

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," etc.

Pa is sent to a hospital to recuperate. The Bad Boy discourages other boys from running away with the circus. He makes them water the camels, carry the hyenas and put insect powder on the buffaloes.

This is the first time since we started out with the circus in the spring that pa and I have not been two "Jonnies on the spot," ready for anything that the managers told us to do. Oklahoma, though, and the Indian territory, have been too much for pa, and they sent him on to Kansas City to recuperate in a hospital for a week, while the show does Kansas to a finish, and makes a triumphal entry into Missouri.

I wonder how the show will get along without us for a week, 'cause



The Bull Tossed the Boy Through the Tent.

they sentenced me to go along with his pa, so I could be handy to hold his hands when the doctors are pulling cactus needles out of his hide. I guess pa was willing enough to jump Kansas in the night, from what he told us once.

He said when he was a young man he and a railroad fireman got bundled at Topeka, and they had an order book printed, and went all over Kansas taking orders for Osier willows, which they warranted to grow so high in two years they would make fences for the farms that no animals or blizzards could get over or through, and make shade for the houses and the whole farm. It was the year when the Osier willow craze was on, and every farmer on the plains wanted to transform his prairie into a forest. Pa says the farmers fought with each other to sign orders, and some paid in advance, so as to get the willow cuttings in a hurry. Well, pa and the railroad man canvassed Kansas, and sold more than forty thousand mil-



Pa Jumped Like a Box Car.

lions of Osier willow cuttings, and put in the whole winter. In the spring, when it was time to deliver the goods, they went into the river bottoms and cut a whole lot of "pussy willow" cuttings, delivered them to the farmers, and got their money, and went away. When the pussy willow cuttings died in their tracks, or grew up just plain pussy willow that never got high enough to hide a jack rabbit, the farmers of Kansas caded their guns and waited for pa and the brakeman to come back to Kansas, but they never went back.

The brakeman became president of a great railroad, but when he has to go across the continent in his special car, he dodges Kansas, and goes across by the northern or southern route. Pa has so far dodged the farmers, but money wouldn't have hired him to stay with the circus, and meet those farmers that they sold the willow good bricks to. And yet, when I bunco anybody around the show, pa takes me one side and tells me that honesty is the best policy, and to never lie, 'cause my character as a man will depend on the start I make as a boy. He don't want me to go through life regretting the past, and being afraid of the cars for fear some act of my younger days will become known, and queer me. I guess pa knows how it is himself.

Well, if there is one thing I am proud of, it is that I have always been good. When I grow up to be a man, prosperous in business, and belonging to a church, and married, and have children growing up around me, I can put on an innocent face and a bold front, and point to my past with pride, if I should go to live among strangers, where nobody took the papers, and the people were not on to me.

Pa says as long as your conscience is clear, and your pores open, life is one glad, sweet song. Well, I don't know, but if pa's conscience is clear, he must have strained it the way they do rain water, to get the wigglers out, or else he has used an egg to settle his conscience, the way they settle coffee. If his pores are open, he has opened them in the old way, with a corksewer. But with all I have had to contend with in the way of a frightful example from pa, I am not so worse.

How many boys of my age, do you suppose, could put in a season with a circus, and have all the facilities I have had to go wrong, and come out as well as I have? The way the freaks just dotted on me would have turned the heads of most boys, but when I found out that all of them, from the fat woman and the bearded woman, to the trapeze performers, ate onions three times a day, I said: "Nay, nay, Henery will camp with the animals, whose smell is natural, and not acquired."

Say, do you know I have saved hundreds of boys this summer from ruin, 'cause in every town there are lots of boys who want to run away from home and go off with a circus, and 'cause I belonged to the show they all came to me, and pa appointed me to discourage the boys, and drive them away from the show. I know in Virginia all the boys wanted to run away, and but for me the state wouldn't

have boys enough to grow up and shoot the negroes. But when I found boys who wanted to skip away from home, I would give them a job, and they would have slept in the straw with the horses, and eaten at the second table after the negroes had been fed, if they could only shake their comfortable homes and loving friends, and join a traveling circus.

Well, I always gave such boys a job watering the camels, and after they had carried water from daylight till dark, and had seen it disappear down a camel and the camels grumbling because they didn't bring water faster, the boys would ask me how long it took to fill up a camel, anyway. I would tell them that if they kept right at work, the camels ought to be filled up full along in the fall. The boys would reluctantly resign. Our camels have been the making of hundreds of boys by their tank-like capacity to hold water. One boy at Richmond, Va., got it on me by getting a section of fire hose and hitching it to a hy-

drant, and letting the water run into a trough at the camel stand in the menagerie, and before I knew it the camels had filled up until they were swelled four times as big as they ought to be. Then they laid down, and couldn't march in the grand entree, and pa sent for a plumber to have the camels fixed with faucets. That boy was in it to the hilt, and we kept him and put him in the lemonade privy. You can fill a camel with a hydrant all right, but if you bring the water in pails he will beat the game.

I remember one boy at Wilmington, Del., who insisted on going along with the show, 'cause his mother made him work after school, and my heart was touched, 'cause I know how a boy hates to work after school, so I gave him a job sprinkling insect powder on the buffaloes, that were scratching themselves against the tent air, like a metronome, and change of scene. Many worthy soldiers, for instance, who do not know that they are talking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and to the character of bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky."

At the Hotel. Guest—Didn't I telegraph for the best room in the house? Clerk—Yes, sir. Guest—Why didn't you save it for me? Clerk—I've already given the best room in the house to 50 people to-night, and I thought you wouldn't like to be crowded.—Cleveland Leader.

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hymas. Most boys would look sort of dubious about it, but who'd think it was up to them to be game, and they would take the curry comb and brush all right. I would take them to the cage, and tell them to just talk soothing to the hyenas through the bars, and when the hyenas began to get tame and act as though it would give them pleasure to be curried off, and I would have the cage opened and they could go in and curry them off.

Well it would kill you dead to see a fool boy side up to a hyena cage and try to hypnotize a hyena by kind words and a pious example, saying soothing words like "Soo, boss, or O, come off now, like a good fellow, and see the hyenas smart and show his teeth like an anarchist that multi-millionaire might try to tame so he would take a roll of money out of his hand without biting the hand. I have had boys stand in front of a hyena cage with a curry-comb and brush all day, trying to get on good terms with the hyenas, and occasionally the hyenas would forget to snarl, and the boy would think the animals were beginning to weaken, and the boy would work up closer to the cage, and say "Pretty pussy," and hold out his hand and say: "Good fellow." Then the whole cageful of hyenas would make a rush for him, howling, snapping and scratching, with their bristles up, and the boy would fall backwards over a sacred cow. About this time I would come along and ask the boy if he had got the hyenas curried, 'cause if he had, I wanted him to curry the grave robbers—the jacks. Then the boy would reluctantly give up his tools, and say if I wanted the hyenas and jacks curried off I could do it myself. I would tell them they would never do for the circus business, 'cause faint heart never won fair hyena. Then they would go home and sell their mother's copper boiler to get money to pay their way in the show. Gee, but I have saved lots of boys from a circus fate.

Pa has an awful time in the hospital, 'cause twice a day the doctors strip him and pull a mess of cactus thorns out of him, and he yells and don't talk very pious. The doctor told me I must try and think of something to divert pa's mind from his suffering.

So I got some telegraph blanks and envelopes, and I have written messages from the show managers, twice a day. The morning message would tell about the business of the day before, and how they missed pa. Then I would add something like this: "The farmers around Olathe are all inquiring for you," or "The farmers around Topeka wish you were here, 'cause they want to give you a reception," or "About 200 farmers at Parsons think we ought to let them in free, on account of being old friends of yours." The last one broke pa all up. The message said: "Many farmers from Atchison are going to come with us to Kansas City to confer with you on an old matter of business." Pa jumped like a box car off the track, and wanted the doctors to send him to a hospital at St. Louis, and he told the doctors the reason, but they cheered him up by saying if any mob came to the hospital after him, they would hide him in the pickling vat, and make the mob believe he was dead. That is the way it stands now. But pa is not so darn happy as I have been, and he tries to get me to keep his mind off his trouble. I tell him as long as his conscience is clear, he is all right, but he says: "But, Henery, that's the trouble; it ain't clear. Well, let us have peace, as any price."

Sham Love of Nature. Praising the genuine love of nature which exists in the hearts of so many quiet people, who have a real delight in the silent and exquisite changes, the influx and efflux of life which we call the seasons, an anonymous English writer says: "Those who are fortunate enough to spend their lives in the quiet country-side have much of this tranquil and unuttered love of nature; and others, again, who are condemned by circumstances to spend their days in toilsome towns, and yet have the instinct, derived perhaps from long generations of country forefathers, feel this beauty, in the short weeks when they are enabled to approach it, more poignantly still. The fact remains, however, that a love of nature is a part of the panoply of cultivation above a certain social standing level to assume. Very few ordinary persons would care to avow that they took no interest in national politics, in games and sports, in literature, in appreciation of nature, or in religion. As a matter of fact, the vital interest that is taken in these subjects, perhaps in games and sports, is far below the interest that is expressed in them, and that is expressed in them, as a person who said frankly that he thought that any of these subjects were uninteresting, tiresome, or absurd, would be thought stupid or affected, even brutal. Probably most of the people who express a deep concern for these things believe that they are giving utterance to a sincere feeling; but, not to expatiate on the emotions which they mistake for real emotion in the other departments, there are probably a good many people who mistake for a love of nature the pleasure of fresh air, physical movement, and change of scene. Many worthy soldiers, for instance, who do not know that they are talking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and to the character of bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky."

One of the most fascinating things about authors is the wonderful variety in their taste and method of composition. Some of these are uncommonly interesting.

O. Henry, the popular humorist, does all his work (when he can be induced to work) between dark and daylight, and while actually engaged in composition takes no nourishment except an occasional spoonful of Worcestershire sauce.

Edith Wharton says she does her best work on cold buttered toast, with a quart of water at 11:30 p. m.

Richard Le Gallienne composes his impassioned love lyrics while riding in railway trains, afterwards dictating them to a perfectly proper stenographer. While in the throes of versification, Mr. Le Gallienne nibbles on "Hafiz Milk Chocolate," which he imports from Persia in ten-pound slabs.

Hamilton Wright Mabie does all his thinking with a metronome at his elbow. If he finds that he is thinking too fast or too slow he moves the indicator on the machine up or down, and his mind and metronome tick rhythmically together.

Jack London works best by daylight, with his table placed directly before a camera, which ticks automatically every 40 seconds. While writing Mr. London munches raw beef sandwiches.

Gertrude Atherton writes in German and reads her manuscript to Pontney Bigelow, or the Kaiser if Mr. Bigelow happens to be out of Germany. While working she eats very little—not often that three times a day, and nothing more hearty than a wienerschnitzel.

Bubble and Squeak

By E. L. TAYLOR
With some extracts from the unpublished notes of the late Walter Blackburn Harte.

The world is the acre of every genius, and we receive the rent they pay in their works. They should be allowed to live rent-free, and even then we do not fully acknowledge our indebtedness to them.

Men seem unable to live without one end of life contradicting the other. Only those who die young are consistent. A man in youth a Tory, dies a radical, a radical dies a Tory. One half of life we build; the other we tear down our structure.

His motto was "Onward and Upward," hers was "By Hook or by Crook," and between the idealism and the materialism they made a decent livelihood.

It isn't a fact of having been in the wrong that is so painful; it is having the knowledge that you have been in the wrong.

I like stupid men for neighbors, they are so appreciative.

A woman is never without society if she possesses a mirror.

The way to get a reputation as a brilliant conversationalist is to listen well.

The only abbreviation for which there is any excuse is the bathing suit. All abbreviations are vulgar.

WALTER BLACKBURNE HARTE.

An English periodical propounds the query, "How far may an author go in puffing himself and his works?" In this country an author may go as far as he likes, provided he keeps within the law. Thus, John Kendrick Bangs, among other devices, wears overhoses with his name in raised letters on the soles, and walks in his joke foundry. Unfortunately, there has been little snow this winter, and Mr. Bangs is now devising an ink roller attachment for his overhoses. Charles Dana Gibson, as everybody knows, went so far as to leave the country, giving out that he intended to study art. This stimulated the interest in himself and his works, and prepared the way for a series of tinted sketches in the artist's usual manner. Bangs and Gibson are perhaps the two best advertisers, yet they seem leagues behind that consummate artist in self-love, Hall Caine. If there is a limit beyond which an author should not go "in puffing himself and his works," it would be interesting to know what it is. Perhaps the authors will tell us. This column is open to them.

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Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, M. D., M. A.
LA PORTE, IND.

It is often found important as our readers know, to urge general ideas concerning curing diseased conditions, illustrating these by special cases of illness that have been relieved. The first things for consideration are those to be regarded not as desirable persistence, following these by some things which are well, then, suppose you have a case in a large joint, such as the knee. You have to think there is something like inflammatory action in this knee joint, or at least, in the fleshy parts that surround it.

You put on a cold, wet cloth, and press it gently around the limb. This is very comforting, and somewhat eases the pain or restlessness that has been experienced. Up to a certain point this cooling process is felt to be right and pleasing, but beyond that it begins to lose its pleasant character, and to persist beyond this point is not desirable. It is evident that from that time you have a call for something else than cooling. That has been good up to this period, but it is not so beyond it; therefore you stop the cooling process for a time. And it will now be well to adopt just the opposite. You accordingly get a tub or bath with hot water, and pour this upon the knees, or if this cannot be done, you soak a large flannel in hot water and wrap that around the knee, packing all up in a dry sheet to keep the heat in as well as possible. This is felt to be agreeable and comforting, but if you continue this beyond a certain point it ceases to be so alleviating. Further persistence in this treatment, therefore, is not desirable.

Nothing can be clearer than such a truth as comes to us here, but the same truth appears in a great many cases and in a great many ways. With this knee, you have two opposite modes of dealing, and both will fail at a certain stage; therefore, to persist with either beyond that stage will do harm rather than good.

But you are not to conclude that you must give up both as hopeless merely because both fail at a certain point. You cease cooling when it is indicated you shall do so; you cease fomenting with hot applications when it is indicated you return to the cooling when the heat falls and you find this has become delightful now. You go on with it until it ceases to be so; then change to the hot fomentations thus alternating as the conditions indicate.

But it is not desirable persistence to keep going on beyond a certain time with either the hot or the cold treatment and that time is shown by both ceasing to give comfort. Then either rest is indicated; but abandonment of the cool is not rest. Rest will be relieving to a certain point, beyond which it produces unconsciousness, and therefore, undesirable after that point is reached.

The cooling, probably, will be the right thing now, and so, if you are to succeed in affecting a complete cure, change treatments as above advised.

But now for real and desirable persistence. You have a case of severe neuralgic pain, and you apply cold to the root of the nerve or nerves affected. The feeling is one of slight relief, but it is so little, it seemed to do no good. Still it is rather comfortable than otherwise.

To follow this slender thread is desirable persistence. It may be that the pain not only returns as soon as you stop cooling the roots of the nerves, but that it comes back worse. Yet if this cooling does the slightest good in its application, it is desirable to persist.

Severe neuralgic attacks have been known which yielded to such treatment only for a moment, and then returned worse than ever, but when it was fought steadily for a time it disappeared altogether, and that just after a terrible twinge.

The idea underlying all this is, when you feel the slightest relief from a certain treatment you have to continue that mode of treatment to secure the cure desired. It may take long persistence, but it will be rewarded if the nurse or attendant perseveres long enough.

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GOOD LAND LEVELER.

How to Arrange a Pole Drag Which Will Pulverize the Soil Satisfactorily.

For many seasons I have found a pole drag, such as shown herewith, to be very useful in leveling and pulverizing the soil, writes a Michigan correspondent of the Farm Record. From the sketch shows the arrangement



SOIL PULVERIZER AND LEVELER.

which consists of three hardwood poles six inches in diameter and eight feet long. The poles are fastened together about one foot apart by means of short pieces of chain. A board is bolted to the front pole and allowed to extend beyond the third. To this board is fastened an old mowing machine seat which forms a comfortable place for the driver. The double-tree is attached to the front pole by a short chain.

POTATO SCAB.

Application of Corrosive Sublimates Seed Will Prevent the Disease Appearing.

The effect of corrosive sublimate in preventing scab will be made plain when we understand the cause of scab to be a minute microscopic plant which penetrates the skin of the potato, lives on the substance of the tuber and matures its seed there. When scabby potatoes are planted without treatment, the seed of the fungus is also planted, and with the new crop of potatoes an increased crop of the fungus is produced, until the market value of the potatoes is almost destroyed. It has been found that a bath of the seed potatoes in a solution of corrosive sublimate kills the scab fungus, and if the soil has not had potatoes grown upon it recently, the new crop will be quite free from the disease. Take three ounces of corrosive sublimate and dissolve in ten gallons of water, using a barrel that you do not use for any other purpose for the solution. Put what seed potatoes this water will cover in a bath tub, and let them remain in it for two hours. I have treated seed sufficient for two acres without renewing the strength, writes a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. We sometimes cut the potatoes before the bath, sometimes after, without any difference in results. Do not forget that corrosive sublimate is a poison. Keep the treated potatoes and the barrel containing the solution out of the reach of animals. I more than suspect that the rot fungus, if it adheres to the seed potatoes, is in large measure destroyed by this bath.

All readers of this publication are at liberty to inquire for any information pertaining to the subject of health. All communications should be addressed to the Home Health Club, or Dr. David H. Reeder, and should contain name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

PARASOLS FOR THE DOLLS.

Tiny Sunshades Are Made in Great Variety and Are Very Pretty.

Very pretty and very dainty are the dolls' parasols offered nowadays, and they can be had in various sizes and in a very great variety of styles and ranging in price from 25 cents to \$2.50 each, states a New York exchange.

There are simple little parasols in solid colors, and there are others of striped silks. And then there are very handsome and ornamental little parasols made of light colored brocaded silks, and they may be trimmed with lace, and still others of white silk or of silk in various light and pretty colors, which may likewise be trimmed with lace or with ruffles.

These pretty little parasols are mounted with handles of great variety, both in their designs and in the materials used. There are, in various styles, handles of wood, of bone, of horn, of ivory and of Dresden china. While the doll is now so well and handsomely provided for in the way of parasols, it is at the same time by no means neglected in the matter of umbrellas, too—the trimmest little umbrellas that ever were made, perfect little umbrellas in every way, made of black silk and in various sizes and ranging in price up to \$1 each.

FOR SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Arrangement of Feeding Racks by Which the Lambs Are Kept Out of the Way of the Sheep.

The common feed arrangement for sheep permits the lambs to pass through the slats and stand on the top of the racks. In this arrangement the lambs are eating, soiling the feed and making the feeder a great deal of trouble. The cut shows a very excellent arrangement—this being a cross-section and readily understood. The bottom of the sheep rack is tight, and under this, through narrow slats and openings in front, the lambs may be fed in a small