

# THE FAMILY STORY



## PEGGY, THE OFFICE BOY.

WHEN Peggy first made her appearance in the Disseminator office none of us paid any attention to her. Certainly none of us even dreamed that she was likely to prove a heroine.

Peggy was Jimmy's sister, and Jimmy—otherwise James McGovern—was one of the Disseminator office boys. On a certain spring afternoon, when I entered the city department of our justly celebrated journal, I found my accustomed chair occupied by a rosy-cheeked, wide-eyed, fluffy-haired young person, whose brief skirts at once proclaimed her sex and her extreme youth. The watchful Jimmy, seeing my perplexity, instantly darted forward, and half pushed, half lifted, the usurper from my rightful throne.

"It's my sister," he exclaimed (clearly somewhat ashamed of owning such a commodity). "You see mother's dead, an' father's at work all day, so Peggy her couldn't stay home all by her lonesome; and I thought—"

"You thought you might bring her here," I interrupted. "Well, she's a pretty little thing, and if you don't let her get in the way, I fancy the boys won't mind."

"I won't get in ve way," piped Peggy, with superb self-consciousness. An' then—an' then, I tan help Jimmy."

I laughed at the idea of a little 6-year-old maiden helping in the busy whirl of a newspaper city room, and gave Peggy an encouraging pat on the head, and a very modest coin of the realm for verbal transactions in cruddy. Thereforward Peggy adopted me as her especial friend and champion.

II.

It was a day or two later that, on entering the city room, I came upon a curious sight—no less a sight, indeed, than old Buchanan, the city editor, with Peggy on his knee. Now, if ever there was a surely human bear it was Buchanan; and it spoke volumes for Peggy that she had been able to tame him. Indeed I had feared that, when my chief discovered her daily presence in the office, he would instantly order her to decamp. Quite the contrary had occurred, and I was stricken with amazement, which did not decrease when Jimmy subsequently narrated to me the events leading up to Peggy's conquest.

Buchanan, it appears, had come growling into the room, as was his wont, and looking for someone upon whom to vent the spleen generated by a half-digested breakfast. He was a terrible man, was Buchanan, when his breakfast did not agree with him! But this morning the city editor was not expected for an hour to come, and so Jimmy and his sister had been indulging in a merry game of "tag." They were rushing wildly hither and thither; upsetting chairs and waste-paper baskets, and utterly unconscious of all else but their fun, when the burly form of Buchanan loomed up in the doorway. Bless you!—these happy nubes never even saw him; and for full fifteen minutes he stood on the threshold, looking on, and feeling his ill-temper ooze out, like Bob Acres' courage, at his finger tips.

Presently Peggy, in one of her frantic rushes from the pursuing Jimmy, ran plump into Buchanan's outstretched arms. Poor little thing!—she almost fainted with fright when she saw who her captor was (and for the matter of that Jimmy was quite as horrified); but the very first words Buchanan spoke reassured her. When I entered he was telling her about his own little girls—particularly about the one that was dead.

Peggy became quite a feature of the Disseminator's city department. She had a funny little piece of needle work which she called her "embroidy"—meaning embroidery, I suppose; and at this she stitched, or made believe to stitch, assiduously. But she had a quick eye and wit, had Peggy; and, little by little, she managed to pick up all the technicalities of the office—the manner of managing that wondrous being, the telephone—the mysteries of proof slips and the files appertaining thereto—and most of the accumulated lore of Disseminator office boys. One day I found her, perched on a table, gravely calling up "Theatral" on the 'phone, and asking with visible importance for "This 'hand-ed-an'-thirty-three." On another occasion I met her scribbling down from the composing room with a bundle of proofs in her chubby arms, while from the printers' benches, that usually dignified person, the foreman, watched over her during the process.

notable events occurred. One was the breaking of Jimmy McGovern's leg in a "coasting" accident, and the consequent loss of that invaluable youngster for office purposes. Thesecond—well, you shall hear about the second event as Buchanan is never tired of describing it.

We had all gone home for the night—or, rather, for the morning. The office was deserted and supposed to be closed—although events disclosed the fact that a careless janitor had been in the habit of leaving it carelessly open, while he sought refreshments around the corner.

Buchanan was in the very act of undressing himself to slumber when he heard his private telephone bell ringing furiously. Leaping out of bed, he seized the receiver, and gruffly demanded what anybody wanted with a Christian city editor at such an unearthly hour of the morning.

Great was his astonishment (he admits that he at first accused himself of dreaming) when there came across the wires a voice he knew—a piping childish voice—calling faintly:

"Misto' Boocan! Oh-h, Misto' Boocan! Zis is Peggy, Jimmy's sister."

"Good gracious!" cried Buchanan. "What do you want, child?"

"Wobbers is ve matter," was the answer, louder and more hopefully given. "Wobbers—burglars—'eves. Come quick, or ve wobbers 'll get away."

Buchanan was a man of quick thought and half-trigger resolve. There flashed across his mind the thought that in his desk at the office, ready for publication on the morrow, lay the proofs and papers in the great Bolton bribery and corruption case. He knew that Bolton, prince of swindlers, was

visited to Jimmy at the hospital, they had stopped to see the night watchman of the Disseminator office. This careless personage had coolly left little Peggy in charge while he "slipped across the street a minute" for refreshments, with his old crony, McGovern, senior.

They had hardly been absent five minutes when Peggy, half dozing, in a dark corner, heard stealthy steps, and saw two men enter the room. One of them she recognized as a discharged printer of the Disseminator—Healy by name. Not seeing Peggy in her corner, the two broke open Buchanan's desk, and, after a careful search, found and abstracted the Bolton documents. "And where did they go?" asked Buchanan.

"Peggy ran to ve window an' watched 'em. They crossed ve street, an' went into ve saloon across ve way."

"The same saloon that your father and the watchman entered?"

Peggy nodded her head.

Quickly Buchanan lifted the child on his shoulder, and ran down the stairs. On the threshold of the street door were McGovern senior and the recalcitrant watchman; but Buchanan had no time to abuse them then.

"Follow me, men," he shouted; and, still carrying Peggy and with the star-



"HELLO, THEATRAL!"

led pair at his heels he darted across the street and into the saloon—a night resort for printers—across the way.

The saloon was empty save for a group of three men at a table in a far corner. One of these men Buchanan recognized as Bolton the swindler; another was the discharged printer, Healy. Even as they entered a bundle of papers lay in the middle of the table, while Bolton was counting out some greenbacks.

Buchanan set down the child, and sprang like a cat does upon a mouse, at the documents.



THE CHILD COULD ONLY POINT TO THE DESK.

a desperate man, who would risk anything to secure those proofs. Clearly Peggy was telephoning from the local room of the Disseminator. How or why she came to do so, he did not stay to ask. In ten minutes he was on his bicycle and speeding through the silent streets.

When he reached the Disseminator office his fears gained ground from the fact that the private door leading to the editorial rooms was ajar. Rushing upstairs and throwing open the local room door, he was greeted with a glad cry, and Peggy—a disheveled, pale-faced Peggy, leaped into his arms.

At first the child could only point speechlessly to his desk in the corner, where the invaluable documents had lain. The desk was broken up, as though with an axe, and the Bolton proofs were gone!

Now that Buchanan knew the worst, his calmness returned. Carrying the child to the refrigerator in the corner, he made her drink a glass of water. Peggy revived instantly. Her voice returned; and she managed to tell him her story.

"Hold those men. They are thieves," he cried, seizing the papers and warding off a frantic blow from Bolton's sledge-hammer fist.

In the confusion Buchanan made good his escape, catching up the frightened Peggy as he went, and still clutching the Bolton papers. In the street he met a policeman, and dispatched him to the saloon, where the erring janitor was probably paying for his carelessness in a tussle with the Bolton gang.

In the office, while they waited for news from the "seat of war," the grim city editor found time to tell Peggy what he thought of her.

"You have done a great thing for the paper, Peggy," he said; "and we shan't forget it. By the way, we need an office boy badly, and I don't know anybody better fitted for the job than you."

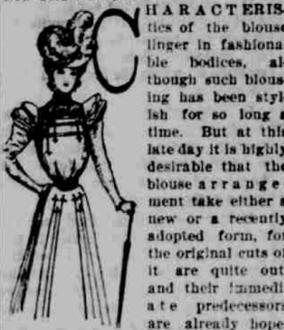
The great Bolton case as published in the Disseminator made a sensation; and when Jimmy McGovern got well and came back to work he found himself obliged to take a subordinate position as Peggy's assistant.—Chicago Ledger.

## WAISTS FOR SPRING.

BLOUSE EFFECT STILL HERE, BUT IN NEW FORMS

The Most Recent Fashionable Bodices—New and Inexpensive Materials for Summer Wear—Capes Are More Attractive Than Coats.

Fashionable Vernal Attire.



CHARACTERISTICS of the blouse linger in fashionable bodices, although such blousing has been stylish for so long a time. But at this late day it is highly desirable that the blouse arrangement take either a new or a recently adopted form, for the original cuts of it are quite out, and their immediate predecessors are already hopelessly common. Happily the entirely safe sorts are not a few, and among the newest of them an especially attractive one is in vogue. Its blousing is very slight, no more than results from gathering in at the round belt. The blouse portion of the bodice is cut low under the arms, and rises back and front, narrowing by gracefully graded points towards the top, which comes just where the top of the bib to a nice apron would come. The edges are finished with tastefully arranged braid, and the rest of the bodice is of silk in color contrasting with blouse, skirt and sleeves. Any blouse tends to give length and slenderness to the figure, and this design most happily suggests both. A few perpendicular lines

of braiding on the skirt complete the result.



PLANNED TO COVER A BLOUSE BODICE.

for yellows, particularly orange shades, is expressed in these waists, and the stylish but unbecoming blues are also employed, but should be discarded for something less trying unless you are sure that your complexion will stand it. Another wrinkle turned by the shift of styles in summer dressing is in the economical woman's favor. For years summer materials have been dainty and inexpensive, but there was never



FLUFFY WITHOUT SACRIFICE OF HEIGHT.

such a lot of adorable madras, barred muslin and lace effects as this season.

Madras is shown cross-banded with ribbon stripes that is so pretty that to see it is to make up your mind that you cannot get through the summer without one—five at least, so many and so charming are the effects of color. The ground may be any shade and the stripes any other, but linen color barred with cerise, green, pale blue or yellow is a delight. Madras is heavy enough so that there need be no lining. Dainty embroidered edges come in colors to match the material, and gowns are made in all sorts of quaint effects, with little old-fashioned draped collars and bands of ribbon to match the stripes.

For such gowns the blouse bodice prevails. It is made like the one pictured here, with only the under-arm seam, a draw ribbon being set in at the back. This ribbon is loose the rest of its length, and ties about the waist, drawing it into shape, all of which facilitates washing. Linen color madras brightly barred is so pretty that a waist of that material was chosen by the artist, the striping being pale blue. The collar was finished with a ruffle of linen embroidery, and next to this linen insertion, light blue ribbon banding fit and forming loops at the shoulders.

Even barred muslin in spick-and-span white is made up in this way and trimmed with Hamburg edge. Such a gown white and crisp from the tub offers a dainty contrast to the soft grace of a chiffon or silk muslin dress, and she is as wise as well as a lucky girl who includes both in her summer wardrobe.



NOVELTIES IN WAISTS FOR THE SUMMER GIRL.

Since blouse bodices hold their own in the summer and spring fashions, spring wraps have been conformed to the requirements of the dress to be beneath, and with very attractive results. The artist presents in her next sketch a very pretty coat model that fastened at one side, the whole front being cut in panel fashion and allowed to hang straight and loose outside the belt, which held down back and sides to a snug fit. Brown broadcloth was the material, brown braided silk galloons trimmed it, and brown satin lined it.

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One million three hundred thousand pounds' worth of pickles and sauces are exported from England to other countries yearly.

Not education, but character, is man's greatest need and man's greatest safe-guard.—Spencer.

## FOR RIGHT'S SAKE.

Truthfulness Exhibited by an Aged Man Chases a Robber Band.

One of the most convincing sermons ever known was preached by a man who, at that moment, had no thought of preaching. Very little was said, and that little was said in fear and trembling. The "sermon" was really more in deed than in word; but it struck home.

John Kant, a professor and doctor of divinity at Cracow, was an old man when he found an opportunity to revisit his native country of Silesia. It was a dangerous journey, and a great undertaking for one of his years.

His way lay through the gloomy forests of Poland. One evening, while seeking a place in which to spend the night, he was suddenly surrounded by armed men, some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the old man knew that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers.

Frightened and confused, he alighted from his horse and offered all his property to the gang. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, unclasped a gold chain from his neck, took the gold lace from his cap, drew a ring from his finger, and took from his pocket his book of prayer, which was clasped with silver. Not till all had been given up, and his horse had been led away, did Kant beg that his life might be spared.

"Have you given us all?" demanded the robber chief. "All," replied the old man, and with this assurance he was allowed to go on his way.

Glad to escape with his life, he hurried onward, but when well out of sight of the robbers his hand touched something hard in the hem of his robe. His heart gave a throb of joy. The hard substance was his gold, sewn into the lining of his dress for safety. In his fear and confusion he had forgotten it.

Now he would not be obliged to beg his way. Was it a providence?

He was in the act of giving thanks for his good fortune, when he remembered what he had said to the robber chief. He had told the man what was not true, and he must correct the error.

Comfort and safety were forgotten as the old man hurried back. Trembling with excitement and fear, he found himself again in the midst of the robber band.

"I have told you what was not true," he said, meekly. "Pardon me; it was unintentional. I was too terrified to think."

With this he held forth the glittering gold. He did not guess that his candor and humility were teaching those had men the most eloquent lesson of right conduct they had ever heard. It touched their hearts, and surprised them into something like shame, if not contrition.

To the old man's astonishment, nobody offered to take his gold. Presently one man went and brought him back his purse, another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse toward him and helped him to mount. They then unitedly entreated his blessing, and watched him slowly ride away. It was the triumph of good over evil.

John Kant was only a sincere and faithful follower of him to whom truth was native, and uprightness the very life of his heart.

## The Tarantula.

Grossness superstitious prevail to this day in some parts of the continent. In the neighborhood of Naples, the "dangerous bite of the tarantula" is not cured by medicine or surgery, but by totally alien functions. Absolute confidence is placed in the efficacy of lively motion, and the bitten person is made to dance, sometimes with the stimulus of a horse-whip, till he sinks to the ground from the sheer exhaustion. These methods are applied to patients possibly in the belief that the violent agitation of the blood caused by exercise counteracts the torpor produced by the bite of the tarantula. But this motive does not apply to another form of cure when the dancing is done by others. In some Neapolitan villages the sufferer is buried up to his neck in manure, and twenty-one female dancers are selected to surround him with their quick gyrations; seven are widows, seven wives, and seven maidens. When they drop off from lassitude, he is extricated from his position and thrown into a moderately heated oven. When he does not die from the bite or the treatment the charm is said to have worked.

## A Dawson City Deed.

The following is said to be a copy of a transfer deed filed at Dawson City in the office of the Yukon gold commissioner:

Dawson Dec 7 1897  
no all man by these presents that I William Thompson of this place do hereby present Sell Transfer and convey to John Smith, to be his heirs and assigns forever the following property: Namely a full one half interest of all my write and title in Claim no one hundred and six (106) above Discovery on Bonanza creek in the Yukon mining division for the consideration of \$10000.00 cash in hand in witness whereof I set my hand and seal, witness  
Patrick O'Byrne,  
William Thompson,  
Kate McRae.

## Short and to the Point.

The most laconic correspondence on record was passed between Victor Hugo and his publisher, Hugo wrote regarding the success of "Les Misérables": "7" The publisher's reply was equally brief: "7"

## In the Car.

She wished she stood within his shoes, because he had a seat; but since that was impossible, she stood upon his feet.

It is one of the disconcerting signs of age when a man begins dropping his head on his own front.