

Laid in a Stock.

When the late Pierre Lorillard was a boy, his mother, being annoyed by moths that destroyed the woolen clothing and other material of the household, agreed to pay him a cent apiece for every moth he would kill in the house and bring to her. The same bargain was made with his brothers, Jake, George and Louis. In course of time Mrs. Lorillard noticed that, while the other children collected from her at intervals from 10 to 25 cents, Pierre drew on her frequently for a \$1 at a time, indorsing his drafts with 100 dead moths. Investigation revealed the bent of the future financier as well as his early adaptability to methods governing the acquirement of wealth. Having procured from a furrier some pieces of fur thrown away because they were infested with moths, Pierre secreted them in an old chest in an unused closet. There the quickly accumulating moths were banked, to be drawn upon whenever the inventor and perfecter of the enterprise required pocket money.

Knighted Actors.

It is an odd fact that of the English actors knighted all but one had first to legalize the names under which they had won fame. The question arose with the first proposition to confer knighthood on a gypsy. It would be absurd so to honor one John Henry Brodrigg. Yet legally no such person as "Henry Irving" existed. No such obstacle had to be overcome when, on the occasion of Victoria's diamond jubilee, Squire Bancroft knelt before his queen and arose sir squire. However, the three actors knighted by King Edward bore cognomens of their own invention. Sir Charles Wyndham was born Culverwell, and Sir John Hare, Fairs. As for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, his brilliant wife once put it "Tree' is a fantastic thing we just tacked on. We're all plain Beerbohms—plain as brother Max!"—Argonaut.

The Old English Prize Ring.

In the latter days of the English prize ring innumerable expedients had to be devised to bring off a fight. A favorite plan was to pitch the ring on the borders of two counties, so that the question of magisterial jurisdiction might be rendered difficult. Another plan was to charter a steamboat and proceed down the Thames to some lonely police forsaken spot in the marshes of Essex. For the memorable contest between Sayers and Heenan in 1860 a special train was run from London bridge to a secret destination. But the passengers, who comprised members of parliament, peers, pick-pockets, pugilists, clergy and, it is said, a few bishops, cheerfully took tickets simply marked "excursion." They presently found themselves near Farnborough, in Surrey, where the fight occurred.—London Chronicle.

Original of Falstaff.

Sir John Fastolf was the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff and in his day was a continual butt for the jests of the town and borough of Southwark. Though he had fought at Agincourt, when Jack Cade invaded the borough, he showed great cowardice. When Cade was yet some way off Fastolf had armed and fortified his house and garrisoned it with veterans of the French wars. On the arrival of Cade, however, he withdrew his garrison and fled to the Tower, leaving his neighbors to the mercy of the rebels. Fastolf's matrimonial adventures seem also to have been another source of unpopularity, for, having married a widow named Scrope, he seized her property and kept his stepson out of his inheritance during his own lifetime.—London News.

TRANSLATED

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

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From the date of the first settlement of America there was warfare with the Indians, and during the war of the Revolution there was also war with the British. But by that time the Indian fighting had retreated westward. In 1777 Harrodsburg, Ky., was surrounded by red men, and the people, not daring to go out to hunt for game, were often in great straits for food. The settlement was protected by one of those stockade forts used at that time for keeping off savages, and when they were hostile the inhabitants of the place were obliged to keep within its inclosure.

During this Indian hostility and consequent lack of food a youth of sixteen made himself invaluable by leaving the fort before dawn, hunting all day and returning after nightfall with the game he had shot. James Ray was the name of this brave boy, and he afterward became a general officer in the United States army.

One day Ray and a companion were outside the fort shooting at a mark. Suddenly Ray heard the report of a rifle and his friend fell dead. It did not require a process of reasoning for Ray to know that the shot had come from an Indian. Looking about him he saw the redskin who had killed his friend and raising his rifle was about to shoot him when there was a whoop from another quarter. Then Ray took to his heels and ran like a deer toward the fort a few hundred yards distant.

Ray was a very quick runner. The Indians could not catch him, but they followed him with a brisk fire. He reached the fort without having been hit, but found the gates closed. Those within had heard the firing, had shut themselves in and were too terrified to open the gates. Ray called upon them to let him in, but fearing that if they did the savages would follow him and massacre the garrison they refused to do so.

Ray threw himself flat on the ground, a stump covering him from the fire of the enemy. That is, the Indians couldn't hit him, though their bullets sang in such proximity to his ears as to make him think that the next would cut off one of them, or perhaps tear a strip out of his side or go through his foot. He was but half a dozen steps from the fort, within which he would be safe if he could only get there.

But this was impossible so long as the Indians were threatening him. Near enough to see those in the fort looking through the loop holes he talked with them about ways to extricate him from his position. While the bullets were singing on either side of him he was conversing with his mother. There seemed no way to relieve him except to open the gates, and by doing this many lives might be sacrificed in an ineffectual attempt to save one.

There was one in the fort who suffered as much, doubtless far more, than Ray himself. That was his mother. She looked through a loophole, where she could see him lying in his perilous position, and she could see each spurt of smoke as it left an Indian rifle, knowing that it marked the sending of a bullet to kill her boy. And Ray could not only hear the bullet sing by him and feel the dust sprinkling over him, but saw his danger reflected in his mother's face.

Hour after hour passed without any change in the situation. When it seemed impossible for him to lie any longer in one position and he attempted to change it, the consequent exposure of some portion of his body would draw more fire, admonishing him to endure the constrained attitude rather than risk a wound by trying to relieve it. The ground on each side of him was torn up in furrows by the bullets that had been shot through it, and he was covered by dust they had thrown upon him.

Night was coming on and the Indians were drawing nearer. When it became dark there could be nothing to prevent the savages from coming near enough to take him or to shoot him from a position where the stump would not protect him. For four hours he had laid in view of those in the fort, his mother trying to encourage him, yet herself needing encouragement, when a sudden thought occurred to him.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in."

All wondered why they hadn't thought of the plan before. Pick and spade were brought, and a hole was sunk in the ground. Then when it was of a depth sufficient to excavate under the wall, a channel was run out to the young hunter and he was drawn within the fort.

Ray had no sooner emerged from the hole than he found himself hugged in his mother's arms, and the others crowded round to congratulate him. The redskins heard the shout of triumph that was raised in the fort and knew that the man they were firing at had escaped. But how? It was still light enough for them, to keep in view the stump behind which he had taken refuge, and had he got up and been assisted over the stockade he would have been in their full view. The gate had not been opened. Surely the paleface had been translated into the fort by the Great Spirit.

A Stroke of Luck.

A rich old farmer who had moved into a Michigan village had a ne'er do well son who would not work, but insisted on loafing around the village and living on his father, meantime waiting for the happy moment when the father might die.

One morning the news came from the rich old farmer's house that he had had a stroke of apoplexy and was dying. The good women of the village rushed over to see if they could do anything. They found the son sitting on the porch in a chair, rocking slowly and rubbing his hands. "John," one lady said, "is this terrible news true? How is your father?"

"Well," replied John, continuing the rocking, "all I can say is that I expect to be a rich man in a few minutes."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Great Expectations."

Charles Green, one of Dickens' illustrators, had two models, one of whom was a likable fellow, while the other, Gregory by name, was a greedy, self seeking character, always thinking of himself and his perquisites.

When Green was on his deathbed Gregory was very officious, and one day Green, noticing this, said to him:

"Oh, I haven't forgotten you, Gregory; got you down in my will."

At the funeral Gregory invested in a wreath and duly attended to hear the will read.

Green had kept his word, and the model was not forgotten.

"To my dear friend Gregory," ran the document, "I leave, for his kindness to me, an illustrated edition of 'Great Expectations.'"

The Lady—Get out! You're the man I gave a piece of my cake to only an hour ago. The Hobo—No, mum. I'm that poor feller's ghost!—Cleveland Leader.

TRADE SUGGESTIONS.

Little Ways in Which a Retailer May Safeguard Himself.

Progression is a combination of analysis, thought and quick action.

Wrapping paper, sacks, twine, etc., cost money. Every time you use too much paper, a larger sack than is necessary, it is wasting money.

It may not seem very much to you. The expense of a retail store is large in proportion to the profit.

Making a No. 6 sack do instead of a No. 8 or 10 is saving money. The results of such savings will show very plainly at the end of the year when the books are balanced.

This should not be carried to extremes. Packages must be neat. Protection must be given to all foods.

Your salesmanship consists largely of suggestion. Price has little influence if your suggestion to the customer has the right ring.

Take the case of a grocery, for instance: Mrs. Jones may never think of buying peanut butter. The suggestion that it is a very excellent relish, supplemented with a little spread on a crisp cracker, will make the sale regardless of price.

It is the unusual things that sell best through suggestions. Your knowledge of the goods must be sufficient to make an impression.

You will become better acquainted with the various items in stock if you examine personally some of them.

Take the biggest profit items in the store. If you are a clerk, ask the "boss" for permission to fix up a window and also make a front display in the store.

Make it a point to talk the goods displayed to every customer. This sort of selling effort will in time show a marked increase in sales.

Study the various grades and plan a selling talk for each one.

To supplement this you can possibly obtain consent of the "boss" to print a few hundred circulars for insertion in packages. It doesn't require any extra time or work to slip a circular in every order, and the results will be remarkable.

Clean Up or Jail.

Health Commissioner Conner of Omaha, Neb., is sending out notices ordering the construction of or providing for metallic or brick receptacles for ashes and other refuse which shall be cleaned out as often as filled. Objection is made that ashes do not create an insanitary condition, but the health officials hold that they help create such a condition, and they will prosecute those who fail now to live up to the provisions of the ordinance, which has been dormant since its adoption two years ago.

LITTLE BUSINESS HINTS.

Many a business man has gone to pieces on the rocks because he was lacking in sand.

The man who wins is the man who holds on just a little longer than he thinks he can.

Pa—An advertisement is a story about the GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

Failure is bad, but there is something that is almost worse, and that is mediocrity.

Buy in small lots and often. Crowd the selling all the time.

The country is too crowded to live at variance with your neighbors.

It's the people that are thryin' to get somethin' fr nawthin' that end in gettin' nawthin' fr ivrything. —Mr. Dooley.

It's all right to boost your own stock, but it's worth more when the other man boosts it.