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Dete the Deddler A Boy's Start in Life

"You must excuse me, ma'am, but I was thinking about something else. I have got pins, needles, thread, buttons and lots of other things."

"La me, but you are a small boy to be puddling around the country. I want half a dozen things. I've told pa every time he's gone to town, but he is a great hand to forget."

While she was selecting what she wanted she was also talking, and by the time she had made her purchases she knew all about Pete.

When he told her about being in jail she exclaimed:

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon when Pete reached the railroad curve. If the railroad curve, after a long look around him and being no one in sight he disappeared among the bushes and began his earch. He found the deep ditch at moe, but though he hunted every not of it there was no sign of the runk.

After leaving the ditch the boy bean searching the bushes. He did to believe that the trunk could be brown over forty feet from the railroad tracks, but before he got mough searching he was hunting a undred feet away. He searched for long two hours, but he was no star off than when he began.

Then he sat down and thought how light find it. The farmer who had "Why, that jailor's wife is my own



the fierce sea which, in time of storm crept up to its very steps.

One late September evening there were two boys all alone in the signal station, twin nephews of the officer in charge, for in those days the signal service was under army regulations. Their uncle had taken a hurried trip to town on the little government boat, the Ordnance, and had promised to be back on the return trip; but here it was eight o'clock, with no sign of him, and

and found three more, and then taking off his cap he carried them to the house and ran back as if for more.

"These will be enough, boy," called the woman, but he was after something more precious than eggs and did not seem to hear her.

The false bottom was quickly replaced in the trunk and the hay restored, but the papers were placed in an inside pocket of Pete's coat. When he realized how the search was over at last, and how queerly everything had come about, he grew weak in the knees and had to sit down to rest. He knew that he must look

BY SARAH NOBLE-IVES.



"Guy," he called.
"Well," said Guy, to whom had
come the same delightful thought
high now possessed his gentler bro-

DICKEY AND THE kind of treasure a ship ought to carry," said the dark boy, whose name was Guy. CLD-FASHIONED GIANT



marvelous revelation, for the bundle was a baby, a tiny dimpled child of perhaps a year old, lashed to a bit of plank and covered with white sail-cloth, one end of which the sturdy kick had displaced. Moreover, it was a baby little the worse for its salt voyage. The little face, quickly uncovered, wrinkled up as if for a burst of tears, then blue eyes, fat cheeks and rosy mouth all smiled. It was a very nice baby—and it seemed to think it saw two very nice boys.

The next morning, at break of day, Uncle Louis returned wild with anxiety for his nephews, to find the piratical pair feeding a fat, laughing baby girl hot water and condensed milk quite neatly from a spoon.

He scolded tremendously when he heard of the perilous night spent outside the Signal Station, and told of a little German bark which had gone down in the very, sight of the lifesavers with every soul on board.

"All but the treasure," said Lawrence a little bashfully. "And since it's live treasure," but in Guy generously, "we can't halve it."

They were the proudest in Christendom when the story of their dangerous feat went the rounds of the Hook.

Hook.

"Only," said Uncle Louis peremptorily. "don't repeat it, for there isn't any chance in the world that the sea will cast up another baby."

As for the little storm wait itself, it proved to be a passenger on the very bark that had gone down. Whoever lashed it to the plank and so saved its life will never be known; but the little German mother who came





Mr. Wrenn—I don't see what right you have to put on such airs, Miss Sparrow. We Wrenns belong to a much better class of society than you Sparrows.

Miss Sparrow—Indeed! Well, sir, I'd have you know that my family descended straight from the famous hour before returning to the house.

Mr. Sparrow who killed Cock Robin.

hands. They were almost as clean and new as when deposited there years before. "Can't you find any a-i-g-s!" called the woman from the house.
"Yes, here they are!" replied Pete as he stepped to the door and held up the three eggs.

He hustled around for a minute and found three more, and then tak-

