A PRETTY J. J. COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

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CHAPTER I. The gas was turned up to its full height and flared noisily in the front marior of a lodging house in the suburbs of London. Just underneath it, so that the bright light illumined the varying shade of her auburn hair, sat a girl, with the advertisement sheet of the Daily Mail laid upon the table before her. One finger passed rapidly

flown the columns. "I wish I were a cook, Neville, Here are cooks required of every size and shape, no limit to either age or sex apparently. I could get a dozen situations tomorrow if I could roast joint properly, and I could earn a fortune if I could do made dishes."

The brother that Janetta Howard addressed was a good-looking lad about 19 years old, with dark appealing eyes, and closely-cropped curly hair. The face was spoiled by the purposeless, weak mouth and the characterless chin. He reclined in an easy chair, and was smoking a pipe, with his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets.

"What nonsense, Jennie! As if should ever consent to your going out as a common servant! Besides, I don't believe you could do a red herring properly."

"Given a good fire and a toasting fork. I would evolve the way to do the herring," retorted Janetta merrily. "But that I dare not draw out our last penny of capital I would go in for a series of cooking lessons, come out at the top of the tree, and take a place as cook in a high family, I tell you. I would not adopt the title of 'lady heip.' I'd be cook, and rule my kitchen with a rod of iron." And she clenched her hand, as if she really gripped the rod of which she spoke.

"And, failing this, what do you promore to do?" asked Neville lazily.

'Anything that offers," replied Janetta quickly, resuming her search through the paper. "It is quite clear that, if you are to accept this chance of a stool in an accountant's office, must supplement your salary in some way; you can't live on it."

"I need not accept it; I can wait for something better."

"Wait until we come to our last penny, in fact!" cried Janetta impatiently. "No, Neville; you must take this clerkship, and I must get something and help you all I can. You know I'm ready enough to do it; but with a little break in her voice-Fyou'll keep steady, dear, when I'm

mone?" Her tone implied that the boy's past had not been altogether blameless, and he started to his feet, as if stung by her words.

"I know I've been a beast, Jennie. I've wasted a lot of money; but if hadn't had such bad luck I should have won it back on the last Derby."

"That's just it-you'd no right to cisk it," replied Janetta despairingly; "but rou'll leave it alone now-you must promise me to try and keep straight. I think it would break my heart if you turned into a drinking. betting man like father!"

The last words were brought on sadly and reluctantly, briefly telling the tale of the present low ebb in their

"He's dead; you need not bring up his sins against him," said Neville, rather sulkily.

"And I would not, except that I love you so dearly that I must give you one word of warning. You've nobody else. you see," said Janetta, with a smile that was almost a caress.

"Let me see, where was I? Bent upon finding that wonderful situation that is to make both your fortune and mine," she continued, with an effort to regain her usual light-heartedness. "What do you say to this?"

"'Wanted immediately, a young lady as companion, good-looking and good-tempered. Photo must accompany every application. References re-

"Humbug!" ejaculated Neville, from the depths of his easy chair.

"Come and look for yourself, if you ion't believe me," said Janetta, with laughter in her eyes.

He rose and peeped over his sister's shoulder. "Why, yes! it's there safe snough. It's a hoax, of course. You won't be green enough to answer it?" "This very night," said Janetts

brightly-"at least, if you honestly can assure me that I fulfill the reonfrements. I'm not old at two-andtwenty, am I?

"I'm averagely good-tempered, and sould attain perfect self-control if an ecasional outburst meant a loss of mation. And"—as she spoke she anced at the common little mirror the mantel shelf-"don't mind feelings, tell me truly; am I good

ding enough?" Oh, as to that, you'll do," replied eville, with the bluntness of a

a creamy complexion; and a nouth, whose half-opened red sclosed the whiteness of the teeth, completed the pic-

should win for her the altuation she

so longed to obtain? "I shall send her my prettiest photo.

Neville," she said, after her brief self

survey. "You don't even know the sex of the advertiser. It may be a widower advertising darkly for number two,"

suggested her brother. Janetta laid down her pen in some alarm.

"I don't care," she said; "I shall write and send my photo and references. The answer will tell us all about it. I think it's a very rich old maid, with a poodle and a parrot. shall probably have to wash the poodle, and play pretty Poll with endless lumps of sugar, and get my fingers well packed in the process. There! my letter is at any rate short and to the point. Will it do?" she said, tossing it over to Neville.

"A man could not have put the thing better. Old maid or widower, I would close with you at once if I were the advertiser. You write a short note and a pretty hand.

"Very well, we'll go out and post t," said Janetta, stretching out her hand for her hat. "May good luck attend it!"

She received an answer by return of post. The pointed handwriting in which the letter was written was of the style prevalent about 40 years

"An old maid! Look at the writing!" cried Janetta triumphantly, as she opened the envelope.

"There is a modern brevity about it, said Neville, peeping over her shoulder. "Read it out, there's a dear."

"Dear Madam: I think you seem likely to suit me. The salary I offer is £00 pounds a year; but I shall be willing to raise it at the end of the first quarter if we find we get on together. Will you come for a month and see how you like it, beginning on Monday?

"Can you leave by the train which starts from Paddington at 2 o'clock? I shall be sending to Northeliff Station meet a friend, and you could come by the same carriage. Wire reply. "Believe me, faithfully yours,

"(Miss) Clarice Seymour." Janetta and her brother burst into simultaneous laugh when she finished the letter.

"Either the woman is a lunatic or it's a hoax," said Neville.

"I'll go and see for myself. It's too good an opening to miss. Sixty pounds a year for doing nothing, apparently. No mention even of the poodle or the parrot. Anyhow, it's a genuine place: I've looked it out in the 'Gazetteer.' "

Thus it came to pass that, on the Monday following, Janetta and Neville paced up and down Paddington station together, both their hearts too full of the approaching separation to trust themselves to speak of it.

instead, they taiked of trivialties, watched the other passengers as they hurried down the piatform to the train, commenting idly upon them.

"Look, Neville! what a handsome man that is getting into the first-class carriage not far from my humble third. If he were a girl, and applied for my situation. I should not have a chance, should I? He's so very good looking'"

The man in question turned, as if he had heard the remark, glancing at the brother and sister, who had come to a halt before the carriage in which Janetta had placed her rugs.

The glance was but momentary. Ha signed to the porter, who followed him, to hand in his belongings, jumped into the carriage, and closed the door. "I believe he heard you, Jennie," said Neville quickly.

"If he did it can't matter. We shall never meet again, and it can't be the first time that he's heard he's good looking," said Janetta, with a little

"Oh, Neville, I must get in! I don't know how to say good-by. I will write tonight. Good-by, dear; good-by. Jump in a minute, I must kiss you: and you'll keep steady, for my sake? The last words were said in a whis-

"All right, don't bother!" said Neville, horribly ashamed of the fact that there were tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

In a few minutes more the train was puffing slowly from the station, and Janetta, who had craned her neck from the carriage to obtain a farewell smile from Neville, sank back into her corner, with plenty of time before her in which to consider her prospects and her fellow travelers.

The latter were singularly uninteresting, with the exception of a little girl not more than two years old, who sat just opposite Janetta, regarding her with thoughtful eyes.

"Pretty," she said presently, stretching out her arms to come to her. And The face that the mirror reflected | Janetta, with a reassuring nod to the framed in a cloudy mass of hair, mother, stood the child by the window at like an anreole round the daintily- | and talked to her for the first hour, olsed head. Hazel eyes, half veiled only handing her back to her natural the long lashes, looked wistfully | guardian when the little thing was nder level clearly-defined eye- tired out, and showed signs of dropping off to sleep.

> A glance at her watch told her that she could not be many miles from her destination, and she looked out of the window to notice the sort of country he one possession left through which they were traveling. fancying that in the fast-fading light of the Pobruscy afternoon she dould

The thought had sourcely framed itself before she was conscious of s curious swaying to and fro in the carriage, then a shivering vibration ran along the train as if the brake had been applied with unwonted force; and, before she could do more than read the awful alarm that was written upon the faces of her fellow travelers, there came a crash and a total cessation of movement.

The earth itself seemed tottering under her, and she was thrown from her seat to the floor. She was too stunned for a few minutes to realize in the least what had happened; but when at last able to collect her senses. she knew that there must have been an accident, the nature and character of which she was incapable of gaug-

The air was alive with sounds more or less distressing-the hissing of the engine, the shouts of the engine driver, the piercing shricks of women, and close to her, making itself heard above the din, the pitiful, frightened wail of a little child.

"Poor little dear! It must be the little child I was talking to," said Janetta, trying to raise herself on to her knees so as to see better what had happened to her fellow travelers, and much relieved to find that her own limbs were whole and sound.

The carriage was jerked off the rails and was pitched half over on its side, and the struggles of others to free themselves were beginning to be unpleasantly relt when, from her kneel ing posture, Janetta caught a glimpse of the man whom she had seen get ting into the first-class carriage a little beyond her own at Paddington.

"Hallo!" he said, with a pleasant smile, "You seem to want help here. Don't be frightened; I don't think there is much harm done, barring the smashing up of a carriage or so. No, no! don't struggle behind there! Ladies first, please. I must help you out through the window, as the door is jammed, and beware of broken

"The child first," said Janetta, with quivering lips, who had laid hold of the little frightened heap that had been propelled right under the seat opposite to her own.

"Hand her out, please!" cried the man, depositing the child high up on the bank near by. "She's scared out of her wits, as well she may be. Now give me your hands, and place your feet on the handle of the door; I'll keep you steady as you climb through and lift you out."

Janetta obeyed every direction swiftly and deftly.

With her arm about the child, Janetta sat and watched the strange scene with dazed, bewildered eyes. The hugo engine, which had run off the line, stood half embedded in the bank at the side, snorting and puffing as if indignant at finding himself in such an ignominious position.

Men with scared faces hurried hither and thither; women stood in groups slong the line, sobbing in helpless ter-

The mother of her little charge lay stretched at full length on the grass close by, borne thither by the strong arms of her rescuer, who seemed almost the only man who kept full possession of his senses, except a fairfaced, fair-haired young doctor, who hastened forward towards the prostrate figure, kneeling by her and feeling her pulse with professional calm.

"Fainted, that's all," he said, looking up at the man by his side. Then a quick glance of recognition passed over his features. "Why, Merivale, you here?" he exclaimed. "On your way to the George, I suppose?"

From a certain hardening of the voice Janetta gathered that, for some reason unknown, the fair-haired doetor did not like the handsome stranger, whose fine physique and pleasant bearing seemed so attractive to herself.

(To be continued.)

"TELEPHONE EAR."

Operators Say Asswering Calls Doss Not Affect the Hearing.

Chicago girls who listen to the click in the telephone receiver for eight hours every day in the week laugh at the idea that their New York sister operators are getting a "telephone ear," or a deafness, from the constant snapping of the call signals, says the Chicago News. "A 'telephone ear,' " remarked one girl who has operated a board in the central office for three years, "is the most acute one in the world, and the more noise there is in the phone the more trained our ears become to detect what is being said." "There are a great number of girls in this office," said the chief operator, "I sat at a board myself for several years, and I never heard a girl complain that the sound of the phone affected her hearing in the least. I know it never did mine." In speaking of the effect of the click on an operator's hearing A. S. Hibbard, the general manager d company said:

"I do not care to say that the New York people are wrong in their contentions that they have had cases of deafness due to the sound made in connecting and disconnecting the telephones, but it sounds improbable to me. We have had the signal system in Chicago for about five years. Almost every phone in Chicago now calls the main board without twisting crank, and yet I have never heard of

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nials from, Bishops, Clergymen, Bankers, Farmers and their wives will be sent free Send at once to Franklyn Miles, M. D., LL. B., 203 to 207 State St., Dept.

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respect to your own body? You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money, and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symp-



Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is a letter from a woman who is thankful for avoiding a terrible operation.

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I tried at least eight doctors, but my hands were worse than when I commenced doctoring. I tried every old Granny remedy that was ever thought of without one cent's worth of good and could not even get relief. I would feel so badly mornings when I got up, to think that I had to go to work and stand pain for eight or nine hours, that I often felt like giving up my job, which was in the bottling works of Mr. E. L. Kerns, the leading bottler of Tremon, N. J., who will wouch for the truth of my sufferings.

Hefore I could start to work, I would have to wrap each finger on both hands, and then wear gloves, which I hated to do, for when I came to take them off, it would take two hours and the flesh would break and bleed. Some of my friends who had seen my hands would say, "If they had such hands they would have them amoutated"; others would say "they would never work," and more would turn away in dispust. But thanks to Cuticura, the greatest of skin cures, it ended all my sufferings.

Just to think, after doctoring three years, and spending dollar after dollar during that time, Cuticura cured me. It has now been two years since I used it and I do not know what sore hands are. I never lost a day's work while I was using it or since, and I have been working at the same business, and in acids, etc.
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