

THEIR PHYSICIAN

By ROY RICHARDSON

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"Now, then, young man," yawned Uncle Bill as he got slowly out of his easy chair and surveyed his oldest nephew, who had begun to show marked signs of unrest over his occupation of building block churches, "what shall we do to put in the rest of this rainy Sunday afternoon?"

"Let's play pingpong," Bobby suggested.

"You're not big enough yet. Guess again, or I'll pingpong you."

"Let's tell stories," ventured Bobby.

"All right, old sport. You begin."

"We'll," drawled the youngster in the singsong of rote, climbing into Uncle Bill's lap, "once on a time, w'y, they wasn't an'ny little boys 'n' little girls, 'n' pretty soon they was Cain 'n' Abel. 'N' they didn't have an'ny sisters or brothers or nothin' 'cept just a papa 'n' mamma, now no Uncle Bills or nothin'. 'N' their papa 'n' mamma were cross one time 'n' told their little



"UNCLE BILL, WHAT MAKES YOUR EYES SO BIG 'N' SHINY?"

boys to go 'n' play, 'n' Cain he played too rough, 'n' he killed his little brother with a jawbone of a jackass!"

"No!" ejaculated Uncle Bill in horror. "Did he now, really?"

"Yes, sir. 'N' that's all of that story. Now you tell one, Uncle Bill."

"Well," began Uncle Bill, "once there was a lazy old uncle, and he had a nephew whom he loved very much."

"I know somebody else you love," remarked Bobby, wriggling. "Don't you, Uncle Bill?"

"Oh, lots of people," the young man agreed boldly. "Whom in particular, Bobby?"

"Miss Josephine," said Bobby in accents of firm conviction.

Uncle Bill shifted uneasily, but gave his nephew a hug.

"What made you think so?" he asked, with a studied air of indifference.

Bobby was silent, but his little mind busied itself wondering what caused Uncle Bill's chest to rise so high when he breathed the long breath he had just taken. It was intoxicating to feel oneself lifted up and let down exactly like being on a seesaw.

"Do it again, Uncle Bill!" he cried. "It's lot of fun."

Uncle Bill did not seem to hear. He was looking wistfully out of the window, and Bobby looked, too, but saw nothing.

"Do you love her, Bobby?" Uncle Bill inquired presently, smoothing the child's yellow hair. "Bobby, do you love Miss Josephine?"

"Yes," Bobby answered.

"Why? What makes you—do you know?"

"W'y, Uncle Bill, the other day I fell 'n' hurt my knee, 'n' she—w'y, she kissed me 'n' made my knee all well."

"H'm!" muttered Uncle Bill. "Should think it might."

"Uncle Bill," asked Bobby, "did Miss Josephine ever kiss you?"

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," was the quick reply, and a soft cheek was drawn close to a rougher one.

"I won't," Bobby agreed. "But did she, Uncle Bill?"

"Yes, little boy, she did."

"Well, but didn't it make you all well?"

"No."

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yes."

"Where—in your knee?"

"No."

"In your stomach?"

"There or thereabout."

"Did it hurt much?"

"I say, Bobby," exclaimed Uncle Bill, with more or less feeling, "let you and me talk of something else. You are a very little boy, and you ask questions that are painful, I don't—"

"Does it hurt you yet?" queried Bob by, thinking of stomachs.

"Yes. Now, Bobby, if I—"

"Why don't you go 'n' see Miss Josephine? She'll try again. Maybe w'y, she'll have better luck."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Oh, because. What a lot of questions you can ask and how little you know, Bobby!"

"I know the 'twos' in multiplication table anyway—so now, Miss Josephine taught me yesterday. See? I wrote 'em all down."

Bobby put a chubby hand inside his small jacket, where was a pocket, and proudly drew forth an assortment of documents.

"There it is," he announced after a careful search, spreading paper on Uncle Bill's knee. "It's the 'twos,'" he remarked, indicating a tipsy column of hieroglyphics, the only legible character in which was the letter X. "That means 'times.'"

"A very interesting exhibit," observed Uncle Bill. "What is that letter you have with the—the bunch, Bobby? No, not the picture card, the letter—the one in the blue envelope. Let me see it. What don't boys have in their pockets? Why, bless me, it's for me!"

"W'y, w'y, Uncle Bill," stammered Bobby in a sudden spasm, "w'y, I forgot! Miss Josephine gave me that for you. She said to bring it right straight to you. 1—1—forgot, Uncle Bill. W'y-w'y, Uncle Bill, what makes your eyes so big 'n' shiny? Oh, Uncle Bill! Don't—don't hug me so! You're hurtin' me awful!"

"Am I, old man?" Uncle Bill said in a queer voice. "Tell me, Bobby, when Miss Josephine kissed you, how did you feel?"

"All nice," answered Bobby, with self-satisfaction.

Uncle Bill hugged his nephew again.

"Did that hug hurt you, Bobby?" he asked.

"Some," the child replied.

"Then you get an umbrella, Bobby, just as quickly as you can, and I'll take you on my back, and we'll run over and see if Miss Josephine can make us feel all nice again, as you call it."

"Are you going, too, Uncle Bill?"

"Yes."

"Right now?"

"The sooner the better."

"Yes," said childish philosophy sazly, "when you hurt anywhere, it's best to get it cured right away."

FORT BLUNDER.

How It Was That Uncle Sam Built It on British Soil.

Curious indeed is an American fort which was built on British soil. How many can guess what fort it is and where located? The name is Fort Montgomery, and the location is on an island near the foot of Lake Champlain, about half a mile northeast of Rouse's Point, N. Y.

A short time ago, when traveling in that part of the country, I saw this fort and asked the name of it. "Why, that is Fort Blunder," said my informant. "Did you never hear of it?" I confessed ignorance, and he explained matters.

It seems that after the war of 1812 the government of the United States became convinced that the entrance to Lake Champlain should be guarded by a fort strong enough to engage any British fleet which might attempt to force an entrance to the lake, and so Fort Montgomery was constructed at a cost of nearly \$500,000. It was an immense fortification for those days and was arranged for three tiers of guns.

Just about the time it was completed the joint surveyors fixing the line between the United States and Canada came along and, after doing a good bit of figuring, announced that Fort Montgomery was on Canadian soil. The northern boundary of New York state was the forty-fifth parallel, and this fort was several hundred yards over the line. Work on the fort came to an immediate standstill, and the matter was made the subject of a special treaty.

It was decided that in view of the fact that the United States had not intentionally encroached on Canadian soil the forty-fifth parallel should be bent a little out of its course at this point so as to include the fort. That is why the fort is called "Fort Blunder." It was never armed and has never been occupied by more than one or two men.—New York Herald.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

De tiredest people in the world is dem dat takes de most ease—"Son."

The only safe investments are education and health.—Daniel Everett.

The thing I did not pay for I found most expensive.—The World's People!

You may be sure the devil will bump himself if you don't.—Those Delightful Americans!

There is no such certainty of knowledge on all subjects as one holds at eighteen and eighty.—Captain Macklin.

There are greater virtues than thrift. It is better to die penniless than to have been too much of a savor.—The Unspeakeable Scot.

"Let me get over this difficulty somehow," says youth, "that I may play the game of life well." And our hair is turning gray before we learn that the difficulty is the game.—The Way of Escape.

The knights of the world no longer fight in armor, but in every street of every city there are still men "sans peur et sans reproche," who not only live for love, but who are ready to die for love's sweet sake.—The Loom of Life.

An Even Score
"What is your objection to him, papa?"

"Why, the fellow can't make enough money to support you."

"But neither can you."

Advice to the Widow.
"Have you got the plans for your new house completed yet?" some one asked him.

"Not quite," he replied. "There is a difference of opinion between my wife and me as to the interior arrangements. She says the pantry is too large and that there are too many closets."

Without another word the medal for the biggest lie of the evening was awarded to him.—Chicago Tribune.

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

Every Noise Has Its Corresponding Note on the Musical Scale.

In very high or mountainous regions sounds become diminished in loudness so that a conversation cannot be carried on in an ordinary tone of voice. In mines or in a diving bell the reverse of this is the case. Speech becomes so startling that it must be carried on in whispers to be at all endurable to the ear. Sounds of all kinds become musical if the vibrations of air are uniform and rapid enough.

It is said that the puffs of an engine would make a tremendous organ peal of music if they could be made to attain the rapidity of fifty or sixty a second. Everything in nature has its keynote, as it were, and attuned to one particular musical sound. This fact can be very easily verified in everyday life. Stand near an open piano and speak in an ordinary tone. While speaking you will suddenly hear a string within reverberate to your voice. The tick of a watch, the sound of every human voice, the bark of a dog, the mew of a cat, the noise of a wagon, the roll of thunder, the fall of rain, the running of water—in fact, everything about us can easily be placed by an attentive ear on its proper musical note, one of the sounds of the scale. This is a most interesting experiment and easily verified.

It is said that the ear can distinguish eleven octaves of sound; but, as a rule, those made by quick, short vibrations are more easily conveyed. For instance, the whirr of a locust makes a more distinct impression than the sighing of the wind through the trees. A whirlwind in its approach is noiseless. It is only when it strikes some obstacle that the volume of sound becomes terrific to us. Then we receive the secondary shorter waves from the destruction of this obstacle. Tyn dall says all friction is rhythmic. Flames are notoriously sensitive to sound. They will bend and flicker and even respond with a leap of quivering light to a high, shrill sound. This is another interesting experiment. If we use a glass tube with a small jet of gas, by lowering or raising it to certain points we can cause it to shriek out shrilly or to answer sympathetically to its own keynote when sung or spoken by the voice.

If we could only hear the roll of the vast oceans in harmony all around us in our everyday life, we could say with truth, indeed, what the poet imagined: "There's not the smallest orb which beholdest but in its orbit like an angel sings, still quiring to the young eyed cherubim."—Baltimore American.

The Shepherd and His Flock.

A certain good bishop was in Italy for his health, and while walking in the country one day he met a small girl who was tending some pigs. The animals were giving her a great deal of trouble, and the good bishop offered to stay and watch the ones that were grunting and rooting in a ditch while the little shepherdess went to catch two runaways that had strayed from the fold. When she came back, the reverend gentleman stroked the unkept curly head of the child and asked her how much she earned by her hard work and was told that she received 4 soldi a day.

"Do you know," said he, "that I, too, am a shepherd? But I earn much more than you."

"Ah, yes," answered the little peasant, "but, no doubt, you tend many more pigs than I do."

Character Building.

Character is the wool of honor from which a coat of mail can be woven that the swiftest arrow of shame or the keenest knife of disgrace cannot pierce. Every thought that enters our mind, every act we do and every word we utter adds a link to the golden chain of character. The strength of a steam engine can be estimated to within an ounce of its limit, but it is impossible to estimate the force of a noble character. The hardest hearts are softened and the most repulsive dispositions become fascinating. Our failures and our successes help to form a reputation that may be destroyed by an external force, but the destruction of a character can only be effected by some internal force.—Our Boys' Magazine.

Her Reason.

Dr. Porter had responded to a note left at his door by a farmer asking him to go as soon as possible to see his little boy, who had "a very bad cold."

The doctor took one look at the child and turned to the mother.

"Don't you know your boy is coming down with measles?" he asked severely.

"Yes, doctor, I knew he was," said the woman.

"Then what in the world did you mean by writing me he had 'a very bad cold?'" asked the doctor.

The woman hesitated for a moment; then, looking at her husband, she said, with sullen frankness, "Neither him nor me knew how to spell measles."

A Mad Ophelia.

Patience—Why, she gave the best representation of Ophelia I ever saw.

Patrice—Indeed!

"Yes. You know Ophelia is supposed to be mad?"

"Yes."

"Well, there was a party in one of the boxes, and they talked loud enough to be heard all over the theater, and she was the maddest Ophelia I ever saw in my life!"—Yonkers Statesman.

His Source of Information.

Bucklotz—You don't mean to say this is the first you've heard of it?

Subbins—Yes.

Bucklotz—Why, it's the talk of the neighborhood.

Subbins—Yes, but my wife is away on a visit.

He Was Moved.

"Did the notes of a bird ever move you?" asked the poetic girl.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I used to call on a young lady, and every time the cuckoo announced the hour of 10 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.

Mean.

Tess—Jack proposed last night and I accepted him.

Jess—Did you dear? By the way, don't attempt to cut glass with that diamond, as I did, or you'll make another nick in the stone.

Furnished a Dinner.

The monkey lost his hold and fell into the crocodile's waiting jaws. Even then his wits did not desert him. "I just dropped in for dinner," he said, with an engaging smile.—Yale Record.

The Marks of Genius.

"He has the stamp of genius on his brow."

"Yes. Also the gloss of genius on his coat."—Chicago Record-Herald.