

on Michael. Aim at the sun, my child; perhaps you may hit a star."

Julia went to bed. Early the next morning she put on her red shawl and her earrings and went out to show herself to Antonio. This young man had a hundred irons in the fire, and among other things he was a fortune teller. He had five little parrots, and a box of red and green slips of paper with fortunes printed on them. The red papers told the fortunes of young men; the green papers told the fortunes of young women. Two of the parrots were trained to pick up the red papers in their bills, the others to pick up the green papers; so that when a young man paid five cents for his fortune, Antonio had but to call upon one of those who dealt in futures for young men to do his duty; when he had a young woman for a customer, he had but to call upon one of the others.

Julia found him at the corner of the street.

"Good morning, Antonio," she cried. "Will you not let one of your little birds tell my fortune for me?"

"Certainly," he replied. He picked up one of the little parrots, and put its bill down among the green papers. The parrot selected one and Antonio handed it to the girl. She read it, and burst out laughing.

"Your parrot is a fraud," she cried. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Why, last week you told me my fortune, and to-day you give me the same fortune."

"What would you have?" cried he. "My birds are honest! If they had given you different fortunes, why then you might have complained. As it is—"

"Hey, hey!" cried an old woman at this moment.

She dashed up behind Julia and seized her by the shoulders. She shook her roughly.

"Ah, you thief," cried the old woman, "where did you steal my shawl? Take it off, you thief! Police, police!"

Julia was terribly frightened. She did not know what to say or what to do; so she burst into tears. Antonio cast his eyes around. The old woman continued to cry for the police, and a crowd was gathering. In a moment he had made up his mind.

"Here," he suddenly cried, "you stop that!"

"What have you to do with it?" exclaimed the old woman. Antonio looked at her so fiercely, though, that she stopped shaking the girl.

"Run," whispered Antonio. Julia took to her heels. The old woman and a great crowd followed her. Antonio turned his parrots over to a friend, and joined the procession.

Julia reached her home and dashed upstairs to her room, and locked herself in. A few moments later the crowd knocked loudly at the door. Julia's mother came out of the kitchen.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I do not know, only do not open the door until Antonio comes," replied the girl.

"Oh, it's Antonio, eh?" said the shrewd old mother.

"Open," cried a voice from without. "It is Antonio!"

The mother opened the door, and the young man sprang in.

"Now will you tell me what this means?" asked the mother.

"Later on," replied Antonio. "I have no time now. Give me the shawl," he said, turning to the girl. She gave it to him. "Now throw open your door," he cried, and a moment later the old woman who had been robbed, and the crowd, headed by a policeman, came in.

"Here," cried the policeman, "give up the shawl!"

"No speak English," said Antonio, wagging his head foolishly.

"The old dame says you stole it

from her. Give it up or I'll arrest you."

"No speak English," repeated Antonio, holding onto the shawl, however.

Julia was in tears. She looked around at the crowd, and saw Michael skulking near the door.

"Ah, you—" she cried, but Antonio stopped her.

"Be quiet," he said; "leave this to me."

"Are you going to give it up?" cried the policeman, becoming impatient.

"No speak English," said the young man again, and the policeman caught him by the arm and led him off to the station house, the crowd and Julia and her mother following. From the station house they took him to the police court. When they got there many other prisoners were ahead of them, waiting to have their cases disposed of, so Antonio had time to say to Julia, who sat near where he stood:

"You send for my boss, Mr. Robson. I'll prove an alibi."

"An alibi!" cried the girl. "Oh, don't, don't!"

"And why not?"

"Oh, such a terrible thing! They might hang you for it!"

Antonio laughed.

"You don't know what an alibi is. It's American. You send for my boss."

Julia sent a friend for Mr. Robson, and in a little while he reached the court room. He was an influential man, and the magistrate knew him. At his request the case was called at once.

The old woman said that her shawl had been stolen from her. Antonio had the shawl, therefore he must be the thief, she declared. The magistrate nodded his head. He asked her when it was stolen.

"Yesterday morning, when I was away from home," she said.

"What time?"

"Nine o'clock."

"I'll prove an alibi," said Antonio. Julia shuddered.

"What have you to say?" asked the magistrate.

"Alibi," replied Antonio.

"Alibi?" repeated the magistrate.

"How?" "My boss," said Antonio.

"Indeed!" replied the magistrate.

"What do you know about this, Mr. Robson?"

"The lad is right," replied Robson.

"He was with me all the morning. I did not lose sight of him all day long, in fact, for he was doing a lot of work for me."

The magistrate looked at the old woman who had accused Antonio. He looked at her for such a long time that she felt sure he could see through her, and knew everything that she had done. The longer he looked, the greater became her discomfort. Her only thought was to get away from the court room and those awful spectacles.

"Well," thundered the magistrate, "what do you mean by—"

But she waited for no more. With a loud cry she gathered up her skirts and ran from the court room as if her life depended on it.

"Discharged," said the magistrate, and Robson shook hands with him and then with Antonio. Antonio took Julia and the red shawl back to Mulberry Street.

That night Michael came over for his answer.

"You stole that shawl," exclaimed Julia angrily, when she saw him.

"I did it for you," he cried. "I would die for you!"

"Then, do so," exclaimed the girl.

"Here, get out!" thundered a voice behind Michael, and Antonio entered the room.

The next day Antonio took Julia and the red shawl down to the City Hall, and the alderman kissed the bride.

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