

## THAT BOY OF MINE.

He's rosy as the summer sky  
At dawning of the day;  
His little "goo-goo's" signify  
The things that he would say.  
He's innocent of all desire  
In babyland to shine,  
And yet the neighbors all admire  
That little boy of mine.

Like many other baby boys  
He dearly loves a row,  
And oft I wish he'd stop his noise,  
And smooth his troubled brow.  
But when his little eyes are dry—  
Where tiny sparkles shine—  
The wealth of Klondike would not buy  
That little boy of mine.

His faults are few—if faults they be—  
I tell them in a joke  
To visitors, but generally  
Feel sorry that I spoke.  
For ere they have a chance to laugh  
His grandma cries, "Why, Joe,  
You used to make more noise by half  
Some thirty years ago."

Then as we lay him down 'o rest,  
In childhood's snowy bands,  
And fold upon his little breast  
His chubby little hands;  
In pure and perfect innocence  
He looks almost divine—  
The sweetest gift of Providence  
Is that wee boy of mine.  
—Chicago Record.

## Frank's Football Fatality

"It might be worse, Frank, dear!"  
consoled the rosy little aunt.  
"It might!" admitted Frank,  
gloomily.

"It's a pleasant street to look out on,  
if it is quiet," she added.

It was a pleasant street they were  
looking out on then from the window  
of the little old-fashioned house with  
its fluttering dimity curtains and bright  
brass doorbell. It is tucked away on  
the West Side. It is not more than two  
blocks in length. The houses are de-  
tached and have quite an air of exclu-  
siveness. Two long green grass plats  
run down the center of the street, and



IT WAS ISOLA RAY HERSELF.

between them a jolly little fountain  
gazes forever—

Leaping toward the sun-heart to be  
warmer,  
Then recoiling in a tremble from the too  
much light above.

But despite the pleasant aspect of the  
place and his aunt's adoring ministrations,  
Frank Harland found the days  
dragged. To have been hurt in foot-  
ball—in a practice game at that! To be  
obliged to leave the team and cuddle  
down and keep still like a naughty child  
who is doing penance in the corner!  
Worst of all, to be even temporarily de-  
barred from the youthful companionship  
in which he so delighted—it was  
deuced hard—it was disgusting!

"Now that you're sitting up you'll be  
out in no time," his aunt assured him  
cheerily. "Now, it's time for your  
nourishment. Eh, my dear?"

"Who is she?" cried the young fellow.  
He had caught her arm suddenly. "Yes—  
there! Coming out of the opposite  
house. She passes here every day. See—  
out of that house with all the beautiful  
flowers in the windows!"

"She? O, her name is Isola Ray!"  
"Isola Ray!" he repeated. His dark  
poetic young face lit up. "What a de-  
licious name!"

"She has been away at boarding-  
school. She graduated this summer.  
She is giving music lessons. They say  
she is bright. She's a relative of the  
old people over there. Why—she is  
coming in here!"

A trim little figure in a fall suit of  
moss-green with a bewitching little  
toque of cerise silk on her fair hair had  
come in at the gate—was ascending the  
steps.

Miss Denslow fluttered to the hall  
door.

"Come in!" she cried hospitably.

"Thank you, no. I just brought a few  
flowers for the poor young gentleman.  
Will you give them to him with my  
sympathy?"

She smiled—disappeared. And Frank  
Harland found himself holding a mass  
of scarlet geraniums and delicate ferns.  
The next morning it was a little bunch  
of late violets—the day after a bouquet  
of fragrant heliotrope. But despite her  
dainty floral gifts the young music  
teacher never came in.

"Ask her," Frank would entreat.

"Tell her I wish to thank her."

"I have, my dear," his aunt would cry

In despair. "Here, you're getting fever-  
ish again. You'll have a relapse. I can't  
think what's coming over you."

The days did not drag now—at least  
not until after Isola had passed. Then  
there was the afternoon to watch for  
when she came home. A delightful an-  
imation thrilled the convalescent ath-  
lete. Once she had met his eyes—and  
blushed. The next time she smiled.  
Finally—ecstatic day! she bowed.

But there came a day—one glorious,  
copper-colored October day—when  
Frank's aunt got a shock which left her  
breathless—and Isola Ray got another.  
This is the way it came about: Twit-  
tering old Miss Denslow, swooping in on  
her beloved patient with a tray of deli-  
cacies, almost dropped the tray at sight  
of her tall nephew, erect, smiling,  
clothed in his ordinary habiliments.

"It's all right," he assured her. "I  
couldn't play all one day longer—not an  
hour! To stay indoors with that sky,  
that sun, that breeze! It would be  
criminal. Here, I'll drink your broth,  
auntie, I'm only going for a short  
walk."

It was a short walk. It was only as  
far as the house with the flower-filled  
windows across the street.

It was Isola Ray herself—Isola, in a  
Quakerish little gray house gown, that  
matched her eyes, and a fetching little  
apron of ruffled lawn, who opened the  
door to him.

"You!" she stammered. She grew  
quite white. "Why—you—"

"I'm not a ghost," he assured her,  
smiling. "My name is Frank Harland.  
I've come to thank you for all those  
exquisite flowers. Won't you ask me  
in?"

"But I—but my—my friend said that  
you—you were crippled for life! And I  
thought—I thought—"

"Now, Isola Ray!" protested a plain-  
tive voice. The mistress of the house  
came up to the hall. "I thought when  
you asked me about the sick gentleman  
at the window that you meant old Mr.  
Benham, who lives at 33. He's been all  
but bedridden for years. I did not know  
you meant Miss Denslow's nephew.  
Come in, Mr. Harland."

Never was invitation accepted with  
more alacrity. That wasn't the only  
time Frank entered the flower-filled  
parlor—ah, not by many!

"A year ago," he says to-day, and  
sighs. "Now I know the dire effects of  
a foot-ball fatality."

And when his friends question him,  
he just glances at a glittering stone on  
a white finger—and attempts explana-  
tion.

But his fiancée stops him. And they  
both laugh. Which, after all, is the  
only thing to do when one is happy.—  
Chicago Tribune.

## MUST BE A HEALTHY PLACE,

### Washington Man's Wife Spoiled His Chances of Shirked Duty.

A young Westerner who nailed a job  
in one of the departments about a year  
ago got into the habit from the jump of  
putting in a time slip pretty frequently,  
explaining each time to the chief of his  
division that his wife was very delicate  
and that she had sent for him. Then the  
young man would repair to his fa-  
vorite maison de l'ush and put in a cou-  
ple of extra hours of enjoyment or cross  
the river on the electric cars to that  
large shed where even money, and even  
money only, is given against race  
horses that are 3 to 1 at the track, or  
otherwise toy with the blithesome  
hours.

During the past summer the young  
Westerner tore one hour off the daily  
stunt every day, leaving the office at 3  
o'clock, and put in a slip, informing  
the chief of his division that his invalid  
wife was staying out in the country,  
near a small Virginia town, and that  
if he didn't catch the 3:15 train he'd  
have to remain in Washington over  
night.

About 12:45 on last pay day a splen-  
did buxom woman, who would prob-  
ably have tipped the beam easily at 175  
pounds and whose cheeks were like wild  
roses, walked into the office of this  
chief of division and sweetly asked if  
she could see her husband. She was  
the young Westerner's wife. The chief  
told her that her husband was out at  
lunch. She said she wouldn't wait, and  
swept out, regal, handsome, the very  
model and picture of robust physical  
health.

"Say," said the chief of division—  
who is malarious, dyspeptic and emac-  
iated—to the young Westerner when  
the latter returned from his lunch,  
"where did you say your wife spent last  
summer?"

The young Westerner named the  
place, not without wondering if any-  
thing had happened to put his chief  
"next."

"Well," said the chief, "that must be  
a rattling healthy place, and blamed if  
I don't believe I'll move down there  
with my family. Your wife was in here  
a while ago!"

"Talking about feeling like a nickel's  
worth o' strawberries in the middle o'  
winter!" remarked the young Western-  
er afterward, in telling the story upon  
himself.—Washington Post.

A piece of poetry about a shattered  
idol seems to appeal particularly to  
every married woman.

A polite bachelor always gives up his  
seat in a crowded car to a widow of  
long standing.

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to excel that of any former year. Illustrated  
prospectus and sample copies of the paper  
sent free.

Sweden is suffering from the effects  
of a boom in manufacturing which  
has drawn thousands of the country  
people to the larger towns, and caused  
house rents to advance 20 to 30 per  
cent. Many of the manufacturers have  
invested beyond their capital and are  
in distress. Money is very scarce and  
a crisis is threatened.

### Good For Little Folks.

Don't torture the children with liquid and  
pill poisons! The only safe, agreeable laxative  
for little ones is Cascarets Candy Cathartic.  
All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A St. Louis, Mo., negroess helps her  
husband crack stone in one of the  
streets. She says she would rather do  
so than wash clothes.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-  
ing Syrup the best remedy to use for their  
children during the teething period.

There are many indications of a  
growing popular belief on the Pacific  
slope that the petroleum producing in-  
dustry in that section is to assume  
much larger proportions.

The latest novelty in Swiss watches  
is a timepiece which is devoid of the  
usual hands and dial markings, but  
which has in the center of the face two  
small spaces for figures—the upper for  
hours and the lower for minutes. The  
figures change at the proper intervals,  
presenting the correct time as the rail-  
roads give it—10.42, for instance, in-  
stead of "18 minutes of 11." The  
watch is guaranteed for seven years  
and costs only \$11 in Paris.

Salt is good to scour marble wash-  
stands or basins with, to sweep carpets  
with (if it be thoroughly brushed out)  
and to set colors in wash goods. Where  
soot has fallen on the carpet, sprinkle  
salt on it and the soot will come off  
without leaving a black mark. Spots  
of iron rust can be removed by wetting  
with a strong solution of lemon-juice  
and salt, and holding over a vessel of  
boiling water, when they will immedi-  
ately disappear.

There is no better plan for fattening  
wethers than to feed plenty of hay,  
with a ration of one part ground oats  
and two parts cornmeal, given twice a  
day, with fresh water convenient at  
all times. If the weather is cold good  
shelter should be provided. Buying  
sheep and fattening them for market  
usually proves profitable.

More than 17 per cent of the waiters  
in Germany and 21 per cent of the  
waitresses receive no wages at all, be-  
ing expected to subsist on fees.

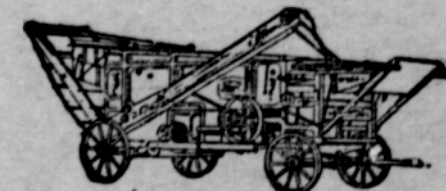
Vegetables are usually sold in piles  
in Buenos Ayres, so that you have to  
measure quantity as well as quality by  
the eye, and butchers sell their meat  
by the chunk rather than by weight.

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Many of the Italian railroads are to  
be shortly transformed to the electric  
system.

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