

WAITING.

Waiting in pain, and yet 'tis best to wait, For waiting lends a zest to all we win, And brings attainment with a fullness in— Like wine of grapes that come to ripeness late, We chafe at dull delay and chide the fate...

—William C. Richards.

LITTLE MART DODSON.

Among the Red Knobs of the Tennessee Valley, the people are mostly of the poorer class of small farmers. Along the railroad a "Red Knobber" is known by the purple hue of his boots, usually well stained by the hematitic dust of his patrimonial acres.

Little Mart Dodson had peddled "wild-cat whiskey" from the time he became able to take a three-gallon keg along the country road after dark. He had been arrested, bound over before commissioners, tried, released or condemned so many times that the varied phases of Federal justice or leniency had long lost the spice of novelty.

But one summer there came a lady and her daughter from Chattanooga to board at Hawk Cliff, a ragged spur of the Chilhowees, where a mineral spring or two bubbled out from beneath the precipices.

Mrs. Baird needed some pure whiskey for medicinal purposes. Following the instructions of the "Widder Green," with whom they board, Agnes, the daughter of the former, left a bottle and some money one night in a cleft of a large rock, called the "Devil's Anvil." On going back the next morning, she found the money gone and the bottle filled with "mountain dew."

"Little Mart air 'ways up ter time," said the Widder Green. "He gits to that thar rock every Chuesday night, ez regular as clock-wuk."

There was no society in a social sense at Hawk Cliff, and Agnes, a lively girl not yet out of her teens, when not reading or waiting upon her mother, found herself at some loss to pass the time.

A thunder-cloud had veiled the sun, the blue sky was vanishing, and the very depths of the mountain seemed to moan softly, as though the earth was feverish and in dread.

"Wal, miss, air ye sure 'nuff lost, or what air the matter?"

The sound of any human voice was welcome in that solitude. Turning, she saw before her a short, stout, freckle-faced young man, having a sack swung over his shoulder with a keg in each end of it.

"You're a good three mile from the Widder Green's," he said, "'n I was a-goin' the yuther way."

Agnes instantly suggested a pecuniary inducement as a reason for guiding her home, but the young fellow looked at the clouds and said, hurriedly:

"You jest wait hyr a minute."

Then he disappeared round a huge boulder before Agnes could remonstrate. In two minutes he reappeared, minus his sack and kegs, with the remark:

"Now, miss, we mus' hurry ter git ter the Hangin' Rock afore that shower wets us."

They plunged into a wild gorge—the very one Agnes would not have taken if left to herself—and soon came upon a trail that wound here and there among the rugged, over rocks, through shadowy laurel brakes, and across several small brooks.

ly assumed a new and astounding phase in the light of her sweet presence and kindly remonstrances.

The rain at length ceased, and they soon arrived at the Widow Green's. Agnes, at the doorstep, offered him a silver dollar, saying she knew she had put him to a good deal of trouble.

"I reck'n I kin erbleege people of I am a moonshiner."

"Never mind," she said, with a reassuring smile, "you must take it just to please me. Perhaps it will help you a little in getting better employment."

The next day Little Mart returned for his sack and kegs, reflecting deeply. After getting them he went to the Hanging Rock, and there kindled a fire with chestnut bark on the very spot where Agnes had sat and talked to him.

"Me 'n' mother hev got to git our livin' some yuther way after this."

That night his mother's little cabin in the Red Knobs was surrounded by four deputy marshals, and Little Mart marched off, a prisoner of the United States, to Athens.

Two months later, after his release from jail, he came home, only to learn that Mrs. Baird and her daughter had returned to Chattanooga.

Little Mart felt disappointed. Though he realized the nature of the social gulf between them too well to hope to mingle much with people like the Bairds, yet he wished to see Agnes once more, and tell her how her kind words and sweet smile had made another man of him.

He secured work in the log camps in the mountains, and a few weeks thereafter went down to Chattanooga on a large raft of logs.

Having then an idle day on his hands, he thought he would venture to call on the Bairds.

He dressed himself in his best suit of homespun jeans, and soon found the house from the directions given him by the Widow Green.

The imposing brick front and the aristocratic neatness of the surroundings rather daunted him, but he resolutely knocked on the door regardless of the polished bell handle and boldly asked of the trim colored housemaid, who at length came, if he might see Miss Agnes, explaining also that "She 'n' her mother know me in the mountains."

The servant surveyed him wonderingly, yet after a moment's hesitation bade him follow her, and at once ushered him into the parlor where Agnes and another young lady, with two or three fashionably-dressed young men, sat talking and laughing together.

Agnes had risen as the door opened. The contrast between her graceful, stylishly-garbed figure and Little Mart's awkward pose, ill-fitting clothes, and rusty brogans, as he stood clumsily holding his broad-brimmed wool hat, was as one of the young men whispered to the other young lady, "Too utterly paralyzing."

Agnes recognized him instantly, and colored with the reverse of pleasurable sensations, as she said, carelessly:

"Oh yes, you wish to see my father. He never transacts business at the house; you will find him at the office. Margaret," to the servant, "show this gentleman to the door."

Then she coolly turned away, and before Little Mart fairly knew what he was about he was walking down the street with his thoughts in a whirl and a dull pain at his heart.

"Why, you are Mart Dodson, are you not? This is fortunate, as you happen to be the very man I was wishing to see."

some good advice as to his turning from the error of his moonshining ways?"

The lady's amazement brought a good-natured smile to the manager's face, as he continued, pointing to himself:

"I also remember being, I fear, very rude to that same young man on another occasion, but I was young and—and foolish then."

"And he was quite a bucolic scarecrow, and should have had better sense than to intrude where he did uninvited. I don't blame you, Miss Baird. I might have done the same thing myself under similar circumstances. Let that rest. You did me far more good than evil. The effect of your kind words and the memory of your encouraging smile outlasted the influence of your after indifference. The desire to be some one, to make something of myself, implanted unconsciously by you, never left me. It was the turning point of my life. See: I have even kept the dollar you gave me for good luck."

He exhibited it with a smile, whereat she again blushed slightly. Then continuing, he said:

"Your father also made me the first money offer for my mother's little farm, that has proved a veritable bonanza for me in more ways than one. I then resolved to try to make a man of myself, so that if I ever met you again you would not feel so ashamed of me."

"You have your revenge?" she said, sadly. "Papa failed, and gradually worried himself into the grave. Mamma and I are quite poor now—"

"Don't explain," interrupted Little Mart kindly. "I really feel that I owe to you far more than the giving of this position will ever repay. Your influence, unknown to yourself, sent me off to study, sharpened my wits, caused me to drive shrewd bargains, yet keep my hands clean, and persist until—well, until here I am."

It was difficult for Agnes Baird to realize that this alert, polite, well-dressed man—a partner and manager of a great iron industry, requiring large capital and hundreds of workmen—was the awkward youth she had carelessly befriended, then ignored, only a few years ago.

"Not at home," he said, and gradually worried himself into the grave. Mamma and I are quite poor now—"

"What is he saying to his friend?" inquired the interested official.

"The conversation began in this way," said the telegrapher: "W-h-e-n w-i-l-l y-o-u g-e-t o-v-e-r t-h-a-t s-p-r-e-e-a-n-d c-o-m-e t-o w-o-r-k?"

"Is that so?" said the old gentleman, "and what did the man say in reply?"

"W-h-e-n I g-e-t g-o-o-d a-n-d r-e-a-d-y."

"Dear me!" said the good old man, apparently much distressed. "And what is the man in the window saying now?"

"C-h-e-e-s-e i-t! T-h-e o-l-d d-u-d-d-f-f-e-r w-i-t-h g-r-a-y G-a-l-w-a-y-s i-s o-n-t-o-u-s!"

As the old gentleman raised his eyes to the top of the Western Union building the man disappeared, and the window was slammed down.—Sun.

The Porter Gave Her Away. One of this year's October crop of brides was just starting forth upon her bridal journey. Every precaution had been taken to conceal the fact that she was a bride.

He Was Conscientious. Editor—You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?



"A BIG OFFER."

HE KNEW THE SIGNS.

The Old Gentleman Had them Interpreted—What He Heard.

A man walking up Broadway, below John street, Wednesday afternoon, on the east side, stopped suddenly on the lower side of John street and looked toward the top of the tall Western Union building diagonally across the street.

The crowd saw a man standing in an open window in the operating room leaning far out and gesticulating with both hands.

"The man's crazy," said one in the crowd. "He's going to jump out!" said another. "I'll bet a dollar that there's a murder and he's trying to call the police!" said a third.

"It's fire," said a little excitable man; "why don't some one send out an alarm?"

Meanwhile the man in the window moved his arms up and down rhythmically, not noticing the attention he had attracted. The most observing man in the crowd below noticed that the man in the window looked down toward the sidewalk opposite the Western Union building, and following the tip they saw a man who seemed to imitate the motions of the man in the window.

"What's the matter with the men?" ejaculated a bank official who had stopped and studied the situation for a minute.

"If you understand telegraphy," said a young man in a slouch hat who had quietly watched the proceeding, "you wouldn't ask. That chap in the window is telegraphing to his friend in the street. If you watch him closely you will see that he holds his right hand over his left hand, and that he occasionally touches his left with his right hand. Sometimes he keeps his left hand on his right hand for a brief space of time, and sometimes he barely brings his hands together. When his hands merely touch a dot is produced according to the Morse system, and when he permits them to remain together for a period it is a dash."

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She Was Sorry. Emma (to her intended)—Just think, Charlie, Judge Soandso proposed to me yesterday.

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