

in all those years when she was growing "moldy." The other was Jane the housemaid. Jane had been there only six years, and Susan told her every day that if she didn't quit "disremembering" every thing that she was told she would certainly "get her walkin' papers."

Perhaps the threat had been repeated too often and had lost its effect. At any rate, Jane went on "disrememberin'" with the calmness of perfect confidence in her safety and left doors open and forgot to lock gates and was altogether a trial to the methodical Susan.

Years after this the old woman had been alone. She had a great, fine house, but she lived in a little corner of it. She had no friends, or, if she had, she never saw them. In all Susan's recollection of her she had never done anybody a kindness. The servants had orders never to feed a tramp, and as for giving money to beggars, why, dear me, such a thing was never dreamed of.

But it was Jane that ended it. Jane had gone out to the coalhouse and came in with a scuttle of coal, and perhaps it is needless to state, knowing what we do of her, that she left every door open on her way up stairs. As she set the scuttle down in the corner she heard the well known command:

"Shut the doors as you come back, Jane."

And she gave the stereotyped reply: "Yes, Mis' Arnam, I ten to it." She went back, shutting all the doors, but it was too late then. The mischief was done. Something had whisked into the room before you could think, and before the echo of Jane's footsteps had died out of the room there was the roughest, funniest grey kitten running up Mrs. Arnam's dress and scrambling into her lap. Once there, it looked her in the eyes, stretched out its soft little paws and mewed in the most wheedling, caressing manner known to kittenhood.

The old woman did not throw the kitten down, or push it down, or shoot it outside the door. She started to do all three, but instead she just sat there, looking at the little ball of grey while it closed and unclosed its paws on her folded hands.

"Well, what do you want?" she said presently. The sound of her own voice startled her. It had been so long since she heard it except in giving orders to the servants.

There never was such a kitten. The moment she spoke to it, up it went, hand over hand, over the bosom of the black dress, and before the old woman could move a finger it was rubbing its pink nose on her very chin. Not only that, but it mounted upon her shoulder and purred in her ear and smoothed and smoothed its silky side against her cheek and actually clawed at her hair and tumbled down into her lap and ran back to her shoulders again as though it were the world.

Something stirred in the stern, silent, grim old woman. The touch of a living creature against that withered face went deeper than the face. She raised a hand and stroked the kitten and spoke to it gently.

Such a frolic as that kitten had! How it caught her hand and pretended to bite her fingers with its ridiculous little teeth and to scratch them with all its claws at once! How it campered about, playing hide and seek with its tail! How it swarmed up the curtain and the table covers and looked at itself in the glass and rolled itself up in the Persian rug and enjoyed every minute of the time!

In short, if ever there was a kitten that just simply took possession of a room and made itself thoroughly at home there, this was that kitten.

When Jane went up stairs to announce the next meal, as was her custom, she returned to the kitchen almost tottering and with distended eyes.

"I blesbe Mis' Arnam done gone crazy!" she cried. "She suttin' up dere wif a kitten in her lap, an she say for you to fetch her dinner up to 'er an a sasser of milk for de kitten!"

"G'way from here, niggah!" cried Susan, and she hurried to her mistress room to disprove Jane's story. She returned with slower footsteps and a frightened face. Mrs. Arnam had said to her:

"Yes, I want my dinner here, Susan until the kitten gets used to the house. I have never had a kitten before. I don't know why I have never thought of it."

"Dey's somefin wrong wif Mis' Liza-beth," said Susan when she had gained the sacred precincts of the kitchen and Jane and assured her that she 'sho'ly did look pale. Long as I been stayin here, she aint never et in her room yit, and now she gwine ter eat dere on account ob a measly little cat."

On the second day a queer thing happened. The kitten had performed what it considered a great feat, and Mrs. Arnam laughed. The sound of the laugh frightened her, and it sent the kitten skurrying under the bed. It came out presently and growled at her as a gentle intimation not to try that any more, and that made her laugh again. Jane, sweeping in the next room, heard it, and left her work unfinished to tell Susan, but Susan scornfully warned her not to come "telling her no such trash."

were bounds beyond which Susan's credulity could not go.

Of course Jane left the doors open again before a week was out. She declared that she "shet ebbery one ob em." But she must have left them open, for how else did the kitten get out? At any rate, before anyone knew it, the kitten had gone and was not to be found anywhere about the house.

When mistress and servants had searched everywhere in vain, Mrs. Arnam shut herself up in her room again and sat down beside the fire. The little creature that had distracted her thoughts for a few days and had made her forget herself was gone, and once more she was a lonely woman—more lonely and miserable than she had been before. She sat there looking at gloomy scenes in the glowing coals until she could endure it no longer, and then she arose and walked about the room and finally threw up a window to get rid of the choking pain in her throat. And when she leaned out into the cold air, what do you think she saw? Just below her, seated on the doorstep, was a ragged little boy, with her kitten in his arms.

In a moment she was down stairs and had the door open and had frightened the child so that he could do nothing but stand and stare at her.

"What are you doing with my kitten little boy?" she demanded grimly.

"Tain't your kitten! It's mine!" he replied, clasping it closer.

"How did it come to be yours, I should like to know?" asked the angry old woman.

"It was born mine," was the simple explanation, and then the woman's heart sunk. She never once thought that the kitten might be somebody's property before it came to her, and now, behold, she had no right to it from the first.

She was about to go in and shut the door, but she paused to ask coldly: "What were you doing on my doorstep?"

"We was a-warmin ourselves," said the child, and this reminded him of his own discomfort, so that he began to shiver and to shirk together.

Truly, it was a bitter day. Even in that sunny nook the cold was intense. The child was blue with it. She had not noticed that before.

"Come in and warm at my fire—you and the kitten," she said.

Now what had come over her? What magic spell had been working on that hard old heart? She sat in the armchair, watching the child thaw and grow rosy and in the great warmth, as he sat on the hassock before the fire. There was no sound in the room but soft crackling of the burning coal and the gentle purring of the kitten, and after awhile the child began to nod. Over come with drowsiness, he slipped down to the rug at last and stretched himself out there, and when the kitten crept into his arms he murmured:

"It always sleeps wid me—to keep me warm."

After awhile the old woman arose softly and covered both the sleepers with blankets and slipped a pillow under the child's head. Poor little tossed curls. How pretty they would be if the were brushed! The withered hand touched them softly. When had that hand ever been laid on a child's head before? And then, as though ashamed of such weakness, she sat down again and resolutely looked into the fire. What was this child more than any other? There were hundreds of such children in the street—born thieves, every one of them, ready to repay kindness by stealing anything they could lay their hands on.

But it was use. She couldn't keep from looking at the child, and so she did seem pleasant to hear his soft breathing in that room, that had been silent so long. And after she had watched and listened awhile she went out into another room and opened a drawer that had been shut I don't know how many years and took out—a child's cloak—a long, warm cloak, that would surely cover that little figure in the other room: from head to foot.

She looked at the cloak a long time, and once she rolled it up and put it back again, but then she took it out in a hurry and went and sat down, with it on a chair beside her. Ah, surely, that was a genial fire. That icy old heart of hers was thawing before it, as the snow thaws on the southern slopes in spring.

And in a little while she made another journey to the long shut drawers and brought out piles and piles of clothes—good ones, too, that might have been for the child by the fire—and shoes, too, wrapped in oiled skin, as though they were made of gold, and the jauntiest little hat you ever saw. And then, awhile later, she touched her bell and summoned Jane, and disregarding Jane's amazed stare, said:

"Give this child a warm bath, Jane, and put these clothes on him, and then bring him here."

The little fellow was pretty in his new clothes despite the thin face that had been blue with cold that morning. And what pretty curls those were, just as she had thought they would be!

The kitten took him for a perfect stranger and went under a chair and growled at him. How he laughed at that—a thin little laugh that brought the tears to her eyes. Oh, it was wonderful how those eyes of hers were improving! And yet she did not

say a word to him except to ask him where he lived. And then she told him to take care of the boy and the kitten until she came back, and she wrapped herself up and went out.

She was gone a long time. When she came back, her eyes were bright and moist and looked almost like a pair of new eyes. She sat down and took the child and took the kitten and the kitten both in her lap.

"Little man," she said. "I've been to see your uncle and aunt. They've had sickness and haven't been able to take care of their own children. And so I'm going to send them all, the whole family, out to a great big farm of mine, where they'll get well and make a living, and you are going to stay with me and be my little boy."

The child contemplated her with serious eyes. After awhile he asked doubtfully:

"An the kitten too?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," cried the old woman, "the kitten too."

They had supper there together afterward, all three of them, and such a hungry boy as that was, and what a pleasure it was to see him eat! Why, this rich old woman shut up in her own gloomy thoughts, had never dreamed there could be a child as hungry as that in all the world!

And, afterward, when the little fellow insisted on wearing his new shoes to bed, Jane and Susan had to be called to see that, and they made a regular holiday of it, I don't know how many years it had been since those old walls had echoed to such laughter. When Susan saw that grin, austere old woman actually persuading the child to let the shoes lie in a chair where he could touch them, and she saw her put the kitten into his arms, she remarked to Jane in an awestruck whisper:

"Hit do 'pear to me like de me-lenium mus' be jes' roun d corner."

And that wasn't the end of it! No, indeed! Why, the very next day a certain minister, whose work lay among the poor and destitute, received a summons to call on an old woman who had refused to see him when he called at the door once before. And when he went, there she was with a small boy and a kitten, and there was a radiance in her face that did not come from the fire light as she said:

"I have just found out what poverty is. You see a great deal of it, I am told. Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving. I have not observed it for many years, but all that is changed. I want you to take this money and see how far it will go in giving all the poor you know a little supply of fuel and a good Thanksgiving dinner. And will you come back to me when that is gone? I want the dinner to be a good one, indeed, a regular, generous, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner."

Oh, it was a great time in that old woman's life; but that was not all, for she began to talk over plans for a home for homeless children, and while she talked the child was leaning against her knee and she fondled his thin little hair.

After the architect was gone she still sat there musing. Late as it was, she said to herself, she might still atone for her idle, selfish, lonely life.

And that was not all yet, for when Jane came to the door and said, with a broad grin spreading all over her face, "Somebody to see you, Mis' Arnam," she did not hear until the somebody came in and stood beside her and asked:

"Mother, can you forgive me yet?" She must have been dreaming of him, for she looked at him as though he were part of the dream—this handsome man, with a mouth as firm as her own—but in a moment she had awakened and was in his arms, crying out to him while the tears rained down her cheeks.

Oh, Dick, my little boy, my own little lad, don't ask forgiveness of me! I need it so much more!"

And there was Susan's face in the doorway, illuminated with a radiant grin; for had she not known where Mas' Dick was this long time? And had she not gone to him that very morning and told him?

"Mas Dick, now's yo' time to make frien's wif yo' ma, for she sho'ly is like anoder 'oman!"

And there was the little boy in Dick's arms before you could think, and friends with him from the very first minute, and there was the kitten running up the table cover and tumbling down again and making a perfect whirligig of itself in that mad pursuit after its own tail, and altogether there never was such a happy time.

Susan began that very evening making preparations for the most delightful Thanksgiving dinner that ever was eaten, and while she worked she chuckled with delight with the credit to herself because she had brought Mas' Dick home in the very nick of time.

But then, there was the little boy who had melted the hard old heart ready for Dick's coming and there was the kitten which had brought the little boy and there was Jane who had left the doors open for the kitten, and so—

But what does it matter how the Thanksgiving got into the house, so that it came?

Wonderful elaborate open air fetes, often the scene of some mammoth or court de theatre celebrating scenes in connection with venery, were frequent occurrences. Thus Louis XIV more than once held stag hunts at night, and for that purpose the great forest of Chantilly was illuminated with torches, and the hunted stag was forced to pass through avenues lined by several thousand men holding brightly flaring flambeaux in their hands. Several of the princesses of his court were daring riders, and from the letters of one of these royal ladies, a duchess of Orleans, we learn that twelve years she was present at the death of over a thousand stag. Her descriptions of the sport are most enthusiastic. "I have had 26 falls, but have hurt myself only once," she says in one of her letters.—"Sports in the Seventeenth Century," by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, in Century.

TIME'S CREASES.

The Origin and Progress of the Wrinkles on the Face.

We all become interested sooner or later in the subject of wrinkles. They are the "irreparable outrage" of Rancine, but although they are so universal few have endeavored to explain their origin and progress. Wrinkles are produced in the first instance by the frequent repetition of some muscular contraction or by sickness. They are not merely superficial, but appear when the epidermis is removed, and are found not only in the face, but all over the body. They do not run in any regular direction, and no law has been found including all their directions. It has been said that the life history of a man can be written from his wrinkles, but physiology hardly agrees in this instance, for it has still to be proved that a general's wrinkles differ from those of a physician's, or a laborer's from a lawyer's. A man does not always or even generally carry about a faithful autobiography in his face. Although no part of the body is free from them they visit chiefly the face, particularly round the eyes and lips. They run in all directions—horizontal, vertical and oblique, straight, curved and crossed. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered brings them on prematurely, but they are in every case normal at 40 or even earlier.

Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or worry themselves. This can readily be imagined. The eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought. Grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, produces a fold in the skin, marking emotion undergone many times. Between these and the straight lines on the forehead, already mentioned, come the arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the root of the nose. These often tell of long and painful mental torture. They arise from a cruel physical suffering or of still more great development of the vertical wrinkles and the resistance of the skin above.

The crow's feet mark the passing of the fortieth year and are characterized by furrows which diverge from the external angles of the eyes in all directions, like the claws of a bird, from which they are named. The wrinkles of the nose, which descend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth, are, perhaps, the first to appear. These furrows are created in laughing and mastication. A simple smile is sufficient to produce them, so it is not surprising that the repetition of the commonest acts should soon be graven on the face. They are also hereditary. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The small wrinkles which form a network in the lower parts of the cheeks near the ears have the same origin and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief or worry.—New York Ledger.

KNOW THEIR POWERS. The Eternal Womanly in the Rough Girls of New York. In the girls of the rougher tenement house districts the eternal womanly wears such a disguise of the eternal gamin that it cannot always be recognized. Their pertness and sauciness are only sharpened by their precocity and their tomboy habits of street Arabia. A reporter recently had occasion to visit lower Washington street to ascertain the facts regarding the murder of a boy down there. He was obtaining his information from the boys of the neighborhood, who might have been playmates of the dead youth. A circle of them, together with three or four girls of 15 or 16 years, was gathered around him.

A big, hulking youth about 20 years old arrogated to himself the place of spokesman. He was evidently the tyrant, the bully of the street, a young "Bill the Brute," who had not yet acquired a wife to beat and was consequently an object of great interest to these misses, whose skirts had not yet grown down to their ankles. With his big, harsh voice he silenced every interruption of his tale, saying:

"Shut up there! I'm tellin this yarn." Of course this adjuration, which forms a part of the ordinary courtesy of the neighborhood, did not quiet the girls. They chaffed him and the reporter and giggled until at last the speaker said to the reporter:

"Don't mind them. They're no 'count. They're nothin but girls."

"Of course he'll mind us, smarty," instantly retorted one of the girls. "We's the makin' of ladies."

It was the eternal womanly of street Arabia.—New York Tribune.

Du Maurier Herodes. When Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was first presented to Du Maurier, who was, in point of fact, rather an under-sized man, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad that you are not six feet tall!"

"But why?" asked Du Maurier.

"Because for these many months," replied Mrs. Burnett, who is considerably below medium height, "you have simply denied us the right to live. You have made us feel that a woman who is not six feet tall has not the right to exist."

"Oh, that is only a trick of mine!" laughed Du Maurier. "I have strained again and again to make my heroine a little woman, but before I know it she has somehow grown way beyond my own recognition."—American Queen.

He Had Failed. "My friend," solemnly remarked the man in black, "you don't know how hard it is to lose your wife."

"Hard?" he echoed. "My dear sir, it is simply impossible."—Chicago Times-Sunday, by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, in Century.

JUST A WORD!

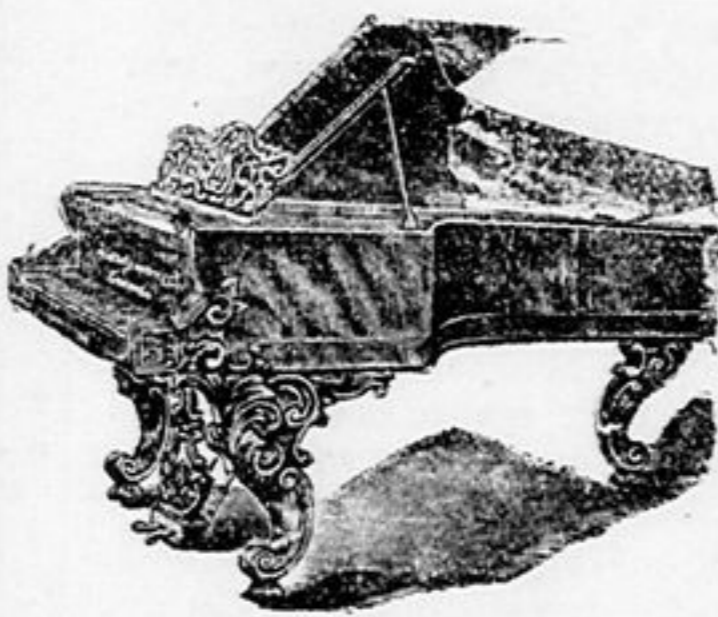
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Pianos and Organs, manufactured by the Dominion Organ and Piano Company, Bowmanville, are still having a wide sale. A few weeks ago two very important sales were made which are worth recording, although the instruments were placed 3000 miles apart. They had the special honor of placing one of their Cabinet Grand Pianos in the Crystal Palace at London, Eng., and another beautiful Cabinet Grand in Italian walnut was sold by their agent, Mr. Fleming of Markham, to Mr. George Parker, ex-reeve of Pickering township. This alone is sufficient, if it were necessary, to convince the musical public how highly these instruments are appreciated at home and abroad, and speaks volumes for the energy displayed in the management of this company.

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