"FOR THAT SWEET SILENCE."

Along the slope of yonder hill we wend
Through the still air of evening, damp and
cold;
From our glowing earth arose the sharp, sweet
scent
The cricket sentinel below in the dark cedar
Thy shoulder rest, as if in soulless leaves,
Where filled to the brim as dull and fair,
And I, who read thine inner thought so
wistfully,
Knew then for that sweet silence left unbroken.

—Claude Greenlee.

THE TYPEWRITER.

I am a business man; I like business methods strictly observed, and so with great in business hours or at business places. That is, there were my sentiments. But I have become revolutionized—I don't know what I am—I have become just that one, and stories and songs should never be grouped tail end, in spite of the hosts of novel reading young ladies and sentimental clubs. Just the fact that I advertised for a young lady to do copying for me at the office. I will not deny that my partner advised me not to do so, strongly advised me against it, and he is experienced within time said, "Never depend on women." But I persisted and advertised.

The next morning upon my arrival at the office George, the aforesaid partner, kept looking concerns at me from the doorway of the inner office about the "evidence of loveliness that would soon illumine the dark apartment, rob it of its severe, business-like aspect" (here I whence said even lend an air of beauty to his dreary room, etc.) I grabbed to him to shut up, that there was to be no nonsense about this thing. The girl was to be engaged for business writing, and there won't be to be any sentiment in the matter. Here he gave an ironical laugh, and asked me was I "clear sure" in my most severe tone I replied that I was.

But then the "evidence of loveliness" began to apply for the situation, and George and his video temps early disappeared, for which I was very thankful.

Well, I was pressed by all shapes and sizes of women from my office to my partner with many hard and dirty bare hands to an appalling "cream" to blood beside and I so much panic that I was compelled to stick to a plan to see how recent the applicants were. I was disgusted, I should this from the first one, and simply in short shortly wished I had taken George's advice and not advertised. How did he come to know so much, anyhow, about women, better him.

George's voice was heard, and George again appeared in the doorway. "What are we to do, anyhow?" he asked. "What would suit you? Here are six separate girls." "Oh," I interrupted, for I confess I was annoyed, "I understand they were women, not complete." He suggested he's from the doorway chopping his head in an extravagant fashion, and I heard him muttering: "Poor fellow! the girl is too much for a feeble man—but sir, sir, sir—all" with a profound and pathetic manifesting most distressing in a business office. I was about to make a hasty exploder when the outer door opened and in came a neat little girl in black, followed by a lady guard of "ma" and "older sister" presumably. The leader was trembling, and so was the lady guard. Consequently I felt perfectly calm, placed seats for the three and invited conversation, during which I found that George was trying to see without being seen in order to be prized for further attention.

I soon found out that the prospect fully desired to write for me, her mother assuring me of her daughter's ability, superlapunctuality, moral character and suitability. Availability to a business office! Then the elder sister turned up and said how Carol was so thoughtful and desirous of helping them along, and so had insisted upon trying to get something to do, and by a lucky chance that lay her eyes had rested on my advertisement, and how they had all said together in one breath (I have heard of one heartbreaker per family, but one breath! that it was the very place. And how they had come to the Spruce and Wood-land avenue car, and it had taken them nearly forty-five minutes.

All this time my dear little Carol—I beg your pardon, there is that strong end again—and all the time the little girl sat there just as quiet as a mouse, which pleased me very much.

When they had finished she asked me should she write to show me her handwriting, and I said "yes." So she took her glove off and went to the desk and wrote her name—Rose—Caroline Wellon—and then I told her to write mine and she wrote—Richard A. Yoke—and you have no idea what an extremely unbusinesslike thought darted into my head when I saw these two names together.

I engaged her to come the next day to begin work, and send a "Bond of resolutions from one of how her dear dead husband "never expected dear Carol would ever have to work," and "how pleased he would have been that she should be employed by so exemplarate a gentleman"—and a reckless profusion of smiles and bows from elder sister, and a demure nod from the little one. I finally dust them door out and waited for George to appear. He appeared.

"You are a Sylvarte—an epitome of feminine loveliness, a gay deceiver who has pretended to be indifferent to woman." That is a heartbreaker, too. "She will break your heart and rule our office omin."

And all the time that donkey cited there firing remark after remark, I sat and sat and felt foolish. I don't know why. Finally he went back to his work whistling "Loved Some Like a Summer's Sigh." The young idiot! Fortunately I had a business engagement and managed to get out. So the revolution began.

Monday morning at 8 o'clock Miss Wellon appeared, demure and slightly nervous. So was I. George was in the best humor, heavily chuckling, I am usually certain. After a deal of circumlocution I think that is a narrow word for the operation I managed to throw her what she was to copy and how it was to be done. Silence reigned for actually two hours. Then some sort of noise as he saw George and I sat. He stared at the blank wall leaning over the desk and reflected into George's office. Followed by me.

One after another of business acquaintances stepped in, but time wore on slowly. I never knew such a long morning until it was 12 o'clock. The Sleepy, the artist, the sly chuckler from some of the callers and the aggravating snoring response of George, and my constant stares lest she should overhear nearly gave me a nervous fever. But the worst was to come. Fortunately we saw no in the house office but George and myself.

Twelve o'clock struck and in walked elder sister. I quailed and George turned his back on me and shook with laughter.

"Well, dears," chirped elder sister, "this it seemed like a long morning."

"Yes, somewhat, though I have been interested too. How's ma?"

"Very lonely without you. She sent me to see how you are, fearing that you would not think we had forgotten you."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Carol.

"And ma said as it was your first day we should be a little extravagant in our luncheon."

"That's splendid. I'll see if I can go sure."

I managed to get on my hatband blindly got to the door, feeling that I didn't care, and that George could go to the devil.

"You may go now, Miss Wellon, for your lunch. Please be back by 1 o'clock."

"Thank you. Yes, sir." As while she got on her coat and her elder sister was plained that she had was in to see how Carol was getting along. (Ross Bin certainly wasn't out of breath.) And then they went. I avoided George. He began:

"Wonder who will come tomorrow. Ma! Wonder how many relatives she has got to run in! Pity too. She seems quite enough. But these girls you never can calculate what they are."

I was surprised to find that I did not mention George, but I have always felt that his unpleasant manner should be viewed in the light of an infirmity. He went on:

"Very businesslike with 'Dearies' and 'Sweeties' and what not. Now talk in a business office, eh, Dick? Tomorrow it will be 'Darling.'"

His intuition of the lost word was positively distressing. I went out for lunch and left him to take care of the office. It was my only revenge.

The days came and left as others will do. Our own individuality is the only thing we can reasonably count upon in this world as sure to remain.

For six weeks my little copyist came regularly and did her work with neatness and dispatch. For six weeks her family sometimes so minutely as to "call in the office and see how it went on." I would drop in one need to drop in and ofter enter yes in, and would say, "Well, pretty." It struck me the first time we said that, and afterwards, too, what a singularly appropriate name, but we forgot in unknown—ville.

The time would run to and say:

"Ma is nothing quite gay and can you get off a quarter of an hour earlier, dearie, and come home to luncheon?"

And Carol would say:

"Oh, I would'nt like to ask."

Then I would speak up and say, "You may go a little earlier today, Miss Wellon."

Then another day her little brother Bob would come in with a tag of cookies on his hat made or a tin of a tin box to be returned on Carol's way home. And once an old uncle entered in and chuckled and somewhat gruff, and followed of the deceased brother Andrew and Andrew's family—the same that used my office for a family room, I suppose. And after some particularly aggravating shatter and disturbance of business, unbusinesslike epithets I would go in to George, forgetting in my vexation his dreadfuler character, and vow I wouldn't stand it. Then he would get up and implore me not to be harsh and submit to the dear little thing, and I unconsciously said, "Who could be?" And then he would shake and chuckle and quote, "O woman, woman, lovely woman! ever repent, "Well, petite, how's ma?" or "Dearie, sweetheart today. Come home with me," or "Carol, darling, is the boss just as much gone on you as ever?" or some like idiotic remark that he had caught out of his own inscrutable brain.

But when ma came in one day about 11 o'clock in the morning and sat for one mortal hour crocheting or knitting or some such useless feminine idiocies, I felt that I must speak. My office, a business place rented by me for business purposes only, to be thus desecrated was too much.

So that evening when the little daughter was getting ready to go home I started out with her, as I had happened to do some few times before, and on the way to her home I told her straight up and down that this thing could not continue. We finally arranged that I should buy a house in the northwestern part of the city, and that in two months she would wear my wedding ring. It has been fully arranged, however, that ma may drop in and the elder sister run in, whenever they are not to stay in as permanent inmates.

One strange part of it to me is how George could ever have surmised that I was in love with her. I always had made it a point to use the most business-like manner in speaking to her in the office. He says any fool could have seen it. He ought to know best about the sight of fools. However, he has bought us a tidy lot of silver and is coming to the wedding. Dear old boy, it's only his way. Carol says it is his high spirits.

Elder sister says she felt in her inmost soul what would happen when she read my advertisement.

Ma wants to know what I will do for another office girl. I certainly shan't engage her elder daughter.—Josephine G. Dolman in Philadelphia Press.

The Intelligent Footpost and Bullets.

A Bellefonian writes from Nice that in the smoking room of the hotel, which is frequented chiefly by English people, the after dinner talk is very apt to drift toward American topics, and one good who has visited that country sets up as one as an authority on the subject. One gentleman, a Scotsman and a man of attention and breeding, said: "Ah, yes! I know you Americans pretty well. I was in the Sudan some twenty-six years ago." When asked what impression he had met during his visit he said: "I found great humor in the abundantness of the hare. In many sides I really thought the hare was made to go about. On issues after dark. In what cities? Well, in Louisville, Chicago and Buffalo, particularly in Buffalo, where I saw great numbers, hundreds of the aborigines going about without clothes on!"

Our Buffalo friend pricked up his ears at this and made some methodical remark. "Indeed, sir," said the other, "the natives get hare in blankets and all that." Our friend observed that Buffalo happened to be his place of residence, and that the only savages he remembered seeing there were the occasional and inoffensive members of noncitizens, the French gentleman knew better. Buffalo was a wild and dangerous border town, and he did not hesitate to let his American acquaintance see that his statements concerning the present commercial greatness of that city could not impose on him. He had been there.—Buffalo Commercial.

Who's Who Walks.

The man afoot on the surface of his own earth is the true king; the excellent peasants who journeys in a coach or in a hack good nature and contain in such a state. The pressure of the free foot on turf or road exhilarates the will, the expansion of our mighty mother does into our nerves and nourishes their stability; our blood dances through our veins and strengthens every tissue and organ. The whole atmosphere is set warm; it flows rhythmically into our lungs and unites us with the sky. The human waves and rhythmic the eyes, they become bright and quick with joy and meant. Nature instructs us at every step, her beauty woos ever remains unchosen to him who has not thus placed himself free to face with her.

Instead little slowly down near and said to me the wonders of color and form, winding valleys reveal their lovely hearts to our entirely nothing; temporing thirty surprises by exquisite glade-lines. The rocks are a mine, some such rights to us to individual charm, and to pause to go to the new charm of the neighbor. The forests call from to the sky, as if to remind us of the beauties of dell earth; the broad plains smile to us, as if to intimate that earth and heaven are inseparably of one. Every tree, animal and and, vouchsafe us glimpses of its secret life, which shine through continuity of our machines.—Julius Hawthorne in Lippincott's.

Meaning of "Sophomore."

Rev. of Cincinnati literary man: "I will to think that the word 'sophomore' was made up of the Greek word sophos, meaning wise and the Greek word 'moro.' The word was then applicable, I thought, to the second class in a college, because they were 'wiser than their fellows' in their own estimation. But it seems that the word has a more probable and a meaning even less flattering to the class of students to whom it is applied. It was first used at the University of Cambridge, England, and the word is supposed to be derived from sophosmor. It was composed of the word sophi, a contraction for 'sophisticated' and a Greek word meaning fools (moros).

"The phrase was extended over three years and one term. The respective classes of students were termed freshmen, or first year men; junior sophs or sophomores, senior sophs and graduates. The nomenclature was transferred to the American higher institutions of learning, and in the form freshmen, sophs and seniors still exists, while it has wholly disappeared on the other side of the water."—New York Tribune.

Total Eclipses of the Sun.

Every year there is at least one eclipse of the sun, and there may be five. These are partial eclipses, however, except in the exceptional years in which the moon passes nearly centrally over the sun's disk and produces a total obscuration of the disk. Since the invention of the spectroscope, in 1860, there have been barely a score of total eclipses, and a number of these could not be observed because the belt of totality fell at the earth's polar regions or upon the ocean. The belt of totality is a narrow strip—never more than 170 miles wide—where the point of the moon's shadow falls upon the earth. Total eclipses rarely occur twice in one place. The same belt of the earth. At London, for example, there has been no total eclipse since the year 1715, except that of 1715, and there will be none during the next century.—Professor J. S. Holden in Century.

A Woman's Good Name.

Many people who would recoil with horror from cutting a human creature's throat, who would shoot and hang and hack and only take a moment, will murder a woman's good name without remorse or compunction, and that hurts worse than death for a lifetime. It is a lower crime than murder. We cry out, and rightly, too, against the sensational and depraving habit of making heroes of robbers and outlaws. It is a horrible thing to do. And yet I have lost of hatred and nothing for the late Jesse James than I have for some people who have never seen convicted of a capital crime, but whose tongues, we know, are worse than any knife that ever entered a human footlight.—R. J. Burdette in Ladies' Home Journal.

Blunders in Future Battles.

Caution will pay in a machine-less contest, surprise and vigor will pay in future, but blunders will receive a terrible punishment, fatal to armies and ruinous to extreme dependent upon them.—Iron Age.

How the Name Thimble Originated.

From the covering or "bell" worn on the thumb of sailors.

PURE-MILD-SWEET
IF MASTIFF PLUG CUT
was not all that is claimed for it, how else could so great a business and sale have developed in so short a time? A pure, mild, sweet smoke—no wonder it goes. All live stores keep it.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloser, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and judges therefore judge; "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that has done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called in my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the doses were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in the house as a few doses had given her relief." ©

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness.

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