

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

How often in our busy life
We speak a bitter word;
We care not who the listeners are,
We care not where 'tis heard.
We do not know within our heart
To what it may amount,
And truly, it is only one
Of little things that count.

We often wound the trusting heart
By being insincere,
We do not think that which we do
May cause a lonely tear.
We give it but a passing thought,
And bother not about
The little things that rise and cease
The trusting heart to doubt.

We often wrong within ourself
The ones who love us true,
Because they tell us of a fault;
We're all impatient, too,
And do not down the angry words
That to our lips may mount,
Or bludge and wait; 'tis only one
Of little things that count.

—Kathryn C. Murray, in the Hartford Daily Courant.

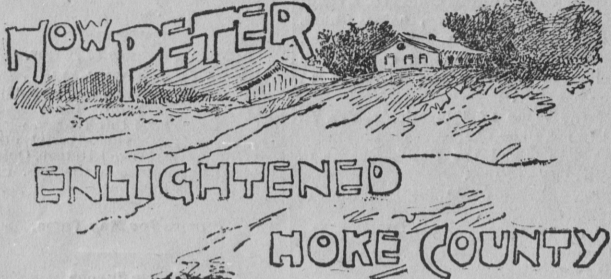
an' the baby when that comes. Jest own up, what is your idea of making leases when you ain't so much as farmin' truck?"

"Gas, dad," said Peter, quietly. "Just keep it as secret as you can, but there's gas under every foot of this ground."

It was not a very satisfactory explanation to Grant. He didn't see what particular good gas might do, and the next time he saw Dr. Jewett in Pimly he let slip the secret about Peter's idea. From the doctor's office the story spread, reaching ears that were not indifferent to the story of a possible gas belt under Hoke County. Strangers who had snickered at Jethson began to cross-question him, but he put them aside with a childish smile and a harmless joke. "How you goin' to git the gas?" they asked him.

"Dig for it," he would say, laughing. "An' if you git it, what then?"

"Then it's up to you," grinned Jethson, as he walked away.



Everybody round Pimly set up a laugh when Peter Jethson and his wife moved over on old man Grant's west eighty and set up for farming. Peter was always regarded as something of a joke in Hoke County, and the fact that he had married Sophie Grant, the prettiest girl for miles around, didn't save him. He was a sort of second cousin to the old man's first wife, and, of course, when he came to Kansas his kinsman took him in.

The objections to him were good-natured but numerous. He was always dressed up, he had no more knowledge of horses, cattle and pigs than a Kansas City dude, and for the first year of his life in Hoke County he didn't do anything but court Sophie. Old Grant never would have agreed to it if he didn't know that his son-in-law-elect "had money," for the youth was quite worthless from a buccle point of view, and after six months trying to interest him in farming the old man gave in with:

"Well, ye kin have her, Pete, but goll darn ye, how you all goin' to make out?"

Peter grinned quietly, saying, "Guess we won't starve," and went away to tell Sophie. They were married at Christmas, spent a week in Kansas City and then came home to settle down. Everybody thought they'd open a store in Pimly, but they

away whistling, while Sophie in the kitchen smiled confidently and her father grumbled in his whiskers.

It was like that all summer and fall. Pete didn't do anything in the way of work except what he did secretly in his shop or on his well. The neighbors would stop at his road gate sometimes and shout at him: "Hey, Mister Jethson, struck water yet?" Whereat he would smile gently, shake his head and answer, "Not yet." Sometimes, if they happened to ask him, "How ye gettin' along?" he'd crack his little joke by answering, "Getting a long well, thank you," and then he'd laugh like a pleased boy. And so it came about that the folks at Pimly and roundabout in Hoke County came to talk about Peter Jethson as "Poor Pete," the women pitying Sophie and the men pitying old man Grant, who had given his pretty daughter to a "half-wit."

It was along in the spring when everybody found out that Peter had taken a ten-year lease on the Brown place adjoining his own untitled acres. Mayor Jenkins of Pimly voiced the public sentiment about this transaction when he said:

"B-owson has just took advantage o' pore Pete. Them hundred an' sixty acres o' hisn ain't wuth two dollars a year. Won't raise nuttin' an' yet, come t' think, they can't raise no less'n Pete's eighty."



didn't. Pete leased the west eighty from his father-in-law and built a cottage, declaring that he meant to make his fortune right there. He started by bringing from his old home in the East all his books, fishing tackle, guns and other impractical effects. When the Kansas winter vanished before a matchless spring he began to roam over "our farm."

"What you going to do first, Pete?" Sophie would ask.

"Just look around for a while, Sophie," he would say, and march off whistling toward the creek or down into the timber, where he counted the walnut trees and shot an occasional squirrel. Then he rigged up a shop near the barn and bought a lot of second-hand gas pipe, iron rods and queer implements that had nothing to do with farming.

"What ye goin' to do now, Pete?" the old man asked, eyeing him with unexpressed wonder.

"I'm going to make a well," said Pete, smiling like a willful child.

"Well? You don't need no well; you got one an' a cistern. There's the pond and the creek, an' it's good an' rainy in Hoke. Well, fiddle! Ain't you goin' to put in no crap?"

"Later maybe. I'll get around to that later." And Pete would saunter

whereupon everybody laughed and repeated Mayor Jenkins's joke. Then the wags out Grant's way began to "put up jobs" on Jethson. They would stop by and ask casually if he wanted to lease any more land, and when they realized that he was dead in earnest about getting more acres, that he wasn't particular about the quality of the land, so long as it was near Pimly, and could be leased for ten years or longer, they began to get a vague idea that "maybe Pete was up to suthin'." Then for a while old man Grant was waylaid on the corners in Pimly and at intervals along the road, by farmers who wanted to know what Pete was to do with his leased lands. When Grant said he didn't know, they either disbelieved him or pitied the necessity of veiling his son-in-law's mental frailty and went their ways. But the old fellow was now bent on knowing. He refused to accept the theory that Pete was "daffy," preferring to estimate his eccentricities as "pure ornery laziness." At last he got the young man into a corner of the sitting-room, when Sophie was away, and quizzed him relentlessly.

"Now I kin keep a secret, Pete," he concluded; "folks is beginnin' to think yore daffy and it's agoin' to hurt Sofe

the baby when that comes. Jest own up, what is your idea of making leases when you ain't so much as farmin' truck?"

"Gas, dad," said Peter, quietly. "Just keep it as secret as you can, but there's gas under every foot of this ground."

It was not a very satisfactory explanation to Grant. He didn't see what particular good gas might do, and the next time he saw Dr. Jewett in Pimly he let slip the secret about Peter's idea. From the doctor's office the story spread, reaching ears that were not indifferent to the story of a possible gas belt under Hoke County. Strangers who had snickered at Jethson began to cross-question him, but he put them aside with a childish smile and a harmless joke. "How you goin' to git the gas?" they asked him.

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Some of them did dig, or rather bore into their farms. Ashamed of their enterprises, they kept them secret from each other, but when they had vainly gone down 200, 300 and 500 feet through rock and clay and water, rage against the innocent Peter took hold of them, and they watched for a chance to get even. George Hough set the pace by actually leasing the "gas privileges" of his farm to Jethson for ninety-nine years for the cash sum of \$100, which was paid the moment the deed was signed. After that there was a rush to "do business" with Peter. The malcontents who had spent work and money sinking for gas wanted revenge, but they were afraid to give the victim "long terms," for fear when his mental condition was discovered his engagements would become valueless, so they did business with him on a cash basis until his money was gone and he had "the gas privilege" on every farm and free holding near Pimly.

"What air you goin' t' do now?" growled Papa Grant when Pete admitted that he'd like to borrow a hundred dollars.

"I'm going to give Pimly a fireworks exhibition," he answered naively. "I'm going to town now to put a card in the Banner announcing a show over at my place."

And he did. The erratic announcement drew every man, woman and child for miles around. The "fireworks" was all gas, it is true, but from a hundred jets along the drive, around the lawn, in the house and outside, it flared in clear white glory. Peter showed them his lathe and his pumps all run by burning gas. The men who had ridiculed him aside, admitted that they had dug for gas too, "just on his say so," but that "they want no gas within five hundred feet, an', Pete, if ye want to stan' from under that lease, why all right."

But Peter didn't want to "stand from under."

"Digging for gas, boys," said Peter, radiantly, "is like sizzin' up your fellow men. It's no use unless you go deep, say a thousand feet or so."

And they smiled with him, but they didn't mean it.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

First Step in Village Improvement.

First in order in activities of this kind come cleanliness. Clean streets and public places, clean private premises—when these secured, the first great transformation in the community takes place. When nuisance-breeding rubbish heaps are cleared away, and vacant lots covered with all sorts of litter are cleaned up, everybody notes the improvement and is interested in seeing it maintained. Orderliness, of course, goes hand in hand with cleanliness. The latter cannot be secured with good order. And with good order there is an aspect of neatness that commands popular respect. It pleases the public eye. Nearly everybody will desist from throwing rubbish in a well kept place, and from scattering torn up paper, or other litter in a clean street. Public sentiment is easily cultivated in favor of public cleanliness and order. A notable instance of its growth is to be found in the agitation against spitting in public places, since it was determined that the practice was a danger to public health. The posting of notices with regulations against it, and the frequent discussion of the subject in the press, have made a strong impression upon public sentiment, and in consequence the offense is not practiced to anything like the same extent in communities where there has been such agitation.—Sylvester Baxter, in the Century.

A Fascinating Profession.

The tradition in India is that the man-eating tiger never gets over his thirst for human blood. Men reform from evil habits, break off from trades and cut loose from associations and localities, but never or rarely from journalism. Some have tried to account for this well-known fact by recounting the fascinations of the "art preservative."

This may be the case in some degree, but it cannot be all of it. When one has engaged in the newspaper business he acquires some partial knowledge of all the ordinary pursuits and avocations, and this seems to unfit him for centralizing his faculties upon any of them. Consequently he experiences a certain timidity as he embarks upon mercantile or manufacturing pursuits.

Besides this they all seem to him to be narrow and limited. There is a boundless wideness in journalism which gives the country newspaper man the impression that he would not like to be tied down to the groove in which he sees even the biggest furniture dealer or the most active grocer engaged.

SOLID PETROLEUM.

A Queer Mine That Was Worked With Profit For Several Years.

The Cairo field in West Virginia contains a relic of the earliest production of illuminating and lubricating oil—a wonderful deposit of solidified petroleum—bitumen, some call it, whether rightly so will not be known until the result of certain tests now being made by Eastern chemists is announced.

Oil companies from this and other cities are operating around Cairo, Ritchie County, with success. The fluid is about the same quality found here, but some difficulty with water is experienced. The oil and water seem to mix, contrary to all theory, and in summer the raw products of the wells must be steamed before the water will settle. In winter the stuff is awful to handle. Oil is to be found at a depth of about 1600 feet.

Six miles from Devil's Hole, at McFarland's schoolhouse, where once was a prosperous settlement, now quite deserted, is the old Ritchie coal mine or bitumen deposit. Early in 1850 it became known that there was a strange outcropping of what was termed coal. Instead of lying flat underground, as most coal mines do, here was one, the wondering prospectors found, that stood on edge. A sliver of it burned like a torch and left no ash. A shovelful of it would blaze like grease and no kindling was needed.

S. H. Wilson, now a resident of Parkersburg, was among those who investigated the peculiar vein, and he organized a company for development. He is still one of the owners and his son, Edward Wilson, is associated with him in lumber and coal interests. After some experimenting it was found that the new raw product was unfit for fuel. By melting or distilling it was seen that oil could be produced, and that there was less than ten per cent waste.

A company was formed and a narrow gauge railway thirteen miles long was built, connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio at Cairo. Expensive machinery was placed in position, and operation was begun, going on for eighteen years uninterrupted by the Civil War save for a short time. Great cauldrons and retorts with engines and boilers were unloaded from the new trains, and a thrifty town sprang up. It was probably the first boom town in old-time, for Pithole was just then beginning. It paid to distil the stuff, for oil was selling as limonite by the pint for what a barrel cost now.

Some extended explorations proved that the queer vein was about three-quarters of a mile long, and three to six feet wide. Down each side were perpendicular walls of sandstone, how far down no one knows. Active working penetrated 365 feet, and then it was abandoned owing to crude methods of mining employed, and the cheapness of oil elsewhere. The costly vats are rusting into scrap; cobwebs crawl about the vitals of the furnaces and engines.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Baseball.

The origin of baseball—"our national game"—is not definitely known, but the first club organized to play it was in New York in 1845. Singularly enough, this club, like the one first organized to promote rowing, was called "The Knickerbocker Club." After 1851 other amateur baseball clubs began to organize, including the Atlantic, Mutual, Union, etc. In 1857 a convention of delegates from sixteen clubs in and around New York and Brooklyn was held. About ten years later, at the annual convention of the National Association in 1866, 202 clubs from seventeen States and the District of Columbia were represented. The college of baseball associations were started about 1862 or 1863. Amateur baseball throughout the Union was at its height in the years 1865, 1866 and 1867. Professional baseball was recognized in 1868, and the first games were played in 1869.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

He was long, and lean, and gawky, He was bandy-legged quite,
And was guided like a cart horse,
With bone spavins left and right;
It was sure defeat to take him,
But the hour had come to play,
And the Cornville lacked Tom Tinker,
Injured earlier in the day.

Sure defeat, but fun in plenty,
Was the reckoning that they made,
But he headed not the hammer,
And his part in quiet played,
Till they reached the closing inning,
And he took the batter's place,
With the score just three against them,
And a Cornville on each base.

How they sighed for stalwart Tinker!
How the rooters filled the air:
"Go it, Hayseed!" "Slam it, Bandy!"
Was the stranger's withering snare;
But he grasped the willow calmly,
Though his manner lacked pretense—
Two strikes—three—no, crack! he's found it
For a homer o'er the fence!

And the moment's hush of wonder
Broke in one tremendous din,
As three Cornvilles crossed the platter,
And the stranger followed in;
He was long, and lean, and gawky,
He was bandy-legged quite,
But he'd saved the day for Cornville,
And the town was his that night.
—Boston Globe.

Virginia Constitution Oaks.

At the suggestion of Congressman Harry Lee Maynard the Agricultural Department at Washington will supply each member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention with a young oak tree for them to set out in commemoration of the convention. It is a happy thought, and we hope the trees will all grow and be reverently pointed to in future years. We believe in everything that will bring to mind the planting of trees, which the people of this country will, before many years, have to look after systematically or suffer serious deprivation.—Staunton (Va.) News.

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