

REFORMED

By MRS. F. M. HOWARD

"Grandma, come to my shoes."
"O'mas, please button my dress."
The old lady hurried to comply with the latter request to the disregard of the first command.

"Up to your own shoes, dearie, that's a good boy," she said, coaxing to the heavy-eyed, fretful-looking boy in the nursery.

"I shan't," he retorted sulkily. "I'll tell ma on you if you don't mind me."

"But my shoes ache so, sonny," she remonstrated. "It hurts me to get down. Come now, be good to Grandma."

"I don't care. What you here for if 'tain't no use," he said with incipient brutality.

"The Lord knows, sonny, what I'm here for. Seems like, there ain't no room in the world for my poor, old bones."

"You nobby bad to make Grandma cry," cried little Rosie, striking at him with her little, fat hand. "Rosie loves Grandma, Rosie does," pursued the little comforter, hugging her small arm around the wrinkled neck. "Rosie dete big sho' have a big, splendid shoe, an' Grandma shall live in 'em, 'till we pull 'em off, won't you, Grandma?"

"I hope so, darlin'." The old lady brushed away a hot tear, for she was not so hardened to abuse that she had gotten beyond the sting of it, and a kind word touched her even more keenly than the harsh ones.

Mrs. Pringle was a second wife. The gentle mother of these children lay sleeping in her grave. She had died when Rosie was born, and the grandmother had brought her up through the perils of infancy in addition to her other cares. Martin Pringle had married again, after a decent interval, a much more showy and stylish woman than his first wife had been. In strict justice to her, it must be confessed that she was a tolerably kind mother to the children; but the

old lady had dropped from her position of house-mother to that of house-keeper under her rule, so naturally that the transition was hardly noticed. "Fred Pringle, how often have I told you not to come to the table until your shoes were properly laced!" The son and heir had come with his shoe laces dragging behind him. "Grandma wouldn't let 'em for me. Mean old thing!"

"Your mother is getting crosser every day of her life," Mrs. Pringle turned to her husband with a reproachful air, as if he was very much to blame for being the son of such a reprehensible mother.

"Gramma's back, hurt'd so she couldn't 'loop down," said little Rosie, on defensive.

"First we know she'll be laid up on our hands with inflammatory rheumatism," Mrs. Pringle took a new tale of alarm. "I tell you, Martin Pringle, there's going to be a change in this family and before long too. I am not going to be tied down to the care of a sick old woman, I can tell you that."

"Well, well, I'm in a hurry and haven't time to talk about it now," Mr. Pringle belted his food and mumbled his reply crossly.

Six weeks from that day there was a poor, decrepit bundle of humanity deposited in a corner of one of the great depots of Chicago.

Her eyes were heavy and bleared with many tears, and they seemed half closed, and she seemed half dead, and stunned by the noise and bustle about her. A faded old waitress stood at her feet, and she weakly drew a seat cake from a tin on the table, and gave it to her, and she ate it with her toothless gums.

"Here, grandmother, have some of my lunch," said a pleasant-looking young man coming from another seat and sitting down beside her. "My daughter has put up so much for me I never can eat it alone. I'm sure she had been watching the poor old lady for a half hour past, with a heart overflowing with pity for her evident loneliness."

"Thank you kindly," replied the old lady, taking a tender sandwich and a soft toothsome piece of cake from her friendly helper.

"Are you going far, grandmother?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, ma'am, away off to Boston."

"To Boston? Sure, you ain't going there alone at your age?"

"Yes, all alone." The aged lip quivered like a child's.

"Going to visit your friends, I suppose, with friendly curiosity."

"No!" the old lady shook her head mournfully. "I don't expect to find anybody there that I know. I'm sure—my son reckoned that as I came from there, I had a claim to be took care of by that county, an' so I'm a-point to go to the poor-house, but he broke down there, and with muffled

feet, he hid her poor old face in the corner of her shawl.

The lady laid her hand gently on the bowed head, but he heart swelled with pity and indignation. There, there, mother, don't cry," she said tenderly, "and this son of yours, is he so very poor he cannot take care of you himself?"

"Oh, no!" the bowed head lifted a little. "he's right well to do, but you see he's married, and he's got to get on his feet, an' I'm too old to work, an' I ain't stylish an' nice like Miss Pringle would like me to be. I expect company for over Christmas, a dreadful stylish lady from New York, an' they sorter felt ashamed of me, I reckon, an' he'des, Sary wanted my room for her company, so here I am."

"She tried to smile through her tears. "It puffy hair broke my heart, an' she put my hair back to his trim, but it puffy hair's some times, they was all I had."

If she had looked into the face of her companion she would have seen flashing eyes and lips, compressed with inward emotion; but she was too much absorbed in her grief to notice anything of the kind.

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Why He Was Jolly.

Bidder met Kidder, and Kidder was just bubbling with good humor.

"What are you feeling so uncommonly jolly over?" asked Bidder.

"Why, my best girl went and got married yesterday," said Kidder, glancing at Bidder on the back.

"How, to my regret, about the last thing for a chap to feel jolly over," said Bidder.

"What?" said Kidder. "It was me she went and got married to."

And so the cigars were on Bidder.—Browning's Magazine.

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Little Margaret's grandmother had written for a photograph of her name, and she had to look on those who are supposed to serve as their legitimate prey.

Not What She Wanted.

Lawyer—Yes, my dear young lady, you have a perfect case. If you wish, I can secure you a divorce without publicity in six months.

Young Lady—But, my dear sir, you don't understand at all. I am an actress.

Can Not Escape Thoughts.

Man is a thinking being, whether he will or no; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way.—Sir William Temple.

You must love your work and not be always looking for the money. You want your play to begin.—George Eliot.

FEET OUT.

She Had Curious Habits.

When a person has to keep the feet out from under cover during the cold, cold nights in winter because of the heat and prickly sensation, it is time that coffee, which causes the trouble, be left off.

There is no end to the nervous conditions that coffee will produce. It shows in one way or another, in one way or another. In this case the lady lived in S. Dak. She says: "I have had to lie awake half the night with my feet and limbs out of the bed on the coldest nights, and felt afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold. I had been troubled for years with cramps and twitches of the lower limb, and for most of the time I have been unable to go to church or to lectures because of that awful feeling that must keep me on the move."

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PLEASED TO BE ECONOMICAL.

James Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, was discussing in Washington the aid which his department gives the American farmer. He pointed out the benefit that had been derived from the introduction of durum wheat, of the wheat-testing machine, and of the method of extracting pasta from granule.

"In fact," said Mr. Wilson, smiling, "I believe that eventually our finest products will be cheap enough to be with the rest of the world. The story of the boy and the hobcave grapes will be as dead and antiquated as the theater had stories of the past."

"You have a good boy," entered a grocer's store one day, and pointing to some super grapes, said, "What's the price of them there, mister?"

"One dollar a pound, my lad," the clerk replied.

"A look of anguish passed over the boy's face, and he said, hastily: 'Then give us a cent's worth of carrots. I'm dead nuts on fruit.'"

Sure to Have One.

Lincoln Stephens, in an address on municipal politics, said in Chicago of a certain city: "That city is as notorious for its rottenness as the town of Peblee in London for another. That city will give you an idea of the reputation of Peblee."

"On a train one day a man rushed into my car, he took my hand for attention, and shouted excitedly: 'Anybody here who belongs to Peblee?'"

"'Yes,' I said, 'I do,' said a small, cry'd fellow calmly.

"'Then,' said the other, 'lend us yer corkscrew.'"

She Experimented.

A little girl of five was taken to church on Sunday, and listened with unexpected attention to the sermon, which graphically told the story of the stilling of the waves in the bay of Galilee, and how Christ walked on the waves. In the afternoon her mother missed her and began an anxious search for her. At the nearest of the bathroom she heard sounds of splashing, and hurried to the door to behold a small, excited face peering over the top of the big white tub, and to hear a small, excited voice exclaim: "Say, mamma, this walking on the water is quite a trick."

Time to Fly.

The trust machine leaped up from the banquet table and made a dive for its 100-mile-an-hour automobile.

"Hold on!" cried the astonished toastmaster. "Won't you wait for us to serve the coffee?"

"No," replied the nervous machine; "I just saw a suspicious face loom up at the window. The next thing served will be arsenic."

And telling his chauffeur to put on full speed the wealthy fugitive headed on to the next state.

Pointed Conversation.

"Jack! I am going away."

"Going away, Midge?"

"Yes, going away. But before I go I have something to say to you."

"Something to say to me, little wife?"

"Yes, something to say to you. You don't see any poker stories in lieu of the weekly remittance. That'll be about all."

Evil of Tipping System.

Although the tip is a system of trade to be kept secret in hotels and restaurants in New York, it is quite evident they are on a rapid increase. The manager of a large restaurant will depend almost entirely upon patrons for their pay lowers their moral standard and causes them to look on those who are supposed to serve as their legitimate prey.

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