

TIME'S BALM.

When first I met thy fair Marie,
My unbroken heart at once surrendered,
And in a week, with eager haste,
My love and all I have I tendered.
Marie was very calm and cool,
Though I was greatly agitated,
And when I came to speak,
To make her anguish I felt fated.
But, oh, since then so many girls
I've seen, far prettier, sweeter, brighter,
That all their loveliness has made
My load of care and trouble lighter!
In fact, when she said "No," I've met
A lovely girl whom I like better,
And now, whence'er I meet Marie,
I think, "Thank heaven I didn't get her!"
—Somerville Journal.

LITTLE JIM.

His Peculiar Pleading For His Father's Life.

There were five men of us and a boy in the far western stagecoach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days. We called the boy Jim because his father did. We knew his father to be Colonel Weston, banker, cattlemen and mine owner. The colonel wasn't a man to whom a stranger would take at first glance, and even after four days of his company none could say we liked him. When you came to study him closely, you knew that he was revengeful and relentless. The boy was frank, chipper and good natured, and you took a liking to him as soon as you looked into his big blue eyes. His age was about 10, and he had wit and knowledge beyond his years. We had yet 20 miles to go to reach the terminus, and the hour was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the coach came to a sudden halt as it tolled up hill. Next moment the driver called to us: "All you folks what don't want your heads blown off had better get down and line up. We've been stopped by a road agent."

We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from our fire. It seems cowardly when you read it, but to get down and submit to be robbed was the wisest thing to do under the circumstances.

Little Jim was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the colonel. I saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down.

The robber had a double barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was and then advanced upon us. He glanced carelessly into each face until his eyes rested on the colonel. Then he gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble. The boy had no sooner looked into the road agent's face than he cried out:

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton—Mr. Pelton! Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to see you. Where've you been this long time?"

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the robber as he held out his hand for a shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight."

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr. Pelton?"

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back in line and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your promptness in climbing down and lining up, and I think I'll let you off this time. The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back.

"What do you want of me?" asked the colonel in a voice which quavered.

"I'll tell you later," was the reply.

As the coach started we looked out to see the three standing in the road. Little Jim still had hold of his father's hand, but had reached out the other and caught the robber's sleeve.

When we had gone 200 feet, the road turned and shut them from our view.

At the disappearance of the stage the man turned on Colonel Weston and pointed to the hillside on the right and said:

"Move on that way, Jimmy, give me your hand, and I'll help you along."

The white faced colonel entered the pines and held a straight course up the hill. Behind him came the robber and his son. The boy had been full of curiosity at first, but presently he was ached and frightened by the looks cast upon his father.

Two or three years before he and Mr. Pelton had been great friends. Mr. Pelton had been unmanly for his father. One day there had been a bitter quarrel; pistols had been drawn, the sheriff had rushed in, and Mr. Pelton had fled to escape arrest. He remembered his father calling the fugitive a scoundrel and of men being sent out to hunt him down. At this came back to him they followed the father up the hill, and though he knew nothing of his son's vengeance there was a dread in his soul. Now and then the robber ordered the colonel to turn left, but these were the only times when they finally turned right among the pines.

could neither die nor go away until I had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold blooded murder," replied the colonel as he folded his arms.

"It was murder a hundred times over, I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'd kill if 1,000 men surrounded me."

The colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but past him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after a while to look at the robber.

There was another look strange to him. It was a set determination to kill—the look of a man who had hated and thirled and waited.

"Take the boy away first," said the colonel with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes; that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there? Well, go up there and see what is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go."

The boy crossed over to his father in a puzzled way, and the father lifted him up and kissed him. When he put him down, he said to him:

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I'm awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him 'way over here? I was saying only a week ago that I wished he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

Little Jim started off for the rock, but he hadn't taken ten steps before he was back again to say to the robber: "And I want you to make me a new water wheel, and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't come back, I don't know what I shall do."

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footstep and his voice as he made his way toward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the robber and quietly said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes; before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver. "It'll be murder, Colonel Weston. It'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jim. Half way to the rock he had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes back, take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a moment. When little Jim returned, he found his father sitting as he had left him and gazing into the woods.

"What is it, father?" he asked. "What's the matter with you and where is Mr. Pelton?"

The man rose up slowly, took his boy's hand in his, and without a word in answer he led the way down to the stage trail and safety.

The dry battery, so called, has almost completely supplanted the older wet battery for electric bell work, etc., on account of its greater convenience and lack of the disagreeable, sloppy qualities possessed by its predecessor. Somebody has defined a dry battery as one that is always wet inside and a wet battery as one that often dries up. It is precisely so the dry battery is permanently wet inside. It is generally made up of a zinc cylinder or cup, in which is supported a carbon stick or rod, surrounded by some porous substance, such as "excelsior" or other fiber, mineral wool or plaster of paris. This is saturated with the active chemical, sal ammoniac generally, in a solution made stiff with gelatin. The whole is then sealed with pitch or some similar compound and is ready for use. These batteries are made in vast quantities and so cheaply that when one becomes exhausted it is simply thrown away and replaced by another.

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"Is that you, Gertrude?"
"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please? I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out, and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her hand-

A HUMAN LIFE

A ship that throbs along in dire distress
Till lost in oceans of forgetfulness.

A tangle of sweet flowers, whose petals turn
To ash of unfulfillment in an urn.

A web of tangled threads, whose parted ends
No deit hand joins, no endless effort mends.

A play whose skies players merely greet
And go leave the story incomplete.

A burst that opens brilliant at the dawn,
Flings sweet perfume a moment and is gone.

A breath between a cradle and a bier,
The blending of a smile, a sob, a tear.

A book whose pages turn with each new day
Till time has read the tale and cast away.

A mask worn till a passing play is done
To cloak a writh and hide a skeleton.

A lie, whose ghostly semblance is concealed
Till in a shroud its untruth lies revealed.

A thing that shapes the sod for a brief day
And dies and leaves its faithful staves mere clay.

A story that is told ere 'tis begun,
A song that only whispers and is done.

A thing that chains the lightnings and that stirs
The deep, the elements' messengers.

Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud
That quakes at storms and trembles at a cloud.

That comes and goes, wings unseen, a germ
That grows to fill a grave and feed a worm.

—James Foley, Jr., in Blameless Tribune.

DID NOT CHASTISE HIS WIFE

His Intentions Were Good, but the
Woman Weighed 300 Pounds.

"Mawhin, judge!"

He was an old, undersized darky with lips like a pair of purple radishes. He had a determined look in his eyes as he shuffled up to the desk at the police court the other day and doffed his hat with an air of old fashioned southern courtesy.

"Good morning, Sam. What can I do for you this morning?" said the judge.

"I 'jes' wants to inquah what a man gets dat done whip his wife."

"He ought to be hanged," said Justice Hall severely.

"But dat ain't what I wants to know, Joe. I wants to find out what de sentence 'dis coht am. Don't keer nuffin' bout what he oughta git."

"Well, if a man was brought up before me charged with beating his wife I surely would give him the limit, and that would be \$50 and costs."

"But dispose a man had provocation, judge; dis prove he was jest foched to it, what would he?"

"If the provocation was very great, I might make it \$10," admitted the judge.

"Dan all right, judge, dan all right, an' I wants to know to dat fer de privilege o' knockin' thundur out o' dat ole 'oman mine." The old fellow went down into the pockets of his ragged trousers and began to haul out dimes, nickels and pennies and pile them up on the desk before the astonished justice.

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