

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 his 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 great 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 pigtail 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?"
"Let's go over on that porch. Nobody lives there, and we can have our house all to ourselves." Norman pointed to a new house across the street.

"You stay here and mind the baby," ordered Bessie, "and I'll go in and get her clothes. She's only got her nightgown on now, and she might get cold if we took her over that way. I couldn't bring her carriage with me, so I'll have to carry her."

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.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Edward F. Croker, New York's Fire Chief.



Edward F. Croker, chief of New York's fire fighters, whose recent condemnation of the methods of recruiting men for the department attracted wide attention, is a nephew of Richard Croker, former leader of Tammany hall. Chief Croker claims that recruits are selected for their mental rather than physical equipment, with the result that the force is deteriorating. This the commissioners deny and report that Croker subjects his men to unnecessary danger; that his system of fire fighting is antiquated.

As to the last charge it may be stated in refutation that the board of fire underwriters are warm supporters of Chief Croker. They have stood by him on more than one occasion when he has been attacked. They believe that as a fire fighter he is unsurpassed. Furthermore, they say that Croker is the inventor of the water curtain, a device which consists in the creation of a miniature Niagara between the fire and threatened buildings by throwing tremendous quantities of water into the air to fall again between the blazing structure and its neighbors; of the fire helmet, which permits firemen to enter the worst smoke filled places with immunity, and of the searchlight, which has been so useful in many of the worst night fires. One more contention they raised—Chief Croker has never been accused of asking a man under him to go where he would not go himself, and they recall that in many instances it was the chief himself who led rescue parties into perfect volcanoes of fire.

N. B. Broward, a Man of the People.

Former Governor Napoleon B. Broward of Florida, who wrested the toga from Senator Tallaferra in the recent state primary election, has had a varied and interesting career. Indeed, in many respects his early life parallels that of Abraham Lincoln. Both were born in poverty, and both achieved high honors in spite of the great difficulties to be overcome. In defeating Senator Tallaferra for the honor of representing Florida in the United States senate Mr. Broward won a great personal victory.

Born on a farm in Florida, the future senator had a hard row to hoe. He labored in logging camp, as a steam-



NAPOLÉON B. BROWARD.

boat roustabout, as a cook on a tug-boat and even tried his hand as a fisherman on the Newfoundland fishing banks. Finally he got to be owner and captain and gained not a little notoriety by operating the boat Three Friends in aid of the Cuban revolutionists.

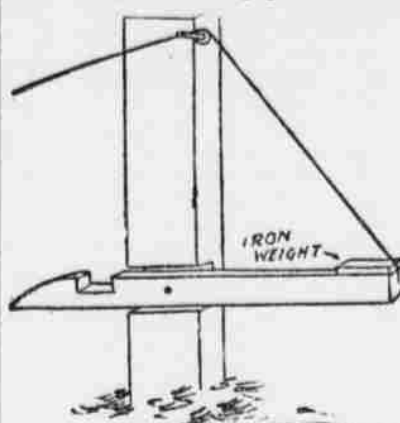
His first entry into politics was in 1887, when he became temporary sheriff of his native county by appointment. He was elected and re-elected until 1900, when he went to the state legislature. Four years later he was elected governor and next March, if nothing unforeseen happens, will take his seat in the United States senate.

LIVE STOCK

FASTENING BARN DOOR OPEN.

Easy to Make and Is One of the Little Farm Conveniences That Help.

Set a good solid post for the door to open out against. Make a wooden hook as shown in the cut with a sloping point eight inches out from the notch. This length is sufficient to make an easy level. A great many hooks are too short and they work hard. Fasten the hook to the side of the door with a heavy lag screw just high enough up to engage the bottom



Keeps Door Open.

of the door. Put a weight on the back end of the hook, just heavy enough to raise the catch. At the top of the post put a grooved pulley or an L-shaped lever cut from a piece of flat iron, with a hole in each end and a larger hole at the corner. Fasten it to the post as shown. Attach a wire to the weight and carry it over the pulley or attach it to the outer arm of the lever. Hitch another wire to the top end of the lever and carry it inside the barn behind the door. Put a ring in the door to pull it shut with and another ring in the end of the wire for a finger hole. The hook may then be released and the door pulled shut without walking around to the post. It is one of the little farm conveniences that help to save steps.

Care of Sheep Pastures.

Sheep are especially pastoral animals and close croppers. A typical pasture is a clean pasture with a dense growth of short grass, so closely covering the ground that they will not pull up the roots.

An old pasture is dangerous to the flock and too costly in this advanced age of agriculture. It is more or less infested with sheep's worst enemy, internal parasites.

A good dressing of air-slacked lime on an old pasture two weeks previous to the flock being turned out will give good results for the labor. Stagnant or pond water should be guarded against, as it is liable to be contaminated with larvae of the pestilent parasites. The flock should be supplied with pure water in troughs pumped from deep wells.

The Quick Hog.

In these days the American pig makes a speedy journey from farrowing bed to scalding tub, and the aim of the judicious feeder is to add constantly to the flesh acquired while suckling, bringing the hog up to 250 to 450 pounds as early and on as inexpensive feed as possible. The young animal will naturally put on weight more cheaply than an older one, and gains after ten months cost considerably more per pound than those made earlier. A pig which is being fattened should gain from one to two pounds a day and weigh, alive, 250 to 350 pounds when nine to 12 months old.—From Coburn's Swine in America.

Treating Injured Animal.

When an animal receives a cut of any kind the first thing to do is to wash the wound out with warm water to remove dirt and germs that might cause infection. Disinfect the wound with a solution of carbolic acid in 10 to 20 parts of water, and then bind up or grease the wound to keep out germs. An animal that is somewhat wild may have to be tied for the first two or three times, but most any animal will soon learn to know that you are working for its good and will like the treatment and become tame thereafter, especially where the wound must be dressed daily for several weeks.

Study Your Sheep.

The feed consumed by one cow will usually support five sheep, and, with good care, the returns from the sheep are able to advise concerning the best breeds for different pointers on the care of the animals. Experience, however, is the best teacher in this respect and before investing any large amount in sheep, it would be wise to obtain a few and study their habits carefully. Short legged animals are best for general purposes.

Shoeing Mules.

The hoof of the mule, being smaller and tougher than that of the average horse, does not need shoeing unless worked on hard roads a great deal. It is better not to have them shod if confined to work on the farm, unless used to haul heavy loads on frozen ground.

Sow rape for the hogs and when it has had sufficient growth turn the hogs on it.

An unprofitable farm hand is the fellow who is brutal with the stock.

An Old Story.

ACT I.
Modest hamlet, blacksmith shop. Painted on a canvas drop. Pretty Jane is talking with Honest Jack, the village smith.

ACT II.
Comes a well dressed city chap With some oily talk on tap. Cuts out Jack, the village jay. Jane decides to go away.

ACT III.
Paper snowstorm, railroad track; Pretty Jane is walking back. Cardboard engine makes a stir; Jack arrives and rescues her.

ACT IV.
Pretty Jane to altar led. She and honest Jack are wed. Out before the blacksmith shop. Painted on a canvas drop.

Easy.
The voter approached the politician with his usual humility. "What will we do with the new bathtub trust?" he asked. The politician presently looked up with his usual show of annoyance. "Eh! What? It'll come in handy to whitewash the other trusts in," he said. Double bowing the voter backed out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Double Turn.
The juggler does a turn so neat; But, after all is said, We realize a juggler's feat Depends upon his head.—New York Times.

But when he stands upon that head And feathery things doth do, Why, after all is done and said, The reverse would seem true.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So Careless of Him.
"Don't worry, my friend. There's nothing the matter with you but a slight indigestion."
"Great Scott, doc! The physician I sent for yesterday said I had appendicitis."
"That was very careless of him. He should have known you couldn't afford such an expensive disease."—Browning's Magazine.

Beats Any Sunrise.
The rooster's crow does very well As "music" now and then, But the thing that stands for something In the cockle of the hen. While the first may crow the sun up, We aren't likely to forget That a fresh egg served for breakfast Beats the finest sunrise yet.—Christian Science Monitor.

His Record.
Buyer—I'm afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog.
Dealer (with bull terrier)—Not a good watchdog! Why, bless your heart, it was only last week that this very animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat out his brains with his tail.—Harper's Bazaar.

His Dearie.
"Tis very nice To kiss her twice," Said Andrew Jackson Carter. "But, glory be, So sweet is she, Two times is just a starter!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

If No Substitute Be Found.
Mrs. Dorkins (calling from top of stairway)—John, have you looked all the rubber shoes in the safe?
Mr. Dorkins—Yes.
Mrs. Dorkins—Well, tie the dog near the rubber plant and turn out the lights.—Chicago Tribune.

Speaking of Horns.
Two horns will make more noise, of course. Than one will make, 'tis true; The auto makes more noise with one Than a cow can make with two.—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Performance.
Ethel—The man I marry must be a hero, one who can beard the lion in his den.
Percy—I see. Kind of combination circus man and barber.—"The Merry Thought."

The Brute!
They tell it that he's "a savin' brute!"—No penny can pass him by. He even says that a bathin' suit Comes too amazin' high.—Atlanta Constitution.

Counting the Cost.
"So you want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?"
"Y-es, s-i-r."
"Well, can you support a family?"
"H-how many are there of you, s-sir?"—St. Louis Star.

Paradox.
In this by hook or crook One can't escape a bull— You'll note a vacant look In persons that are full!—Cleveland Leader.

In the Vernacular.
"I understand that Binx got into financial difficulties owing to his desire for a more elegant home."
"Yes. He couldn't let swell enough alone."—Washington Star.

Cherchez la Femme.
When you see a beautiful lover Blushing crimson in the face Every time he takes his watch out "There's a woman in the case."—Harvard Lampoon.

A Bow or a Row.
Casey—Next time O! puss with a lady, Mulligan, ye'll take a yer hat. Mulligan—At' he suppos O! puss? Casey—Then, he hivius, ye'll take a yer coat!—Boston Transcript.

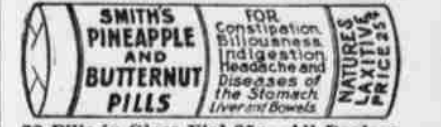
Which Nobody Can Deny.
"Oh, what a tangled web we weave When first we practice to deceive!" But, once experience we get, We do it pretty smooth, you bet!—Smart Set.

Better Description Wanted.
"She is a very progressive woman."
"Euchre or bridge?"—Detroit Free Press.

Are You Half Knocked Out?

Your head aches and your throat is a little dry. You have no appetite. Your eyes are hot, tongue furred, and you are about half knocked out. You know what the trouble is. You have been drinking and eating too much. You have felt this way before, but don't take a week to get over it this time. Just take one or two Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills. Take them now, and tonight when you retire take one or two more. Tomorrow you will feel better, and before the day is passed you will forget all about it. These wonderful little vegetable pills will quickly relieve congestion, drive the poison out of the blood and restore digestion. Just one day's use of these little vegetable pills will cure any threatened bilious attack. They are good for young or old, never gripe or weaken, nor leave behind any unpleasant after effects. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation Bilioussness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys
Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians; safe, effective. Results lasting. On the market 16 years. Have cured thousands. 10 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 10 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

For New Late Novelties

JEWELRY
SILVERWARE
WATCHES

SPENCER, The Jewels.

OFFICE OF THE HONESDALE CONSOLIDATED LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER COMPANY—SPECIAL NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The Board of Directors of this Company have called a special meeting of its stockholders to be held at the General office of the company, in the Borough of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, on the 14th day of July, 1910, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of voting for or against an increase of the indebtedness of said company.

M. B. ALLEN, Secretary.

Tooth Savers

We have the sort of tooth brushes that are made to thoroughly cleanse and save the teeth. They are the kind that clean teeth without leaving your mouth full of bristles. We recommend those costing 25 cents or more, as we can guarantee them and will replace free any that show defects of manufacture within three months.

O. T. CHAMBERS, PHARMACIST.

Opp. D. & H. Station HONESDALE, PA.



Time Card in Effect June 19th, 1910.

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