

AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAP. VII.—(Cont'd.)

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Tippet, still reading, "yes; get him a situation in your brother's office (oh, certainly, I'll be sure to get that); be some smart, might almost say 'impe' (ahem, yes, well—)

"Boy," said Miss Tippet, turning suddenly to Willie, "your name is William Willders, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, William, Mr. Aubrey, my relative, asks me to get you into my brother's office. Of course I shall be happy to try. I am always extremely happy to do anything for you. I suppose, of course, you can write, and what d'ye call it—count—you can do arithmetic?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Willie.

"You can spell—eh? I hope you can spell Edward, a—I mean Thomas—is it, or William?"

Miss Tippet looked at Willie so earnestly and put this question in tones so solemn that he was much impressed, and felt as if all his earthly hopes hung on his reply, so he admitted that he could spell.

"Good," continued Miss Tippet. "You are, I suppose, in rather poor circumstances. Is your father poor?"

"He's dead, ma'am; was drowned."

"Oh! shocking, that's very sad. Was your mother drowned too?"

"At least she's well for her, but she can't do strong. That's why I want to get work that I may help her; and she wants me to be a clerk in an office, but I'd rather be a fireman. You couldn't make me a fireman, could you, ma'am?"

"At this point Willie caught Miss Tippet's gaze intently at him over the top of her slate, so he threw her into violent confusion by winking at her.

"No, boy, I can't make you a fireman. Strange wish—why d'you want to be one?"

"Cause it's sitch jolly fun," replied Willie, with real enthusiasm, "rog'lar bangin' crashtin' sort o' work—as good as fightin' any day! An' my brother Frank's a fireman. Sitch a one too, you've no notion; six fut four he is, an' as strong as—oh! why, ma'am, he could take you up in one hand, he could take you up in one hand, an' an' twirl you round his head like a top hat! He was at the fire in Beverly Square last night."

This speech was delivered with such vehemence, contained so many objective sentiments, and involved such a dreadful proposition in regard to the treatment of Miss Tippet's person, that the worthy lady was shocked beyond all expression. The concluding sentence, however, diverted her thoughts.

"Ah! was he indeed at that and fire, and did he help to put it out?"

"Sure, an' he did more than that," replied Willie, regarding the lady with sudden interest. "If that was yer brother that saved Miss Loo-ke's a'ra! na!"

"Saved Loo?" cried Miss Tippet, "was it your brother that saved Loo?"

"Yes, ma'am, it was."

"Hess him; he is a noble fellow, and I have great pleasure in taking you by the hand for his sake."

Miss Tippet seized the action to the words and seized Willie's hand, which she squeezed warmly. Matty Merryon, with tears in her eyes, embraced him, and said that she wished that she had the chance of embracing his brother too. Then they all said he must stay to lunch, as it was about lunch time, and Miss Tippet added that he deserved to have been born in a higher position in life—at least his brother did—which was the same thing, for he was a true what's-ismam, who ought to be crowned with thiney-gigs.

Emma, who had hitherto been looking at Willie with deepening respect, immediately crowned him with laurels on the slate, and then Matty rushed away for the lunch-tray, rejoicing in the fire, that had sent her back so soon to the old

"Pray, when did your sister marry Mr. Frederick Aubrey?"

"Willie, with a face of meekness, that can only be likened to that of a young turtle-dove, replied—

"Please, ma'am, it isn't my sister as has married Mr. Aubrey; but it's my brother, Frank Willders, who hopes to marry Miss Loo Aubrey, on account o' havin' saved her life, we on the comes of age, ma'am."

Miss Deemas stood, as if rather sat aghast, on receiving this reply, and scanned Willie's face with one of her most eagle glances; but that small piece of impudence wore an expression of weak good-nature, and winked its eyes with the mildness of a subdued pup, while Miss Tippet looked half horrified, and half amused; Matty grinned, and Emma squeaked through her nose.

"Boy," said Miss Deemas severely, "your looks belie you."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Willie, "my mother always said I wasn't no so bad as I looked, and she's aware that I'm absent from home."

At this point Willie allowed a gleam of intelligence to shoot across his face, and he winked to Emma, who thereupon went into private convulsions in her handkerchief.

"Emelina," said Miss Deemas solemnly, "let me warn you against that boy. He is a bad specimen of a bad sex. He is a precocious type of an inferior creature, that calls itself 'lord of creation,' and which, in virtue of its superior physical power, takes up every position in life worth having" (except that of wife and mother), "neekly suggested, Miss Tippet) "worth having" (repeated the eagle sternly, as if the position of wife and mother were not so high as that of a lord of creation, and leaves nothing for poor weak-bodded, though not weak-minded woman to do, except sew and teach brats. Bah! I hate men, and they hate me, I know it, and I would not have it otherwise. I wish they had never been made. I wish there had been none in the world but women. What a blessed world it would have been then!"

Miss Deemas hit the table with her hand, in a masculine manner, so forcibly, that the plates and glasses rattled, then she resumed, for she was now on a favorite theme, and was delivering a lecture to a select audience.

"But, mark you, I'm not going to put down by men. I mean to fight on with their own weapons. I mean to win."

She paused suddenly at this point, and descending from her platform, advised Miss Tippet to dismiss the boy at once.

Poor Miss Tippet prepared to do so. She was completely under the power of Miss Deemas, whom, strange to say, she loved dearly. She really believed that they agreed with each other on most points, although it was quite evident that they were in everything, wherein the bond lay no philosopher could discover. Possibly it lay in the fact that they were absolute extremes, and in verification of the proverb, had met.

Be this as it may, a note was quickly written to her brother, Thomas Tippet, Esq., which was delivered to Willie, with orders to take it the following evening to London Bridge, in the neighborhood of which Mr. Tippet dwelt and carried on his business.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the afternoon of the following day Willie set off to the City in quest of Mr. Thomas Tippet. Having to pass the King Street fire-station, he resolved to look in on his brother.

The folding-doors of the engine-house were wide open, and the engine itself, clean and business-like, with its brass work polished bright, stood ready for instant action. Two of the firemen were conversing at the open door, while several others could be seen lounging about inside. In one of the former Willie recognized the strong man who had collared him on a well-remembered occasion.

"Please, sir," said Willie, going up to him, "is Frank Willders inside?"

"Why, youngster," said Dale, laying his hand on Willie's head, "ain't you the boy that pulled our bell for a lark the other night?"

"Yes, sir, I am; but you let me off, you know, so I hope you won't bear me ill-will now."

"That depends on how you behave in future," said Dale, with a laugh; "but what d'you want with Frank Willders?"

"I want to see him. He's my brother."

"Oh, indeed! You'll find him inside."

Willie entered the place with feelings of interest, for his respect for firemen had increased greatly since he had witnessed their recent doings at the Beverly Square fire.

He found his brother writing at the desk that stood in the window, while five or six other comrades were chatting by the fire, and a group in a corner were playing draughts and spinning yarns of their old experiences. All assumed in loading the air with tobacco-smoke.

"Hallo, Blazes! how are ye?" said Willie, touching his brother on the shoulder.

"That you, Willie?" said Frank, without looking up from his work.

"Where away now?"

"Come to tell ye there's a fire," said Willie, with a spry look.

"Eh? what d'ye mean?" asked Frank, looking at his brother, as if he half-believed in this produce like a man.

"I mean what I say—a fire here," said Willie, solemnly sticking his breast with his clenched fist, "here in Heart Street, Buzzum Square, ragin' like fury, and all the engine boat, couldn't put it out, nor even so much as squeeze it!"

"Then it's of no use our turning out, I suppose," said Frank, with a smile, as he wiped his pen; "what else is it a'bout?"

"A wa' doll with flaxen hair and blue eyes," said Willie, "she's the things as has all along done for me. When I was a boy I failed in love with a noo' wax doll every other day. Not that I ever owned one myself; I only took a squint at 'em in toy-shop windows, and they always had flaxen hair and blue eyes. Now that I've become a man, I've bin an' failed in love with a livin' wax doll, an' she's got flaxen hair an' blue eyes; moreover, she draws."

"Draw, boys! what does she draw corks?" inquired Frank.

"No!" replied Willie, with a look of supreme contempt; "nothin' so low; she draws faces an' pictures like—like a schoolmaster, and," added Willie, with a sigh, "she's bin an' drawn all the spirit out of this here buzzum."

"She must have left a good lot o' combustible matter behind, however, if there's such a fire raising in it. Who may this pretty, fire-raiser be?"

"Her name is Emma Ward, and she belongs to a Miss Tippet, to whom she's related somehow, but I don't know where she got her nor who's her parents. This same Miss Tippet is some sort of a relation o' Mr. Aubrey, who sent me to her with a note, and she has sent me with another note to her brother near London Bridge, who, I s'pose, will send me, with another note to somebody else; so I'm on my way down to see him. I thought I'd look in to ask after you in passin', and cheer you on to dooty."

A violent fit of somewhat noisy coughing, from one of the men at the fireplace attracted Willie's attention at this point in the conversation.

"Not a noisy fellow you are, Corney," remarked one of the men.

"Fak," retorted Corney, "it's noisy you'd be too av ye had the cold, in yer chest that I have. Sure, if ye had bin out five times in a week night as I was, on Widsendy last, wid the branch to howld in a smoke as 'ud choke Blaxmore hisself (an it's well known he can stand a' most anything), not to spake o' the hose but s'right betune me two feet."

"Come, come, Paddy," said Dale, interrupting; "don't try to choke us now, you know very well that one of the fires was only a cut-away affair; two were chimneys, and one was a false alarm."

"True for ye!" cried Corney, who had a tendency to become irascible in argument, or while defending himself; "true for ye, Mister Dale, but they was alarms for all that, false or true; was they not now? Anyhow they alarmed me out o' me bed five times in a night as cold as the polar regions, and the last time was a rade case o' two fats burnt over an' four hours' work in iced water."

"There's some of us can sing choruses to Corney," observed one of the group. "I never saw such weather; and it seems to me that the worse the weather the more fires, as if they got 'em up a purpose to kill us."

"Bill, Moxey!" cried another, "you're always givin' out some truism with a face like Solomon."

"Well, Jack, Williams," retorted Moxey, "it's more than I can say of you; you never say anything worth listenin' to, and you couldn't look like Solomon if you was to try ever so much. You're too stoopid for that."

"I say, lads," cried Frank Willders, "what d'ye say to send along to the doctor for another bottle o' cough mixture, same as the first?"

This proposal was received with a general laugh.

"He'll not send us more o' that tippie, you may depend," said Williams.

"No, not av we was dyin'," said Corney, with a grin.

"Didn't you hear about it?" inquired Moxey. "Oh, to be sure not; you were in hospital after you got run over by the Baker Street engine. Tell him about it, Corney. It was you that asked the doctor, wasn't it, for another bottle?"

(To be continued.)

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen, Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

THE BABY IN SUMMER.

Each season has its special cares. Winter, when people huddled together indoors, and the well all breathing, has been the season of contagious diseases, is the season of pulmonary affections, summer is the time of intestinal derangements. For the baby, in whom the digestive apparatus is so easily set, this is a season of peculiar peril, and more perish, in the city at least, during the months of June and August than in any other months of the year.

Much of this sacrifice could be avoided were more care, or rather more intelligent care, paid to the little one's welfare. A proper course to be pursued, but which is not possible in a substitute, is to find in cow's milk, that is to be absolutely fresh and clean, modified under the physician's direction. The nursing-bottle, which should never have a tube attached, must be kept immaculately clean, and should be boiled and rinsed with carbolic acid after each use.

In addition to the milk, the baby must have an abundance of cool pure water to drink. The water should be light and loose, and should be taken to add an ounce or so to the milk. A baby's temperature should be kept very low, and should be changed twice a day.

The baby's bath is of the greatest importance. After the age of six months the bath may be given at a temperature of about eighty degrees or in midsummer a few degrees lower. It should be of short duration, and the tender skin should be protected by patting with a soft linen cloth.

The month should be wiped several times a day, and always before taking milk, with a pledget of cotton, dipped in tepid bicarbonate of soda.

Finally, advantage must be taken of the mild temperature to let the baby live an out-of-door life, and he must not be exposed to the hot sun in the middle of the day, and should have extra care in the early morning and the evening. At night the windows should be open, so that conditions may be as nearly as possible those of out-of-doors.

A TALK TO

Message to Every

to the

HEART HUNGER.

I know a wife who loves her husband with all her soul and heart, who she could live and so on for the rest of her life. She is a woman who says she loves her husband, but she will not just how he treats her. He and the hired men work all day together, and she will not let them talk of their work at the table. When the husband comes in, she greets him with a cold stare, and then she goes to work and tan and laugh. After supper husband and wife sit in a room and talk and mend until a clock. Husband goes to bed with not a word to his wife. Early in the morning she gets up, lights fire, and then she goes to work in the woods. "Down," she sees and speaks with perhaps 50 women and girls, all in one garden? Well, which to admire most—the red roses, the golden-rod, the yellow curls of the glaucous of these black eyes, which I considered the most beautiful day in the church year, hesitation, I would answer her day. This is the morning when parents bring their children to the where Christ is reached, in their own thoughts, I feel irresistibly drawn toward the crowd, I feel as if I were in the arms of the Saviour's arms, which I feel as if I were in the arms of the Saviour's arms, which I feel as if I were in the arms of the Saviour's arms.

HOME SANITATION.

One of the first things for us to investigate in ordering our household is the condition of the soil about the place. If it is damp and sour, and not fit for vegetation, it is not fit for human habitation. The living rooms are just over and under a sleeping room. If the furnace goes, its cold air supply from the soil near the house, which is loaded with impurities if there is any. Sometimes near the doorway there is a place where fish and wash water have been thrown for a long time. Too often this is near the well, and the bacterial crop of the dishpan, wash tub and milk can be carried by the wind to the well. Impurities may thus be transmitted by the porosity of the soil, organic matter may add its impurities, and all smelling gases be formed which add to the general discomfort. The soil should be drained and the soil filled and sweetened before there can be conditions for health in the home.

USEFUL HINTS.

Dyeing Old Clothes black, by using half a pound of logwood dissolved in cold water, first then put the matter in a gallon of water, and boil for five to ten minutes. Then boil until the water is clear.

Salt, Pepper and Spices measured by the spoonful should be measured by level, not rounded, and if you are to use only a half-spoonful, fill the spoon and divide it lengthwise. The tip of the spoon being shallow, the other part, by dividing across the bowl less is used than has been directed.

We have known that crusts of bread placed in a bottle of hot water will neutralize the odor of it, it is not generally known that a crust of dry bread put in the water in which spinach, beet tops, hamsteins, etc., are boiling will not only take away the odor of the cooking, but by absorbing the odor will give an added delicacy to the vegetable when served.

The total number of Jews in the world in 1901 was estimated at 11,422,855.



Force
the A-B-C
of good health.

My little boy was very sick and would not take any nourishment. I got a package of Force and fed him on it, and in a few days he was as healthy as ever. All I had to do was to give him Force.

Jim Dumps was father of a lass Who, by her brightness, led her class. The teacher asked Miss Dumps the question: "How can you best assist digestion?" By eating "Force." When told to him, This story tickled "Sunny Jim."



DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE

Heads Inflamed itching skin

Heads Inflamed itching skin, furze Eozema, Salt Rheum and Soft Natural, leaving the Skin Smooth, Chase's Ointment.

As a means of allaying inflammation, relieving the dreadful itching and healing and curing the most obstinate cases of eczema, it is the most valuable preparation that it is possible to obtain.

So many extreme cases have been cured, so much intense and continued agony has been relieved, and such a host of people have volunteered their evidence in this regard that I challenge anyone to produce like a preparation for any ointment or any other preparation which is recommended for such diseases.

Dr. Chase's Ointment certainly stands alone, unapproached and unrivalled as a healer of the skin diseases. From pimples to eczema, from chilblains to ulcers, each and every form of itching skin disease has been cured by this great ointment.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Flour's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., writes: "I believe that Dr. Chase's



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