

you give him?"

"I didn't give him anything. You see I hated to take a man I didn't know anything about, except that he came from Downings and he may be—"

"William Wilkins," Mrs. Wilkins turned on her husband. "Do you mean to say that you let Miss Tweedles' suspicions influence you? She's always suspecting people. Why Katie told me that Mrs. Hildreth's cook told her that she found her vase in the china closet. I am surprised that a man of your strength of mind—"

"It wasn't exactly that," said Mr. Wilkins feebly. "I really didn't need him, though I suppose I could have made a place—"

"Yes, Mis' Wilkins, I guess I must be going. No I won't wait for dinner. Yes, I know, I was telling Mis' Andrews that the Wilkins' food was the most palatable and their table the most attractive—though I can eat anywhere; I'm not a bit delicate, I'm very indelicate; but I promised to get to Miss Andrews this afternoon. Now, Mis' Wilkins, if you'll tell me where you put my bonnet and dolman I'll go right along."

Mrs. Wilkins looked at the hat tree. "Why, Miss Tweedles, I thought I hung it up here. I thought I did." Mrs. Wilkins turned round and round in the hall.

"Now, Mis' Wilkins, just consecrate your mind and think. Of course if you put them there, they must be there. Inanimate objects don't go without hands."

"I'll ask Susie and Katie if they have seen them."

But neither of the maids had noticed Miss Tweedles' bonnet and dolman. The house was searched and Miss Tweedles, despite her anxiety, enjoyed this opportunity of peering into Mrs. Wilkins' closets.

"Well," she said at last coming into the hall where Mr. Wilkins stood staring, for the twentieth time, at the hat-tree under the impression that he was aiding in the search. "I know where those things are, they've been stolen."

"Oh, Miss Tweedles," cried Mrs. Wilkins thoughtlessly. "Who would want—"

"Who wouldn't want, Mis' Wilkins, a handsome bonnet and dolman? It's a temptation few could resist. I think I know where they are, and if you will kindly lend me some sort of habitment, I will go in search of my lost garments."

"Won't you have a little lunch first, Miss Tweedles?"

"I desire nothing but the restoral of my rightful property," said Miss Tweedles accepting the bonnet and jacket Mrs. Wilkins loaned her.

Miss Tweedles went out of the front door and straight toward the little house where Elizabeth was calling. She knocked loudly at the back door.

The young woman opened the door and smiled sweetly into Miss Tweedles' flushed face. "Won't you come in?" she asked politely.

Miss Tweedles stood like a petrified image with her borrowed bonnet high and stiff. There, on a nail, just behind the young woman, so near that the ball fringe touched her shoulder, hung the bonnet and dolman.

"No, madam," said Miss Tweedles in her deepest, most impressive voice, "I will not come in, I only come to inquire—"

But here the young husband appeared behind his wife; the brave Miss Tweedles quaked and her bonnet lowered its plumes. The young man only said:

"If you could come to the baby just a minute, Mary, perhaps the lady will wait—"

But she did not wait; Miss Tweedles made hasty excuses and fled across the road to the

Wilkins' stronghold. She burst into their dining-room red and breathless.

"It is exactly as I respected, the thief is at your very doors. I saw the young woman go by this morning in scanty attire with only a shawl about her shoulders. You know you leave your doors unlocked, Mis' Wilkins, and it was a very easy thing for anybody to slip things off the hat tree. There was my dolman and bonnet hanging in her hall. She was very much decomposed, very much decomposed indeed. But then her husband appeared and he looked so fierce that I had to leave without claiming my stolen goods. I knew there were people here about whose refutation nobody knew anything. I have no doubt the house is full of stolen things. Mr. Wilkins, I am afraid I shall have to ask you to return with me and affront these people with signs of their guilt."

Mr. Wilkins started uneasily. "I—I—" he began.

"I am sorry to have to ask you to accomplish me, but you are a man and you can carry a stick and I will be on the look-out for concealed weapons."

Mr. Wilkins cast a doleful glance at his wife as he went out into the hall.

"Where's Elizabeth?" he asked as he put on his overcoat.

"Oh, she went over to Bessie's. I expect her home very soon."

Meantime Elizabeth had peered anxiously after Miss Tweedles' head. Elizabeth remembered home and lunch time. She came out into the kitchen.

"What is it smells so nice and funny! It's fish, isn't it? I wish I could stay and have some of your dinner, but I'm 'fraid mother'd worry unless I went home and asked her first. P'raps I'll do that if you want me to. I should like to always live with that baby, because all my children are dead. This was Miss Tweedles that came here. She had on my mother's bonnet. Wasn't that funny? She's a funny old thing anyway. Do you think she's pretty? She says she's so pretty because she got up early when she was little. Do you think I'll look like her if I get up early? Will you please get my down my bonnet and cape? Thank you"

"Does your mam'ma know you wore these things?" asked the young woman as she hooked the dolman about Elizabeth's neck.

Elizabeth colored. "No, she doesn't. I just borrowed them. I guess she won't care. I guess she won't. She told me not to borrow without asking, but when I want to do a thing, I forget everything but just that thing. I'll ask papa to forgive me; he always does when I keep asking him. Why, there's papa now." Elizabeth opened the door and stepped out into the little yard.

The young man with the baby in his arms followed her to the door, and his wife peered behind. This, as a background for a small figure in a fringed dolman and flowered bonnet, was the picture that met the eyes of Miss Tweedles and Mr. Wilkins as they paused at the gate. Elizabeth, feeling that her father's hand was an anchor in whatever gale might be brewing, ran towards him, tripping and stumbling over the ball fringe.

"Oh, do come in, papa, and see the beautiful baby. Do come in."

"You naughty girl," Miss Tweedles seized her and unhooked the dolman with angry but careful jerks. "You naughty girl, what do you mean by wearing my dolman?"

"I didn't know it was your dolman," said Elizabeth, inwardly quaking, but outwardly calm. "I only borrowed it a minute, and you can have it now. I'm not a bit cold and

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Jas. E. Harley, Worthington, Ont., gives permission to publish the following letter for the benefit of other mothers who have young children in their homes. She says:—"I have many reasons to be grateful to Baby's Own Tablets, and to recommend them to other mothers. Our little girl is now about fourteen months old, and she has taken the Tablets at intervals since she was two months old, and I cannot speak too highly of them. Since I came here about a year ago, every mother who has small children has asked me what I gave our baby to keep her in such even health, and I have replied, absolutely nothing but Baby's Own Tablets." Now nearly every child here gets the Tablets when a medicine is needed, and the old fashioned crude medicines, such as castor oil and soothing preparations, which mothers formerly gave their little ones, are discarded. Our family doctor also strongly praises the Tablets, and says they are a wonderful medicine for children. Accept my thanks for all the good your Tablets have done my little one, and I hope other mothers will profit by my experience."

Baby's Own Tablets can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, frailest child, and they are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones. Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

it's too long in front anyway. I keep stepping on it."

Miss Tweedles was holding it upside down now and inspecting the fringe. "There's three balls torn off and the back is all dragged in the dust, and I never wore it but once to church."

The young man and his wife had now come out into the yard and were amused spectators of the scene.

"Can't I buy you a new fringe, Miss Tweedles?" asked Mr. Wilkins, anxiously.

"I guess you will have to," said Miss Tweedles in a forlorn tone that moved Elizabeth.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Tweedles," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt it a bit and I guess I've got enough pennies now to buy you a new one."

"I guess a new fringe will do," said Miss Tweedles.

"Is this your bonnet?" asked Elizabeth, her face was troubled. "Because if it is, you can have this too."

"Thank you," said Miss Tweedles with irony, "you can wear it home, but I don't know what your mother'll say."

Elizabeth drew closer to her father, her lip quivered, "I—I didn't know you liked your dolman so much, Miss Tweedles, I didn't think it was so dreadful pretty." They turned to go when Elizabeth paused. "Can't I please go back and kiss that dear baby?"

Elizabeth's father not only said "yes," but he followed after her to say to the young man: "Come around and see me again tomorrow."

"We were mistaken in our suspicions, Miss Tweedles," said Mr. Wilkins gravely as they walked away.

"Yes, Mr. Wilkins," responded Miss Tweedles, "they were founded on circumstantial evidence that was false. The young couple seem poor but worthy."

"Well," said Mr. Wilkins, "I have learned to expect the best, not the worst, of people."

"An excellent maximum, Mr. Wilkins," said Miss Tweedles majestically, "An excellent maximum."—The Interior.