## SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"But my life was ruined—my heart for"—and a sob burst from her quivering lips at this point—"I never looked upon the faces of my parents again. I—their idolized and only child—had to flee from the sight of every one whom I knew to hide my shame. And they both died of grief in less than three months. Then for long years I tolled for the support of myself and child. I would gladly have died, but I dered not take the fife that was God-given, nor shirk the sad responsibility laid upon me, and doom my boy to orphanhood, and the cold charity of an indifferent world. How glad I have been since that I did not, in my despair, thus rashly sin pust all forgiveness, for, at last, my reward came; and, through the kindness and conscientiousness of the ness and conscientiousness of the Rev. Dr. Harris, of Chicago, I now hold the papers to prove that I was inade a legal wife. Ah! you can never realize how I exulted over the fact—not because I was your wife—for I would have scorned to assert claim upon you; but because every thadow or displace was removed from or dishonor was removed from shadow or dishonor was removed from
me, and my dear boy. It made a
new woman of me—it gave me
life—renewed my youth—put
strength, and hope and joy into my
heart; and now the future looks very
bright for us both."

But the man before her knew that

But the man before her knew that no thought in connection with him served to brighten that future; he realized, but too plainly, that every spark of the affection which she might have once experienced for him, had burned to ashes in her heart.

This was very patent to him even before she drew her slight, graceful figure to its full height, and resumed:

But for you, Richard Heatherton" and, lifting one taper, rose-tipped finger, she pointed toward the door—
"you can go from here as stealthily as you came in, for you have no part nor lot in my life, even though, in the sight of the law you wan had the sight of the law you may be my legal husband. I glory in the fact only because of my you and the wrong you would have done me, and because it gives an hon-orable name to my son; but you are no more to me than the stones of vonder pavement, which every day tread beneath my feet."
"Miriam--"

"Miriam—"
"Never dare to address me like that," she burst forth, before he could utter another word, while a vivid scarlet flushed her face, "I am to you as a stranger—I will not recognize you as anything else; I will have nothing to do with you."
Richard Heatherton thought he had never seen her so beautiful as she was at that moment—not even in her youthul days, while as he gazed

onder pavement, which every day I read beneath my feet."

"Miriam—"
"Never dare to address me like hat," she burst forth, before he could tter another word, while a vivid carlet flushed her face, "I am to ou as a stranger—I will not recognize you as anything else; I will not recognize you are only judging me after your own ignoble standard."
"But I am his legal heir," the man went on—"his egal heir," the man went on—"his endy heir, next to my mother, and, eventually I shall inherit all that he has. Now, Miriam," he continued, in a long, and have been playing your cards for his money."

"But I am his legal heir," the man went on—"his egal was at that moment—not even in her youthful days, while as he gazed about the beautiful room, which everywhere showed traces of her care and taste, and realized the charm of her presence, a regret for what night have been, if he had done what was right and honorable, smote him painfully—a sense of remorse for the wrong he had done her, and the son of whom any father might feel proud. wrong he had done her, and the sol of whom any father might feel proud, and, more than all else, for the ir-reparable injury which must in con-sequence fell upon the darling of his heart—his bright, beautiful, idolized

been scarcely less beautiful, who had been equally pure and innocent, must blight, for all time, the life of his lovely child; for—the thought seared both heart and brain—if his marriage with Miriam Wallingford had been legal, the tie which had bound him to that other woman had not been lawful and—Vera was illegitimate.

"I do not believe one drop of

"I do not believe one drop of his blood flows in your veins."
Richard Heatherton looked astonished at this reply, for he could not doubt its sincerity.

"Is it possible that you do not know?" he exclaimed.

"Know what?" she inquired breathlessly.

"That he is my uncle—my mother's only brother?—do you pretend you never suspected this, and have not wormed yourself into his confidence and good graces, in the hope of securing the fortune which should come to me, for your son?" her companion demanded, with a skeptical sneer upon his handsome but evil face.

CHAPTER XXXI. Miriam Heatherton looked amazed at her companion's communication. "Benjamin Lawson your uncle—your mother's brother?" she exclaimed, ig-

noring his contemptible insinuations regarding her motives, "No; I do not —I cannot believe it."

"It is the truth; my mother's law, before her marriage, was Rachel Law-son," the man asserted, so positively that she could no longer doubt the

that she could no longer doubt the truthfulness of his statement.

Then it dawned upon her why Mr. Lawson had always been so kind to her and Ned; why he had, from the very first of their acquaintance with him, shown so much tender interest in them. in them.

He had doubtless suspected, at the

He had doubtless suspected, at the outset, that they were the wife and child of his nephew, whom he believed to be dead, and this, of course, had been proved to him when she had confessed who she was, and related her history to him.

But she thought it very strange that he had never told her of the fact, and acknowledged the relationship.

Why had he concealed the truth from her all these years? Did he

from her all these years? Did he fear that she and Ned would take advantage of the fact to worm his fortune from him, as had just been

suggested?
The rich color mounted to the sensitive woman's brow, at the bare thought of his suspecting her of anything so ignoble. "Yes, it is a fact," Richard Heather

erton continued, "and, in spite of your pretensions to the contrary, I

haughty during his speech. Her lovely eyes, however, glowed like coals of fire; her lips curled with contempt for the wretched specimen of a man

before her.

"Be sensible!" she repeated. "I ought to have expected such an adlegal, the tie which had bound him to that other woman had not been lawful, and—Vera was illegitimate.

Surely, what his uncle had only that morning said to him was being verified in the most unexpected and crushing manner—he was indeed "reaping an abundant harvest" for the "wild oats" he had so boasted of having sown in his youth, and the relentless scythe had fallen where he had never thought it possible—it had ruthlessly cut down and hald low his dearest, his most cherished hopes.

These theoretics are the spected such an admonition from you, perhaps, since I so idiotically allowed myself, years ago, to be persuaded by you into a secret engagement and clandestine marriage. Oh! if young girls could only realize the doom that is sure to follow such a reckless act how much suffering and remorse they might be spared! But I came to myself—my spec were opened by your heartless-ness on that day when you revealed your baseness—your true character to me, and every atom of my love for

south had so boasted of having sown in his youth, and the relentiess scythe had fallen where he had never thought it possible—it had ruthlessly cut down and laid low his dearest, his most cherished hopes.

These thoughts drove him to the verge of despair.

Oh! it did not seem possible that in one moment of time the world and life could be so bereft of light and hope. Ah! could Miriam have suffered as he now suffered, when he smote her down with that one word to which she had referred a little while ago, when he had twitted her in his anger with, the stigma which would rest upon her child when she should give it birth.

Those were "wild oats," indeed, was not pleasant to her companisation of the properties of the properties

which he must now gather into his own garner; the opprobrious epithets he had thrown at Miriam, years ago, instead of branding his intended victim with shame, had rebounded to dishonor her who was dearer to him than his own life.

A tempest of wrath, and grief, and shame, raged within him, as these thoughts surged through his brain.

But Vera should never know—no such grief must ever dim the light of her beautiful eyes, or mar the bright-

But Vera should never know—no such grief must ever dim the light of her beautiful eyes, or mar the brightness of her happy face.

But it galled him terribly to think of Miriam Wallingford and her boy, here in Benjamin Lawson's home, triumphing over him, and perhaps wheedling the old man out of the fortune which he had so confidently expected would-come into his possession, by inheritance, and thus descend eventually to Vera.

He resolved that they should never succeed, if such was their alm; he would overthrow them by some means; he would trample them in the dust before they should usurp his rights; he would gain his ends by strategy if he could—by violence if he must.

"How came—you here in Boston, and in Benjamin Lawson's household?" he demanded, when he could command himself sufficiently to speak, and ignoring Miriam's last bitter words.

"That is a question which does not concern you," she coldly replied.
"Perhaps it does concern me more than you realize," he returned, hotly. "I suppose you know who—what he is."

"Yes: I know that he is an honorable gentleman," Miriam respondant with size of the product of a such as a prophesic occurrence of the pays me monthly, for caring for his home, and in return for which I try to make it as pleasant as possible for him. Your insinuation that I have been playing my cards for his fortune is too contemptible to be refuted. Now go; I never wish to see your face again."

"Then I understand that you have modely the tight to methat you have modely the tight to methat you have more than you realized." he returned, hotly the demanded with his price to methat you have more than you realized." he returned hot have the wish to see your face again."

"The I understand that you have modely the high the present; I enjoy life—every day is full of sunshine and the wrongs you have done me, that I am not even moved to hate you and the wrongs you have done me, that I am not even moved to hate you and the wrongs you have done me, that I am not even moved to hate you and the wrongs you hav

years ago—that is a fact which I am 'ery particular about having established; but, as for ever recognizing you as my husband—no; a thousand times no?"

"How about a divorce, then?" he

"How about a divorce, then?" he ventured to suggest.
Miriam's crimson lips curled with krepressible scorn.
"I could never be more completely divorced from you than I am at this moment," she icily returned.
The man flushed, She was very lovely, standing there, so cool and self-possessed; so satisfied with her present independent position; so supremely indifferent to his existence, and their relations in the past, and his old passion for her was suddenly renewed. But for Vera and his desire to shield her from the knowledge that he had had another wife living at the shield her from the knowledge that he had had another wife living at the time of his marriage to her mother, he felt that he would leave no stone unturned to win back the sweet confidence and affection of this fair woman, whom he had so ruthlessly discarded, and whom any man might have been proud to acknowledge as his wife.

his wife.

But, since there could be no hope of this, he resolved to manage some way to secure himself and prevent her from ever making him any trouble regarding her uncle's property, if the old man should happen to die without making a will.

old man should happen to die without making a will.

"Then, perhaps, you will sign a paper releasing me from all future responsibility or obligation toward you," he said, though a sense of the shamelessness of such a request dyed his face crimson for the moment.

"All future responsibility or obliga-tion!" Miriam repeated, with flashing eyes, "judging from the burden you have borne in the past, in those respects, such a document would, speces, such a document would, no doubt, be very valuable to you," she concluded, with scathing sarcasm.

The man had never been so conscious of his own meanness and littleness as at that moment, and he winced visibly under beneating.

at that moment, and he winced visibly under her satire.

"I suppose, however," she added, "I am to understand by that that you wish me to sign away my right of dower as a wife?"

"Yes," he answered, with averted face—he could not meet the fine scorn which he knew was gleaming in her blue order.

which he knew was greaming in her blue orbs.

"I shall never do that, Richard Heatherton," she returned, with emphatic decision; "and even if I should that would not secure you against the claims of your son."

He knew it but too well, and it made him realize Vera's terrible situation with a feeling of despair such as he had not experience.

s he had not experienced. This was followed by a blaze of anger and defiance, accompanied by a desire for revenge upon Miriam be-cause of the victory she had achieved

"You shall regret this!" he cried, "You snan regree vindictively.
"Regrets in connection with you have long since ceased," she composedly returned.
"Do not be too sure," he retorted;

there are more ways than one of wounding you and making you fee my power. Look out for yourself, Miriam Wallingford, and look out for the boy

Wallingford, and look out for the boy of whom you are so boastful."

With this vindictive warning the man turned abruptly and left the room and the house, while Miriam sank upon a chair with both hands pressed over her startled heart, a terrible fear suddenly depriving her of all strength. of all strength.

of all strength.

Ah, yes, she thought, he might make her feel his cruel power through Ned! he could indeed crush her to the earth if he should dare to injure her boy in any way, and for a time she was distressed by a thousand fears.

Then she reasoned that she was in a sit; where column and reavent lightnessed. city where crime and personal violence could not be committed with impun-

Ned was a man now, too, and cap-

to Richard Heatherton had been, now utterly indifferent she was to him—how completely he had lost all power to move her to either love or late.

Her love for him had indeed burned to ashes, and nothing could ever rekindle it.

As for the man himself, he went out of Benjamin Lawson's house wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. He had expected to browbeat the woman whom he had wronged into abject submission to his wishes, the work was work to do wars. abject submission to his wishes, as he was wont to do years ago in his youth. But he had failed most miserably, and he had been made to realize instead, that he had been the destroyer of his own life and peace—that he had begun, in bitter earnest, to reap a harvest from the "wild cuts" which he had sown twenty years ago.

He had more reason for fleeing from the country than was generally sup-

He had more reason for fleeing from the country than was generally supposed when he had disappeared so suddenly after leaving college. Not only did he fear trouble from the proud young girl whom he had driven to desperation, but also from her furious father, who, upon learning how his daughter had been wronged had sent him word that he "would shoot him like a dog if he should ever lay ever it think it will do any good." him word that he "would shoot him like a dog if he should ever lay eyes upon him." Then his own father and uncle had received an inkling of the story, and, becoming enraged over it and the enormous debts he had contracted during his college days, hotly denounced him, refused to pay his bills and ordered him to go to work and take care of himself in the future.

work and take care of himself in the future.

With his cowardly heart full of fear and hatred, he had recklessly boarded the first steamer bound for Europe and put the ocean between himself and the consequence of his misdeded.

was haunted by a sense of insecurity, and so resolved to ship for Australia. where, he felt sure, no one connected with his former life would ever be able to find him.

While on his way. But, even after reaching England he

While on his way to this country while on his way to this country the man who shared his stateroom was taken suddenly ill and died, as he had related to his uncle, and, resolving to make assurance doubly sure, he determined to destroy his identity by

from his corrow; therefore no inquiries would be made for him, and there was no fear that the deception would ever be discovered.

Having thus blotted himself out of existence, so to speak, he was prepared to begin a new life in the country whither he was going.

Being a good accountant, he readily found employment when he arrived in

Being a good accountant, he readily found employment when he arrived in Sydney; and remained in the service of one firm for the next three or four years, and to whom he gave the name of Heath.

During this time he met Anita Castaldi, a beautiful Spanish girl, and the only child of a widow of great wealth.

wealth.

wealth.

The mother was an invalid, and Richard, who was not fond of toiling for his living, and who found it difficult to support his expensive tastes upon his modest salary, resolved that he would win the girl and the fortune, which in the course of a few mouths must be here.

which in the course of a few months must be hers.

The bequifful Spanish maiden was as lovely in character as in person, and, believing her handsome lover to be all that he represented himself, she gave her heart unreservedly to the ardent suitor.

Anita's mother shared her daughter's belief in the moral worth of the young man, and willingly gave her consent to their union, feeling that she should thus have her darling happy in the care and protection of a noble

in the care and protection of a noble and devoted husband.

Accordingly they were married by the woman's dying bed, and three weeks later she passed away, leaving her daughter sorrowing, but not incorrected away, ber less for out of consolable, over her loss, for, out of the fervor of her Spanish nature, she idolized her husband, and all other emotions were absorbed in this.

(To be Continued.)

ANIMALS AS DECOYS.

Something About the Sirens of the Packing Houses of Kansas.

Packing Houses of Kansas.

The big packing houses out west employ decoy animals to lead their brethren to the slaughter. These animals are called "sirens" by the packing house men, and they are valuable adjuncts to the business. All packing houses are compelled to have them. A steer is trained to lead the them. A steer is trained to lead the animals out of the pens through the long overhead bridges into the packing house and down into the killing room. Such a steer is called "Judas Iscariot" usually. Some of them have become famous for their intelligence. But there generally comes a time when they grow unruly or careless or their powers fail, and they themselves are led to the slaughter. In one of the packing houses in Kansas City, in which a great many sheep are slaughtered, a goat is employed to entice sheep from the stock yards where they are brought to the

yards where they are brought to the yards where they are brought to the killing pens in the house. It is a long distance from the yards to the house, through streets, over a river and a railroad yard by bridge, and through lanes. Without an animal to lead them it would be impossible to get a large flock of sheep home safely and expeditiously.

The goat's name is Willie, and he is the cleverest beast of his kind. He

The goat's name is Willie, and he is the cleverest beast of his kind. He cost less than \$2, but does work that a \$5,000 a year clerk could not do half so well, if at all. The sheep follow Willie with implicit confidence, and he leads hundreds of them to their doom every day. When the sheep buyer goes about the stock yards buying the animals Willie follows him. The yards are divided into pens by The yards are divided into pens by fences. On top of each fence is a footboard, along with the buyer, walks inspecting the animals that he deelres to buy. Willie walks the fences with the buyer and climbs up and down the stope with ease.

when the steps with ease.

When the sheep are all bought a boy opens the gate and leads the way.

Willie follows the boy; the sheep follow Willie. The sheep could not be induced to follow the boy unless Willie

Ned was a man now, too, and capable of looking out for himself personally; while, as far as principles were concerned, he was thoroughly good and pure, and she felt sure no one could have power to corrupt him.

It had been but an idle threat, uttered under the impulse of anger, she told herself, and she wouldwat allow herself to be disturbed by it.

As she grew more composed, she realized how literally true her words to Richard Heatherton had been, how Willie follows the boy; the sneep low willie. The sheep could not be indown the looy unless Willie was there. Occasionally Willie gets tired of being good, and when he is naughty he is very like "the little girl who had a little curl," and then he is horrid at little curl," and then he is norrid at little curl," and then he is norrid at little curl, and then he is norrid

sition of an angel. That weak, tired condition will soon change by the use of Miller's Compound Iron 1918, 50 doses 25 cents.

He Was Convinced.

"Once, when I was publishing a paper in Sattle, I convinced a man in the most emphatic way that it paid to advertise," said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper.

in my paper.
"'Oh, it's no use!' he would say. 'I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one else does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself upon the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper—pshaw!

"The next day I had the following line rtuck in the most obscure corner of the paper, between a couple of patent medicine advertisements:

"What is Conen going to do about it.?"

it?'
"The next day so many people an The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what that meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do so if he would let me write the explanation, and stand by it. He agreed; and I wrote, He is going to advertise, of course. And he did."—New York Herald.

A Blundering Genius. Miss Cholmondley's "Red Fottage" continues to be the novelistic sensation in England, while in America it tion in England, while in America it is pressing the local favorites hard. This a strange mixture of genius and ignorance. Its plot is original. So, all too frequently, is its grammar. The very first line in the book includes an outrageous literary blunder. Here is it: "'I can't get out,' said Swift's

The remainder of surprise:

"Your insinuation that I have been than you realize," he returned, hother is."

I suppose you know who—what he is an honorable gentleman," Miriam responded. With significant emphasis.

Her companion winced visibly, and flushed.

"I mean what his relationship is to me," he said.

"I mean what his relationship is to me," he said.

"Her altionship to you!" repeated Miriam, with a scornful inflection, of the fair woman calmly replied, "I acknowledge that I was made your legal wife some twenty of the fair woman calmly replied, "I acknowledge that I was made your legal wife some twenty of the fair woman calmly replied, "I acknowledge that I was made your legal wife some twenty."

Your insinuation that I have been playing my cards for his fortune is fortune is

## FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE LITTLE CLOCK.

Our little clock, mama's and mine High on her mantel dwells, And when one knows just how i

Suca pleasant things it tells. Thus when it points for tea at four it says to us, "Just two hours

more!"
Gladly at five it chimes this song One hour is not so very long." We understand its ticks.

Then settling in the window seat,

We lark for footsteps on street,
For papa comes at six

A YOUNG TRAVELLER. The youngest parlor car tourist is Miss helen M. Francis, 3 years and 8 mouths, recently of New York, but now of Stroud. O. T. All alone, save for friends made on the journey, she travelled from New York to "gran'ma's" home in Stroud, which is heaceforth to be her home. Word was received a few days ago of her safe arrival

of her safe arrival.

Her father is William Francis, a railroad official of New York. Helen's mother died a few months ago. She was the only child, and her father decided that she would be much better off with her grandmother. But he could not accompany her on of her safe arrival.

But he could not accompany her on the journey.

In his dilemma he laid the situation before H. B. McClellan, general eastern agent of a big railroad.

"Why." said Mr. McClellan, "we will see Helen through to her grandmother as snug as a bug in a rug, and as fast as the trains will run."

He then wrote on a tag: "My name is Heleu M. Francis. I am going to James Lockhart, Stroud, O. T., via West Shore, Wabash and Frisco."

On the reverse side of the tag Mr. McClellan wrote: "Will the conductors and general traveiling public tors and general travelling public

On the following night the little girl, properly tagged, and her fa-ther were at the station. Miss Hel-

ther were at the station. Miss Helen. with a small bag of clothing, was placed under the care of Conductor E. J. O'Donnell, and was assigned to her berth.

The passengers crowded about her and soon she was a bit of a heroine. That afternoon she was photographed at Kingston. At night the women tucked her away in her berth, and so it was all through the journey of 2,000 miles.

EGYPTIAN DOLLS.

dolls were sold in the market place. The girls of the middle ages had not only dolls which must have been the favorite playthings, if we can judge from the allusions of the poets, but also dolls' houses and dolls' wagons. A number of earthen dolls representing babies and armored knights were found under the Nuremberg pave-

"pathenpfennig," or godparents' gift.
The boy doll, generally mounted,
was also a favorite with the middle was also a layorite with the middle age (not middle aged) girl.

The children of those times were not exacting. Colored eggs, painted wooden birds, baldders filled with peas, little "practicable" windmills and

earthen animal figures were thank ully received.
The boys had hobbyhorses, paper windmills and marbles. A verse of the seventeenth century bewails the destruction of pockets by the last named. The older boys went fowling with blow

A WISE MULE. Lady Burton, a famous English wo-Lady Burton, a famous English woman, who has made a great many long journeys, was once travelling in Syria when a mule which was in great pain hobbled up to her, in spite of the heavy load on its back, and held up the hoof that it had hardly been able to use, with a look on its face that spoke plainly, not only of agony, but also of hope that she might cure it. On looking at the hoof Lady Burton found it pierced with a two-inch nail, which she pulled out at once, and from that time on the grateful animal followed her about like a big dog.

GOING BY THE EYE. Unless one has some other sort of knowledge to contradict it, observes Youth's Companion, it is natural to ac-cept the evidence of the eye. Therfore the answer which a teacher recently received from her class of small childeen was not altogether surprising.
"Whith is farther away." she asked,
"England or the moon "
"England!" the children answered

"England?" she questioned, "What Discordant notes are often protested

makes you think that?"
"'Cause we can see the moon,
we can't see England," answered
of the brightest of the class.

GEORGIE TELLS

How His Paw Surprised the Man of

How His Paw Surprised the Man of the House.

Paw and Maw were Hunten houses nearly all Last weak and they are a look in paw's Eyes that makes You think he expects something muse Happen almost Enny time before he could not be it. I went along a Fue times becoz annt Grace sed she would stay with little albert and the bady, but she told us she wouldn't have the pulp around Becoz she didn't Beleave he was to be Trusted Enny more Them a thursty poleasman in the Khahen when they were things to brink in the pupp went along Becoz paw go. Rome erly in the Afternoon. Maw told paw about a House she saw the Day before where they was sunshine in Every room. After we Rung the Door but meerly Half a nour they was a hired girl Come to the Door and Told us we couldn't get in becoz the lady wasa't at home.

"When'll she be Here?" paw ast. The girl said she Didn't no, and paw got, To talken about the House, and they Didn't see the pupp when he scooted past the girl and got inside. I didn't want to Say ennything about it Pecoz paw told me once tant it was Bad manners to interrupt when drown people are 'Tawken. In about a Minute and a Half we heard a

a Minute and a Half we heard a Scream up stares and prity scoathe Lady of the House Came down with the Baby in her arms, but not becoze sho Wanted to show us the sur-

shine in Every room.

"Take that turrable Dawg out of here," she says, and me and paw went up to see if the pupp would Lissen to reason. Maw and the Lady went in a Back Room and Waited and paw ran in Whare the pupp was and started to kick him out but the pupp got under the bed and Backed up in the corner Whare he Could think about it without getting his thots upset. Paw melt down on his nees and Elbows and tried to coax the pupp out, but it wasn't enny use. The pupp humped up in the Corner and Looked distrustful. Then

Corner and Looked distrustini. Then paw crep under the Bed so only His Laigs stuck out, and was agoing to Drag the pupp Out by the throte. In about a half a Second after that paw was hollering for help and the paw was published out to a Euse the paw was hollering for help and the pupp was making quite a Fuss, too. The man that lived Thare got home while the trubble was Going on and Came up Stares without while the trubble was Going on and Came up Stares without asten enny questions. When he Saw paw's Feat sticking Out from under the bed and herd the Racket he didn't seem to no whether he better Stay and Try Dolls were 'ouried with children's mummies in Egypt.
The girls of ancient Hindustan had ivory colls, and in Greece even jointed dolls were sold in the market place. The girls of the middle ages had not sold the market place.

stand it before.

Maw pulled at one foot and I cot hold of the Other, but we couldn't budge paw, so after while the man we were visitun took hold of the Bed and pushed it Over to the other sid of the room. That left paw and the country where we Could get: pupp out where we Could get a Them. The pupp had a Hott of paw Cote coller and wouldn't let go i coz he was a Bull Dawg, and t

man says:
"Water'll make him quit. That's
the only way to make a Bull dawg

give up."
So he got a pitcher Full of water and poured it on Paw and got a Little on the pupp, too, and pritty soon paw Got up and says:
"Glypne a Town!! " "Gimme a Towull!" The man handed paw a Towell and paw wiped the Water out of his

The man handed paw a Towell and paw wiped the Water out of his ears and Eyes and kicked the pupp down stairs. Then the man says: "Of corse I spose it's all rite, but if you Have time now I wush you'd tell me what all this means."

"We herd you had sunshine in Every room here," maw told him, "and we thot We'd come to see About it."

"Well," the man says, "if I was looken for sunshine I don't think I'd

looken for sunshine I don't think I'd hunt under the Bed for it till I was pritty sure it Couldn't be ennywhere Paw refewsed to argew about

and on the Way home I says to maw:
"It's a good thing We took the
pupp along or we mitent of Got in
the house a Tall, mite We?"—Geor"Chicago Times-Herald."

gie, in Chicago Times-Herald. WHY DON'T THEY? "Pa," said Tommy Treadway.
"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one question to-day. So be careful what you ask."

"Yes, papa."
"Well, go on."
"Why, don't they bury the Dead
Sea?"—Household Words.

Mr Kremlin himself was distin guished for ignorance, for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.— Benjamin Disraeli.

## HAVE GIRLS LOST HEALTH?

Has Nineteenth Century Life Lowered their Vitality and Wasted their Nerve Power?-The Remarkable Restorative Power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

What girl or woman of to-day can boast the health, vitality and bodily vigor of her grandmother? In spite of the remarkable improvement in sanitary coaditions, the attention paid to pure food and the wonderful advance of medical science, the fact remains that the majority of women and girls are suffering from the modern malady the suffering from the suffering from the modern malady the suffering from the suffering

-nerves.

From the working girl, worn out by standing long hours behind the counter, by close confinement in illventilated rooms, by the left tool building restorative of unappr arduous for her delicate body to with able worth.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education, refine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is act to the lady of education and the ventilated rooms, by the nerve-rackstand, to the lady of education, refinement and social standing, whose nerve power is exhausted by late hours, loss of sleep, and foods not suited for nour-ishment of the blood and nerves, all alike suffer from nervous disorders and irregularities which make life hard to

From nerve and brain exhaustion headache and nervous dyspepsia, sieep-lessness, irritability and nervousness, the way to paralysis, nervous prostra-tion and insanity is short, and the re-turn to health next to impos But science has ever ke

remedial and restorative in that it Chase's Nerve Food than in that it increases weight, rounds wasted form, and returns the colo the cheeks. It is not a stimulant opiate, but a blood-forming, b building restorative of unappr

edged by physicians to be wonder effective as a blood builder and a restorative. Hundreds of doctors commend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food their patients as the greatest sy builder and revitalizer that can sibly be obtained; 50 cents a box

Chase, but none who dare his portrait and signatur found on every box of remedies.