THE RIDE OF NELSON'S JIM

"Here you, Jim! Harness up and take Phoebe over to Sheldon's." Seth Nelson smiled sardonically at the whitening face of his farm hand. "Git a move on you, now; Phoebe and Owen are going to town this afternoon to buy wedding trumpery. Owen's too busy to come after her, so you harness up and take her over."

The farm hand slowly clenched his big, brown hands while the muscles of his strong neck hardened into rigid cords.

"So you're going to let her marry that—that"—he panted between his teeth, when the elder man interrupted him angrily

"Shut up! It's none of your business—you ain't no kin to her! This sister and brother business ends right here! When I took you out of the 'sylum I took you to help with the work and not as a member of the family! Don't you dare to open your mouth to Phoebe till you git to Sheldon's; she's tickled to death to git him," he added, coolly as he walked away

Without another word, Jim—commonly known as "Nelson's Jim"—walked toward the barn. Presently he drove around to the side entrance of the house where Phoebe Nelson awaited him, shy and fluttering, her delicate cheeks alternately flushing and paling as he helped her into the buggy

"Good-by, Ma," she called in a high treble voice, waving her hand at the dining room window.

"Take good care of her, Jim," she called after them

Jim turned and nodded grimly at her. And then, with lips set in a hard, straight line, as if he would repress the speech that had been forbidden him, he flung out his whip with a stinging lash across the mare's flank.

Phoebe uttered a frightened cry.

"What's the matter Jim? You act so queer! I suppose you're mad about Owen and me, but I couldn't help it—Pa just settled everything without asking me, and and—I hate Owen Sheldon! I don't want to marry a widower!" Her voice broke suddenly, but his stern young face did not relax. Still he made no reply.

"Jim! What's the matter?" she cried again.

No reply

"Oh dear!" she was crying softly now under the wide brim of her flower-trimmed hat. "I don't want to go—you know why, and Ma knows, Jim—she likes you best you're awful mean to make me tell it!"

"Oh, Jim," cried Phoebe, with a frightened gasp. "What are you doing? Pa will kill me, so he will! And Owen—he's got a terrible temper!" She clutched his arm frantically.

Then Jim spoke.

"I got a terrible temper myself" he said savagely. "I been holding it in for twelve years because I was waiting to grow up so's I could meet your father on his own ground. He's twitted me with being a 'sylum boy and having no name—I've found out all about it. I ain't no lost heir, Phoebe, but I've got a name it's Browning—all my folks are dead, long ago I've saved money and I can take care of you. I'm going to the Baptist preacher's now—is it all right, Phoebe—or shall I take you back to Owen?"

Phoebe hid her blushing face on his shoulder. "I'll go with you, Jim," she whispered, "and I guess I ain't afraid of Pa and Owen after all!"

Three hours after "Nelson's Jim" drove through the farm gate with his pale little wife clinging to his arm. Seth Nelson was raging around the yard with a shotgun in one hand, while his wife thrust a frightened face from the kitchen door.

With a quick leap Jim reached the ground, and grasped the barrel of the weapon as Nelson raised it to his shoulder.

"It ain't loaded, you old fool!" he shouted, as he wrestled the gun from the farmer and leaned it against the woodshed. "Now, you listen to me, Seth Nelson! If you open your mouth before I tell you to, I'll knock you down!

"Shut up!" commanded his son-in-law authoritatively "Now, see here, my name's Browning!"

The farmer stared incredulously.

"My name's Browning," repeated Jim emphatically. "This here lady is my wife! Mrs. Browning is her name Mrs. James Browning. It's a nice name—eh?"

Seth Nelson scowled sullenly at his farmhand.

"If you want to be a father to her, and a father-in-law to me—you can act decent about it! We love each other, and we got married. I got $900 in the bank, and I can take care of her. We'll board here and I'll work for you—hands is scarce—but you've got to remember we won't be bullied."

"You—you—you—" stuttered the farmer wildly; but his son-in-law cut him short with a wave of the hand and climbed into the buggy, and turned it around. As they drove toward the gate, Nelson strode after them. He cast one look around the barnyard, the unfinished chores, then away across the swelling acres waiting for the mowing machine, and the anger settled into chagrin.

"Say, you, Jim—Browning—you and your wife can board here if you want to," he said reluctantly.

"And—what?" demanded Jim Browning curtly.

Seth Nelson saw the tearful face of his wife in the doorway, and his grim face softened.

"And—welcomed!" he replied with a wry smile.—CLARISSA MACKIE

Ulysses

"Uncle Bob, you ought to get right out and hustle!"

"Eh?"

And as he spoke Mr. Robert Crothers sat up and looked at his diminutive nephew in considerable surprise.

"Get out and hustle?"

"That's what Ulysses did," affirmed little Bob stoutly.

"And just why did Ulysses get out and hustle?" inquired Uncle Bob.

"Because he loved Penelope and didn't want any of the other suitors to have her. He slew them all to the very last man!" and little Bob waved his short arms with dramatic vigor indicative of that mighty slaying of the dauntless hero of the olden days.

"Nephew, that Ulysses slew his men so long ago that his method is rather out of date for an example," argued Uncle Bob, settling back into the chair to tease little Bob at his ease.

Little Bob frowned, just a moment and then his brow cleared wonderfully.

"Father says it's never out of date to get right out and hustle."

"But to slay men?"

"That was just Ulysses' way of getting out and hustling. Don't you understand, Uncle Bob, that you want to knock them all out of the way and cut in ahead?"

Uncle Bob nodded slightly and ceased to tease.

"I see!" he said, slowly.

"Like I do with Dorothy! I walk right up and tell her I'm the best fellow around and if she walks home from school with that Tom Osborn I'll know why!"

"That's combative!" said Uncle Bob.

"I don't care if it is com-ba-tive!" and little Bob's small tongue struggled valiantly with the new word.

"Now if you got out and hustled after those fellows that bring candy and truck to Aunt Pen they'd cut and run, she's got your picture on her desk and—"

Uncle Bob interrupted:

"Sure, nephew?"

"Sure! I saw it there just now; Aunt Pen had it propped up on some books and was looking at it hard."

"But your father's sister doesn't treat me over-kindly!"

"Dorothy didn't me till she saw I just meant business! Why, Aunt Pen said 'the dear boy,' and laughed very softly when she looked at your picture. Aunt Pen sometimes says 'the dear little boy' to me when she loves me extra, and then—then she kisses me."

Uncle Bob uncurled his long legs and got onto his feet; he was an athletic man of impelling personality and his courage to push ahead and try for success had failed him only when he had come into the presence of the girl he loved; it was there that his big, earnest heart trembled.

Now as he stood before the fire his eyes searched the little face turned so eagerly up to his.

"Do you suppose she would say that to me if I tried?"

"Just do like Ulysses and get out and hustle; cut in ahead of the other fellows!" declared little Bob, and his voice was terribly in earnest.

Uncle Bob threw his head back.

"I will," he said.

"Jack Goodwin's in the parlor now; he brought a whole pound box of candy with him," said little Bob.

"I'm going right in and commence by throwing that box of candy right out of the window!" he declared.

Little Bob put his hands in his pockets.

"That's the stuff!" he said.

An hour later little Bob ventured to the parlor door and reconnoitered from the shadow of the curtains. Jack Goodwin was not in evidence; apparently Uncle Bob had cut him out and sent him home. Uncle Bob himself was leaning over Miss Penelope and talking with intensive earnestness, and Aunt Pen was looking up into the strong, clean face and two big tears started down her fair, winsome cheeks.

Little Bob turned softly away with a gentle smile, but before he retreated Aunt Pen's voice came clearly to his ears.

"Bob, you dear boy!"

And little Bob knew that Uncle Bob had "knocked them all out and cut in ahead."—MISS RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

German Red Tape.

A Danzig, Germany, paper tells a story of incredible red tapeism recently witnessed in that city. A fire broke out at a big sugar factory and great damage was done in a few minutes. The flames were rapidly spreading, but it was hoped that the storehouse containing 13,000 casks of raw sugar, each holding a hundred weight, might be saved, and all efforts of the fire brigade were turned in that quarter. Here, however, several custom house officers suddenly appeared and forbade the firemen to enter the warehouse, on the ground that the duties had not yet been regulated. Despite energetic opposition the officers stuck to their principles, and the whole stuff was consumed by the flames.

The First Word.

"That is what I call an ideal marriage," Hardy declared to his wife as they were walking homeward after an evening at the Carrolls'. "Actually, I believe both think absolutely alike."

"Yes, they are certainly charming," assented Mrs. Hardy; "but about the thinking, Joe, if you will notice, she generally thinks first."

Being Replaced by Mounted Riflmen All Over the World.

The statistics of the medical and surgical history of the civil war show a very small percentage of sabre wounds or of bayonet wounds, which shows that the infantry seldom came into contact close enough to permit the use of the bayonet, and that when the cavalry did come into close contact the revolver, rather than the sabre, was the weapon on both sides. Europe, that refused to be taught by the lesson of our civil war that cavalry was obsolete; Europe, that persisted in charging as Murat charged, infantry with cavalry, has at last been converted by the Boer war to a clear understanding, not only that cavalry must be replaced by mounted riflemen, but that mounted riflemen must compose the larger part of an army operating in the open field.

As for the use of automobiles, bicycles, and motorcycles in war to replace the use of the horse, it may be practicable in a very old country like Europe, but in a new country like the United States there is a vast deal of territory where neither the bicycle nor the automobile could take the place of the mounted man. There is some territory which a mounted man could not traverse as swiftly and safely as a man on foot, but over this territory a bicycle could not go, and there are a good many bridlepaths over which a bicycle or an automobile could not pass. In a very rough country if the bicycle and automobile became badly shattered at a critical time, it would be awkward for the army that trusted to their speed as transmitters of intelligence and as a means of transportation. Of course, in an old, level country traversed by line roads, as are Germany and France, great use could be made of bicycles and automobiles, but in a rough, new country like the United States they could hardly be made to replace the horse.—Portland Oregonian.

Penny-in-the-Slot Tramcars.

Southport has produced a novelty in the way of trams. The last penny-in-the-slot invention is a tramcar, which will commence shortly to run a regular service between Southport and Birkdale (Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway) station. It is named a "one-man" car because it can be worked by the driver unassisted. Passengers enter by the front platform and place a penny in the slot, when the driver lifts up a brass bar and allows the person to pass through. This action temporarily cuts off the electric current and stops the car, which is reversible. The demi-car is the first of its kind that has been produced in this or any other country. It carries half the load at half the cost of an ordinary car. One man is able to fulfil the duties of both driver and conductor with perfect safety to the public. By an ingenious arrangement of the electrical gear the car can be controlled and stopped without the application of the brake. There is accommodation for fourteen passengers in the body of the car, while six seats are provided for smokers—three at each end. The cost of working is estimated at 2 1-4d. per mile, which will show a profit with only four passengers.—St. James's Gazette.

England's Swelling Incomes.

If the gross income of a country is the most trustworthy sign of its prosperity or the contrary, even the deepest hued pessimist will have to admit that England is not doing so badly. According to the latest returns, the gross income for the year 1901-2 was £860,993,000, of which £607,551,000 was taxable. The beginning of the present period of prosperity in England was in 1904-5 when the gross income of the country was £657,007,000, so that there has been an increase of £147,172,000, or 43.2 per cent. The greatest previous period of prosperity was between the years 1868-9 and 1873. These conditions were unusual, owing to the vast demands made on English iron manufacturers by this country and by the stoppage of continental competition during the Franco-German war. In the former year the gross income of the country was £808,794,000, and in the latter £544,376,000, an increase of 57.2 per cent. England can still keep the wolf from the door.

Cultivating Ginseng.

The people who live down among the Ozarks, in Missouri, have taken greatly to the cultivation of ginseng, the root so highly esteemed in the Orient. The profits may be estimated that a farmer in Homer, Mich., last year realized $18,000 from a crop grown on a half acre of land. The Ozarks are said to be particularly well fitted for the growth of this root. Last week a shipment of 1,000 pounds was made from Joplin. The output of the root has decreased greatly in the last fifty years, and the price has gone up correspondingly. In 1852 the product amounted to 366,055 pounds, which brought $193,796, or 5' cents a pound. Last year the output was 54,063 pounds, which brought $856,15, or $5.55 a pound.

A rolling stone does not make much of an uphill fight.

Accommodating.

Brakeman—Now then, miss, get in quickly, please. The train is about to start.

Young Lady—But I want to give my sister a kiss.

Brakeman—Get in! Get in! I'll attend to that for you.—Exchange.

In the game of love, diamonds often rank higher than hearts.

True merit is like a river; the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

Soda Cracker Logic

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RUN WITHOUT HEADLIGHT.

Wherein British Railroad Trains Differ from Those of America.

Locomotive headlights as we know them in this country are practically unknown in Great Britain, we are told by a writer in a recent railroad magazine. There are few grade crossings there, and these are well protected, so that the light is not needed as a danger signal, and there is no effort to use exceptionally bright lights to illuminate the track in front of a train.

The situation is not without its advantages. Bright headlights modify or obliterate the feeble colored lights of signals and switches, and they dazzle the eyes of the drivers on passing trains. In this country the head light seems to be a necessity. To be effective it should be sufficiently brilliant to illuminate the track for a distance greater than that within which the brakes can stop the train, but it must not be so powerful as to blind approaching trains crews and modify the colors of signal lights. It should also be as effective as possible in foggy and snowy weather.

The oil lamp hardly meets these conditions; it is too feeble, even with a proper reflector. Electricity is too powerful, and has been abandoned by some of the roads that have introduced it. Acetylene, which is now so familiar as an illuminant on automobiles, is advocated by many authorities.

Tragedy of a Kiss.

An Atchison romance: He had not known her long, but as she stood in the moonlight a white dress and a blue sash set off her figure so well that he thought he had never seen a prettier picture. And then he did an awful thing—he kissed her. The innocent girl shrank from him in horror and the young man realized that he had gone too far. Indeed, as the panting girl strove to collect herself sufficiently to express the scorn, burning in her bosom the young man thought of the beating he must endure the next day from her father and brothers, and of the long accounts of the fight that would appear in the newspapers. Fortunately, he had his hat in his hand, and turned to go. But the girl struggled to speak; she would express her contempt for his action though it killed her. "When," she said, in a low, faltering voice, full of deep-seated hatred, "are you coming again?"—Atchison Globe.

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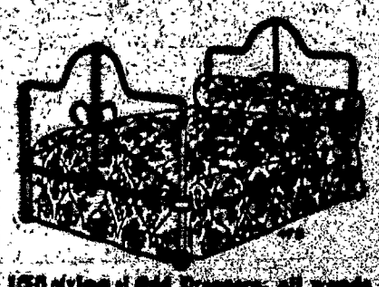
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