

heart, I'm her beau; she's my Annie, I'm her Joe," and in a spirit of fun the young lady from New York had taken up the refrain of "Annie Rooney." So delighted was the fresh-air boy to find she could sing "Annie Rooney" that he gave her his bouquet of clover-tops and thenceforth attached himself to her, following her about like a little dog. They were both from New York and both could sing "Annie Rooney."

"Dick," she had said to him one day, "when I go back to New York I'm coming to see you, and I'm going to set you up in business as a news-boy."

She moved uneasily as she remembered the look that flashed on the boy's face—a look that transfigured it—but fresh ices were served just then, and the boy, the meadow, and her promise were forgotten.

Weeks later she found herself in a dingy alley on the East Side, looking for No. 188. She was a little frightened and more disgusted at her surroundings. "What an idiot I am to bother coming to this frightful place, looking for a boy who may be dead for all I know," she muttered, drawing up her dainty skirts from the filth of the street: "188—there it is—horrible place—shall probably have my throat cut before I leave." Through a narrow passageway, across a dingy court, up a squalid stairway she went.

"Is this where the Camwell family lives?" she asked as she tapped on the half-opened door. The room was filled with slattern, frowsy, wild-eyed women, who glared at the wonderful vision.

"Yis, ma'am."

"I want to see Dick—Dick Camwell."

There is a bustle—a murmur—and a woman, with eyes swollen from weeping, comes forward.

"I'm Dick's mother," she said. "Dick's dead."

"Dead—good heavens! you don't mean it. When?"

"Last night—fever. You're the lady he was lookin' fer?"

"Looking for—Oh! did he look for me?"

"Look fer ye, ma'am? There hain't been a day sence September that the boy didn't look fer ye. 'She'll come to-day, sure,' he'd say, an' then he'd go down to the street an' stand there whistlin' 'Little Annie Rooney.' I says to him, 'Dick, why don't ye whistle something else? I'm sick of that song,' but says he, 'No, I shan't whistle nothin' else, fer she liked that.'

She stepped into the low, bare room where he lay on the miserable bed. The tears fell fast as she took the bunch of violets from her breast and laid them in his poor thin hands. "Forgive me, Dick," she whispered.

The strains of "Little Annie Rooney" rang out on the soft air. A

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A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Send your name and address to-day for a free trial package and see for yourself. F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

A smart maid came out from the brown-stone house and handed the amazed Italian fifty cents.

"My lady sends you this if you'll move on, and next time you come around don't, for gracious' sake, play that tune, for she can't bear the sound of it."—Edith Sessions Tupper.

A BRAVE ANSWER.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, you remember, was one of the great and learned writers, who lived about a hundred

years ago; he was not what might be called a devout or religious man, but that he was a true and reverent believer in God, the following incident testifies.

He was at a dinner party one day where a number of the talented men of his time were present, and, as is too often the case in such assemblies, profane and infidel views had crept into the conversation, and the name of God was frequently uttered with the most irreverent lightness. It was noticed that Rousseau was silent, and an expression of anger visible on his countenance. At last, one of the scoffers turning to him, demanded his opinion on what they were saying.

Looking around with undisguised indignation, the great man answered: "Gentlemen, if it is called cowardly in one silently to suffer an absent friend to be evil spoken of, must it not be a far greater crime to hear his God blasphemed who is present? And as for me, I believe in this God of whom you speak."—Young Churchman.

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