

A STROKE OF CONSCIENCE

Mr. Marchmont sat alone in his city office, gloomily realizing the fact that he was a ruined man; and, worse still, that he had involved others in his own financial disasters, without either their knowledge or their consent. It was the old, old tale; ill fortune in business, rash speculative investments to meet extravagant expenditure then misappropriation of trust funds to repair past losses and enable him to continue his gambling ventures with the wild hope that previous misfortunes could be retrieved. Now all was gone; the fortune of his orphan clients as well as his own; and, in another month or so, when Harold Williams would be 24, and the trust would, by the terms of his old friend's will, have to be rendered up discovery of the real condition of affairs must ensue. It was not an agreeable prospect, for Mr. Marchmont, like many another misappplier of trust funds, had never intended to be actually dishonest any more than does the clerk or shopman who 'borrows' from his employer's 'petty cash,' or shop till to meet his own losses on the race course. Every gambler with the money of other people looks forward to making some 'lucky stroke' which shall recoup all his former losses—and is mostly disappointed in this expectation. For a long time Mr. Marchmont had fought desperately against the evidence of facts, and plunged into yet wilder speculations with the hope of retrieving his financial disasters, but now all was gone; the fortune of the two orphans of his oldest friend engulfed with his own, and this under circumstances which would assuredly lay the defaulting trustee open to a criminal prosecution. Would it be wisest to slip quietly away while there was yet time? But his whole soul revolted against this idea; for, until the fatal speculative mania had seized upon him, Mr. Marchmont had been a man of honor and integrity, and was greatly respected and esteemed by all who knew him. It was, indeed, his known high reputation which had induced his old friend to place the future of his children so unreservedly in his hands.

"If you will consent to become their trustee, Marchmont," he had said, "I shall appoint no one to act with you. I can trust you fully, and shall leave everything in your hands until Harold is 24. I know you'll do your best for him and Ellie, and keep the money where it is—in good, safe, non-speculative investments."

Mr. Marchmont, then a prosperous merchant, had readily undertaken the charge laid upon him, and fulfilled it honestly enough until within a year or so before the time when our story commences. But there had been a time of great financial depression, and Mr. Marchmont's firm had suffered like the rest of the world; and then, in a fatal hour, he had been tempted to gamble on the Stock Exchange, had won, had lost, lost again, grown reckless, and now that £30,000 which should be handed over to Harold and his sister in another six weeks was as non-existent as was Mr. Marchmont's own private fortune. Business was most depressed still; and Jenkins, the other partner, had begun to advocate boldly facing the real condition of things and 'winding up' the firm's affairs; but Jenkins was, of course, ignorant of his partner's embezzlement of trust funds.

It is one thing for a business man whose affairs have become involved through unexpected misfortunes, to call a meeting of creditors and lay the facts plainly before them, and another to have to confess that a trustee has—to put it bluntly—made away with money that does not belong to him. It was no small addition to the torturing anxiety of the situation that Jenkins was so perpetually advocating a 'voluntary winding up' of the firm, and a candid statement of their affairs. Of course, the crash and the discovery were bound to come shortly; even already Mr. Marchmont fancied that some suspicions were arising in young William's mind, for the youth had become rather pressing regarding the fixture of a date on which to go into all the trust accounts, and have the investments duly transferred. Alas! all these 'investments' had been non-existent for some time. It had often been a desperate struggle to pay the interest on the vanished capital, and the delays which had occasionally ensued had perhaps aroused some suspicion of the truth in Harold Williams' mind. On one pretence or another, Marchmont had hitherto contrived to put off the evil day of reckoning, but had been obliged to fix a date for it at last. In another six weeks the truth must be revealed: Mr. Marchmont must stand before the world as a convicted thief, a betrayer of the trust of a dead friend, and Harold and his sister must learn that owing to his embezzlement they were reduced from comparative affluence to absolute beggary. Small wonder that, as the wretched man sat alone in his private room, his face looked gray and lined, or that he glanced often at a certain locked drawer, in which some weeks previously, he had placed a tiny phial.

"There is always that means of escape. I can never face the lad and his sister and tell them that I have ruined them," thought Marchmont, who, to do him justice, was even more concerned to think of the calamity which he had brought upon his young friends, than of the probable consequences to himself of his rash acts. If I'd only drank the contents of that bottle three years ago, before all this took place," thought the merchant bitterly.

"It's not our fault, but simply our misfortune, Marchmont, that we are in such straits," the junior partner would often say.

It was those unexpected failures abroad that dragged us down. But we're quite clear, thank heaven, from any imputation of 'reckless trading,' and need have no objection to face our creditors fairly, and let them go over our books for themselves. As business men they will be reasonable in the matter, and we're only carrying on now at a loss, and getting worse every day."

"True," the accounts of the firm were clear and clean enough; it was in his private capacity that Mr. Marchmont had

gambed and embezzled. But to "wind up" his business would precipitate the discovery of his private malpractices; and with the natural desire of putting off the evil day as far as possible, Mr. Marchmont still clung to delay. Six weeks yet remained to him, and then—at the worst—there were the contents of the vial.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is a trite remark; and the 'singular accidents' which novelists are often ridiculed for adapting into their tales not unfrequently take place in real life. One morning Mr. Marchmont, who was usually the last to arrive at the office, found Jenkins, usually so cool and quiet, in a state of extreme, though suppressed excitement.

"Come here," said this gentleman, dragging his partner by the arm into the private sanctum, and carefully shutting the door. "I don't want the clerks to get an inkling of what I have to say. You remember those farms at the Cape which we took over—as the only asset we could lay hands on—when that South African firm failed and let us in so heavily?"

"Yes, and valueless enough they have proved," said Marchmont indifferently.

"Have they?" cried Jenkins exultingly. "Just wait and see. I have received private information—from a source I am not at liberty to disclose—that gold has been discovered in some part of this land, and that if we wait, and play our cards well—we may make a fortunate yet out of the sale of that 'valuable estate.'"

And such, in fact, proved to be the case. Jenkins, a shrewd and cautious man of business, successfully negotiated the matter; Marchmont, indeed, being too dazed by this sudden change in the situation to intermeddle much in the affair.

There were delays, and many discussions, and much correspondence, but the matter ended—thanks to Mr. Jenkins's good management—in these erstwhile despised 'African farms,' proving a veritable 'gold mine' to the original owners who sold them for a sum which entirely recouped Mr. Marchmont for his private losses, and enabled Mr. Jenkins to retire from the firm—as he promptly announced his intention of doing—with a comfortable competence.

"I have made my money, and I don't mean to risk it in any business again," remarked this gentleman.

Thanks to this unexpected stroke of luck Mr. Marchmont was able to look forward to the dreaded trust audit with more composure. It was necessary, of course, to prepare a very elaborate—and fictitious—series of accounts to conceal the real facts, but at least, the money was there to be handed over and recipients are usually satisfied to receive their own, without indulging in too close scrutiny, as to how it has been dealt with before it arrives in their hands. Mr. Marchmont winced, however, as he saw that Harold Williams, when he kept the long deferred appointment at the merchant's office to 'go into the accounts,' had brought his solicitor with him, a shrewd, keen-eyed, middle-aged man of well-known ability in the profession. Nothing, however, could be more courteous than this gentleman's demeanor as he explained that 'his young client, being somewhat ignorant of business,' had suggested that 'No,' exclaimed Harold, who, like Mr. Marchmont, had noticed the coldness of his lawyer's manner to the trustees, 'no, I've something else to do first.'

Both the other men looked at the speaker in some surprise.

"I have to ask your forgiveness," said the youth ingenuously, advancing toward Mr. Marchmont, and holding out his hand; "I am utterly ashamed to confess that, for some while, I have wronged you, my father's oldest friend, and the kind and faithful guardian of my own and my sister's interests, by wicked and unjust suspicions. Circumstances—not worth recalling now—had led me to fancy that—well, I'm fairly ashamed to say the words—had our money was not quite safe in your keeping. I see now how mistaken—how wrong I was—here Mr. Vivian mentally ejaculated: 'Was he?'—and I ask your pardon for the wrong I did you in my thoughts. I feel it only due to you, sir, to make this confession, ashamed as I am to have to do it; but you will forgive me, will you not?" he should accompany him, and check over the trust accounts. At least, the money was forthcoming, as Marchmont thought with infinite sense of relief, but as the quiet lawyer examined the accounts in silence, the miserable trustee felt well aware that the shrewd solicitor had accurately gauged the real condition of affairs, and could penetrate all ingenious devices whereby figures had been manipulated to conceal facts.

Indeed, as Mr. Vivian, the lawyer, turned over the accounts, he was saying to himself: 'Exactly as I expected; these trust funds have been made away with and replaced. Well, it's no business of mine to point this out, and anyhow, my client has got back his own in the end.'

But there was a decided coldness in the tones in which Mr. Vivian thanked Mr. Marchmont for the opportunity he had given them for inspecting his trust accounts, which were all in due order.

"And now we have only to arrange for the formal transference of the property to Mr. Williams and his sister," remarked the lawyer, as he laid down the last paper.

There was a pause. Mr. Marchmont did not take the offered hand, but sat still, with a strange, fixed look upon his face.

"I was so anxious about Ellie, my little sister," went on the young man; "we are all alone in the world, as you know. But if I cruelly misjudged you, sir, I am at least ready to acknowledge myself utterly in the wrong and to ask your forgiveness. Were my dear father here, added the young man, with some emotion, "I am sure he would fully appreciate your kindness to his orphan children and thank you as sincerely as I do for your noble and conscientious fulfillment of the trust he reposed in you."

Mr. Marchmont slowly staggered to his feet; an awful grayness was over-spreading his face.

"It is—very—touching—and—gratifying," he began, in a strangely altered voice. Then he suddenly collapsed, and fell on the floor—dead.

"The fellow had some conscience after all," thought Mr. Vivian to himself, whenever he looked back on the awful occurrence; but, lawyer-like kept his own counsel.

'Failure of the heart's action,' was the medical verdict, with the addendum that Mr. Marchmont had long been in a critical state of health.

Harold Williams often reproached himself for having, by a little additional excitement, possibly accelerated the fatal catastrophe; but yet, as the young man once remarked to Mr. Vivian:

"I cannot understand how my merely thanking poor Mr. Marchmont should have affected him so much. It was not as if anything had been wrong with his accounts."

Mr. Vivian only coughed in reply; and to the end of their lives, Harold and his sister believed their trustee to have been a model of honesty and rectitude. Yet, perhaps, as the lawyer had surmised, it was Marchmont's 'conscience' that had killed him after all.—Household Words.

SORE THUMBS AND THINGS.

I write these lines holding my left thumb nearly perpendicular and keeping it well out of harm's way. It is tied up in a rag, and is both a painful and unsightly object. For more than a week it has been so, and I'm getting disgusted with it. For it is so sore and inflamed, you know, that it takes my attention and feels bigger than all the rest of my body. That's just because it hurts. If it were sound and well, probably I should never think a word about it, and never be a grain thankful for all the use it is to me. Now, isn't that the way with all of us about everything? Two good thumbs—two good flesh-and-blood anvils. We hammer on them for years and never say, "What wonderfully good stuff these thumbs are made of!" Not we. But let one of 'em get sore, and we say, "What a nuisance a thumb is anyway."

Oblige me by reading the following letter:—

"In February, 1892," says the writer, "I had an attack of influenza, which left me in a very weak state. I felt tired, heavy, and languid, and some could not get up my strength. However, I kept on at my work and got along fairly well up to the first week of December, 1893.

"At that time I had a bad taste in the mouth, a poor appetite, and a gnawing, craving feeling at the pit of the stomach. I was then taken with a dreadful pain at the chest and around the heart; and every time I drew my breath it was like a knife cutting me.

"I was in agony day and night, and scarcely able to bear the pain. I could neither sit or lie down, and for hours together I walked about the room. I applied mustard plasters, poultices, and fomentations, but nothing did me any good. I saw a doctor at North Walsham, and another at Cromer, both of whom said I was suffering from muscular pains.

"They gave me medicines of various kinds, but I got no better. As time went on I grew weak and helpless, and tried one medicine after another, but failed to obtain any relief.

"After suffering the greatest torture for seven weeks I determined to try a medicine that had benefited my mother—Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup. My wife got me a bottle from Mr. Denney, the chemist at North Walsham, and after I had taken the contents I felt great relief. My appetite returned and my food agreed with me, all the pain at my chest and side gradually wearing away.

"When I had taken the second bottle I got back to my work as strong as ever I was in my life. Mother Siegel's Syrup has restored me to perfect health—something I have not known for the past two years. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this statement. Yours truly (Signed) Charles Paul, Antingham, North Walsham, Norfolk, Feb. 13th, 1894."

Thanking Mr. Paul and felicitating him on his recovery, we will make this use of his statement, by saying that the attack of influenza had nothing to do with what he suffered afterwards, save as the earliest result of the cause which produced both indigestion and dyspepsia. The poisons from an obstructed digestion were scattered through his system long before he was sensible of it—as often happens. Then came the outward influences to develop them; and all the rest succeeded along the regular lines.

"The muscular pains," about which the doctors were right, were acute rheumatism (inflammatory) produced by the dyspeptic stomach acid. The heart pains just the same. Mustard plasters, &c., were no use because the local inflammation grew faster than such feeble counter-irritants could withdraw the blood from the sore spots. The only cure lay in throwing the poison out of the body by way of the skin, bowels, and kidneys; then in stepping the manufacture of any more. This Siegel's Syrup did. What a pity friend Paul didn't try it two years before.

Now my sore thumb is from the same cause—*bad blood*—not from an injury. I have tried poultices and so on, but they don't do a bit of good. I shall now try Mother Siegel. For inflamed thumbs, and inflamed muscles are 'hot boxes' on the same machine.

Noblesse Obliges Sometimes.

Mrs. Wallaroo Cornstalk (to hostess)—
"What an obliging man your butler is! I asked him to call my carriage, and see, he's making signs that he's got it!"
Hostess (aghast)—"My butler! Why, good heavens, Mrs. Cornstalk, that's the Duke of Fitzfiddleton!"
Mrs. Wallaroo Cornstalk (calmly)—"A Duke, is he! But what a beautiful butler he would have made!"—London Punch.

TIRED?
OH, NO.

This soap



SURPRISE

greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

OTTO M. MERGENTHALER.

Descriptive Sketch of the Great Inventor of the Linotype.

The Mergenthaler Linotypes is generally admitted to be the finest ingenious machine in the world today. Its life-like movements, its instantaneous selection of letters, its distribution of them, and its many complex combinations, being marvelous. As may be supposed, a machine with such a multitude of different duties was not the work of any one brain; but to Ottmar Mergenthaler, a mathematical instrument maker from Wurtemberg, domiciled in Baltimore, Md., U. S., belongs the credit of combining the inventions of himself and others into one harmonious whole, so as to produce the machine which bears his name. Unlike most inventors he was in no way hampered by want of capital; on the contrary, he had the hearty and confident support of capital, and when he had solved the difficulties before him, he was not robbed of the fruits of his labors. To-day Mr. Mergenthaler is counted amongst the millionaires.

The invention of the Mergenthaler Linotype represents the ideal union of capital and labor, whose beneficial results are illustrated in Ottmar Mergenthaler, and the machine which bears his name.

Away back previous to 1876 Mr. J. O. Clephance, of Washington, who is now one of the directors of the Mergenthaler Company, at that time a court reporter, was backing Mr. Charles T. Moore, who had a vague notion of a machine for printing letters and words. After Mr. Moore's failure to accomplish satisfactory results the scheme was taken up by Mr. Denmark and Mr. Scholes, whose labors ultimately resulted in the Remington typewriter. Mr. Mergenthaler was foreman of Messrs. A. Hahl & Co., of Baltimore, and into his hands a good deal of the experimenting work came. It was at this time the attention of Mr. L. G. Hine, of Washington, who directed to the experiment, and he took a very active and warm interest in it, and before long was the moving spirit in the enterprise. During the course of the experiment a machine called the Band machine was invented. In this machine the whole alphabet was placed on one long matrix. It being brought to the attention of White-law Reid, of the New York Tribune, William Smith and other capitalists, they put an additional million dollars capital into the venture; but this machine was never put on the market. It developed into the one which was subsequently used in the New York Tribune and other offices and is now known as the old Linotype. In this latter machine the single matrix was first introduced. It had the advantage, however, of requiring the use of a blower to put the matrix into position and electricity to aid in their distribution. This machine met with immediate success, and a number of them are in use today.

About this time Mr. Reid and Mr. Mergenthaler quarrelled, Mr. Reid wanting the machines to be built in New York city rather than in the Mergenthaler shops in Baltimore. Mr. Mergenthaler having at this time separated from Mr. Hahl. The result was that Mr. Mergenthaler sold out his stock in the company for \$40,000 and went into the manufacturing business. He soon after was taken sick, largely due to the disappointment, it is said, and while confined to his bed his mind ran on a new machine which would do away the blower and other crudities of the old machine. He was subsequently again taken into the employ of the company and given a handsome salary and a splendid royalty on each machine, while all the cost of the experimenting was borne by the company.

In the meantime a large Linotype factory had been started in Brooklyn N. Y. Mr. Mergenthaler's Baltimore shops were turned into experimental shops, and he was also given a contract to build machines by the hundred, on the first lot of which, it may be said, he lost very largely although the price given for his work was considered to be very generous at that time.

Having unbounded confidence in the machine, he invested largely in the stock of the company, buying up considerable blocks at very low prices, the twenty-five dollar shares at one time being sold at a little more than a nominal price to those who would consent to pay the unpaid calls on them. At the present time it is under-

stood that his royalties and salary give him \$50,000 a year, while his dividends in stock add largely to it. Still he lives in the same unpretentious style as when he was a workman, and his head, which is full of wheels in a different sense from the ordinary acceptance of that term, is constantly running on his inventions.

It seems unfortunate that the great labor and worry in making his inventions has caused Mr. Mergenthaler serious injury to his health. It is said of him that when his physician insisted on his trying a change of climate, he said he would rather die in his shop than be separated from it. However that may be, he has ample opportunity for rest and recreation, and the attention given to his machine need be carried on only to a pleasurable extent. In a few years his machine has secured a fame which extends wherever printing is known, is in daily use in every continent, including Australia, and which almost instantaneously, has revolutionized the art of printing, which had practically until within the last decade undergone no appreciable alteration since the discovery of the art of printing four hundred years ago.

This Hot Weather

YOU ARE PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY EXHAUSTED.

Paine's Celery Compound is the Great Builder and Recuperator.

As a rule there is no pain following physical and mental exhaustion and debility. You know you are weak, faint, languid, have loss of memory, depression of spirits, with a wasting of flesh. Your troubles proceed simply from nervous exhaustion, and though you are not suffering pain and agony, be assured your condition is extremely perilous, and demands immediate attention.

That wonderful stream (the blood) that runs to every part of the body, supplying the most minute nerves and tissues, is foul and poisoned. In your present condition your blood is not a life stream; it is a stagnant pool of disease and death.

The healthy, hale and strong, that bear up during the hottest weather, and that are blessed with clean, pure blood and steady nerves, are the people who make use of Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that revitalizes the blood, that fortifies the nervous system, that gives perfect digestive power, sound sleep, and a new lease of life to those advanced in years.

Paine's Celery Compound is truly the great modern elixir of life, and no wonder that doctors approve of it and strongly recommend it.

Why go on in wretchedness and misery when such a medicine promises health, vigor and new life? We recommend you no untried remedy. Every bottle of Paine's Celery Compound is warranted to do the work it promises. There is health and life in every drop.

—**Fate of a Huster.**

Mawkin—"What's become of Gambit? I have not seen him for some time."

Skarem—"Oh, he's in the hospital. A case of nervous prostration. He ever exercised, you know. He is a great chess player, you know, and sometimes when he got thoroughly aroused he has been known to make three moves in half a day. No man, you know, could bear up under such killing exercise as that."—Boston Transcript.

—**A Forty Year Old Grievance Removed.**

In Rath, Ont., Chases' Kidney Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardener, of this town, suffered 40 years with indigestion and its ever present accompaniments—constipation and headache. K. & L. Pills are the only remedy that gave him relief. 25c. a box, of all druggists. One pill a dose.

—**A Silent Partner.**

"There's Perkins—you know Perkins?—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper, or stormed, the other was to keep silence."

"And the scheme worked?"

"Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years."—Truth.