

# A DOG IN THE PROFESSION

By Lovett De Wolfe

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The call of fifteen minutes had been given long ago, and Jimmy must be tied up. The girl who was going to be an actress looked doubtfully about the small dressing room in quest of an immovable piece of furniture. Jimmy had an impetuous disposition which had not yet adapted itself to the limitations of the stage, and the girl felt that therein existed a bond of sympathy between them. She had received her name of the "girl who was going to be an actress" from the leading man. It was somewhat surprising, coming from him, for the title was flattering and sounded clever, and the leading man, being a decided genius, was emphatically the reverse of clever.

The girl finally concluded that the water faucet was the only thing in the room to which she could safely attach the dog's chain, and she picked Jimmy up in her arms to explain the matter to him. She was invariably courteous in her dealings with animals and the prompter, though at times offhand with others.

"I'm afraid you won't like it, Jimmy, dear," she said. "You never do like being tied, for some reason or other, and the worst of it is that if you jump and pull, as you generally do, you will turn on the water, and that will worry you, because you won't understand it. In many ways, Jimmy, you are a very human dog, you see." She put him down gently and fastened the chain to his collar, while he licked her hand.

"But I shan't be gone long, Jimmy, dear. This is a short act, and you can enjoy yourself thinking of how glad you'll be when I come back."

The girl fastened the other end of the chain to the faucet, and as she did so came the call of "Orchestra!" Glancing at herself in the glass, she laughed. "I worship you, Jimmy, but I can't conscientiously say that you're a help when one's making up."

Jimmy stared up at her in wrapt adoration as she gave her chin a saucy touch with the powder puff. This accomplished, she stooped and kissed him on the nose. Then she hurried out of the dressing room, forgetting with proper artistic negligence to pull the door to.

The leading man was surveying the house through an eyehole in the curtain. By and by he came over to her. The leading man was Jimmy's owner, and when he remembered it the responsibility weighed on him.

"Jimmy all right?" he said in his most imposing Mark Antony style. She looked up at him. She was ready for the rising of the curtain and was sitting in the approved ingenue fashion on a footstool in front of an electric light fire.

"Quite safe," she answered, "since he is tied to the water faucet. But he is probably in a state of active rebellion by this time, having been alone fully five minutes."

The leading man nodded like Hamlet at the skull, "Jimmy's a social being." Then the orchestra began the curtain raiser, and he slipped into the wings. His entrance was not until later. The girl began to think of her first lines, for she opened the act. She also opened the next and was always afraid she would begin the play at the second.

As the girl was standing on the plain deal side of a purling fountain during the second scene, listening for her cue, the villain came up to her. She knew the cue would be given in a moment and therefore did not wish to engage in conversation, so she smiled at him vaguely and not encouragingly. But it was no use, because he was not a polished villain, but a villain of the deep dye. "I'll tell you a joke," he whispered. "Jimmy's loose!" The girl listened for her cue no more.

"What?" The villain nodded. "Be funny, won't it, if he follows Penfold on at his next entrance? It's that tragic one of his."

The villain laughed a wicked laugh, twirled his black mustachios and stalked away, his own entrance being from the other side.

The girl looked around. There was no one near to search for Jimmy or get word to the leading man. The latter was on the stage, happily unconscious of the impending canine anticlimax. Suddenly she realized that her cue was being given. She pulled herself together mentally and went on.

During the scene her mind worked double. The only person she had to act with was the villain, and she knew it was useless to appeal to him. Her one hope lay in finding Jimmy during a five minutes' exit she had later, when she would reappear in hat and coat. Her scene with the villain never seemed so long, and she made her exit with a more exuberant sense of relief than even on the opening night, when every scene finished was bliss unspeakable.

She came off on the left and rushed over to the leading man's dressing room, which was on the stage, but on the right side. The door was ajar, and the girl whistled. Then she called, "Jimmy, Jimmy, darling," she murmured beguilingly, but there followed no impetuous rush of little paws, so she knew he was not there. She ran back across the stage, searching anxiously for the dog, and then upstairs to her own dressing room. She snatched up the hat and cape which she was to wear, and as she put the hat on and ran the hatpin through her hair continued to look about for Jim-

my. No, he was not there, but the chair was. The girl clenched her teeth angrily. Some one had unfastened him. She ran down again and stopped at her entrance door, and while she listened to see how far off her cue was she looked for the basket which she was to carry on. Yes, there was the basket, and her cue was easily three minutes away. The leading man had not yet begun his famous business of walking up the stage in silence, flinging open the center doors and holding that position for the applause which always followed his picturesque callistic effort. After this he would deliver a sentimental speech preparatory to the girl's entrance.

She ran across behind the stage again. Jimmy might have wandered into the property room, Props being a particular friend of his. The property room, however, held nothing more interesting than Props himself, who was smoking a peaceful pipe, with his feet elevated against the sign, "No Smoking Here." Props had a sardonic sense of humor and no respect for the manager of the house, who had had the sign placed there.

On her way back the girl stopped for a last despairing little whistle at the leading man's door and as she did so noticed that all was still on the stage. The leading man must be—yes, just at that moment the doors were flung open, and she could see him standing before the opening, his shoulders heaving with the agitation of high class melodramatic emotion. The girl caught her breath in alarm. As the applause came she started to cross behind the "road drop," which backed the open doors. She would just have time to reach her entrance, but as she turned she saw that another admirer of the leading man had seen him and that the grand catastrophe was at hand, for Jimmy was trotting from the other direction straight toward the actor and the sentimental speech was just beginning!

The girl was back across the stage behind the "road drop" in a flash. The leading man was pathetically declaiming that life was not worth living and that he would seek death in a foreign clime by the very next steamer. Jimmy was already coming down the little passage formed by the drop and the back of the set before the big doors were reached. She knew she could not call, for to do so effectively she would be obliged to pitch her voice above the actor's.

There was but one way, and if she missed the dog!

She made a step into the passage and, setting down the basket, threw herself as quietly as possible at full length on the ground. She had not missed. She clutched Jimmy as his nose was within four inches of the door.

And the next moment she realized what she had entirely forgotten—that the speech was the last before her entrance and that her cue was near.

With Jimmy locked in tightest amorous embrace she picked herself up and got round to her entrance. Although she did not express her hopes in language, she had a conviction that Providence had selected some one to drop from the clouds and take Jimmy, now that she had so gloriously captured him. She slipped her basket on her arm and looked round wildly and as she did so observed that every one was on the stage but herself. Surely, surely some stray scene shifter would—And then she heard her cue being given.

The girl who was going to be an actress lifted the lid of her basket, thrust Jimmy in and walked on.

The leading man saw her liberate Jimmy after the act, and so he had to tell him the story. He was furious with wrath of elaborate eloquence.

Next night he came to her again when she was sitting on her stool before the electric light fire and made the solemn announcement:

"I've given Jimmy away."

The girl had loved Jimmy, but perhaps it was for the best. "Poor little Jimmy!" she said softly. "I'm afraid a dog is out of place in the profession."

"Perhaps because there are so many of them there already," said the leading man, his eyes shooting lightning in the direction of the villain. And the girl nodded.

The curtain raiser was beginning. The leading man slipped into the wings, and the girl who was going to be an actress began to think of her opening lines.

**Staggering the Lecturer.**  
In a certain village schoolroom last winter a lecturer from a neighboring town was holding forth on matters astronomical.

His audience was inclined to be skeptical, and there was quite a flutter when the lecturer spoke of the distance between the earth and the moon.

"That feller's a fule," whispered the village wisecracker to his next door neighbor, "and Aw'll prove it when 'e's done spouting!"

Accordingly, when the lecture came to an end, the old villager rose to his feet and declared his intention of "axing a question."

"Very well, fire away!" smiled the lecturer.

"Wot Aw wants to know is, how far is it frae here to N.?' mentioning the name of another little village at some distance.

"Really," gasped the lecturer, "I couldn't tell you. I've never been to N."

"Just soa!" hooe the triumphant retort. "Then hooe many toimes has it been to the moon?"—London Tit-Bits.

## SAILOR AND HORSE.

How the Retired Sea Captain Made a Purchase.

In "Horses Nine" Sewell Ford tells how a retired sea captain bought a horse. The story runs: As one who inspects an unfamiliar object Captain Bean looked dazedly at Barnacles. At the same time Barnacles inspected the captain. With head lowered to knee level, with ears cocked forward, nostrils sniffing and under lip twitching almost as if he meant to laugh, Barnacles eyed his prospective owner.

Captain Bean squirmed under the gaze of Barnacles' big, calm eye for a moment, and then shifted his position.

"What in time does he want any way, Jed?" demanded the captain.

"Wants to get acquainted, that's all, cap'n. Mighty knowin' hoss, he is. Now, some hosses don't take notice of anything. They're just naturally dumb. Then ag'in you'll find hosses that seem to know every blamed word you say. Them's the kind of hosses that's wuth havin'."

"S'pose he knows all the ropes, Jed?"

"I should say he did, cap'n. If there's anything that hoss ain't done in his day, I don't know what 'is. Near's I can find out he's tried every kind of work, in or out of traces, that you could think of."

"Must be some old by your tell," suggested the captain. "Sure his timbers are all sound?"

"Dunno 'bout his timbers, cap'n, but as far wind an' limb you won't find a sounder hoss of his age in this county. Course I'm not sellin' him for a four-year-old."

Again Captain Bean tried to look critically at the white horse, but once more he met that calm, curious gaze, and the attempt was hardly a success. However, the captain squinted solemnly over Barnacles' withers and remarked:

"Yes, he has got some good lines, as you say, though you wouldn't hardly call him clipper built. Not much sheer for'ard an' a little too much aft, eh?"

At this criticism Jed snorted mirthfully.

"Oh, I s'pose he's all right," quickly added the captain. "Fact is I ain't never paid much attention to hosses, bein' on the water so much. You're sure he'll mind his helm, Jed?"

"Oh, he'll go where you p'int him."

"Won't drag anchor, will he?"

"Stand all day if you'll let him."

"Well, Jed, I'm ready to sign articles, I guess."

**ORIGIN OF OLD SAYINGS.**  
The Honeymoon.—For thirty days after a wedding the ancient Teutons had a custom of drinking a mead made of honey.

The Bridegroom.—In primitive times the newly wedded man had to wait upon his bride and the guests on his wedding day. He was their groom.

Sirloin of Beef.—King Charles I, being greatly pleased with a roast loin of beef set before him, declared it "good enough to be knighted." It has ever since been called Sir Loin.

A Spinster.—Women were prohibited from marrying in olden times until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings on the spinning wheel; hence, till married, they were spinsters.

Cabal.—This word was coined in Charles II's reign and applied to his cabinet council. It was made out of the initials of their names, which were: Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale.

Scandinavian Carving.  
From earliest times carving has received great attention in Scandinavia. One sees evidence of this in many Swedish churches, both in wood and stone, dating back many centuries. In Stockholm are many to be found, now safely cared for in a well known museum.

Some of these northern churches, notably those of Borgund and Hiltedal, are quite covered with such quaint ornamentation. Beyond such public expression of painstaking labor one may see in almost any comfortably furnished house wooden forks, spoons, salt boxes and platters, but still more attracting attention are huge wooden tankards, and these will often bear close study both in design and in execution.

**Red Flannel Currency.**  
A Scotch missionary to a group of small islands in the south Pacific a great many years ago found bits of red flannel circulating as money. This currency came to them in a curious manner. The body of a shipwrecked sailor had drifted ashore, and to the untutored savages, who had never before seen clothing of any kind, his red flannel shirt was an object of wonder and admiration. By common consent they cut the garment into small pieces, which thenceforth became the currency of the island.

**Small Bits of Gold.**  
Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,600,000 parts and a cubic inch into \$523,869,529 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

**The Fun of It.**  
A young man writes to me: "Is it proper to kiss a young lady to whom you are engaged if she says you mustn't?"

"No, sir. It is decidedly improper. That's half the fun of it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Quite Opposite.**  
Student—What is pessimism?  
Philosopher—The faith of cowards.  
"Then what is optimism?"  
"The faith of fools."—New York Weekly.

# THOUSANDS OF FAIR WOMEN HERALD PRAISES FOR PE-RU-NA.

[Catarrhal Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration Makes Invalids of More Women Than All Other Diseases Combined.]



Systemic catarrh causes nervousness, poor appetite, tired feelings, Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

**LETTERS FROM WOMEN.**  
Miss Anna Prescott's Letter.

Miss Anna Prescott, in a letter from 216 South Seventh street, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"I was completely used up last fall, my appetite had failed and I felt weak and tired all the time. My druggist advised me to try Peruna and the relief I experienced after taking one bottle was truly wonderful."

"I continued its use for five weeks, and am glad to say that my complete restoration to health was a happy surprise to myself as well as to my friends."—Anna Prescott.

**Don't Play Hymns at Sea.**  
Any woman who takes a sea voyage should be careful not to play or sing hymns aboard ship except at the regular Sunday morning service. Sailors think singing hymns at any other time is bound to bring bad luck. It is as bad, they say, as having a parson aboard, which is reckoned a sure sign that the ship will go to "Davy Jones' locker."

**Envelopes in the Eighteenth Century.**  
Envelopes are supposed to be quite modern, but in the Birch manuscripts in the British museum, No. 4433-105, there is a letter from Martin Tricwail to Sir Hans Sloane, dated Stockholm, April 24, 1755, inclosed in an ordinary envelope, which is opened out and mounted at the end of the letter.—Notes and Queries.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

**Dysentery Cured Without the aid of a Doctor.**  
"I am just up from a hard spell of the flux" (dysentery) says Mr. T. A. Pinner, a well known merchant of Drummond, Tenn. "I used one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and was cured without having a doctor. I consider it the best cholera medicine in the world." There is no need of employing a doctor when this remedy is used, for no doctor can prescribe a better medicine for bowel complaint in any form either for children or adults. It never fails and is pleasant to take. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**A Wretched Millionaire.**  
The story is told of the owner of several railroads who was unable to buy relief from the nervous and agonizing pain of neuralgia. It was an unlikely tale. The sick man must have known that Perry Davis' Painkiller would help him at once, as it has helped so many thousands of sufferers in the past sixty years. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

**In the Interest of Humanity.**  
Chris Miller of Fremont, Neb., writes, "I have suffered from dyspepsia for more than 10 years. I was under the care of a number of doctors, made three trips away, and still no relief. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure being recommended to me by several who had used it, and as the last straw I concluded to try it. After the first two or three doses I began to improve and have taken seven bottles and feel like a new man. I write you this in the interest of humanity, hoping it may fall into the hands of some sufferer, and my prayer is that they may secure the same benefit that I have." Sold by Kiesau Drug Co.

**When the Chimney** is choked with soot, the fire languishes and goes out. When the bronchial tubes are clogged with phlegm, the flame of life flickers. Intelligent treatment with Allen's Lung Balm brings up the phlegm, allays inflammation, stops the cough and pain in the chest and, in a word, overcomes those terrible colds which if neglected soon become consumption.

**Not Over-Wise.**  
There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grasshopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man

who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against bowel complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one. This remedy is everywhere recognized as the most prompt and reliable medicine in use for these diseases. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Boy Cured of Colic After Physician's Treatment had Failed.**  
My boy when four years old was taken with colic and cramps in his stomach. I sent for the doctor and he injected morphine, but the child kept getting worse. I then gave him half a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and in half an hour he was sleeping and soon recovered.—F. L. Wilkins, Shell Lake, Wis. Mr. Wilkins is book-keeper for the Shell Lake Lumber Co. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Man-e-vine Tablets.** The nerve tonic for men and women. Build up the system and make you feel bright and cheerful. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Mrs. Mollie Allen**, of South Fork, Ky., says she has prevented attacks of cholera morbus by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when she felt an attack coming on. Such attacks are usually caused by indigestion and these tablets are just what is needed to cleanse the stomach and ward off the approaching attack. Attacks of bilious colic may be prevented in the same way. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**There's Many a Slip** on the wet ground at this time of year, and many a sore spot in consequence. No amount of caution will guarantee you against accident. That

is why we keep Perry Davis' Painkiller on hand to relieve the ache of bruised flesh, and sore, throbbing muscle. It has given relief to two generations. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

When you want a physio that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Peruna Makes You Feel Like a New Person.**  
Miss Marie Coats, a popular young woman of Appleton, Wis., and President of the Appleton Young Ladies' Club, writes:

"When that languid, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, and small annoyances irritate you, Peruna will make you feel like another person inside of a week."

"I have now used it for three seasons, and find it very valuable and efficacious."—Miss Marie Coats.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

**LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES** one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, itching feet. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Ginsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**IF I COULD GET RID** of this abominable cold," exclaimed the sufferer, when the end of a spasm of coughing gave him a chance to talk. The way out of trouble is plain. Take Allen's Lung Balm before the merciless grip of the cold has fastened upon your throat and lungs. After a few doses the cough is easier and less frequent, and a complete cure is but the question of a little time.

How are your kidneys? It is dangerous to delay when the kidneys are sick. Kidney-tics are the most wonderful cure for all kidney and back-ache complaints. Try them. 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

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The Many Adventures of  
**FOXY GRANDPA**

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.

The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny?"

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

**EDWARD MARSHALL.**  
To Grandfathers Who Are And To Those Who Are To Be,  
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