AFTER THE GAME.

What Happened to the Injured Hero of the Touchdown.

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.) printed the distriction of the appropriate the property of the

well aired and the surroundings clean | chance to play the game out." and wholesome. He sighed because he was lonesome. And then, being a philosopher, a philosopher at twentythree, he suddenly laughed.

"It's the way of the world," he murmured. "One moment the limelight is on you, the next moment you are forgotten."

The door opened and the white capped nurse appeared.

"Can you see a visitor?" she asked. "Glad to see anybody, Miss Bingham," he briskly answered. "Am I presentable?"

She came forward quickly and adjusted his pillow and gave the cover-ud a little straighter fold.

"You'll do," she answered. "How is the beard?"

"Quite becoming."

Then she was gone and a moment fater a light rap fell on the door, "Come in," said Jim Ellington.

The door was pushed open and a young woman entered. She stood with her hand on the knob for a moment, as if doubtful about coming any further.

"You will pardon my lack of gal-Yantry," said Jim. "May I ask you to take your choice of chairs?"

The girl came closer. She was a pretty girl with dark eyes, a pretty a pleasantry of my mission. It will that I fell much better now." girl who was a little frightened and altogether sympathetic.

"You are quite sure my call does not annoy you?" she said as she took the chair that was near the door, "Quite the contrary," he answered.

"My most severe allment just now is 3onesomeness."

"But of course your college mates come to see you?"

"No doubt they would, but most of them are away. Perhaps you know they have a week at Thanksgiving time. "Yes, I know."

*And the college is seven miles from the town."

"I know, I know. But you won the game for them.

"Not quite that," he laughed. "I was lucky enough to score the only points that were made, but you see it happened to be the last game of the season, and after the last game the gravely replied. "Of course my insootball here drops to earth with a juries have caused me some pain and you mustn't worry about the hospital sickening thud and is heard of no

"But they can't have forgotten that you were hurt, badly hurt, in their service?"

A flush of indignation tinted her dimpled cheeks.

"The hurt was more annoying than serious," said Jim. "It was especially annoying because it threw me out of the game. But I'm getting along all right. The healing of a broken shoulderblade and a strained side are mere matters of time. And they take very good care of me here.

The girl looked at him and hesi-Inted.

"I haven't told you my name," she said, and hesitated again.

"That because you encouraged me to talk about myself," said Jim El- I didn't suppose it had attracted at-Magton.

"My name is Edith Harwood," she

told him. "I can't even nod to you," he said.

"I was at the game." "So was I," he chuckled.

"And I saw you make the touchdown. It was splendid."

"That's well worth a broken shoulder bone," he said.

"And my sympathies were on the other side." "That makes your praise all the

ore valuable. Are you related to Bruce Harwood?"

"He is my brother." She added hastily, "Would you like some flow-"Why, yes," he answered, "I'm

very fond of flowers." She hurried into the hallway and came back with a handsome bouquet

In a vase. "Ah, that's fine," he said "Please put them on the little table here where I can see them. And won't

you take the chair that's nearer? I'm not allowed to turn my head, you know. They are quite fussy about

She took the nearer chair, much to his satisfaction.

"No doubt you are wondering why I am here," she said. "I came on my brother's account." "I hoped you came on my account.

"But of course that's merely cause I'm a pampered hospital pa-

The girl seemed at a loss how to

"It was Bruce who injured you," she presently said.

"He deliberately jumped on you."

The patient smiled.

"It seemed to me that the entire

Cornyale eleven jumped on me.

"It was Bruce, and the referee promptly disqualified him. I saw it ll, Mr. Ellington. You had just fallen across the goal line after that wonderful run, when Bruce rushed up and jumped on you. It was shame ful. He loses his temper so easily He shouldn't play any game where he in likely to become unduly excited. mad because you had just thrown him aside and because you had made the touchdown. Oh, I'm not trying to excuse him. He was just giving you a mild warning. You

The man on the hospital bed sighed, | sorry for it the next moment. He was He wasn't in pain. He had no physi- sorry that he had hurt you and sorry cal wants. The room was large and that his fit of temper had lost him the

"And you came here to tell me this, Miss Harwood?"

"Yes. "It is very kind."

"If I could make amends in any way for my brother's roughness I would be so glad. I had a letter from him this morning. May I read a few lines to you, Mr. Ellington?"

"I would be glad to hear them." She produced a letter and read part of it aloud. " 'I wish you would let me know how Jim Ellington is. That's the man I hurt, you know. He is in the hospital in the town. I'm awfully sorry my villainous temper put him there. 'He's a splendid felsomething for him. If he needs money or anything else I'm ready to heip him. Find out what you can, sis, and let me know at once."

"That sounds good to me," said Jim Ellington. "I hope I can meet your brother somewhere after I get away from this comfortable prisonbut jumping must be barred."

He smiled at the girl, but her face remained serious.

"I want you to let me make amends," she said. "I wouldn't have come here but for that. Don't make hurt me if you do. How can I atone for my brother's cruelty?"

He stared at her. She certainly was in deadly earnest. He deter- to know if I had seen you. He-he mined to bumor him.

must look out for yourself. Of course the nurse. "I'll humor you by ask-you know whether a young man who ing why I should do all this?" is struggling to get through college "Because," said Jim Ellington with can afford any such entanglement. I'm saying all this because I like you you. Sit down, please, and I'll tell and because I want Edith to feel free you all about it."

"I'll bear in mind what you say," Jim answered, "and I'll promise to be good. And I'll not do anything to frighten Miss Harwood away."

"Very well," said the nurse. "I am to chaperone her, when she calls, and we will see how well your promises

"That suits me," said Jim. "Being powerless makes a man philosophical. And now give me a drink, please." When the nurse had left the room,

sick man indulged in a soft "This is an adventure and no mis-

take," he said. "And a charming one, too. What a quixotic maid-and she meant every word of it." He stared at the ceiling. "Jim Ellington," he slowly muttered, "I actually believe you have been hit much harder by Bruce Harwood's sister than by Bruce Harwood.

He laughed joyously as he said this and the jar the effort gave him made him wince with pain.

Edith Harwood came as she promised and brought two tumblers of low, and I'd be only too glad to do jelly. He had never cared for jelly before, but now he was sure there was no sauce like it.

"Are you better to-day?" Edith timidly asked. She was beginning to feel a little afraid of those big black eves.

"You must ask Miss Bingham." he smilingly told her. "She has it all down in black and white. She's out there in the hall now, isn't she?" "Yes," Edith answered.

"Of course it isn't right for me to lift the responsibility from her capable shoulders, but I'm going to admit Edith's face flushed.

"I had a letter from my brother this morning," she said. "He wanted sent me some money which he said I

ever you liked. And-and he said

"That's very kind," said Jim.

amends. I think that was the ex-

"Would it make you feel better if

"Oh, yes, yes," said the girl. "It

"Perhaps it would be well," said

a lesson. Perhaps it's our duty to

show him that he can't go around

jumping on people without paying

for the privilege. Could you let me have a twenty?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl eagerly as

"Understand," said Jim Ellington

"I understand," said the girl a lit-

"This may have the effect of de-

"I have an engagement," she said.

"But you will come again soon?

"I will talk with Miss Bingham."

tle hurriedly. "You mustn't think

we intend to lose sight of you until

Whereat the girl hastily arose.

That jelly supply can't last very

said the girl hurriedly. Then she

noted the cloud that came over the

pale face and her heart relented. She

"I hope you will soon be well,"

"I'm an idiot," he said. "I scared

black eyes sparkled. "Have a talk

He waited a little and then pulled

the bell cord. An under nurse an-

swered. "I want Miss Bingham," he

"Well?" she said. Then she quick-

ly added. "I am not pleased with

you. Why did you frighten Edith?

You certainly did. I don't know what

it was you said, but there must have

been something foolishly sentimental

me just as soon as I get away from

"I recognize that as the voice of

the man who made a touchdown in

"I want your assistance," said Jim

'I want you to conspire and connive

helper of the helpless. You will en-

will speak well of me. You will do all you reasonably can to favor my

courage Edith to come here.

His

her. She may not come back."

with Miss Bingham, will she?

laying my recovery," said Jim.

you are quite well."

came a little nearer.

He looked after her.

Miss Bingham came.

this pleasant prison."

need my advice."

with me.

Emily Bingham laughed.

she said. Goodby."

solemnly, "that this is accepted on

would make Bruce feel better."

borrowed some of it?"

ARMOR-PLATED BOYS.

It is important in these days that America should have armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be fron-clad on:
His lips—against the first taste of liquor.
His ears—against evil sentiments.

His feet—against going with bad company. His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.

"This is so unexpected that I am | must offer you with the understand-

a little left. There isn't much chance his voice, "to teach Brother Bruce

the bill.

"You mustn't think I want to hurt account. It doesn't bar any other our feelings," she said. "You have amends that may be offered—such as

long.

will I."

been hurt quite enough as it is. I jelly and a friendly call.

His hands—that they do nothing wrong. His heart—against irreverence and doubt.

His pockets-against dishonest money.

His tongue-against impure words.

noon I think I will be prepared to pression you used?"
make some sort of proposition to "Yes," said the girl.

discomfort, and considerable loss of expenses."

Just at present my mind isn't

sufficiently clear to figure it out. But

if you will call again to-morrow after-

make some sort of proposition to

"I will come," she said. Then her

"No," he whispered back, "I have

cheeks grew red. "Are you in need

"You must pardon me for asking the question," she hesitatingly said.

But I understand that you led quite

He opened his eyes a little wider.

your feelings," she said. "You have

can't begin to tell you how hard it |

much I appreciate your coming," he

said. "If you were in my place you

would know that loneliness is quite

"I know I mustn't stay any

"My aunt, with whom I am staying,

is an expert at jelly making. I will

"Is her supply large?" he solic-

She laughed. She was even pret-

"I believe it is. Is there anything

"I will take that question under

"Goodby," said the girl.
"Goodby," he called. "Pardon me

She laughingly nodded and was

"The call has done you good," she

"Do you wonder at it?" he smiling-

"Edith is a charming girl," said

"Very well. I nursed her brother

"She is coming again to-morrow,

"Yes," replied the nurse. "She

"Which I neglected to do," laughed

"You mustn't forget that you are

Jim Ellington. "I didn't think of it,

Miss Bingham. I was too glad to have her come."

in a very susceptible position," she

said in her quick way. "When a man —old or young—is sick and helpless,

the first pretty face that bends over

him is very apt to seem the only face

in the world worth looking at. I'm suit."

She shook her head at him.

tered the room. She looked sharply

A moment later the nurse en-

longer," she said. "Are you fond of

"Very," he quickly replied.

"I can't begin to tell you how

The girl's face blushed again.

was for me to come here."

as bad as broken bones."

let you test her skill."

tier when she laughed.

else you would like?"

consideration, too."

at her patient.

ly asked.

the nurse.

He looked thoughtful.

for not seeing you to the door."

said. "You seem much brighter."

Bruce through a fever."

asked my permission.

said the sick man

itously asked.

The girl arose.

"That's quite true," he said, "but

Her pretty face cleared.

of money?" she half whispered.

to spend it here."

a frugal life at college."

you.

tention.

jelly?"

much calmness, "I am going to bribe

It was a day or two after before Edith Harwood called at the hospital again. She renewed the jelly supply and stayed a little while at Jim's discreetly worded request. She told something about herself. Jim and Bruce were orphans and quite aione in the world. Bruce lived with a wealthy uncle in that famous college town whose football eleven Jim had humbled by the now historical touchdown. Edith spent part of her time at the uncle's and part at an aunt's in the rival college town, the town of Jim's college, and incidentally of the hospital.

"I want you to meet Bruce under more favorable circumstances, Mr. Ellington," said the girl. "He's coming to see you soon.

She went away leaving Jim more charmed with her than before.

The broken shoulderblade healed with reasonable dispatch, but the wrenched side was more stubborn. On the twentleth day of Jim's stay at the hospital he received a telegram. He showed it to Miss Bingham. "Your father?" she asked.

"Yes. You see I am playing fair." "I didn't doubt it," said Miss Bingham.

The afternoon came and brought Edith with a book and more flowers. Jim was properly delighted. Then he hurriedly seized the opportunity.

'Miss Harwood," he said, "you wanted to make amends for what was but a trifling matter. I let you think it was serious. I let you make amends that were never called for. I actually borrowed money from you. Don't you realize why I did all this? It was because I wanted you to come here, I hungared for the sight of you And now I'm going to ask you to make amends in just one more form. You have given me money, and smiles, and cheerful words-now I'm going to ask you to give me yourself. May I have your promise to be my wife?'

The girl had drawn back, her face

flushed, her eyes downcast. Before she could make reply cheerful voice filled the room and a stout gray bearded man hurried to the bedside.

"My dear boy," he cried and clung to Jim's hand. "Are you coming along all right? I was in Honolulu, when I heard you had been hurt. And here I am. But you won the game, they say! Good boy, good boy!"

"So glad you've come, dad," cried Jim. He looked back at Edith. "Miss Harwood, this is my father, General Ellington. Dad, this is Miss Edith Harwood, who has been very, very kind to me in my illness." The keen gray eyes regarded Edith

"He's certainly doing his best to make approvingly. "A ministering angel," he said with

a courtly bow,
"Yes, dad," said Jim very quietly,
"an angel. I have asked Miss Har-

wood, dad, to be my wife." His eyes were on the flushed face, his thin white hand lay on the counterpane with the palm upward. Jim Ellington with a funny catch in a moment Edith hesitated. Then her rosy fingers gently clasped the

wasted ones. And the gray haired man laid his stout hand upon the other hands. "I have never refused my boy anything he wanted, my dear," he gently said. "And I have had the most she opened her purse and took out perfect confidence in his judgment.'

> There were tears in the sick boy's eyes as he looked up.
> "I'm a little weak, yet, dad," he said. "but you two will bring me round all right. Dad, she loaned me

"Well, I like that!" laughed the old man

"So did I. dad. She thought I needed it. You'll have to help me pay her back, and we'll take our time about it. That's all understood. And there's another thing, dad. They've been very good to me here. And I want to do something for them. I've promised the head nurse-she's been particularly kind-that I'll provide the means to build a much needed addition for a children's ward."

"Certainly, my boy," cried the old man. "I'm glad you feel grateful," he laughed. "And now what's your idea about paying this dear girl?" Jim smiled and his thin fingers

tightened on the rosy ones. "Better leave that to me, dad. She deserves high interest-and I'll see that you get the bills."

Profitable Aging. Timber is now seasoned electrical

ly. It is placed in a solution of borax, rosin and carbonate of soda, in a large tank connected with an electrical current. The effect of the current is to make the sap rise to the top of the bath, while the solution enters the pores of the timber. The process lasts for seven or eight hours, and then the wood is dried. Timber may be seasoned in this way in a few days and is equal to that which has been stored for five years.

The Writing of History,

Jim slowly smiled.
"Miss Bingham," he said. "I'm
going to ask Edith Harwood to marry Classics-those sketches in the Sun of the Republic disaster. No sea yarn logotypes, no highball pathos from the rewrite man, nothing gruesome from a lowbrow. Just the face of the vigorous protests of plain, straight-away narrative, truth a ton of opposing brawn. You don't simply told that shamed fiction and thrilled more than one marrow of mature years. Truly a dashing staff the admiration of all Old Timers. You will be the friend and Machinery News.

An Understanding.

Hub (during a quarrel)-"You talk like an idiot.

Wife-"I've got to talk so you can "This sounds like delirium," said understand me."-Boston Transcript. THE INFALLIBLE MAN.

man who never makes mistakes

Is never popular.
His cursed infallibility
To friendship is a bar.
It's maddening when things go wrong,
To hear him calmly say:
"You might have known you'd botch it
when

You went to work that way."

The man who never makes mistakes Is numerous, alas!

His chief delight is to admire
His image in the glass.

For those who try, but fail, he has
No sympathy at all—

And everybody scowls at him,
And hopes to see him fail.

The man who never makes mistakes
Is a confounded bore;
He never would be missed if we
Should never see him more.
The feeling at his funeral
Would be relief sincere,
And no one on his weed-grown grave
Would ever shed a tear!

"A good name is more to be desired

-Somerville Journal.

than great riches," quoth the Wise Guy. "Perhaps," assented the Simple "but it doesn't carry so much weight at the bank."-Philadelphia Record. "Poverty is no disgrace," said

Uncle Eben, "but dar ain' no sense in | up.' sittin' at yoh ease on de front sten waitin' foh folks to come along an' congratulate you on it,"-Washington Star. The Stenog .- "My employer is bru-

tal to me." The Friend-"Mercy! Does he drink?" The Stenog-"No —he eats candy. And he does it while he is dictating to me,"-Cleveland Leader.

Bill Jinks was the perlitest man
That ever I did spy.
I've often seen him step aside
To let a freight train by,
—Harvard Lampoon.

Her Mother-"Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money?" The Bride-'No, indeed, mamma: but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me. "-Chicago Daily News.

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous."
"I am." "How do you manage it?" "My motto is, 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done today,' "-Cleveland Leader.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsling, putting on her wraps, "I've been in the house all day and I need the fresh air. If you'll mind the baby a little while I'll go and take a preamble around the block."—Chicago Tribune.

"I have been in every civilized country on earth," said the globe trotter, "and, would you believe it, I have met only two really intelligent women." gent women." "Two!" echoed the beautiful widow in surprise. "Why, who was the other?"-Chicago Daily

Father-"I tell you, Mary, that son of ours is getting to think he knows it all." Mother-"Well, John, if he remembers the answers to all the questions he has asked in the last three or four years, he ought to be getting pretty near to knowing it all." -Judge.

"Early to bed and early to rise"
Has made me very healthy,
But, very much to my surprise,
It's never made me wealthy,
—Judge.

"Too bad, old man," said the sympathetic friend to the man who was a minute too late to catch an outgo-ing train. "You didn't run fast enough." "Oh, I ran fast enough." answered the other, "but unfortunately I didn't start soon enough."-Chicago Daily News.

The Massachusetts maid was in a romantic mood. "I am dreaming," she murmured, poetically, dreaming Chicago youth, somewhat bewildered. Er-was your father in the porkraising business?" And the look that the Massachusetts maid gave him would have congealed radium .- Chicago Daily News.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The black sheep of a family may really be a blonde.

Don't waste your time. You will need it all before you die. A man's remarks may be cold even when his tongue is coated.

The cartoonist who goes on the vaudeville stage doesn't always draw. It seems as though only the wealthy can afford to have no manners.

It isn't so hard to please a woman if she only knows what she wants. Many an artist has his picture reected because hanging is too good

for it. If the truth were known, the devil holds a mortgage on many a rich man's property.

It doesn't require much strength to raise an objection.

A woman is never flattered by a photograph that looks like her. Those who are rolling in wealth

might find a better use for it. If art held the mirror up to nature, nature must often be ashamed

of herself. Many a man claims to be complete master of himself who hasn't much to boast of.

The trouble with the easy going fellow is that he doesn't always know when to stop.

The old maid consoles herself with the thought that it's a mistake to marry too young.

When a fellow tells a girl he is unworthy of her, he is very much surprised if he agrees with her.-From "Musings of a Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

OLD PEOPLE'S KIDNEYS

Often Need Helpful Stimulation.

The kidneys are the busiest organs

of the body, filtering as they do all the blood every three minutes. They show pain in the back and irregular urination.

Doan's Kidney Pills

cure kidney ills in old or young. Mrs.

Mary C. Phelps, 4 Spring St., Westfield, Mass., says: "I am past 92 years

old, and am to-day without a sign of kidney trouble, backache, pain in the sides, etc., which had bothered me. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me so that kidney trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Use for Old Organs.

"On my last trip through country towns," said a traveling man, "I met a drummer who was buying up old church organs and was shipping the wood back to a violin manufacturer in New York. He said that the mak-er of violins thought that wood that had done service in one of these little cabinet organs was the best he could find for the average fiddle and he paid that drummer a small commission on every wornout organ he could pick

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Paro Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

In the Dry Zone. "Bottled water is having a big sale

now in Georgia."
"Helps some to drink it out of a bottle, I s'pose?"—Louisville Courier

Journal.

Don't Be Misled.

Many a life has been cut short by a cough that was not believed to be serious. Many a backache and sideache follows a coughing spell. Many a night is passed in restlessness caused by coughing. Many a cough "cure" that never cures is tried. Do not be misled. If you cough, take the old reliable, Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. At druggists' and dealers, 25c.

"That was an awful disaster. There was only one survivor-isn't that ter-

"Fearful. What a bore he'll be!" -Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Power in the Silences.

Here is a hint for the women who fidget and fret and fuss . Go into the silence at certain times of the day. One need not necessarily retire for formal prayer. "He who is in the path of duty needs no prayer," said a wise Oriental. But in the slience you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with great sources of power, you will find the peace and strength of prayer. In withdrawing from the pressure of things and getting in touch with the great sources of power, you will absorb power. Slip away for 10 minutes, and picture your work before your mind's eye as a triumphant and completed whole. Quit your spirit, hold-ing yourself open to the divine currents, feeling that you are a channel for your measure of the central pow-er, and you will emerge sustained and soothed by the inflow from the central sea. You will go forth to your work able, like the poet's brook, "to make a pastime of each weary step." draw into the deep silence; there is no surer way to fling off the shadows of fear, to banish the newts and bats

Tariff and Business.

worries and flurries.-Edwin

of the worries and flur Markham, in Red Book.

The argument that business suffers of the dear old Berkshires of my na-tive State." "Bershires?" echoed the sion is taken up is a very popular one. According to people who take that view, the time for tariff revi-sion will never come. If business is booming, we are told that it would be folly not to let well enough alone If business is depressed, we are warned that we are likely to check a re-vival, and if business is rallying, we are told to stand out of the way and let it rally.—Wall Street Journal.

SISTER'S TRICK But it all Came out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee flend is an interesting tale: "I was a coffee flend-a trembling,

nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it. "One day my sister substituted a cup

of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nervestrengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can on be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. are genuine, true, and full of he interest.

