NO TIME.

No time, do we say—for a helpful thought
To lighten the burdens of hearts that ache?
No time for encouraging, cheering words,
That are healing balm to the hearts that break?

No time, do we say—for a kindly act,
For the comfort and sunshine of a song?
No time for the tenderness that is life,
As careless and heedless we pass along?

The tender words we neglect to speak
To the hungry hearts we so fondly love,
Yet the tenderest words go up to God
And each flower we give will blossom above.

Still we grieve our own by hasty words
And acts that in vain we try to forget—
Then beautiful things we say of our dead
And cover with flowers our vain regret.

Oh, pray, to the living give time each day
In some way to gladden the lonely hours
By the touch of a hand, a smile, a word—
'Tis the living who need our kindness and flowers.
—Ruth Reid, in Detroit Free Press.

TATTERS

By Helen Frances Huntington.

(From the Home Journal, New York. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

AN INEXPLICABLE instinct had guided Jimmy through forbidden grounds direct to Ted's library door, where he stood, cap in hand, a decently-clean, solemn-faced boy of 12, with a little grizzly mop of a dog wriggling apologetically at his heels.

"His name's Tatters, an' he kin sit up an' dance an' sing," said Jimmy. Whereupon Tatters "sat up" and peered anxiously through the ragged dun-colored fringe that veiled his bright black eyes. For the rest he was the most dejected, forlorn little creature that ever begged his way through a hard and thankless world.

"What are you two doing here?" Ted demanded, coldly.

"Please, sir, won't you take 'im in?" Jimmy entreated. "The Home's sendin' me to Kansas an' the man what's hired me won't take Tatters. You kin have 'im fer a dollar."

"But I don't want him," Ted answered, heartlessly; at which Tatters dropped his smudgy paws limply and turned to Jimmy, with a look of hopeless appeal which said, as plain as human speech could do: "Why is the hand of every man turned against me?"

"He eats so little you'd never miss it," Jimmy explained, persuasively. "Tatters promised, mutely, to eat still less if Ted would take him, and Ted's heart wasn't proof against that last appeal. He patted the little towsled head good-naturedly and assured him that he should have abundant food and a roof to shelter him as long as he behaved in a fit and proper manner. I have never owned a dog in my life, he explained, deprecatingly, "but I'll take Tatters and do the best I can for him."

The leave-taking consumed half a minute. It was plain that the dog suffered most acutely; but he had been made to understand that it was all part of the inexplicable fate that had branded him as a vagrant. When the door closed behind Jimmy he ran about from window to window, till he found the one overlooking the avenue where he sat very still, watching the lessening figure of his late master until his breath blurred the pane hopelessly; then he whined softly until Ted bethought himself of his promise and carried him out to be bountifully fed and groomed after the manner befitting his adoption.

Shorn of his long disguise—the grime and soot of plebeian association—he was a handsome dog with a silver-gray coat, a little black dust-brush of a tail, a curly, shapely head, and the kindest eyes ever set in a canine face, deep, midnight black, shot with coppery lights that gave him a look of human intelligence. The longer Ted looked at that winning little face, the longer he wanted to look; it was so wise, so tender, so impressibly grave.

"Tatters," said Ted, putting his hand under the silky uplifted chin, "I'm going to be very good to you always, and in return I want you to be very good to some one else. Come, let us go and see her, and you'll know why."

She sat on a couch beside a sunny window, her hands folded idly over an open book, her eyes fixed unseemingly on luminous space. Ted affected not to notice the deathlike transparency of the flower-like face; he proceeded cheerfully to introduce Tatters to his new mistress, and Tatters "sat up" very prettily until he was lured by the look in Nadine's eyes to move a step closer and put his paws on her knees.

"What a dear little fellow," she said languidly, taking his face between her thin hands and looking down into his dark, beautiful eyes. "I never thought I should like a dog; but this one looks almost human. Is he really mine? Oh, thank you, Ted." For the first time in many weeks she smiled genuinely, and was interested.

Tatters puzzled his brain sorely about Nadine's inactivity, and after patient endeavor to rouse her, he went to Ted for an explanation. And it seemed so human to tell this faithful little friend what was wearing out his own heart.

"The doctor gave her trouble a long, hard name, Tatters," said he, "and he thinks there's one chance in a hundred that she may be cured; but I know better. She's very young, barely 22, but sorrow has aged her more in a single hour than a whole lifetime of joy could have done. No, she doesn't rightly belong to us, but she came to us long ago when she was a little girl, and there never was a time when I didn't love her more than anyone else in the wide world. She was always very good and sweet to me and such a happy, bright little girl, until she met Dion. He was a fine fellow, too, but not quite good enough for Nadine. He was very fond of her, and she was happier still until the other woman came. Such a woman, Tatters! as beautiful as an angel—you couldn't blame him if you could see her. Nadine didn't blame him, either, but it broke her heart. They say people sometimes outlive even that trouble, but it isn't true, not with a nature like hers. If you could only help her to forget, just for a little while, Tatters, I'd love you as long as I live."

Tatters kept his charge faithfully, but it was vain to hope for success where human ingenuity had failed. Ted helped evade the dreaded climax by reading all the newspapers carefully before Nadine saw them to guard against her seeing mention of his return, for which she watched and waited, as a dying man longs to be shriven. She put off the southward flight day by day, and meantime grew weaker, paler and sadder; and Ted and Tatters went about watching her with troubled eyes.

Winter came with a rush of icy air and flurry of snow that sent the frail ones hurrying southward to kinder climes. The others could not well be spared from the busy round of social life, so Ted went with his mother and Nadine. The world lay shrouded in white vestments through which the train plowed a narrow track bearing them farther and farther from their accustomed scenes. Tatters sat in Nadine's window looking wistfully out of the window at the flying panorama of skeleton trees and hedges till the train stopped at a wayside station. Ted took him out for a little walk, and he scudded along the narrow path sniffing the frosty air delightedly, and presently disappeared under the car wheels, to be caught up by someone on the opposite side.

Ted heard a man's coaxing voice say: "Hello, my beauty! Look, Tess, isn't that a perfect little beauty?" The answer was a delighted little feminine exclamation, then a lady stepped out of the coach and confronted him, followed by Dion, who looked very wan and weary beside that radiant vision. Ted looked into her face and forgot everything but the thought that Nadine must not see them. He got possession of Tatters and walked the length of the train and back before he dared to confront Nadine, and the train pulled off with a few preliminary shocks when he swung aboard the smoking car. He sat staring dully before him, until he was recalled to a realization of things tangible by a keen sense of impending danger.

There was a shriek of escaping steam, a sickening crunch of wheels, an explosive crash, then he was seized by some blind force and flung down amid the debris of a wreck. Tatter's doleful little whine recalled Ted's scattered senses. He woke to find himself lying in a poor little roadside hut, where they had carried the dead and wounded. Dion's wife lay not an arm's length from his couch, and beside him sat Nadine unhurt.

"It is not fatal?" Dion asked in a husky whisper.

The doctor moved away very softly, but the dying woman read the bitter truth in his eyes, and shivered with mortal terror.

"Dying!" she cried, incredulously. "Oh, no. It simply isn't possible! It can't be; why should I be chosen when so many others don't care to live! Oh, no, not I; life is far too sweet to die!"

Tatters whined and thrust his nose close to Ted's face, and he opened his eyes and smiled understandingly, then the clear, tuneful voice broke the deathly silence again. "Dion, if it should be true! I am afraid to die with an unconfessed lie on my soul. It was all my fault that she left you. I wanted you to believe Nadine unfaithful. You'll forgive me, Dion, won't you. It was because I loved you so—and she couldn't have cared one hundredth part as much as I do. You loved her, didn't you, Dion? Yes, I knew, but I tried to forget. If I should die you will marry her. Dion, I love you so that I wish only for your happiness.

"But I will not die, Dion, I will not!" the young voice trailed off in half a sob, then woke again very faint and tremulous, like the echo of distant music. "How dark it has grown!" it murmured. "Have they left us alone at last, Dion? Come closer, I cannot see you—"

There was no more sound or motion from the darkened pallet; the long lashes fluttered down and lay like rays of darkness on driven snow, and the childish lips parted in a faint, sweet smile upon which death had set his holy seal as if God had forgiven her guilty soul.

Roses everywhere! Stately bride roses under a fringed canopy of maiden hair fern, long-stemmed beauties, queens of hearts in such lavish confusion that Tatters was obliged to walk very circumspectly through the maze of blossoming stuff to the window where Ted stood with folded hands, breast high, to a rose bower.

There were white rose petals on the sidewalk leading to the front entry and three little urchins were chattering delightedly over their trophies of an easy conquest.

Tatters found a little bare space on the window and looked out too, but failed to discover anything of signal importance. So he frisked about until Ted roused himself and took the fluffy little head between his palms and smiled with the pathetic cheerfulness of complete renunciation.

"All the fuss and flurry is over at last, Tatters," he said, "and now we've got to take life in hand and make something out of it. We shall be very happy, too—not quite as happy as Nadine and Dion, perhaps; still you have me and I have my work. Nadine? Well, Tatters, she doesn't need either of us now."

True.

"This is a hard world," said the despondent one.

"Well, look at the way it's been jumped on," replied the other.—N. Y. World.

NORTH DAKOTA NEWS

An Invention.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the Red River Valley is again in the lead with a device for saving the short grain. Mr. Jas. Smaller, a farmer living near Gilby, has perfected an attachment which can be put on any harvesting machine reel and will enable a man to cut and save grain which can be cut with a mowing machine without half the attendant trouble and labor. It can be attached or removed in 15 minutes and saves its costs in two hours' work this year. It is of special benefit this year, but is very useful any year in ordinary grain. Many farmers here who have been mowing their grain or cutting it with a self rake reaper have abandoned both methods and are using Smaller's reel attachment with great success.

"Jag Wagons" Busy.

The saloon men who operate "jag wagons" from their Moorhead shops are being roundly roasted for their strict attention to the matter of securing patrons. Since the farmers have been visiting the agricultural college and experimental station in large numbers each day the wagons have been run to the college grounds, two miles north of Fargo, where the drivers were instructed to wait until the sessions were over in order to secure a load of patrons. The college authorities have protested, and unless the "jag wagons" are kept in a specified territory it is likely that efforts will be made to keep them in Minnesota entirely.

Nearly Finished.

Superintendent Sovereign of the Northern Pacific reports the grading for the extension of this line from Milnor to Oakes practically completed. There is still some filling in to be placed just west of Milnor, but this will be completed next week. The work of laying the rails will then be begun. The extension gives Fergus Falls direct communication with the main line west of there and as the company has a steam shovel and several crews of men at work improving the roadbed in that immediate vicinity it is expected that considerable through business will be diverted that way as soon as the new road is complete.

Married.

One of the prettiest weddings ever witnessed in the state was solemnized at the First Baptist church at Minot by Rev. Dr. Turner, of Devils Lake, uniting in marriage Lieut. Gov. Joseph McMurray Devine and Miss Mae Bernadine Hanscom. The bride was given away by her father, Abner L. Hanscom, of the United States land office, and attended by Miss Grace Gibbs, of Edmor, Mich., and Miss Lida Mansfield as bridesmaids and Miss Edna Boucher, of Bismarck, maid of honor.

A Duel.

A terrible duel with pitchforks took place in Emmons county between two Russian farmers, which resulted in the death of both men.

It seems that there were no eye-witnesses, and the bodies of the men were found some time later by persons passing through the hayfield where the tragedy occurred.

One of the contestants lived long enough to crawl upon a cock of hay before he expired and evidences were found that the struggle between the men had been of a fearful nature.

Dispersing

The Indians at Fort Yates are dispersing after their big celebration. About 5,000 of them put on paint and feathers and engaged in a sham battle after the old time Indian style. As is cutomary, they gave away fine presents. Among them was a magnificent elk tooth dress to the agent's wife, probably worth $300.

News in Brief.

Five cases of typhoid fever at St. Thomas are attributed to bad drinking water.

The 5,000 brook trout placed in Spring Creek in Ransom county appear to be doing nicely.

C. A. Lounsberry says: "Taken as a whole, there will not be 25 per cent of an ordinary crop. North Dakota will not produce this year 20,000,000 bushels of wheat. I doubt if it will exceed 15,000,000. Of flax there will be a two-thirds crop on a largely increased acreage."

C. C. Young, of Dickinson, says sugar beets grow well in Stark and Logan counties, and beets raised in the state in the past two years have tested 21 per cent saccharine. He understands that Senator McGillvray's brother-in-law, Chas. Montague, of Carroll, Mich., is to put up factories at Jamestown and Oakes.

Griffin & Co., of Jamestown, offer $10 reward for the arrest of the parties who sold liquor to a 16-year-old boy, seen drunk on the streets.

John Luthe, an escaped Minnesota convict, was captured at Minot. He had only a month to serve and was induced to run away by another convict, whose term had expired. The latter turned Luthe over to the authorities for the $50 reward.

Over 40,000 pounds of wool was marketed at Napoleon last week.

Eastman Burrows, of Grand Forks, now a student at Cornell, who was one of the successful candidates for a West Point cadetship from this state, is unable to go, and his place will therefore by taken by Chas. Thompson, of Jamestown, his alternate, who is naturally elated at his good fortune.

The secretary of the state dental board announces that thirteen of the sixteen young men who took the examination recently were successful.

Work on the N. P. extension from Casselton to Dickey was resumed the other day. The railroad company paid in the amount of damages awarded by a district court jury in condemnation suits for right of way and the amounts were promptly paid over and the contractors notified to resume work. Judge Pollock dismissed the several injunction suits pending against the company.

A fire, alleged to have been started by workingmen smoking while stacking hay in the big meadow near Englevale, fourteen miles southwest of Lisbon, destroyed nearly a thousand tons of hay in stack and on the ground. The principal sufferers are Hon. T. J. Devine, P. W. Mook and W. E. Long. The former is said to have lost about 200 tons.

Fargo's tax levy this year will be about 5½ per cent.

Sheriffs and police officers throughout the state have been notified by Warden Boucher of the escape from the penitentiary Saturday afternoon of William Donahue, who was sentenced two years ago to a term of ten years in the penitentiary on conviction of the crime of rape.

Prof. Hall, of the Agricultural College, has begun work on the geological survey of the valley for the United States government.

Reports from Wheatland state that George E. S. Tott, the well known farmer north of that city, has struck a flowing well that eclipses anything in that part of the country. It is said to be running 5,000 barrels daily.

Dinnie Bros., Grand Forks, were awarded the contract for a new opera house building at Casselton to be put up by S. H. Knight at a cost of $20,000. It will be modern in its appointments.

A wise man never considers a woman's age.—Chicago Daily News.

NOTHING IF NOT REALISTIC.

What the Present School of Writers Appear to Be Trying to Achieve.

The russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun. Afar down the alley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly along and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimney pots, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke and the russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun, says London Answers.

The russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped an orange from the barrow of a passing coster and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rainwater barrel in the back yard.

The russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun. Adown the gutters in the lonely street ran murky puddles on their long, long journey toward the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention and life was hollow mockery to the homeless cat.

And the russet sparrow sat on the roof and blinked at the setting sun.

IT'S ALL IN A NAME.

One Reason Why the Conservative Negro Whitewasher Lost His Occupation.

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. Everything, may be answered, and no one has made the answer more plain to the ordinary mortal than Booker T. Washington, the noted colored orator, says the Chicago Times-Herald. While lecturing in Omaha last winter he paused in the midst of his remarks and asked:

"How many negro boys in Omaha are learning a mechanical trade?"

And from the vast audience came the reply:

"Not one."

Then Mr. Washington proceeded to tell the negro boys what they should do. The old colored man with his brush and pail of whitewash once made a good living. But he was a whitewasher." The first thing he knew a white man came along with an assortment of brushes and several colors of wash under fancy names. The white man called himself an "interior decorator," and the old colored man's job was gone forever.

"You negro boys," continued Mr. Washington, "must become interior decorators, for the whitewashing job is done."

TAKING THE CENSUS.

An Enumerator Meets with One Woman Who Didn't Withhold Any of the Details.

"Oh, yes, I know you are the census man. Warm day, take a seat. I've gotten all the facts for you. My husband, John Moore, is 40; I am 39; we have seven children; they are all well now."

"But—" put in the census man, relates the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"Yes, yes; you needn't ask me any questions. I'm telling you fast as I can. Tommy, our oldest boy, had the measles when he was three. He first began to walk when he was eight months old and the day after he was ten months old he could walk clear around the room without holding on to anything. He fell down the stairs when he was four years three months and thirteen days old, but it didn't hurt him any, and he liked ice cream from the first time he ever tasted it. I can't get him to eat gravy, but he had his first piece of steak when he was 15 months old. Johnnie, the next to the oldest—"

"Madam, stop, stop," cried the enumerator, "answer my questions. I don't want to know any more about your children."

And then the woman got angry and the census taker also lost his temper and left.

Family Ties Exhausted.

At one of the great department stores the other day a young man was indulging in airy persiflage with the pretty shop girl behind the counter while waiting for his change. "What a wonderful place you have here!" he said. "What do you sell?" "Everything," was the reply. "Everything?" was the incredulous comment. "What do you mean by everything?" "Just what I say," responded the girl. "Anything you want we can supply you with here." "Oh, you can, eh?" commented the pretentious Alexander. "Well, let me look at some family ties." Without remark, but with demure countenance, the girl went away, but in a moment returned and said: "I am sorry, but the manager tells me that we are just out of family ties, owing to the great demand. Perhaps you'd like to look at some family jars?" The young man decided, however, that the latter was an undesirable commodity, and he would have none of it.—N. Y. Tribune.

He Got Posted.

It was an open car. A man of years and sedateness sat next to a young man who was consulting a pocket dictionary. By and by, and without any premonitory symptoms, the sedate man said:

"It's in here; I was looking over one of them books yesterday, and I picked out the very words."

"What do you refer to?" asked the young man.

"To what a woman up my way called me when I asked her to marry me."

"And what was it?"

"A concave cataleptic semi-annual old idiot. At first I didn't exactly know whether she meant to say yes or turn me down, but after looking in the dictionary I made up my mind that she was not for me. Mighty handy, those dictionaries are, when you get stuck on a hard word, eh?"—Washington Post.

She'd Do It.

Crash!

There came the sound of falling dishes from the kitchen. The cook appeared at the dining-room door.

"Plaze, mum," she said, "the whole av your besht dinner set is broken fwhoile Oi wuz washin' it!"

The housewife wept.

"B'gee!" said her husband, "if the powers could only get that girl, the job of breaking up China would soon be finished."—N. Y. World.

Pretense as to Contents.

"Jedge," said Mr. Zeke Darkleigh, "I wants to hab dishyere Gabe Snowflake arrested. He done sol' me er kaig er beer, en day ain't nuffin in the kaig but rainwateh."

"All right," replied the judge, "you want to swear out a warrant charging him with obtaining money under false pretenses."

"No, suh. I want dat niggah sent up fo' 'tainin' money undeh false contentses. Dat's what, jedge."—Baltimore American

Explained.

Mrs. Yung Wife—You are sure there are five pounds of sugar in this package? It seems very light.

Grocer—That, madam, is because it is entirely free from sand.—Boston Transcript.

As a rule, when a man suffers from ennui he makes a lot of other people tired.—Chicago Daily News.

It is surprising, sometimes, how a man that is 'way off gets on. — Indianapolis News.

The hen is a liberal fowl; she gives a peck when she takes a grain.—Chicago Daily News.