IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

But my life was ruined—my heart broken, at least for the time; —and a sob burst from her quiv- lips at this point—"I never d upon the faces of my parents n. I—their idolized and only —had to flee from the sight of ry one whom I knew to hide my ame. And they both died of grief less than three months. Then for ng years I toiled for the support of yself and child. I would gladly ave died, but I dared not take the life that was God-given, nor shirk the sad responsibility laid upon me, and doom my boy to orphanhood, and the cold char y of an indifferent world. How glad I have been since that I did not, in my despair, thus rashly sin t all forgiveness, for, at last, my reward came; and, through the kindness and conscientiousness of the Rev. Dr. Harris, of Chicago, I now hold the papers to prove that I was made a legal wife. Ah! you can never realize how I exulted over the fact—not because I was your wife—for I would have scorned to assert claim upon you; but because every shadow or dishonor was removed from me, and my dear boy. It made a new woman of me—it gave me life—renewed my youth—put strength, and hope and joy into my heart; and now the future looks very bright for us both."

But the man before her knew that no thought in connection with him served to brighten that future; he realized, but too plainly, that every spark of the affection which she might have once experienced for him, had burned to ashes in her heart.

This was very patent to him even before she drew her slight, graceful figure to its full height, and resumed:

"But for you, Richard Heatherton"—and, lifting one taper, rose-tipped finger, she pointed toward the door—"you can go from here as stealthily as you came in, for you have no part nor lot in my life, even though, in the sight of the law you may be my legal husband. I glory in the fact only because of my triumph over you and the wrong you would have done me, and because it gives an honorable name to my son; but you are no more to me than the stones of yonder pavement, which every day I tread beneath my feet."

"Miriam——"

"Never dare to address me like that," she burst forth, before he could utter another word, while a vivid scarlet flushed her face, "I am to you as a stranger—I will not recognize you as anything else; I will have nothing to do with you."

Richard Heatherton thought he had never seen her so beautiful as she was at that moment—not even in her youthful days, while as he gazed about the beautiful room, which everywhere showed traces of her care and taste, and realized the charm of her presence, a regret for what might have been, if he had done what was right and honorable, smote him painfully—a sense of remorse for the wrong he had done her, and the son of whom any father might feel proud, and, more than all else, for the irreparable injury which must in consequence fell upon the darling of his heart—his bright, beautiful, idolized Vera.

Ah! this was the keenest sting of all—that his sin against she who had been scarcely less beautiful, who had been equally pure and innocent, must blight, for all time, the life of his lovely child; for—the thought seared both heart and brain—if his marriage with Miriam Wallingford had been legal, the tie which had bound him to that other woman had not been lawful, and—Vera was illegitimate.

Surely, what his uncle had only that morning said to him was being verified in the most unexpected and crushing manner—he was indeed "reaping an abundant harvest" for the "wild oats" he had so boasted of having sown in his youth, and the relentless scythe had fallen where he had never thought it possible—it had ruthlessly cut down and laid low his dearest, his most cherished hopes.

These thoughts drove him to the verge of despair.

Oh! it did not seem possible that in one moment of time the world and life could be so bereft of light and hope.

Ah! could Miriam have suffered as he now suffered, when he smote her down with that one word to which she had referred a little while ago, when he had twitted her in his anger with the stigma which would rest upon her child when she should give it birth.

Those were "wild oats," indeed, which he must now gather into his own garner; the opprobrious epithets he had thrown at Miriam, years ago, instead of branding his intended victim with shame, had rebounded to dishonor her who was dearer to him than his own life.

A tempest of wrath, and grief, and shame, raged within him, as these thoughts surged through his brain.

But Vera should never know—no such grief must ever dim the light of her beautiful eyes, or mar the brightness of her happy face.

But it galled him terribly to think of Miriam Wallingford and her boy, here in Benjamin Lawson's home, triumphing over him, and perhaps wheedling the old man out of the fortune which he had so confidently expected would come into his possession, by inheritance, and thus descend eventually to Vera.

He resolved that they should never succeed, if such was their aim; he would overthrow them by some means; he would trample them in the dust before they should usurp his rights; he would gain his ends by strategy if he could—by violence, if he must.

"How came you here in Boston, and in Benjamin Lawson's household?" he demanded, when he could command himself sufficiently to speak, and ignoring Miriam's last bitter words.

"That is a question which does not concern you," she coldly replied.

"Perhaps it does concern me more than you realize," he returned, hotly. "I suppose you know who—what he is."

"Yes; I know that he is an honorable gentleman," Miriam responded, with significant emphasis.

Her companion winced visibly, and flushed.

"I mean what his relationship is to me," he said.

"His relationship to you!" repeated Miriam, with a scornful inflection, yet with a slight start of surprise; "I do not believe one drop of his blood flows in your veins."

Richard Heatherton looked astonished at this reply, for he could not doubt its sincerity.

"Is it possible that you do not know?" he exclaimed.

"Know what?" she inquired breathlessly.

"That he is my uncle—my mother's only brother?—do you pretend you never suspected this, and have not wormed yourself into his confidence and good graces, in the hope of securing the fortune which should come to me, for your son?" her companion demanded, with a skeptical sneer upon his handsome but evil face.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Miriam Heatherton looked amazed at her companion's communication.

"Benjamin Lawson your uncle—your mother's brother?" she exclaimed, ignoring his contemptible insinuations regarding her motives, "No; I do not—I cannot believe it."

"It is the truth; my mother's name, before her marriage, was Rachel Lawson," the man asserted, so positively that she could no longer doubt the truthfulness of his statement.

Then it dawned upon her why Mr. Lawson had always been so kind to her and Ned; why he had, from the very first of their acquaintance with him, shown so much tender interest in them.

He had doubtless suspected, at the outset, that they were the wife and child of his nephew, whom he believed to be dead, and this, of course, had been proved to him when she had confessed who she was, and related her history to him.

But she thought it very strange that he had never told her of the fact, and acknowledged the relationship.

Why had he concealed the truth from her all these years? Did he fear that she and Ned would take advantage of the fact to worm his fortune from him, as had just been suggested?

The rich color mounted to the sensitive woman's brow, at the bare thought of his suspecting her of anything so ignoble.

"Yes, it is a fact," Richard Heatherton continued, "and, in spite of your pretensions to the contrary, I believe you have known it all along, and have been playing your cards for his money."

"I have not," Miriam indignantly returned. "I never dreamed of such a thing; you are only judging me after your own ignoble standard."

"But I am his legal heir," the man went on—"his only heir, next to my mother, and, eventually I shall inherit all that he has. Now, Miriam," he continued, in a conciliatory tone, "be reasonable and sensible—don't set yourself up against me as a foe, and try to ruin my prospects with my uncle. Let by-gones be by-gones. I know that I used you meanly years ago; but if, as you say, that marriage was legal, why, we must try to come to some amicable terms, and I will agree to make a comfortable provision for you and—the boy, for the future; that is, if you will agree not to interfere with my expectations."

But Miriam had grown cold and haughty during his speech. Her lovely eyes, however, glowed like coals of fire; her lips curled with contempt for the wretched specimen of a man before her.

"'Be sensible!" she repeated. "I ought to have expected such an admonition from you, perhaps, since I so idiotically allowed myself, years ago, to be persuaded by you into a secret engagement and clandestine marriage. Oh! if young girls could only realize the doom that is sure to follow such a reckless act how much suffering and remorse they might be spared! But I came to myself—my eyes were opened by your heartlessness on that day when you revealed your baseness—your true character to me, and every atom of my love for you was burned out of my heart. 'Let bygones be bygones'? Yes, that is just what I wish to do—what I have done? All sentiment regarding you has been so thoroughly eradicated from my nature that you are to me as if you never had existed. I ignore, I repudiate you utterly; I would never have even acknowledged the legality of our marriage, much less attempted to prove it, but that my boy might be able to claim that he was of honorable birth."

It was not pleasant to her companion to be obliged to stand there and listen to such scathing words, and they cut him like a two-edged sword.

No man can patiently endure the disdain and repudiation of the woman over whom he has once held unbounded sway, and Richard Heatherton's arrogant nature was galled by the stinging words of his injured wife.

"No, Richard Heatherton, you are nothing to me," she resumed, after a moment; "you never can be anything to me. I have so risen above you and the wrongs you have done me, that I am not even moved to hate you, as some women would do. You can judge, perhaps, how utterly indifferent I am to you when I tell you that I am living happily in the present; I enjoy life—every day is full of sunshine and content in the performance of my duties and in looking forward to a promising future for my dear boy. Never come near me again, Richard Heatherton—never speak to me, never remind me of the past. If, as you say, you are Mr. Lawson's nephew, and you must come here to visit him, I suppose I shall be obliged to meet you as I would meet any other stranger who might be a relative of his. If you are his legal heir, and expect to inherit his fortune, that is nothing to me—I have never had a thought of receiving anything more from him than the amount which he pays me monthly, for caring for his home, and in return for which I try to make it as pleasant as possible for him. Your insinuation that I have been playing my cards for his fortune is too contemptible to be refuted. Now go; I never wish to see your face again."

"Then I understand that you have no desire to acknowledge the tie that exists between us," the disconcerted man remarked, while he wondered at, and was unaccountably irritated by her utter indifference toward him.

"Oh, yes," the fair woman calmly replied, "I acknowledge that I was made your legal wife some twenty years ago—that is a fact which I am very particular about having established; but, as for ever recognizing you as my husband—no; a thousand times no!"

"How about a divorce, then?" he ventured to suggest.

Miriam's crimson lips curled with irrepressible scorn.

"I could never be more completely divorced from you than I am at this moment," she icily returned.

The man flushed. She was very lovely, standing there, so cool and self-possessed; so satisfied with her present independent position; so supremely indifferent to his existence, and their relations in the past, and his old passion for her was suddenly renewed. But for Vera and his desire to shield her from the knowledge that he had had another wife living at the time of his marriage to her mother, he felt that he would leave no stone unturned to win back the sweet confidence and affection of this fair woman, whom he had so ruthlessly discarded, and whom any man might have been proud to acknowledge as his wife.

But, since there could be no hope of this, he resolved to manage some way to secure himself and prevent her from ever making him any trouble regarding her uncle's property, if the old man should happen to die without making a will.

"Then, perhaps, you will sign a paper releasing me from all future responsibility or obligation toward you," he said, though a sense of the shamelessness of such a request dyed his face crimson for the moment.

"All future responsibility or obligation!" Miriam repeated, with flashing eyes, "judging from the burden you have borne in the past, in those respects, such a document would, no doubt, be very valuable to you," she concluded, with scathing sarcasm.

The man had never been so conscious of his own meanness and littleness as at that moment, and he winced visibly under her satire.

"I suppose, however," she added, "I am to understand by that that you wish me to sign away my right of dower as a wife?"

"Yes," he answered, with averted face—he could not meet the fine scorn which he knew was gleaming in her blue orbs.

"I shall never do that, Richard Heatherton," she returned, with emphatic decision; "and even if I should that would not secure you against the claims of your son."

He knew it but too well, and it made him realize Vera's terrible situation with a feeling of despair such as he had not experienced.

This was followed by a blaze of anger and defiance, accompanied by a desire for revenge upon Miriam because of the victory she had achieved over him.

"You shall regret this!" he cried, vindictively.

"Regrets in connection with you have long since ceased," she composedly returned.

"Do not be too sure," he retorted; "there are more ways than one of wounding you and making you feel my power. Look out for yourself, Miriam Wallingford, and look out for the boy of whom you are so boastful."

With this vindictive warning the man turned abruptly and left the room and the house, while Miriam sank upon a chair with both hands pressed over her startled heart, a terrible fear suddenly depriving her of all strength.

Ah, yes, she thought, he might make her feel his cruel power through Ned! he could indeed crush her to the earth if he should dare to injure her boy in any way, and for a time she was distressed by a thousand fears.

Then she reasoned that she was in a city where crime and personal violence could not be committed with impunity.

Ned was a man now, too, and capable of looking out for himself personally; while, as far as principles were concerned, he was thoroughly good and pure, and she felt sure no one could have power to corrupt him.

It had been but an idle threat, uttered under the impulse of anger, she told herself, and she would not allow herself to be disturbed by it.

As she grew more composed, she realized how literally true her words to Richard Heatherton had been, how utterly indifferent she was to him—how completely he had lost all power to move her to either love or hate.

Her love for him had indeed burned to ashes, and nothing could ever rekindle it.

As for the man himself, he went out of Benjamin Lawson's house wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement.

He had expected to browbeat the woman whom he had wronged into abject submission to his wishes, as he was wont to do years ago in his youth. But he had failed most miserably, and he had been made to realize instead, that he had been the destroyer of his own life and peace—that he had begun, in bitter earnest, to reap a harvest from the "wild oats" which he had sown twenty years ago.

He had more reason for fleeing from the country than was generally supposed when he had disappeared so suddenly after leaving college. Not only did he fear trouble from the proud young girl whom he had driven to desperation, but also from her furious father, who, upon learning how his daughter had been wronged had sent him word that he "would shoot him like a dog if he should ever lay eyes upon him." Then his own father and uncle had received an inkling of the story, and, becoming enraged over it and the enormous debts he had contracted during his college days, hotly denounced him, refused to pay his bills and ordered him to go to work and take care of himself in the future.

With his cowardly heart full of fear and hatred, he had recklessly boarded the first steamer bound for Europe and put the ocean between himself and the consequence of his misdeeds.

But, even after reaching England he was haunted by a sense of insecurity, and so resolved to ship for Australia, where, he felt sure, no one connected with his former life would ever be able to find him.

While on his way to this country the man who shared his stateroom was taken suddenly ill and died, as he had related to his uncle, and, resolving to make assurance doubly sure, he determined to destroy his identity by personating the dead man, and allowing all on board to believe that it was Richard Heatherton, of New York, U. S. A., who had died when two days at sea.

This he could the more easily do, since both had been seasick from the hour of starting, and, having been confined to their stateroom, no one had had an opportunity to identify either. The man told him, the first day out, that he had no friends—he had lost his family, and was trying to flee from his sorrow; therefore no inquiries would be made for him, and there was no fear that the deception would ever be discovered.

Having thus blotted himself out of existence, so to speak, he was prepared to begin a new life in the country whither he was going.

Being a good accountant, he readily found employment when he arrived in Sydney; and remained in the service of one firm for the next three or four years, and to whom he gave the name of Heath.

During this time he met Anita Castaldi, a beautiful Spanish girl, and the only child of a widow of great wealth.

The mother was an invalid, and Richard, who was not fond of toiling for his living, and who found it difficult to support his expensive tastes upon his modest salary, resolved that he would win the girl and the fortune, which in the course of a few months must be hers.

The beautiful Spanish maiden was as lovely in character as in person, and, believing her handsome lover to be all that he represented himself, she gave her heart unreservedly to the ardent suitor.

Anita's mother shared her daughter's belief in the moral worth of the young man, and willingly gave her consent to their union, feeling that she should thus have her darling happy in the care and protection of a noble and devoted husband.

Accordingly they were married by the woman's dying bed, and three weeks later she passed away, leaving her daughter sorrowing, but not inconsolable, over her loss, for, out of the fervor of her Spanish nature, she idolized her husband, and all other emotions were absorbed in this.

(To be Continued.)

ANIMALS AS DECOYS.

Something About the Sirens of the Packing Houses of Kansas.

The big packing houses out west employ decoy animals to lead their brethren to the slaughter. These animals are called "sirens" by the packing house men, and they are valable adjuncts to the business. All packing houses are compelled to have them. A steer is trained to lead the animals out of the pens through the long overhead bridges into the packing house and down into the killing room. Such a steer is called "Judas Iscariot" usually. Some of them have become famous for their intelligence. But there generally comes a time when they grow unruly or careless or their powers fail, and they themselves are led to the slaughter.

In one of the packing houses in Kansas City, in which a great many sheep are slaughtered, a goat is employed to entice sheep from the stock yards where they are brought to the killing pens in the house. It is a long distance from the yards to the house, through streets, over a river and a railroad yard by bridge, and through lanes. Without an animal to lead them it would be impossible to get a large flock of sheep home safely and expeditiously.

The goat's name is Willie, and he is the cleverest beast of his kind. He cost less than $2, but does work that a $5,000 a year clerk could not do half so well, if at all. The sheep follow Willie with implicit confidence, and he leads hundreds of them to their doom every day. When the sheep buyer goes about the stock yards buying the animals Willie follows him. The yards are divided into pens by fences. On top of each fence is a footboard, along with the buyer, walks inspecting the animals that he desires to buy. Willie walks the fences with the buyer and climbs up and down the steps with ease.

When the sheep are all bought a boy opens the gate and leads the way. Willie follows the boy; the sheep follow Willie. The sheep could not be induced to follow the boy unless Willie was there.

Occasionally Willie gets tired of being good, and when he is naughty he is very like "the little girl who had a little curl," and then he is horrid and that is bad for the sheep business. When this occurs Willie is not coaxed or pampered in the least. His master simply takes a big hickory club and maltreats him, and in a few minutes one would think Willie had the disposition of an angel.

That weak, tired condition will soon change by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

He Was Convinced.

"Once, when I was publishing a paper in Seattle, I convinced a man in the most emphatic way that it paid to advertise,' said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper.

"'Oh, it's no use!' he would say. 'I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself upon the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper—pshaw! Everybody who reads a newspaper dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper, will you advertise?'

"'Of course I will. I advertise wherever I think it will do any good.'

"The next day I had the following line stuck in the most obscure corner of the paper, between a couple of patent-medicine advertisements:

"'What is Cohen going to do about it?'

"The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what that meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do so if he would let me write the explanation, and stand by it. He agreed; and I wrote, 'He is going to advertise, of course.' And he did."—New York Herald.

A Blundering Genius.

Miss Cholmondley's "Red Pottage" continues to be the novelistic sensation in England, while in America it is pressing the local favorites hard. 'Tis a strange mixture of genius and ignorance. Its plot is original. So, all too frequently, is its grammar. The very first line in the book includes an outrageous literary blunder. Here is it:

"'I can't get out,' said Swift's starling."

Now, a very ordinary acquaintance with English literature would have informed Miss Cholmondeley that Sterne, not Swift, originated the famous fable of the starling who couldn't get out. Perhaps the "Sentimental Journey" is not read much nowadays, but this little episode is contained in many and many a book of "Elegant Extracts" or "Prose Preserves."

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE LITTLE CLOCK.

Our little clock, mama's and mine,
High on her mantel dwells,
And when one knows just how it goes
Such pleasant things it tells.

Thus when it points for tea at four
It says to us, "Just two hours more!"
Gladly at five it chimes this song—
"One hour is not so very long."
We understand its ticks.
Then, settling in the window seat,
We hark for footsteps on the street,
For papa comes at six

A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

The youngest parlor car tourist is Miss Helen M. Francis, 3 years and 8 months, reccently of New York, but now of Stroud, O. T. All alone, save for friends made on the journey, she travelled from New York to "gran'ma's" home in Stroud, which is henceforth to be her home. Word was received a few days ago of her safe arrival.

Her father is William Francis, a railroad official of New York. Helen's mother died a few months ago. She was the only child, and her father decided that she would be much better off with her grandmother. But he could not accompany her on the journey.

In his dilemma he laid the situation before H. B. McClellan, general eastern agent of a big railroad.

"Why," said Mr. McClellan, "we will see Helen through to her grandmother as snug as a bug in a rug, and as fast as the trains will run." He then wrote on a tag: "My name is Helen M. Francis. I am going to James Lockhart, Stroud, O. T., via West Shore, Wabash and 'Frisco." On the reverse side of the tag Mr. McClellan wrote: "Will the conductors and general travelling public kindly show attention?"

On the following night the little girl, properly tagged, and her father were at the station. Miss Helen, with a small bag of clothing, was placed under the care of Conductor E. J. O'Donnell, and was assigned to her berth.

The passengers crowded about her and soon she was a bit of a heroine. That afternoon she was photographed at Kingston. At night the women tucked her away in her berth, and so it was all through the journey of 2,000 miles.

EGYPTIAN DOLLS.

Dolls were buried with children's mummies in Egypt.

The girls of ancient Hindustan had ivory dolls, and in Greece even jointed dolls were sold in the market place. The girls of the middle ages had not only dolls which must have been the favorite playthings, if we can judge from the allusions of the poets, but also dolls' houses and dolls' wagons.

A number of earthen dolls representing babies and armored knights were found under the Nuremberg pavement in 1859. These dolls date from the fourteenth century. The hole in one of them is for the reception of the "pathenpfennig," or godparents' gift.

The boy doll, generally mounted, was also a favorite with the middle age (not middle aged) girl.

The children of those times were not exacting. Colored eggs, painted wooden birds, baldders filled with peas, little "practicable" windmills and earthen animal figures were thankfully received.

The boys had hobbyhorses, paper windmills and marbles. A verse of the seventeenth century bewails the destruction of pockets by the last named. The older boys went fowling with blow guns.

A WISE MULE.

Lady Burton, a famous English woman, who has made a great many long journeys, was once travelling in Syria when a mule which was in great pain hobbled up to her, in spite of the heavy load on its back, and held up the hoof that it had hardly been able to use, with a look on its face that spoke plainly, not only of agony, but also of hope that she might cure it. On looking at the hoof Lady Burton found it pierced with a two-inch nail, which she pulled out at once, and from that time on the grateful animal followed her about like a big dog.

GOING BY THE EYE.

Unless one has some other sort of knowledge to contradict it, observes Youth's Companion, it is natural to accept the evidence of the eye. Therfore the answer which a teacher recently received from her class of small children was not altogether surprising.

"Which is farther away," she asked, "England or the moon?"

"England!" the children answered quickly.

"England?" she questioned. "What makes you think that?"

"'Cause we can see the moon, and we can't see England," answered one of the brightest of the class.

GEORGIE TELLS

How His Paw Surprised the Man of the House.

Paw and Maw were Hunten houses nearly all Last weak and they are a look in paw's Eyes that makes You think he expects something mite Happen almost Enay time before he coud notus it. I went along a Fue times becoz Aunt Grace sed she would stay with little albert and the baby, but she told us she wouldn't have the pupp around Becoz she didn't Beleave he was to be Trusted Enny more Than a thursty polensman in the Kitchen when they were things to Drink in the Ice box. So last Thursday me and the pupp went along Becoz paw got home erly in the Afternoon. Maw told paw about a House she saw the Day before where they was sunshine in Every room. After we Rung the Door bell nearly Half a hour they was a hired girl Come to the Door and Told us we Couldn't get In becoz the lady wasn't at home.

"When'll she be Here?" paw ask.

The girl said she Didn't no, and paw got To talken about the House, and they Didn't see the pupp when he Scooed past the girl and got inside. I didn't want to Say ennything about it Becoz paw told me once that it was Bad manners to interrupt when Grown people are Tawken. in about a Minute and a Half we heard a Scream up stares and pritty soon the Lady of the House Came down with the Baby in her arms, but not Becoz she Wanted to show us the sunshine in Every room.

"Take that turrable Dawg out of here," she says, and me and paw went up to see if the pupp would Lissen to reason. Maw and the Lady went in a Back Room and Waited and paw ran in Where the pupp was and started to kick him out, but the pupp got under the bed and Backed up in the corner Where he Could think about it without getting his thots upset. Paw nelt down on his nees and Elbows and tried to coax the pupp out, but it wasn't enny use. The pupp humped up in the Corner and Looked distrustful. Then paw crep under the Bed so only His Laigs stuck out, and was agoing to Drag the pupp Out by the tirote.

In about a half a Second after that paw was hollering for help and the pupp was making quite a Fuss, too. The man that lived Thare got home while the trubble was Going on and Came up Stares without asten enny questions. When he Saw paw's Feat sticking Out from under the bed and herd the Racket he didn't seem to no whether he better Stay and Try to find Out what was going on or not. Then maw came running in and Grabbed paw by one laig but that didn't seem to make the man understand it enny better Than he did before.

Maw pulled at one foot and I cot hold of the Other, but we couldn't budge paw, so after while the man we were visitun took hold of the Bed and pushed it Over to the other side of the room. That left paw and the pupp out where we Could get at Them. The pupp had a Holt of paw's Cote coller and wouldn't let go Becoz he was a Bull Dawg, and the man says:

"Water'll make him quit. That's the only way to make a Bull dawg give up."

So he got a pitcher Full of water and poured it on Paw and got a Little on the pupp, too, and pritty soon pawe Got up and says:

"Gimme a Towull!"

The man handed paw a Towell and paw wiped the Water out of his ears and Eyes and kicked the pupp down stairs. Then the man says:

"O! corse I 'spese it's all rite, but if you Have time now I wush you'd tell me what all this means."

"We herd you had sunshine in Every room here," maw told him, "and we thot We'd come to see About it."

"Well," the man says, "if I was looken for sunshine I don't think I'd hunt under the Bed for it till I was pritty sure it Couldn't be ennywhere else."

Paw refewsed to argew about it, and on the Way home I says to maw:

"It's a good thing We took the pupp along or we mitent of Got in the house a Tall, mite We?"—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

WHY DON'T THEY?

"Pa," said Tommy Treadway.

"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one question to-day. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, go on."

"Why, don't they bury the Dead Sea?"—Household Words.

Mr. Kremlin himself was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.—Benjamin Disraeli.

Discordant notes are often protested.

HAVE GIRLS LOST HEALTH?

Has Nineteenth Century Life Lowered their Vitality and Wasted their Nerve Power?—The Remarkable Restorative Power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

What girl or woman of to-day can boast the health, vitality and bodily vigor of her grandmother? In spite of the remarkable improvement in sanitary conditions, the attention paid to pure food and the wonderful advance of medical science, the fact remains that the majority of women and girls are suffering from the modern malady—nerves.

From the working girl, worn out by standing long hours behind the counter, by close confinement in ill-ventilated rooms, by the nerve-racking hum of machinery, or by toil too arduous for her delicate body to withstand, to the lady of education, refinement and social standing, whose nerve power is exhausted by late hours, loss of sleep, and foods not suited for nourishment of the blood and nerves, all alike suffer from nervous disorders and irregularities which make life hard to endure.

From nerve and brain exhaustion, headache and nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, irritability and nervousness, the way to paralysis, nervous prostration and insanity is short, and the return to health next to impossible.

But science has ever kept pace with civilization, and while the life of the present day is productive of nervous troubles, which cause pain, misery and death, there is hope for all in the great restorative of exhausted nerves and wornout bodies—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There is no stronger proof of the remedial and restorative value of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food than in that it increases weight, rounds out the wasted form, and returns the color to the cheeks. It is not a stimulant nor opiate, but a blood-forming, body-building restorative of unapproachable worth.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is acknowledged by physicians to be wonderfully effective as a blood builder and nerve restorative. Hundreds of doctors recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to their patients as the greatest system builder and revitalizer that can possibly be obtained; 50 cents a box, sold everywhere. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are imitators of Dr. A. W. Chase, but none who dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are found on every box of his genuine remedies.

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