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NEW A TLE

Love and the Locksmith.

By Edward Waring.

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"Jimmie!"

Little Mrs. Barron's voice rose shrill and anguished.

"I don't care," insisted Jimmy Barron. "I said 'darn that lock,' and you ought to be glad that I said no more!"

"It is the first time you ever darned anything I wanted you to do," reproached Mrs. Barron. "You don't love me any more, Jimmy."

"Great heavens!" cried the exasperated Barron. "Of course I love you, Nettie, but when you ask me to stop and fix this lock when I have an appointment with Chilvers at the office at 10. Anyhow, it's the janitor's business to keep the locks in repair."

Nettie turned away with a little, hurt cry. This was worse than the remark which had started the trouble.

To leave her to the tender mercies of the janitor was rubbing salt in the

"I HAVE GONE TO MOTHER'S."

wounds, and as Barron gave his wife a hasty kiss and hurried down the stairs he told himself that he would send a locksmith around to attend to the matter at once.

Of course the janitor was there to make repairs for the tenants, but he was a surly fellow whose breath smelled strongly of drink, and Nettie Barron was afraid to admit him to the cozy little apartment they called home.

For more than a week they had been having trouble with the lock that Barron had added to the fastenings provided by the landlord. There was a burglar scare in the city, and apartment houses were the favorite points of attack.

Jimmie felt that, having spent the better part of Sunday afternoon putting the lock on, Nettie could not very well expect him to keep it in repair. Thus had started the first quarrel they had had since their marriage, and Barron took the car downtown feeling anything but at ease with all the world.

The Chilvers interview was satisfactory in the extreme. It was late in the afternoon when the details were concluded, and Jimmie had entered upon a contract which meant the successful outcome of the business venture in which he had engaged.

To cap the climax it had been arranged that Chilvers, who was an out of town man, should spend the evening at the club with Jimmie, so it was past midnight when Barron reached home.

The elevator stopped running at 12 o'clock, and Jimmie toiled up the three flights of stairs to his apartment. Pinned to the door was a sheet of paper and on it the words, "I have gone to mother's."

Jimmie felt the cold perspiration below his forehead. It had come, then. He always had thought that "going to mother's" was merely a creation of the newspaper humorist, but it was true. Nettie had probably grieved over his refusal to fix the lock and had ended by going home to her mother.

Mechanically he turned and descended the stairs. He did not want to enter the deserted apartment. It was home no longer with Nettie gone. He did not know just where he wanted to go or what he wanted to do, but he wanted to get away from the place where they had been so happy together; he wanted to walk in the cool night air and to realize what it all meant to him. He was passionately attached to Nettie, and he had not dreamed that they ever could be separated.

He thought dumbly of the dark, silent apartment and shuddered. He would have to move from there and go to a hotel to live. He never could enter the deserted home again. It would be like violating the tomb of their dead happiness.

He did not blame Nettie, but he bitterly reproached himself. He knew how timid Nettie was. She had feared the surly looking janitor, and she could not even speak of burglars without a little shudder, and her husband had brutally told her that he would be darned if he would fix the door and had flung away, leaving her with only the insecure protection of the flimsy lock provided by the landlord. And this was a lock that even a child could open with the blade of a knife when the Yale lock would not work.

Perhaps the burglars had come. He rather hoped they had. He hoped that they had taken everything. It would be horrible to have to give directions for the storage of the furniture which they had selected with such loving care.

There was a sentiment attached to every chair, and tears started in his tired eyes as he remembered the little footstool Nettie had insisted upon buying, though she would not tell him what she wished it so particularly for.

It had become her favorite seat when he came in tired from the office, and she cuddled down against his side, the golden head resting comfortably on his shoulder while he told her the story of his day. He changed his mind about the burglars. He did not want them to carry off the little footstool.

As he pondered the situation Jimmie trudged onward and gave no heed to his direction. It was almost with a shock that he found himself turning in at a gate and realized that mechanically he had walked all the way to Nettie's mother's, three long miles.

There was a light in the window of the room that had been Nettie's in their courtship days. He recalled the nights when he had passed the house just to see the light in the window and to know that all was well with her.

Now there was the light, but nothing was well. For an instant a woman's form was silhouetted against the shade, and Barron came to a sudden decision. There was an all night drug store on the corner. He would call her up and sue for pardon.

It seemed hours before there was an answer to his ringing, but at last it came, and it was Nettie's sweetly serious voice that replied.

"It's Jimmie," he said brokenly. "I got your note."

"It served you right," said Nettie severely.

"I know it does," admitted Barron. "I really meant to send a man around, but the Chilvers matter drove the thought from my head and I forgot all about it."

"You have only yourself to blame," she reminded. "I asked you hundreds of times to fix the lock."

"Only about eight," corrected Barron, "but I was a brute not to do it the first time you asked. After this you won't have to ask me to do a thing a second time, dear."

Barron regarded himself in the mirrored wall contentedly. It was an inspiration to treat the matter as though there had been no separation.

"Did the burglars get in?" asked Nettie interestedly.

"I don't think so," was the eager response. "But look here, Nettie. If I promised that I will always do the thing you ask me to will you—be friends again, dear? When I came home and found that you had left me I broke down. I walked out here from our place and never realized that I had walked so far until I found myself turning in at your gate."

There was a choking sound over the wire, and Jimmie looked hopeful. If she was crying it was a sign that she might relent.

"Where are you now?" asked the voice.

"Down at the corner," was the prompt reply. "Won't you let me come over and see you, dear?"

"You may come," assented Nettie, and Jimmie tore out of the place without even stopping to hang up the receiver. He sped up the street, and a few moments later he was on the steps and Nettie was standing in the doorway to welcome him.

As the door closed behind them a pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck and soft lips pressed his cheek.

"Jimmie, you're the absurdest boy," declared the little wife lovingly. "You didn't even try to get in the flat, did you?"

"What was the use when you were not there, sweetheart?" he asked fondly.

"You would have found out why I came to mother's," she explained. "Your horrid lock worked when I went out, but when I came home not even the janitor could make it unlock, and it was too late to find a locksmith, so I came on to mother's and left that note for you."

"And you were not angry? You didn't leave me?" demanded Jimmie.

"How could I?" she asked simply. "You were a bad boy, Jimmie, but I love you, dear."

Jimmie took her in his arms. "I want you always to love me," he said, "and I'm going to buy you a dozen locks in the morning. What is that quotation about love and the locksmith?"

Up a Starfish Ladder.

Fishermen say that starfishes are gregarious; that you might find on the bottom an acre covered so thick with them that you couldn't walk without stepping on them, but not find another starfish for hundreds of acres around. This characteristic gregariousness the starfishes in captivity at the aquarium sometimes show, as when they assemble, as they may, all in one corner of the tank in the angle, tightly holding on there, one above another irregularly, but still close together from the bottom of the tank to the top.

And when they have assembled thus you may see another curious thing there—namely, green crabs climbing from the bottom to the top of the tank up this starfish ladder. The green crab is not one of the swimming crabs. When it goes anywhere it has to walk or climb, and so on the bottom it walks along, to climb when it comes to rocks or other obstructions. It cannot, however, climb up a vertical wall like that of a tank. But here the starfishes, one above another in the corner, make with their bodies and projecting arms convenient ridges that the green crabs can hold on by, and so they climb there up this starfish ladder, finding in this, it may be, some diversion, while as for the starfishes, they don't seem to mind it.—New York Sun.

A MIGHTY DRAFT.

The Great Drink That Saved the Town of Rothenburg.

Whitsuntide of each year witnesses in the historic town of Rothenburg, on the Tauber, the acting of a drama which recalls a deliverance in the Thirty Years' war, when the victories of Gustavus Adolphus had endangered the Catholic league.

Tilly came to besiege Rothenburg, which was in league with the Swedes. The town was at that time wealthy and well fortified, standing upon steep cliffs above the Tauber and having massive tower crowned walls.

Against this town came Tilly with great guns that soon put fortune on his side. The defenders of the place, however, contested every inch of ground. Not until the powder tower exploded, through a grenade of the enemy, did the Swedish garrison and citizens reluctantly hang out the white flag after a fight of thirty hours.

Tilly would hear nothing of terms of capitulation. The Swedes might withdraw, but unconditional surrender was demanded of the town.

When he had taken possession of the beautiful rathhaus he sent for the senate, with Burgomaster Bezold at their head, and announced their condemnation to death for their obstinate resistance and their disobedience to the imperial commanders.

In vain did the women and children crowd into the market place, throwing themselves at the feet of the victors and begging for mercy. Tilly had already summoned the executioner when some of the wives succeeded in penetrating into the council hall.

The conqueror at last allowed himself to be softened, but he coupled his clemency with a clause that apparently made it of no avail. The senators should be spared if one of their number could empty at a draft the great loving cup of Tauber wine presented to the victor.

Hopeless as the case seemed, the condition was fulfilled by ex-Burgomaster Nusch, who thus saved his own life and the lives of his colleagues.

The cup, which is of glass and holds about three quarts, is to this day in the possession of one of the lineal descendants of the mighty drinker.

Duty of Christian Nations.

The work of bearing the white man's burden has too often taken the form of filling the white man's pocket. Is it any wonder that the behavior of men who are nominally Christians, Christians in profession if not practice, has checked the spread of Christianity? The missionary comes preaching a gospel of justice and love and peace. But when the natives see how men behave who profess the religion which the missionary preaches the preachings lose their value. An African chief is said to have described the process of the contact of civilized men with his people in these words, "First missionary, then trader, then army." It is not much to say that the lives of men nominally Christians have been the greatest of all hindrances to the spread of the gospel.

What, then, is our duty as citizens of Christian nations who desire to see the light of the gospel illumine the world?

The force of public opinion ought to support Governments in keeping a strict watch upon all those who try to exploit the native, either by getting hold of his land or by trading with him. It ought to insist on the absolute prohibition of the sale of drink to natives.

It ought to secure full justice for the native when he brings complaints against those who try to injure him by force or fraud. It ought to punish severely those who abuse the power of a superior race and, above all, those who demoralize it by the sale of liquor or who, as sometimes happens, behave ill to native women. It ought to be our aim to compel those who go forth from among us into non-Christian races to set a better example of conduct worthy of civilized men than many have done. The time in which we live is a critical time, not only critical for ourselves, but critical for the relations of the advanced to the semi-civilized peoples. —By James Bryce, British Ambassador.

Cost of Elephant's Bath.

The elephant's bath takes a week to carry out in every detail, it requires the services of three men, and it costs $300. This treatment is necessary for a circus elephant, and if the animal is a valuable one, the proprietor of the circus does not consider the money wasted.

The first process consists in going over the great body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap are used, and the elephant's ears are especially carefully attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed the elephant is well sandpapered, and after that rubbed all over with the purest Indian oil until the mouse gray skin is supple and glistening. This last finishing touch is the most expensive part of the whole bath, as $150 has to be spent on the oil alone in the process of each bath.

Seek the Truth.

There is a path that leads to truth so surely that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man will find this path and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This golden rule is, Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted.

Political Economy.

Inquiring Child—What is political economy, papa?

Quizzical Parent—Political economy, my son, is when a poor man runs for Congress and has all his expenses paid by his friends.

The army of Terah, king of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 800 chariots of war.

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