

TOTTY'S

By He Davis

Totty sat by the window looking out the first snow of the season. The curtains were drawn and she was looking at the weather any day but pleasant to be out in.

As Totty contemplated the storm her heart became heavy and tears filled her big blue eyes. "Oh, how cold it is in here," she murmured to herself, shivering as she spoke, and drawing an old cape more closely about her shoulders. "And mamma has to walk so far this evening in this storm, too, for she's saving her carfare so that she may get a quail for my Thanksgiving dinner. Poor mamma, she means to eat bread and cheese and tea, as any other day. But I haven't told her that I do not mean to taste a bite of the quail unless she shares it with me, for I'm sure it would choke me if I should do so. But I must get back to the bed and keep quiet and warm or I'll have a backache. Mercy me, how long I've been sick—ever since the first day of September. But I'll soon be well again and able to go to school and help with my housework, for dear mamma is so tired of an evening that she really needs my assistance."

As Totty said this she left the window and got into bed, pulling the covers over her head. But she continued to chat to herself, for being a little girl of ten, and alone for hours together, she grew so sad and lonely with no one to talk to that she had conceived of the plan of talking to herself. Her mother was a widow—had been since Totty was five—and worked in a big department store to support herself and daughter. So they lived alone in two plain, cheap tenement rooms in a great, heartless city, that knew not of them or their poverty, and did not want to know of them and their kind.

Before Totty's mamma's marriage she had lived with her father a very rich old gentleman with a determined will of his own. He had planned for his only child to become the wife of an old friend of his, a man more than twice the young lady's age and of a sour disposition. But the aged suitor was wealthy, and it was his fortune that had won Totty's grandfather's consent to a marriage so unnatural. But there was a young and noble-



"DOES YOUR GRANDFATHER NEVER COME TO SEE YOU?"

mindful lover who had already won the heart of Totty's mamma, and with whom she quietly went one evening to her pastor's. And when she came away, leaning on the handsome young man's arm, she was his bride. When her father was informed of the step he fumed and swore, bidding his daughter to leave his house and to never set foot in it again.

The young couple, with happy hearts full of love and hope, left their home town and went to the city, there the husband to make his way in his profession of medicine. For six years all went well with them, and a little girl—Totty—came to make their quiet home still more happy. Then Totty's father caught a malignant disease, and after a few weeks' illness in the hospital he died, leaving his young and delicate wife with a few hundred dollars and a 5-year-old child to support.

For several years after her marriage Totty's mamma had written regularly to her unrelenting father, only to have her letters returned unopened. At the time of Totty's birth she had written of her crying baby, promising to send its picture if he would open his heart to his grandchild and welcome her. To this there never came an answer, but as the letter was not returned Totty's mamma and papa knew that the stern old man had read it.

After her husband's death, however, the poor woman's pride would not allow her to write to her father, fearing he would think she wanted to appeal to him for help. "I can work and rear my baby," she had said proudly. And she had done bravely and faithfully, though at times almost fell beneath the weight of it, and suffered cruel hardships which were imposed upon her and her child though the miserable pay she received for her very heart's blood that was given labor.

As Totty lay in bed on this day, which seemed Thanksgiving day, she recalled that her mamma had ever told her of her grandfather. Also she was familiar with him through his photograph, which hung on the wall over the bed. As Totty there, contemplating the hard features of the picture—which almost scowled at her—she thought—there came a knock at the door.

"Ah, it's Mrs. Smith come to sit with awhile in response to mamma's request," thought Totty. And sitting up she called out: "Come in, please." The door opened and in walked an old man so much like the photograph over the bed that Totty gave a little scream of surprise. She was about to leap from her bed and say: "Grandpapa," but the old man's behavior toward her made her understand that he did not know whose room he had entered. Knowing her mother's pride, Totty decided to keep her own counsel, and to await the old man's explanation for being there.

"Ah," said the visitor, looking through

ses at the child on the bed. "Are you a child?"

"Yes, sir; my mamma works through the day. She comes home at 6 o'clock, though."

"Well, I'd better explain why I came into your apartment so unceremoniously," went on the old gentleman, coming near the bed. "I've just come into possession of this tenement house, and have decided to look it over and see what repairs are necessary—if any." Then he went to the windows and shook the loose sashes. "Ah, as open as a barn," he commented. Then, as if feeling sympathy for the child, he returned to the bed and sat on a chair nearby. "This is a cold room for a sick child," he observed, more to himself than to Totty. Then he fell to musing again. "I haven't been in this city since—since she came here to live." He put his hat on the floor beside him, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes and brow. "Ah, ah," and he sighed softly. "It has been a long, long time, and I'm getting to be an old man. It was not right—it was not right."

"What was not right, sir?" asked Totty, her heart thumping against her side and the red color coming in her pale cheeks.

"Ah, nothing, nothing, child," replied the old man, confused. "But I must hurry over the house. I've got no time to lose, for I must catch a train by 5 o'clock."

"Where do you live?" asked Totty, her eyes studying the aged face.

"Oh, a long, long way from here," came the answer, "a very long way."

"And you must get back to-night, for to-morrow is Thanksgiving day, and you—your children, and grandchildren—will be expecting you to have Thanksgiving dinner with them to-morrow, perhaps," said Totty, her voice eager and tremulous.

A spasm of pain passed over the old man's face. He quickly rose as if to go, but, turning, spoke in a voice husky with emotion: "I'm alone—alone, child. My Thanksgivings are the hardest days in the year to get through. I'm old—and—alone."

"Have you no children, no grandchildren?" asked Totty, half rising from the bed in her excitement.

"One daughter somewhere in this city, and she has one child that I know of," replied the old man.

"Why do you not spend Thanksgiving with them, sir?" and the voice that asked the question almost broke into a sob. "I have a grandpa, and—and I'd be so glad if he would come to us and love us and stay with us. Mamma and I are so lonely—so lonely in this great, cruel city."

"Does your grandfather ever come to see you?" asked the old man, his voice eager.

"No, sir; my grandfather has never seen me," replied Totty, falling back, all a-tremble, on the pillows. Surely, now he must understand.

"Then he is an old rascal—an old rascal!" exclaimed the old man, "just as mean as I am, and if I could see him I'd tell him so, too! After all, love is the dearest possession, and for my daughter's love and the love of her little one I'd—"

"Oh, sir, will you ask my grandpapa to come to us? See—there's his picture!" And Totty, her voice full of tears and her little form shaken with emotion, pointed to the photograph over the bed.

"There's the picture of my grandpapa which my mamma carried with her when she left her old home."

Just as the clock struck 6 Totty's mamma entered the room to find Totty all dressed to go out. Beside her sat an old man, his aged face beaming with a newborn love—the love of a grandparent welded to the love felt for an own child. After the excitement which attended the happy surprise, Totty's mamma asked why her little daughter was clad in cloak and overshoes.

"To be all ready when you came, so that we might start to the railway station," replied the father and grandfather. "We can get a 7 o'clock train, and by 10 we'll be in our own home, which, dear daughter, is waiting for you and Totty. I've been out and 'phoned for a closed carriage with fur robes, and our little one will run no risk of catching cold, as she does every minute that she stays in this place."

"And to-morrow is Thanksgiving day," said Totty's mamma, her eyes full of happy tears. "Ah, how much we'll have to be thankful for."

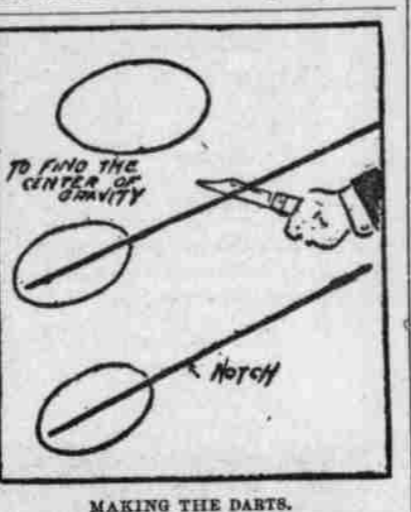
"Amen," echoed grandpa.—Elmira Telegram.



For the Children

Did you ever see a Minnie Dart? If not, the pictures will show you what they are, and you will be sure to enjoy making them and using them.

Whittle a pine stick about two feet long, straight and about as large in diameter as a large lead pencil. With a small saw cut a slit in one end about five inches deep. Into this insert a piece of card board, first cutting it in the shape of Fig. 1. Fasten it in place with two or three tacks. When this is done, balance the stick on your knife blade to find the center of gravity, and



MAKING THE DARTS.

At the point of balance cut a notch slanting in the direction of the point away from the card end. The success of the top depends upon its balancing correctly.

A piece of some springy wood is used for the lash. Cut this about three feet long and the diameter of a whip lashing, tapering toward the end. To the tapering end of this stick fasten a stout string about two feet long and at the other end of the string tie a knot. To shoot the dart hold it with the left hand near to the tail, or paper, end, holding the whip in the right, just



THROWING THE DARTS.

like you see the boy in the picture doing. Throw the string over the dart and draw it through the notch until it catches on the knot. Then with a rapid upward motion, switch the whip in the air, letting loose of the dart at the same time. The dart will leave the string and soar high in the air.

How Buffalo Bill Got His Name.

Not many people know how Buffalo Bill came by the name familiar to the whole of the civilized world. When the first railway was being laid across America the track was continually broken by herds of buffaloes, and eventually Colonel Cody was offered \$500 a month to keep all the men supplied with buffalo meat. Accompanied only by a Scotsman on a wiry pony he would set out, round up the buffaloes and turn them in the direction of the railway. Then when they were near enough he would pick them off, while traveling at full speed, with bullets, so that not only did he provide the meat, but he actually delivered it at the door, so to speak. He kept an army of men in food for eighteen months like this, and killed upwards of five thousand buffaloes. Never a day out of the seven would pass but what he would deposit nine or ten carcasses at that particular point where they were required. The feat was truly a remarkable one when one remembers that there were only two men to do it.

"Little Mother."

Genie and Genette were two dear little girls who lived in Florida. When their mother died, their doctor-father thought he would be obliged to give up their home and go north and board, writes Ella B. Simmons in an exchange.

The children begged him to remain in their old home, and let nurse Mammy and Judy, the black cook, care for them. "We'd rather stay here than go among strangers," they declared.

"I am three years older than Genette," pleaded Eugenie; "I can be a mother to her."

Tears came into the doctor's eyes at this loving remark, and he remembered how loving and helpful she had always been during the life of the invalid mother.

"They won't let us take Rags on the train, and we never can part with him," still pleaded the child. "Mamma gave him to us when he was a tiny pup. We must keep him for her sake." And so they remained in their own

southern home, with Mammy and Judy and Rags.

They became very lonely some days without their dear mamma, but at such times Genie would put her arms around her sister and tell her how happy mamma was up in the Lord's house.

Black Mammy heard her one day, and said to Judy, "I declare for it; you-all jest oughter heard 'ile Missle talk 'bout Heben to Genette; she am shorely belin' 'a little mother' to the chile, jest like her mamma axed her to be."

"Land! yes," answered the cook; "she never 'lows 'Nettie to see her sad."

One day the doctor started to the office, and Eugenie noticed that his necktie was hanging. She laughingly ran to him, saying, "Oh, papa! I'll have to be a mother to you, too, and tie your cravat for you."

The Ways of Swifts.

Nobody has yet been able to solve satisfactorily the mystery of the swifts migration, which is one of the most inexplicable of ornithological problems. The birds do not arrive until May, by which time the swallows and martins, whose habits their own so closely resemble, have been with us for some little time, and yet they are for the most part ready to go by the middle of August. The first northwest wind after that date generally decides the question for the majority, but there are always a few laggards, who remain until the end of the month. A swift is a rare sight in September, but swallows and house martins will be with us in the South until the latter end of October. A few stragglers may be sometimes seen along the coast line even so late as the end of the first week in November.

The United Family.

Four pretty little sisters and a sturdy little brother,

Work and play the livelong day close to one another.

One sister has a silver cap and one a hoop of gold,

And they cuddle all together in a heap when they are cold.

They never, never quarrel (perhaps because they're dumb),

Those pretty sister fingers and their little brother thumb.

How He Managed It.

"Here, Jim, take these two cakes, and give the smaller one to your brother." James examined the cakes carefully, appeared undecided, and finally took a heroic bite out of one of them, and passed it over to his brother with the remark:

"There, Tommy, I've made you a smaller one; they were both the same size."

Tragedy on Baby "Hippo."

Marius, the hippopotamus who was born in the Paris "Zoo" recently, has died. His mother steadfastly refused to feed him, and in spite of the continuous services of a dozen milk goats, the little "hippo" was insufficiently nourished.

PERIL OF DIOGENES.

Philosopher Came Near Being Run In by the Police.

Three days after the statue of Diana had been stolen from the temple, Havel, the Athenian chief of police, sent for Slenthon, the detective assigned to the case, says the Bohemian.

"Any clew?" he asked.

"Well," said Slenthon, "I have my eagle eye on a chap called Diogenes. I think I'll run him in."

"Who is he?" asked the chief.

"He is a philosopher by occupation."

"A philosopher? Ah! There isn't much money in that line of business. I can understand how a costly statue of Diana might come in handy to a good many philosophers."

"Where does he live?" asked the chief, after some further thought.

"In a tub."

"In a tub? Why does he live in a tub?"

"Well, my theory is that he is planning an acquittal on the ground of insanity, or maybe he wants people to believe that he despises the comforts and conveniences of life and wouldn't know what to do with money if he had it. If we accuse him of stealing the statue he may plead kleptomani."

"I see. Any other suspicious circumstances?"

"Yes. It is only a day or two since he was going around Athens in daylight with a lantern looking for an honest man."

"That settles it. If he hasn't any more confidence in human nature than that, he must be crooked. Or maybe he is some crank of a reformer. If he is, I'd just as soon run him in anyhow. But you don't seem to have any evidence to connect him with the theft of the statue."

"Well, no, not yet. I thought I'd get my man first and my evidence afterward."

"Good. There is a lot of detective work done on that principle. Jug him without delay."

And if the real culprit had not been accidentally discovered shortly afterward there is no telling what might have happened to Diogenes.

Hopes Realized.

Editor—So this joke is absolutely original with you.

Humorist—It is.

Editor—Well, now, isn't that interesting? For years and years I have wished that some day I could see the originator of that joke.—Somerville Journal.

When a man calls his wife "honey" the explanation is that it keeps him as busy as a bee supplying her wants.

Every time some men do a good act they manage to get caught at it.

Farmer Pasterlot (discussing literature with the new boarder)—Ther wuz one book that my son Bill thought a heap of, when he wuz t' hum—all about swatlin' and biffin' an' blood.

"One of those swashbuckler romances, I presume. Do you recall where the scene was laid?" "Well, I took it t' be a Jersey story, from th' name of it."

"Twuz called 'The Three Musketiers.'"

—Puck.

Clara—As Ethel mar. supposed she repented.

Maude—No; she repented a boarding house, I understand.

Chicago Daily News.

"I have come all the way out here, said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset." "Somebody's been stringing you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Weary Walker—De world's all wrong. Tired Tatters—Wot's eatin' you now? Weary Walker—Ef I'd had de makin' uv it I'd made all de roads rumain' down hill.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Tourist—I'm afraid that the monkey wouldn't please my husband. Vendor—But madame will find it easier to find another husband than to get a monkey like that for three piastres! —Le Rire.

"What sh' I read you first?" "The marriages." "Here is an article about some boys who were found playing with dynamite." "Well, read it. It possesses the same elements of interest."—Houston Post.

"What," queried the young man, "is the difference between white lies and black lies?" "White lies," answered the home-grown philosopher, "are the kind we tell; black lies are the kind we hear."—Chicago News.

"Yes," said the Summer Girl, "it's all off. I sent everything back to him yesterday." "Not the ring?" asked her friend. "No, he said I could keep that if I'd send him the hammock I caught him in."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistress—Did you remember to feed the cat every day during my absence? Servant—Every day but one, ma'am.

Mistress—And didn't the poor thing have anything to eat all day? Servant—Oh, yes, ma'am. She ate the canary.—Chicago Daily News.

First Stranger—Excuse me, but you are a physician, I believe? Second Stranger—You are mistaken, sir. First Stranger—But I overheard you say you followed the medical profession. Second Stranger—And so I do. I'm an undertaker.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Subbubs—How long were you in your last place? Bridget O'Shaunnessy—T're months, ma'am. Mrs. Subbubs—Is it possible? Bridget O'Shaunnessy—Yis, ma'am, but it wasn't me fault. Oi had de smallpox an' de house was quarantined.—Philadelphia Record.

"An artist," said the man with pointed whiskers, "must not think about money." "I suppose not," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Every time I buy a picture the artist wants enough to keep him from thinking about money for the rest of his life."—Washington Star.

Yeast—It is difficult to tell the waiters from gentlemen diners at fashionable restaurants now. Crimsonbeak—Well, if you happened to search 'em when they went out you could tell the difference. The waiters have all the money in their clothes.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Jagway (at a late hour, groping his way toward the foot of the stairs)—There's just twice as many chairs in this hallway as there ought t' be. My eyes might fool me on that proposition, o' course, but when I stumble 'gainst 'em, by George, I know they're there!—Chicago Tribune.

The millionaire from Pittsburg was observed to be loitering outside of the pearly gates. "Why don't you hurry up and knock?" queried a shade. "I'm waiting for that other chap to get ahead of me," whispered the Pittsburg millionaire. "And who is he?" "Why, a grafter from San Francisco. By the side of him I will seem as innocent as a lamb."—Chicago News.

High Living.

An eminent man, who is a strict abstainer from both wine and animal food, is obliged in consequence of this peculiarity, to refrain from dining out. He entertains, however, an occasional kindred spirit. One such was recently at his table.

"You ought to have seen them," said the eminent man's son, "rioting over boiled carrots!"

Study Causes Suicide.

Suicides among children and young persons are very common in Germany. Failure in school examinations or over-application to study are the causes assigned for the acts of self-destruction.

It isn't a difficult task for a hoop snake to make both ends meet.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

"If a minor gives a note that does not mature till after he becomes of age can the note be collected then?"

Ans.—If note was given for necessities, yes; if not, no.

"Does an officer of a corporation who has tendered his resignation, but his resignation has not been accepted, still remain an officer of the corporation?"

Ans.—No. The resignation of an officer of a corporation terminates his office without further act on the part of his associates or other officers.

The mere acceptance of a purchased article after the agreed time of delivery is held, in Johnson vs. North Baltimore Bottle Glass Company (Kan.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1114, not to constitute a waiver of damages for failure to deliver in time, unless such acceptance is accompanied by other circumstances, which manifest an intention on the part of the buyer to waive such damages.

An antenuptial marriage settlement by which the groom's father undertakes to make no discrimination among his children in his will is held, in Phalen vs. United States Trust Co. (N. Y.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.), 734, to be enforceable in equity, so as to prevent the enforcement of a provision in the will giving the groom only a life estate, while the portions of the testator's other children are made absolute.

"I, What remedy has a wife against her husband whom she has left for sufficient cause? She does not wish a divorce. 2. How can a man be made to support his wife or children?"

Ans.—1. She may maintain an equitable action against him for her separate support. 2. Every man who, without lawful excuse, wilfully fails to furnish proper food, shelter or clothing to his wife, or to his child under 15 years of age, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor punishable by a fine not to exceed \$100, or imprisonment in jail not to exceed three months.

The law makes no distinction in descent of property between married people who are living together, and those who do not live together. The property rights are fixed by the marriage state, and if a man deserts his wife, or for other cause she is entitled to a divorce, he, upon her death, is entitled to the same share of her property that he would be in case he were living with her. The same is true of the rights of the wife in the property of her deceased husband. This state, the husband or wife gets one-third of the property of the other, except the homestead, and the use of that for life.