

## IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

Ned was sure now that his suspicions were correct, and he lunged to the kennel over the fence, and released the unhappy little captive; but this he could not do, while even if he had been able to scale it, he might do more mischief than good by arousing Bill Bunting or his accomplices, who would, doubtless, spirit the dog away to a safer hiding-place. He knew that it would be better to wait until morning, and allow the owner and the proper authorities to take the matter in hand.

He thought it would not be best to say anything more to Budge, lest he should make a commotion and attract attention; so turning about he hurriedly retraced his steps, and a few minutes later entered his mother's presence, flushed and triumphant. "I was right, Marmee," he cried, in clear, cheery tones, "the dog is Budge, for he nearly went wild when I called to him. I shall ask the superintendent to let me off for a little while to-morrow morning, while I go to Summer street to tell the gentleman. Won't that nice little girl be glad to get her doggie back?"

"I'm sure she will, dear."

"It seems as if our luck has turned," doesn't it, mother?—so many good things are coming to us," Ned remarked, thoughtfully, after a moment of silence.

"What do you mean by 'luck,' Ned?" Mrs. Wallingford asked, in a gentle tone, while she bent an earnest, questioning look upon him.

"Well, I know what you mean, mother; you don't believe in luck or chance at all."

"No, dear; I believe that there is a kind and overruling Power that governs the life of every one," she reverently replied.

"Do you believe it was a kind power that kept us poor so long, and let us go hungry and cold sometimes?"

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this—I think I know where the dog is."

"Well, well, that is good news, surely," Mr. Langmaid exclaimed, with a start and look of pleasure. "Where is he?"

"Shut up in a box, in a lot behind a high board fence on Harrison avenue."

"How do you know that it is the dog named in my advertisement?"

"His name is Budge."

"Yes," interposed Mr. Langmaid. "Well, I called this dog by that name, and he whined and barked as if he knew it; besides, I've seen him."

"That may be, but how could you identify him as my dog, for I suppose his collar has been removed?"

"Yes, sir; but I saw him in your carriage; I'm the boy you gave the quarter to four Sundays ago for unchecking your horses—I'm Ned Wallingford."

"For the second time the man started at the sound of that name, and bent an earnest glance upon the boy.

"True enough," he said, after a moment. "I remember you, and I thought when you came in that I had seen you before. Well, we must look into this matter. Can you take me directly to the place where the dog is confined?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who has him?"

"Bill Bunting, sir—that boy who came near knocking me down that Sunday."

"Aha! and I suppose you are not sorry to have this opportunity to get even with him, eh?" Mr. Langmaid remarked, as he bestowed a sharp look on Ned.

"The boy colored crimson."

"Truly, sir, I had not thought of that," he said, earnestly. "I only thought how glad the little girl who gave the rose to me would be to get her pug dog back again."

"The gentleman smiled genially."

"You are right; Gertrude will certainly be very much obliged to you; she has grieved herself nearly ill over the loss of Budge. But how did you happen to find out the whereabouts of his pugship?"

"Ned related how he had been attracted by the sound of voices and the growling of a dog behind a high board fence, and how, peeping through a crack, he had thought it had a familiar look; then when he read the advertisement he felt sure the dog was Budge, and explained how, the evening previous, he had taken pains to prove it."

"Well, my boy, you have certainly done us a great favor, if this dog proves to be Budge, as I think he will," Mr. Langmaid said, as he pressed upon an electric button in the sheathing near him, and presently the same clerk who had ushered Ned in made his appearance.

"Will, just step out and bring a policeman here," he commanded, then making Ned sit down, he chatted in a most entertaining way with him until the man returned, accompanied by a guardian of the public peace.

Mr. Langmaid explained the nature of the business in hand, after which they all started forth to rescue Budge from "durance vile."

It did not take long to reach the place, but how to get behind the high board fence was a question.

Mr. Langmaid went to the corner indicated by Ned, and called, "Budge! Budge!" and the wild commotion which at once prevailed in the dog's prison-house, not to mention the pathetic whining and barking accompanying it, as he recognized his master's voice, plainly proved that Ned had made no mistake regarding his identity.

The policeman then went to the door of the building adjoining the lot, and rang the bell.

Both Ned and Mr. Langmaid were surprised when Bill Bunting himself answered it.

The boy grew pale upon beholding the policeman, but putting on a bold front, exclaimed, in a good-natured tone, as he glanced at Ned:

"Halloo, Ned! What's up now?"

"Is this the boy?" the officer inquired of Mr. Langmaid, and without giving Ned an opportunity to reply.

The gentleman nodded, and the policeman, laying his hand on Bill's shoulder, quietly remarked:

"We are looking for a dog that has been stolen. Know anything about him?"

Bill grew paler than before, and began to tremble visibly.

"No—no, sir. What dog—whose dog?" he stammered.

"You just take us around into that vacant lot, and we'll soon show you whose dog it is," was the stern reply, as the officer's grip tightened on the boy's arm.

"Oh, sir," he blubbered, now thoroughly frightened, "I didn't steal him—truly I didn't; I found him rumm'ng loose in the street, and I—I was only takin' care of him till I could find out who he belonged to."

"His name and the street where he lived were on his collar, so you could not fail to know where to take him," said Mr. Langmaid, gravely.

"He didn't have no collar on, sir, when I found him," Bill whined.

"What is this?" inquired Mr. Langmaid, as, reaching forward, he seized the end of a blue ribbon that was just visible in the boy's pocket and pulling it out exposed three tiny silver bells that were attached to it.

This was prima facie evidence of the boy's guilt, and realizing the fact, he hung his head, and began to sulk.

"Here is the dog's name and the street and number of his home," said Mr. Langmaid, showing the officer the engraving on the bells, "so it is only too evident that his intentions were dishonest."

"That's so. Now, then, you just take a boeline, and show us the way into that vacant lot, thumped the policeman, and the culprit, seeing would be of no use to try to continue to brave it out, turned, and led the party down a flight of narrow stairs to the basement, thence through a cellar window into the open space referred to.

Close to the house, in one corner, there was a box about three feet square and as many high, with slats nailed across the front, between which the pug was visible. Poor Budge, for it was he, was in a sadly soiled and dilapidated condition. He was sitting close to the bars of his prison, looking forth with a patient mien, his saucy ears pricked up with a listening air, as if he realized that help was near.

"The moment he caught sight of Mr. Langmaid his delight was excessive, and he began to bound and caper as well as his narrow quarters would permit, barking in the most joyous manner."

He was soon released, when his capers were so extravagant and amusing that Ned laughed aloud in boyish enjoyment of his antics.

He leaped upon Mr. Langmaid, licking his hands and manifesting his gratitude for restored liberty in a most pathetic manner, and when the gentleman held out his arms he sprang into them, and began to kiss his face with almost human affection.

"I guess there isn't much doubt about his belonging to you, sir," remarked the officer, who was hardly less amused than Ned. Then, turning sternly to his prisoner, he inquired, "And now what have you to say for yourself?"

But the boy was sulky and obstinate, and would not answer.

"You'd better out with it; you'll fare better to confess the whole matter than to show any of your ugliness," the officer continued.

Still Bill would not reply, but stood looking upon the ground and digging his bare toes into the earth.

"Tell us where you found the dog and what you intended to do with him," Mr. Langmaid said, in a more kindly tone, "if you will tell the truth I shall be inclined to be more lenient with you."

"How'd you know I had him?" Bill rudely demanded, with a defiant air.

"That does not matter," said the gentleman, coldly. "I simply want to know how the dog came to be in your possession, and what you intended to do with him."

Instead of making any reply, Bill suddenly turned upon Ned.

"I'll bet you're at the bottom of this," he said, fiercely. "I've seen yer skulkin' around here lately, and I'll know how the dog came to be in your possession, and what you intended to do with him."

"Shut up, you young scamp! It'll be a good while before you'll pay it. I'm thinking we'll have you housed at the Reformatory at Concord or aboard the schoolship before you know it," said the officer, with a scowl at him.

"Now, will you tell the gentleman where you got the dog?"

"No, — yes," angrily retorted the boy, who was now in a white heat of passion.

"Then, Mr. Officer, I will leave you to take care of him, and when you find me you will find me at No. — Sumner street," said Mr. Langmaid.

"Then, turning to Ned, he added: "Come, Edward, I want you to go back to the office with me."

With Budge still in his arms, he turned to leave the place, followed by his young companion, and a few minutes brisk walk took them back to the office.

"Now, my boy," the merchant remarked, after he had deposited Budge on a comfortable cushion and despatched a clerk to get him something to eat, "you have done me a good service to-day, now what can I do for you?"

"I don't want you to do anything, sir," Ned replied, with heightened color.

"But I offered a reward for information regarding the dog, and I feel that it would be neither fair nor honorable not to make my word good. I should be very happy to pay you five dollars, or more, if you think that would not be enough," and Mr. Langmaid drew forth a well-filled pocket-book as he spoke.

"Please do not, sir," Ned urged, looking really distressed at the thought of taking money for what he had done. "I do not want any reward—the little girl spoke so kindly to me that Sunday when she gave me the rose that I—I've been wishing ever since that I could do something for her."

Mr. Langmaid smiled at the boy's chivalrous spirit.

"I know that Gertrude will be very happy to have Budge back again, and it is very good of you to wish to do her the favor; but really I think you must let me give you something."

"I thank you very much, Mr. Langmaid," Ned returned, with an assumption of dignity which would have been amusing had he not been so deeply in earnest, "but I should feel mean to take money for telling you about the pug—truly I should. I must go back to my work now, as my hour is nearly up. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, Budge, and before the astonished merchant fully realized his intention the boy had darted from the office, and in another minute from the store.

"Really, he is a fine little fellow; noble-minded and generous. Why didn't I think to ask him where he lives or works? Then I could have sent him some nice gift," the man mused, regretting exceedingly Ned's abrupt departure. "I wonder what he is doing for his living. There is something strangely familiar about the youngster's face. Wallingford! I'm afraid he is something to that girl with whom Heatherton was so infatuated. Ugh! ugh!" with a restless shrug of his shoulders, "that is not a pleasant memory. Upon my word I wish I'd never had anything to do with it. Strange that college boys will get so reckless. Many a man has had cause, in after life, to regret the scrapes he has been led into—the 'wild oats' he has sown during his collegiate days," the man

concluded, and then fell into a reverie that was anything but agreeable, judging from the regretful expressions on his face.

### CHAPTER VII.

Ned, could, of course, understand that Mr. Langmaid would wish to pay the reward he had advertised, yet somehow he felt deeply hurt and annoyed to have been offered money for having been instrumental in restoring Budge to his little mistress. "The idea of me taking money for finding her dog, when she was such a little lady to me! I guess not!" he soliloquized, holding his head very high, his eyes very bright, as he skipped across the street, where after running a couple of blocks, he turned into Chauncy street, and never slackened his pace until he reached Bedford, where he darted in at the rear entrance to White's, and in less than five minutes was busy about his accustomed duties.

At noon he told the superintendent that he was going to leave at the end of the week.

The man frankly expressed his regret at losing so honest and diligent a boy, and after conferring with a member of the firm, offered him a dollar more a week if he would remain.

But Ned told him that he was going to do even better than that; while, for his mother's sake if not for his own, he felt that it would be best for him to go to the hotel at the beach.

The superintendent could not blame him for his decision, but told him that if he should ever wish to return to the store he would be very glad to take him back.

Monday morning found Mrs. Wallingford and Ned at Bowser's wharf, in ample season to take the first boat for Nantasket.

Here they were met and cordially greeted by Mr. Lawson, who was ahead of them, and had been waiting for them for nearly fifteen minutes.

Ned looked very neat and spruce in his cheap but nicely fitting suit, while Mrs. Wallingford appeared every inch the lady, in spite of her simple dress of inferior brillianine, her last year's bonnet, and lisle thread gloves.

She wore no widow's cap, no shawl, and no dead black, very plainly made; but her lovely face, so pale and fair, seemed like a pearl set in jet, while she looked very youthful, the old gentleman thought, and said to himself, that she must have been very young when she was married.

Her beautiful eyes lighted with pleasure and gratitude the moment they fell upon him.

"I hoped nothing would prevent you from meeting us this morning," she remarked, after shaking hands with him, "for I have never been on any thing about traveling over strange routes."

"Never done much traveling. I suppose," Mr. Lawson remarked, as he ran his keen eyes over her graceful figure, and noted the lady-like neatness and simplicity of her attire.

A vivid spot of color flamed in the lady's cheek at this remark, which was half a question, half an assertion.

"Not of late years," she quietly returned.

"Not since your husband died, I suppose. How long has he been dead?" Mr. Lawson inquired.

"The vivid scarlet deepened, and Miriam Wallingford's eyes drooped as she replied, in a constrained tone: "I lost him here."

Ned, dear, your tie had loosened. Come here, and let me arrange it for you."

She turned abruptly from the man's keen gaze, and busied herself reknitting Ned's pretty blue tie, while Mr. Lawson, still watching her curiously, noticed that the slender hands trembled over their work.

"Humph! that was rather a queer answer, I'm inclined to think," Mr. Lawson muttered, as he began to pace up and down the landing. "That woman has an interesting history, or I'm mistaken. Poor thing! she's had a struggle of it if she's had to work her way ever since that boy was born."

"I'm afraid that my suspicions are true, and that that young scamp—Humph! well, I'll try to make the world a little easier for them both in the future; she's an amazing lady-like little body—pretty as a picture, too, or would be if she could only keep that color in her cheeks."

Presently he approached his charges again, and remarked:

(To Be Continued.)

## ORIGIN OF THE WALTZ.

### Religious Dances Practised in Early Christian Rites.

#### A RELIC OF HEATHEN WORSHIP.

Like everything else that touches humanity, says the London Musical Courier, the waltz did not originate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time when we find it first mentioned under this name, its graceful curves and cadences were displayed on the village greens, as well as in the grand salons of the palaces; it had its alternatives of vogue and neglect, its supporters and detractors. The waltz, like many other secular things, we find first in the church, where, in the midst of barbaric disorder, it serves to trace the union between ancient civilization and that of the middle ages.

The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain extent in Christian rites; it is transformed to a series of revolutions made to the sound of the tambourine. St. Isadore, Archbishop of Seville, born about A. D. 680, was entrusted by the Council of Toledo with the revision of the Liturgy, as it was then practised in the Roman Church, in which there was a tambourine dance. The Council decided to adopt the Isadorian Liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time. This rite, celebrated before the eighth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after the capture of the city, and was after that time called the Moorish rite. This was known and employed in Provence and Italy.

The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isadore "molte de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which, in the ancient sacred dances, accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries before Christ. And thus, as the religious dance of the Middle Ages is allied to the ancient sacred dance, so the waltz is an evolution of this religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving in its present form.

In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the church. It appeared very quickly in society under the names of carole, a word derived from the Latin "caroler," afterward under that of bassedance, in which the grand prelates, kings and dignitaries did not disdain to join, composed of three parts, two very slow and one very lively.

The people—and at this time all who were not of the clergy or royalty were the people—used the latter part—called the tourdian, which, lighter and more lively, appealed to them, and little by little, it became changed. In Italy it was first separated from the rest under the name of romanesca, and from there it passed into Provence and Southern Germany. In Provence it was developed into the gailiard and volte, while the Germans, more dreamy and slow, changed the romanesca into allemand and waltz. The volte succumbed, while young, to oblivion, in the sixteenth century, by very reason of its excess, but the German lived long, and produced the waltz which reigns to-day.

#### Trick of a French Comedian.

A comedian in a Paris theatre recently made a great hit out of a painful incident. While indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage he struck his head accidentally against one of the pillars of the scene upon the sympathy to pass through the audience. "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water and a salt cellar." These were brought and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass and emptied the salt cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription and when everyone expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar.

## ANGELIC DANGEROUS TO STOP A COUGH.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Goes Deeper and Cures the Cold—It is Prompt and Thorough in Action.

Cough mixtures are almost as numerous as drug stores, and many of them are decidedly dangerous, being prepared by persons not qualified to prescribe the proper treatment for disease. True, they stop the cough, but stopping the cough is merely removing the warning which nature gives of the trouble within. And, besides, a cough is stopped by opiates that deaden the nerves and ruin the stomach.

remedies drive the disease deeper and the effort expended in trying to cough tears the delicate linings of the throat and bronchial tubes and sets up congestion of the lungs.

So long as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is used freely there is no danger of a cold developing into serious lung trouble. It heals the irritated air passages, keeps the cough loose and radically cures the cold. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the safeguard against pneumonia and consumption in scores of thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. It is mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, coughs, colds and throat irritation. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto. Cold in the head and catarrh are promptly and thoroughly cured by Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. 25 cents a box; blower free.