

**THE FELLOW WHO FIGHTS ALONE.**

The fellow who fights the fight alone,  
With never a word of cheer,  
With never a friend his help to lend,  
With never a comrade near—  
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand  
And a heart not given to moan—  
He struggles for life and more than life,  
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the world alone  
With never a father's smile,  
With never a mother's kindly tone  
His sorrowful hours to grieve,  
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day  
And battles till light is flown,  
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long,  
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is  
With every help at hand,  
With friends at need to bid goodspeed,  
With spirits that understand;  
But fiercer far is the fight to one  
Who struggles along unknown—  
Oh, brave and grim is the heart of him,  
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,  
And arm his soul with strength!  
Till safely out of the battle rout,  
He conquering comes at length,  
Till far and near into every ear  
The fame of his fight is blown,  
Till friend and foe in the victor know  
The fellow who fights alone!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in the New York Sun.

**A String Of Pearls.**

**A Complete Short Story.**  
BY M. FRASER.

"A YOUNG lady to see you, Mr. Denvers." Ralph Denvers, the head of the great banking firm of Brandon & Denvers, looked up from the pear he was peeling, but no hint of the surprise he felt at his butler's announcement was allowed to creep into his face.

"I am not expecting anyone, Harris," he said, quietly. "It is a mistake, probably. Did she send in any name?"

"She would not give her name, sir; she was very persistent or I would not have troubled you, sir; she seems in distress."

"In distress? What is she like, Harris?"

It was a listless question; he was absolutely without curiosity concerning the appearance of this stray young person who sought an audience of him, but it was lonely in this oak paneled dining room of the great house in which he lived, and it was more for the sake of talking to somebody that he detained Harris now.

Ralph Denvers had more dinner invitations than he could accept, but at thirty-three he was given to telling himself that the dinners eaten at other men's tables were too heavily paid for in the toll of epigrammatic conversation that was exacted of the guest who would justify the reason of his appearance in the brilliant set in which Ralph Denvers moved. Ralph was just a little tired of brilliancy.

"She is very young, sir; a child, almost," Harris broke in upon his reflections. "A lady, I should say," and he added beneath his breath, "pretty as a picture."

It may be that Ralph heard him. "Show her in," he said, briefly; "I may as well see what she wants."

Harris disappeared, and presently his place was taken by a slim slip of a girl, who stared at the man who rose at her entrance with a pair of frightened eyes. Ralph Denvers saw the eyes, and his glance wandered to the quivering, smiling mouth.

"You wish to see me?" he said. "Won't you sit down?"

The girl sank into the chair he offered her, and sat there, clasping and unclasping her fingers in an agony of nervousness.

"Well," he said to her, and there was a note of encouragement in his voice. "Is it very difficult to tell?"

It was more difficult than he knew. Aline Tempest rose to her feet and stood with her hand resting on the tablecloth.

"It is hard," she said, "but I must say it. I came to say it. It's about Dick, my brother, you know."

She stopped and looked at him, and he looked at her. How was he to know about Dick?

"He never meant to do it," she went on, and drew a step nearer to him; "there were men outside who tempted him, and he was young, and we had so little, and he hoped to make a fortune for me. You see I was to blame; it was all for me."

"Were you anxious for a fortune?" said Ralph, looking at the quaint little figure in the quaint, unfashionable gown, and then at the lovely, childish face.

"I wanted nothing," she said, "and I did not guess until it was too late. You see, it has been so different since father went."

The under lip trembled, and a tear gathered and fell, and Ralph Denvers stared steadily at the painted pleasant on his dessert plate.

"I should like to hear all about it," he said. "Please sit down again and tell me what is your name—and Dick's."

"I am Aline Tempest," she said, simply, conquering her emotion with an effort that commanded his admiration, "and when father died Senator Mandeville got Dick into your bank. He was going into the law, you know, but it had to be given up with the other things. It was all very altered for him, and I am afraid," with a little watery smile, "that he did not like the bank. But it gave us money to live on, and I meant to teach when I got pupils. I haven't got any yet—it seems every one can teach something. And Dick grew tired, and these men came to him, and there was some horse that was going to make a fortune for all of them."

"We have heard of that horse before," said Ralph, and then was ashamed of his jest.

"Have you?" said Aline. "We never had. They persuaded him, and Dick—oh, how could he do it?—took money from the bank; a little at first, and afterward a great deal. It isn't known yet, but to-morrow it will be known. They've given him money to get off with, and he's going to England to-morrow from Boston. He must go, I suppose, or else something worse will happen. But I hated him to go like that, and I thought if I brought you these—they're mother's pearls, the only thing of hers they let me keep—and I thought they would help to pay something, and perhaps you won't let it be known to-morrow."

She handed him the pearls as she spoke, and Ralph took them in his hands. A short string, worth, perhaps, \$500 if the full value were given, and this child's mother had worn them. He looked at them and wondered what he should do, and a timid hand was laid on his arm.

"Isn't it enough?" said Aline. "Oh, I don't know how much it was, but they will help a little. And will you keep them and let me go home and tell Dick that he need not go? And afterward, when I get work, I can pay it back—all of it."

"I will keep them," Ralph Denvers stood up and slipped the chain in his pocket.

"I will keep them," he said again, "and you can go home and tell Dick that he must come into my room at the bank to-morrow."

What made him do it, he, Ralph Denvers, cynical man of the world, given to jesting doubt over such vague words as faith and charity, given to denying the hope that has led men to stumble on so long? What made him do it? It may be that he knew even then, and when she was gone he stood and called himself a fool for his pains, and it was perhaps as well he did not see the girl he had befriended sink down before an empty chair in an empty room and weep her heart out because Dick was already gone.

Ralph took up the invitations on his mantel shelf. He had all that evening before him—where should he go? He put them down again and paced the room. What was this thing he had just heard? It had sounded simple enough, but it may be that it meant a big thing. Those men outside sounded ominous, what if they were also going to England to-night?

Hastily snatching up a list of sailing steamers he saw that a steamer was due to leave Boston at dawn. His mind flew to ways and means; to get down there to-night a man must go by the 10 o'clock from the Grand Central. He looked at his watch and found, to his relief, that he had time and to spare. Why should he not profit by the information he had received to be his own detective? And if only Dick Tempest were there why should he not bring him back to the sister whose heart he was going to break? She must not be allowed to weep any more—that pretty child who had come to him in her dark hour.

It promised a little more excitement than an evening spent in listening to a singer whose repertoire he knew by heart. He went upstairs and changed into a lounge suit, and, with a coat over his arm, he walked quietly out of the house in West Seventy-second street and had himself driven to the Forty-second street station.

He knew who they were now. They were Richard Tempest's children, and he remembered that old Senator Mandeville had said something to him about looking after the lad. But when one is good looking, popular and thirty-three, what time is there for looking after stray boys? Ralph had seen young Tempest once, and had asked him how he liked the bank, and had not waited to hear his answer, and straightway had gone away and forgotten that he was in the world. He wondered if he should know him again as his cab pulled up at the main entrance of the railroad station.

It was early yet, and the platform was not overcrowded. Ralph walked the length of the train and saw no one who was likely to be Dick Tempest. He went to the ticket office and got himself a ticket; it might be necessary to go to Boston, it was just possible he had caught an earlier train. He walked up and down scanning the faces of those who passed him with keen, leisurely glance. The time sped, the mo-

ment of farewells came, and Ralph was wondering if he had thrown his evening away, when suddenly he saw him. Dick Tempest came quickly down the platform, a small handbag for all his luggage, surely a poor outfit for a trip to Europe. The train was on the point of starting, and Ralph was the last person in the world to desire "a scene." He stepped out to meet the lad coming toward him.

"Ah, Tempest," he said, pleasantly, "I thought you were not coming. I have a stateroom."

Dick Tempest looked into the face of the man he had robbed, and knew that his story was told. He hesitated, but the other's glance was compelling, and in answer to it he got into the train and took his place in Ralph Denvers's stateroom.

The journey to New Haven and back is not a long one, but there is time in it for a pitiful tale of weakness and temptation and a too late repentance to be told; there is time in it for forgiveness to be sought and not denied. It was early morning when these two strange traveling companions arrived again in New York. Ralph Denvers put his hand on the shoulder of the younger man.

"Go home," he said. "Remember that a sister waits for you, and that you are to come to the bank as if nothing had happened."

He drove home himself in the keen morning air, and almost for the first time in his thirty-three years of life he realized how pleasant it is to be a rich man. There was a big check drawn on his account that morning and the firm of Brandon & Denvers never knew how it had been swindled to the extent of nearly \$25,000.

It was shortly after this that hostesses began to complain that Ralph Denvers was never available for even the most attractive of their parties. And it was nearly a year later when one morning there was a quiet wedding in a little church round the corner—a wedding to which the world was not invited, a wedding at which only three happy young people were present.

They left Dick standing on the steps of the church, and as they drove to the station Ralph slipped his arm round his wife's shoulders and dropped something into her lap.

"My first present to you," he said. "I have given you nothing yet."

Aline Denvers took the little string of yellow pearls in her fingers.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, "and once I was silly enough to think—"

He stooped and kissed her.

"They are the most wonderful pearls in the world," he told her. "They have brought happiness for three people."—New York News.

**No Profit on Dressed Beef.**

This is the way the packer proceeds to demonstrate that the sale of dressed beef has yielded him no profit since the first of last April. The present average price of a 1200-pound "prime, corn-fed beef steer" is \$7.50 per 100 pounds, that is, \$90 for the animal as it stands in the Chicago stockyards. Adding to this the cost of slaughtering, which is \$1.50, the carcass ready for dressing, has necessitated an outlay of \$91.50. Practice has shown that such an animal will "dress" about fifty-six per cent. of its live weight, that is, 672 pounds. Upon the other forty-four per cent., which is hide, horns, hoofs, blood, surplus fat, trimmings, and offal, the packer realizes, on an average, \$14.75. So the two "sides" of the steer, as they hang in the packing-house refrigerator, have cost \$76.75. The moment the packer moves the 672 pounds of dressed meat his expenditures begin anew. Sending the carcass to New York, for instance, costs \$7.05, which is the aggregate of freight at 40 cents per 100 pounds, and of refrigeration during the journey and selling charges at 50 cents per 100 pounds. So, when the time comes for the retailer to negotiate for the meat, it has cost the packer \$83.80, or 12.3 cents per pound. Since April 1 the highest wholesale price for dressed beef in New York has been 11.5 cents, or eight-tenths of a cent less than the cost of production. Pursuing this arithmetical process with an average steer, of 1100 pounds at \$7.10 the hundredweight, the usual price, it will be found that the dressed carcass on sale in New York represents an expenditure on the part of the packer of 11.4 cents per pound, nearly one cent a pound more than he can obtain for it.—From "The So-Called Beef Trust," in the Century.

**Elephant's Tusks Stolen.**

Thieves sawed off the great tusks of Jumbo II. last night and carried them away. The elephant was the property of Bostock, and on account of his ugly disposition had caused his owner much trouble. He was known as a man-killer, and the deaths of a number of men are credited to him. When Bostock left his summer quarters, Jumbo II. was left behind. Friday he died. The thieves came prepared for a hard job, and their work was far from easy. The iron band which surrounded one tusk was almost sawed in two before the vandals decided to saw on each side of the ring. The tusks were four inches in diameter and three feet long.—Indianapolis News.

The inventor of a flying machine is rather pleased to have people remark that he is up in the air.

**A FICKLE WORLD.**

He was the hero of the hour;  
And he was strictly "in it."  
He seemed—so quickly fled his power—  
The hero of a minute.  
The hero mourns his present lot;  
He hears him softly say,  
"The pet of yesterday is not  
The darling of to-day."

The books that pleased our fathers so,  
We view them with disdain;  
The songs we sang some time ago,  
We scorn to sing again;  
And smiles and sighs alike forgot,  
Time's hand has swept away;  
The pet of yesterday is not  
The darling of to-day.



"How much did your daughter's wedding cost?" "Oh, about five thousand a year."—Life.

Bobby—"Say, pa! What's barbarism? When a barber cuts your hair?" Pa—"Yes; very often, my son."—Princeton Tiger.

"That photographer's wife is very jealous of him." "No wonder. Just see how many other women he flatters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Customer—"You said this suit would wear like iron." Clothier—"Well, didn't it?" Customer—"Too much so. It's getting rusty already."—Judge.

Life's full of strange surprises;  
Thus sometimes it's decreed  
The flower of a family  
Turns out to be a weed.  
—Philadelphia Record.

"I never saw anybody so daffy about the men as Fannie is. I think she must have wheels in her head!" "Oh, no, not wheels; only the fellows."—Comfort.

Penn—"I don't see how you can call Van Meter a genius. His poems certainly do not show it." Brushe—"No; but the fact that he sells them does."—Judge.

Bank Director—"How did you come to examine his books?"—His Associate—"I heard him address his Sunday-school class on 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"—Puck.

Mrs. Justwed (house hunting)—"Oh, Charlie, here's the loveliest little linen closet." Janitor (interrupting)—"Dat ain't no linen closet; dat's de dining-room."—Detroit Free Press.

"I," says the garrulous person, "was always the apple of my father's eye." "Maybe," muses the weak listener, "maybe that is why you are always so seedy."—Baltimore American.

"H'm! The composer of this song was conceited enough, I must say." "What makes you think so?" "Why, here in one place he has written 'Fine.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Mother—"May, why do you treat Jerrold so shabbily, while he treats you so good?" May—"Why, the dear boy couldn't treat me any better, no matter how I treated him."—Judge.

This life is a procession  
Where many folk appear;  
And some must march and do the work  
While others stand and cheer.  
—Washington Star.

Patient (after giving the doctor \$3 and receiving a prescription)—"But suppose, doctor, this doesn't cure me?" Doctor—"In that case, come back and I'll relieve you again."—Detroit Free Press.

First Tramp—"Do you believe in signs?" Second Tramp—"No more; I haven't had a bite to eat in twenty-four hours." First Tramp—"What has that to do with it?" Second Tramp—"A good deal; I've been up against twenty doormats to-day with the word 'Welcome' on 'em."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Wabash—"Yes, I'm stopping at the Bongtong House." Miss Eastern—"Ah! that's our most fashionable hotel. The service is splendid, don't you think?" Mr. Wabash—"Well, I've seen better in Chicago. All the swell hotels out our way furnish silver-mounted bellows to blow your soup with, for instance."—Philadelphia Record.

**The Premium Plan.**

In carrying out the premium plan of wages in conjunction with piece-work it has been found that owing to fluctuations in the volume and nature of the work it is necessary to adjust the rate price from time to time. If an efficient workman makes very large wages on piece-work the employer is apt to reduce the rate, and, after that the workman is apt to do just as much as he thinks the employer will stand without another cut, and so reduce the possible output of his machine. A modification of this system has been successfully tried in some very large English workshops. Piece-workers are given a certain stint, in American parlance, which constitutes an hour's work, being paid by the hour. All they do in excess of this is considered premium work, for which they receive half-wages. The employer thus shares to the extent of one-half in the increased production, so that he need not be under the necessity of cutting down the rate.

**The Cynic's Wisdom.**

Engaged people put on magnifying glasses when they look at each other's virtues. The day they are married they take them off.—New York Press.

**Untroubled Dreams.**

(Chicago Record-Herald.)  
The South American revolutionists have decided to swear off on the 1st of January and work for one year.

Every barber in the country is going to turn over a new leaf and hereafter use a clean towel on each customer.

Addicks will give up his efforts to purchase the Delaware legislature and permit the best man to win.

The boodle aldermen throughout the country will begin the New Year by turning it all into the conscience funds thus enabling the American people to get along for the next twenty years without paying taxes.

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**

(New York Press.)  
The faith-cure treatment is necessary to keep love affairs well and strong.

The careful man forgets to carry loose bills in his clothes around Christmas time.

No wonder Eve didn't care for the Garden of Eden when no furs were worn there.

The bigger a woman is in some spots the more she wishes she were not so in some other spots.

You can never make a man believe that it won't hurt his son's morals to do a thing more than it hurts his when he did it.

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