

# The Doll

He had more tin soldiers than he was able to count, he had a drum and a bat and ball, a fire engine with real bells on it, marbles and a black lamb that made a loud "baa" when he wagged its head. But he didn't have a doll. Ever since he could remember Norman had wanted a doll. From the time when he saw the little girl in the train hugging the baby to her he wanted to have one for his own. He had been with his Aunt Martha at the time, and had asked:

"What is that, 'tisn't a really baby, is it?"

"It's a doll," she had replied, and he had said no more at the time. But later, when the family was all assembled he had remarked with irrelevancy:

"Mother, I wish I had a doll."  
"O, little sissy, little girl boy!" his aunt had returned. "The idea of a boy wanting a doll. They're only for girls." And she had laughed at him. Norman hated to be laughed at worse than he hated anything else except to be called a little sissy, and he said no more about the doll.

But the fact that he said nothing did not prevent his thinking about it. When he went over to the park where the children played he would look wistfully at the little girls with dolls, and wonder why dolls weren't made for boys, too. One day he thought that if he had a doll nobody would need to know, he could go back behind the bushes where there wasn't anybody, and play to his heart's content. But how could he get a doll? He would have to ask for it, and then they would all know.

Norman was out in the front yard, playing store with red sand and pebbles and grass, and a beautiful pair of scales that his father had brought him the night before. He had weighed out and measured innumerable tiny packages of sugar and coffee, tying them up in green leaves from the maple tree under which he was playing. He had delivered so many parcels to his mother in the kitchen that she said she wouldn't need anything more from the store for two weeks. Then he decided to take some rice and some dandelion stems, over to the neighbor's house. She must need something from the store. He crawled through a hole under the hedge and started around to the back porch next door. Half way around he stopped in amazement. There was a strange little girl sitting there, a little girl with tight pigtails and a pretty blue dress. He turned to go back, then he thought that she would be a good one to buy at his store. He hurried on down the walk, and when he was quite near her he halted:

"Missis! Want anything from the groceries to-day? Got fine things to-day, lady!"

The little girl held up her finger warningly, and beckoned him to come closer.

"Sh!" she said in a loud whisper. "The baby's asleep there; you'll wake her up if you talk so loud, and it took me so long to rock her to sleep to-day; she isn't feeling good."

She pointed with a plump forefinger to a pillow on the chair behind her. Norman approached on tiptoe, went up the steps of the porch, and over to the rocker. There, sound asleep, was the most beautiful doll he had ever imagined. She had tight sunny little curls all over her head, her cheeks were as pink as the lovely ribbon at her throat and she had such a pretty dimple in her chin. Norman drew in his breath sharply with delight. That was a doll! He turned to the little girl and asked in a low voice, so as not to disturb the sleeper, "Where doesn't she feel good?"

"I don't know, 'zactly," returned the dollie's mother. "But she didn't want to go to sleep a bit, and I had to walk up and down, and rock her and every time I thought she was asleep and went to put her to bed, she cried." "Poor doll!" commented Norman softly.

"Oh, you mustn't say doll! She's a baby, and her name's Ruth. My name's Bessie. What is your name?" "My name is Norman Gray. I live over there; where do you live? I never saw you before."

"I live in the city. I just came here to see my Aunt Beatrice. Do you—Oh! I've been talking too loud, and I've waked up the baby." Bessie leaned over and picked up the doll, carried it to her breast and began to croon gently, "Hushaby, Baby, Hushaby, Baby!" The doll's eyes closed again, and Norman thought she was asleep.

"Let's play house," he suggested. "You can be mother and I'll be father, and we can both take care of the baby." Norman longed to lay his hands upon the doll, but somehow he didn't like to ask. He was afraid that Bessie would think he was a sissy boy. The doll seemed to snuggle right into Bessie's neck, and Norman suddenly felt lonesome. It was almost as though he was jealous of Bessie.

"Yes," the little girl answered his question, "I like to play house. Where will we play?"

It was on the tip of Norman's tongue to say: "Oh, let me carry her for you," but Bessie didn't give him a chance, for, with a final warning not to make any noise or to touch the baby, she disappeared in the doorway. The boy stood absolutely still watching the doll after she had gone. It was the first time he had ever been so close to a doll, and they were infinitely lovelier close at hand than from a distance. He put out his hand, the temptation to touch the velvety cheeks was too strong. Then he stopped. Suppose she should wake up and begin to cry. Bessie would know that he had disobeyed, and she might not be willing to play with him after that. He deliberately turned his back on Ruth; it was easier not to touch if he did not see the doll lying, so wonderful, before him. When Bessie came out she carried a whole armful of clothes, which she transferred to Norman.

Then she returned and a moment later brought out a miniature blanket, which she hollowed in the curve of her arms. Into the hollow went the baby, and Bessie tucked the edges of the cover well around her. At the last moment Norman remembered his express wagon; it would be fine to carry the clothes in that, and afterward it would make a good bed for the baby. He ran home and soon came back with it. Then the little family went to take up its quarters on the piazza across the street.

A pile of boards in the corner made a good dining room table, the express wagon by the steps was the bedroom, and under it Bessie carefully folded the baby's wardrobe. "It's night time now," Norman said, "and we've all got to sleep while the baby does. That step is your bed, and this is mine." He stretched himself out on the bottom step, and Bessie lay down on the step next to the top, where the baby's bed stood. She pushed the wagon back and forth a few times, explaining that the baby always had to have the cradle rocked before she would sleep. Then the whole family slept. It was only a moment that Norman was quiet. After that he opened first one eye and then the other, yawned mightily and sat up. "My goodness! It's morning!" he exclaimed. "Mother! Get up! It's time for breakfast."

Bessie sat up, and rubbed her eyes. "So it is!" she cried. "It must be 5 o'clock."

"It's time to dress the baby, isn't it?" asked Norman. Bessie nodded her head. "I'll do it now," she said. She lifted the doll from her bed, the doll's eyes opened wide, and for the first time Norman saw that they were a deep, pure blue. That was just the right color for eyes to be. The nightgown came off, and Norman had a fleeting glimpse of a plump, pink body before Bessie had slipped some dainty white clothes over the curly head.

Norman thought that nothing was ever so lovely as the doll when she was all dressed. She had tiny red shoes and socks, a white dress with red bows on the shoulders and a red sash. Bessie tied a mite of a red bow on the side of her head, and, as a finishing touch, she printed a sounding kiss on the doll's chubby face. Norman had stood watching in silence. Now he spoke.

"What are we going to have for breakfast, mother?" he asked.

"Eggs," replied Bessie, of course, and coffee and bread. But I have to make the beds before I make the breakfast. Papa, will you hold the baby and I'll make them now."

Would he hold the baby! Would he! He held out his arms in silence. He was too happy to speak. "You can take her for a little walk, and be careful not to let her fall, she might be killed," warned the little mother. She snuggled the baby under her chin for a moment, kissed her, and held her out to Norman.

The doll rested awkwardly in his unaccustomed arms. "She doesn't know me yet," he apologized to Bessie, as he walked down the path. He held the doll pressed tight against him. Somehow she didn't fit the way she did into Bessie's neck. He lifted her a trifle higher, so that the doll's cheek rested against his own. It wasn't warm and responsive as he had expected to find it—it was only cold and stiff. She didn't cuddle at all.

The tighter he held her the more uncomfortable it was. Something was wrong. He looked into the doll's eyes and smiled reassuringly, but there was no friendly glance in reply. Suddenly he wished that Bessie would come and take her. It was so much nicer to watch Bessie love the baby than to love her himself. He turned back to the house and walked very quickly, he who had strolled so slowly away a few minutes before. It seemed to him that he had gone a great distance. He stumbled up the steps. Bessie had just finished making up the cradle, and was looking down at him.

He held forth the doll very gently, but very decisively. "Take the baby, mother, and kiss her," he said. "Babies like it better to be with their mothers. And it looks nicer, too. I'll go to market and buy the breakfast, and you can stay and mind her." Bessie took the doll and brought it up to her breast. She belonged there, she curled up softly, and Bessie leaned over and kissed her again. Norman watched her with a feeling different from any he had ever had before. Dolls were beautiful and lovely—when little girls had them. But they weren't even nice when you had one yourself. He was growing up to be a man. "I'll go and get the breakfast," he repeated; "maybe mother will give me some cookies. I'll ask her."

Norman went down the steps and across the street to procure some breakfast for Bessie and the baby.—Dorothy Biddle.

## EARLY TRAINING OF SINGERS.

### Many of the "Golden Throats" Were Perfected by Nature.

As some of us know, Adelina Patti sang as a child. Her voice required little or no training. Its beauty and placement were God-given. All Patti's wise guardians did was to protect her against exposure of all kinds. Patti made her operatic debut at an age when it would be a crime to begin the vocal training of the average girl.

Nellie Melba is another whose golden throat was perfected by nature. When Melba left her Australian home for Paris, where she acquired some "frills," her voice was perfect, so no one, unless it be the unknown teacher in far-away Melbourne can honestly claim any credit for Melba's "vocal method."

Mme. Tetrazzini, who came rather late into her own was always a natural singer. It is reported that she studied tone production but five months. But Tetrazzini lived in the home of her sister Mme. Campanini, who is a singer, and hearing this sister practice for years supplied the clever listener with ideas which enabled her to curtail her own studies by several years.

### An Incomplete Landscape.

Mr. Kreezus, the multimillionaire, was entertaining a friend at his elegant country home. "I was born and brought up in this neighborhood," he said, "and when I was a boy I used to think what a fine thing it would be to have a house on this hill. It's the highest point of ground, you will notice, within a circuit of several miles, and the view from here is extensive."

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes, and when the time came that I could afford it I gratified my boyish ambition by buying the land round here and putting up this house."

"I have been in a great many places, and I have never seen a finer landscape than this."

"That's what I used to think, but I don't like it now as well as I did when I was a boy."

"What makes the difference?" "It isn't complete."  
"Not complete? Why, you own the landscape, don't you?"  
"That's the trouble. I own all of it but that eight-acre patch over there beyond the creek, about six miles away. The old curmudgeon that owns it won't sell it to me at any figure." And Mr. Kreezus sighed dully.

### "A Bad Speculation."

There are penitents and penitents. Some are sorry that they did wrong; others regret the unpleasant consequences of their evil deed. Governor Babour of Virginia once defended a man charged with stealing a pair of shoes. The man was convicted.

One day, years after, the governor was standing conversing with several lawyers in front of the court-house, when a man approached and said he wished to speak with him. They walked off together, and the man asked: "Squire, do you remember I once hired you to defend me?"

"Yes."

"Well, squire, the taking of them shoes was the worst job I ever did. I didn't keep 'em a week. They put me in jail; I gave you the only horse I had to defend me; my crop was lost 'cause I couldn't see to it; and then, squire, they gave me thirty-nine lashes at last. I tell you, squire, it was a bad speculation."

### The Ashes of Columbus.

Columbus died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and he was buried in the Franciscan Monastery of that city. In 1513 his remains were removed to the Monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville. Ten years later they were taken to Hispaniola, to the Cathedral of San Domingo, whence they were later transferred to Havana, Cuba. As a result of so many removals it is now next to impossible to say just where the great man's dust reposes, but probably they rest at Havana. If not there, then the whole matter is a mystery.

### A Live Town.

Some are inclined to call this a dead town, when for some time there has not been a night that something hasn't been going on worth mentioning. A moving-picture show every night, a revival at the Methodist church, with good music and gospel preaching, and a skating rink and lodges, and everything that human inclination for variety could wish, and then to think the town dead. If there is anything about the town that is dead you are it. You had better wake up some. Just think of a town this size with two bands like ours!—Mount Ayr (La.) Press.

### Style in Writing.

Many things go to make a great writer, says Conan Doyle. One is style. No man in the world has a natural style. To get style he must turn to the best writers and impregnate himself with them. Surely, Stevenson has helped many a lame dog into a "style." The young writer also needs never-ending patience. When I began to play a game of ping-pong with myself on one side of the net and editors on the other, and my manuscript as the ball, I needed as much patience and philosophy as any man upon this earth.

### Smugglers' Retreat for a Sanatorium.

Steep Holme, an old-time hangout of smugglers, may be the site for a big sanatorium. This island is about the size of a forty-acre field, rises two hundred feet out of the water, and its five forts make it the Gibraltar of the Bristol Channel. It is said, to be free from dust, and one of the most healthful spots in the world.

## AMONG THE HOUYHNHNMS.

### Roosevelt Also Does the Obvious in Hungary.

Luncheon over, the inspection of the Government farm began. I doubt whether anywhere west of here in Europe one could see such beautiful Arab thoroughbreds as the plume tailed, full eyed stallions which were led out, prancing, snorting and quivering, before Mr. Roosevelt in the sunny, sand floored court. The ex-President caressed the magnificent creatures and gave each its reward of sugar. Then he went through the stables. Each is a huge loose box, round the sides of which a hundred brood mares stood tethered, while foals frolicked in the open space in the middle on the sweet smelling straw.

In one stable by the side of a white half blood Arab mare stood a tiny filly born early this very morning. The fitting thing to do was obvious. The ex-President bestowed upon it the name "Roosevelt." The visit ended with a rounding up of the herds of stately white wide horned cattle and flocks of a large breed of sheep—London Daily Mail.

### Domesticating the Elephant.

It was long a disputed question whether the African elephant was amenable to domestication. Those who held the affirmative referred to the experience of the Carthaginians with these animals, and recalled the elephants that formed a part of Hannibal's army on his march toward Rome. At present elephants are being trained for domestic labor in the Congo, in the German African colonies, in Uganda and elsewhere. In the Congo especially it is reported that the training of elephants is rapidly developing into a recognized industry. A French society has recently been formed under the name of "Friends of the Elephant," the object of which is to prevent the destruction of those animals in Africa, and to encourage their domestication.

### The Great Eastern.

The dimensions of the one-time world-famous Great Eastern were as follows: Length, 692 feet; width, 83 feet; depth, 60 feet; tonnage, 24,000 tons; draught, when unloaded, 20 feet, when loaded, 30 feet. She had paddle-wheels 56 feet in diameter, and was also provided with a four-bladed screw propeller of 24 feet diameter. She had accommodations for 800 first-class, 2,000 second class, and 1,200 third class passengers, 4,000 in all. Her speed was about 18 miles an hour. The Great Eastern was finally broken up for old iron in the year 1889, after a checkered career of some thirty-one years.

### "Dew Ponds."

Among the most singular archeological remains found in Great Britain are the ancient "dew ponds," the construction of which is ascribed to people of the Neolithic age. The purpose of these ponds was to furnish drinking water for cattle. An exposed position, where springs were absent, was selected and a broad, hollowed surface was formed, and covered over with straw, or some other non-conducting material. Above was spread a thick layer of clay strewn with stones. During the night the cold surface of the clay caused an abundance of moisture to condense from the lower layers of the air. Some of these ancient dew ponds are still in working order.

### The Praetorian Guard.

The Praetorian Guard was a select body of troops instituted by the Emperor Augustus to protect his person, and consisted of ten cohorts, each of one thousand men, chosen from Italy. They had peculiar privileges, and when they had served sixteen years were retired on a pension of about \$500. Each member of the Guard had the rank of a captain in the regular army. Like the bodyguard of Louis the Fourteenth, they were all gentlemen, and formed gradually a great power, like the Janizaries at Constantinople, and frequently deposed or elevated the very Emperors themselves.

### Protection for Miners.

Workers in certain mines, as well as in glass and mirror factories, are subject to injurious effects from the inhalation of mercury vapors. An Italian savant, Signor Tarugi, believes that the property of aluminum to absorb mercuric vapors may be utilized for protection against this danger, and he has devised for the purpose a mask of aluminum wire to be worn over the face. His idea is that the air breathed will be freed from the injurious vapors through their absorption by the aluminum.

### Some War Losses.

Southern remittances to the North began to grow unsatisfactory some time before the election of 1860, and after that grew still more uncertain, stopping entirely the next year. When the war began there was due from the South to the merchants of the North \$300,000,000, all of which was practically a total loss, its payment being made a criminal offense. New York firms lost \$160,000,000 in this way; the dry-goods merchant, the clothiers, the boot and shoe dealers, and the jewellers being the heaviest losers.

### Temptations of Evil.

Laisure misused, an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think of—these are the main temptations of evil. Fill up that empty void, employ those vacant hours, occupy those listless hands, and evil will depart because it has no place to enter in, because it is conquered by good.—Dean Stanley.

### Rooms to Let Signs in Paris.

The Parisian householder who has more room than he requires does not simply put out a card printed in small type which will lure from across the street a weary man or woman who is in search of "unfurnished," but finds that here are only "furnished rooms" or the other way about. A white card on a Parisian dwelling means that furnished apartments are to let and all who run may read. A yellow card conveys to the passerby the knowledge that unfurnished lodgings are there available.—Boston Post.

### Lightning Kills Two at Ball Game.

John Hamilton, aged forty-five, and August Launtz, forty years old, were instantly killed by lightning, and John McNulty, aged sixty-five, was badly shocked while watching a game of base ball in Johnstown, Pa. Hamilton was unmarried, but Launtz leaves a wife and three children.

### Hailstones Damage Pine Grove Trees.

The worst hailstorm that was ever experienced in Pine Grove, Pa., prevailed Monday evening. Hailstones as large as shellbarks fell, fruit trees of all kinds and vegetables suffered, and the loss will be heavy. Window panes were broken.

### Two Buildings Destroyed.

A severe electrical storm visited the vicinity of Pottsville, Pa., and a number of buildings were struck and badly damaged. The Reformed church at Orwigsburg was struck and burned. A residence at Llewellyn was also burned as a result of being fired by the lightning.

### Hail Destroys Vegetation.

Three terrific storms, following each other, did incalculable damage in the suburbs of Baltimore, Md. The air, which had been heated, suddenly turned cold and a comparatively light rain increased in volume until it fell in torrents. With a surprising suddenness there was another change. The rain turned to hail and stones as big as walnuts came down with terrific force and in quantities. For half an hour these fell within a radius of ten miles, destroying vegetation, ruining orchards and putting out of commission nearly all of the telephone and telegraph wires. The property loss was heavy.

### Lightning Strikes Corpse.

Lightning struck the bier of Carsten Stemmermann, in his home at Stony Point, near Yonkers, N. Y., and blackened his corpse and set fire to the house, which was burned to the ground. His two nieces dragged the body from the burning building.

### Two Drowned Trying to Save Girl.

Mrs. Lottie Noah, her daughter and her sister, Jennie Ellis, were drowned in a creek near Bandera, Texas. The first named two were endeavoring to rescue the Ellis girl, who had gotten beyond her depth while bathing.

### Parachute Jumper Has Narrow Escape.

Fieretta Lorenz, a triple parachute performer, after accidentally cutting the wrong parachute rope, fell from a height of nearly 1000 feet at Asheville, N. C. Her parachute got caught in some electric wires, which saved her life.

### Utah Bank Is Robbed.

After binding and gagging S. I. Shafer, the cashier of the Commercial bank in Tooele, Utah, two mounted robbers fled to the hills with \$9000 of the bank's money. Several posses are in pursuit.

### Fire Sweeps Ohio Town.

The village of Lowellville, O., near Youngstown, was partly destroyed by fire, 400 persons being made homeless. The fire started in a saloon. The fire department of Youngstown sent help.

### Ear Bitten Off by Horse.

While talking with some friends at the market house in Pittsburg, Pa., Gustave De Grange, aged seven-teen, had his ear bitten off by a horse.

### Three Killed in Tornado.

Three persons were killed near Monroeville, Ala., by flying timbers from buildings blown from their foundations by a tornado which cut a path through the settlement.

## WOMAN MURDERED IN HOME

### Found Strangled to Death With Towels Around Her Throat.

Mrs. William W. Simmons, twenty-six years of age, of White Plains, N. Y., wife of an engineer on the Harlem railroad, was found strangled to death at her home here by a neighbor. Two towels were found tied about the dead woman's neck, both of which were double knotted at the back, showing that the murderer had meant to make no mistake.

The woman's husband at the time she met her death was on a trip. Two daughters of Mrs. Simmons, aged four and six years, slept in an adjoining room while the murderer strangled their mother.

### Bryan's Daughter Weds.

Grace Dexter Bryan, second daughter of William J. Bryan, was married to Richard Lewis Hargreaves, a wholesale grocer of Lincoln, Neb.

The wedding took place at Fairview and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Harry F. Huntington, who has officiated at the weddings of the other Bryan children.

Mr. Bryan met his daughter under an arch at the foot of the stairway and accompanied her to the altar. W. J. Bryan, Jr., of Tucson, Ariz., was best man; Miss Lilly Tyler, of Virginia, and Miss Helen Scwind, of Lincoln, were the bridesmaids, and the groom's sister, Mrs. W. S. Stein, was matron of honor.

### Mrs. Carrie Nation Is Dead.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, who gained celebrity by her use of a hatchet in the cause of prohibition, died in the Evergreen sanitarium in Leavenworth, Kan. She was admitted to the sanitarium Jan. 22, suffering from nervous breakdown.

Mrs. Nation in the sanitarium was incapable of managing her own business affairs. All trace of the bold prohibition worker had disappeared when her iron constitution began to fail, and she spent the last few months of her life in seclusion.

### Safe Blowers Wreck Village.

The village of French Creek, about twenty-two miles from Elkins, W. Va., with the exception of a few houses, is a mass of smouldering ruins, following the blowing up of the postoffice building by a charge of dynamite. The loss will exceed \$100,000.

There is no clue to the incendiaries and the burglars who blew open the postoffice safe. Posses are scouring the hills in search of them. The big safe was found in the ruins, with the door ajar, and \$600 in stamps and currency missing.

### Sued For Breach of Promise: Suicide.

Sued for breach of promise by a girl of his own age, fifteen-year-old Paul Hagon, of Coopersburg, drowned himself in the Lehigh canal at Bethlehem, Pa.

### Tafts to Celebrate Silver Wedding.

On June 19 President and Mrs. Taft will celebrate at the White House their silver wedding anniversary.

## GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR weak; winter clear, \$3.25@3.50; city mills, fancy, \$5.25@5.75.  
RYE FLOUR steady; per barrel, \$5.25.  
WHEAT quiet; No. 2 red, 89@90c.  
CORN quiet; No. 2 yellow, 63@63½c.  
OATS steady; No. 2 white, 43½@44c.; lower grades, 41½c.  
POULTRY: Live steady; hens, 15@16c.; old roosters, 10@11c. Dressed steady; choice fowls, 15c.; old roosters, 10c.  
BUTTER firm; extra creamery, 24½c. per lb.  
EGGS steady; selected, 20@22c.; nearby, 17½c.; western, 17½c.  
POTATOES steady; old, per bushel, 15@15½c.

### Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE steady; choice, \$6.25@6.40; prime, \$6@6.20.  
SHEEP lower; prime wethers, \$1.20@1.30; culls and common, \$1.50@2.50; spring lambs, \$5@7.75; veal calves, \$8.50@8.75.  
HOGS active; prime heavies, \$6.25@6.30; mediums, \$6.30@6.35; heavy Yorkers, \$6.35@6.40; light Yorkers, \$6.30@6.35; pigs, \$6.25@6.30; roughs, \$5@5.40.

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