

**WHEN JIM DIED!**

When Jim died, all th' neighbors came from fur an' near.  
'Pears like to me they held him just as dear.  
As mother did an' me; fer they all came in to gaze.  
Once more on his calm, pale face, an' a sort o' haze.  
Seemed to settle on their eyes, fer I seen th' tears.  
A-tricklin' down their cheeks—maybe th' fust fer years—  
When Jim died.

When Jim died th' birds stopped singin' in th' trees,  
Fer they missed him, you know; an' th' golden-belted bees  
Flittin' o'er th' meadows whispered to th' clover.  
It would kiss his bare, brown feet no more; an' th' plover  
An' the kildiee in th' rushes an' th' fen  
Seemed ever to be callin' that he'd never come again—  
When Jim died.

Jim was a curious chap—not like other boys;  
He had his own way o' takin' life, with its joys  
An' sorrows; he loved birds an' flowers, an' I'll bet  
He never much as trod on a timid violet  
That peeped shy thro' the grass. Like music of a flute  
The birds sang to him, but their voices now are mute—  
Since Jim died.

Since Jim died, 'pears like to me mother ain't so spry  
As she used to be; there's a sadness in her eye  
An' voice that sort o' cuts me to th' heart; fer Jim  
Had allus been her pet sence he was born; she loved him  
Better than the rest, he was her boy; she don't complain,  
Mother don't, but then she's never been th' same  
Since Jim died.

—Rochester Post-Express.



For nearly ten years she had been one of his best customers. From his first visit he had never failed to get from Hannah an order for hardware, wooden ware, china ware, druggists' sundries, paint and putty, or whatever happened to be "his line." Old man Tripp, her father, left all the buying to her, and so far as Oliphant knew she was as shrewd as she was pretty, and as good a financier as she was a good housekeeper. The rival store of Hermosa was kept by Ike Axelstein, a weazen huckster of forbidding mien, who had not bought \$100 worth from Oliphant in as many months.

The good natured Oliphant, who loved Hannah's filial loyalty best of all her good qualities, had wooed her in the most unromantic and most rational way, and, old man Tripp having been kept out of the secret for reasons which Hannah kept to herself, she had promised to name the wedding day, when, by a fortuitous combination, her lover had made up his mind

sell out, Tripp," Oliphant was saying. "I thought your heart was so set on this business—"

"An' so 'twas," growled Tripp. "I thought Hanner never made no mistakes an' I left the buyin' all to her. Jest look here, Oliphant."

The old fellow got off his stool and led the way back into the musty warehouse, where he stood in melancholy solemnity pointing to piles and rows of dust-covered wooden ware, china ware, hardware, druggists' sundries, paint and putty.

"There's \$5000 wuth o' them durned things," said Tripp. "Lord knows what made Hanner buy 'em. But she did, an' what's more she paid for 'em, an' stood off the firms which was sellin' us live goods."

Oliphant's eyes were bulging as he strolled amongst the mountains of "dead stock." It was all his goods, Hannah had not only bought from him, but had paid his house and let others wait for their pay.

"That there's the reason why I'm agoin' to sell out," said Tripp, "but it's Hanner's goin' to town that worrits me most. She cried like a baby when we went over them invoices an' looked over what we owe. Why, the best price I can git fer the store woudn't more'n pay what we owe, an' I'll pay it if I've got to die in the poorhouse."

Oliphant heard no more, said no more till the old chap asked:

"What are you sellin' this time?"

"Nothing, Tripp, nothing. Fact is, I just—Tripp, did you know that Axelstein was selling out?"

"Yes, I knowed it. He's sellin' out becuz he's too rich for Hermosa an' I'm sellin' out becuz I'm too pore."

"He's sold out, Tripp. Sold out this mornin'."

"So? Wond'er who bought him? Some other skin-flint, I reckon."

Just then Hannah, pale, tired and lugging a big telescope valise, came in, stared a second at Oliphant, gave him her hand and sat down on a soap box.

"I missed my train, papa," was all she said.

"Gled of it, Hanner," said Tripp. "Here's Oliphant been telling that old Axelstein has done sold his store. Wond'er who bought it."

"Why, he bought it, papa. Mr. Oliphant bought it himself not two hours ago. It's all over town." Hannah's blue eyes regarded her lover a bit reproachfully as she said this. Perhaps she was thinking of the dead stock in the warehouse; perhaps she was wondering why he didn't at least make a bid on her father's store. The big fellow, with his back to the door, was doing a little thinking, too. Gradually a smile spread over his face as he began to divine the reason why Hannah missed her train, but this is what he said:

"Fact is, Hannah, I just dropped over to look over your stock. Axelstein was telling me you're long on some lines, and as he's short on the same sort of goods, so I thought—"

"What lines?" she asked, hope and shame rising together in her heart.

"Wooden ware, hardware, china ware, druggists' sundries, paint and put—"

"Papa," she snapped, turning on the old man, "you've been telling tales about m-m-mee-ee-e." And she sat down again and cried.

Tripp & Oliphant is the sign over the only general store in Hermosa now. The old man does most of the buying himself, and Dexter Oliphant has already "worked off" all of the dead stock.

Hannah never did catch that train to Denver.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Thoughtful Only of Quality.

Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., situated among the romantic Berkshire hills, and attracting present attention by reason of its election of a Kansas City minister as its President, is exceptional among American colleges. It has come nearer than any other institution of the higher learning to exemplifying the idea of President Garfield, one of its graduates, that the best education was to sit at one end of a bench with Mark Hopkins at the other end. Mark Hopkins was President of Williams when Garfield and Ingalls were students there, and Mark Hopkins's son, of Kansas City, is just chosen President of the college to succeed President Carter, who went from Yale eighteen years ago to take the Williams Presidency. Williams is a college, not a university. It has only an academic department, and it is continually raising its admission requirements to keep down its enrollment. The policy of Williams is to limit its students to the number of about 400, and to give these students the advantage of intimate personal contact with as cultured and sound a faculty of instruction as it is possible to procure. The education provided by Williams is of such a known quality that it could easily quadruple its enrollment at any annual term opening. Williams is one American college that is indifferent to size and thoughtful only of quality. What is to prevent Kansas from making its own Washburn College the Williams of the West?—Topeka Capital.

Many a fellow gets a pointer from the finger of scorn.

**RAM'S HORN BLASTS.**



To consecrate your money act as God's steward.

It takes a great man to lead a small army. Poison is not antidoted by a golden cup.

The greatest realities are the unrealities.

Men want hands more than had-  
outs.

The American character is more than the Constitution. It is hard to find a truth without an error in its shadow.

The word needs kindness of heart more than keenness of head.

When men give God their manhood as well as their names the church will not lack for means.

The worst cowardice is that of the man who does wrong for fear of being called a coward.

A man's religion must be bankrupt when he can only pay the Lord forty days on the year.

It is not enough to make good promises to God, we must make our promises good.

The divine in the Christian is the best demonstration of the divinity of Christ.

A man is not thirsting for knowledge just because he asks curious questions. Look out for the honesty of the man who talks a great deal about his honor.

Even an awkward deed is better than the most eloquent dream.

The attempt to be a good fellow has spoiled many a good man.

God has no interest in the church that has no interest in the poor.

The supreme things are seen with the soul instead of with the senses.

Men who are all for the outside are frequently not at all for the inside.

The value of a man's opinion on a subject depends on what it costs him to live up to them.

He who is quick to promise is often slow to perform.

When Christ is the alphabet life becomes God's literature.

It takes a life-time to learn to read God's book of Providence.

The possessions of great means often produces great meanness.

A truly great name was never bought at the price of a good-one.

Usually the little things are the last we are willing to leave to God.

It is never safe to waste the day of life since the night falls without warning.

A man's business is a curse when he is too busy to stop to do good.

Noise and confusion is about the only amusement that comes to children of the slums.

**TORTOISE IS A MOUSER.**

Novel Pet of a Philadelphia Woman Catches Mice.

A Philadelphia woman who dislikes both cats and mice has discovered a novel substitute for one as an exterminator of the other. This substitute is nothing more nor less than an ordinary land tortoise.

Ever since last summer, when the tortoise was added to the family circle by the woman's youngest son, aged 9, she has noticed that the mice, with which the house had previously been overrun, were gradually disappearing. It was not until the other day, however, that she discovered the cause. She was sitting very quietly with some fancy work, and the tortoise, which has the liberty of the house, was apparently asleep in a corner. Presently a little mouse made its appearance, and the tortoise opened its beady eyes. Round and round ran the mouse, getting nearer and nearer the tortoise as though fascinated. Finally it was within striking distance. The tortoise darted out its head, there was a snap of the jaws, a tiny little squeak, and the mouse was dead.

Then the tortoise calmly and deliberately set to work, says the Philadelphia Record, to eat its victim.

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FOR ten years Dexter Oliphant was the best known drummer in the far West. It didn't matter what his "line" was, he always got the trade and held it until some enterprising manufacturer offered him a higher salary and sent him forth to new triumphs with a different display of samples. That was in the old days, of course—before nearly every specialty fell into the hands of some trust—in the good old palmy days when a commercial traveler had to be something more than a "sand-



DEXTER OLIPHANT.

with man" or a distributor of circulars to succeed.

Oliphant woe with every branch of the trade, and as he rambled over the incomparable "land of the afternoon" made for himself plans of the future, which contemplated settling down in his favorite town with his favorite girl to spend the afternoon and evening of his life in the calm avoidance of hotels, time tables, price lists and route schedules. Perhaps it was a natural sequence, but anyway it was Oliphant's luck to find that the best girl he knew lived in the very

to quit the road and her father had made up his mind to quit business.

At last one day, after an absence of six months, Oliphant walked into the store of Tripp & Co., and for the first time found the old man enthroned on the high stool behind the cashier's desk.

"Where's Miss Hannah?" chirped the rosy-traveling man, after they had exchanged salutations.

"Left for Denver this morning," said Tripp, sliding his spectacles down to the end of his nose, "but we don't want nothin' nohow. Fact is, I made up my mind to sell out. I—"



"THERE'S FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF THEM THINGS."

town upon which he had set his heart. The town was Hermosa, a picture village nestling in the mountains' lap. The girl was Hannah Tripp, buyer, bookkeeper, partner and general manager of one of the two general stores of the town.

"Sell out!" gasped Oliphant. Why, I didn't know—why didn't you tell me—"

"Yep, sell out, that's what. And Hanner's gone to Denver for to be a school teacher."

"Why, I thought you never would

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