

## Pluck.

'Yes,' said the iron master, 'it is honest and then pluck—those are the things needed. Speaking of pluck—' He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone said 'Yes,' and 'No,' by turns for five minutes, and then resumed:

'Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word.'

We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the iron works, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the clanging of molten metal, and the clear ring of smitten steel.

'I was sitting here in this very chair, the ironmaster began, 'one day about seven years ago, or maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door.

'Come in!' I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

'Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!'

'Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good.

'Good morning, sir!' he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. 'I want work. Can you give me any?'

'I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time.

'No, sir!' I said. 'We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you.' I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. 'I must have work!' he said. 'I would try to give you satisfaction, sir, and I tell you I must have it!'

'He spoke as if I had the work in my pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

'My good sir!' I said, putting the paper down, 'there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your reference, I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you today.'

'The young man shook his head. 'That won't do,' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place, there must be something a strong willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, today! It is absolutely necessary!'

'It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and shut the door after him, but I looked at him again, and didn't say it.

'I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of winning or swindling about him.

'If there had been, out he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so.

'What kind of work do you want?' I said, putting down the paper again.

'Any kind.'

'You mean this?' I do anything that will put bread in the mouths of—' he choked a little and stopped. Then, 'I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!'

'Come with me!' I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

'The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that.

'The gang I had in were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Yankee to touch, and even the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their uncouth gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might take a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

'Here is a job!' I said. 'The only one I know of. How do you like it?'

'Well enough,' he said, as cool as possible. 'You'll get a dollar and a half a day.' I told him. 'You'll get your death, too probably. When will you go to work?'

'In an hour,' he said. Well, off he went and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir.

'Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the man, or the boys would have been making trouble; but my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand

in that direction.

'That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before.

'The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or anyone else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world.

'That's pluck!' said I to myself. 'It he doesn't die he'll do!'

'For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shaky and pretty tired looking; but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off.

'The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work.

'When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt.

'Oh!' said I to myself. 'One day was enough for him, was it? And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned to come away, and lo! there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up with a great bunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

'I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!

'My shadow falling on the book startled him and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. Buon giorno, signore!'

'Are you a schoolmaster?' I asked and working down in the hole?'

'No,' he said quietly. 'I am a book-keeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents,' he added, turning it over with a smile,—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone,—and I am getting on pretty well.'

'Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as book-keeper, I asked, 'instead of this kind of thing?'

'Nobody will take a book-keeper with out references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose,' he said, frowning a little. 'My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones. As my native town is off the main lines, and letters take a good while to get there, I've always been fond of open air and exercise,' he added, with a quizzical look at the hole where he had been digging, 'and now I am getting lots of it.'

'Back stiff?' I suggested.

'So, so! I'll manage, though,—often been worse after a day's rowing,—and this is just as good bread as any other,' and he took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar.

'I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaking again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out; but his pluck kept him up, and his belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—it something hadn't turned up.

'The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened, and in came Green, from the boiler-works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

'I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

'Will you take a man on trial?'

'What kind of man?' asked Green.

'Well, I hardly know,' said I. 'I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work, and I told the man's story.'

'Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

'That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler-works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed today—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going! Well, good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—Pluck!'

### What is an Impression.

A recent English writer tells the following, which reminds one of the definition of faith, that 'faith is a leg of mutton in a boat.' He is writing of his trip on an ocean steamer.

Out of two hundred and twenty cabin passengers we had only one little girl on board, aged about ten. Of course we all made much of her. One day I was making a sketch from memory of Fastnet Rock.

My little friend was by me, and she asked: 'How can you sketch a thing that you do not see?'

'I remember it. I have an impression of it,' I said.

'What is an impression?'

I explained by making an impression with the round end of the pencil on the back of the hand, and then saying, 'There is an impression, and one is also made by seeing—only in a different manner—on the mind or brain.' With this explanation the little girl seemed to be satisfied.

The next day I was talking with a bishop on board, and said to him, 'My little friend here can tell you what an impression is.'

'And what is an impression?' he asked.

'Oh,' said she, 'it is just a round hole made on the back of your hand by pressing a pencil on it!'

### THE WOMEN WHO PAID THE FARES.

A Double Tragedy That Upset an Old Female Custom in Street Cars.

The woman with the sheet of wheat in her hat took a nickel from her purse and handed it to the conductor gingerly.

'I'll let you pay your own fare,' she said to the woman in black who sat beside her.

The woman in black gasped and the coin she already held in her hand slipped from her nerveless fingers and made a bee line for the most inaccessible recess in the rubber matting, where it promptly hid itself from mortal eyes. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, during which the twenty odd passengers in the car had sat doubled up with their feet held high above the floor and their hands clasped affectionately around their knees, and the matting had been taken out on the rear platform and shaken and the refractory nickel had been prodded out from its dark corner, peace was restored and the cramped passengers resumed a normal sitting posture.

Then the woman who owned the sheet of wheat turned to her companion and said: 'I expect you were somewhat surprised at my not offering to pay your car fare were you not?'

The woman in black had received the greatest shock of the year, and she frankly said so. 'Of course,' she said, 'I expected to pay my own fare in the end, but I had counted on fighting for the privilege I supposed that there would be the usual tilt between us for the honor, each manfully secretly fearing the other would capitulate and thus double the tax on her own pocket book. That's the way we women always do.'

'Yes, I know,' assented the first woman. 'I used to do the same thing, myself. It was only last week that I arose superior to the habits of a lifetime. Last Monday Mrs. Borden and I went downtown shopping. When we got ready to go home the rush hour had come and the car we finally crowded into carried so many passengers that we lost track of each other in the shuffle and I was jammed in on the front seat while she was hustled along to the back seat among the smokers. When the conductor came along, I noticed that I had just a dime in change and, true to my generous instincts, I said: 'Two, please. Myself and the lady on the back seat.' And the conductor rang up two fares and went on down to the end of the car.

'At Fifty-ninth street, where we changed cars, we saw a boy selling roses. The flowers were pretty and fragrant, and Mrs. Borden wanted to buy a bunch. But when she looked in her purse she found that she had no change. 'Oh, dear,' she said, 'I can't take them after all. I gave my little dime to the conductor for car fare.'

'Her remark struck me all of a heap. 'Gave it to the conductor,' I said. Why, there was no necessity for you giving him anything. I paid your fare.'

'Mrs. Borden stopped short in the middle of the car tracks, and the warning shouts of a dozen motormen and conductors were powerless to move her from the spot. 'You—said,' she said; 'why, so did I. I told the conductor I was paying for the woman on the front seat and myself.'

'And we had to let the thing go at that,' concluded the woman with the wheat sheaf in her hat. 'Whether the street car company is two nickels ahead or whether two women passengers have obtained free rides under fraudulent pretences I am unable to say, but of one thing I am quite sure, I shall never pay car fare for another woman no matter if she is my own grandmother.'

And the woman in black was forced to admit that she was justified in the resolution.

### His Assets.

The badgering lawyer sometimes succeeds only in affording the witness an opportunity to show off his own wit at the lawyer's expense. And then the spectators are happy.

A certain actor was before the poor debtor's court in New York, last winter, and testified that his only assets were his

salary as a member of the Bank Company.

'But you must have something else,' said the prosecuting counsel. 'Tell the court what else you have.'

'That's all.'

'What—no personal property?'

'Oh yes, a dog—and a watch.'

'Now think hard. What else?' persisted the attorney, believing he was on the right track.

'And a case of rheumatism,' said the witty witness.

## BORN.

Rose Bay, June 13, to the wife of Benj. Coolidge, a son.

Berwick, June 21, to the wife of Jas. Trahan, a son.

Yarmouth, June 20, to the wife of Abram Little, a son.

Truro, June 22, to the wife of Daniel McCarthy, a son.

Moncton, June 22, to the wife of C. H. Acheson, a son.

Parishboro, June 18, to the wife of Jas. McKeown, a son.

East Boston, June 14, to the wife of Frank Swin, a son.

Rose Bay, June 1, to the wife of Daniel Wamboldt, a son.

Kentville, June 19, to the wife of George Margeson, a son.

Parishboro, June 26, to the wife of Walter Chandler, a son.

Westworth, June 11, to the wife of Mr. Leighton, a daughter.

Windsor, June 11, to the wife of Stephen Barron, a daughter.

Falmouth, June 16, to the wife of Wm. Starratt, a daughter.

Salem, June 21, to the wife of William Kelly, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, June 20, to the wife of Wm. Leck, a daughter.

Woodsport, June 23, to the wife of Henry Bayley, a daughter.

Halifax, June 22, to the wife of R. W. Thayer, a daughter.

Hantsport, June 18, to the wife of Harris Lockhart, a daughter.

Sheilaboro, June 17, to the wife of Charles S. McMillan, a son.

Baddeck River, June 16, to the wife of Myles McInnis, a son.

Woodstock, June 23, to the wife of Wendell P. Jones, a son.

Clark's Harbor, June 19, to the wife of Clifford Blakes, a son.

Woodstock, June 25, to the wife of Williamson Fisher, a son.

Dunn's Corner, June 20 to the wife of James A. Corbett, a son.

Rose Bay, June 6, to the wife of Samuel Himmelmann, a daughter.

Hawke Point, June 21, to the wife of Alexander Atwood, a daughter.

Brookville, Queens, June 14, to the wife of Edward A. Gaudier, a son.

St. John, June 19, to the wife of Lawrence O'Neill, a son.

Dorchester, Mass., June 1, Mary A. widow of Wm. F. Jordan.

Wolville June 25, Mary Ann widow of James Courcy, 76.

Canoe, N. J. Caroline, widow of the late Rev. Wm. Stewart.

Five Islands, June 16 infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Thomson.

Sheilaboro June 18 infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. McMillan.

Windsor June 12 Fannie, relict of the late Wm. Simmons, 76.

Shubenacadie, June 24 Stephen Joseph, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. McNell.

St. John, June 21, Mary Sellen, 88.

Merigomish, June 25, Nancy Hazen, 88.

Pictou, May 30, Mrs. Alexander Gunn, 71.

Bear River, June 20, Norma McLellan, 18.

Halifax, June 29, Henry Amie, Mielke, 29.

New Glasgow, June 17, Alex F. Fraser, 53.

Bear Cove, June 25, Pearson L. Patton, 18.

Moncton, June 24, Sadie Catherine Keith, 6.

London, Eng., William Frederick Heybush, 18.

Milltown, June 13, Edward D. Canzian, 21.

Carleton, June 24, Mrs. Drusilla Redding, 90.

Baddeck, June 17, Alexander J. McKay, 71.

Hawke Point, June 24, Emma Cunningham, 27.

Queens Co., June 18, Maggie Eveline Leonard.

Toronto, Ont., June 26, L. de Cecil Hamilton.

North River, C. B., June 13, John McDonald, 79.

Kemptville, June 11, Bessie Catherine Muir, 5.

Cunabland Point, June 16, Mary B. Sear, 22.

Boston, June 13, Ronald Charles Macdonald, 19.

Grace Bay, C. B., June 12, Mrs. Angus McQueen.

Fraser River, June 10, the infant son of John Foot.

New Glasgow, June 22, Harry Wesley Logan, 18.

North Kemptville, June 18, Lydia C. McInnis, 76.

St. John, June 19, Anr. wife of Lawrence O'Neill, 70.

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