

Minty. I have n't lost sight of you since you took the wrong path."

She screamed when she spoke her name. She did not hear the last sentence, which ended in a coughing-spell. The man staided him' if against the bole of a ' 20.

"Nick—Slosson!"—stammered the woman, "what are you doin' here?"

"I guess I 've come home to die, Minty. I'm chilly like, and my cough's bad."

"For goodness sake, however can I doctor you here!"

"You can't, Minty; and it does n't matter much. I— I haven't amounted to shucks no way—" He shook in a spasn of coughing. "I guess it's the pneumony this time."

With shaking hands Minty Ostrander poured some coffee into the cover of the can, which served as a cup.

"Drink it!" she said preemptorily.

The man's hands shook with the chill that was upon him. "I guess it's too late," he muttered. "Seems kinder like old times, Minty, to have you a doin' for me; but I guess it's too late."

"It's no such thing, Nick!" spoke up the woman. There was a big wild hope in her heart—the hope that somebody needed her for his own. "It isn't too late for me to cure you."

"I reckon if anybody could cure me 't would be you, Minty. You was the only one—that had any knack—with me—" His voice was growing weaker, and just then Minty saw in the distance the flare of a torch between the trees. Again she lifted her hands and gave a long, shrill cry; and again and again, not waiting for the responses which came thick and fast from the search party which had set out to find her when Clara Chesny and Ned Slosson arrived at the sugar-camp and found that Minty had not reached her destination.

Nicholas Slosson came back to life by slow degrees under Ezra Chesny's roof. The April sunshine had warmth in it; and there were dandelions in the grass, which Nicholas saw as he sat, clean shaven, with slippers on his lean feet and a quilted gown buttoned over his weak chest.

"Spring has come, Minty," he said.

"Yes, Nick. Doesn't it look cheerful?"

"You look cheerful. You look like a girl still. How good it seems to have you around! If—if things had been different I needn't have been—what I am."

"Tian't too late to pick up, Nick. Ezra Chesny'll give you work as soon as you get strong. You ain't fifty year old yet."

He shook his head. "I hain't nobody to care for me. Ned and Clara are all took up with each other. I hain't no claim on them nor on nobody. What's the use livin' just to work on alone."

"You might have a little home, Nick, and a few comforts."

"T wouldn't be worth while, Minty." He looked at her suddenly, so bright and cheery, with her trim foot and her long, thin waist and the shining light of a resurrection that had come into her eyes, "unless I could have you, too."

She was moving about the room, setting the medicine glasses in order, shaking the pillows. She looked into his face shyly—his poor, gaunt face, with the thin streaked hair falling about it. "We might fix up the Perrin cottage, Nick. It'd be convenient while you was workin' for Ezra Chesny. You needn't worry about furniture. I've got a plenty of linen and china and carpets. And I was lookin' at my savings bank book the other day. I've always been a puttin' in and never a drawin' out—"

"Minty—I don't deserve you—" She had been circling round to the vicinity of the calico-covered rocker in which he sat. Suddenly she placed

her little hands on his shoulders and pressed her lips to his pale forehead, and a rosy flush spread all over her peaked little face, and a light shone from her eyes. "That's all right, Nick," she said cheerily.

A Joke on Edison.

"I had been four days and nights on the road," said Mr. Edison, "and, having had very little sleep, did not present a very fresh appearance, especially as compared to the operators of the East, who were far more dresny than their brethren of the West. The manager asked me when I was ready to go to work. 'Now,' I replied. I was then told to return at 5.50 p.m., and punctually at the hour I entered the main operating rooms, and was introduced to the night manager. My peculiar appearance caused much mirth, and, as I afterward learned, the night operators consulted together how they might 'put a job on the jay from the woolly West.' I was given a pen and assigned the New York No. 1 wire. After waiting upward of one hour I was told to come over to a special table, and take a special report for *The Boston Herald*, the conspirators having arranged to have one of the fastest senders in New York to send the despatch and 'Salt' the new man, I sat down unobtrusively at the table and the New York man started slowly. I had perfected myself in a simple and rapid style of handwriting, devoid of flourishes, and susceptible of being increased from forty-five to fifty-four words a minute by gradually reducing the size of the lettering. This was several words faster than any operator in the United States. Soon the New York operator increased his speed, to which I easily adapted my pace. This put my rival on his mettle and he put on his best powers, which, however, were soon reached. At this point I happened to look up, and saw the operators all looking over my shoulder, with their faces shining with fun and excitement. I know then that they were trying to put a job me, but kept my own counsel and went on placidly with my work, even sharpening a pencil at intervals, by way of extra aggravation. The New York man then commenced to slur over his words, running them together, and sticking the signals, but I had been used to this kind of telegraphy in asking reports and was not in the least discomfited. Finally when I thought the fun had gone far enough, and having completed the special, I quietly opened the key and remarked, 'Say, young man, change off, and send with your other foot.' This broke the New York man all up, and he turned the job over to another man to finish."

This dazzling feat was the means of permanently securing the respect of Edison's associates, and 'the jay from the woolly West' took his place at once and forever as a prominent and esteemed member of the community."

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