

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford

CHAPTER I.

The gas was turned up to its full height and flared noisily in the front parlor of a lodging house in the suburbs of London.

"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 a joint properly, and I could earn a fortune if I could do made dishes."

"What nonsense, Jennie! As if I 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 help.' I'd be cook, and rule my kitchen with a rod of iron."

"And, failing this, what do you propose to do?" asked Neville lazily. "Anything that offers," replied Janetta quickly, resuming her search through the paper.

"That's just it—you'd no right to risk it," replied Janetta despairingly; "but you'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 out sadly and reluctantly, briefly telling the tale of the present low ebb in their fortunes."

"He's dead; you need not bring up his sins against him," said Neville, rather mildly. "And I would not expect that I love you so dearly that I must give you one word of warning. You're 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 required."

"Humbbug!" ejaculated Neville, from the depths of his easy chair. "Come and look for yourself, if you don't believe me," said Janetta, with laughter in her eyes.

should win for her the situation 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. I shall probably have to wash the poodle, and play pretty Polly 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.

"Very well, we'll go out and post it," 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 ago.

"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 £20 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 Northliff Station to 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.

"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 her good looking," said Janetta, with a little laugh.

"Oh, Neville, I must get in! I won'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 whisper.

The thought had scarcely framed itself before she was conscious of a 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 guessing.

The air was alive with sounds more or less distressing—the hissing of the engine, the shouts of the engine driver, the piercing shrieks 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 felt when, from her kneeling posture, Janetta caught a glimpse of the man who she had seen getting 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 glass."

"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 scenes with dazed, bewildered eyes. The huge 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 along the line, sobbing in helpless terror. 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 fair-faced, 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 doctor did not like the handsome stranger, whose fine physique and pleasant bearing seemed so attractive to herself.

"TELEPHONE EAR." Operators Say Answering Calls Does 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."

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.

"INCURABLE" HEART DISEASE SOON CURED!

By the Great Specialist in Treating Weak and Diseased Hearts, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. D.—Will Send \$2.50 Worth of His Special Treatment Free as a Trial.

To demonstrate the unusual curative powers of his new and complete special treatment by mail for heart disease, short breath, pain in the side, oppression in the chest, irregular pulse, palpitation, smothering spells, puffing of the ankles, or dropsy, Dr. Miles will send two dollars and a half worth free as a trial, to all who mention this paper.

His treatments are the result of twenty-five years of careful study, extensive research and remarkable experience in treating the various ailments of the heart, stomach and nerves, which so often complicate each case. So astonishing are the results of his complete special treatment that he does not hesitate to offer all persons a trial free.

Nothing could be more generous. Few physicians have such confidence in their remedies. There is no reason why every afflicted person should not avail themselves of this exceedingly liberal offer, as they may never have another such opportunity. No death comes as suddenly as that from heart disease.

Mrs. A. Kronck of Huntington, Ind., was cured after thirty physicians failed; Mrs. Flora Grastor, of Bristolville, O., after twenty-two; Jas. R. Waite, the noted actor, after a score had pronounced him incurable; Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, after five leading physicians had given her up; Mrs. R. Parker of Chicago, after ten; Mrs. R. Parker after six-teen failed.

A thousand references to, and testimonials from, Bishops, Clergymen, Bankers, Farmers and their wives will be sent free upon request.

Send at once to Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. D., 203 to 207 State St., Dept. L., Chicago, Ill., for trial treatment.

WHAT IS OVARITIS?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same 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 symptoms. Her experience in treating female ailments is greater than any other living person. Following is a letter from a woman who is thankful for avoiding a terrible operation.

"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—Mrs. ANNA ASTOR, Troy, Mo.



DO YOU COUGH DONT DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Bronchitis, and Asthma. A certain cure for consumption in first stage, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You see the greatest effect, after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

DONT GET WET! TOWER'S FISH BRAND Oiled Clothing WILL KEEP YOU DRY NOTHING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. FREE CATALOGUE, SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

PISSO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

A Remedy for the Grippe. Physicians recommend KEMP'S BALSAM for patients afflicted with the grippe, as it is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms, but get a bottle today and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed.



DOWNFALLS Sometimes in winter at every step there is danger of SPRAINS and BRUISES which cripple or hurt deeply, but at any time from whatever cause St. Jacobs Oil will cure surely and promptly

St. Jacobs Oil will cure surely and promptly

K.K.K. FENCE \$2 Make the best fence on earth. Shipped to any point. Agents wanted in every county. KANSAS FENCE CO., Topeka, Kan.

Sore Hands

Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends. One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, and points to a speedy cure of the most distressing cases when physicians and all else fail.

I WAS troubled with hands so sore that when I put them in water the pain would ease and me crazy, the skin would peel off, and the flesh would get hard and break, then the blood would flow from at least fifty places on each hand. Words never can tell the suffering I endured for three years. 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.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment (25c.) to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (25c.), to cool and cleanse the blood, the form of wash for skin eruptions, and for making the most perfect skin cure, and CUTICURA BLOOD PURIFIER (25c.), to cleanse the blood, and drive out all impurities from the system. CUTICURA SOAP consists of delicate particles derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of emollients and the most refreshing of flavor. It is not only perfectly safe, but it is so convenient and so easy to use that it is the most perfect of all skin cures.

Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap Assisted by Cuticura Ointment for preventing, curing, and beautifying the skin. For cleaning the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the greasy or flaking scalp, restoring, whitening, and softening red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of purest for soothing irritations, inflammations, and chaps, or too free or offensive perspiration in the form of wash for skin eruptions, and for making the most perfect skin cure, and CUTICURA BLOOD PURIFIER (25c.), to cleanse the blood, and drive out all impurities from the system.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP Cures a Cough or Cold at once. OKLAHOMA Offer Free Books to 10,000 people.

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