



A WOODEN REPRESENTATIVE.

PAT (indignantly)—“Fwhat kind av a sulky blaggard is that ye keep forninst yer shstore? Sure I’ve been axin’ him a civil question an’ sorra a word can I get out av him, at all, at all.”

MR. JAGSWORTHY’S FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

“MRS. JAGSWORTHY,” said the head of the family, looking up from his easy chair at his wife, who was trying to quiet little Willie, “you have no idea of how to manage children. Why, you’re a perfect imbecile. You have no firmness—no system; always giving in whenever the youngster begins to blubber, and humoring and petting him.”

“Well, Harry, you know he’s only a baby yet; only three years old,” said the tired mother, wearily.

“Nonsense, Mrs. Jagsworthy. The training of children should begin from the very cradle. They should be made to understand that they must obey. That was the way my mother brought me up,” and Mr. Jagsworthy swelled with the proud consciousness that strict family discipline had evolved a very superior product indeed.

“Now listen to me,” he went on, “I’m going to have things managed differently. I’ll show you how children ought to be treated. Willie!”

“Yes, papa, boo-hoo-hoo!”

“Stop that directly, or I’ll give you something to cry for. D’ye hear?”

“Papa, I want a piece of c-a-a-ke an’ ma won’t let me have it. Boo-hoo.”

“Why can’t he have a piece of cake, Maria?” said Jagsworthy.

“Well, Harry, you know he’s eaten three pieces already.”

“Three pieces? Of course he can’t have any more. Now, stop crying at once, Willie.”

“But I want some more ca-a-ake.”

“You can’t have it. Do you understand?”

A prolonged yell was the only answer.

“Now, I presume Mrs. Jagsworthy, if you had your way you would give in at once and let that child stuff and gormandize until he made himself sick, just to avoid a little trouble. That is not *my* system. Children must be treated with firmness and made to obey instantly. Willie, stop crying, I tell you!”

Renewed roaring and inarticulate pleading in which the word “cake” was alone intelligible.

“Now, Willie, if you don’t stop *this instant* you must leave the room.”

A fresh outburst was the only reply.

“Now, of course, Maria, you would let him stay there and roar all night. You no doubt think it very cruel in me to insist on his obedience, but I will have it, Mrs. Jagsworthy.”

So saying, he proceeded to carry out his determination (and the child), and deposited the struggling youngster in the hallway.

“Now, when you are quiet, Willie, you may come back. Nothing like letting children see that you mean what you say, Maria.”

He shut the door and resumed his paper for a few minutes, during which the yelling steadily continued. Finally he looked up with a somewhat subdued expression.

“My dear,” said he, “do you think there is any danger that the boy will make himself sick crying?”

“I don’t think so. He only needs a little firmness, you know,” she said sarcastically.

He resumed his reading, holding the paper upside down for a couple of minutes longer. Then he went to the door and said softly:

“Is Willie ready to be a good boy now?”

“Boo-hoo-hoo, if you will give me a piece of cake?”

“Poor little fellow! Yes, he shall have a piece of cake, he shall. And was he very cold and lonely, little darling out there all alone by himself? Come and sit on papa’s knee.”

Mrs. Jagsworthy said nothing, but looked at her husband and smiled quietly.

“Don’t snicker at me, Maria. I know you are heartless enough to sit there and let the poor little fellow cry himself to death, instead of trying to console him. Do you suppose I have no nerves to be tortured by his ever lasting squalling? You have just spoiled the boy by your miserable want of system. Firmness? Don’t talk to me of firmness! Do you suppose I can undo in half an hour the harm you’ve done in all these years? For heaven’s sake, be quiet, Willie—cake?—certainly, anything there is in the house. Nice sort of a pandemonium for a man to come home to. Where’s my hat? I’m going to the club.”

And he rushed off, slamming the door, and left family discipline to take care of itself.

UNCANNY VISITORS.

SPIRITUALIST—“I think there are times in the life-history of each of us when we have realized the potency of supernal agencies. In the lonely hush of the midnight hour we feel dimly conscious of some subtle unseen presence softly stealing over us.”

SKEPTIC—“Nonsense! I never felt anything of the kind.”

LITTLE JOHNNY—“Oh, yes, pa, you did. You know you couldn’t sleep last night ‘cause of the bed-bugs.”