

Patsy Doodle

By Harriet Bat-Sheer Bradner

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Hadley's horse was stepping slowly down the country road, with an occasional toss of his high bred head whenever a familiar fly alighted on his glossy coat. The reins lay inertly in the young doctor's hands, for his mind was far afield. After a long silence he turned to the girl beside him and asked in a voice that he could not keep quite steady:

"Your answer is final, then? You won't marry me? And you—you don't love me?" he asked, with a helpless movement of his head. "Why, Elizabeth, I can't realize it; I really can't." And the blue eyes he turned on her were full of tears.

"I—Edward," she began, "Edward, I can't bear to hurt you, but—"

And her voice lost itself in a quick sob. The young man put a quivering hand over the ones she had locked in her lap.

"Don't cry, little Bess," he said huskily. "It hurts me terribly to see you. If you can't love me, you can't, I suppose, and I'll have to bear it like many another man. But I—well, I loved you so much that it didn't seem possible that you could help liking me—just a little."

That this humble, suffering man could be the same cold, unmoved person who had, only a short time since, with such reluctance and ill concealed impatience, left her for the bedside of a dying old woman seemed incredible to Elizabeth. But she clung to her decision to give him up, a course of action made imperative by the dictates of her reason, so she answered hesitatingly:

"I am so sorry, Edward, but I can't."

They rode along in silence, the thoroughbred moving with nearly noiseless steps, and as they were turning an abrupt bend in the road half a mile



RAISED HIM WITH A GENTLENESS OF MOVEMENT WHICH WAS A REVELATION.

further down a thin grove struck up from the tall roadside weeds. Hadley brought his horse to a standstill by a violent jerk.

"What's that?" he asked sharply. "Listen!"

Again the sound was repeated—a faint, piteous note of pain.

"It's a baby," declared Elizabeth, trembling, "and it's hurt."

Hadley was already poised between the wheels of the runabout and in an instant was striding through the long grass, which he suddenly stooped to part. After an appreciable space he straightened up and held out a hand to Elizabeth, who had followed him, and the girl's fingers closed lightly over it as she leaned forward to peer into the grass.

"Oh, Ned, a puppy!" she exclaimed, relief and fresh pity blending in her voice for at their feet lay a poor little morsel of a dog. His little black nose was dry and bleached with pain, and

was dry and bleached with pain, and through which the skin showed faintly pink, was swollen by blood and dirt, and, saddest of all, one tiny hind leg lay shattered and limp in a pool of blood.

"Some brute has run over him and checked him in the gutter to die," Hadley said between his teeth. "I only wish I knew who it was."

In a moment he stooped and, slipping his hands under the little creature, raised him with a gentleness of movement which was a revelation to Elizabeth and which filled her eyes with sudden tears.

"I'll have to ask you to drive," said the doctor as he got in the runabout after her, "it would hurt cruelly to put him down." And then as he saw the anxious questioning of her eyes he answered: "I think I can fix him up all right. The leg is badly broken, but he's so young I think it will mend quickly." He fell to watching the quivering heart beat against the tiny ribs. The tip of a pale little tongue just showed in the dry mouth, and a great brown ear fringed with black drooped listlessly against the white pulsing throat.

"Isn't he beautiful?" sighed the girl. "How like a little hurt child he looks! What does make people so careless and so cruel?"

As she turned her head sorrowfully away her glance fell upon a small boy standing by the roadside.

"Little boy," she called, stopping the horse, "do you know whose dog this is?"

A pair of stolid eyes were obediently

focused upon the puppy.

"Yes," he answered after a moment's survey; "that's Sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle. No; you can't find Sammy. Him an' his maw moved to Plattsburgh day 'fore yesterday. She's a widow woman. Course they didn't take him—doggies is too easy got-an' they had 'nough to c-r-t along 'thout Patsy Doodle. Why they had three." But, her interest in the Casey's movements having been satisfied, Elizabeth suddenly touched the horse with the whip, and in a moment they had left the discursive urchin behind.

Once in Hadley's office the little dog was deposited upon the table and his broken leg bound up with deft and tender fingers. With the intelligence often vouchsafed his kind, Patsy Doodle seemed content to lie quite still and relaxed in the atmosphere of sympathy. So motionless was his attitude that they thought he was sleeping, but when Elizabeth withdrew her hand from the head she had been softly stroking the great brown eyes, still bloodshot with pain, opened immediately with an anxious expression, and the puppy lifted his drooping ears inquiringly.

"See, here; he misses your touch," said Hadley, dropping the towel with which he was drying his hands.

With a murmur of tenderness, Elizabeth slipped her hand under the soft little head, and after a snuggling movement of the nose, which was becoming moist again, Patsy Doodle gave a little breathing of content and, closing his beautiful eyes, fell asleep, like a tired child.

When the office had been restored to its former immaculate order Hadley walked to the open window and stood looking moodily out upon the summer street, but when Elizabeth stirred in her chair he turned quickly, for his mind was centered only upon the occupants of the office. She beckoned him, and he came across at once, seating himself on a corner of the table.

For a moment neither spoke; then the girl lifted her face and said in a tone that thrilled her companion:

"Ned, dear, I've done you a horrible injustice."

Hadley leaned forward suddenly. "How?" he asked, with eager eyes.

Elizabeth caught a fluttering breath. "You remember the night they brought you the message that that old lady was dying and how you hated to go?"

Well, I thought your profession had made you cold and hard and unfeeling, as it has so many men, and after you had gone I—I decided that I couldn't love a man like that. Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

The doctor's eyes darkened. "That's another and the worst of the tricks that miserable old woman has played me!" he declared hotly. "Sweetheart—his eyes claimed her attention—"I knew there wasn't a thing on earth the matter with her when they sent for me. Some member of her family had probably got up sufficient nerve to put into execution a long cherished plan or something of that sort. She'd been dying regularly for the last two years whenever things didn't go to suit her. And to think she came so near separating us!"

He slipped this hand under the one in which the little dog's head lay. "I owe everything to the intervention of Sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle."

"Our Patsy Doodle," gently corrected Elizabeth.

A Difficult Matter.

There was strong family feeling in Brooklyn whenever any question affecting a member of the little community arose. The matter of Abel Wood's arrest illustrated the state of affairs.

"You see, we all knew he'd been dishonest in his dealings and that he'd ought to be put away for a spell, and the warrant was issued," said Mr. Hull, explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unnecessary delay in a simple process of the law, "but 'twas kind of hard for us to settle on the best place to arrest him."

"You see, it had got to be done either at his mother's—that's the only good woman for extra scrubbing in the place—or else at his uncle's—that's the express agent, and none too obliging even when he's feeling pleasant—or else at his brother-in-law's—that's the only man in town that's got a first class carpenter's set-out, monkey, wrench and all. Anyway, the sheriff, being his fast cousin, made it kind of awkward, now I tell you."

"Seems to me we did pretty well to get him arrested inside of a week, considering what drawbacks we had to contend with."

To Run the Gauntlet.

"To run the gauntlet" originated in Germany and traveled thence to England, finally becoming domesticated in America. In both the German and English armies and navies about the time of the settlement of America running the gauntlet was a punishment for misbehavior, the soldier or sailor of a company or regiment being placed in two lines facing each other, each man armed with a switch. The culprit ran between the two files and received upon his bare back the switches of his comrades. An officer stood by to see that the punishment was properly enforced, and any soldier who failed to do his duty was himself liable to make the journey between the two files. The Indians along the coast of Virginia are said to have observed this punishment inflicted upon some sailors of an English man-of-war and immediately adopted the idea for torturing their enemies, hence came the belief that the punishment or torture was peculiar to the aborigines of North America.

Severe Discipline.

"I'm glad to see you didn't laugh at that poor old man when he fell down," said the stranger.

"That's my gran'pop," the little boy bowed. "Oh, how good!"

"Don't cry, boy. There's nothing serious."

"Oh, wow! He sat down on my train of cars, an' I'll bet he's busted 'em!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Some Bright Sayings

By the Little Ones

TEACHER—Why did the ancients believe the earth to be flat?

Bright Boy—"Cause they didn't have no school globes to prove it was round."

As the train rolled into the depot the brakeman called, "Twenty minutes for dinner!"

"Well," said little Elmer, "I've heard that time was money, but I never heard of people eating it before."

Little Bessie was much interested in the trilling of a vocalist at a private entertainment. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "I do hope I can gargle like that when I get growed up!"

Sunday School Teacher—Remember, Johnny, if you are a good boy you will go to heaven some day and have a beautiful harp.

Small John—About how good will I have to be to get a drum instead of a harp?—Chicago News.

Acquitted.

An exchange says ex-Congressman Eddy of Minnesota was known as the honestest man in congress. He had, in the opinion of his opponents, "washed" on the silver issue in the campaign of 1896. A few years later he was to speak in a small town, and on arriving he saw in an opposition newspaper a headline to the effect that "Two faced Eddy speaks here tonight."

That evening when he stopped before his audience he said in his low, sympathetic voice:

"You know, ladies and gentlemen, that I'm not the man referred to in this paper. It must be some one else, for there is no one here who does not know that I have two faces. I would wish the other one."

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Infallible System.

The stranger gazed smilingly around the office and removed his hat, which he laid aside.

"I have here," he began, "a complete memory system perfected by myself. It rejuvenates the power of recalling the past. Buy it and no more the string about the finger, never again a reproachful glance as your wife fishes forth the unmailed letter, never—"

"Nothin' doin'," said the sad eyed man addressed; "there is so much I want to forget."

The visitor went away, but returned breathless in a few minutes. He had come back for his hat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cruel!

Tramping Tim—I know where dere's a feller wat's gonn' to give away lobster and champagne tonight.

Tousled Tom—Gee! Where?

Tramping Tim—Up at dat next big house. But he didn't send us no invitation.—New York World.

Parlous Variety.

"George," said the wife of the baseball player, "I think you should spare me at least two muffs this winter. I want a change, you know."

"Muffs?" echoed her husband in astonishment. "Why, I haven't any muffs!"

"No muffs? Why, where are all those papers said you made during the summer?"—Houston Post.

Home Finance.

"Henry, I think you had better constitute yourself a bank examiner."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"I notice that little Willie is persuading the other children to deposit their pennies with him."—Washington Herald.

On Guard.

Mrs. Bacon—He always wears his hat in the house, I'm told. Now, that isn't right, is it?

Mr. Bacon—Well, it makes it harder for his wife to get at his hair, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

Because He Has To.

"I know a man who makes a point of winding up his business about once a day."

"Is he a bluffer?"

"No; a clock maker." — Baltimore American.

A Passing Pang.

We stood together side by side, And she was sweet and fair, Quite rosy cheeked and azure eyed, With lovely yellow hair.

Her hat was large, with plumes of black; Her sealskin coat was brown, But she was going up, alack, While I was going down!

I caught a shy and fleeting glance That made my bosom thrub, But I'd to close between romance And holding to my job.

My boss is cross when clerks are slack; When late I fear his frown— And she was going up, alack, While I was going down!

I felt a helpless sort of rage; I cursed my hapless fate, She stepped in the ascending cage; The boy he closed the gate.

I merely glimpsed her shapely back, The flutter of her gown, But she was going up, alack, While I was going down!

—Chicago News.

She'll Get Along.

Alice—That girl is pretty, but she hasn't any brains.

Lorraine—If she's pretty she doesn't need any brains.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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---AT---

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