

An Editorial Experience.

By MAGDALEN ROCK.

Stephen Dighton sat alone and idle in his comfortable chambers. A young lawyer in the first year of his practice is not likely to be troubled with friends unless he can count many friends among the judges, and certainly Stephen was no exception to the rule. Still, as he did not need to rely on his profession he was not particularly troubled by his enforced idleness. He had just come from the following conclusions—that the city was becoming unbearably hot, that his father's place, Dighton Hall, would be at his best, that it was quite a few weeks since he had seen Kitty, and that he would be off for home in the morning. He had not so far as his cognitions when Clarence Lacombe entered the office.

They had been boys together at college, and, though their opportunities of meeting in later years had been few, a very firm friendship existed between them. Stephen arose and welcomed his friend warmly.

"How are you, Clarence?" "Fairly well," Lacombe responded. He shook with a sigh into an easy chair, and his looks rather belied his words.

"I wonder if you can manage to do me a service, Stephen?" he said, almost immediately. "Bella has been ordered a change of air and scene, and it is necessary that I should accompany her. Could you take charge of the Woman's Messenger for a month or so?"

"I could manage the time," Stephen replied, doubtfully. "But the talent—that's another story."

"Oh, that'll be all right. I feel that you have the journalistic instinct, and you shall have the necessary coaching on points to be specially considered. The fact is, you must oblige me."

"I hope Mrs. Lacombe is not seriously ill?" "Not physically," he said at length. "Then with a gown he hid his head fast under the table. 'It is much worse, it is my mind.'"

"Oh!" "Yes. She fretted continually after the baby's death, and that all inter-fered with her usual occupations. The doctor says that a short holiday abroad may do wonders. Neither she nor I have any immediate friends who could accompany her and, besides, she won't go unless I go with her. Unfortunately, my exchequer, as you know, won't allow me to engage a paid substitute, so I came to you."

"Of course, of course!" Stephen said, hurriedly. "I shall be glad to help you in any way, only I'm afraid I shall make a mess of the thing. Don't you look after the correspondence page? You do. Well, I am conscious of an utter inability to inform your readers how to cook their dinners or to concoct a cosmetic for their complexions."

"Oh, you won't be much troubled in that way. Most of the queries any ordinary, sensible man could answer right off, and Ashburton, the assistant editor, will give you first-class assistance. Besides, in the office are encyclopedias containing information on every conceivable subject. I can't say how thankful I am, Stephen." And Lacombe heaved a sigh expressive of his gratitude.

"Nonsense, man. The work will be a relief to me."

"You will not find it very burdensome. Perhaps you were thinking of going somewhere yourself? Every one is complaining of the heat."

"Well, it is rather hot, but I haven't been thinking of leaving. Stephen resigned, mechanically. He didn't believe in letting a man know the full extent of his obligations to him."

"I am glad of that," Lacombe said, rising. "And now I must be off. Bella is apt to be nervous if left long alone. By the way, I would rather you said nothing of this."

Stephen sat thinking of his friend as he departed. The little woman he had married three years previously. "Money isn't a plentiful commodity in that household, I fancy," he soliloquized, as he arose to open his desk. He took a couple of \$20 notes from it, and, with a brief note, inclosed them in an envelope, which he addressed to his friend.

There was a letter from Lacombe, announcing his return after a trip that had proved highly beneficial to his wife and himself. Stephen began to make preparations for a lengthened stay.

"I consider it a day at the Hall now, I'll take a run up to the Catskills and finish off with a trip to Europe. By the time I return Kitty will be married, and I shall be able to explain all to the latter."

When Stephen had been abroad five months beyond the provincial year and a day, he made up his mind to return home. He had received a few letters from his parents, but after the first two or three Kitty's name was not mentioned, from which he inferred that she was on with her new love. In one of her earlier letters his mother had written, with a little intentional malice, that Kitty was in the best possible humor, and that, though Stephen told him, she was not so pleased at the news, he was not to be troubled about it.

It was to Kitty that Stephen began to plan for home. Here he made the acquaintance of a couple of young physicians, graduates of a New York City college. In one of their excursions through the country near Paris he managed to twist his foot, and it was in consequence of this accident that he was confined to his bed for several weeks.

He was in the drawing room in his hotel, the windows of the room were wide open, and he was aroused from a nap by the murmur of voices from outside, one of which sounded strangely familiar. He contrived to draw near enough to the window to catch a glimpse of the speakers, and with a sudden thrill he saw that one of them was Kitty Stanfield, but so changed that he hardly recognized her. Her companion was a Mrs. Avery, a married sister of the young Channing.

"What can have happened to her?" he thought. "Perhaps they are married, and are traveling here with Mrs. Avery. I believe I had better avoid meeting them—still, I should like to know the meaning of her altered appearance."

"Married!" Kitty had ejaculated in horrified accents to her lover. "No, Master Stephen, not for years and years! Fancy you and I as two steady, sober, uninteresting, married people. Oh, no, no—we're ever young to marry, yet, and I may add, too foolish!"

The vision of Kitty as she had said these words came back to Stephen as he walked quickly toward the open country. He saw the girl he had loved, with her brown hair full of flowers that she had just gathered, her slight, childish figure drawn up to vigorous protest, her blue eyes smiling sweetly into his. He fancied he could hear the tones of her voice as she continued:

"If you are very good, and if I don't change my mind, which I may, I'll marry you when I reach the mature age of 21, and not a moment before!" and then she had flitted away up the terrace steps, carrying like a bird. "She was only a child and did not know her own mind," he said to himself. After the first feeling of anger had passed away, he began to think how the engagement might be broken. Of course, the friends she referred to were his father and mother.

"Poor little thing! She does love him, and is quite capable of sacrificing herself to please them. But that must not be! I was lucky—he hesitated over the word—well, I suppose I'm lucky that I should be in Lacombe's place, or I might not have known till too late. Oh, Kitty, Kitty, I wonder if you realize how much I care for you!"

Having spent the day in aimless wandering, he returned to his chambers worn out and tired, but with his mind made up. Kitty must not be put to the pain of breaking their engagement. He would do it himself. The old people would be surprised and annoyed, but that could not be helped. Kitty would be saved any annoyance, and by and by he would be able to see her happy with the man she loved. At this point he wondered, for the first time, who that man could be.

"She doesn't say many people," he reflected. "Let me think. There are the Elliots and the Dightons. Could it be Bertram Channing? Yes, yes, it must be Bertram. He is always about the Hall, and he is a handsome fellow, if not very intellectual."

He went to the window over the fireplace and regarded himself with a pitiable disfavor. He was not in the best of good looking. Nature had given him a pair of honest, brown eyes and a well formed head, set upon square, broad shoulders, but his face—that was certainly far from handsome. He sighed.

"What a fool I was to think such a pretty, dainty maiden could ever care for me! I only hope Channing will try to make her as happy as I would have done!"

On the following day Kitty's letter was answered:

"I have the man you love at all hazards," the editor of the Woman's Messenger advised, and there and then Stephen Dighton wrote a letter breaking his engagement with Kitty. "He was aware that his letter to her was somewhat mysterious. He spoke of other influences, and recorded his belief that when they dignified their truth they did not know their own minds. Without committing himself to the statement he wanted her to think that he had met some one he loved better, and he smiled bitterly as he penned the lines.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "A SUPREME OPPORTUNITY."

The Rev. Cornelius Westrick, President of the Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered a sermon on the occasion of the annual conference of the denomination at New York City, Sunday morning, Oct. 19, 1903. The subject was "A Supreme Opportunity." He said that he had never before seen a man so full of life and vigor as he had seen in the Rev. Mr. Westrick. He said that he had never before seen a man so full of life and vigor as he had seen in the Rev. Mr. Westrick.

TROUBLES OF MILLIONAIRES.

They Find the Public Somewhat Pleased to Please Them. "To be a millionaire is not all joy, he said, getting out of his \$12,000 motor car.

"The deuce it isn't." "Well, it isn't." "Why isn't it?"

"On account of the way everybody piles it onto you in the matter of prices. For instance, this morning a dentist sent my wife's bill for \$150. He hasn't done much on her teeth, and the bill seems exorbitant. I am on my way now to get another dentist's opinion on it, and this other fellow will certainly charge me for his advice, and he may be, furthermore, a friend of the first man's, and on account of friendship he may say the bill is all right."

"How provoking!" "Isn't it? I have to bid everybody I do business with down to a contract. Unless I say, 'Now, how much are you going to charge? Draw up a paper. Put it down in black and white'—unless I fence myself in with every precaution I am faced on all sides. Because I am a millionaire, people charge me for a fool. They think they charge me double, triple and quadruple. I'm in hot water with them all the time."

"Remember," he went on, "that eight dollar pair of shoes you showed me last month? Well, I went to your boot-maker and ordered a pair just like them, and when the bill came home it was for \$15. I had made no contract. Hence I had to pay up."

"Doctors and lawyers charge big tremendous prices. They don't gain anything by it, but they play more than I do, at that. I keep getting mad at their extortion; I keep charging from one to another. But it does me no good. They're all alike."

"When I go to buy a horse I leave my own carriage three or four blocks away, and I make my purchase before reaching my home. They and the dealers look upon it as my money—when they perceive that they have given reasonable rates to a well known millionaire. But it's seldom I get the better of a bargain in this way." Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Los Angeles, Cal., has the smallest horse in the world. It is 21.3 inches high, 7 years old, and weighs 70 pounds with its shoes on.

The strongest animals are all vegetarians, the elephant being the most powerful, and the rhinoceros and the ox next. The swiftest, the horse and antelope, are also vegetarians. Vegetarian creatures also live much longer than meat-eaters.

Gates is present in the bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers. These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms or separate the cultivated sections from the waste land.

About 20,000,000 bunches of bananas grow annually on the island of Jamaica. Four-fifths of this amount are exported and the remainder is consumed as food by the natives. A bunch of bananas, containing about 300 specimens of the fruit, sells in Jamaica for 15 or 20 cents.

It is seldom that one sees a boiled fish alive, yet there are such in the boiling lake of Amatitlan, Guatemala. A species of fish was lately seen there by M. Marcelin Pellet, a French traveler. This fish, he asserts, often remains days in the boiling water, which comes from subterranean hot springs.

When a traveler in China desires a passport he is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint. He then presses his hand on this, damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transference of the passport, as the lines of two hands are exactly alike.

"The man with the iron jaw." Many athletes have plied for the coronation, but it has remained for Henry Guyer of Chicago to show that he deserves the name. During a quarrel, Guyer was shot by James Luedden. The 25-caliber bullet hit Guyer in the jaw on the left side, and though the wound bled profusely, the bullet flattened on the jawbone, without even splintering that member. The physicians say the case is very remarkable and they cannot understand how the man escaped a broken jaw.

RICH MEN WORK FOR US.

IN OUR GOVERNMENT OFFICES BECAUSE THEY LOVE THE LIFE.

Members of the Cabinet and Others Who Keep Their Posts at a Peculiarly Active and Public Life Because They Are Interested in Their Duties.

The senate has often been described as the rich man's club of the millennium's retreat, but it is not in that body alone that men of wealth are seeking office nowadays. In every branch of the government service, in the departments in Washington, as well as in the federal offices of the various cities, rich men are found working faithfully and hard because of the interest they feel in their duties.

John Hay, secretary of state, is perhaps in his present place because of a patriotic sense of duty. There are many reasons why he should want to retire from the cares of state. He is rich and has one of the finest homes in the national capital, just across Lafayette square from the White House.

His secretary could easily be maintained were he out of office, and he could continue to lead in the set which has been led by him for so long. But he remains in the public service because he is told that no one knows the foreign relations of our government so well as he, or is qualified to fill his place just as he has filled it.

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Secretary of War Wood also is rich. It is said that his income at the time when he was secretary of the cabinet was in excess of \$50,000 a year from his private possessions.

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LAUGHING.

A Wide Difference Noted Among Various Methods.

"In all the wide range of evolutionary studies there is nothing quite so interesting to me as the wide difference in the matter of laughing," said a thoughtful man, who is quoted by the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "And I have often wondered why some man has not taken the trouble to observe the differences, not only among individuals belonging to the same race, but among races, but it has not been developed the more striking difference. We have dealt with other important differences, the difference in vocal range and tone. We have developed in our evolutionary studies the marked difference between the music of primitive and civilized peoples, the broad difference, for instance, between the simple monotony of the negro and the complex but complex but of sublimated harmony, the symphony. Why not develop the range of laughter among individuals and races? It would be an easy matter to do this. Besides, what more cheerful study can one pursue than the study of laughter?"

"What more alluring theme can we find in the whole category of subjects relating to human life? Laughter! To think of it is to smile, to entwine, to become chummy, to see the things of the world through the rosy glasses of optimism. Laughter is music. It is the bubbling forth of the finer things of the human voice. It is perfected music, it is the sum total, the final all, in the matter of welded, rhythmic tones. Yet, man and woman laugh in different keys and different scales. Often laughter is as the silvery tones of the oriole. Sometimes it is the clear brass ring of the blackbird calling to his mate in the blue gum tree. Laughter is sometimes sharp, cutting; sometimes deep, heavy, guttural, rounding a sort of basso profundo; sometimes it is the one voice in the scale of harmony, and sometimes another, but it is always musical; always rhythmic; always associated in some way with the starting of lips, and the showing of teeth, and the playing of dimples, and all that sort of thing. Laughter is good to think upon. It is a good theme, a good study, and one which may be pursued with much profit, and I will tip the deuce glass, with its amber liquid and spicy aroma, to the fellow who will pursue this rosy dream, which is his angel's."

Two strangers once met each other on a highway. They were about to pass, without salutation, when, simultaneously, each seemed to recognize in the other some semblance to himself.

And so they stopped and talked. "When I first looked at you," said the one, "you seemed totally unlike anything I had seen before. But a second glance convinced me that this was not so. It then came to me in reality you were very much like myself."

"The same thing occurred to me when I looked at you," replied the other. "Who are you, my way?"

"I am called Unhappiness," said the first stranger, smiling a singular smile.

"I am called Illusion," replied the second stranger. "Men are always trying to avoid me, and yet, when I overtake them, I am entirely different from what they thought. And what, pray, are you?"

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