

How Mamie Made a Bargain With Science

The great surgeon pushed back his chair from the table. He had finished a good breakfast and was disposed to be amiable.



"IT'S ME BACK," SHE EXPLAINED. For a moment he couldn't discern his caller. Then he stepped to the window and drew up the shade.

She was a little girl, a very little girl, with a little, weazened face and little black eyes that snapped and twinkled.

The surgeon looked down at her. She was such a little mite, perched upon the extreme edge of the biggest chair in the room.

"Well, well," said the surgeon, repressing an inclination to smile, "now that you are here, what can I do for you?"

"Mine ain't," said the child complacently. "But what I comes here for is Petie."

"And who is Petie?" "He's me big brudder, who's goin on 16. He got hurt by a motor las Tuesday, an you got him in de hospital, ward 2, fort' bed from de door."

"Well, what of it?" he asked almost roughly. "Don't git mad," said the child. "I'm just givin it to you straight. You see, it's like dis: I can't spare Petie nohow. He's all I've got. I ain't strong meself, an Petie looks after me like a mudder. He's an awful smart boy. He sells papers an runs errands an holds horses. He kin do mos' anything. An what I want to say is dat if science needs a kid to cut why not take me an let Petie go?"

ders drooped, and she was bent like an aged woman. "It's me back," she explained. "Come here," said the surgeon. The child shuddered.

"You ain't got no knife nor nothin'?" "No," said the surgeon, and he repeated more gently, "Come here."

Then he took her on his knee, unfastened her dress and ran his hand along her spine, kneading it carefully here and there. As the examination proceeded his eyes sparkled and he breathed hard.

"When did this happen?" he asked. "Tree year ago," replied the child; "runaway hoss."

"Anything ever done for it?" "Petie took me to a man that puts irons on me, but dey hurted so dreadfull dat Petie trun 'em away."

The great surgeon swore softly. "There," he said, "that will do." He smiled down at her as he helped re-fasten the dress. "Science accepts the exchange," he gaily added.

"An Petie?" "Petie will be taken care of until he gets well," said the surgeon. "Go and see him today. I shall want you tomorrow."

The child shuddered slightly. "Wh-what for?" she tremulously asked. "Don't you worry," said the surgeon. "That Mrs. Flaherty of yours was a little harsh. Anyway there'll be no knife for you. Be here at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. I want a wise man to see you. Then you will go to a nice place, where children who are not strong are sent, and please God, if all goes well, we will fit you out with a straight new back."

"But Petie an me ain't got no money!" gasped the child. "Science, who has just made a bargain with you, will have to look out for that herself," laughed the surgeon. "Anyway you needn't worry."

The child looked up at him with shining eyes and made an awkward little courtesy. "You—you're a splendid man!" she cried. "Goodby."

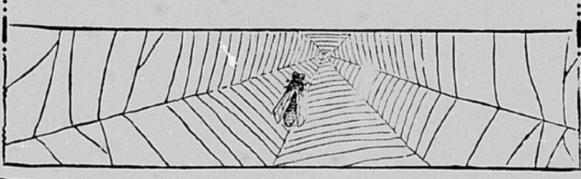
"Goodby," said the surgeon.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



A gentleman says: I once had a cat who always sat up to the dinner table with me and had a plate in front of him on which I placed the cat's dinner. The cat used his paws, of course, but was very particular and behaved very nicely.

The Spider's Web

A cobweb fine, of rare design, Hung in a corner high; A spider old, and sly, and bold, Hid in the wall near by. A house fly fat, to rest, once sat Upon the web of fate; The spider stung him with his tongue And ate him without grace.



MANSFIELD TOWNSEND.

WHAT VICTOR DID.

How He Completely Won the Respect and Admiration of Ted. "Teddy, dear!" called mamma. "Yes'm," replied Teddy. He was busy over his book on the cool, shaded piazza, and it was a warm August afternoon.

"I want you to take Victor down to the river for a bath. The dog is so hot in the cellar." "But, mother, at sundown." "Who promised to play the hose for Patrick at sundown?"

"I did," said Teddy, a little smile replacing the sober pucker over his nose. "Dear me, mamma," he remarked, pulling on his cap, "what a thing it is to be the man of the house!"

"Yes," returned mamma, "it is a beautiful thing to be a cheerful little man of the house." Presently she loosed the big St. Bernard, and he came leaping toward Teddy, eagerness in every movement, for his freedom usually meant a bath these hot days.

"Come on, Vic!" called Teddy. "You're more bother than you're worth, old fellow!" he declared, fondling him. "Just think of me, a two legged boy, waiting upon you, a four legged dog!" Victor could not think about it, but he licked Teddy's hand lovingly, as if to acknowledge the condescension, and they started off.

"It seems to me," said mamma to Betty when they sat on the porch later with their fancy work, "that Teddy and Victor have been gone a long time." "They're coming this minute, mamma!" murmured Betty, peering through the creper.

"Why, Ted, how flushed you look! Charge, Victor! That's right. Did he have a cool swim, dear?" "Did he?" cried Ted excitedly. Then his round face sobered. "Mamma," he said, "how strangely things happen! If I had not promised to play the hose—why, you see, mamma," he continued, breaking off and plunging into the heart of his story, "when we got down to the water, there was Patrick's old father trying to swim for his straw hat, which had blown into the river. He's so old and feeble I thought it queer he should be swimming for his hat so wildly with all his clothes on, so I sent Victor in for it, and what do you think?"

PELICANTOWN.

A Seaside Resort Inhabited by Several Thousand Birds. Frank M. Chapman tells the readers of St. Nicholas how and where the pelicans of Florida build their nests and breed.

Why is it, he asks, that all the eave swallows in a village place their row of mud tenements under the roof of a certain barn? Every nook in which a nest could be built is occupied by the clay apartments—not one is "to let"—still none of the birds seem to think of building under the equally favorable roof of the neighboring barn.

They are abundant everywhere, and these strong flying birds can hunt them over miles of country. It is not because they find "safety in numbers." Rather do they make themselves conspicuous by gathering in such large bodies. As a rule, it is sociability—the desire for companionship—that offers the only reasonable explanation for the great colonies which may be observed at nesting time.

Certainly no other theory will explain the origin of Pelicantown. Its site, like those often selected by human colonists, seems poorly chosen. Its natural advantages are few, but so attached to their home are its inhabitants that even the most cruel persecution by their human foes has failed to drive them from the land of their ancestors.

But where is Pelicantown? In spite of its population of nearly 3,000, few maps will show it. Glance with me therefore at a map of Florida. Find the Indian river, that long, narrow lagoon on its east coast, divided from the sea by only a ribbon of land. Pelicantown is situated about midway between its northern and southern extremities, near the eastern shore of a bay which here makes the river about three miles wide. It is an island, triangular in shape, containing about three acres of ground. A few bushes and low palm trees grow on it, and there are great patches of tangled grass, but at least one-fourth of its surface is bare sand.

During the nesting season this barren island is the home of probably all the pelicans of Indian river. Here they come to build their nests, lay their eggs and rear their young, and from January to May life in Pelicantown presents many novel scenes.

In March, 1898, I visited this city of birds. As my boat approached I saw signs of life. Files of birds were returning from fishing expeditions, platoons were resting on the sandy points, some were in bathing, others were sailing about in broad circles high overhead, and soon one could hear the sound of many voices, a medley of strange cries. It being quite impossible to count the birds, I determined to count their nests, of which my census showed there were no less than 845, but only 251 were occupied, though all had been built that spring.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

How Robbie Helped His Mother. "Catch a Weasel"—The Brownie and the Sun.

One bright morning Robbie Dale sat quietly on the doorstep. He was planning how to help his mother, who was poor and needed money very much. Baby Ruth had been sick, and there were many bills to pay. "Oh, dear! I wish I could do something!" sighed Robbie. He sat thinking a while longer. Suddenly a bright idea came to him. "I'll ask mother!" he exclaimed. His mother was ironing in the kitchen. She looked greatly surprised when Robbie told her what he had been thinking about. His plan was to have a small stand at the fair which was to be opened the next week. He thought he could sell lemonade and candy. Perhaps, too, Sister Alice would make some of her nice doughnuts and sandwiches for him. After awhile Robbie obtained his mother's consent to try his plan. He easily obtained permission to have a stand on the fair grounds. Everybody in the village who knew Robbie liked him very much.

The fair was to last only one day. Robbie could hardly wait for the time. But the day came at last, a bright, sunny morning. Robbie was at the fair grounds at an early hour. He carefully arranged his stand—doughnuts and sandwiches on one side and candies, lemonade and glasses on the other. Robbie prided himself on his lemonade. It must have been good, for his little stand was soon quite surrounded. It kept him quite busy. Among the group around Robbie's stand was old Jacob Green, who kept the village store. He had known Robbie's father and was a great friend of the family. He saw how busy the little fellow was and decided to help him. Robbie was glad of his assistance. Before night everything was sold. Robbie counted his money, finding he had made nearly \$10. With a joyful heart he hurried home to his mother. "Will this help you, mother?" he cried, passing her the money. "Yes, very much," answered his mother, "but it helps me a great deal more to know that I have such a good, thoughtful little son." She clasped the boy to her breast, kissing him tenderly, and Robbie was quite contented. Many times after that he found ways of helping his mother. He grew up to be a good and useful man.—Janie Rebecca Ward in Elmhurst Telegram.

"Catch a Weasel." As I lay stretched on the bank at the foot of a great maple I saw a weasel run along in the brush fence some distance away, says a writer in Popular Science Monthly. A few seconds later he was standing on the exposed roof of the tree, hardly a yard from my eyes. I lay motionless and examined the beautiful creature minutely till suddenly I found myself staring at the smooth, greenish gray roof of the maple, with no weasel in sight. Judging from my own experience, I should say that this is the usual termination of any chance observations of either weasels or minks. Occasionally they may be seen to dart into the bushes or behind some log or projecting bank, but much more frequently they vanish with a suddenness that defies the keenest eyesight. In all probability this vanishing is accomplished by extreme rapidity of motion, but if this is the case then the creature succeeds in doing something utterly impossible to any other warm blooded animal of its size. Mice, squirrels and some of the smaller birds are all of them swift enough at times, but except in the case of the humming bird none of them, I believe, succeeds in accomplishing the result achieved by the weasels.

The Brownie and the Sun. There was a little brownie That lived down by the sea. He was just as cute a brownie As ever he could be. And early every morning The brownie went to swim, And all the little minnows Came swimming after him. Yes, early every morning, Before the sun arose, This brownie went in swimming And then put on his clothes. And, looking to the eastward, Right bravely he would say: "Now, 'ear old sun, you may rize! Indeed, indeed, you may!" And, sure enough, each morning, When brownie'd had his swim, The sun obeyed his wishes And rose and shone on him. For, do you see, the brownie Couldn't let the sun arise Until he was all washed and dressed And dried his hair and eyes! —Little Folks.

How to Make a Doll's Rattle. Crack a walnut evenly in halves and, having first taken out the kernel and put in either a bell or one or two small pebbles, paste the two shells together again. Lay it to dry for a quarter of an hour. When dry, it will be found that there is a small opening near one end. In this opening insert a match from which the sulphur has been broken off and glue it in. When this is dry, gild the rattle. It may then be tied around the doll's neck with ribbon, or it may be fastened to a necklace of beads. This may be improved upon in various ways and makes quite an attractive little rattle.

As Children See Things. A 4-year-old lad, driving with his mother along a country road, was greatly attracted by a gaudy rooster which hopped on a fence and stretched its neck preparatory to a crow. "Oh, mamma!" the youngster said, "Just look at that rooster rubber necking!" Dorothy (greatly surprised at seeing a horseless carriage go by)—My! There's a carriage walking in its sleep! Carl (didn't like his new suit of clothes with the pretty ribbons at the knees. "Boys don't wear neckties on their legs!" he said.

Pastimes of Little Dutch Boys and Girls

The dearest, funniest little country in the world is Holland, the home of the Dutch. As you have probably heard, the country is a perfect network of canals. In Amsterdam, the biggest city of Holland, there are so many of them running crisscross that the city is divided into 90 small islands. But more interesting than anything else about this country are the children. And such good times as they have!

These canals I have been speaking of run right down the center of the streets, taking the place of a driveway and leaving only a strip of brick pavement on each side. A row of trees grows on each side of the canal. Out here under their shade the children of Amsterdam play. Have you ever seen a pair of shoes worn by these Dutch children? They are not like ours. They are made of blocks of wood, shaped like a shoe and hollowed out to fit the foot. These shoes are called "sabots," and it is very funny to hear a lot of young people wearing this queer footwear go running down the street clackety-clack! Bless me! From a little distance it sounds as though a whole army of cavalry were coming up the street!

As there are no stone walls or railings along the edge of the canals, it not infrequently happens that a child falls in. But that doesn't seem to worry anybody. They can all swim like little ducks. If they bounce into the water, they quickly bounce out again. Sometimes they scramble out to find that their little sabots are slowly sailing down the canal. Then there is much laughing and shouting till the truant shoes are landed by means of a long stick.

It is in the winter time, however, that the children of Holland most enjoy life. Then the canals are frozen over, and a person may travel all through this quaint country without taking off his skates. The Dutch skates have long runners, which curl up over the toe. With this kind they can do no fancy skating. But, then, everything the Dutch people do is plain and practical. The boys and girls when they skate together do not go side by side, as we do in this country. The boy stands right behind the girl and puts his hands on her waist, keeping step with her just as soldiers do. In this way the boy can push the girl along if he does not think she is going fast enough.

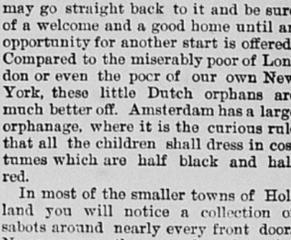
Most all the Dutch boys have a skate sail, which is almost diamond shaped and is kept spread out by means of two cross sticks. This sail is held against his back. As Holland is such a low country, there is generally a good, strong wind sweeping across it. With these sails the boys go skimming along over the frozen canals for miles. And they can sail as close to the wind, too, as in a fine yacht.

Every one skates in Holland. The men go to work, the women to market and the children to school on skates. The exchange in Amsterdam is called the Beurs. Once a year, at the end of August, the merchants and brokers who transact their business there are turned out and the place turned into a playground for the boys. The building is very old, and, according to a curious and interesting tradition, the boys of Amsterdam, while playing there over 200 years ago, discovered a plot on the part of the Spaniards to capture the city, and so in commemoration of this the boys are allowed one day in each year to play on the floor of the exchange.

The people of Holland are very good to poor little orphans. There is one place in Holland where about a thousand orphans are taken care of. There they take children mere babies and keep them till they are of age. In the meantime they teach them any kind of a trade they may wish to learn. The boys are taught to be carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet makers, printers, bookbinders, etc. The girls are trained to do all kinds of household work. Then when they are of age they are ready to battle with the world. If sickness or misfortune overtakes any boy or girl after leaving this institution, he or she may go straight back to it and be sure of a welcome and a good home until an opportunity for another start is offered. Compared to the miserably poor of London or even the poor of our own New York, these little Dutch orphans are much better off. Amsterdam has a large orphanage, where it is the curious rule that all the children shall dress in costumes which are half black and half red.

In most of the smaller towns of Holland you will notice a collection of sabots around nearly every front door. No one wears these wooden shoes indoors, and on entering a house a person leaves them on the doorstep just as we in this country sometimes shed our muddy overshoes.—New York Herald.

An Ink Plant. The ink plant of New Grenada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.



ALONG THE CANALS IN SUMMER.