#### 

## Jim's Schooling

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

card he held in his long, slender fingers. He saw a dark-eyed young felchin. At least those were the distin- not to annoy her by any special atguishing characteristics the elder man tentions. first noticed.

James Protix roc," he murmured. Then he added, with a little gasp, "not the son of my old boyhood pard, George Protheroe?

The young man smilingly nodded. Whereupon the older man seized him both hands and forced him into a

"My dear boy," he cried, "where were my eyes? Why, you're just like your dad. Well, well' Bless him, I haven't seen him for twenty years. Calls you James, ch? Who's that for?"

"For me! Shake hands again, namesake. You are a remarkably fine young man. And how's father?"

Very well, sir. He sends you a letter," and the young man drew it from his neeker. "Sounds just like old George," he "I'm-um-um. Loan you chuckled.

my boy Jim. Teach him a little business. Got some capital he might in-Good boy, Uns-um-um. would be funny, wouldn't it, if Jim and your motherless girl should take a shine to each other." I wouldn't object. I know she comes of good

"What's that?" cried the startled young man.

That wasn't meant for you to hear. laughed the other, as he folded the letter and pushed it in his pocket. Then he added: "See here, my boy, you must come along with as to Pevington. We are going down there on my private car; a thirty-mile ride over our new suburban road. I've got business with a man at Bevington that must be attended to this noon. Then I've got to be back here at 2 o'clock to meet a New Yorker who is passing through, My daughter Ethel, Miss Mayer, her companion, and two young college fellows of her acquaintance will go on the trip with me. Ethel will take along a hamper and feed us in the car, and we ought to have a jolly time. I want you to meet my daughter."

"Trank you," said the young fellow. "I believe I have already met her. went to your home to see you and tound you had left the house a little earlier than usual, and your daughter-I'm quite sure it was your daughter-kindly told me that you never transacted any business at home.

The two men laughed together. "But you told her who wou were?" 'No. I didn'; " replied the young man. "After her remark I couldn't very well. It's business you know, that brings

me to Cleveland. James Norcross laughed again.

"She probably took you for a collecat the square in just ten minutes,"

the two men approached. "Ethel," said the older man, "I want you have only met in a business way, I believe. You have often heard me speak of his father."

The fair young girl, with just a slight flush, extended her hand.

The name of Protheroe is a house held word with us," she said with a smile that Jim Protheroe thought was the sweetest he had ever seen. Then she presented him to Fraulein Mayer, and made him acquainted with Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Barrington. "You've surely heard of Mr. Barring-

ton," she said. "He was on the Yarvard football team of '98, and Mr. Hall is the champion sprinter of his col-

Young Pretheros bowed gravely in acknowledgement of the honor conferred upon him in ceming in personal contact with such special distinctions. "Are you a cellege man, Mr. Protheroe?" inquired the eminent Barring-

'Yes," replied the Kansas youth, "Adams, '97.

Just then the car got under headway, and Ethel's father called Jim to step to the rear door and have a look at the roadbed. Ethel had surprised the glance that passed between Hosmer and Barrington. It made her feel a little chagrined. They were evidently sneering at the western young man. Really, there was something different about him. His clothes were not quite like the other men's. He didn't wear them with just the same nonchalance. He appeared rather heavy and slow, Very likely he was as dull as he acted. And yet he certainly seemed a very presentable youth. Some people might

even call him handsome. Her train of thought was interrupted

by her father's voice. Why, bless my soul, boy," he was saying, "you know more about railway building than I do. Where did you pick it up?"

'Helped lay out a road in Western Kansas," replied Jim. "That's one of the things we learned at Adams. I believe I have the right to put 'civil engineer' after my name."

So he did know a little something, thought the girl, but it seemed like such uninteresting knowledge. Truly, he was decidedly different from the

eastern boys. Then her father and Jim came into

the car and the conversation became general. Ethel noticed that Jim held his own

pretty well when he did talk, but for the most part he was but a listener.

School Opens Monday Bring your children to us for School Shoes



l'ablets given Free.

The capitalist looked up from the | There was one thing she was grateful to him for, She knew that he admired her. His frank, open glance told low, with big shoulders and a resolute her that. But he had the good sense

> Pretty soon the little party scattered, Jim and the young men going out on the rear platform to smoke, leaving father and daughter and chaperon in the car.

"What do you think of Jim?" said the capitalist

"Rather strong of Kansas, isn't he?" laughed Ethel.

"Oh, I don't know." said her father. 'He doesn't make any parade of his talents. He's just like his old dad. There wasn't a keener boy in town, We were chums, you know, and both of us started in without a dollar, I fancy we've both done protty well." "Is Mr. Protheroe's father a man of property?" Inquired Ethel.

"I should say he was! The last 1 heard about him he owned the operahouse, the hotel, the bank, the finest residence in town, and held a first mortgage on the biggest meeting Jim's financial future is all He's an only child, you know." right.

"No, I don't know," said Ethel. The big hamper turned out to be most bountifully loaded, and everybody brought along a picnic appetite. leaving the ladies in charge of the two eastern men. James Norcross took the Kansas lad and started to keep his engagement with the local townsman. It was not a long engagement. and at 1 o'clock they were back in the car, and the capitalist signaled the lines motorman to go ahead on the return trip.

"We should be able to run the thirtytwo miles back to Cleveland nicely in two hours," he said to Jim. "I must be there at 3 o'clock and we have a clear track all the way. We've had litigation over this road and it isn't doing a regular business yet, but we'll be running on schedule in a day or

They were out of earshot of the others, and Jim leaned toward the cap-

"Mr. Norcross," he said. "have you noticed that the motorman has been frinking heavily?"

he's sober. When he's drunk he's a stupid log. Keep you eye on him, The young man nodded and started

tibule It might have been ten minutes later

tor," he chuckled. "But, here, we must away-a sharp curve. He knew that op. It was a way he had. meet the others it was highly hazardous to attempt "Ah. Miss Morris" he said. to strike it at that high rate of speed. sgain." He had muite forgotien that They were there and walting when He reached forward and caught the he had sent her home. motorman by the arm. round the curve.

Then Jim turned. The motorman look up. had fallen and struck his head against the ironwork at the end of a seat. He | to dictate a better before you go, was lving on the car floor unconscious, the last seat at the rear, with her the type-writer. back to the front of the car, her com-

ently her father came down the aisle and stopped. "I was beginning to wonder where all the men were," said Ethel, as she father's arm. "I felt quite neglected. Are we waiting on a switch?"

"There has been a little accident, my dear," said her father, "We're not on a switch."

"Accident, papa! Who is hurr" "The motorman. But not seriously, lim says it is a scalp would and a broken collar bone. Ha's got him all handaged up nicely, and as soon as he In very fair shape,"

"Is Jim-Mr. Protherec-a surgeon, "He's something of a surgeon," replied her father with a laugh. "It's another one of these things he learned | peated, and the clicking recommenced, at that remarkable college. It seems a half dozen of his college mates had volunteered and took a six months\*
course in the rudiments."

Ethel looked out of the window, Where are we papa?

"About ten miles from nowhere, snarled the capitalist. "And I'm newfed in Cleveland at 2 o'clock for a most important conference."

Well, why don't we go ahead?" we've busted something in the running gear. It happened in slacking up sud-

denly. Do you hear that pounding?" "Now I hear it." "That's Jim under the car trying ink.

to tinker up the break." "Is he a mechanic, too?"

Despite his anxiety, the capitalist laughed again. "It seems so," he said. "It's another thing he learned out there in Kansas. I suppose we are just beginning to find him out. You were right about it.

He isn't much like the other youngsters

of his age." Still laughing, Ethel's father left the car and joined the two eastern college nen, who were standing not far away. Ethel raised the window and looked out. As she did so she caught sight of Jim Litless, contless and vestless, his thick hair wildly tumbled and his face smudged with dirt, be was facing

her smiling father. "Waiting for orders, sir," he said, with a comical pull at his hair. "Can you run a motor, too?" asked the capitalist.

the capitalist.

"I've had some experience at it."

"No, no," the girl quickly added. "I have not come to plead with you. You are quite wrong to imagine such a thing. And you were quite wrong to the stomach, rules the stomach, rules the whole nervous system. Grain-Of it is almost like eaffects the effects are just the opposite. "One upset the stomach, rules the whole nervous system. Grain-Of it can be either and the will, and a sarcastic smile itwisted his mouth.

"No, no," the girl quickly added. "I have not come to plead with you. You are quite wrong to the stomach, aids digestion and strengthens the pervess. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can be otherwise. If and 25c, per package."

the points I'll promise to haul you brough on time. "All right, my boy; run her through on schedule time and I'll give you a permanent job."

The capitalist looked up and caught his daughter's eye and laughed again. As Jim turned away Ethel called offly to her father: "Deddy," she murmured, "don't you

forget to ask Jim up to dinner to-Her gratified parent looked up at her with a quizzleal smile that called

a swift blush to her cheek. "All aboard!" shouted Jim

Abel Mitchell called to his typewriter. 'You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up from his papers be-

The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 4.50. But she quietly put on her hat, and with a murmured goodnight left the room.

Abel listened to the departing rustle of her skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl. A girl who asked no useless questions. She had reached the age of discretion. If Jim was determined to marry a poor girl why couldn't be have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper. "Jim was confidential with me," he grumbled. "Perhans I didn't invite his confidence, I don't know. Now be has disoboyed my direct command. That can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl I said walt, "How long?" he asked "Until you reach years of discretion, I cried, and turned away. Jim is 24. And I married at 21. Yes, and ran away, too. But it was different with me. My father had nothing to give me. I was quite independent. He was glad to have me shift for myself. Jim's father has Then they rolled into Bevington, and, given him dollars where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me

> to his bitter cost." He unfolded the paper that he had taken from the envelope and ran his keen gray eye down the closely written

"He has given up his father for a pretty face," he murmured. "Let him girl, and her gaze dropped to the letctand by the consequences. Who is she? What is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him in to this marriage. "A rich man's son," they chuckled. But they'll find they're fool-'Father,' he said. 'I am to be married tomorrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding." I turned on my heel. Then I looked back, Youknow the price you pay?' I cried. 'Yes, father,' he said, with his head high up. I know. Good-bye and God bless you. He usked a blessing on me! Ho, ha, ha; that's too righ! But he'll get evil for good this time. I'll cut him off "No?" cried the capitalist, "Has the with a dollar. Let him sup on herbs diot started one of his periodical for awhile. That'll take the vener sprees? Best man in my employ when from love's young dream. I'll draw up new will at home tonight and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know what his foolish fancy has cost him I'll write him a letter-adown the abie to the motorman's yes- letter he can show to his new rela-

tives. That's the thing-a letter." He bent down with his head upon when he noticed that the speed was his hand and his eyes upon the paincreasing to a really dangerous rate. per. A rustle of skirts in the doorway Looking ahead he saw-amile or so drew his attention. He did not look

The latter | The young girl in the doorway did turned with an oath, and, unsteadily not answer. Her bright eyes were fixyou to become better acquainted with rising to his feet, struck at him blind- ed upon the old man. She expected James Protheroe, of Kansas, whom iy. Jim thing him aside, shut off the him to look up. If he had done so power and put on the air brake. The he would have seen a charming vision. car slackened speed reluctantly, but She was a very pretty girl-dainty and finally came to a standstill half way reat from the tip of her new hat to the tips of her new shoes. But he did not

"Just in time," he added, "I want He paused, and the girl, as if seized Ethel was unaware that anything with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped umusual had taken place. She sat in into the room and seated herself at

"You have been with us so long. Miss panion, Miss Mayer, beside her. Press Morris," the old man continued, "that we view you as a confidential agent Resides, this will be public property very soon. I am going to write to my son. Last night he married an unlaid her hand affectionately on her known girl against my wishes. I am going to tell him that I wash my hands of him and his: that tonight I change my will, cuttling him off with a soli-

tary dollar. Are you ready?" The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary click or two. "James Mitchell," began the old mur, as you have seen fit to disobey me, to ast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, I The man who has the call desire you to know that I have no wish gets over the effects of the-the shock to hold further communication with you. While I cherish the impression that you were lured into this unhappy

The typewriter stopped. "Unhappy marriage," the old man re-"yet I cannot accept this as any excuss for your undutiful conduct. Toplanned a hazardous trip to the flad | night I change my will, and you may Lands, and they knew they ought to rest assured that your name will be have a surgeon doctor along, so Jim passed over with the smallest possible trancial consideration. I prefer to have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from cherishing any false hopes. This is all I have to say, and no reply will be expected. Abel Mit-

The young girl drew the sheet from the muchine, and bringing it forward "Without a motorman? Berides, laid it on the old man's desk, Abel glanced it through.

"A beautiful copy," he said, and carefully folded it. Then he placed it in an envelope and dipped a pen in

"I do not know his address," he said, and knit his brow. The girl at the end of the desk exended her hand. "If you have no objection," she quiet-

ly said, "I will deliver it to him in per-The old man looked up at the fair ace bending over him.
"Why, who are you!" he cried.

"I am Alice Mitchell," said the young "Mitchell!" repeated Abel, dully,

M-my son's wife! And what-" but

the ugly words would not come. He

could not utter them in the light of those gentle eyes. "Will you be seated?" he lamely added. "Thank you, no," said the girl. "I have but a few words to say: they will not detain you long." Abol's gaze dropped to the letter and the will, and

He looked up again quickly. There were tears in the gentle eyes. And there was a glint of fire in them, too, You insulted me and you insuited my dear father. I have no mother." She paused a moment. "When you insinunted that my father was mercenary in this matter you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your consent. I

disobeyed my father, too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring us no surprise." The old man dropped his eyes be-

reath her reproachful gaze.
"Perhaps I was hasty," he slowly said, "but the provocation was great," Then he quickly added: "But know-ABEL MITCHELL'S WILL ing as you did that I opposed the

wedding, and your father opposed it,

too, why did you permit yourself to

marry my boy? "I could make it clear to you. I think," said the girl gently, "If you loved your boy."

The old man trembled. If he loved his boy! All that was near and dear to him-all that was left to him of kith and kin. The babe that a dying wife had solemnly placed in his paternal arms. If he loved his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before him.

"And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in crossing your wishes, He might have waited. I wanted him to wait. But he is so proud, so selfwilled. I am very sorry that'l should he the means of separating you, and I -I am quite sure I am not worth the great sacrifice my dear-my husbandhas made:

Where is Jim now?" he asked Then he smiled grimly. "And why are you enjoying your-your wedding

"There was a vacancy in the bank where my father is employed," said the girl, "and father secured it for Jim. His duties began today. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look our carefully for the main chance now, you know

"And you didn't expect to fall back n my dollars?" said the old man, "Not a penny of them," quickly replied the girl.

The old man fidgeted in his chair, 'And why not?' he asked. "I think you understand," said the

ter on the desk. Does Jim know you are here?" "No. At least he didn't know I was

oming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at 5 o'clock. I must Walt," said the old man, quickly, He looked at her searchingly. She

met his gaze with a smile. Her mind was on Jim. Abel deliberately put the will back in its envelope, and the cuvelope in its pigeonhole. Then he picked up the letter in its unaddressed envelope, tore it into minute particles and tossed

"I've changed my mind," he softly muttered. He pulled down his desk cover with bang and reached for his hat. "There," he said, "I'm ready, Then

be added, "Will you give me your arm.

them into the waste basket.

my dear?" As they passed through the doorway he paused. "I think, Alice," he said, "that you and I are going to be very good friends And now we must hunt up Jim and take him home with us."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### MOMENTARY SMILES.

Must Be Scarce.

"Mamma," said little 5-year-old Tom-Yes, my dear," replied the mother,

"Well," continued the youthful absery, r. "if that's the case, bays must be ather scarse up there." Also Correct.

"What is the plural of man, Johnny" sked the teacher of a small pupil in the Men, answered Johney

"Correct." said the teacher. "And that is the plural of child?" "Twins," was the logical but unexpect

#### Unmilking the Cows.

"Well, Clara, what did you see in th esked a father of his little t-cear-old daughter, who had just re-turned from a visit to her grandparents. "Oh, just lots of funny things," was he reply, "and the funniest of all was

he hired man momitking the cows The Man with the Coin. The wan who wields the hoe White." Has lately had a show.

But, really, after all. Is the quiet man who always has the -Buffalo Express.

As has also had the man nehind the

She Yielded Not ..

cloter a long time to compile the die fonary; don't you think so? Tilford-Daniel? You mean Noah, don't Mrs. Tilford-Now, don't be silly; Nowh

Had Nothing to Learn.

built the ark.-Brooks in Life.

essons.—Tammany Times.

Mr. Essiside-Have you read Dante's Mr. Westside Don't need to read it. and my eldest daughter is taking piano

With but a Single Thought.

He-Ah, it sometimes seems as if I uld almost die waltzing (between gasps)-Well, those that valtz with you must often think they have to meet that kind of a fate, too. Juleago Times-Herald.

No Cake.

Mrs. D. had invited some friends to linner and desiring to make a favorable mpression, she had previously cautioned aer little daughter Belle as to her con-luct at the table. Everything came off atisfactorily until the coffre-and-cake tage was reached.

"Will you have some cake, Mr. S."
asked the hostess of one of the guests.
"No, thank you," answered Mr. S. The same inquiry was made of the thers, with varying replies, until little Relle was finally renched. "Will you have some cake, Belle?" isked the mother.

'No." replied the little miss, abruptis-"No what?" sternly demanded the "No cake," answered little Belle, inocently, and Mrs. D. collapsed.

GRAIN-O BRINGS RELIEF

to the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost as universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like cof-fee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the di-

JONAS LONG'S SCNS.

GREATER SCRANTON'S QREATEST STORE

# At the head of the procession---More often-ahead of it. OUR GREAT ALL DAY

WHEN we conceived the idea of our Great All Day Friday Sales in Scranton, we were fortified with experience ammunition from the great and lasting success of these sales in our Wilkes-Barre store. Our determination to make them just as popular here has met with a hearty response. We have not used threats or cynicism to force people to buy, nor do we need to. An appreciative public are quick to grasp the merits of true bargains. They know that the word has a meaning here. Our Friday sales are a success because we make them so. Thorough knowledge of merchandise is not necessary when you come here to buy. Our "Satisfaction or Money Back" policy protects you in every instance. Sales begin at to o'clock-remember-and last all day-until 6 o'clock.

#### 2 3-4c Yard for White Shaker Flannel

A Friday bargain to jam this store. Heavy quality cream white shaker flannel, regularly sold at 5c and 6c a yard. Only a limited quantity will be sold to a customer that everyone may have a chance at this big lot of 5,000 yards. FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

#### ~~~~~~~~~~ 5 1-2c Yard for Hill Muslin

Every woman knows this justly famous brand of bleached muslin. A limited quantity to each customer on Friday at the above price. See how much more it is in other stores. FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. W.

#### 4 3-4c Yard for New Fall Percales

Bran new goods. Bran new styles. Bought for this great Friday sale-only we didn't intend to sell them so cheap. Dark and medium effects in exquisite and dainty patterns. Worth 7c and 8c yard.

FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. M. 

Notions for Friday. Brush Binding, blue and grey ..... 4c Bone Casing, nine yard piece..... 8c Fancy Garter Lengths, yard...... 3c Rubber Corset Laces...... 1c Satin Hose Supports, wide belt...........21c Dexter Knitting Cotton, ball..... 4c Agate Buttons, 8 dozen for..... 5c FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

> We Serve Dinner In Our Elegant Restaurant, from 11.30 to 2. 25 Cents.

#### 18c for Good Corsets

You'd never believe that so good a corset could be sold for so little money. They could NOT in a regular way, but everything is possible here. So here goes for 200 very good quality of Jean Corsets In white and drab. All sizes from 18 to 30. Well boned, comfortable and good fitting. Would be cheap at double.

FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. M. SECOND FLOOR. 

#### 11c Yard for Very Fine Fish Net

We have never offered a bigger bargain in our third floor upholstery department than this one. Fine quality of Fish Net for curtainings, full 45 inches wide-a very pretty pattern; new in style and easily worth 15c a yard.

FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. M. 

#### You'll Find These Bargains in the Basement the Talk of the Town

All China Hall-Boy Jugs, figured decorations and gold lined. Never sold under 29 cents. Friday ..... 14c

China Bomb and Brush Trays, very handsomely ornamented and easily worth 49c. Friday ..... All China Plates, in dinner and tea sizes, assorted patterns. Worth 121/20

Twelve-piece Toilet Sets, large pieces, beautifully decorated, English make, were \$4 98. Friday ..... \$3.25 Fire Shovels-Nickel Steel Shovels,

twisted handles: worth twelve cents. On Friday ..... FRIDAY FROM 10 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

### Umbrellas==A Big Bargain for Friday

The biggest Umbrella Bargain we have ever offered. The lot consists of women's and children's school umbrellas-24 and 26 inch-nicely covered. Built on steel paragon frames, with steel rods and natural wood handles, highly polished. In any other

store price would be 50c to 50c. On Friday from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m..... 

8c

## Jonas Long's Sons

A FATHER'S DEVOTION.

True Story of "Bob White. Ah! Bob

From the Binghamton Republican Last Spring Affred Miller, of No. 21 Spring Forest avenue, received a present of a pair of common quail. They were kept in the house until tamed suf-

ficiently to be trusted in a large coop without danger of injuring themselves Mes. Tilford-II must have taken Daniel in an endeavor to escape, and then moved to more commodious quarters. The little couple started in housekeeping and affairs ran along smoothly then the female died. This was a great disappointment to their owner, as the little mother left behind her a nest of twelve eggs, upon which she was preparing to set when the end came. The male bird was, after the manner My wife's mother is living with us now, of all widowers, disconsolate and published his grief abroad in piercing eries of "Bob White, Ah! Hob White,"

until be had apprized everyone in the

for two days when the mourning ceased and he disappeared from sight, only appearing at morring and evening. An investigation showed him to be sitting on the eggs. It was decided to indulge him in his supposed freak for while. But as time went on and he stuck faithfully to his post it was seen that he meant business. Save for an early morning roll in the dust of the large coop, a bath, an occasional drink of water and a hurried meal. Bob kent his lonely vigil week after week. Yesterday saw the reward of his patience, when he led a small procession of four little chicks from the nest, the admiratton of the neighborhood and on ex-

A STUPID BOY.

ample to all discouraged widowers.

But He Saved the Railroad Man's Life with His Knife. From the Chicago Chronicie.

The bald-headed railroad man who frequents the rotunda of the Great Northern hotel these evenings is usually the center of quite a group of loungers, for he has many interesting incidents of adventure to relate. "When I was a section boss down in

Pexas." he said the other evening, "I had he crookedest piece of track in the state -couldn't see two telegraph poles at one time at any point on my section. Right where the tool house was there was a

my men working one day around the down the track just as if nothing at all curve, near the fool house, and white they were filling in a piece of track I moseyed

down to take a look at the switch at the other end of the curve. The men were about a quarter of a mile from the switch, but out of view around the curve. In these days we didn't take the precaution to put blocks of wood in the chinks of the frogs and at the end of the guard

"As I was poking around the frog I got no of my beels wedged in one of the numerous openings and could not get my-self free. I tugged away and swore a until four weeks ago last Monday. little under my breath, but a machinia's vise could not have held that heal tighter than the frog did. You can easily judge the extent of my alarm when I heard a train whistle for a crossing which I knew to be a mile and a half from the point train whistle for a crossing which I knew to be a mile and a half from the point where I was flatoud. I booked at my watch. It was the to'clock 'cannon bell' from the west and I knew that it would hear down mean me in three minutes.

The wholesome hope of heaven and the award surreass of care we makes heaven there?

The lisping children's prattle, the mothwhere I was fastened. I booked at my watch; it was the Lo'clock cannon ball rom the west and I knew that it was a succeeded in wrenching the heet off my shoe, which appeared a hopeless back to synchron the first stde's rosy cheen is lighted and the off my shoe, which appeared a hopeless fask. The train would shoot around the neighborhood of his loss. This lasted curve, the engineer would not have time to even slow down in response to my signal, and I would be ground henceth the wheels. The train was approaching from the direction of my men and shouted, hoping they might hear me and fing it, but it was a vain hope, and I heard the train rear across a bridge les than a mile away. I was beginning to tespair, but cost a glance around to see if help was coming from any other quar-ter , when I saw a small, towhead boy standing to the middle of the track be-

> "'Run up there.' I yelled, pointing toward the tool house, 'and flag the can-The boy looked at me, but did not

he killed! Don't you see my foot's fast and I can't get off the track?" "The boy said nothing, but put his hand in his pocket and bulled out his lack-knife. I thought he would look for a stick next so he could whittle white he iscussed my proposition, as they lown in Texas. I could hear the engi bell ringing to warn my men to clear the track, and I knew that there remained but a few seconds between my-self and death, as the boy has stood in-active too long to get any distance away and signal the engineer. "But the bor was not as stupld as I

had thought him to be: Indeed, he was not helf as stupid as myself. He didn't look for a stick, but he stepped up beside me, stooped down, ran the keen blade of his knife over my shoe string. straightened up, grinned and said:
"Yank yer foot out, mister; here she

"I rolled off the track and the train French landscape painter.

The Things Worth While. Oh, the things worth while! the things worth while! The winning word of kindness that's the

The sunny smile that sparkles, reflecting rails as they do now to keep brakemen trails as they do now to keep brakemen.

The willing car that hearkens to the meladles of laws.

That he mand birds that traiter in the meladles of laws. thomore and the trees;

The happy heart responsive to the touch of kindly hands That becken up and onward to the lovely Yea, the things worth while! the things worth white! The cheery thoughts we cherish, with maught of gloom or guile;

When the mellow lemp is light d and the

Are sizzling in the radiance of the dear-Ah, the things worth while! the things worth while! The tender recollection of the low scat

on the stile.

When the katydids were calling and the owlet's answer shrill Grew mellow as it mingled with the mu-sic of the mill:

The buoyant dreams that bubbled like The lifting inspiration of an unforgotten The toll by sweet devotion made marvellously light; Love, and its living fervor, its mystery

'Run, run,' I whooned again, 'or I'll and might So, the things worth while! the things worth while! Let's garner them and guard them and rear a radiant pile

Of golden deeds and memories, with diamond hopes impearled—
A castle made impregnable against the warring world.
Wherein our days shall blossom our nights shall bloom with stars—

And let go by the mulice, the fruitless strife that more. So life's serener visions, shall all the hours beguile If only we shall treasure just the things worth while!

-Robertus Love, in the Sun. The frieze in the Paris Pantheon left unfinished by the late Puvis de Cha-vannes is to be completed by Cazin, the