

MIXED

"So that's what takes you to the bottom of the garden a-lookin' after the 'oney-suckles'?" said Sally, a smile spreading over her good-humored face.

"Yes," answered her young mistress, looking down. "When he found that our garden wall ran along the edge of the wood, he made me promise—"

"As you'd meet 'im there."

"So when he hears me in the garden he throws a pebble over. If uncle isn't about I throw one back, and then—"

"He knows it's all right. Why, miss, that's just what my Tim does—only he comes round by the pigsty. He says it's so 'ome-like'."

"And now the secret's out you'll keep it, won't you, Sally?"

"Lor' bless you, miss, I know it all a-kin. When I see as you didn't eat your egg regular for breakfast—Love," says I, I remember when I was fifteen an' the young gentleman from the green-grocers' just made his avowals, quite went off my vittles, an' went about sighin' till missis used to shout to me to 'stop playin' with the bellows'."

"I hope," said the young lady, with a laugh, "that I shall not be betrayed into such extravagances, for if uncle guessed—"

"The fat 'ud be in the fire, and there'd be a rare fare-up."

"And yet I sometimes wish he would find out," said Rose. "He's a dear old man, and I hate to deceive him. But—"

"He's set his heart on keepin' you shut up like a pearl in a boyster. But, lor' bless you, a sharp young blade comes along, an' out you pop."

"After all," sighed Rose, "it is hard that a girl mustn't have a sweetheart, and—oh, Sally, he's such a dear! And so good looking. See," she said, producing a photograph. "Isn't he handsome?"

"Scrumptious!" replied Sally, regarding it with approval. "An' his moustaches—don't they twiddle? I should have known he was a captivin' by his moustaches."

"Eh! What's all this?" exclaimed a voice from behind, causing both girls to start guiltily. "What's this, eh? What's this?" demanded Mr. Peppertopp, snatching the portrait from Sally's hand. "What is it? D'you hear? What is it?" repeated the old man. "Can't you speak?"

"Please, sir, it's my young man," responded Sally, nervously fingering her apron into little pleats.

"Oh, indeed! And what does a fellow like this want with you, eh?"

"Please, sir, I don't know," replied Sally.

"Don't know? I should think not! A rascally—"

"Oh, uncle, I'm sure—" began Rose, hotly.

"Eh! What's that Peppertopp. 'Do you pretend to know better than I do? A villainous-looking fellow!'—"

"I'm sure it's very handsome," broke in Rose, on the point of tears. A glance from Sally stopped her, and she hastily quitted the room.

The old man, however, paid no heed to the interruption, being deeply engrossed with the portrait.

"Can't think who the fellow reminds me of," he muttered. "I've seen him somewhere. What's this rascal's name?"

"Tim—the one Spraggs, sir; but I call him Tim for short."

"Bshaw! Never knew anyone with a name like that, yet the face—"

"Please, sir, he can't 'elp it," ventured Sally. "He was borned with it."

"Ugh! I suppose so," grunted Peppertopp. "Perhaps you be good enough to put your young man in your pocket. And mark me, if I again catch you putting such rubbish into Rosie's head, out you go, bag and baggage."

"Lor', sir," said the girl, "there ain't no call to be so put out. I s'pose you 'ad a young lady once?"

"Never, girl, never!" he roared, as Sally flounced from the room.

"Now, why on earth," he muttered, "does that idiot confide her lovesick notions to Rose? Not but what the minx will learn them soon enough for herself!"

Musing thus the old man wandered from the room. Scarcely had the door closed on him than Rose returned, attended for walking, and bearing a letter in her hand.

Summoning Sally, she asked, "Where is—"

"The captivin' miss? Oh, he's quite safe under my pillar."

"Sally—"

"It's all right, miss. I allus keeps Tim there."

"Fetch it. I want it. I'm going to make a clean breast of it all to uncle."

"Lor', Miss Rose, the 'ouse won't 'old him. He'll go off like a pop-gun."

"Yes, I expect he'll be angry, and so I've written a full confession, and I shall leave it on his table with the portrait, and then, like a little coward, I'm going to run away till the explosion's over."

"Run away?" cried Sally, in alarm. "Bless your dear little heart, where will you run to?"

"Not far, Sally," said the girl, smiling. "Only back to school. I know dear old Miss Mimms will give me a shelter, and perhaps she'll intercede for us. On second thoughts, Sally, I think I'll give you the letter, and slip it before he misses me. You can put the letter and portrait on his table, and when he finds them—"

"Up I go—sky-high! It's no use, miss, I can't do it. I really can't."

"Oh, Sally! And I so depended on you," said Rose, putting her arm around the girl's neck. "You're a dear, good-natured soul. You won't forsake me, now, will you? I know you won't—and there—there's a kiss for your pains."

"Lor', miss, of all the coaxingest—I don't wonder the captivin' is in love with you. I s'pose I shall have to do it."

"And, Sally, I want you to find an opportunity to pass this note to the captain. It's just to explain to him—"

"Rose—Rose, is that you?" cried Peppertopp.

"Oh, dear! I must go," whispered Rose. "If I elop to see him I shall break down and spoil all. Remember, Sally, and without waiting for a reply she hurried away, Sally following closely upon her heels.

Presently the latter returned, bearing the photo carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

"There," she said, placing it with the role Rose had given her on the corner of the table. "Old Fizz-gig can't 'elp seein' it there. On second thoughts, though, I'll see the captivin' fust."

So saying, she slipped out, and keeping out of sight of the window, made her way to the end of the garden, she heaved an exaggerated sigh.

That ought to fetch 'im," she said. Presently her efforts were rewarded by a small stone falling at her feet, and a subdued voice asking, "Is that you, dear little girl?"

"Yes," she answered, "that's me."

Presently a face o'ertopped the wall, but its expression of pleasure was instantly turned to one of annoyed astonishment on beholding Sally below, and its owner was about to withdraw when Sally arrested him with: "It's all right, captivin'. Miss Rose has gone away, but she left this Billy for you."

"Thanks, awfully," said the young fellow, leaning over to reach the note which Sally held aloft.

"Do you know," he said, "if I could reach I should be tempted to kiss that good-humored face as a reward."

"Lor', captivin'," said Sally, blushing. "I s'pose I stood on this water-can—"

"Come, along then," said the young fellow, laughing; and, leaning farther over, he planted a sounding kiss on the girl's cheek.

He was about to repeat it when an angry "Confound it, sir," caused Sally to fall from her perch into her master's arms.

"These are nice goings-on," he exclaimed, angrily, thrusting her from him. "Twice in one day have you annoyed me with this sort of thing. I'll have no more of it. Pack up and go! To you hear? Pack up and go!"

"I beg, sir," began the captain, but Peppertopp would not hear a word.

"Look here, Mr. Timotheous What-the-Pickens-is-your-name, you'd better be off before I summon the police."

"But, sir—"

"I'll not hear a word. I presume I may be master in my own house. You go, madam. I'll give you half an hour to pack, and out you go."

"Ugh! I can go," said Sally, tossing her head. "I can go. But before I do there's something for you," thrusting Rosie's letter into his hand, "and I hope you'll like it."

Peppertopp gazed after her for a moment, then, turning, he exclaimed, "Hark'ee, young man—"

But the captain had disappeared.

"Gone!" said he. "The fellow's a good-looking rascal. I wonder how that jade got hold of him? His face worries me. I'm sure I've seen it before. What's this, I wonder?" as he opened the letter.

"Perhaps she's given me notice, eh? Why, this is Rosie's writing. 'Dear Uncle, I feel I ought no longer to keep the secret from you. I have written to Charlie to ask him to call on you and explain. Now, who the deuce is Charlie? I am sure if you look at his portrait your prejudice will disappear, for his face bespeaks him all that a gentleman should be. Ah! and this is the rascal's portrait, I suppose," he muttered, as he tore it from its wrapper.

"Well!" he ejaculated, as he looked at it, "of all the vulgar-looking—My Rosie! fall in love with a thing like that! If the fellow calls on me I'll—horship him, as sure as my name's Peppertopp."

Presently, as he paced to and fro in angry mood, he was startled by a pebble striking his hat.

"Hang me, if I don't believe that fellow's after Sally again," he muttered. The next moment a grinning face appeared, but, seeing Peppertopp, his owner was about to withdraw.

"So, sir, it's you!" exclaimed the old man.

"Yes, sir, it's me," said the other, sheepishly, scratching his head.

"So, you are Charlie?"

"No, sir, I'm—"

"No prevarication, sir! You are Charlie."

"No, sir, I'm—"

"Charlie, I say, Charlie! I have it here in black and white."

"Oh, very well, sir," said the man, with an air of resignation. "Have your own way."

"So you are the fellow she's fallen in love with?"

"Why, yes," said the other, grinning foolishly. "She is rather gone on me."

"Rather gone—" cried the old man, in disgust. "Gone on you? And pray what may be your intentions towards her?"

"Oh, we mean business, sir, both of us."

"Very nicely put. Your mode of expressing yourself bespeaks the man of breeding. Pray, sir, may I ask how you propose to support her?"

"Well, we thought a nice little way-side pub—"

"A what?" shouted Peppertopp.

"Or a eating-house. You see, sir, she could do the cooking while I—"

"Has it never occurred to you that I might have a word to say on this matter?"

"Well, we did think—seeing as you was partial to her—as you might stomp up a bit when we was spilled."

"Stump—" Not a penny, sir, not a penny. And as for her money—"

"Oh, you can't stop that—that's rubbish."

"What, sir, what?" cried Peppertopp, frowning.

"Rubbish, Mr. Peppertopp."

"Topp, sir—topp. Peppertopp with two p's."

"Well, everyone knows there's two p's in pepper. And as for your interfering—hang me if I don't marry her this day month in spite of you!" and the man strode away, leaving Peppertopp to return to the house in no enviable mood.

As he paced to and fro in his study, mentally rehearsing a lecture to be delivered to Rose on her return, he was annoyed by a repeated rat-tat.

"Sally!" he cried, angrily.

Again the knocker was plied, this time more vigorously.

"Sally!" he roared, "why don't you attend the door?"

"Busy packing," came the reply from above.

"Open the door, or I'll discharge you," said the old man, "you've done it."

"Confound the girl, so I have," he muttered, as he proceeded to open the

door himself. "Now, what the dickens—" he began, as on the doorstep he espied the young fellow he had surprised in the act of kissing Sally.

"What do you mean by coming here, sir? Aren't you afraid I may kick you?"

"Not a little bit," replied the young fellow, calmly. "And let me point out the fact that the doorstep is hardly the spot to settle an argument. Suppose we retire to your study?"

"Well, of all the cool— Very well, sir, very well, come this way," and, inwardly raging, he led the way to his study.

"Now, sir, now!" he said, when he had taken up what he considered a commanding position.

"I have called, sir, because I feel that a full explanation is due to you."

"Very considerate, young man, but your conduct explains itself."

"You refer to—"

"The disgraceful scene of which I was a witness."

"A mere youthful indiscretion, sir. I trust you will not be prejudiced against me on that account."

"Oh, certainly not," said Peppertopp, sarcastically.

"I admit that I ought to have approached you before. But the lady pleaded for secrecy—"

"Pray, sir, why do you bother me with your love affairs?"

"You are, of course, aware that she has left your house?"

"Oh, has she gone? Well, good riddance to the baggage. I suppose you have come to ask me to take her back?"

"I am sure you will. I know in your heart you will be glad to welcome her."

"Oh, no doubt I ought to be delighted. I shouldn't wonder if you expected me to give the girl away, and stand god-father to your children afterwards."

"I sincerely hope you may, sir," replied the young fellow.

"Well, of all the— Hang me if I don't like you for your impudence."

"May I assure her that you no longer object to our engagement?" asked the young man, seizing Peppertopp's hand.

"May I bring her back?"

"Well, well, she's not a bad girl, and I'll look over it. On condition, mind, that there is no retaliation."

"A first and last offence, I assure you, sir."

"Look here, young fellow, I rather like you. What are you?"

"A soldier, sir."

"Ah, that accounts for it. My dearest friends have all been in the Army. Now, suppose I take the girl back until you are ready to marry her and give you a trifle towards housekeeping, are you inclined to render me a service in return?"

"I shall be delighted to be of use to you."

"Well, there's an ugly, vulgar-looking rascal who hangs about the place, pestering my niece with his attentions."

"Indeed, sir! I have never heard of this."

"Nor I till to-day."

"Strange she has not mentioned it."

"She would hardly be likely to do so to you."

"Perhaps not," said the young man, with a look of vexation.

"Don't mind him till he's glad to give the house a wide berth and I'll—"

"My dear sir, I shall be only too glad to resent any insult to Miss Rose."

"That's the rascal," said Peppertopp, handing him the portrait he had received from Sally.

"Why," cried the other, with a look of astonishment, "it's— Excuse me, sir; I'm bringing the scoundrel here and make him apologize, and without waiting for a reply he hurried from the house."

"That's all right," cried Peppertopp, rubbing his hands gleefully. "A cad like that to aspire—"

At this point his meditations were disturbed by Sally poking her head in at the door and saying, "Please, sir, before I go, you've got my young man."

"Your young man?" he said, questioningly.

"Yes, you 'ave, sir, in your pocket."

"Why, the girl's mad. In my pocket, indeed! Not I. But he's been here, Sally. He's just gone off to thrash that scum that's been annoying my mistress."

"My Tim? Lor', sir, there'll be murder."

In her haste to follow she bounced into the arms of an elderly lady who appeared in the doorway.

"Hey-day! Hey-day! Nice carryings on!" said the lady, as Sally pushed past her. "Are you as mad as your master? The front door wide open, and no one to care who comes or goes. Come in, Rosie, dear."

"Now, Mr. Peppertopp," she said, "Miss Rose entered, 'what have you been doing to this poor child? Driving her to run away.'"

"I drive her away!" said he, wonderingly.

"Yes, sir. Your volcanic temper made the child run to confess she had a sweetheart."

"A sweetheart!" moaned Peppertopp. "Look at him!"

A look of disapproval flitted across Miss Mimms' face as she gazed at the portrait; but before she could speak a tumult was heard in the hall, and presently the captain entered, looking in the unlucky Tim, while Sally clung to his other arm.

"Now, sir," said the captain, giving him a jerk that threatened to dislocate his arm. "Is it true that you dared to annoy Miss—"

"Tain't true, is it, Tim?" cried Sally, jerking him the other way. "Say it ain't true as you've been a-makin' eyes at Miss Rose."

"Look 'ere," said Tim, breathlessly. "Strikes me this is a bloomin' loonatic asylum. Fust old Peppertopp insists on callin' me Charlie. Then the captain wants to 'orsewhip me. And now you—"

"I see what it is," said Peppertopp. "This all comes of that foolish girl's infatuation. I wash my hands of it. She must have her own way. Mr. Charles—approaching Tim—hang me if I know your other name—take her and make her happy."

"Oh, look 'ere," cried Tim, "will someone tell me who I am?"

"That's some mistake here," said Miss Mimms. "It is Captain Heatherton who is in love with Rose."

"Heatherton?" cried Peppertopp. "I thought I knew his face; son of old Bob Heatherton?"

"The same, sir," said the captain.

"Then why the dickens didn't you say so before? Rosie, I congratulate you."

The CHIMNEY SWEEP



"CHIMNEYS I'll clean! Chimneys I'll sweep!"

You hear shouted from sunlit till stars 'gin to peep;

London has smoke; London has fog;

(If you doubt it, just look at the chimney sweep's 'logs')—

All good chimneys this fog and smoke 'mixture' despise,

And seem much to trouble the youngster who cries:

"Your chimney, your chimney I'll sweep!"

"Chimneys I'll sweep! Chimneys I'll clean!"

Tells the tale of a life that is humble and mean;

Chimneys with soot, chimneys with grime—

Yet more black are the 'sweeps' than the chimneys they climb;

But though hungry, though soiled, though unkempt he may be,

Rings the song of the 'sweep' ever gaily and free:

"Your chimney, your chimney I'll clean!"

GRANDMA'S GOWN

NATURALLY, Mildred was greatly disappointed. But she really didn't see how she possibly could have done otherwise. You see, all the girls—Nina, Sarah, Alice and herself—had been invited to the party given by Rose Gordon. And as the Gordons lived five miles away, a rather long drive was necessary. It was indeed a shame that the buggy would hold only three of the girls. However, since one must be left, Mildred at once chose to be that one, for she knew how very badly Nina or Sarah or Alice would feel to be denied such a pleasure.

Yes, she did feel lonely when all had departed and she remained alone in the big house. She certainly must do something in order to try to "forget." And she climbed up the broad staircase, and then up two other flights of steps, until she reached the tiny attic, right under the eaves of the roof. She always went there, she knew, when she wished to forget her troubles.

There she was alone with her Secret. It was a delightful secret, too. Delving in the great "hat" trunk, she would bring forth the old garments of her grandmother. Then she would donning this treasured raiment and bowing to herself in the huge antique mirror whose frame was festooned with cobwebs!

Was that the doorbell ringing? Breathlessly she tiptoed to the bottom of the attic stairs. Yes, there was the sound again. Forgetting entirely her costume, she ran down to the door and flung it open.

It was a very nice-looking man who stood on the steps, but why did he stare at her so? Oh, now she remembered! Growing painfully red she half turned, as though to flee in her confusion.

"Don't you PLEASE stay just as you are!" he eagerly begged the man. "I'd be ever so much obliged."

Taking a pad and pencil from his

FLUNG THE DOOR OPEN

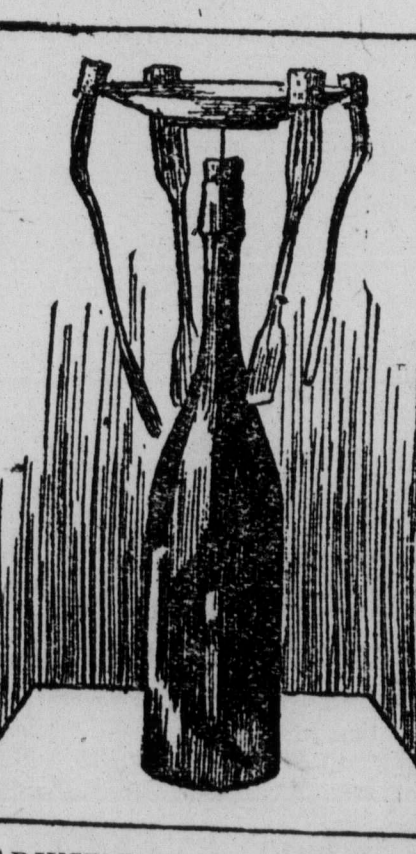
BALANCING TRICK

CAN you balance a plate on the point of a needle? Very likely you will think not; but you will be able to perform this trick—after you've learned the right way. There may be a number of wrong ways, but usually there's only one right way. So it is in this case.

Stick a needle through a stout cork, lengthwise, allowing the point to protrude a little above the top of the cork. That part of the needle which protrudes at the base of the cork cut off with a pair of sharp pliers, on a level with the cork. Insert the cork firmly in the neck of a good-sized bottle.

Split two other corks in half, along their length. Run a needle through each half cork, having it enter on the long, freshly made surface and almost at right angles to it. By this arrangement you can fasten the four half corks to the rim of a plate, making sure there is an equal distance of rim between each. Insert the prongs of a table fork in the bottom of each half cork.

You will now be able to balance your plate on the point of the needle, as a trial will prove to your satisfaction.



ADJUSTMENT OF APPARATUS

His First Thought.

The following question was put to Jimmy: "What were the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell upon his head?"

"Sir Isaac Newton 'magine he was lucky it wasn't a brick that dropped."

A New Method.

"Well, this is funny!" exclaimed Tommy, when he saw his firstrolley car. "I've seen wagons pulled by horses and I've seen 'em run by a clothes prop before!"

If he's like his father he's a deuced fine fellow. As for you, sir—" turning to Tim.

"But, sir," said Sally, "it were me he was after."

"Then how dare you tell me—"

"Lor', sir, it were all through missis 'em under the pillar."—London Tit-Bits.

MOUNTED POLICE REPORT

COMMISSIONER PERRY REVIEWS WORK OF THE PAST YEAR.

The Men Patrol a Vast Territory in a Spirit Indifferent to Difficulties and Hardships.

The report of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police for the year ending October 31st last contains a most interesting account of the arduous work done by the 600 men of the force scattered throughout the Canadian west from the international boundary to the Arctic Ocean. "Whether in taking relief to isolated settlers in the bitter cold and over the deep snow of the open plains," says Commissioner Perry, "carrying mail to distant Hudson's Bay posts, to the Arctic seas or to detachments in the northern British Columbia, our men do not fail us. They undertake the work with cheerfulness and carry it out in a spirit indifferent to difficulties and hardships."

STRENGTH OF THE FORCE.

The Commissioner points out that the force now at his disposal, totalling 639 and allotted to twelve divisional posts and 154 detachments, is not nearly sufficient to meet the demands of the western country, now populated by upwards of 600,000 inhabitants. Applications have come in from all parts of the new Provinces for police protection, and these he has been unable to meet. "In the Northwest Territories," he says, "the strength of the force is not sufficient. Posts are required at different points on Mackenzie River. In the Keewatin district Indian practices among the Indians have come to light, and in the interests of humanity more police posts ought to be established. In Ungava the same practices are said to take place. There are no police stationed in that district at present, but some men should be sent there." There is a marked increase, according to Col. Perry's report, in the number of cases of crime reported. Last year there were 5,688 convictions, as compared with 1,256 for eleven months of the preceding year. There were eleven charges of murder and six of attempted murder.

ASSISTANCE FOR SETTLERS.

Speaking of the patrol of police last winter sent under instructions from the Interior Department to carry assistance to any settlers in need through the unusual severity of the winter, the Commissioner says: "Some of the settlers in the country west of Saskatoon and south of Battleford had pushed out 100 miles from the nearest railway station. Wood was very scarce, and in some cases settlers were obliged to travel sixty miles to obtain it. Some had only oxen, which were quite useless in deep snow, others had no sleighs. As an instance of the helplessness of the condition of more than one, our patrols found a Scotch family which had gone in during November, having only a yoke of oxen and one cow. They travelled 100 miles on foot to their homestead. On their arrival there the cold weather overtook them. They were without a supply of fuel, food for their animals, and, in fact, were without any of the necessities of a winter climate. The police patrols have gone over the country recently, and I have reports that for this winter nearly all are fully prepared, and no anxiety need be felt for their safety."

CLIMATE NOT DANGEROUS.

"Many casualties occurred last winter, but not nearly as many as were reported. Story after story was published with great detail, of tragedies which never happened. The police made a very full inquiry into all, and I was able to report that in every case the casualties resulted from a want of knowledge of the climate, from recklessness or other preventable causes. To show that the climate is not dangerous to those who know how to care for themselves the record of this force is sufficient. Our men were travelling last winter along the boundary to the Arctic and from Hudson's Bay to Alaska in all sorts of weather, and medical returns for the year show only three frostbites." The total number of casualties to the force during the year was forty. Twenty-six of these occurred during the work on the Peace River, Yukon trail and were mostly due to service owing to the difficulties of the country, the hard work and the poor food.

READ AT RAIN/DOM.

Idleness is the key to beggary. The way not to understand women is to try to.

A lazy man is never too lazy to bother a busy one.

Whatever is in some people is bound to stay there.

There is no rest for the wicked—or the gossamer.

Father Time is very ungracious; he always tells on a woman.

They must hunger in frost who would not work in the heat.

The wolf may lose his teeth, but he does not lose his inclinations.

If you are in trouble, and don't know what to do about it, forget it.

It may happen that the more a man is worth the more worthless he is.

That which a child says outside the house he has learned within the house.

Nothing is more precious than time, and nothing is more freely wasted.

Many a scion of wealth who is good for a million is really good for nothing.

Working and idling are both habits, and it is difficult to break oneself of either.

THE TEST.

"What sort of a looking chap is Gussy?"

"Well, if you ever see two men in a row, and one looks bored to death, the other one is Gussy."