WALL STREET'S SIGN L'ANGUAGE. I WILL BUY 50 SHARES

I WILL SELL 100 SHARES ! I WILL SELL STOCK Millions change hands daily in Wall street without the scratch of a pen. The trading is carried on by means of signs made with the hands and fingers. The confusion on the floor is often so great that a broker cannot even make himself heard by shouting in the ear of the man next him. When a broker wishes to buy or sell stock with his customer several feet from him or perhaps across the room, conversation is impossible. If the brokers used megaphones the confusion would be merely increased. To obviate this they have devised a sign language something like that used by the deaf and dumb. With this vocabulary of finance a man can buy or sell stock no matter how great the turmoil.

84444444444444444444 Child Life on the Indian Reservation.

B

Compared with the lives led by the full-blooded Indian children of the bucks as they stamped and chanted northwestern reservations, the miserable urchins who play in a city's gutters dwell in a paradise of joys.

The gutter snipe is almost certain to have some marbles or a top in his clothes; he can earn a few pennies for himself upon occasion; he is quickwitted and brimming with nervous energy; of mirth-provoking expedients he is as full as an egg is of meat, and at repartee he has no equal.

Indian children, on the other hand, are born grave and solemn and stolid. The art of self-repression practiced for centuries by their ancestors has become a second nature to them-is inherited-with the result of transforming what should be their golden age into mere existence, joyless and apa-

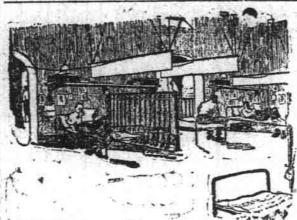
In babyhood their training compels them to endure without whimpering is denied them, they are mere silent "How" to them.

crawled out of his blankets one dark aight and, guided by the beating of tom-toms and the ki-yi-ing that usually ing the city without an escort, and accompanies such an affair, made his way alone to the Rosebud, where White Bull's bucks were having a 'ghost dance." He did not dare to mingle with the dancers, so he hid in the | bunch grass nearby and watched the around the fire.

Gene had unsuspected powers of mimicry. The dancing made a strong impression on him. Next morning. when Standing Elk darted out of his wicklup to chastise the noisy youngster, he was astonished at what he saw and heard. There was Gene stamping about with the grace and vigor of a practiced dancer, to no other accompaniment than his own ki-yi-ing. He twisted and contorted and stamped like an old-timer, and he had the step pleasant and pretty. Broad, shady down so pat that his genius for that streets, the inevitable mall, a cricket sort of thing was borne in on Standing

Elk in a flash. Calling to his squaw, Standing Elk bade her find bells and headdress and fallals of the conventional sort for the togged out, his father bade him dance before the chiefs of the tribe. Gene discomforts and hardships which acquitted himself so well that he won would destroy children of the white | the approval of the chiefs, and is now race. Strapped tightly to the back of the most envied boy on the reservaa squaw, or left to themselves so tied | tion. Little Indian maidens would in a blanket that use of their limbs | walk miles just to have him say

ward of the entrance to the Khyber Pass is the wonderful city of Peshawur, which is as typically a central Asian city as Kabul or Bokhara. In



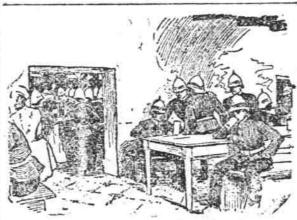
SOLDIERS' BARRACKS ROOM, PESHAWUR.

the old days the Indus marked the dividing lines between the Indian races and the Afghan or central Asian tribes, and at that time Peshawur was well within the territory and influences of Afghanistan. Even now the city itself retains all its old characteristics and is still an almost unknown

The British cantonments are two miles from Peshawur, and all the white people have clustered about the troops at that point, the result being a beautiful, well-kept town. No white people live in Peshawur, excepting one family of missionaries, while as for visitors, there a hardly a dozen white men who enter the walls of Peshawur in a month's time.

A big wall about fifty feet high surrounds the city, at one end of which is a gigantic fortress, where a garrison of British soldiers is stationed. Cannons are constantly trained down on the town, for there is always danger of an outbreak among the 200,000 Afridis and Afghans who combine to make up its seething, squalid population. White civilians are cautioned against enterno one is permitted to enter its gates at nightfall. The British soldiers and officers seldem go into the town.

The Peshawur cantonments are



A BRITISH CANTEEN AT PESHAWUR.

ground and race course were essential features of the town. Officers' bungalows, big, rambling, thick-walled mud houses one story high, painted blue and white, line the mall, each one boy, and, when the youngster was thus | standing alone in a big compound filled with trees. On the other side of the mali is the great expanse of parade ground, at the edge of which are the barracks for Tommy. Everywhere are splendid shade trees, which have sprung up in the arid plains as a result of irrigation and wells, and which make the cantonments look like an

About fourteen miles to the east- | dubs, guest nights at the messes, and many other amusements. The surprising part of it all was that one should find so much gayety in such an out-ofthe-way place and that within two miles of all that modern life should be a great city almost unknown and almost as mysterious as the capital of Tibet. But some one has said that India is a land of strange contrasts, and he must have known.

> MONUMENT FOR FOSTER. Composer of the "Old Folks at Home" to Be Honored in Pittsburg.

Stephen Collins Foster has a monument in Pittsburg, where he was born and where he spent many years of his place of his birth, is now part of Pittsburg, and when attention was called to that fact several years ago, it was determined to see what could be done



STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

toward raising a monument to the memory of the man who wrote "Way Down on the Suwanee River," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe" and many other songs. The contributions for the monument came from many sources, although most of by old doctors, of young ministers by old of Pittsburg. The statue was unveiled in Highland Park under very interest ing circumstances.

Giuseppe Marchetti, of this city, and the large number of competitors included sculptors from all parts of the country. The design of the monument was suggested by T. J. Keenan, Jr., of Pittsburg, and the committee which verdict for \$20,000 to an attorney who accepted Signor Marchetti's work con- only three years ago read the first page of sisted of A. W. Mellon, Robert Pit- Blackstone? cairn, E. M. Bigelow, W. N. Frew, J. W. Beatty and Senator C. L. Magee.

Highland Park, and the committee has profit on other things or has failed three exercised care to protect itself against failure? How is that mechanic to make unsatisfactory work. The base of the a livelihood when there are twice as many feet high. The figures are in bronze. occupation? There are this very moment The poet is seated, and holds in his life for themselves, and they need encourhand a book and pencil. Seated at his agement-not long harangue, not quotafeet is an old negro, who is playing on tion from profound book, not a page, not a banjo. The song composer is evi- a paragraph, but a word, one word, fitly dently seeking inspiration from the negro's music.

1826, and died in New York thirtyeight years later. He taught himself music and studied with great assiduity. His compositions include 160 the first two years you lost money, and songs of which the first written was how the next year, though you did better, 'Open Thy Lattice, Love," published illness in your household swamped the in 1842, and the last was "Beautiful that old lawyer go into that young law-Dreamer," composed in 1864, the last ver's office just after he has broken down year of his life. "Gentle Annie," "Wil- in making his first plea before a jury and lie We Have Missed You," "Old Dog say that word with only two syllables, "Courage?" He needs only that one word, Tray," "Come Where My Love Lies although, of course, you will illustrate it Dreaming," "Nellie Was a Lady," "My by telling him how you broke down in Old Kentucky Home," "Maggie by My one of your first cases, and got laughed at Side" and "Ellen Bayne," the music by court and bar and jury, and how Disraeli broke down at the start, and how of which is now used for "John handreds of the most successful lawyers Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in at the start broke down. Why do not the the Grave," were some of the best- successful men go right away and tell those known among his compositions. As and how their notes got protested and a rule he wrote both the words and what unfortunate purchases they made, music of his songs .- New York Sun. | and how they were swindled, but kept

A Millionaire Baby. John Nicholas Brown, who is about nine months old, has become one of the wealthiest babies in the world.

just filed at Newport, R. I., by his



MRS. JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN.

(Mother of the richest baby on earth.) mother and guardian, Mrs. Natalie Bayard Brown, shows what great ex pectations he has in the money line. of his father, John Nicholas Brown

the finest apples that ever thumped on the ground in an autumnal orchard and were bad habits omens of evil that peck at him placed in the most beautiful basket of sil-

Dr.TALMAGE SERMON

THE GREAT DIVINE'S ELOQUENT MESSAGE,

Subject: Apples of Gold-An Appropriate Word May Declde One's Destiny -The Power of Little Things - Value of Sympathy.

(Copyright 1901. WASHINGTON, D. C .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows an open door for any one who desires to be useful, and illustrates how a little thing may decide one's

destiny. The text is Proverbs xxv, 11 (re-

vised version), "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

A filigree basket loaded with fruit is put before us in the text. What is ordinarily translated "pictures" ought to be "baslife. Lawrenceville, Penn., the actual kets." Here is a silver network basket containing ripe and golden apples, pippins or rennets. You know how such apples glow through the openings of a basket of silver network. You have seen such a basket of fruit on many a table. It whets the appetite as well as regales the vision. Solomon was evidently fond of apples, because he so often speaks of them. While he writes in glowing terms of pomegranates and figs and grapes and mandrakes, he seems to find solace as well as lusciousness in apples, calling out for a supply of them when he says in another place, "Comfort me with apples." Now you see the meaning of my text, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in bas-

kets of silver.' You see, the wise man culogizes just one word. Plenty of recognition has there been for great orations-Cicero's arraignment of Catiline, the phillippics of Demosthenes, the five days' argument of Ed-rund Burke against Warren Hastings. Edward Irving's discourses on the Bible and libraries full of prolonged utterancebut my text extols the power of one word when it refers to "a word fitly spoken."

This may mean a single word or a small collection of words-something you can atter in one breath, something that you an compact into one sentence. "A word itly spoken" - an encouraging word, a kind word, a timely word, a sympathetic word, an appropriate word. I can pass right down the aisle of any church and find between pulpit and front door men whose temporal and eternal destinies have been decided by a word

I tell you what is a great crisis in every nan's history. It is the time when he is atering an occupation or profession. He s opposed by men in middle life because hey do not want any more rivals, and by some of the aged because they fear being crowded off and their places being sken by younger men. Hear the often severe and unfair examinations of young lawyers by old lawyers, of young doctors them naturally were given by citizens ministers. Hear some of the old merchants talk about the young merchants. Trowels and hammers and scales often are fealous of new trowels and new hammers and new scales. Then it is so difficult to The monument is the work of get introduced. How long a time has many a physician had his sign out before he got a call for his services and the attorrey before he got a case! Who wants to risk the life of his family to a young phyfleian who got his diploma only last spring and who may not know measles from scarlating, or to risk the obtaining of a

How is the young merchant to compete with his next door bargain maker, who can afford to undersell some things be-The statue is the first one set up in cause he can more than make it up by the times and had more money after each memorial is of granite and is fourteen men in that trade as can in hard times find thousands of men who are just starting

Why does not that old merchant, who has been forty years in business, go into The composer was born on July 4, that young merchant's store and say, "Courage?" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling your own experience and how long you waited for customers, and how surplus with doctor's bills. Why does not who are starting what they went through. right on until they reached the golden milestone? Even some who pretend to favor the new beginner and say they wish

him well put obstacles in his way.

There are so many men who have all the elements of usefulness and power ex-A partial inventory of his estate cept one-courage. If you can only under God give them that, you give them everything. In illustrating that one word show them that every man that ever amounted to anything had terrific struggle. Show him what ships Decatur had to fight, and what a mountain Hannibal had to climb, and what a lame foot Walter Scott had to walk with, and that the greatest poet who ever lived-Milton-was blind, that one of the grandest musicians of all the ages-Beethoven-was deaf, and that Stewart, in some respects the greatest merchant that America ever saw, began in his small store, dining on bread and cheese behind the counter in a snatched interregnum between customers, he opening the store and closing it, sweeping it out with his own broom and being his own errand boy. Show them that within ten minutes' walk there are stores, shops and factories and homes where as brave deeds have been done as those of Leonidas at klava. Tell them what Napoleon said to his staff officer when that officer declared a certain military attempt to be impossi-ble. "Impossible!" said the great commander. "Impossible is the adjective of

Show them also that what is true in worldly directions is more true in spiritual directions. Call the roll of prophets, apostles and martyrs and private Christians from the time the world began and ask them to mention one man or woman greatly good or useful who was not depreciated and flailed and made a laughing stock. Racks and prisons and whips and The child is heir to all the property shipwrecks and axes of beheadment did their worst, yet the heroes were more of his father, John Nicholas Brown than conqueror. With such things you and his uncle, Harold Brown, members will illustrate that word "courage," and and his uncle, Harold Brown, members will illustrate that word "courage," and baskets on my head, and in the up they will go out from your presence to lied last May, the two leaving \$20.

Furthermore, a comforting word fitly spoken is a beautiful thing. No one but God could give the inventory of sick beds and hereft homes and broken hearts We ought not to let a day pass with visit, or a letter, or a message, or a prayer

ver network before keen appetites could

not be more attractive.

consolatory. You could call five minutes on your way to the factory; you could leave a half hour earlier in the afternoon and fill a mission of solace; you could brighten a sick room with one chrysanthemum; you could put a postseript to a lester that would bring the joys of heaven to a soul; you could send your carriage and give an afternoon airing to an invalid on a neighboring street; you could loan a book with some chanters most adapted to some particular misfortune. Go home to-day and make out a list of things you can do that will show sympathetic thoughtfulness for the hardly bestead. How many dark places you might illumine! How many tears you could stop or, if already started, you could wipe away! How much like Jesus Christ you might get to be! So sympathetic was He with beggary, so helpful was He for the fallen and so stirred was He at the sight of dronsy, epilepsy, paralysis and ophthalmia that, whether He saw it by the roadside, or at the sea beach, or at the mineral baths of Bethes-da, He offered relief. Cultivate genuine sympathy, Christlike sympathy. You can-not successfully dramatize it. False sympathy Alexander Pope sketches in two

"Before her face her handkerchief she spread To hide the flood of tears she did not

There are four or five words which fitly spoken might soothe and emancipate and rescue. Go to those from whose homes Christ has taken to Himself a loved one and try the word "reunion," not under wintry sky, but in everlasting springtide; not a land where they can be struck with disease, but where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick;" not a reunion that can be followed by separation, but in a place from which they shall go no more out forever." For emancipation and sighing, immortal health. Reunion, or if you like the word better, anticipation. There is nothing left for them in this world. Try them with heaven. With a chapter from the great book open one of the twelve gates. Give them one note of seraphic harp, one flash from the sea of glass, one clatter of the hoofs of the horses on which victors ride. That word reunion or anticipation fitly spoken— Well, no fruit heaped up in o'ver baskets could equal it. Of the 2000 kinds of apples that have blessed the world not one is so mellow or so rich or so aromatic, but we take the suggestion of the text and compare that word of comfort fitly spoken to apples of

gold in baskets of silver. Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck any We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in American who by petulance and fretting and inconsideration and lack of economy and all manner of disagreeableness drive their husbands into dissipation. The reason that thousands of men spend their evenings in clubhouses and taverns is because they cannot stand it at home. I know men who are thirty-year martyrs in the fact that they are awfully married. That marriage was not made in heaven.

Without asking divine guidance they entered into an alliance which ought never to have been made. That is what is the matter with many men you and I know. They may be very brave and heroic and say nothing about it, but all the neighbors

Now, if the man going wrong has such domestic misfortune be very lenient and excusatory in your word of warning. The difference between you and him may be that you would have gone down faster

that he is going down if you kind of conjugal wretchedness Besides that, you had better in your word of warning, for the come when you may need some one lenient and excusatory to you. There may be somewhere ahead of you a temptation so mighty that unless you have sympathetic treatment you may go under "Oh, no." says some one; "I am too old for that." How old are you? "Oh," you say, "I have been so long in active business life that I am clear past the latitude of danger." There is a man in Sing Sing penitentiary who was considered the soul of honor until he was fifty years of age, and then committed a dishonesty that startled the entire commercial world.

In mentioning fine arts people are apt to speak of music and painting and sculpture and architecture, but they forget to mention the finest of all the fine arts, the art of doing good, the art of helping others, the art of saving men.

An art to be studied as you study music, for it is music in the fact that it drives out moral discord and substitutes eternal harmony. An art to be studied like seulpture, for it is sculpture in the fact that it builds a man not in cold statue, but in immortal shape that will last long after all

pentelican marble has crumbled. An art to be studied as you study architecture, for it is architecture in the fact that it builds for him a house of God, eternal in the heavens. But an art that we cannot fully learn unless God helps us. Ourselves saved by grace divine, we can go forth to save others, and with a tenderness and compassion and a pity that we could not otherwise exercise we can pronounce the warning word with magnifi-

cent result. The Lord said unto the prophet Amos, "Amos, what seest thou?" and he answered, "A basket of summer fruit." But I do not think Amos saw in that basket of summer fruit anything more inviting and luscious than many a saved man has seen in the warning word of some hearty, common sense Christian adviser, for word fitly spoken is "like apples of gold

in baskets of silver.' So also is a word of invitation potent and beautiful. Who can describe the drawing power of that word, so small and yet so tremendous, "Come?" It is a short word, but its influence is as long as eternity; not a sesquipedalian word spreading its energy over many syllables, but mono syllabic. Whether calling in wrong direction or right direction many have found it irresistible. That one word has filled Thermopylae, as that of Horatius at the all the places of dissipation and dissolutebridge, as that of Colin Campbell at Bala- ness. It is responsible for the abominations that curse the earth. Inquire at the door of prisons what brought the offender there and at the door of almshouses what brought the pauper there, and at the door of the lost world what was the cause of the incarceration, and if the inmates speak the truth they will say, "The word come brought us here." Come and drink. Come and gamble. Come and sin. Come and die. Pronounce that word with one kind of inflection, and you can hear in it the tolling of all the bells of conflagration and

time saw in dream something quite ent from apples of gold in baskets ver, for he said to Joseph, "I was a dream, and, behold, I had three and hell to the combat.

The word "courage," fitly spoken with compressed lips and stout grip of the hand and intelligent flash of the eye—well, be beheaded, and the birds would eat his

The chief baker in prison in Phar



bundles, voiceless, without will or power. There is no dandling, no coddling, no one to teach them to smile, no effort to develop the softer side of their natures. The squaw is too busy hewing wood, or carrying water, or preparing food for her buck and brood, or

trader, for that. And when they are old enough to be trusted upon their legs alone and unfettered they are left to themselves, with less care than a litter of pigs retime as the squaw perceives that she

they have shown character in some Record. unexpected way or performed some unexpected deed the buck father will down in India a belief that the bestow upon them less attention than Ameer's death would leave Afghanishe gives his pony, or his herd of ponies. | ran at the mercy of Russia and Engif he is rich.

to Descend From the Hills of Afghanistan.

HENEVER the air is filled with uneasy rumors of trouble between Russia and England attention naturally turns to Afghanistan and its ceives from its sow mother-until such ruler, the Ameer, the death of whom is popularly believed to be the one may lighten her own labors by com- thing which will break the armed pelling the papooses to share in them. truce and precipitate a clash between There is no running "to meet papa," | the two great nations now so hungrily no clinging to his legs as he walks, no looking toward Afghanistan, writes riding "cockhorse" on his feet. Until John T. McCutcheon, in the Chicago

There has existed for a long time land, and that there will be an inevi-Gene, the eight-year-old son of Stand- table rush from both sides of the boring Elk, on the Cheyenne reservation, der to seize the territory.

pretty English girls in Peshawur in SLIFE ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER & the winter, for the fresh coolness of that northern latitude gives a keen Where the British Watch For Russia O delight to golf and tennis and fox hunting.

The town was very gay and lively while I was there and the mall in the afternoon was bright with ruddyfaced young women and smartly



MORNING COURT BARRACES, PESHAWUR.

dressed officers galloping their country breds and Walers down the long shady stretch of that fashionable drive. In the evening there were dances at the