

His Sister.

HOSE who contend that the evil influences of heredity may be changed to good in a new and more wholesome environment will find confirmation of their cheerful philosophy in a story which comes from a settlement house in one of the "slum" districts of New York.

A visitor to the school attached to the settlement was watching the children at play. She became deeply interested in the care and attention bestowed upon a little crippled girl by a boy some years older. He had evidently done his best to make himself presentable. Hands and face were clean, his patched and faded clothes had been carefully brushed, and his much-worn shoes had been polished even to the heels.

He followed the little girl as she limped excitedly around the outskirts of the noisy group in whose pastime she could not actively share. He restrained her impetuously, and when harm seemed to threaten from the excited crowd, he interposed himself between her and the danger. When she grew tired, he carried her rather than led her to a convenient resting-place, and seated himself beside her, apparently content to be a spectator with her, although his comrades were shouting to him to "come on out and have some fun."

"Is she his sister?" the visitor asked of the superintendent.

"Yes and no," was the answer. "She came as a sister, provisionally, but she is really not a relative at all."

"He was one of my toughest boys at first—was incorrigible, in fact; and he tried my patience severely."

"I wish I had a sister," he said to me one day, after I had scolded him for something he had done. This I took to be the first awakening of a desire for better things, and I was both surprised and encouraged."

"It would be very pleasant if you had," I said.

"You bet!" he replied, and then added confidentially, "You see it's this way: There's my father, he likes Louis; Louis likes Jack; and Jack likes me; but I ain't got nobody to like! If I had a sister, I wouldn't be a 'ting to her—oh no! See?"

"When this little girl came to the school, he regarded her at first with scorn and indifference. 'A gimpy,' as he called her, was an object of curiosity rather than of sympathy. But one day, while standing near the other children at play, she was crowded and thrown down. Her cry—more of fright than pain, for she was not hurt—seemed to appeal to feelings that had never been touched before. He rushed forward almost savagely, pushed the other children aside, and taking her up in his arms, carried her to the same seat where they were now. He soothed and comforted her, scowling in a shamefaced way at the other boys, who laughed at him, of course; and ever since then, in school or out, going or coming, he has watched over her like a brother."

"He has found a sister, and more, he has found his better self. I have had no trouble with him since that day. He has been obedient, and in many ways helpful to me, and I shall do everything in my power to see that the good that is in him shall not be lost to himself or to society."

Humor of the Court Room.

In the early days of the railroad in Michigan there was a farmer who owned two well-bred and useful dogs, named Major and Tige. On a certain morning the dogs chased a stray hog down the main road, and on the return trip stopped to play at the railroad crossing. Needless of the conspicuous warning to look out for the locomotive, Tige was struck by that engine of destruction and killed, Major escaping by sheer dog luck. Damage suits were a new thing at the time, so when the owner of the dogs commenced an action before a rural justice of the peace there was an immense crowd of neighbors and sympathizers present at the hearing. The engineer swore that he gave one sharp blast of the whistle as he approached the crossing. It looked as though the railroad company was to go scot free, but the attorney for the farmer knew his business—and also the justice. "Your honor," he said, "it is required by your statutes in such cases made and provided, that when any person or domestic animal is upon a railroad and seen by the engineer, he must sound his whistle. In this instance, your honor, there were two domestic animals innocently playing on the track, and the whistle was sounded but once, when it is a positive legal requirement that it should have been blown twice—once for each dog." So convincing was this argument that the country justice would not even give a railroad attorney a hearing, and awarded the plaintiff the full amount damages sued for.

His Cause For Tears.

At a session the other day, when the judge had been turned low, the mediator was describing a tall, dark-eyed, domineering man, with long moustaches, hair parted carefully down the middle, that was hovering round a middle-aged but elderly looking man, who burst suddenly into tears; trending sobs shook his thin frame.

"George, George," he cried, "why, oh, why did you leave me to the misery of a past years?"

"On you knew him?" asked the judge.

"I saw him," murmured the downcast man. "I saw him daily for months and months. Oh, George," he cried, "why did you die?"

"Good man," pleaded the mediator, "must pull yourself together. This loss to you must have been a great one, you may yet meet another friend who will fill his place."

"No," he cried, "this place is mine."

"But why, what do you mean?" asked the mediator, astonished.

"Hear my wife's first husband!"

"Tis—"

of Anxious to Show It.

"Mad—How did you know I wore my pig to the theater last night?"

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AFTER

The guests are gone the smile slips from the face of the hostess and she gives up to the pain which racks her body. Many a woman entertains and wears a smile while her back aches and her nerves quiver with pain. Surely any medicine which offers relief to women would be worth a trial under such conditions. But when the woman's medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is offered with the proof of efficacy in thousands of well attested cures, what excuse can then be offered for suffering longer?

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CARD PLAYERS' CRAMP.

What Once Happened to an Old Farmer Dealer's Hand.

"Were you ever paralyzed?" said the old timer.

"No, and may the—began the other. 'Well, you see that right hand? It looks pretty good and strong and it is, but for about three days once it was dead as a frosted tomato plant."

"You know of course that I used to make my living playing cards, chiefly dealing bank. There wasn't a day I didn't deal bank or in other games six to eight hours a day. Many a time I have dealt or played longer."

"One night I was dealing bank. It was a good, big game. All at once when I went to slip a card this old right refused to work. I looked at it and the fingers were kind of twisted inward and the hand from the wrist was bent downward."

"This stopped the deal for me, and I told the lookout to get busy, for the players were getting a little 'queered.' He took my place, and I watched the bets."

"I rubbed my right, but it wouldn't straighten out and it kept this way until the next day, and then I went to a doctor. He didn't know me as well as you do, but the first question he asked was:

"'Deal cards a great deal, don't you?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Do you deal with an elbow movement or with finger and wrist movement?'"

"'Why, I don't work my elbow.'"

"'That explains it. You have card players' paralysis.'"

"This hit me center, and I showed it, but the doctor was good and said:

"'Now, don't get flurried. I'll straighten you up. Just quit dealing awhile, and I'll give your hand a few doses of electricity, and you'll be all right.'"

"He did it, and in about three days my hand was straight as a string. But I haven't dealt so much since. There's many an old timer whose dealing hand has quit him. And you say you were never paralyzed?"

"No."

"Well, you ain't played cards much."

"EASY."

"Which would you rather, Tommy, be born lucky or rich, asked Uncle Tredway."

"Both," replied Tommy sententiously.

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What It Meant.

"I HAVE lately," said Winkleton to his friend Plodderly, "become very much interested in the subject of the education of children. I am a parent, as you are, and I think it is the duty of every parent to provide suitable paths of knowledge for children's minds to travel in."

Plodderly made no reply.

"My boy," continued Winkleton, "is just six years old. I started him in at the kindergarten at three, wishing to give him the full advantage of all the educational blessings that this country affords, at as early an age as possible. He has now finished this three years course, and while he looks a little peaked, he has already shown promise of a wonderful mind."

"I have no doubt of it," said Plodderly.

"I have been looking up the matter," went on Winkleton, "and I shall push him right ahead through the primary with all possible speed. The spare time he is home he is occupied with some of the latest educational games, so that he is practically not losing a moment except for his meals. When he is a little older, and has gotten through the elements, I shall begin to ground him in history, physics, Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, hydrostatics, biology, psychology, modern languages, Biblical lore, geology, statistics and dynamics, astronomy, conic sections, metaphysics, sociology, political economy and any other branch that in the meantime may have been discovered. What are you doing with your boy?"

"Nothing," said Plodderly. "He has never been to school. He just fools around. At present he is building a doghouse."

"And do you intend," said Winkleton, with a sneer, "always to keep him in such dense ignorance?"

"I hope to," replied Plodderly. "You see, I am in hopes that someday that boy may do something really worth while."—N. Y. "Life."

The Literary Circus.

Washington Irving Smith has ceased writing any more novels. He is disgusted with what he terms the circus of his profession. His efforts have always been confined to the one-day factories, but for the sake of appearances he has haunted the swaggar publishing houses on Fifth avenue. He had just finished reading "Pumpkin Adams Nausea" and "Edam Hold-up," two of the record-breaking books of the squash school, and concluded that he could outquash anything they contained. He felt sure that Scribblers would accept without demur his latest manuscript, "Abner Applejack, the Hero of Wynockle, N.J."

When he called upon the reader of the great publishing house he was referred to the business office.

"What printing have you got?" he was asked.

"None," replied Smith, in surprise. "Well, you know unless you have at least five thousand dollars' worth of paper we can do nothing with your book," explained the manager. "The title is just what we want, but you must have plenty of advertising matter, including good half-sheet and three-sheet posters. You must supply us with your own lithograph, showing yourself in a thoughtful mood, as the great author of the domestic story of 'Abner Applejack,' etc., the true type of native American, and all that sort of thing. If you do this and engage a first-class press agent, we may be able to push you up to the hundred-thousand mark, make it a dollar-and-a-half book and the success of the year."

And Washington Irving Smith is still grinding out sea-side stories for the crop of 1902, in the Jumbo foundry under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge—J. D. Byrne in "Puck."



Mary Jane—Do you keep rat poison? The Chemist—Yes, miss. What kind did you want? Mary Jane—Have you got a kind that will make the rats go and die next door?—Pick-Me-Up.

The Insignificant Dollar.

"I am afraid you don't understand the value of a dollar," said the very rich man to his son. "Perhaps not," answered the young man; "in this age of billions and one dollar is an important but obscure consideration. It is like the atom or the molecule; very interesting for purposes of scientific research, but very unsatisfactory as a practical proposition."—Washington "Star."

The Wonders of Nature.

Huckley—Why, I hardly knew you; you've got to look so round. Tyndie—The effect of square meals, my boy.—"Life."

How They Move.

"When I first settled here," said the Kansas man, "my nearest neighbor was twenty-five miles away, but now he's just across the road." "The way you put it," remarked the Easterner, "that doesn't show anything. That may mean—"

"It shows, my friend, that cyclones are mighty powerful, that's all."—Philadelphia "Press."

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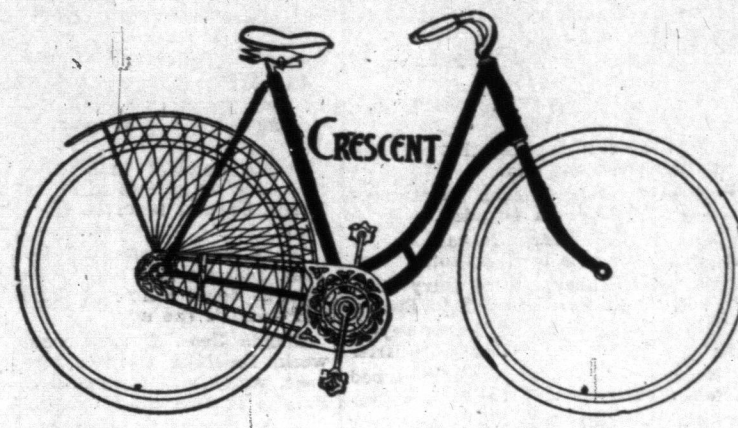
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