

Jimmy Found a Way

He Told His Story In Spite of the Conspirators.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

Jimmy Fitzgerald was downcast. Everybody was against him, he told himself, and in that sweeping generalization he included even Carroll. For if it had not been for Carroll's connivance, her tame submission to the maneuvers of interfering relatives, the words which had trembled on his lips for three dragging months would have been spoken long ago.

From the standpoint of a disinterested spectator Jimmy was ready to admire the cleverness which so far had circumvented him. "Good team work," he denominated it. The ingenious air with which Grandmother Reynolds would appear to claim Carroll's assistance in regard to a dropped stitch in her knitting just when Jimmy was bringing matters to a climax and Carroll was turning a most becoming pink was only equaled by the childlike innocence with which Carroll's small brother would rush bawling into the library with a bloody handkerchief held to his nose, interrupting an eloquent outbreak beginning "Since the first hour I saw you!"

In Jimmy's estimation this was all the harder to bear because he was so perfectly eligible. Character and prospects alike were beyond question. The most serious accusation that could be brought against the match was that both of them were young. Carroll's sister, Marie, was of the opinion that an engagement would be absurd, and Jimmy thought he knew why. If George Freeman, Marie's latest admirer, had been as eager to propose as Jimmy was, the latter young man felt positive that no obstacle would be put in his way.

With a duplicity foreign to his usually frank nature, Jimmy lost no opportunity of expressing to Freeman the admiration with which Marie inspired him. If the older sister were once engaged or, better still, married, Jimmy believed there would be hope for him.

Meanwhile the family opposition showed itself in a system of espionage which kept Jimmy's great avowal unspoken. If he suggested a walk either Mrs. Reynolds declared that Carroll's cold would not permit her to venture out or Marie invited herself to accompany them; if the theater, a chaperon was necessary. Whole souled co-operation on Carroll's part would have relieved the situation, but the girl knew so well what Jimmy wanted that her modesty shrank from giving him anything but the most negative assistance. Accordingly Jimmy decided that she, too, was against him and gave himself up to thoughts of unutterable gloom.

He called one afternoon wearing an expression of grim determination which, if he had known it, put the conspirators on their guard. He was ushered into the family living room, and Mrs. Reynolds entertained him till Carroll came down. Jimmy made a few inane comments on the weather, his eyes devouring the pretty girlish figure seated demurely in the opposite corner.

"It's too fine a day for the house," said Jimmy. "Suppose we take a little walk."

"Really, Carroll, dear," said Mrs. Reynolds before Carroll could reply, "it won't do for you to leave the house. Mrs. Baker is likely to want you any moment. We have a dress-maker here, Mr. Fitzgerald," she continued, turning to Jimmy with her most charming smile.

"Can't we sit on the piazza?" suggested Jimmy. Carroll agreed to the suggestion. But, as it proved, her small brother, Bob, was in possession of the hammock, and he remained for two hours, enlivening the occasion by describing the exploits of the ball team.

An ear splitting whistle in the rear of the house relieved them at length of Bob's company. Without delay Jimmy plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Carroll, there's something I want to say to you."

"Carroll, Mrs. Baker is read" for

you," said Marie's voice behind the parlor shutters. That she had been waiting there, biding her time, Jimmy could not doubt. Then the gate clicked, and Mr. Reynolds came up the walk. He settled himself in the chair Carroll had vacated, and he and Jimmy talked politics till dinner time.

The young man refused an invitation to remain to dinner. He went away with a lowering brow and a heavy heart. But at half past 9 that evening the telephone bell rang, interrupting a game of whist going on in the den. Carroll, who was nearest to the insistent instrument, pushed back her chair and went to answer the summons.

"Hello—hello! Oh, yes, this is Carroll." She turned a pretty, flushed face toward the three at the card table. "Please don't talk for a minute. I can't hear."

The next minute she heard very distinctly, for the room had become absolutely still, and the voice at the other end of the wire was clear and penetrating.

"This is Jimmy, Carroll. There's something I've been trying to say to you for three months. And I'm going to say it now."

"Why, I don't see"—

"Well, it doesn't matter whether you see or not. Just listen. Ever since I met you on Phil Reynolds' yacht a year ago I've loved you—from the very first hour."

"Oh, hush!"

"I'm not going to hush. I think about you every minute while I'm awake and dream about you when I'm asleep. I'm not any good any more, and I shan't be till I find out whether you care for me or not. And if you don't I'm going to the Philippines or somewhere."

"Don't talk so loud."

"I don't care who hears me. I've kept it to myself just as long as I can. Carroll, darling, can't you care for me a little?"

"Sh! Come tomorrow."

"I'll come tomorrow fast enough if you tell me what I want to hear. Haven't I been coming day after day for months without getting a chance to tell you that I love the very ground you walk on? And now I've got it I'm going to wait till you say yes or no. If you can't love me I might as well"—

Abruptly the voice ceased. Carroll waited expectantly. Then a terrible suspicion flashed through her mind, which in a moment had become a certainty. Tremulously she accused the operator, "You've cut me off."

"What number do you want?" replied that young woman.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any idea. Oh, why did you cut me off just then?"

The trio at the card table were staring at her strangely. "How absurdly you are acting, Carroll," exclaimed Marie sharply. "Come and finish the game."

"Yes, come and finish the game, Carroll," said her father. "The other matter can be settled another time, I hope."

"We've got 'em on the run, Miss Carroll," chuckled George Freeman, who happened to be Carroll's partner.

Slowly the girl moved toward her place. What would Jimmy think? Perhaps he would believe that she had deliberately hung up the receiver, preferring this way of giving him his answer. And he had spoken of the Philippines. She grew a little dizzy and groped for her chair.

Just at that moment the telephone rang again, and Carroll bounded toward it, her agility in surprising contrast to her late uncertainty and feebleness.

"Hello, hello!"

"Hello, Jimmy. I will. I mean I do."

A long pause. "I suppose it's too late for me to come up this evening," suggested Jimmy tentatively.

"Of course not. Only hurry." She hung up the receiver and turned a radiant face. Again Marie looked suspicious.

"That must have been a very important conversation," she said scathingly. "I hope it's settled now."

Carroll answered her with a dignity in which there was no suggestion of the downtrodden younger sister.

"It is," she replied. "Jimmy and I are engaged."

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious

Here is This Store's Platform

Day In and Day Out, Told in Three Short Sentences

A Higher Standard of Quality
A Higher Standard of Value
A Higher Standard of Service

Which is only another way of saying that we sell the right merchandise at the right price in the right way.

THE MONMOUTH MERCANTILE CO.

which pays highest prices for farm products

likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks. The plant has sharp pointed green leaves. These are placed close together, with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—London Standard.

Getting an Autograph.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Babe Bell" to assuage the grief of the household. Aldrich sent the whole poem and not long after saw it displayed in the shop of an autograph dealer, with a good round price attached thereto.

MEASURING ELECTRICITY.

The Terms That Are Used and Who They Were Named For.

The five terms used in measuring electricity were all derived from the names of the five greatest pioneers in electrical development; but, strange as it may seem, none of these men had anything to do with the discovery of the particular unit named after him. The names were arbitrarily affixed years later to perpetuate the names of the pioneer electrical geniuses.

The term volt is derived from the name of Alessandro Volta, an Italian, born in 1745. He was one of the first men to try to harness electricity, yet he died without the knowledge that a "volt" was the pressure necessary to force one ampere of current through a conductor having one ohm resistance.

Likewise, Andre Marie Ampere, father of the science of electro-dynamics, never knew that an "ampere" was equal to the number of volts of pressure divided by the ohms of resistance. He was born in France in 1815.

George Simon Ohm was the author of what is known as Ohm's law, now universally recognized as the unit for measuring the resistance of electricity, but it was not until years later that the unit of resistance was named after the German physicist. The number of ohms is computed by dividing the number of volts by the number of amperes.

With either of the two units known the third can easily be found. Likewise, electrical energy is as easily figured. The watt indicates the amount of electric energy being used when one ampere of current is

Read your own Herald \$1.50 per year

flowing under a pressure of one volt. The watt is derived from the name of James Watt, the man who really invented the modern steam engine. Without the principle of the steam engine, however, electricity as a motive power could not do the powerful tasks it daily accomplishes.

Michael Faraday made the great discovery of magnetic electric currents, the principle on which all modern dynamos and transformers are constructed. In recognition of his great work scientists have named the unit of electrical capacity the farad. This unit of capacity will contain one ampere of current at one volt pressure for one second of time.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Glimpse of Tennyson.

Apprehension of being mobbed by the "profane vulgar" amounted almost to monomania with the poet Tennyson. Many stories are told in illustration of this weakness of his. One of the best of them will bear repetition. Lord Tennyson was taking a country walk with a friend when a fellow creature was espied in the distance. "We must turn back," said the poet. "That fellow means to waylay us." His companion persuaded him, however, to continue on their path. They caught up to the enemy and passed him. He took no notice of them whatever. "What an extraordinary thing!" cried the irate poet. "The fellow seems to have no idea who I am!"

Joaquin Miller's Retort.

Joaquin Miller was once advertised to deliver a lecture at San Diego. A smarty, who thought it safe to insult him, approached him as he was standing at the hotel counter, and, throwing down a fifty cent piece, exclaimed: "I will go and hear you talk your rot tonight. Here, give me a ticket!"

Joaquin pocketed the coin, produced a ticket and placing a twenty-five cent piece on it exclaimed, "Children and fools, half price," and turned his back on his would be insulter.

Unprofitable Cows.

In the Farm and Fireside a writer says:

"Not over a third of the so called dairy cows of the United States are profitable to their owners. Ten million 'boarder' cows are milked whose yield is worth less than their feed.

Just what seems to keep them for the sole pleasure of milking them fourteen times a week, cleaning out after them and otherwise enjoying their society."

Dolls.

The ivory doll of the Roman child was too costly for the ages that followed the fall of the empire. For many centuries dolls must have been chiefly of home manufacture. The first shop made dolls after the middle ages were the jointed wooden dolls of the Netherlands. These were known in England and in this country, too, in colonial times as "Flanders babies."

The Ruling Passion.

First Lady Highbrow — Mrs. Knowitall made a fine impression at the club this afternoon when she lectured on "The Cosmic Urge."

Second Ditto—Did she, indeed? How was the dress trimmed? And did she wear aigrets?—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Where the Weather is Hot.

Bahrien, on the Persian gulf, is said to be one of the hottest places on earth. For six consecutive weeks there the thermometer has been known to stay above 100 in the shade. It varies the monotony, however, by occasional climbs to 125 degrees or so. There is no rainfall, and no wells exist, for attempts to reach water even at a depth of 500 feet have failed. However, in the bed of the ocean, a mile from shore, copious springs of fresh water gush out. This water is caught and brought to land in goatskin bags by native divers, who sell their merchandise at good prices.

Have We Gained?

Let a man examine himself.—I Cor. xi, 28. Are we today further on in all goodness and strength than we were, say, ten years ago? Are we as impatient, as fretful, as resentful, as sensitive to all slight, neglect and injury as we used to be? Or are we loftier in mind, larger in thought, fuller in charity, more hopeful regarding the worst? It is for each man to answer these questions for himself and to himself. We may lose great advantage if we make public confession about these things. Sometimes it is well to sit down at our own judgment seat, receive sentence and quietly ponder it in a silence so deep as to be almost religious.—Joseph Parker.