

When Jimsey Plugged the Game.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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No thunder rolled, no lightning flashed, when James Henry Holden got his job, but the proceedings were not altogether without excitement. James Henry entered the office with a demand for the position offered in the morning paper.

"We've got a boy," declared Royce, the gray haired manager. "You're too late."

"I was to ten other places before I could get here," explained James Henry. "Which is the kid you put on?"

Royce nodded in the direction of a small boy who was regarding his nicely polished boots with embarrassed interest. James rendered hoarse thanks for the information and slipped out. He was back again in an hour or so to lay a package and some change on Royce's desk.

"Them's the pencils you sent for," he announced. "Where'll I put my hat?" "I told you we had a boy," said Royce crossly.

"And 'had' ain't 'is,'" explained James. "He's gone home to get his eye fixed, and I told him I'd take the job, so he needn't worry."

For a moment Royce hesitated. It was bad policy to employ a boy who had taken another's job, but Royce was very tired of boys who lacked spirit, so at last he nodded his head in the direction of the bench where the boys sat waiting for their turn to be called.

"No more fighting or out you go," he warned, with a frown, and James grinned as he crossed over to the bench.

In two days he was "Jimsey" to every one in the office with the exception of Benson, the senior partner, and even Benson thought of him as Jimsey on those infrequent occasions when he gave the lad any thought at all. He was alert, intelligent and always ready to perform services not strictly in his line.

More than once Jimsey was sent up town to Benson's home with some message, and in these commissions he delighted. Usually he carried a message to Mrs. Benson, and Jimsey grew adoringly fond of the sweet faced girl who was the broker's second wife.

Marion Chesney had married Benson because her parents had given her no peace until she had consented to make the sacrifice that should re-establish the Chesney fortunes even at the price of her own unhappiness, and like a brave little woman she was trying hard to make the best of it, though she found it very difficult at times.

Benson had sought a mistress of his home rather than of his heart. He delighted in seeing his wife at the head of his table when he gave dinners to his business associates. Like the plate and the wines, she did credit to his taste.

Beyond that he gave her little thought. He was careful to provide flowers and candy, but merely because he felt that this was expected, and Jimsey took far more delight in the trip than did Benson in the sending or Marion in the receiving.

Once it had slipped out at home that the head clerk had a standing order to remind his employer to send flowers and things, and after that they were flowers or candy to Marion—nothing more.

Jimsey's frank admiration and lively ways meant far more to her because his boyish adoration was sincere and his friendliness genuine. She came to watch for his appearance, and to Jimsey the quarter or half dollar that she gave him meant far less than the friendly pressure of the slim, cool fingers as she laid the coin in his palm.

So matters stood when Jimsey, making a short cut through the park on the way to the street car line, came face to face with Marion and a man as he turned a curve in the path. There was no mistaking the man's attitude. He was making determined love to her, and she seemed at least tolerant if not receptive.

For an instant Jimsey paused and then half turned to retrace his steps and made a detour. When he caught a better glimpse of the man's face he sauntered forward.

He came to a stop before the couple, and his hat was whisked off as he made a sweeping bow to Marion. Then he turned to the man with a look of infinite disgust.

"Get on a new lay, Skinny," he demanded. "You're off your beat and in over your head. You'd better beat it or I'll tell the cops where the lead pipe from Hennessy's new tenements went to. It's too bad you can't stay no longer, but you get 'till outen here."

To Marion's surprise the man rose and without a word took a hurried departure. Jimsey turned to her with mild reproach in his eyes.

"I know how you feel," he said soothingly as he watched the tears come unbidden to her eyes. "You want to have a steady, and the old man ain't no good for the mushy stuff. You can't get a flirtation with no one what knows your push, but you don't want to get mixed up with no lead pipe thief."

"I am interested in charities," she explained, not realizing that she was making a defense to a fifteen-year-old boy. "He spoke so interestingly of the

conditions he had studied. This was the first time that he presumed to become personal."

"He thought he had you cinched," remarked Jimsey, forbearing to add that he thought she was "easy." "You want to put the old man wise, because Skinny may try to hold you up—blackmail, you know."

"I couldn't, I couldn't," cried the girl with a sob.

"But you must," insisted Jimsey firmly. "If you don't tell, he'll make up all kinds of stories, and you'll have to put up or stand for 'em."

"But you can't understand," she began, and Jimsey sagely nodded his head. He was wise far beyond his years.

"I know," he conceded. "You two ain't never had a good fight so's you could know each other. C'n I put him wise?"

The girl shook her head, but Jimsey shook his, too, and though he said no more to her, he was waiting for Benson when the latter left the office. It was Benson's habit to walk uptown each evening until he felt tired, and tonight Jimsey emerged from the shadows of the corner and fell into step.

"I want to chew the rag, boss," he explained.

"See the cashier if you want more salary," was the short response. "I cannot be bothered with office details."

"This ain't office," denied Jimsey. "It's about the lady. I ain't promise no to tell, and she's afraid to."

"What do you know about my wife that she is afraid to tell me?" demanded Benson sharply.

"It's this way," explained Jimsey hurriedly. "She ain't got nothin' to do but to be good to folks, and she gets in with the charity people. There's a chap that trails with the bunch for what he can get outen it, and—and—there ain't nothin' wrong, and you can't blame her. I seen him sellin' soap for twenty-five cents a cake, and there ain't another feller I know c'n get more'n ten. He's a swell talker, and she fell for to listen—just to listen, you understand. But he thinks that he c'n threaten to tell you and—and get some money from her, and I want to plug the game."

"And get the money yourself for telling?" demanded Benson. "It won't work. I have implicit confidence in my wife."

To his shocked surprise Jimsey slapped him jubilantly on the back. "That's the way to talk," he cried, with enthusiasm, "only tell it to her, boss. Don't tell it to me. Just sort of get together. Good night."

He sped away into darkness, and in his perturbation Benson walked all the way home. He could see the poor little girl fearful of what might happen and trying to greet him with a smile. He could recall many little things to which business had blinded him, and when at last he came into his home he took the trembling little woman in his arms and told her that he understood.

Even Jimsey could not realize to what good effect he had "plugged the game." He had made many crooked ways straight, and some vague thought of this made him happy as he stood in line for a gallery ticket to the melodrama, where the stage villain would be knocked out and virtue would triumph as he had seen it that day in real life.

Feats That Never Happened. A grotesque and foolish view of the west leads many who are not acquainted with that part of the country to perpetrate amusing blunders regarding the possibilities of the typical western weapons, the rifle and the six shooter. To shoot an animal's eye out at a hundred paces is a common feat in wild west literature. Sometimes it is done with a six shooter—in type, not anywhere else. Of course, no man can see the eye of an animal that far. I have had a good rifleman tell me he could cut off a robin's head at a hundred steps. The truth is that he could not see the head clearly that far. You read that the desperado Slade could with a six shooter at fifty or sixty steps hit a man in any button of his coat that he chose, but you may be sure that neither Slade nor any one else could do anything of the kind. Even trick and fancy shooting at its best could ever cover feats ascribed as matters of course to the average frontiersman by those devotees of frenzied fiction who never saw the frontier.—Outing Magazine.

Eluding the Officers. Here is an amusing description of one of Balzac's periods of impenitence. Mery, the poet, a great friend of Balzac, was an inveterate gambler and rarely left the card table before daybreak. His way lay past the Cafe de Paris, and for four consecutive mornings he had met Balzac strolling leisurely up and down dressed in a pantalon a pieds (trousers not terminating below the ankle, but with feet in them like stockings) and frock coat with velvet facings. The second morning Mery felt surprised at the coincidence; the third he was puzzled; the fourth he could hold out no longer and asked Balzac the reason of these nocturnal perambulations roundabout the same spot.

Balzac put his hand in his pocket and produced an almanac showing that the sun did not rise before 3:50. "I am being tracked by the officers of the tribunal de commerce and obliged to hide myself during the day, but at this hour I am free and can take a walk, for as long as the sun is not up they cannot arrest me."

Lots of Reasons. Robbins—I don't see why any actor should ever be out of a job. Robbins—Why? Robbins—According to the advertisements, every good play is full of good situations.—Exchange.

A Queer Lesson.

"On the slow and cheap ships," said a purser, "the souvenir thief does no harm, but on a famous Atlantic liner, where records are broken and tip-top prices abound, the amount of stuff that disappears is shocking."

"Only things with the boat's name on—champagne glasses, ink wells, curling tongs, buttonhooks, and so forth. And what are we to do about it?"

"We had an American peeress aboard last voyage. The day we reached New York a stewardess came to me and said:

"'Oh, Mr. Meet, I just seen Lady Blank's cabin trunk, and she's taken two of our finest silver ink wells!'"

"Here was a quandary, eh? The captain was called in, and he settled the matter in the unsatisfactory way such things are usually settled."

"We must teach Lady Blank a lesson," he growled. 'At the same time scandal must be avoided.' He thought a moment, then said to the stewardess: 'Take one of the ink wells and leave the other. That'll show her.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Balm For Fat Men. Every picture of the devil in human form represents him as very tall, very slender and elegantly dressed. The fat men need all the comfort they can get and may find some in this.—Athena Globe.

There is only one cure for public distress, and that is public education. Directed to make men thoughtful, merciful and just.—Ruskin.

No Insult. "I ain't insultin' of yer. I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, an' yer a't one!"—London Punch.

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"And you complained of the cost of your wife's new hat?" "Yes," answered the philosophic man, "but that was before I saw how big it was."

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READ DOWN			STATIONS			READ UP		
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3				No. 3	No. 2	No. 1
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Lve.	Ar.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
7 05	6 55	2 30	BELLEFONTE	9 10	5 05	9 40		
7 15	7 05	2 35	High	9 20	5 15	9 50		
7 25	7 15	2 40	High	9 30	5 25	10 00		
7 35	7 25	2 45	HECLA PARK	9 40	5 40	10 10		
7 45	7 35	2 50	Dunkle	9 50	5 55	10 20		
7 55	7 45	2 55	Hubersburg	10 00	6 10	10 30		
8 05	7 55	3 00	Snyderstown	10 10	6 25	10 40		
8 15	8 05	3 05	Nittany	10 20	6 40	10 50		
8 25	8 15	3 10	Houston	10 30	6 55	11 00		
8 35	8 25	3 15	Lamar	10 40	7 10	11 10		
8 45	8 35	3 20	Clintonville	10 50	7 25	11 20		
8 55	8 45	3 25	Krider'siding	11 00	7 40	11 30		
9 05	8 55	3 30	Mackeyville	11 10	7 55	11 40		
9 15	9 05	3 35	Cedar Spring	11 20	8 10	11 50		
9 25	9 15	3 40	Salona	11 30	8 25	12 00		
9 35	9 25	3 45	MILL HALL	11 40	8 40	12 10		

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

11 40 8 55 Jersey Shore 3 09 7 53
12 15 9 30 Wm'sPORT 3 35 8 28
12 25 11 30 Lve. WM'SPORT 3 45 8 38
(Phila. & Reading Ry.)
7 30 6 30 PHILA. 12 26 11 30
10 10 9 00 NEW YORK 9 00
p. m. a. to Arr. (Via Phila.) Lve. a. m. p. m.
+Week Days
WALLACE H. GEPHART,
General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Schedule to take effect Monday Jan. 5, 1908.

WESTWARD read down			STATIONS			EASTWARD read up		
No. 1	No. 2	No. 1				No. 1	No. 2	No. 1
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	Lve.	Ar.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
3 00	11 15	6 30	Bellefonte	8 50	12 50	7 30		
3 07	10 20	6 35	Coleville	9 40	12 40	8 50		
3 12	10 25	6 40	Morris	9 50	12 50	9 00		
3 17	10 30	6 45	Stevens	10 00	1 00	9 10		
3 22	10 35	6 50	Hunter's Park	10 10	1 10	9 20		
3 27	10 40	6 55	Fillmore	10 20	1 20	9 30		
3 32	10 45	7 00	Brandy	10 30	1 30	9 40		
3 37	10 50	7 05	Wadsworth	10 40	1 40	9 50		
3 42	10 55	7 10	Krampton	10 50	1 50	10 00		
3 47	11 00	7 15	State College	11 00	2 00	10 10		
3 52	11 05	7 20	Struble	11 10	2 10	10 20		
3 57	11 10	7 25	Bloomersburg	11 20	2 20	10 30		
4 02	11 15	7 30	Pine Grove Mts	11 30	2 30	10 40		

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