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## KEEN WITS WIN.

BY ROBERT H. BABCOCK.

When Henderson heard of it, a thrill swept through him from head to foot, for he felt instinctively that the outcome of the absurd little contest that he saw impending would decide whether he or Dickson would marry Natalie Platt. I say Henderson felt this instinctively, because there really was no reason whatever why the prettiest girl that ever neglected her household duties for the sake of studying art should bestow her hand upon one of two rivals merely because he had succeeded in a painting of hers that had been put up at auction. And yet Henderson was sure that this was the crisis.

When Amy Burton had told him what was to happen, he was in the act of demanding of a girl in gipsy dress what had been the result of a certain raffle in which, at her behest, he had become possessed of a "chance" earlier in the day. The fair, for the benefit of the village church, which, since two in the afternoon, had been in progress on the church green, was now drawing to a close. To its complete success, the condition of the picturesque stalls, which were on every side, bore witness the stock of each of them now consisted chiefly of "remnants," while it was noticeable that practically every member of the crowd which still gaily thronged about the stalls, carried one or more parcels.

Several hours before, it had been well spread about that toward the end of the day such knick-knacks from the stalls as had failed to find purchasers would be disposed of at auction, with the Mayor of the village in the role of auctioneer, and Henderson had heard of it like everyone else, but with no special interest. And then Miss Burton had whispered in his ear that one of the early items in the sale would be a water-color painting by Natalie Platt, and a thrill had gone through him as he realized what the announcement meant.

For there was no doubt in Henderson's mind that from the moment the auctioneer called for bids upon Miss Platt's painting, it would be a question only whether he or Dickson got it. Their rivalry for the attractive girl who at this moment was providing over a stall at the other end of the green had lasted for several months, but never yet had the two young men come into what was called a collision. Now, however, every second person of the three parties was obvious to Henderson, and he was about to see the result of the contest.

At the moment, Henderson saw Miss Platt's painting, which was simply because it had not been on sale at her stall. There was a booth at which pictures, autographed books and photographs were displayed, and there the water-color must have been from the first. Natalie Platt, however, had elected to make the sweet-stall the scene of her activities, which indicates why the contents of the various other booths failed to be examined with any great attention by Messrs. Henderson and Dickson.

Henderson knew well that the girl whose labors with the brush had been at first the amusement and finally the pride of her well-to-do people was the last in the world to have wished that her painting should be the cause of a public contest between the two men whom she had good reason to know were in love with her. Probably Miss Platt had no idea even that her work was among the unsold articles.

And then there came to Henderson the feeling that he had had so many times during the last few weeks, that the bitterness of losing to his rival—did he lose—would be lessened had he felt surer that Dickson was worthy of Natalie Platt's love. On meeting Dickson, Henderson had felt a certain distrust that he knew did not spring from jealousy, and later a story had reached him which he preferred not to believe, but could not help remembering. That Dickson was a dangerous rival there was no doubt. Henderson, looking across the crowd, could see him chatting with Mrs. Arnold at the flower stall, and admitted that he was a handsome fellow, and one to attract even so proud a girl as Natalie Platt. As to himself, Henderson always had known that the girl who loved him would do so mainly for the manhood and some brains which he believed he possessed. What chance had he? Henderson's only answer to this was a flash of the eyes and the resolute drawing up of an under jaw, in the set of which those who knew him always had been able to read—the last fight!

And then the young men glanced up and saw that it was beginning. The platform, which, until a few minutes before had been occupied by the village band, now had been cleared and upon it, behind a table piled high with odds and ends of all kinds, stood the popular Mayor himself, while, at the sight of him, the crowd was deserting the stalls and gathering about the new center of interest.

It was at this moment that Norton Willis, Henderson's chum, ran his arm through that of his friend with a "Hey, messmate, this way to the auction sale!" and then continued: "By the way, Henderson, old man, did you know that a painting of Miss Platt's is going up pretty soon?"

Henderson nodded. "You're not going to let Dickson get it, are you?" Willis went on. "Not if I can help it."

"Good boy!" approved his chum; "but, by George, he'll give you a fight for it. Beatrice Mills told him what was up, and all our crowd is waiting to see the fun."

While talking, Henderson and Willis had taken up their stand in the crowd within a few yards of the auctioneer's platform. Suddenly the latter demanded: "How about the money?" "Plenty, I think," said Henderson, tranquilly.

puzzled horror. And this look was reflected on Willis' face as Henderson withdrew his hand from his pocket and, without speaking, held out on his palm—a single ten dollar bill. But in an instant Willis realized that they were not "done" yet, for Henderson's face had grown calm again, and his jaw was set in a way that his chum knew of old.

"You think you can get the money?" he whispered. "Not from me! I told you that I was cleaned out, you know. Who do you expect to get it from?" "I am going to try," said Henderson, "to get it from Natalie Platt."

"You are!" was all Willis could gasp. Now to describe this little development of affairs has taken some words, but it happened very quickly, and the auctioneer, encouraged by appreciative smiles from his hearers, still was urging them to extravagant deeds.

"You will bid for that picture," he whispered to Willis, "when it begins again. It may prove wise to withdraw gracefully. With a start of surprise, and an involuntary blush, Natalie Platt found Henderson standing in front of her and she could only look at him with a puzzled expression. Henderson believed that he had not been observed as he crossed the room but he did not waste words.

"If I am to get that picture," he said simply, "it will be necessary for you to lend me some money. Can you do it?"

The girl was as quick to grasp the situation as Willis had been, but she hesitated. She had made up her accounts half an hour before, and it would have been easy to say that her takings had been handed in—a fib that struck her as excusable. But a look into Henderson's eyes decided her.

"How much do you need?" she asked, softly.

"I think fifty dollars will be enough," he said.

Miss Platt took from her pocket a small key, which she inserted into the lock of a black enameled money-box which stood on a shelf just beneath the counter of her stall, opened the box and took from within it five ten-dollar notes, which she silently handed to Henderson. The young man gave her one look which said everything, and then turning, started back with long strides for the corner where he had left Willis.

Even as he had stood with Miss Platt, the sound of renewed bidding had reached his ears—a contest that had begun with an offer of forty-five dollars from Dickson upon whom the auctioneer's eyes evidently had not been lost.

"Forty-six dollars!" came from the obedient Willis.

"Forty-seven," snapped Dickson.

But Henderson's rival had been

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## WOMEN IN MOST TRADES

BARRED ONLY FROM SOLDIERING AND POLE CLIMBING.

There Are Female Hostlers, Boiler-Makers, Engineers, Teamsters, Miners, Butchers, Undertakers and Architects—Engaged in 301 Gainful Occupations.

Of the 303 principal gainful occupations in which the men of this country are engaged, it is astonishing to learn that there are only two in which no women are found. The reason for these two exceptions, moreover, lies through no fault of the fair sex. In the one case she is prevented by Uncle Sam in the other the prohibition is undoubtedly due to the fact that she apparently is physically disqualified from climbing a pole. Thus it comes about that there are no female soldiers nor are there any telegraph or telephone linemen in the United States.

In all other branches of labor, supposedly masculine, the women of the United States have a free field, and the statistics gathered by the census bureau show they are not backward in taking advantage of it. There are, for instance, female hostlers, some of whom may be employed by the 190 women-keepers of livery stables. There are 193 female blacksmiths. Moreover, that such arduous work has not frightened women away is evident from the fact that ten years ago there were only 60.

In the comic journals the boiler factory has long been synonymous with the superlative of noise, yet the census bureau gravely records the fact that there are eight women steam-boiler makers at work in this country.

"If she cannot climb a pole, she has at least summoned up sufficient courage to climb upon the roof of a house, for among the persons engaged in the business of roofing and slating two women are recorded. Ten years ago there were three, and in lieu of more specific information one can only conjecture what may have happened to the one who dropped out.

The next time your water pipes burst how would you like to have a woman plumber come and fix them, just for a change? You might have to hunt around a bit to find her, for there are only 126 of her in the United States, as against nearly 98,000 of her male competitors; but that she has evidently found the field a profitable one is probable, because in 1890 the women plumbers numbered only 46.

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percent in 10 years. Where, in 1890, they numbered only 1143, there are now 3373. Their brother clergymen, by the way, number 108,205.

The female "drummer" is not much in evidence. There are only 946 of her—about one-hundredth of the total number of commercial travelers, but of that numerous class known under this generic term of "agents" 10,556 are women. Of the more than 630,000 clerks and copyists, only 85,246 are women, but in the fields of bookkeeping, the 74,183 women employed represent nearly half the number of men similarly engaged. The army of saleswomen is three times larger than it was 10 years ago, and now numbers 150,000, but the men still hold their own with 463,000. The real feminine deluge has come in stenography and typewriting, in which 86,118 women find employment as against only 25,246 men. Even the messenger boy's field has been sadly cut into, for the 6663 girls Mercuries represents a trifle more than one-tenth of the lads thus employed.

An occupation that women are finding especially adapted to their abilities and tastes is that of pottery. The number of women employed in it has been steadily growing until it has reached almost 3000. Women do not even shrink from shooting oil wells if there is money in it, for 53 are so engaged.

Have we forgotten items in the newspapers chronicling the fact that some woman-out west has been elected town marshal, let us not be astonished, therefore, when Uncle Sam tells us that there are no less than 719 women on duty as night watchwomen, firemen and policemen.—New York World.

## A MAN WITH A MEMORY.

The Way He Saved an Accused Friend From the Gallows.

A man was charged at Sydney with murder and by way of defense called evidence to prove an alibi. At the time the crime was committed he was, he said, in his own home listening to a friend who was reciting a novel to him. The expression caught the ear of the prosecuting counsel, and when a witness went into the box to say that he was the man by whom the prisoner was being entertained he tackled him on this word. The witness repeated that he was "reciting" Horace Walpole's "Old English Baron," not reading it, but reciting from memory, and it had taken him two and a half hours to get through the whole book. Well, if he could remember it while in a hut in the bush he ought to be able to remember it now in court, and he demanded a demonstration.

"Page or two," he said, "and his recollection would be perfect."

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## THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN C. AGAR.

Subject: The First Temptation.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning, in the Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian), the pastor, the Rev. John C. Agar, preached on "The First Temptation." The text was from Matthew 4:1-11: "Then was Jesus led up into the desert by the spirit, to be tempted by the devil. And having fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterward was hungry. And the tempter came to him and said, If thou art the Son of God, speak, in order that these stones may become loaves. But he answering said, It is written, that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that cometh forth from the mouth of God." Mr. Agar said:

The gospel of Matthew describes specifically three temptations of the Lord in the wilderness, immediately after His baptism. The form of the narrative suggests at once that these stories are not history, but are parables, which picture the three general ways in which fallen humanity is approached and enticed. Infernal influences. And when so understood they become in the fullest sense a revelation of divine truth to men. And so understood, they suggest at once that there is some sort of threefoldness in our inner life three distinct planes of thought and feeling.

The first or lower of these three planes of life we are all familiar with. It includes all thoughts and feelings, all motives and impulses and appetites that have reference exclusively to our life in this world. This we call the natural man.

Distinctly above this lies what we call ordinarily the religious life. Its thoughts and feelings and motives have primary reference to those interests that outlive our life in this world. Its largest and dominant factors are faith, conviction and duty. Faith and conviction are beliefs, though beliefs have been touched and quickened by religious emotion. Duty is the constraint that belief or faith or conviction imposes; that is, the domination of truth over the lower impulses and appetites. Consequently this realm of the life is predominantly intellectual. Its dominant impulse is love of truth and loyalty to truth. It lies distinctly above the natural man and is called the spiritual man.

These two realms of thought, feeling and action we can easily distinguish. They make up the twofold life of every man who is honestly trying to live a true life in the world. But they evidently do not include the highest spiritual possibilities of human life. There is another realm of life clearly set before us in the divine word, although few Christians know practically much about it. It is, in fact, the essence of our life.

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