

A Wise Dog.

Jack of Cumming's mill is described as a remarkable dog. Cummings' mill is in Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, and Jack was born there while the saws were buzzing and the big wheels were revolving. He is half mastiff, half water spaniel, and is a very handsome animal. His extraordinary intelligence is displayed in many ways, but its greatest development is manifested in the procuring of three square meals per diem for Jack, except on Sunday, when he is content with two.

As Jack is only 14 months old great things are expected of him in future. He is of no expense whatever to Mr. Cummings, the mill owner. He hustles for himself and does it systematically and successfully. The moment the mill engine begins to whistle at 7 o'clock in the morning Jack gets up, gives himself a shake, emits one short yelp and trots to the house of Mrs. Moss, who lives three or four doors from the mill.

Arrived there, he seats himself and gazes earnestly at the gate as if awaiting a coming event. He is seldom disappointed, for usually in less than a minute Mrs. Moss emerges from the rear of the house with a basket of bones which are soon cracking between Jack's splendid white teeth. If by chance the good woman delays more than two minutes precisely Jacks throws his muzzle toward the sky and howls.

At noon the whistle sounds once more, and this time Jack hies him to the house of Mr. Burger, an old Grand Army man, but he does not stop outside the gate. He enters and scratches at the back door until duly served with his noontide meal. At 6 o'clock he sallies forth for the third time and descends to the cellar of Mrs. Norton's house, three blocks away, where he finds a plate of good things prepared for him. More than once a predatory cat has forestalled Jack and cleaned the plate. On such occasions the dog will give two yelps.

And now comes the most extraordinary phase of Jack's intellectual character. The mill whistle does not blow on Sunday, and yet at just after 7, as usual, he is in front of Mrs. Moss' gate with the usual expectancy in his eye. Only on Sunday, so it is solemnly declared, he never yelps.

And, again, as it is the war veteran's custom to take only two meals on Sunday, breakfast and a 6 o'clock dinner, Jack never gives him a call on that day, but is on time at Mrs. Norton's at 5 o'clock, when she partakes of her Sunday evening meal, her week day dinner being at 6 p. m.

Now, as Jack does not carry a watch, the question naturally arises, how does he know the time, even to the minute? Of course, he is aware it is Sunday, seeing that the whistle doesn't blow, also that on the Sabbath Mr. Burger has no meal at noon, while Mrs. Norton's dinner is at 5 instead of 6 o'clock, but how does he know it is 5 o'clock?—*New York Sun.*

Too Willing.

Maud—"Ted, dear, I suppose papa was rather cross when you asked him for me?"

Ted—"Oh, no. On the contrary, he was quite pleased, and asked if I knew any other quiet, respectable young men who could be coaxed into proposing to your three sisters."—*Exchange.*

A Lesson in Usury.

Peter Cooper, the great philanthropist of New York, was one of the most successful, careful and prudent business men of his time. He was strongly opposed to the methods of many merchants who launched out into extravagant enterprises on borrowed money, for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. The following anecdote illustrates the point very forcibly:

Once, while talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of 3 per cent per month.

"Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked.

"Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer."

"Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the would-be borrower.

"Certainly I am. I will discount your note for \$10,000, for three years at that rate. Will you do it?"

"Of course, I will," said the merchant.

"Very well," said Mr. Cooper. "Just sign this note for \$10,000, payable in three years, and give your check for \$800, and the transaction will be complete."

"But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant.

"You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for thirty-six months at 3 per cent per month amounts to 108 per cent., or \$10,800. Therefore, your check for \$800 just makes us even."

The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Wives of Great Men.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire. He was an austere recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy together.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only examples in the long life of English monarchs where in sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say that she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should—in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer—he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was

52 years old, while he was 25. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily together until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great of Russia married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course, they were happy.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position and got a shrew for his wife. Of course, he was unhappy.—*Philadelphia Evening Post.*

Pay for Thinking.

A friend of mine had just hired a general servant, when that respected individual gravely inquired: "Does a girl have to think here?"

The employer gasped a terrified "Wha-at?"

"Do I have to think?" was the stolid rejoinder.

"Why, good heavens, of course you have to think!" exclaimed the now thoroughly puzzled lady.

"Then I'll have to have 50 cents more a week. I always does in places where I thinks," said the girl, determinedly.

Then it came out that in her vocabulary the verb "to think" applied exclusively to meals. If a mistress ordered breakfast, luncheon and dinner, detail by detail, the maid had no occasion to "think." If she were obliged to plan the meals herself, she wanted 50 cents a week for the mental exertion.

Who could blame her? No one, upon consideration, will say that the use of brains is not worthy of compensation, and the sooner employers realize that servants capable of "thinking" are of more value than mere automatons of the kitchen; the sooner a better era of domestic service will come to be. Yet, few of us, like Mary Jane, would care to lay our thoughts on the bargain counter of life at her price.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

A Private by Another Name.

An army officer here in town—captain his rank is these four years or more—has a bit of story to tell which throws a sidelight on the ways of recruiting officers. In his command during the Cuban campaign was a private who came every day to ask for letters. Joseph Murphy was his name on the roll, but the tang of his tongue did not suggest even remotely the Emerald Isle. Day after day and no letter came. Murphy's face grew longer, his query more pathetic every time he appeared.

"No letter," said the officer one morning. "No letter for you. There's only one addressed to—let me see—Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia—or something like that. None for you."

Murphy's face beamed with delight. "That a-one for me," he said. "My name lika that. I go to the recruiting office. I am wanting to go to fight. Officer say, 'What your name?' I say, 'Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia,' and he say, 'O, that no name for you. You not fight with name. You fight with gun. All that name trip you up. You be Joseph Murphy.' I be Joseph Murphy now, and that is my letter."—*Washington Post.*

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