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LOVE AND A TITLE

"If I'd known Vane was going to come this trick," he says, ruefully, "I'd have got him out into the Nancy Bell, and drowned him; and that wouldn't have been any use, for he can swim like a dogfish."

For a while Jeanne comforts him and herself with the reminder that she will soon be back.

She is telling him so now, and they two, having escaped from the house, are strolling down the lane, her arm around the boy's neck, her face dreamily happy, her voice soft and low, and full of that subtle melody that Love lends to his slaves.

"It won't be long, Hal," she says, "and we shall come back and settle down within sight of the old house, and—and—"

"But Vernon does not say so," says Hal, incredulously; "he says his plans are all uncertain. I believe, Jeanne, you don't know anything about what you are going to do."

Jeanne flushes slightly. It is quite true; she does not.

"Not yet," she says, dreamily. "But we shall come back—oh! yes; we shall come back. And, Hal—what time does the last train get in?"

Hal grins.

"Did you ever think of anything else but Vernon, Jen?" he says. "Did he say he would come back to-night? Perhaps he'll lose the train," he suggests, wickedly.

Jeanne looks startled, then she pinches his ear.

"Yes, he will come to-night," she says, looking toward the horizon, longingly, as if Vernon had been absent a year, instead of six hours; "he never breaks his word. And, Hal, don't you think we ought to go back?"

"No, not yet," says the boy; "I can't stand all that cackle about the fal-lals, and to-morrow's feed. Let's go down the lane into the road, Jen."

And so, side by side, they go through the crimson flood of sunlight, Jeanne's face, in all its fresh loveliness, beneath her broad-brimmed gypsy hat, and her graceful figure clad in its plain muslin frock. That face and figure are haunting Vernon Vane, even at this moment, as he is dashing up Regent street in a hansom cab, and chafing at the business which keeps him, even for an afternoon, from his girl-love.

"I shouldn't be surprised," says Hal, as the pause at the top of the lane leading up the road which climbs the high cliff-like hill, "if Uncle John doesn't lose his head, with all the fuss and confusion, and blow the house up, wedding-dress and all! Jeanne, there'll be nobody to pull the cotton-wool out of his hair, and brush the steel filings off his waistcoat to-morrow. Oh, hang it, Jen, I'm very fond of Vernon, but—"

"Dear Hal!" murmurs Jeanne, coaxing his red and not too steady hand. "You'll be a good boy, Hal—"

"You'll be a good girl, Jeanne!" he retorts, his mood changing. "What, going to give me a lecture, like a mother when she says good-bye at school. Why, then, you're only a child yourself, and will have to put on your best behavior. I say, look there," he breaks off, nodding to the high road; "they're coming down the hill at a pretty good pace, anyhow."

Jeanne leans around the stile and looks; coming down the hill there is a carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited horse, who evidently don't know the road, and don't like it.

"That isn't one of the Marly post-horses, I'll bet," says Hal, resting his chin on his hands, and watching the prancing and restless pair with all a boy's enjoyment.

"What a splendid carriage, Jeanne," he says. "If they don't put the brake on they'll come to grief directly; the drop just here is the stiffest on the road. What a dust!"

As he speaks the carriage has descended almost to a level with them and they can see still more plainly than before that the heavy chariot is forcing and chafing the heavy horses almost beyond endurance, and that the coachman is pulling his hardest and looking apprehensively down the steep incline below him.

"The brake—the brake!" says Hal. "Why doesn't the idiot—holloa!" he breaks off, and jumps off the stile as, with a slip and a tumble, the near horse plunges on to his knees and rolls over, and Hal runs down to the bank and is on the road almost before the coachman has got down, and Jeanne, following, is in time to see a face at the window, and hear a voice, crying:

"Open the door—what has happened?"

Hal is already on his knees beside the fallen horse, and takes not the slightest notice, but Jeanne runs forward, and lays her hand on the handle of the door; at the same moment another hand touches it. Both hands meet, and Jeanne, looking up as the door opens, sees the fair face of a woman looking affrightedly out at her.

For a moment Jeanne is too startled to speak. It is not the beauty of the face, with its delicate tints and exquisitely curved features, and fair golden hair that positively glitters in the sunlight, but the whole figure. In short, it is Jeanne's first glimpse of one of that last marvel of our high-pressured civilization—a fashionable beauty.

And to Jeanne it is nothing more or less than a marvel; woman-like, she takes it all in—the graceful, trained figure, dressed to perfection, from the Parisian boot to the delicate grey travelling hat; from the exquisitely fitting gloves and the silver bangles to the priceless travelling scarf of China silk, which lies neglected on the dusty road. There is another person in the carriage, evidently the lady's maid, who stands, pale and bewildered, grasping a jewel-case and a sunshade, and looking as if the end of the world had come.

For a moment the lady does not appear to be conscious of Jeanne's presence, but stands shaking her French grey dress, and scolding in haughtily languid tones the perspiring men-servants.

"Fell down!" she says, not sharply, not even angrily, but with haughty, contemptuous scorn. "Of course. This is not a French road. Is the horse dead?"

The horse replies to the query by struggling up and shaking himself.

"It is both negligent and careless," she says. "Pray, let us go on!"

The man touches his hat and shakes his head.

"What is the matter?" she asks.

"Pole's broke off short, my lady," says the man, fumbling at the fragment.

"Do you mean that we shall not be able to go on?" she asks.

"Afraid not, my lady, till we get this mended."

And he looks around as if he expected to see a wheelwright's shop drop down from the sky.

Her ladyship turns and apparently remembers Jeanne.

"Oh," she says. "Did you help me out? Thanks, very much."

Then, as Jeanne's quiet bow convinces her that she is a lady, her ladyship adds more graciously ,and with a sweeter tone:

"It really was very kind of you. I wonder you were not afraid. One's own people seem to lose their senses in accidents of this kind."

"I am very sorry," says Jeanne. "The hill is very steep here, and dangerous for those who do not understand the road."

"Which my people do not," says the lady. "Where are we?" she adds, looking around, with the air of a person who has left civilization and plunged into an unexplored district.

"This is Newton Regis," says Jeanne.

"But I don't see a house," exclaims her ladyship, with indolent vexation. "Is there a village—a hotel—any place where one can get out of this dusty road? I suppose I shall have to remain in the carriage while they get another, or something. I must ask you to be quick," she adds, turning to the servants.

"There is a village in the valley," says Jeanne, "but our house is much nearer than the inn, if you do not mind walking to the end of the lane. It will be more people seem to lose their senses in acciage."

"You are really very kind," says her ladyship, still more sweetly and musically, with a more deliciously reposeful and self-contained than Jeanne had ever heard before in her life. "But it is intruding, I fear—"

"No," says Jeanne, in her frank way, "and it is not very far."

"Well, thanks, I will stay. You, Wilson, you had better remain here, while James goes down for another carriage. How far is Leigh Court from here?" she asks, as she follows Jeanne up the slope.

"How far, Hal?" asks Jeanne, but Hal, alarmed by the apparition of the fashionable beauty, has made his escape immediately after the uprising of the horse.

"I think it is eighteen or twenty miles," says Jeanne.

Her ladyship sighs.

"Quite out of the world! And do you live here?" she asks, looking at Jeanne, as if she wondered how any human being could exist so far out of the world.

"Yes," says Jeanne, "and am very happy."

This quaint addendum is like Jeanne, and is almost defiant.

The indolent blue eyes rest with languid interest upon the fresh young face.

"I am glad to hear it," she says; "I didn't think it could have been possible. I assure you that every inch of the road has only added to my regret at travelling it. I have but just left Paris——"

Jeanne smiled, and blushed faintly.

"And I am just going!" she thought.

"—and am quite exhausted. It only needs this to put a climax to my sufferings. Did you say your house was not very far?"

"That is it," says Jeanne, as they came in sight of the familiar red bricks.

Her companion raises her eyes languidly.

"A romantic spot," she says, "it is like the first scene in a modern comedy-opera. And this is Rawton Megis?"

"Newton Regis," corrects Jeanne. "Will you come in and rest?" she adds, and her ladyship follows her into the cozy drawing-room.

"If you will excuse me," says Jeanne, "I'll go and find my aunt."

Her ladyship bows gracefully, but with the most cool indifference, and Jeanne, half-amused, half-irritated, wholly interested, goes in pursuit of reinforcements.

Her ladyship, left alone, goes—as a moth to the candle, or a stream to the sea—to the looking glass, and, slowly, peeling off one glove, smooth, with her lace handkerchief, a few flecks of silken yellow hair, and then looks with languid curiosity around the room.

Aunt Jane having caused the Holland covers which usually incase the furniture to be removed, in honor of the coming morrow, the dainty little room looks at its best.

Her ladyship takes in everything—the old-fashioned piano, the little satin-lined work-basket, the great china bowl of June roses, which fill the house with their perfume, and, lastly, a portfolio of sketches yawning on a distant table.

Jeanne is some time gone; to tell the truth, she is hunting high and low for Aunt Jane, who is at this moment in the park carriage. Jeanne is long, and her ladyship listlessly sits herself near the portfolio and opens it.

As she does so, before she has turned over a single sketch, Jeanne enters, followed by Mary, carrying refreshment.

"I am sorry to find that my aunt is out," says Jeanne; "will you come up to my room and take off your things?"

"No, thanks," says her ladyship, and as she speaks she looks up at Jeanne with an increase of interest, for Jeanne has thrown off her hat, and her loveliness is fully revealed. Her ladyship stares from her face to her hands as they pour out a glass of wine; they are small and well shaped, if not as white as her ladyship's own.

"And this girl can be happy buried down here! Then there must be a man in the case," she thinks, but she says instead:

"What a sweet little room this is, and those roses. May I take one?"

Jeanne jumps up and chooses a Marshal Niel.

"That is the prettiest, I think," she says, shaking the water from the stem, and offering it.

"There is a prettier one than this," says her ladyship, with a smile.

"Look at the glass," says her ladyship, with a smile.

Jeanne blushes.

"Why, one would think you were unused to compliments," says her ladyship, "to blush at one from a woman! Forgive me if I am anxious to know such a rare flower. My name is Lucelle Stanford; and yours?"

"Jeanne — Jeanne Bertram," says Jeanne.

"Jeanne! It is a pretty name; Norman, too! Our meeting is quite romantic. Still more so if one of us had been a man instead of both being women. Unmarried?"

There is a question in the last word, and Jeanne answersit frankly.

"I am unmarried," she says, with a flush.

"And I—worse, or better, luck," says her ladyship, with a smile and a little shrug. "I am going to Leigh Court—it is not very far away, you say; perhaps we shall meet again. May I drive over and thank you again?"

"Aunt will be very glad," says Jeanne, hesitatingly. "I—I am afraid I shall not be here."

"You are going away," says her ladyship. "Poor Rawton Megis!"

Jeanne smiles.

"It will be duller than ever when you are gone," says Lady Lucille. "And you can honestly tell me you are happy! Merci! it looked to me like the very last place left dry after the deluge. Tell me—you don't think me rude and gauche, do you?" and Lady Lucille lays her stately white hand upon Jeanne's arm, gleaming softly through the muslin. "Tell me what you do to support an existence, which I, who can scarcely endure my ever-changing one—would imagine anyhting but supportable. You sing and play?"

"No," says Jeanne, smiling, and greatly amused and interested by the high-bred audacity of the beautiful aristocrat.

"No? You paint, then? No? What on earth do you do—is there a garrison here?"

Jeanne looks puzzled.

"A garrison! No."

Her ladyship smiles.

"Do you really mean to intimate that you don't understand me? Who do you flirt with?"

A sudden flush of crimson dyes Jeanne's face, and she feels half inclined to resent this impertinence, but it is impossible to be angry with so lovely a face, so languidly placid save for its arched eyebrows, daintily arched with curiosity.

"I don't flirt with anyone," she says, at last.

"Then I cannot conjecture why you live!" says her ladyship, solemnly. "Ah, wait, though," she says, her drooping eyes having rested upon the portfolio; "you play at painting—water colors; I hate dirty oil-tubes and turpentine! Yes, that is it. May I look?"

Jeanne says "Yes," and rises to assist her with the portfolio.

Lady Lucelle spoils her remaining glove in a moment with the dust, but is too much struck with sketch number one to remark the destruction.

"Why, child, you are an artist!" she exclaims, looking up, "Oh, don't shake your head, and talk about flattery, and all that. I'm sorry to say I know what I am talking about when I pronounce upon a picture; I've listened to too much art jargon not to know something about it. Besides, I really do understand, and these are more than good—they are almost masculine, too!"

"But——" says Jeanne, hastening to repudiate.

"But I say they are!" says her ladyship—"they are really beautiful! 'Newton Regis'—'The Church.' Yes, sketches of the place, of course. And here's a delicious little bit of seascape and a boat. What's it called—the Nancy Bell. Very pretty. My dear child, I can understand why you're happy—you're art mad, and—ah!"

What makes her ladyship suddenly start as if something had reached a hand from the portfolio and struck at her fair, dainty face?

CHAPTER XIII.

Jeanne stops abruptly in the attempt to arrest her mistake about the pictures, and stares instead at the suddenly whitened face and the startled eyes, staring in a questioning, bewildered fashion, at a sketch in her hand.

"Are you ill?" asks Jeanne, thinking with dismay that her ladyship is going to faint. "Can I get you anything—can I——"

Her ladyship looks up with an abstracted, questioning air, and puts her deilcate fingers to her lips.

"No," she says; "it is the heat, I think—and the dust——"

"Let me open the other windows!" says Jeanne, and hurriedly threw back a casement.

"Thanks, dear—thanks!" says Lady Lucelle, "that is better. I—I don't think Rexton Regis air would agree with me, do you know——"

"Drink a little wine, pray do!" says Jeanne, all gentle anxiety. "Let me get you a little spirits—a glass of water."

"My dear," says her ladyship, smiling sweetly, and regarding Jeanne with a new expression in her blue eyes, "I am quite well now. Don't think any more of it. I am used to these little attacks. And you are an artist."

"But I am not," says Jeanne. "I have been trying to explain. Those sketches are not mine—they were not painted by me."

"Really!" says Lady Lucelle, with well-feigned surprise; "are they not? And whose are they—your brother's?"

"No," says Jeanne; "they are Mr. Vane's."

"Vane's! What, Vernon Vane's, the great artist, whose pictures they are all talking about?"

"Yes," says Jeanne softly, with a thrill of pride.

"Ah, so I see!" says her ladyship, examining a sketch. "The name is in the corner. And this," she says, taking up with interest the sketch at which she had been looking when taken by her little fainting attack—"and this is his, too? All his? This is very pretty. Two young people sailing in a boat, the Nancy Bell, it says on the stern. The girl has a lovely face—why, it is yourself."

Jeanne smiles assent.

"And the man, he is handsome enough, too, in that rough guernsey and fisherman's nightcap—very handsome. May I dare to ask who he is?"

"That is Mr. Vane," says Jeanne, trying hard to keep the color out of her face, and to look calm and self-possessed.

"The artist himself," says Lady Lucelle. How charming! And he is a friend of yours, Miss Bertram?"

"Yes," says Jeanne, the warm color dyeing her face and neck.

Lady Lucelle's own color fluctuates strangely.

"Ah," she says, "your face tells tales too readily, my dear Jeanne—may I call you so?—it is yours! Let me guess! Your Mr. Vane is votre tres ami, is he not?"

Jeanne looks bravely.

"I am engaged to Mr. Vane," she says, in a low voice.

(To be continued.)

WHAT WOMEN SUFFER.

At All Ages They Need Rich, Pure Blood to Secure Health and Happiness.

A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is disturbed regularly in the course of nature. If anything happens to interfere with that natural course, she goes through unspeakable suffering. In fact the health of every function and the happiness of every moment of a woman's life depends upon the richness and the regularity of her blood supplq. That is the simple scientific reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth more than their weight in gold to women of all ages from fifteen to fifty. These pills actually make the rich, red blood that brings health and happiness and freedom from pain to every woman. Mrs. Neil Ferguson, Ashfield, N. S., says: "In justice to you and in the hope that what I say may benefit other suffering women, I take pleasure in stating that I have found wonderful benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began using the pills I was so badly run down that I could scarcely go about; at times I suffered very much and felt that life was a burden. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I can now say I am enjoying better health than I ever expected to have again and I can most heartily recommend these pills to other suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Ferguson because they filled her veins with the rich, pure blood so necessary to the health and happiness of every human being. It is for this reason that these pills always cure such troubles as anaemia, neuralgia, heart trouble, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of growing girls and women of middle age. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, but you should be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If you wish you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HIS FIRST SIGHT OF A TRAIN.

The Emotions of a Kentucky Man on Such an Occasion.

'Now and then one hears of people who have never seen a locomotive or a train of cars. but these people are becoming scarcer as the time passes, until they are almost as remote as the legendary heroes of the olden times,'" said C. T. Bruce ,of Roanoke, Va., to a Milwaukee Sentinel reporter.

"A few weks ago, however, it was my fortune to notice the actions of a grown man who had never seen a train or heard the whistle of an engine or steamboat. It was in a little village in Kentucky, near the wild, mountainous districts inhabited by moonshiners, and this man had been arrested by the revenue men. He was being taken to a place for trial, and at the village where I encountered the party his first trip on the cars was to begin.

"Suddenly the train whistled, not more than a quarter of a mile away. The moonshiner jumped nearly three feet and stood like an animal at bay, his head up and his nostrils quivering with astonishment. And in a few minutes the train rolled in. The man from the mountains as the train passed the platform became as one bereft of reason. Down to his knees he dropped, and with his manacled hands extended in a gesture of supplication and with tightly closed eyes, he broke into a tearful prayer to be saved. He had to be carried on board, and was nearly insane during the trip. From his wild ravings we gathered that he thought the end of the world had come.

Nursed Her 700th Descendant.

To be mourned, as is the late Dowager Duhcess of Abercorn, by 162 direct descendants falls to the lot of few mortals, but, says the Westminster Gazette, there are cases of family fecundity on record which quite eclipse even this winderful achievement. Lady Temple, of Stow, it is said, lived to count 700 persons who owed their existence to her. The six children of one John Webb, of Kentucky, before they died numbered 1,649 living descendants among them, making the creditable average of 275 apiece; Charles Quayle, a Philadelphia printer, had 530; and Mrs. Sadie Shiver, of Southern Georgia, boasted 305, of whom 235 survived her. While, to come nearer home, Mrs. Lightfoot, of West Ayton, who died not long ago, had nine children, 79 grandchildren, 73 great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren, every one of whom mourned her; and Mr. William Mealing, of High Wycombe, looked upon his two hundredth descendant before he gave up the ghost.

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY JEWELERS TO PROTECT THEIR WARES FROM THIEVES.

Since the public learned that Tiffany's had lost $35,000 in diamonds from their workshop the public has wondered much how the manufacturers of jewels guard themselves against thievery by workmen and a good deal has been said about the system by which it is done.

The fact is, say the manufacturers, that they have no system at all. It is a curious fact about the business that while the employees have every opportunity to steal, they rarely do so.

The foreman is boss of stores in a jewel factory. He has a little, grated cage, surrounding a strong safe. From this, when any piece of work is assigned, he issues the materials to the worker. The material is all carefully weighed, and the workman gives a receipt for them. This is done not so much to guard against theft as to insure economy.

For when the workman hands back his completed piece it is weighed, together with the filings and scraps. A very slight allowance is made for waste, and with this allowance the weights must tally or the workman is called down.

From the time the material is handed over to the workman until the time when he hands it in, a completed piece, he has plenty of opportunity to steal it all and skip. The workman may have his material out for two weeks; any night of that period, he might hand in an empty box and skip with the material—but he never does.

"You see, we handle gold and precious stones like cordwood," said the head of a big jewelry factory. "We cease to think of their value. That has something to do with it. Then we are very careful about our employees. No man who has not a first class record can get a job in a jewel factory. It is a well paid trade. Any of my hands get from $20 to $40 a week. Fancy branches run even higher.

"I've been in the business twenty-five years. All I've ever lost was one small piece, and to this day I'm not sure whether it was lost in the office or the factory—or whether some outsider didn't take it."

Manufacturers fear small thefts of gold filings more than big robberies. The dust, sweepings and refuse of such a factory are of course valuable. To save this to the last grain the system is as elaborate as in the United States mint. The workmen must change their clothes at the door of the factory. Their work clothes never leave the room until, old and impregnated with gold dust, they are taken to be burned in retorts. Before leaving at night the men wash their faces, hands and heads. The waste water is saved, to be reduced. The sweepings, the sediment of the waste water and the old clothes are sold every month to firms which make a business of handling such refuse. The return from this source may run in a big factory from $200 to $500 a month.

From time to time workmen have been caught in small tricks on this refuse. For example, a jeweler with oily hair had better keep it short if he doesn't want to be regarded with suspicion. A few years ago several dishonest jewelers were caught powdering a long, oily head of hair with fine dust.

The big hauls in the jewelry business have been made from the trunks of traveling salesmen or from the stocks of retailers. The war between the jewelers and the crooks is constant. As soon as the jewellers learn how to beat one game the thieves invent a new one. There are two big organizations against the outside crook. The Jewelers' Protective Union is a cooperative insurance agency to protect travelers on the road. The members pay certain annual dues. From this fund all losses by trunk and valise thefts are made good. At the end of every two years the money remaining in the treasury is divided and returned to the subscribers. There is also a detection agency to which the members pay $25 a year.

Jewelry salesmen on the road must observe certain rules. They must personally check their trunks and valises and see them deposited in the baggage car. At every stop the train makes they must get out and watch the baggage car until the conductor yells "all aboard." Arrived at his first stop, the salesman goes immediately to the baggage room, presents his check and rides with the trunk or valise to his hotel. There, if the goods are in small compass, he puts them in the safe and breathes freely.

The precaution of watching the baggage car at every station arises from an old game of western crooks. The thief bought a ticket and accompanied the salesman on a "short stop" trip. For baggage he would check a trunk or valise looking just like the salesman's. At a station along the line he would slip into the baggage car and shift the checks, receiving the salesman trunk at the terminal.

The Jewelers' Security Alliance is another co-operative organization. It looks out for the safes of retail stores, insuring their contents and running down safe robbers. It keeps track of crooks and makes a business of informing the trade about any new dodges of jewel thieves.

For the retailer still has his troubles. In spite of detective agencies, of mechanical devices and all the ingenuity of crooks, they are still the point of attack. The alliance reported last year about 300 robberies of retail stores.

A big retail store protects itself by a dozen mechanical devices which the public never notices. To begin with there are the mirrors which nowadays line the walls and counters of most retail stores. The careless observer supposes that they are for ornament. Not at all. They are to enable the clerk to watch customers even when his back is turned.

Again, any store which is at all careful has its show cases built solid to the floor. Not raised on legs. For an old game with jewel sneaks is to creep under the counter at a time when there are few in the store and open a case while a confederate is holding the clerk's attention. Many stores have the front door connected by an electrical apparatus to push buttons behind their counters, so that the door may be closed from far back in the store in case a sneak tries a dash.

No jeweler who is wise will have his front door latch so arranged that it can be fastened from the outside, since this is a pet trick of window smashers. To beat these window smashers jewelers used to fasten an iron grating inside the show window. This spoils the display, and a better plan is to have a second and stronger pane of plate glass set a few inches inside the first. This device is invisible unless one is looking for it, and the force of a thrown brick, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, will smash only the outer window. The bottoms and sides of show windows are often lined with iron to beat the window thief who cuts through to the display. It is considered unwise to display window goods in trays, since this gives the window smasher a chance to make a big haul in one grab.

Many stores now arrange their rings in a patent tray, so made that only one ring can be taken out at a time. This cuts off the sneak who smuggles rings from a tray into a handkerchief or umbrella. It is the custom to show larger articles only one at a time, leaving the trays inside the showcase.

The jewelers have never found any satisfactory way of beating the "penny-weighters," those sneaks who visit the store in rush hours and substitute a worthless imitation for a genuine article. Eternal vigilance is the only way of dealing with them.

About Maiden lane there is a continual police cordon. At least two headquarters detectives and several private watchmen are in the district all day. Of course, the larger stores all have their regular store detectives.

Against thieving employees the big stores have no real protection, except careful choosing. Sometimes clerks and heads of departments are placed under bonds. In establishments of moderate size every article is counted, catalogued and checked off when the stock is put into the safe at night. This method is too cumbersome for the great establishments. There the owners must always take more or less risk.

Yet they say at the offices of the two indemnity companies that thefts by employees in retail store are surprisingly uncommon.—N. Y. Sun.

BABY'S DANGER.

A mother cannot watch her little ones too carefully during the hot weather. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the summer months, and unless the mother has at hand an efficient remedy to check and cure the trouble a little life may go almost before you realize the case is serious. At the first sign of any of these ailments the wise mother will give her little one Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Mrs. John Lancaster, North Portal, N. W. T., says: "My baby was attacked with diarrhoea and vomiting. I at once gave Baby's Own Tablets and the next day she was as well as ever. I am never without the Tablets in the house, as I find they are the only medicine a little one needs." Other wise mothers will follow Mrs. Lancaster's example and keep the tablets always at hand—their prompt use may save a little life. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Dogs Almost Honest.

"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well-known local fancier and huntsman, "and that is, you never saw one pant and wag his tail at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time, and it is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.

"If a dog is glad to see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door, whine and wag his tail, but he will show all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door he will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail.

"In order to get a man's temper one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's you have to watch his tail. The dog is likewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is unworthy of a politician. He deceives no one, not even his master. If he is overjoyed every emotion is indicative of that fact, and his whole makeup gives ample testimony to it. If he is displeased or angered it is the same way.

"His oneness and fidelity under all circumstances simply make him utterly incapable of baseness and loyalty simultaneously in appearance. If he loves you he loves you, and everything about him indicates it, but if he hates you, he shows it from the head to the tail."—Houston Post.

The Sign of Age.

When you begin to think that it isn't worth while to dress for the chance man caller and to prefer sending down word you aren't at home to mussing your best frock; when the invitation to a party suggests nothing more to you than the next morning headache which may follow it; when you teel out of place in a frilly hat and begin not to care whether your belt fits or not; when a child around the house gets on your nerves and you find yourself doubting the compliments your husband gives you; when love poems and love stories awaken only your smile of amusement; when you consider any powerful stiffening process, from curling your hair to pulling in your stays, too much trouble; when you begin putting flowers on the dining room table, instead of pinning them in your hair; when you commence wearing comfortable shoes and letting out your corset strings, merely because it's easier—then you may know you are growing old and there is no help for you.

As long as a woman retains her vanity and her enthusiasm she is really young, regardless of her youth.—New York Press.

The fellow who draws a flush in a poker game isn't always flushed with victory.