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NO. 30.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor; Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing-What tender ruth shall we have gained,

Alas! by simply dying? Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits over, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defect discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers

Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both theu and I, Ere Love is past forgiving, Should take the earnest lesson home-Be patient with the living. Today's repressed rebuke may save Our blinding tears tomorrow; Then patience, e'en when keenest edge May whet a nameless sorrow!

'Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor, And easy to discern the best Through memory's mystic glamour; But wise it were for thee and me, Ere love is past forgiving.

To take the tender lesson home— Be patient with the living. -From the Boston Watchman.

which for weeks she had been looking forward with the liveliest anticipations of pleasure; but her regret over that unfortunate letter, joined to her anxiety concerning her future standing with Vaughn & Co., had brought on a headache which of itself would have spoiled her enjoyment effectually. So, after a dismal attempt to take part in the gayety, she left early and came home ready to cry with disappointment.

The next day chanced to be a holiday, and the one following it was Sunday. Forty-eight hours of greater apparent length Mildred was sure she never had passed. On Monday she probably would learn whether or not Vaughn & Co. were to lose several hundred dollars by her blunder-if blunder it was; meanwhile the suspense she was being kept in seemed intolerable.

If the firm were called upon to bear the loss, would Mr. Vaughn visit the consequences, so far as he could, upon her head and decide that he had no further use for so unfaithful a stenographer? Whatever might be the event she was forced to admit that she deserved to lose her situation, that she no longer merited his confidence, and thus, with unhappy doubts and selfquestionings, the two intervening days dragged slowly by.

Earlier than was her custom on Monday morning Mildred reached the office. As she was removing her outof-door garments her glance fell involuntarily on the pile of mail matter that George had brought from the postoffice and laid ready for Mr. Vaughn upon his desk. It was a large pile, so large that the upper part of it had slid backward so as to reveal the edges of some of the lower envelopes.

She caught sight of a printed name in the left-hand corner of one of them: "Marshall & Hobbs." would have given a week's salary to open that letter, but taking such a liberty was out of the question.

Mr. Vaughn arrived late, and in so leisurely a manner did he open and read the letters that Mildred began to wish she bad taken occasion to place that from Marshall & Hobbs on top of the heap and thus saved herself many long minutes of torturing suspense. Finally, when he reached it in due course, he showed the most exasperating calmness in making acquaintance with its contents-quite as if the losing of several thousand deliars were s matter of no importance whatever.

While pretending to be busy herself, Mildred watched him with tremulous anxiety. His face, however, was ut-terly inscrutable, and after having held the open sheet in his fingers for full five minutes-or so it seemed to her-he turned and extended it toward her, remarking briefly, "This may interest you."

She seized the letter in what came near to being a frantic clutch and reseating herself, for she felt too weak to stand, began to read:

"Your valued favor of the 20th inst. has been received and contents noted. The letter has been somewhat defaced in the copying-probably from a too free use of water by your office boybut we think we have been able to make out all of it except the estimate given for the No. 1009 castings. We are in doubt whether the figures intended are 13 or 15. Please telegraph the correct amount on receipt of this, as we cannot delay much longer in submitting our bid,"

"The moral of that seems to be, said Mr. Vaughn, quizzieally, "if you must make a mistake make such a very bad one that nobody can decide what on earth your driving at. Now, Miss Chadbourne, I wish you would go out and telegraph Marshall & Hobbs that the proper figure is fifteen. Prepay the charges, and have the message repeated, so as to make sure it is right, Do you understand, and can I trus, you to do that?"

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, blushing at what she fancied to be a covert sarcasm. "And, Mr. Vaughn," she thought it best to add, "I want to tell you how sorry I am for my carelessness in copying that letter. You may be sure such a thing will not occur again."

"I trust not, indeed," was all the response he made, and she left the office in some uncertainty as to how her apology had been taken, but as he did not refer to the matter afterward she was finally encouraged to hope he had not lost faith in her entirely.

She never really knew whether that important figure in the hurriedly written letter was a three or a fivs, but she never allowed herself to be troubled with any painful doubts as to her figure : again; one escape from disaster

was enough. Thereafter she made sure to have every letter she sent out exactly right in all particulars before it left her hands, and she was never again known to neglect her employers' interests for her wn pleasure or convenience, as she clearly recognized she had been guilty of doing in the case : her "un-profitable hurry."-Youth's Compan-

Teeth Made Out of Paper.

Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper, instead of porcelain or mineral composition. These paper teeth are said to be very satisfactory, as they do not break or chip, are not sensitive to heat or cold or to the action of the moisture of the mouth SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon.

The average weight of a man's brain is three pounds eight ounces.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from hirty to forty feet. It has been found that X-rays are

fatal to bacteria. In the Hygienic Institute of Munich, Bavaria, they are used as a disinfecting agent. By far the greater number of flow

per cent, of the 4200 species of flowers in Europe give forth any odor. Twenty years' study has led a cerain scientist to believe that diphtheria, apoplexy, and other diseases are

ers have no smell. Only about ten

due to a deficiency of salt in the sys-A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,-300,000 nerve cells, 500,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones

every day. At this rate we get an en-

irely new brain every sixty days.

A Russian officer has been making experiments, with very successful results, in the use of falcons instead of oigeons as carriers. It seems that they can fly very much faster. A oigeon covers ten or twelve leagues in in hour, whereas a falcon can do fifseen. It can also carry with ease a lairly heavy weight.

INFANT SCALES.

Salances Made Nowadays Especially for Weighing the Baby.

Babies have been weighed from time mmemorial, but it is only within a lew years that scales have been made especially for that purpose. The oldashioned, time-honored way of weighing the baby was to tie it up in a lowel and then hook the hook of a spring balance into the knot; and this way is still common. Whatever other household scales might be in use in a house have also been used for this purpose, as they still are, but there are now made special infant scales and used for that purpose

Infant scales are made in several tyles. They all have one feature in common, however-a basket in which to put the baby in place of a pau. An infant scale of a design new this year is finished in white enamel. The weights plate, upon which the weights are placed in the weighing, is of iron polished until it looks like a steel mirror. At the other end of the balance, where the pan would ordinurily be, in the basket, oblong in shape, and fashioned with a view to the conrenieut and comfortable holding of the child. The basket also is enamelled. The base of the scale projects in front to afford a place for the weights, which are of polished iron. The larger weights are provided with handles. There are no very small weights; the fractional weights are taken by means of a sliding weight on a beam attached to the front of the scale. Such a scale as this sells at \$25. Infant scales may be bought, however, at \$6 and \$8.

The scales are used not only to and out the weight of the infant when it is born, but to weigh it from time to time, maybe once a week, to note its growth. Infant scales are made to weigh up to 25 or 30 pounds.

American scales are sold the world wer in every civilized land; there is perhaps no larger foreign consumer han Russia, which buys American scales of every kind, from the largest of railroad scales to the smallest of little scales. It is interesting to note that Russia buys considerable numpers of infant scales, -Sun,

Beavers Chopping Trees.

"I had heard a good many wondernI stories about how beavers chopped fown trees," recently said a well known trapper, "and, being anxious to see how far from the truth some of these stories were, I found where beavers were at work in a piece of redar woods through which a branch of the Wood river flowed. I chose a bright moonlight night to watch the beavers at their tree chopping. I hid myself before nightfall near the spot. Soon after nightfall a beaver came out of the water, went straight to a good sized cedar tree and began work upon

t with his teeth. "While he was at work another beaver appeared from the river, and as he drew himself out of the water to the bank where the moon shone full upon him I saw that he was as white as snow. The white beaver selected a tree and went vigorously to work felling it. I don't believe a woodshopper with his axe could have felled those trees any quicker than those two beavers did with their chisel-like teeth."-New York Mail and Express

Insect Notes.

The slow flapping of a butterfly's ving produces no sound. When the movements are rapid, a noise is pro duced which increases with the num ber of vibrations. Thus the house fly, which produces the sound F, vibrates its wings 21, 120 times a minute. or 335 times in a second; and the bee, which makes a sound of A, as many as 26,400 times, or 440 a second. tired bee hums on E, and therefore. according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times a second.

DIVINE.

Subject: "The Acidities of Life"-The Cup of Vinegar Which Christ Took is Typic/l of Life's Bitterness--This is the Lor of the Distressed.

Texr: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."—John xix., 30.

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day, crying, beg-ging, cursing, but Christ had been ex-hausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post. His bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pleces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours the weight of His body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words, "I thirst!" O skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on His burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or healt let though the demonstrated in behalf violent stroke under the armpits had been hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion, a powerful opinte to deaden the pain, but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so He refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetle and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap ap-proval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies tlamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annovances and the vexations and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Bolomon's staff, gnawing its strength away, and there is a wea spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, cry-ing, "George, ring the beil!" Miss Lang-don, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set affoat regarding her that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought and cries out: "What then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andre del Sarto makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata at Florence and gets for pay a sack of corn, and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sours greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had re-

ceived the vinegar!"
It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sor-row of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ Himself took the vinegar makes Him able to sympathize to-day and forever with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar.

In the first place, there was the sourness of betraval. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of His disciples did Him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You reasted him. You loaned him money. You pefriended him in the dark passes of when he especially needed a friend. After-ward he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you, when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first, you could not sieep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for, though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordinity will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold Him for less than our \$20! They all forsook Him They cut Him to the quick. drank that cup to the dregs. He took the

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings and that always gives an honest man anx lety. There is no sign of destitution about you-pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you-but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private linances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses you both rise up dis-couraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and, lo, suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end. Well, brother, you are in giorious company. Christ owned not the house in which He stopped, or the colt on which He rode, or the boat in which He sailed. He lived in a borrowed house. He was buried in a borrowed nouse. He was further in a bor-rowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet He had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where He could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did He own. Privation of domesticity; lar did He own. Privation of a privation of a privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resourcest. The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before Him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took

There were years that passed along be fore your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the doorbell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble sinb lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you but your hand over your aching head

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. and said, "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor; but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered by the same hands.

With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell Him anything now in regard to bereavement. had only a few friends, and when He lost one it brought tears to His eyes. Lazarus had often entertained Him at his house, Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them-Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, His great loving eyes filled with tears! Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I ometimes have a curiosity to know how will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to sur-render. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and sum-mery glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the states of that want. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tear-ing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the sargeons and the ductors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together. Is, there no escape from this separation?" None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom, and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which He was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; He trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of His wilderness allow. He knows about the littles: He ness pillow. He knows about the lilies: He twisted them into His sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred they way through His discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hem-morhage and agony, that have put Him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes' through Christendom and gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and He puts them under His own neck and head. To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swailow, a draft that set their teeth on edge and arasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herhell, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which be brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now

this hour to clear the lens of your spiritual vision so that, looking through the dark

try to carry all your ills alone! Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apenaines

when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a

trouble of any kind, you rush this way and

that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it and what that man will say

about it, and you try this prescription and that prescription and the other prescrip-

tion. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our

tion of a Saviour's mercy a Saviour's love. Oh, my friends,

night

of your earthly troubles you behold the glorious constella-

own sinning and suffering race He took tha vinegar? There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water! We are dying for lack of water!" And the captain on the vessel that was halled respended: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you and hundreds of feet deep!" And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hall you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy? Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever! "Whosoeves. will, let him come and take of the water of

life freely."

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and they try to fight their own batties, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphal-march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men women, all their leartaches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus! \*He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that triday there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles are the stream of infingles of their sin, carrying a gem of infin-ite value—a priceless soul to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the etern Oh, that that ruby might hash in the eternal coronation! But, no. There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy not with standing that Christ, for all who accept His grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thougs. and received in His face the expectora-tions of the fifthy mob, and for the gullty, and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good

## AN UNPROFITABLE HURRY. BY FRANK M. BICKNELL. "Step this way a moment, if you please, Miss Chadbourne."

Mr. Vaughn had opened the letter book and was looking at it with a puzsled air. He spoke quietly, but his tone caused the young stenographer to start from her chair and approach

him with trepidation. "What do you call that figure, a three or a five?" he asked.

As she caught sight of the blurred press copy of the letter she had taken Hobbs the evening before, she flushed guiltily and with a premonition of approaching trouble. Mr. Vaughn's leau forefinger was pointing to the fourth item in a long column of figures, quolations of prices furnished to one of the firm's best customers, and Mildred Chadbourne suspected that the transaction involved was one of unusual importance.

To hide her confusion she bent low nized the indistinct copy; but to do her best she could not decide whether that fourth item was thirteen or fifteen.

Late on the previous afternoon Mr. Vaughn had dictated this letter to her, slowly and with extraordinary pains, charging her to use all possible care in getting the figures down correctly. He had seemed to her quite unnecessarily deliberate, for she was impatient to go home that she might finish a gown she was making, and she had planned to leave a few minutes before the customary closing hour.

post the letter that night without fail. Inwardly rebelling, she had rattled the important communication through the writing machine at railway speed, and then, as the office boy was invisible, she had undertaken to copy it herself.

It requires care to copy a letter as it upon which it is to be impressed be not wet enough, the result will be a faint copy; if too wet, a blurred one, and in that case the original sheet will sometimes be so badly defaced by the you can spell." washing of the ink as to be almost il-

legible. Mildred had rushed the letter through the copying press with quite as much haste as she had put into the typewriting of it. She had passed a dripping brush over the leaf and then had neglected to absorb with a blotting pad the superfluous moisture. In consequence, the copy had turned out and opening the letter book he showed a slovenly one, and the original had been seriously defaced.

She knew then as well as she knew afterward that haste had made waste, and that her plain duty would have been to do the work over again from beginning to end; but the letter was n long one, 6 o'clock was drawing near, and just then the completion of her new party gown was of more importance to her than the business concerns of Theophilus Vaughn & Co.

Moreover, if she were to send the letter off as it was, probably she never would hear from it again; as for the copy, that might be a matter of little importance. Not half the copies in the letter book ever were referred to. They were put there because it was a business custom to preserve them, but | their opportunities at that, whose they seldom proved to be of vital consequence-that she had discovered in her experience thus far.

So she had crowded the "waterau envelope and sent it away. Now, 24 hours later, it had occurred to Mr. Vaughn to glance over the copy, and s time of reckoning had come.

"I can't make it out, sir," she said. desperately, after keeping silence as long as she dared. "I can't tell whether it is a fi e or a three. I will look at my notes and see what it ought to be."

"I know perfectly well what it ought to be," he commented, dryly. "It ought to be a five. What I am anxious to learn is what it is." "I have it a five here, sir," said the

girl, who had been consulting her

shorthand notes. 'The point is, did you get it down a five here?" her employer returned, Mildred's spirits sank, and she daved not meet Mr. Vaughn's gaze, but stood before him hot, silent and thoroughly

nucomfortable. These quotations," he proceeded, fare hed to Marshall & Hobbs at of an insult.

a bid for a large contract -an unusually large one, I infer-which they are hoping to secure shortly. They asked for bed-rock figures, and I gave them our very lowest. Now those castings there, which I intended to quote at fifteen cents, they are going to want a great many of-thousands, in fact-and at fifteen cents we should make one cent profit, while at thirteen we should sustain a corresponding loss. So you see if they have gone ahead and put from dictation and sent to Marshall & in their bid on a basis of thirteen cents we naturally shall have to stand back of our figures, and-well," he concluded, significantly, "it will make

a difference to us." "Yes, sir," assented the girl, in faint

"That's a wretchedly poor copy, Miss Chalbourne," he remarked after a few seconds of uncomfortable silence -uncomfortable to her, at least, "You must speak to George. He is getting over the page and anxious y scruti- to be unpardonably careless. He's thinking too much about his own concerns, I fear."

"Y-yes, sir," stammered Mildred, reddening furiously. "I will-I mean -Mr. Vaughn, to tell the truth, George didn't take that copy. He happened not to be about, and so I took it.

"Indeed!" said her employer, with an accent that caused her to flush still more; but to her relief he made no further comments, "Well," he concluded, shutting up the letter book, "I don't see what we can do about it When the dictation was completed now. Thirteen is held to be an unhe had rushed off to his train, although | lucky number, and it would be particret charging her to write conv and plarty so here. Let us hope this nondescript blotch stands for a five.'

Mildred went home that night almost wishing she had never been born. Nearly a month now she had been with Theophilus Vaughn & Co. -it was her first situation-and she had begun to flatter herself, with reashould be copied. If the tissue leaf son, that she was giving satisfaction. At the end of her first week Mr. Vaughn had gone so far as to tell her so.

"I rather think you will suit us," he said. "You are quick, accurate, and

"Thank you, sir; I hope I know something about spelling," was her wondering response.

"The young lady who preceded you knew something about spelling," proceeded Mr. Vaughn, with a queer shrug, "and proved the truth of the familiar assertion that a little knowledge may be a dangerous thing. "See here!" her the copy of a letter of about a dozen lines in which he had underscored with a pencil three misspelled words, and words not usually consid-

ered "hard" ones, either. "I shouldn't want to employ a stenographer who was obliged to consult the dicfionary continually," he went on, "but one who didn't know enough to look in it when she ought I wouldn't have at any price. A girl who can't spell, or who can't learn to spell, misses her vocation when she starts

out to become a stenographer. "You would perhaps be surprised at the number of such cases there are, Miss Chadbourne," he proceeded. "Girls who have had only a commonschool education and have neglected knowledge of spelling and grammar is wofully deficient, and who couldn't write a presentable letter to one of their own friends to save their lives, logged" sheet hastily out of sight in and yet who expect to do the correspondence in a business counting room! A stenographer who has to be, watched continually, lest she send out something like this thing here—a letter that any reputable house would blush for-such a stenographer -

well, I have no use for her." Now, as she took her homeward way, Mildred reflected upon these words of her employer, realizing with shame and contrition that she had been guilty of sending out on one of Theophilus Vaughn & Co.'s letterheads a "thing for which any reputable house would blush." There were no misspelled words there, the grammar was faultless, the sentences properly constructed, and every figure in it, with the possible exception of the blurred one, had been set down correctly; yet to send off such a letter -a letter that looked as if it had been left lying out overnight in the rainwas a discourtesy toward the firm's Indicating the column of figures, "were correspondents that barely fell short

their request to enable them to submit | That evening occurred the party to and are very cheap,