had twelve new suits made during the past year?'

'You don't say! I had no idea there were that many new tailors in the city.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

SIR KNIGHT JAMES OSBORNE RESCUED.

Reported on by the Sick Committee. His Death Claim a foregone conclusion.

A REPORT having been made, February 20th, 1896, to Barton Tent, No. 2, Knights of Maccabees, Hamilton, Ont., that Sir Knight James Osborne was very ill, the standing "sick committee" was instructed to wait upon him. They did so, and at the next meeting of the Lodge, reported that his disease was stated by his physician to be Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and that he could not possibly recover; further, that he would only last a short time. Upon receiving this report the Lodge expected to pay his death claim, but were surprised a few months later on when Sir Knight Osborne entered the Lodge room in apparent good health. His marvellous recovery is due entirely to Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, as he discontinued the use of all other medicine when he commenced to take that remedy. He now works every day, is getting stronger and healthier steadily, and appears to be a long way from death as far as Bright's disease is concerned.

Signed,

GEO. RIACH, Commander. EMORY L. HARTWELL, R.K. HUGH SYMINGTON, F.K., Barton Tent, No. 2.

Bright's Disease Yields to the New Ingredient.

Bright's Disease, that has hitherto been supposed incurable, fastened itself upon James Osborne so firmly that his case was considered hopeless by physicians, friends and himself. All the well marked symptoms of that dread disease were in evidence. The pains across the kidneys were so bad that for hours at a time he could not turn in bed. The skin became pallid, pasty, dry and hard. Digestion bad, heart palpitation, shortness of breath and prostrating weakness. So weak did he become that his strength was like that of a child. He could not walk. Appetite gone, nervous, very restless during sleep, awakening several times during the night with a desire to urinate, which at times was very painful. Under the eyes the skin was puffed out, legs and feet were swollen, and he felt the use of them were gone. Reduced to this deplorable, helpless condition 'tis no wonder that he exclaimed: "what is to become of me." To be brought from this condition to a state of health that enables him to take up his usual work is marvellous, and proves the far reaching, curative powers of Kootenay. From head to foot he suffered, and from head to foot he was cured by Kootenay, and by it alone, as substantiated by the following:

[COPY.]

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, I, JAMES OSBORNE, of the City of Hamilton, County of Wentworth, do solemnly declare that I reside at 62 Catherine St. South, in said City, and am employed as engineer by the Sandford Manufacturing Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Some time ago I was severely attacked with kidney trouble, and finally had to leave my employment. I was treated by Hamilton physicians who, after a consultation, diagnosed my case as "Bright's Disease of the Kidneys," and said I could not be cured. Upon this information I gave up treatment with the doctors, and began the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. I am now pleased to state that after taking four bottles of that wonderful medicine I feel entirely like a new man. The swelling has left my body, my skin is a better color, and I am recovering my health and strength steadily.

Knowing the benefits which I received from the medicine, it gives me pleasure to recommend it to anyone suffering from Bright's Disease or other kidney trouble. I am now working in my old position as engineer, and owe my present strength and improved condition to Kootenay Cure. And I make this solemn