

Personal Talk With You

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THE HEART OR THE LIVER?

(Original)

A young girl in a becoming morning gown sat in a becoming chair, her head supported by pillows. Her physician was beside her.

"Doctor, you have been months treating me without doing me any good, and now you are going to tell me that I have a disease which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

"Please do so."

The doctor wrote:

The patient's symptoms are similar to those resulting from nostalgia (homesickness), religious mania or deep seated grief. She is troubled with melancholy, supplemented in rare instances by spasmodic bursts of insanity.

"I can write out a statement of the symptoms."

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The War For Supremacy

By STEPHEN CRANE. Author of the "Red Badge of Courage."

Copyright, 1907, by William Howe Crane.

It came to pass that a certain half-breed blood and thunder gampel once had a great vogue in a tribe of boys at Whitlowville.

This story relates the experiences of a lad who began his career as a cabin boy on a private ship.

Throughout the first fifteen chapters of the book he ended from one end of the ship to the other end, and very often he was well out to the deck by a heavy fist.

He lived through enough hardships to have killed a battalion of Turkish soldiers, but in the end he rose upon them. Yes, he rose upon them.

Hordes of pirates fell before his intrepid arm, and in the last chapters of the book he seen jaunting careering on his own book as one of the most gallant pirates captains that ever sailed the seas.

Naturally when this tale was thoroughly understood by the tribe they had to dramatize it, although it was a dramatization that would gain no royalties for the author.

Now, it was plain that the urchin who was cast for the cabin boy's part would lead a life throughout the first fifteen chapters which would attract few actors.

Willie Dalseg, the chief, developed a scheme by which some small lad would play cabin boy during this period of misfortune and abuse, and then when the cabin boy came to the part where he slew all his enemies and reached his zenith he, Willie Dalseg, should take the part.

This fugitive and disconnected rendering of a great play opened in Jimmie's room.



TWO CHAIRS NOT

mie Trescott's back garden. The path between the two lines of gooseberry bushes was elected unanimously to be the ship. Then Willie Dalseg insisted that Homer Phelps should be the cabin boy. Homer tried the position for a time and then elected that he would resign in favor of some other victim.

There was no other applicant to succeed him, whereupon it became necessary to press some boy. Jimmie Trescott was a great actor, as a well-clothed was a great actor, as a well-clothed was a great actor.

"You're another," retorted Willie. "No, I ain't either, but you're a liar."

"You're another," retorted Willie. "Don't you dare tell me a liar."

"Well, I did, didn't I?" barked Willie. "An' what's goin' to do about it?"

"I'm goin' to lam you," said the Hedge boy.

He approached to attack warily, and the other boys held their breaths. Willie Dalseg whined back a pace. "Ho!" on a minute," he cried, raising his palm.

"I'll smack you with a real iron when you get to the bottom of this. You're a liar!"

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wriggle over upon his hands and knees, but Willie Dalseg was tenacious, and he gripped him from behind, and it seemed that his strength would spend itself in futility.

"I'll white all dish yere!" Jimmie Stoppet said, and he snatched up the wooden model of the windmill. He heaved, and uttered strange words, wiggled, and the sun looked down on them with stupefied, unsmiling eyes.

Now, Peter Washington, the doctor's coachman, came out of the stable and observed this tragedy of the book in a garden. He stood toward it, shouting: "I'll white all dish yere!"

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that they all feared him. "I'll fix him so he won't know himself as if any of you kids bother with me!"

Suddenly he ceased, he trembled, he collapsed. The hand of an approaching form from behind had laid hold upon his ear, and it was the hand of one whom he knew.

The other kids heard a loud, iron-sounding voice say, "Caught ye at it again, ye brat, ye!"

They saw a dreadful woman with gray hair, with a sharp red nose, with bare arms, with spectacles of such magnifying quality that her eyes shone through them like two fierce white moons.

She was Johnnie Hedge's mother. Still holding Johnnie by the ear, she swung out swiftly and doctoredly, and succeeded in beating the ears of two boys before the crowd regained its presence of mind and stamped.

Yes, the war for supremacy was over, and the question was never again disputed. The supreme power was Mrs. Hedge.

His Full Share

In a western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Mrs. Underhill, says Harper's Weekly.

Underhill had been overturned in a creek with a swift current, and the act of young Watson was a very heroic one.

He had saved the life of the girl after she was sinking for the third time, and had barely strength to pull himself and the young woman to shallow water.

The news soon spread, and Ben Watson was hailed as the real live hero of the village.

Antt Watson, the oldest woman in the village, the mother of the little colony, was loud in praise of the heroism of the young man and at once declared that Ben and Myra must be married.

"Ben saved Myra's life," she said, "and now they must marry and be happy ever afterward, just as they do in the story books."

But Ben demurred. The arrangement did not suit him.

"Why not marry Myra, Ben?" said the old lady. "She is yours, and we must have a wedding."

"She is a nice girl, all right," replied Ben, "but I don't think we ought to marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myra."

The Unpopular Pump

"That famous temperance reformer Francis Murphy," said a Pittsburg man, "had many an odd adventure in the course of his very useful life."

Once told me of a case where a drinking man with a neat joke got for the moment a little the better of him in an altercation between two men.

The man was a chubbin, a son of a gun, famous for his wit and wit, and Mr. Murphy read him a strong lecture on the drink evil.

But the boy only smiled, shook his head and said: "Well, Mr. Murphy, I have seen many pleasant parties around a table, but I have never seen one around a pump."

His Conclusion

John and Willie sat in their best frocks, and Alexander in Archie, who is gifted with red hair and a hot temper.

One day they quarreled and Archie started home in a huff. The unsympathetic twins called after him "Red head, red head, red head!"

But the comic windmill was again in motion, and between gasps from his mouth he said: "Don't care if I am red headed, I ain't twins, and folks can tell me apart!"

As Usual

Newspaper (wearily)—It must be time to get up my dear Mrs. Newspaper—Did you hear the clock strike 7? Newspaper—No; but the baby has fallen asleep—Chicago News.

"The Man Behind the Gun"

Recruit (to instructor at rifle practice)—Please, sir, do 's 'tve to pull me 'under at this 'ere 'ere 'ere 'ere 'ere at the two 'undred yards?—London Punch.

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about this.

The New York Tribune Farmer

Horses, cattle, sheep and swine are owned probably by four-fifths of the readers of The Observer, and all farmers and the man with but one horse or cow, in country or village, would be greatly benefited by reading from week to week the fine articles on the care and treatment of live stock, by Dr C.D. Smead, the world famous veterinary writer, in the New York Tribune Farmer.

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