

Hivin fall on ye, but I know'd ye wor innocent. Plaze, ma'am," added she, turning to Mrs. Gregory, "but she is no child of mine. Her mith-er went out wan day—the little boy, Jessie's brother, was with her—an' they was nivir heard of ag'in, an' me an' my ole man took this 'ere little wan an' brought her up as our own. We be poor folks, ma'am, but we nivir begrudged the little we did for her. The swate child, the finest of our hull lot, I knew she eud do no harm. God bless her," and the big-hearted woman held the sobbing girl in her motherly arms.

"Can you remember this young lady's name, my good woman?" asked Harry Armstrong, his face and voice betraying great excitement.

"To be sure I can, sir. It is Armstrong, sir. Her mother's name was Mrs. Richard Armstrong, sir."

"My darling sister!" exclaimed the young lawyer as he clasped the long-

found you at last. My sister whom I have searched for far and near!"

Mrs. Gregory took brother and sister to her home in her carriage, and none were more cordially welcomed by her at all times or shared her generous hospitalities than the reunited brother and sister.

Little Willie was nicknamed "Magnet," because through his mischievousness the long-separated ones were brought together.

Mrs. Haggerty and family were made the recipients of many tokens of respect and esteem from the generous purse of Mrs. Gregory, and, rest assured, they were never forgotten by Harry and Jessie Armstrong.—Elizabeth B. Fowler in *The Woman's National Daily*.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What is that which increases the more you take from it?—A hole.

Why is anger like a potato?—It shoots from the eye.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?—When it becomes a woman.

Why is a philanthropist like an old horse?—Because he always stops at the sound of woe.

If Dick's father be John's son, what relation is Dick to John?—Grandson.

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose?—A bald head.

When is butter like Irish children?—When it is made into little Pats.

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters and protects the weakest and wickedest as well as the wisest and best of mankind?—A hat.

Of what trade is the suit?—A tanner.

What everyone wants, what everyone gives, what everyone asks and what very few take?—Advice.

What is the difference between a cat and a speech?—The one has its claws at the end of its paws and the other has its pauses at the end of its clauses.

What is probably more annoying to a great reader than to have a sty in his eye?—To have a litter in his study.

When is a Scotchman like a donkey?—When he stands on his banks and braes.

When is a man not a man?—When he's a shaving.

THE LOAD OF THE LAZY.

This Man Worked Hard in His Own Particular Way.

One of the neighborhood loafers sat comfortably smoking his four pipe, according to his daily custom, in the prescription room of a drug store. He was soliloquizing aloud to the clerk. Here is a sample of his sound, contented philosophy: "I'll tell you what! A man is mighty miserable if he ain't got nothin' to do, when he ain't workin' at somethin'. I know it—I've tried both ways an' I find that there ain't nothin' that makes a man more miserable than doin' nothin'. But, you know, there's two kinds of work; one of them is where a feller goes to work at six in the mornin' an' works with his hands till six at night. The other is where a feller sits around an' thinks I ain't never happy unless I'm workin', but I don't believe in that first kind of work. I believe in thinkin' all day long, an' that's harder than the other kind, I can tell you—you just

is mighty miserable when he ain't workin'."

ALL RELIGIONS IN LONDON.

Faithist Community Latest Addition to Its Queer Sects.

The Faithist community which has established a modest footing in Balham, and whose comprehensive gospel ranges from the creation of man to the "glory and labors of the gods and goddesses of the Etherian heavens," is the latest addition to the long list of London's religious sects, which are now almost as many as the days of the year. In London the Chinaman burns his incense stick in more than one joss-house in the east end, the Mahometan has his mosque, the Malayan his temple, near St. George's street east; the Parsees worship the sun in Bloomsbury, the Mormons have a mission in Islington, and in many parts of the metropolis the Buddhists and Ancestor Worshipers perform their strange rites. Of Christian sects in London there are at least 300, including the Cokelers, the disciples of William Sirgood, the Walworth shoemaker; the Peculiar People, who prefer prayer to physicians; the Sandemanians, the followers of Joanna Southcott, the prophetic serving maid; the Shakers and the Seventh Day Baptists.

NOT LIKE ANY SHE HAD SEEN.

Why Chicken Seemed Peculiar to Small City Girl.

Little Isabel had been so unfortunate as to have lived most of her six years in boarding houses. Now, the boarding house chicken, as every one knows who has had any experience with that curious fowl, seems largely composed of wings and legs. It generally fell to Isabel's lot to draw a leg. Consequently it was with great surprise that on her first visit to the country she contemplated a real live chicken on its native beach. She had been told that it was a chicken, but she had her doubts until reassured by her mother. Even then she was not quite satisfied. Mystified, as though grappling with some problem beyond her power to reason out, she exclaimed: "But, see, mamma, it only has two legs!"

The Genius of Love.

Durable love is a sublime drama played by two actors equal in talents, a drama where the sentiments are catastrophes, where desires are events and where the lightest thought causes a change of scene. But how will you find in the flock of bipeds which is called a nation, a man and a woman possessing in the same degree the genius of love, when talented people are already so rare in other sciences?—Honore de Balzac.

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A Paradox in Age.

At an entertainment provided by the Woman's philharmonic society the most widely advertised attraction was a dancer, who, so it was whispered, "had become too old to teach in the public schools and had taken to dancing for a living." That remarkable announcement drew a crowd of curious persons who were anxious to see what a woman looked like who was too old to teach but young enough to practice the terpsichorean art in public. Aiso, everybody wanted to know what the topsyturvy age might be, but of course, no one found out.

One Way Round it.

A minister says that one Saturday he was strolling along the shaded bank of a pretty stream when, unobserved, he approached a group of small boys, who were comfortably clad in jacket and trousers only. One freckled face little fellow stepped to the edge of the bank, turned his back to his companions and said: "Say, one of you fellers push me in, will yer?" "What for?" his chums demanded in chorus. "Aw, me mudder made me promise I wouldn't go in swimmin'; go on an' push!" the conscientious youth replied.