

## THE WILLING BOY.

(CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.)

trouble. He at once patented his device, made a full-sized machine that was a success, and as a result of this he was given an interest in the business and eventually became a very rich man.

I overheard one man say to another: "If you and I had been as lucky as Tom we could live in a fine house, too." But I knew Tom's history: the long days he made at his work when he was merely a clerk; the thought he gave the business, as it were his own; the pleasures he pushed aside when there was work to do, and I said to myself that all the luck there was in Tom's career was of his own manufacture.

But the boy who is willing to work must work intelligently, and along the lines that lead to increased knowledge of his trade or his business. The man who trained the dog worked faithfully and made a success of the task, but it did not help him in his trade or make him one whit more valuable to his employers. Had he devoted that noon hour to a study of the metals in which he worked, or of the machines he used or made, he would have been a better workman, and his employers would have learned that in due time.

The masses do not know, and will not believe it when they are told, that every employer and every foreman is searching for boys and men who have their hearts in their work and their minds on the alert to forward their employers' interests. When they are found they are advanced in pay and responsibility, and when opportunity comes to go up still higher they are fitted for the place. From their ranks are drawn our most successful merchants and manufacturers.

There is always a demand for just such boys as these.

## Stopping a Stampede.

An army officer has recently told a story of fine courage, in the Chicago Record, a story which loses nothing from its homely language.

One of the slickest things I ever saw was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six hundred had broken away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. They were heading straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble into the canon and be killed.

You know that when a herd gets to going it can't stop. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed and was so excited I could not speak.

Well, sir, the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear-guard was.

You see that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag.

## Something Put Her Off.

One rainy day in spring an old fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years, and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife. Entering without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his duty clay pipe, and nodded jerkily to "owd woman."

"Mornin' Maria," he said, with affected unconcern.

She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling, and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure; but it would not come.

"Ben," she said instead, once more resuming her work, "bring you o'er to t' fire, an' Ah'll darn that hole i' yer jersey. Ah meant doin' it i' day ye went away, but summat put me off!"

## A Good Deed Charming Done.

A small act of kindness some times thrills the heart of the beholder, especially if the act is performed without thought of observation and quite without the hope that it will be known and applauded. A correspondent of the Companion, a physician of Minneapolis, has sent us—not for publication, he says, "but simply that you may know it"—the story of a very touching deed of humanity, which it surely will do nothing but good to tell of.

In front of the Masonic Temple in Minneapolis, in which building the physician has his office, a little cripple is accustomed to sell newspapers. He is a sufferer from infantile paralysis of a cerebral type, and also has a barelip. He seems at a sad disadvantage in this eager and bustling world.

The other day a horse attached to an ash

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Saddle, Restored, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

## "Want of Watchfulness

## Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

**Impure Blood.**—My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her. JOHN WEEKMAR, Galt, Ont.

**Scrofula.**—Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me. SARAH E. DEROY, Annapolis, N. S.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

cart was standing on the street, opposite where the crippled boy stood on his crutch a litig paper. Somehow the boy discovered that the horse had a galled shoulder.

As the doctor watched him from his window, the boy cast about for something with which to relieve the poor horse. Finding nothing else, he ripped off from the top of his crutch the cloth stuffed with felt which eased the crutch to his own armpit, and tied it with two strings to the horse's collar, so that it would cover the place where the collar bore upon the raw shoulder.

"I had just time," the doctor says, "to see him finish the work and hobble away on his depleted crutch with a haste that made me think he feared the owner might catch him at it."

## Why he Was in Prison.

An old whitewasher stood before the Court as witness. The lawyer for the defendant tried to confuse him.

"You are James Miller?"

"Yes."

"Ate you the James Miller who was sentenced under mitigating circumstances for robbery?"

"No."

"You are, perhaps, the Miller who was sentenced to two years imprisonment for theft, then?"

"I am not that Miller either."

"Were you ever in prison?"

"Yes; twice."

"How long the first time?"

"One afternoon."

"One afternoon! And the second time? You must make a truthful statement, for you are a sworn witness. If you were in prison for so short a time, what did you do?"

"I whitewashed a cell for a lawyer who had cheated his clients."

"The lawyer did not ask any more questions on that subject."

## A Football Makes Hit.

A football captain could not get his eleven to go to a town five miles way, so he wired to that effect to the secretary of the opposing team.

"Can't let you off," answered the secretary. "Crowd waiting already."

The captain made another effort to get his men together, but without success, and was once more obliged to wire his inability to come. This ought to have settled the matter, but it didn't. In half an hour back came another telegram, couched in terms which made the distracted captain still more angry.

"If you can't come yourselves," ran the message, "please send your sweaters for railroad hands to wear; people won't know the difference!"

Needless to say the sweaters were not sent.

## A Youthful Sam Weller.

Inquisitive people sometime find satisfaction in catechising little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious persons recently fared:

"Halloa, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"Cause I alluz git there first."

## A Trump Question.

"Once," said the colonel solemnly, "and only once, I had all thirteen trumps dealt me."

"Er—I suppose you were the dealer?" suggested a candid friend.

"No, sir!" roared the colonel, "no, sir! I was not the dealer!"

"Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?"

And a terrible silence ensued.

## One on the Wag.

Rudyard Kipling recently sold a book to his publisher at a rate that worked out to a shilling a word. The publication of this fact came under the notice of a Fleet street humorist, who, "for the fun of the thing,"

wrote to the author saying that, as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices, he himself would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling postal order. The reply came, in due course. Mr. Kipling had kept the shilling postal order, and politely returned (written on a large sheet of paper) the words "Thanks!"

## Entertained by a Hen.

The ways of a hen are often original and sometimes mirth-provoking, and a Plymouth Rock did novel and amusing things, to the joy of a car-load of passengers, on a recent trip from Braddock to Pittsburg. The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette tells the story.

Carrying a hen proudly, a man who was evidently a foreigner got on the trolley-car at Braddock. He was drowsy and not quite sober, and he crossed his legs, set the hen on his lap and went to sleep.

Four miles out of Braddock the hen suddenly woke from its own reverie, and cackled. Its owner opened his eyes and found himself and his hen objects of interest. He was annoyed; but the passengers had more or less excuse for staring; they had discovered a fresh egg resting snugly on the man's lap.

No one could speak the man's language, but every one was bound that he should know what happened. Twenty index fingers pointed to the hen, and forty eyes were turned in the same direction. Finally the stranger lifted the hen tenderly, and the secret was revealed.

Then he was wide awake. With his left hand he held the egg aloft, that all might see; with his right hand he affectionately stroked the hen. Everybody smiled. All at once it seemed to occur to him that refreshments were in order. He grinned at his fellow-passengers, tapped the shell on the edge of the seat to open a way to the interior, and swallowed the egg.

## The Glass Cure.

The rule of most doctors never to be nonplussed must have been exceedingly difficult to follow in the case of the physician who figures in the following New York Tribune story:

A Pennsylvania doctor had an Irish woman for a patient for many years. He once pulled her through a lingering attack of typhoid fever, and of course took her temperature from time to time by having her hold a thermometer under her tongue.

When she had nearly recovered, he called one day, left a simple prescription and started homeward. About three miles from her house he was overtaken by her son on horseback.

"Mother is worse," said the boy; "come right back."

"Docther," said the old lady, reproachfully, as he entered the sick-room, "why did ye not give me the jigger under her tongue? That did me more good than all the rest of ye trash!"

## This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

## Too Small.

Uncle Zekel Watson was accustomed to seeing good-sized squares of cup-cake, 12-ounce cake or gingerbread on the table, and when he had his first plate of ice-cream in a city restaurant he looked with some disfavor upon the macaroons and small sponge-drops which accompanied it.

"How do you like it?" asked his niece, who was doing the honors of the city for her uncle.

"The ice-cream is first rate," said Uncle Zekel. "I call it extra good; but when



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you come to these things," he added, lifting one of the sponge "lady fingers" and surveying it doubtfully, "I presume to say they're all right enough, what there is of 'em, but there isn't enough of 'em—just nothing but gaspe and swallow!"

## In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

## Mountain Ethic.

This was actually heard in the cracker district of Tennessee:

The mother shouted from the door of the cabin behind the trees:

"Yark Tyson! Tim Tyson!" she cried, "what y'uns doin'?"

Two little boys raised their heads over a barrel, 300 yards down the mountain.

"Foolin'," was the reply.

"Be y'uns smoking?"

"Ye'um."

"Be y'uns chawin'?"

"Ye'um."

"Be y'uns chawin' twist an' smokin' cob pipe?"

"Ye'um."

"That's a right. But if yo' let me ketch yo' smokin' them cigareets, I'll gi' yo' th' wust lammin' yo' ever hed in yo' lives. Yu' hear yo' ma'?"

"Ye'um."

## A New Variable Star.

Madame Ceraski, of Moscow, has discovered in the constellation Cygnus a star of between the eighth and ninth magnitude which undergoes wonderful variations in its light. It belongs to the same type of variable stars as the celebrated Algol, but its variation is larger. Its period is four days, 13 hours and 45 minutes. When at a minimum it is three magnitudes fainter than when at a maximum; in other words, it periodically loses and then regains so much light that at one time it is 16 times brighter than at another. In stars of this type the changes of light are supposed to be caused by a dark body revolving around the star, and producing eclipses as it comes within our light of sight.

## The Telephone Cure for Stammering.

There is a popular character in Pendleton who has a slight impediment in his speech. He talks eloquently, but he stammers some. He recently located in Pendleton because he admires Missourians, and he has found the right kind here. The other day he went to the telephone to talk to a friend in Portland. When the talk was finished the Portland man said:

"Well, old man, you seem to talk better since you went to Pendleton. You do not stutter anything like as much as you did."

"No," said the Pendleton man, clear and straight as a bell. "A man cannot afford to stutter through a telephone when to talk costs 75 cents a minute."

## Lake Superior and the Rainfall.

Lake Superior appears to exercise a great effect upon the annual amount of precipitation of rain and snow near its shores than any other of the Great Lakes. The average precipitation in a year is about eight inches greater on the southern than on the northern side of Lake Superior. Lakes Erie and Ontario also show more precipitation on their southern than on their northern shores, but the difference is only three inches annually. In the case of Lakes Huron and Michigan, it is the eastern shores as compared with the western which get the largest precipitation, but the difference is not great.

## A Doubtful Compliment.

"What is the price of this holder?" inquired a young man in a small store, taking up a photograph-holder which contained several pictures.

"Twenty-five cents," replied the attendant.

"Does that include the pictures?"

"There!" responded the salesman in an affable manner. "I was saying this morning that some bright person would be asking that, but I did not think it would be you, Mr. Steward!"

## The Fish Spoke.

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:

"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:

"She has."

## A Long Shot.

Major James M. Ingalls, whose authority in the science of ballistics is recognized in Europe as well as in this country, calculates that the extreme range of the new 16-inch gun, now nearing completion at the Watervliet arsenal, and which is to be used in defending New York harbor, will be almost 21 miles. At its maximum elevation the shot, weighing 2,370 pounds, will be 30,516 feet above its starting point, so that it would clear the summit of Mount Everest, with more than 1,500 feet to spare, even if that giant peak stood on the shore of the sea. The longest shot hitherto made was with a Krupp cannon, which sent its projectile 12½ miles, the greatest height attained by it being 21,456 feet.

"Behind," the young lawyer said. "I have been your devoted knight ever since we were children together, 21 years ago, and have never positively repudied me. By all legal precedents, 21 yrs. undisputed possession of the privilege of considering myself your lover, Belinda, gives me the undoubted right to ask you to be my wife. Will you?"

"Yes," she replied, after a moment's reflection, "but it seems so absurd, Horace to marry a man on a technicality!"

"I hope my explanation is satisfactory," said Mr. Younghusband, as he concluded a long narrative as to why he had been detained down town until 1 a. m.

"Well," yawned Mrs. Younghusband, "your excuse is fairly good, but not as good as father used to make."

The Prompter—So your wife has gone into vaudeville?

The Comedian—Yes.

The Prompter—What line of work?

The Comedian—Oh, curtain lectures, I suppose.

Mr. Squiggs [reading]—I see that Professor Wiseman, the prophet, has decided that the world will come to an end next Christmas.

Johnny Squiggs—Before or after dinner pa?

Mrs. Newlywed (reading)—"Love is a balloon that lifts us up to heaven; marriage is the parachute that brings us slowly back to earth again!"

Mr. Newlywed (also reading)—"Another parachute horror! Man falls 3,000 feet and is dashed to pieces! Same old story! Parachute fails to work!"

Miss Nice—What do you think of the new woman, Mr. Fair?

Mr. Fair—I detest the bold, shrieking creature. How much more lovable is the old woman, like you?

Miss Nice—Sir!

He tried desperately to explain, but she would not hear.

Tired toothstrong—Madam, will you please help a poor, homeless man out of his troubles?

Madam (who was raised in the backwoods)—Certainly! Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an axe?

Photographer—Yes, I can take your picture, but it's a dark day, and it will require a considerable exposure.

Seaside Belle—Oh, I don't mind that.

Friend—This is a nice studio you have. Is the rent high?

Artist—I don't remember—New York.

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Bulletin about

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Changes every week.

The headlines "77" for Grip and "77" for Colds are known to every newspaper reader, but the bulletin underneath changes every week; it pays to watch it for valuable hints on the treatment and cure of Colds and Grip; tells how to avoid taking Cold, how to check a Cold at the beginning, how to "break up" stubborn Colds that "hang on," how to fight Grip, and sustain the vitality during an attack, coming out vigorous and strong; how "77" restores the checked circulation (indicated by chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins and "breaks up" a Cold.

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