

## When Jimsey's Mascot Failed.

Jimsey and Tom were newsboys. Jimsey had no 'folks,' but Tom had one relative, an aunt, whose frequent spree kept her a great deal in the Bridewell.

They used to call their papers under my windows every day, but the first time I ever noticed them particularly was one night when a friend and I were returning from the theatre. Jimsey and Tom sat in front of us on the street car. They had been to the play; gallery gods, indeed, but those little ragged, bare-footed fellows had their ideas of the merit of the performers.

'Dat lady wid de red dress wus a bird, Jimsey.'

'Yes, but dem cops wus no good; dey put on too many lugs. Dem kids wus looloo, too. How many wus dere, pardner?'

'I dunno. I'm sleepy, Jimsey.'

'Well, lay yer head here, pardner,' and Jimsey put his arm about the little fellow and drew his head down on his shoulder, and soon both were fast asleep.

The good-natured conductor evidently knew them, for he touched Jimsey's shoulder when it was time for them to get off, and they stubbed along, half awake, till we lost sight of them in the darkness.

One day Jimsey looked very happy, and as I stopped to buy a paper Tom nudged him, saying: 'Show it to de lady, Jimsey.'

Jimsey thrust his dirty little hand down into his neck and drew out inch by inch, with sundry jerks, a long cord to which was attached a pebble with a hole through one end.

'Ah! A lucky stone,' said I.

'Yes, lady, it's me mascot. I had bad luck last week. I fell into a puddle and spoiled me papers, and den a bloke shoved a tree-cent piece on me fur a dime and I tot me name wus Mud, but I found dis down by de tracks, and now we're both of us doing all right; ain't we, pardner?'

Tom beamed full assent.

Once after this I asked the 'pardners' if Jimsey's mascot was bringing them luck.

'Yes, lady,' said Tom; 'we walks on de shady side of de street now,—don't we Jimsey?'

'Yes, we lives on Easy Street.'

A hot afternoon in August, as I sat sewing at my window, I saw Tom run up my doorstep. Such a white awe struck little face I saw when I opened the door. 'Me pardner's hurted lady. He felled under de car wheels, and they took him to de hospital.'

'Which hospital?' asked I, as I snatched up my hat and followed him.

'Cook County ma'am.' Not another word was spoken, but he held my hand so tightly that the rings cut deeply into the flesh. I found when we reached the hospital that Jimsey had been terribly crushed—the amputation of one leg was necessary, and there was little hope of his living through it. His face brightened when he saw us. 'I'm all right pardner. I'll pull troo, never you mind. I've got dis, see?' and he held up his lucky stone.

'Jimsey lad,' said I, in a shaky voice, 'I fear your mascot didn't help you this time.'

'Oh, yes, lady; if I hadn't had dat it might 'av been bote legs 'stead of one. I'll get on somehow. Me pardner will see me troo, won't yer pardner?'

'I will dat, Jimsey,' answered Tom winking hard to hide the tears.

The attendant told me that everything would be done for the little sufferer, but that we must leave him, and might come for a few moments the next day.

Tom threw both arms about him and sobbed a minute, then nervously himself bravely he said 'Good-bye' almost calmly. When I bent over to kiss him Jimsey whispered: 'Try and brace me, pardner, lady; he's grieving awful over dis.' I promised him to do my best for Tom, and then he closed his eyes and smiled as if satisfied.

I returned to the hospital the next day. Tom was there before me, but we were both too late. The operation was successful, but the patient did not survive the shock, was the report entered upon the hospital's books, after Jimsey's name.

I found Tom kneeling by Jimsey's cot, his little body quivering with silent sobs. 'Oh, if I could go wid yer, Jimsey,' he hoarsely whispered.

I had the body removed to an undertaker's and given a decent burial. Jimsey's partner and I were the only mourners. As we rode behind the hearse to the cemetery Tom told me that he had slipped Jimsey's mascot about his neck as he lay dressed and in his coffin.

'Oh, Tom! how could you do it?' cried I, thinking of the child's faith in his mascot, and the miserable end of the short life.

'Well, he tot it brought him luck, and I tot meby he'd rest better wid it. Did I do wrong, lady?'

'No, dear, do not fear,' said I, putting both my arms about him, 'you did just right.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

### How the Heart Beats at Night.

The main use of the coverings at night is to give the body the warmth that is lost by reduced circulation of the blood. When the body lies down it is the intention of Nature that it should rest, and that the heart especially should be relieved temporarily of its regular work. So that organ makes ten strokes a minute less than when the body is in an upright posture. These means 600 strokes in sixty minutes. Therefore, in the eight hours that a man usually spends in taking his night's rest, the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes. As it pumps 600 of blood with each stroke, it lifts 30,000 oz. less of blood in the night's session than it would during the day, when a man is usually in an upright position. Now

the body, a dependent for its warmth on the vigour of the circulation, and as the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, the warmth lost in the reduced circulation must be supplied by extra coverings.

## LOOK WELL.

### To the Boys and Girls.

If They Are Delicate and Sickly,  
Paine's Celery Compound Will  
Make Them Strong and

Boys and girls who are ailing and sickly are suffering from a weakened condition of the nervous system. The nerves, tissues and muscles of our boys and girls are extremely delicate and sensitive, and quickly disturbed by ill health.

When you find your dear ones nervous, cross, irritable and weak; when they do not sleep well; when they have headache, variable appetite, sallow skin, sunken eyes and skin troubles, be assured the blood is foul and thin, and nervous force is at low ebb. Children with weak stomachs and weak organs of assimilation cannot thrive on ordinary daily diet. They are in need of special nerve medicine, tonic and blood cleanser like Paine's Celery Compound, noted for its wonderful flesh building and nerve bracing qualities. Paine's Celery Compound is the great and only true medicine for weak and frail bodies and unstrung nerves; it has no equal as a medicine for the young.

In the past, grateful parents in every part of our Dominion have gladly testified to the great work that Paine's Celery Compound has done for their children. We strongly counsel fathers and mothers to have their boys and girls use Paine's Celery Compound at once if they are not showing signs of natural growth. Paine's Celery Compound is pleasant to the taste, free from all dangerous narcotics, and cannot harm the most delicate child.

### SHE MADE A HIT.

Her Song was a Chestnut but her speech was all Right.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' announced the leading lady of a vaudeville sketch team, 'I am going to sing a song. The song itself I do not claim to be original, but the circumstances under which it is to be sung, I may truthfully say, are absolutely unprecedented in the history of American vaudeville.'

'I have received no stage telegram from an imaginary manager, asking me to lead an opera company, and shall not, consequently, feel called upon to sing on that account. I shall not sing because 'there is nobody around,' or 'while I am waiting for the first person to visit my studio.' That person will be my gentlemanly partner, and he is at present in the flies. He will appear when I get through the song. He does the witting.

'The scene shifter will not bring me an invitation to a party where every one will have to sing or dance, and which will necessitate an immediate rehearsal. No promotion that 'Motbaar' is at this moment word-ringing were I am will urge me to sing a ballade in her honor. 'Motbaar'

knows where I am, and if I don't sing this song she stands a pretty good show of losing her means of support.

'Again ladies and gentlemen,' she went on, in a expectant hush that wrapt the house. 'I shall not address the pianist here as 'Professor' nor shall I request him to 'rattle the horse-teeth,' tickle the ivories' or 'saw wood.'

'In conclusion let me say that I am not going to do this with your kind indulgence, but simply because it's a part of this act and it's not going to be cut out!'

And, although she sang 'Just Break the News to Mother,' that vast audience, from the half-dollars to the ten-centers, broke into a mighty cheer. A new era had begun!—Puck.

### Seen in the Little Cage.

Those who have first gazed in dismay, and then lugged, at their own distorted reflections in a concave or convex mirror will appreciate an amusing occurrence lately witnessed at a circus.

Here and there between the cages were placed trick mirrors which reflected a disconcerting image. An Irishman, after a critical survey of the monkeys, had wandered away from his better half, and suddenly found himself in front of one of these mirrors. After a glance at his distorted reflection, he rushed back to his wife, who was still watching the antics on the monkeys.

'Come away wid ye, Bridget!' he exclaimed. 'O've lound a bigger trate than that—the ugliest baste in the show! He's in a little cage in the corner.'

Bridget followed her husband's lead, and he dragged her in front of the 'little cage.' To his astonishment, there was more in the 'cage' than he expected.

'Begorra, Bridget, he exclaimed, there's a pair av'em!'

### Regarding a Rat's Tail.

A rat's tail is a wonderful thing. The great naturalist, Cuvier, says that there are more muscles in this curious appendage than are to be found in that part of the human anatomy which is most admired for its ingenious structure—namely, the hand. To the rat, in fact, its tail serves as a sort of hand, by means of which the animal is enabled to crawl along narrow ledges, or other difficult passages, using it to balance with or to gain a hold. It is prehensile, like the tails of some monkeys. By means of it the little beast can jump up heights otherwise inaccessible, employing it as a projectile spring.

### THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

Bright's Disease and Kindred Kidney Troubles Have Lost Their Terrors—South American Kidney Cure Wages a Successful War.

A young man studying for the ministry, and the son of a well-known western merchant, dropped into a drug store, and in a very discouraged mood said to the proprietor, 'I am quitting my studies and going home to I know not what. My physician says I have Bright's Disease and cannot pursue my studies.' That druggist knew from experience the almost miraculous cure in his own case made by South American Kidney Cure. He recommended it to the young man and in less than a month he was back to his studies again a perfectly cured man. South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific. For sale by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

### Cause for a Razor Duel.

Miss Johnson—'Don't Mistah Jeffah son look swell! Je' see de flash on his dimon' stud! Mr. Jackson—'Diamond' nuffin! Dat am a dischabed papah weight from de bank wha' he am potah!—Jewellers' Weekly.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Choily Chumpleigh—'I'm not a man with one idea.' Miss Coldeal—'No? Why don't you try to get one?'

Hewitt—'I don't see you with that pretty girl as often as I used to.' Jewett—'No I'm married to her now.'

'You look nice enough to eat,' exclaimed the youth. 'And so I do,' replied the maiden; 'three times a day.'

Maud: 'Do you pin your faith on Charlie?'

Ethel: 'I'm not satisfied with pinning—I want a good hard knot tied.'

Minister—'Do you love truth, my little man?' Tommy (doubtfully)—'Well, I dunno;—I hate awfully to get caught in a lie!'

Rev. Barebones—'Where have all the former missionaries gone?' Chief Bogloo (easily)—'They journeyed further into the interior, boss.'

'I wish I could make both ends meet!' signed Patty. 'I've got a new hat and a new pair of shoes, and then I wouldn't need anything else.'

Wife—'They say that conversation is merely the art of talking back.' Husband—'I suppose then that you are merely a conversationalist.'

She: 'Why did you lose your temper so unfortunately at that game of cards?' He: 'It was the only thing left I had to lose.'

'A woman's idea of a down-trodden wife is one who,' said the Cornfed Philosopher, 'does not ask her husband to account for every cent of his money.'

'I rise for information,' shouted an excited politician.

'I am very glad to hear it,' said a bystander, 'for no man wants it more.'

'Here Bill,' gasped the man on the ground to the man who was jumping on him with a pair of heavy boots, 'that ain't fair. This is a fight; it ain't football!'

A man never more sincerely congratulates himself than when he realises that he has narrowly escaped making an ass of himself.

The late Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he predented a picture to a friend, he on the back:

'Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun.'

'Society women do lead such aimless lives.' 'Aimless, do they? Well, I know a society woman who can throw a teacup or a rolling-pin just as accurately as a man.'

Grandpa—'Don't get scared, Willie, the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump and roar so.' Willie (easily)—'Oh, I ain't afraid of him, grandpa. Papa's the same when his meals ain't ready.'

'I wish I was a warship,' he said, regretfully, after opening and examining his salary envelope. 'Cause why?' they asked, with natural curiosity. 'I wouldn't mind being docked, then,' he answered.

Einstein: 'Ikey, you must nod vear your specs all der time.'

Ikey: 'Vy nod, fader?'

Einstein: 'Because you vear der glass out looking through it so much.'

Magistrate: 'If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stocking feet?'

Burglar: 'I heard there was sickness in the family, your worship.'

Blobbs: 'What nonsense it is for newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the brides being led to the altar.'

Slobbs: 'How so?'

Blobbs: 'Why, most of the girls could find their way in the dark.'

Winifred (insinuatingly): 'Mr. Randolph comes to see you every day, doesn't he?'

Julia: 'Oh, yes; but he's very easily entertained.'

Winifred: 'He must be.'

Arkansas Native—'How much for takin' the pictures of my children?' Photographer—'Three dollars a dozen.' Native—'Wal, I reckon I'll have to wait a spell; I hain't got but 'leven children at present!'

(Mother (suspecting that some of the presents have already been pawned)—'And where is that pretty mantel clock?'

Daughter—'Well, you see, it was a French clock, and George could never quite understand it.'

She wept bitterly. 'Ha. Ha.' said he, and turned on his heel. Then he left her. It was not until a more experienced one had told her that the proper weep in the presence of a man is to weep sweetly that she understood her failure.

Daughter: 'Did you find out what it was that papa cut out of the paper?'

Mother: 'Yes; I bought another copy. I've read it all through, but I can't see anything wrong about it. It's an article on the healthfulness of housework.'

Publisher: 'I wish you would write us a good story.'

Great Author: 'But I have never been to sea.'

Mr. Slinpurs: 'Wha—what did your father say when you told him we were engaged to be married?'

Miss Beauty: 'He was most kind. He said if you would call for him tomorrow with a carriage—I think he said your carriage—he would go with you to look at any double-fronted house you think of buying for me to live in.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'

'Galvanized, you mean, don't you?'

'Yes, pa; but teacher says we mustn't say gal; it's girl.'

'Pa, are you going to have any girlv-nized iron on our new house?'

'Any w-h-a-t?'

'Any girlv-nized iron?'