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Jan. 6—Michigan  
May 10—All bank  
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March —Optum

**ETIE'S SUBSTITUTE.**

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

He had yet an hour or more before he would have to begin the work of the day at the office and then later at the hospital, were many poor sufferers were awaiting his aid to relieve their pain either curing or killing them. He picked up the morning paper to look it over, but as he did a servant entered the doorway as though he wished to speak to him.

"Well, Martha, what is it?"

The girl was standing in the doorway waiting to be addressed.

"Didn't you tell her to call during office hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"She wouldn't go away, sir."

"Is she at the door now?"

"No, sir. She crowded past me into your private office."

"What?"

The great surgeon, scowled at the girl. She came quickly and passed from the room, and across the hall, into his inner office. It was rather dark, and for a moment he couldn't discern his caller. Then he stepped to the window and drew up the shade.

There was a little girl, a very little girl, with a pale, waxen face, and little black eyes.

own straw hat crowned her black curls, and her frock was shabby, too, and her shoes and stockings were shabby, indeed. Over her shoulders was a small black shawl, and with the ends she hung down her back. The surgeon looked at her for a moment, then he turned to the woman first, and they played a game of hide-and-seek. The woman hid behind a little table, perched on the extreme edge of the biggest chair in the room, with her shabby little shoes pushed back against the wall. Somehow he didn't see the sharp glint of the needle and thread.

In fact, all he said was: "Well?"

"Be you 't' doctor?" The child's voice came from the corner. The woman looked at a little hoarse and a little old for her years. The surgeon nodded. "Then the girl's young is a liar. She says: 'You can't see me.' 'I can't see you.' 'I can't see you.' 'I says I will.' An' then I gives her a push

"You be." And she laughed noiselessly. "Well, well," said the surgeon, repressing inclination to smile, "now that you are here, what can I do for you?"

The child straightened her face.

"I want a doctor for me," she said quickly. "I couldn't come here nowhow for myself. Your fees is too high. Districk physickers is good good for poor folks like me. Besides, Miss Flaherty, she's de lady I boards wit', an' I, how you do love to knife 'em." She looks up the great surgeon waiting a little this time.

"Go on," he said, "my time is valuable."

"Mine ain't," said the child, complacent—"but what I comes here fer is Petie."

"And who is Petie?"

"He's me big brudder, going on 16. He

The surgeon took out a memorandum book. "Yes," he said; "Peter Mullen, ribs broken, spine hurt. I remember the boy about that him?"

"Didn't he say nothin' about Mamie?"

"Yes, sir. You see, it's the first time Petie has been so badly hurt since sudden death." She passed the fringed end of the towel quickly across her eyes. "There, it's right. Boys will get hurt. What I want to say is this: 'At eleven o'clock yesterday I'm to operate on Petie.' He told me so."

"He was kind quiet and the young doctors thought he was asleep. 'An' dey said dat wid good nursin' Petie would git all in de natch'l way, but in de int'rrest

to take de chances wid de knife—an' den  
to dare dere wasn't one chance in twenty  
dat de boy's livin' an' de doctor's dead."

The surgeon's face grew dark.  
"Well, what of it?" he asked, almost  
sighly.

"Don't git mad," said the child. "I'm just  
in' it to you straight. You see, it's like  
this. I can't spare Petie nohow. He's all  
mine. I can't give him no more. An' Petie  
kiss after me like a mudder, he runs awful  
art boy. He sells papers, an' he's er-  
ends, an' holds hosses. He kin do mos' any-  
in. An' what I want to say is dat if se-  
neds a kid to cut, why not take me an'  
Petie too?"

"What's that?" cried the surgeon, sharply.  
"There you go, gittin' mad ag'in," cried  
the child. "I know what you'll say. You'll

But how do you know till you look?"

"What's the matter with you?" growled the surgeon.

The child stood up. One of her shoulders sagged, and she was bent like an aged man.

"It's me back," she explained.

"Come here," said the surgeon.

The child shuddered.

"You ain't got no knife, nor nothing?"

"No," said the child, shaking. And he repeated, gently, "Come here."

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

"What did this happen?" he asked.

"Three years ago," replied the child, "run-

"Anything ever done for it?"  
 Petie took me to a man that put irons me, but dey hurted so dreadful dat Petie 'n'm away."  
 He grew again sorrowed softly.  
 "Tere," he said, "that will do." He pulled down at hears he helped refasten the ass. "Science accept the exchange," he lightly added.  
 "An' Petie?"  
 Petie will be taken care of until he gets better. He is the surgeon. "Go and see him today. I shall want you to-morrow" — he child shuddered slightly.  
 "Wh-what for?" she tremulously asked.  
 "Don't you worry," said the surgeon. "My Phlegmy of yours was a little sh. Anyway, therell be no knife for you. No. I'll nief, n' dock, t' amorrow."

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 straight new back."

"But Petie 'n' me ain't got no money," said the child.

Science, who has just made a bargain with you, will have to look out for that herself," laughed the surgeon. "Anyway, you don't worry."

The child looked up at him with shining eyes, and made an awkward little curtsy.

"You're a splendid man!" she cried, good-by."

"Good-by," said the surgeon.—Cleveland in Dealer.