Lightly I clasped him. How could I know Out of my dwelling he would depart, Myen as I held him close to my heart?

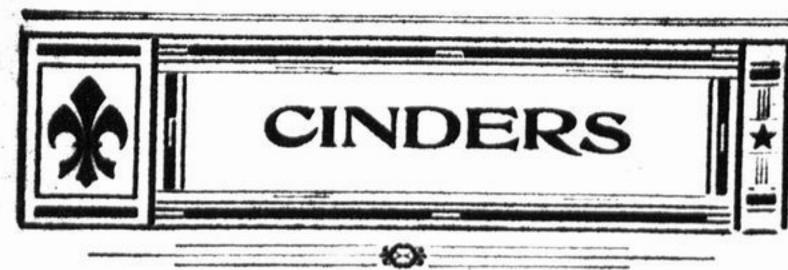
East! I have lost him! Somewhere between Schoolhouse and collegelast he was seen. taps full of whistling, curi-tangled hair-Lost! I have lost him! Would I know where.

Lost! I have lost him, Chester, my boy! Picture book, story book, marbles and toy, Stored in the attic, ussless they lie. Why should I care so much? Mothers, tell why,

Yes, he has gone from me, leaving no sign, But there's another calls himself mine. Handsome and strong of limb, brilliant is he; Knows things that I know not. Who can it bell

Face like the father's face, eyes black as mine, Steps full of manly grace, voice masculine; Yes, but the gold of life has but one alloy. Why does the mother heart long for her boy-

Long for the mischevious, queer little chap. Ignorant, questioning, held in my lap? Freshman so tall and wise, answer me this? Where is the little boy I used to kiss?



from the dog back to the colus.

When he came back some minutes

later he threw a hurried look about

him, then drew a saudwich from the

A bird chirped overhead.

The silence was unbroken.

peering into the shadows.

and walked away.

"Come, sir, come-good fellow!" he

"Come, sir, come! Where are you.

Weary Willie?" called the man again,

Until it was quite dark the man sat

on the beuch and waited; then he rose

On the next night twilight found the

"Humph?" growled the man, throw-

bollow-eyed, shabby man on the same

and dragging from his pocket a pape

while coming." He extracted a mad

wich, broke off a generous piece, and

the dog came at once to "attention."

piece, then another, and

Weary Willie?"

step forward.

" 'Fido'?"

" 'Rover'?"

Shap went the famished jaws, and

"There!" he exclaimed, when the sand

wich was finished. "How do you feel,

The dog whined, and took a tentative

There was a slow wagging of the

"Come here, sir," ordered the man;

but at the outstretched hand the dog

turned and ran; the memory of those

friendless days and nights was not to

It came to be a regular thing after

that for the shabby man to bring

courtemen in the shape of jovial great-

ings and sharp barks, and gradually

tried to follow his new friend home,

brought the little eager feet to a halt.

shadows, there to stand with wistful

"After all, where's the use of

The dog thumped his tail against the

"Humph! Think it's a joke, do you?

was not quite clear; his step, too, was

far from steady, and he dropped on the

dat bottle which he brought again and

gain from his pocket and put to his

Well, maybe 'tla, maybe 'tla."

nerk, and for the dog to come and

"What's your name 'Jack'?"

There was a quick, short bark,

The tail wagged harder.

be so lightly cast aside.

Maif way through the park the boy | ingly into the man's face. The dust of with the dog stopped and looked around | the dog's beels stirred faintly with the the wide, elm-bordered path was almost | feebly wagged

"Jiminy!" muttered the boy. "This his hands into his pockets and pulling dog stealin' ain't what it's cracked up out a dime and four copper cents. He ter be. I've a good mind now ter leave | glanced from the coins to the dog, and the little beast where he is!"

It had been growing on the boy for | "Humph!" he grunted again, rising to an hour-this terror. All the elation his feet. "Reckon you need 'em the of that first moment of successful theft | most, old fellow." And he smablded had fied, leaving behind a lively fear of down the path that led to the avenue. pursuit and punishment. The incriminating collar with its name and address had long ago been thrown away, to be sure; but there yet remained the dog paper bag in his hand. -"Cinders," according to the collar.

"Tain't wuth the risk," muttered the boy at last; and with another swift glance about him he tied the end of the dog's leader to a convenient settee, and ran down a side path toward the ave-

For one amazed instant the dog stayed motioniess, then he strained at the cord with all his small might, giving a series of frantic barks and whines. Two seen and a woman, coming up the path, glanced at the dog, swerved, and passed by on the farther side. A small boy shied a stone, then ran; but a backward glance assuring him that the cord still held, he turned and shied a large

The wind from the east grew sharper, and brought a fine, cold rain. The dog, exhausted, frightened and hopebesty miserable, crept under the beach ; daped the cold gray eyes of Officer O'Callaban.

The rain increased with the dark, By midnight, hunger, cold and terror had driven the dog almost wild. Little by little his jerks and pulls loosened the cord about his throat, until one last francied effort disentangled the knot and set him free. He paused then rushed down the path, leaving behind him the cord still fastened to the settee. At the edge of the park the dog

stopped. The endless blocks, the lights, confusing. Cinders, born and bred in the Western town that was his master's with that same master on a visit East. station by the boy who had so quickly shandoned him. No wonder Cinders aved his surroundings in dismay! Up one street, down another, across a third trotted the weary little feet, hour af ter hour, until at dawn the dog reach ad once more the park, and dejectedly dragged his way to the bench which had so recently held him a prisoner

It was then that there began for Cinfors a new existence. An existence of anglous days and apprehensive nights; of little food and less shelter; of small hove with stones, and hig boys with sticks. His long, sifky hair grew soiled and matted, his body lean, and his eyes wild and terror-filled. Once a bluecoated, belimeted man with short club chased him for some distance, but in the bewildering maze of paths he cludof his pursuer and crouched under a low-hanging bush until the man, puffing and awaaring, had passed him by. It was a trying experience, but a necesmay one; after that Cinders bid when a blue coat came in sight.

Both the park and the adjacent | nightly sandwich to the bench in the after his experience with the blue-coatit. There was always an exchange man he grew more wary; and when the park spent most of his time hiding under shrubs or behind trees until the dog lost his fear. Three times deht brought darkness and safety.

As for food sometimes a bread-crust but the sharp "Go back, sir, go back!" feetened for a squirrel was snatched by his own hungry little jaws, and and sent the dog slinking back to the was the squirrel itself that eyes gazing after the shabby figure disdo his dinner. Occasionally a child the a cooky, or a man with a sandappearing down the street. rich strolled along unaware of the aves that peered out from be- | Wearr Willie?" saked the man eath tangled hair and watched for a | night when, the sandwich gone, the two ar crumb thrown aside.

sat together on the bench. "Where's Clinders, skulking under the trees | what becomes of us, you and me. Let's the twillight, came face to face with | chuck it!" they hollow-eyed man on one of ark nettees.

tho!" greeted the man. dog backed away.

and not attr.

Jove! you look a little d up than I do. Come here.

> seh old places this world sent with a curious relaxation of all his muscles. The next night it was worse. and the next worse still. There was a

He stayed longer and longer each night, | be!" he stormed at the dog, as the relow was his head bowed on his breast. At such times the dog spent long min- answer to a frightened knock. utes in motionless watching of the silent figure, giving occasionally a low | whine-a whine which met with no re-

There had been almost a week of this when one night the man slipped from the seat and lay half on the Cinders leaped to the man's side and licked his face; his hands, and ed, then stood quiveringly alert for the slightest movement. At that instant down the path came several boys eat- you-take me?"

ing bananas. There was a chorus of jeers, then a | face. fusiliade of banana skins. Cinders, flerce and bristling, faced the crowd and barked. He growled and showed his small white teeth, as from all sides came men and boys on the run. More banana skins, and even small stones, struck the man, the dog and the ground nearby. Still the dog stood firm, thrusting his tiny, flerce little self between here. Don't you see? We'll start tothe inert figure and the crowd.

Suddenly tue man opened his eyes. One glance at the mob, the dog and the fiving stones and banana skins cleared his brain. With a snarl of rage he arms and staggered to his feet. There | gether. was a cry of I'fhe cop's comin' !"-and the man found bimself all at once alone with the dog, while up the path came a the dog yet more firmly in his arms, the man turned and walked rapidly in | San Francisco Argonaut. the opposite direction.

"Come, come, what's the meaning of all this?" called the policeman, between sbort, panting breaths, as he realized the shabby man's side.

"Nothing," returned the man, lacon-

"But the crowd-what were they do "Hump!" grifted the man, thrusting

"Stoning the dog-and me." "Stoning you! Been drinkin'?"

"Do I act drugk?" retorted the man. The policeman gave him a long.

"Mighty near it," he growled. Then he tried a new tack.

"Whose dog is it?" he demanded. "Mine." There was a ring of defiance in the man's voice.

"Where's its collar? Got a license?" probed the policeman. "It will have by this time to-mor

"Looks to me mighty like the little devil of a beast l've been chasin' in these 'ere parts fur the last mouth, I've had more'n a dozen complaints of a stray dog; but I couldn't catch the lit-

"You'll not have any complaints of this dog," said the man, quietly, as he turned off at one of the side paths.

it was then that existence for Cindern changed yet again. It became now a thing of kind words, seanty but gladly given food, and a hed to one corner of a sparsely furnished room up many flights of stairs. There were the same walks in the park, only now he both went and came with the man. There was the same bottle, and there was the same cautious tipping of it to the man's lips but perhaps less frequently now. At all events, there ner er again came a time when the man was not fairly erect and in his right mind as he sat on the bench.

As the summer passed the man's riothes became more shabby, and his cheeks more hollow. At first he had goue away from the room each morning and returned at night clinking a few loose coins in his pockets; but now days and days passed when he did not leave the room until night, appor eatly preferring to He for hours on the

"Where's the use, Weary Willie? it," he went on one day. I'd never even have begun. She cared once, Weary Willie; she said she did but it didn't inst-it didn't last got tired and skipped skipped." There was a long panse, then the voice began again. "You don't blame her, do rou. Weary Willie? Maybe you'll skip some day-eh? She said 'twas incompatibility, old fellow; in-com-pati-bility. Long one, isn't it? But not half so long as the misery it holds. S'pose it will be that way with us, old boy-incompati-

The dog whined and leaped to the

"Ha!" cried the man, whimsically, "So you do want to leave me, sir? By Jore, old fellow, I should think you would," he added, suddenly, getting to

his feet. "Come, let's go for a walk!" Days passed. Both man and dog grew thinner, and the nights when the man came home clinking coins in his pocket grew fewer and fewer. Even the walks at twilight were not taken so frequently now, and the man had fall en into the way of passing long silent evenings, gazing blankly into space. Sometimes there was in his hands gleaming thing of polished metal, which

he handled lingeringly, almost lovingly. "Come, let's chuck it. Weary Willie, you and I," he would say. And when the dog barked and whined, he would smile and lay the thing aside with the laughing reproof: "Why, old fellow, it doesn't hurt! It's all over before you even know it's begun!"

There came a day when Cludera had no breakfast, no dinner, no supper. Al day long the man had been tramping the room like some wild thing. He, too, had not eaten, but he had twice picked up the gleaming thing of polish ed steel, only to lay it down again,

lines. With one stride he reached the table, clutched the revolver, and raised it to his head. Almost instantly there There was something queer about the | came a frantic bark and a sharp report. man that night. His voice shook, and The woman coming up the stairs thought the two had occurred at the same instant; but the man in the bare room on the top floor knew that the bark had come just in time to startle him so that the ball had found a harmless reting place in the wall across the

and cometimes he seemed to sleep, so volver fell from his relaxed hands. The mext instant he strode to the door in

"Oh-h!" breathed the woman outside in giad relief, as she saw that the man was at least alive. "Tom! how could you? Are you hurt?" she cried, stepping swiftly inside and closing the

The man fell back in amazement, "Sally !--you?"

"Yes, dear, yes, I've come back, again his face. He whined, then bark- Tom. I've been miserable, wretched without you. "Twas my fault, dearthe whole of it. I've come back. Won't A shamed red came into the man't

> "But. Sally, I---" his eyes swept the bare room, and a despairing ges-

ture told how little he had to offer. "Yes, yes, I know," murmured the woman, comiung close to his side. "You got discouraged, and things went wrong. But we'll change all that now. We'll begin again. Why, Tom, I'm

gether. Tom, don't you-want me?" "Want you!-Sally!" And his hungry arms closed about her.

Long minutes afterwards the man, caught the quivering little dog in his the woman and the dog sat down to-

"After all, Weary Willie," said the man, softly, as he patted the dog's head. "I reckon it's just as well you blue-coated, hurrying figure. Clasping | did bark when you did, a little bit ago. There's some one now to-care."-----

The Trusty Railroad Man.

In the early stages of a journey which E. W. Howe, the editor of the Atchison Globe, has recorded in his recent book, "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World," a ratiroad man came into the car in which he was traveling and took his railroad tickets and Poliman tickets. Mr. Howe says he would have given the man his money and his watch had he asked for them, for he has learned to trust railroad men. Then Mr. Howe tells bow this came about. The foreign railroad men taught him to trust his brethren everywhere.

A good many years ago, Mr. Howe continues, I bought a long tourist tick et from Paris to London, by way of Switzerland, the Rhine, the battlefield of Waterloo, and so forth. When first started on the long tour, with its many changes, I would collect my baggage, and attempt to get off every time the train stopped, but a railroad man would shove me back.

When I finally arrived at a junction point, a railroad man would appear at the car door and pull me out. When my train departed, the same man would shove me into the proper car and close the door. I couldn't speak a word of his language, and he couldn't speak a word of mine, but he took the best possible care of me.

All this impressed me so much that turned myself over to the ratiroad men unreservedly, and enjoyed my trip without the alighest care. At one place no train was waiting

when the railroad man pulled me out of the coach, and I judged that the train on which I should resume my Journey was not due for some time. therefore concluded to go upfown and look round, knowing that the railroad man would look after me. The town was Lausanne, and after Fruthingham, Unitarian, Ibeston,

had looked about for an hour or two, a married man generally has to get up began pushing me toward the station. It seemed that he had considerable trouble in finding me, for he was in a harry and pushed me along rapidly. Arriving at the station, he shored me into the proper coach, handed in mr baggage, and closed the door.

terest, necessitating a very circuitous by tour, but I never missed a connection; the railroad men took care of me and they found me very willing and appre-

The tour included a trip over the Alps by stage and when the tourists arrived at the place where they were to change stages, they dashed up to the stage station and secured all the seats. But I knew the railroad men would look after me, since I had a ticket, so was very deliberate and walted.

When It was time to start over the Alps, and it was found that I had no sent, the agent ordered out a carriage. and I rode in it all day long, while the piggish passengers—the passengers who did not trust the railroad men-were crowded into the stages, inside and

Too High

"The autumn," said Ehen H. Emery New York's weather forecaster, "Is in far our finest American season. For eigners visiting us should invariable come in the autumn.

Suddenly Mr. Emery amiled "I am reminded of an old autumn song," he said. "'A thousand leaves are falling' is the way it begins. lady, at a church concert, rose to sing

"'A thousand leaves are falling,' she carolled, and then her voice broke into a acreech, and she had to ston, for she hydross man, while the lawyer lives had pitched the song too high

" 'Start her at 500,' shouted an autloneer from the gallery."

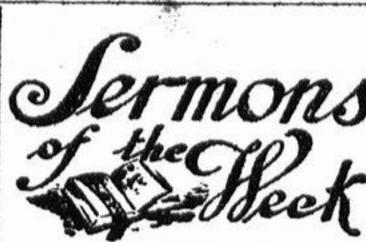
Decidedly Barglar-Proof.

A remarkable burglar-proof safe has been placed in a bank in England. At night the safe is lowered by cables into an impregnable metallic-lined subrapit of masonry and concrete. After reaching the bottom it is fastened down by massive steel lugs, operated by a triple time lock. Until these lugs are released automatically at a desired time no human agency can raise the safe, and to break in through a mass At dusk his jaws set in sudden stern of stone and concrete which measures 10 by 16 feet with dynamite would wreck the building without making it possible to get at the safe.

> Not an Outlag. "Ever been in Siberia?" asked the re-

"Er-yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a knouting there one summer."-Chicago Tribune.

When a very old girl becomes en meed, who down't care if p



Education without religion cannot give morality.-Rev. Joseph H. McMahou, Roman Catholic, New York City.

Youth is full of peril because of its plasticky-wax to receive and steel to hold impressions, lev. N. D. Hills. Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

the of Time. No man should spend a minute as he pleases, unless he pieases to do right,-

Rev. J. D. Buckelow, Methodist, Des Laing God's Money. We must be careful lest we use for ourselves the money which rightly be

longs to the Lord, and thereby rob God.

-Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, 1

Baltimore. The Model Husband.

A model husband never plays the tyrant. He treats his wife as an equal. not as a subordinate or slave, - ltev John L. Scudder, Congregationalist, Jersey City. Adjuncts of life.

ing, and eniture, and pleasure are val dable as adjuncts of life- Rev. James

E. McConnell, Congregationalist, Provi-

Success, and wealth, and social stand

depre. tied Revenled. Christ Jesus removed all misconcepng and true tient, who is over all a blessed forevermore. - Bishop Fallows

Episcopalian, Chicago.

Lincoln. It was Lincoln's personality that made of a ratt splitter an immortal President and the emandisator of slaves, -Rev. Charles W. Blodgett, Methodist, Philaburg.

Religion.

To me religion is the most sacred, the most real thing in the world, if anything at all. Man has no right to change his religion for worldly motives.-Rev. Henry Dawson, Episcopafinn, Cauton. An Enny Prey.

The man who compromises with evil, who has anything in his heart but Jeboyah, is jost in his weakness and falls an easy prey to his cuemies. -- Rev. Merritt L. Gregg, Haptist, Auburu. A Narrow Heligion.

That religion which causes a person to lose all interest in the movements of this world and causes him to pine for heaven is too selfish and too narrow. Rev. J. 11. Vincent, Methodist, Indian apolis, Ind.

The Perfect Man.

The life of Christ was without stain. It is the verdict of the ages that there was no fault in Him. He stands the mage and the personification of a perfect man. -- Rev. A. C. Baldwin, Haptlst, Aurora, III.

The Rounded Lif.

We have heard about the "simple life" and have been told about the "stremmens life," but what new to appreciate and study to the valne of the "rounded life."-Rev. P. F.

classes of people. - Her. Dr. Broughton, Congregationalist, Atlanta.

The most dangerous man- the one to I risited a great many points of in- | be watched by the church and not only law .- Rev. W. W. Giles, Intch Reform ed, East Orange, N. J.

A Simple Gaspet.

In all Ili: miracles Christ publ great attention to the ordinary cfromatances of life. His grappel was and is a simple gaspet for the simple, meek and the lowly, as well as for the great, the learned and the exalted. Rishon Henry Warren, Methodist, Denver.

To leave the cross of Christ out of our words is latel to leave it out of our lives is fatal. Without the cross, Jesus was but a gentleman; without the cross of sacrifice, Christianity is but an ethleaf culture. Rev. N. M. Waters, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, V. Y.

(nones of Skeptlefam.

I nombters are made, not only by skepforced religious training. Inconsistent examples of the religious life, and extravagant statements of parrow-minded teachers have caused considerable skepticism. Rev. Arthur S. Pheips, Baptist, I on Angeles Business Onty.

Where persons too often fall here in America is in the matter of the true unfolding and development of life. The business nun as a rule is only a

with few or no absorbing interests outside his cases, his clients and the courts.- Rev. P. F. Frothingham, Unftarian, Boston. Encouragement. What encouragement in the endeavors of everyday life, if we would rest assured that bitter disappointments. the malignity of man, the unfaithfui-

ness of friends, the bitter animosity of that lead to light.—Rev. P. F. O'Hare, Roman Catholic, Brooklyn, N. Y. Condensation With a Vengennee,

A Kansas editor is said to have en tertained extreme ideas with reference to the value of a "condensed style." On one occasion owing to lack of space he wielded his pencil at the end of a syndicate serial story with this result in the way of compression: "Reginald took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket and lastly his own

Many a first-class talker wouldn't make even a second-hand philosopher.





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