

LOST AND FOUND.

A Story of Real Life.

"Where has mamma gone? I am so hungry! Oh! why doesn't she come and bring us something to eat?" and little Harry Armstrong flattened his nose against the one whole pane of glass which let in the last expiring rays of the setting sun, lighting up the scantily furnished room wherein Harry and his wee bit of a sister, Jessie, were waiting and watching for their mother.

Mrs. Richard Armstrong was a poor widow, struggling with poverty in the great city of New York, trying to keep life in herself and her two little ones.

She had been a poor working girl all her young days, and when she married her prospects for the future were bright and encouraging, for her husband was a house-painter, earning good wages, and gave his young wife

rehted; she heard the little one crying in the morning, had gone into the room, and in her rough but motherly way soon quieted her troubles, and said to her husband:

"Begorra, Pat, sunthin' has happened the poor crayturs; we'll kape the gurl till they turns up ag'in. The bit she eats we'll never miss; she'll be company for our own childer; we've only six, Pat; she'll make the sivyinth, and that's a lucky number, to be sure."

So Jessie Armstrong was settled in the Haggerty family, and as the years rolled on ceased to remember mother and brother, and was known to the world as Jessie Haggerty.

Eighteen years have passed, Harry Armstrong is a practicing lawyer; he was adopted by a wealthy man, who left him a fortune when he died.

Harry had heartily improved all the advantages he had received, and was

her, loved her in this wearisome world had been so gratifying to her loving heart that her home seemed truly a paradise on earth. But, alas! who can tell what a day may bring forth? Her happy days were soon ended.

Ere her second babe opened its eyes in this world, her husband sickened and died, and the bitter lot of a poor young widow with fatherless children was before her. By dint of persevering labor she managed for three years to keep her little home together. Then her health broke down dull times came as usual, and when she did obtain work she was miserably paid.

She parted with everything of any value whatever, and, on the day my story opens, she had gone to look for work from an advertisement, and had remained away so long that her little ones had become tired and hungry, and were crying for her return.

"Here, you, Steve, just give me a lift. This 'ere woman has been and fainted. Let's get her to the window for air!"

The woman was Mrs. Armstrong. She had not fainted, she was dead—dropped dead in the shop where she had gone to look for work. No one knew her—the poor have few to recognize them—heart disease was the coroner's verdict, Potter's field the finale.

"You lie down and go to sleep, Jessie, and I'll go look for mamma," said Harry as he kissed the little tear-stained face of his sister and tucked her in her poor bed. "I'll find mamma and bring her home, and we'll buy some bread," and brave little Harry put on his old worn cap, and again kissing the baby sister,

Out into the streets of the great city he wandered on and on through the crowded thoroughfare, bewildered confused and, oh, so weary, and no mamma could he find.

At last his tired feet refused to go farther, and he sank exhausted on a doorstep, where a policeman found him and took him to the station-house; but he could not tell where he lived—his mother had only moved into the apartments a fortnight previous; after telling his name he was given a good supper and cried himself to sleep; no inquiries were made for him, and he was placed in an asylum for waifs such as he.

Little Jessie was taken by an Irish woman, who occupied apartments opposite the room Mrs. Armstrong had

He had sought everywhere to find his mother and sister, but all in vain. They seemed as completely lost to him as if swallowed in some maelstrom.

There was a case to be tried one day in the courts, a valuable piece of lace had been missed by the fashionable and wealthy Mrs. Gregory, mistress of the elegant mansion where the young woman accused of the theft was employed as seamstress; she had emphatically denied it; but a small portion of the lace had been found in the closet of her room; it was torn and shredded, and the case looked as though the prisoner had maliciously destroyed it in a revengeful temper for some fancied wrong.

So poor Jessie Haggerty (for it was she) found herself a prisoner inside the grim prison walls.

Harry Armstrong was Mrs. Gregory's lawyer. The poor prisoner stood alone in her extreme misery.

The evidence was so strong against her that there seemed no possibility of the jury saying "not guilty," when Mrs. Gregory's little son (a boy of 4 years of age who sat by his mother's side in the courtroom) pulled from his pocket a roll of lace and began toying with it.

"Willie, dear, what is that? Where did you get it?" exclaimed the mother, at the same time grasping the lace with nervous, trembling hands, for the lace taken from her boy was the identical piece that was missing.

"My kite strings!" said Willie. "Ain't dey nice?"

The child had taken the roll for kite strings, and the torn portions found in the closet had been thrown there by the little fellow as no good, because he had broken the flimsy, weblike meshes.

"Oh, my child, my darling boy, how much trouble you have done and undone, and do not know it!" cried Mrs. Gregory, as she buried her face in her hands.

And the next moment she held poor, weeping Jessie close to her bosom, crying:

"Jessie, my poor suffering child, can you ever forgive me for so falsely accusing you?"

The whole court seemed to be entirely broken up. Judge, lawyers and jury were on tiptoe with wonderment, and the spectators were whispering knowingly and affected to tears.

At that moment a stout Irishwoman with love and kindness beaming all over her face, elbowed her way through the crowd, and, coming up to the weeping girl, said:

"Well, Jessie, may the blessing of

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