to pronounce sentence upon them.

Toor Ned felt as if his chance was Toor Ned felt as if his chance was small among so many, and most of them clder than he; but, as it happened, he was the very first one to be singled out by the gentleman, his bright, clean face, nicely brushed harr, and quiet manner having preposessed him in his favor.

"Your name?" demanded Mr. Flint, while his eagle eyes searched the frank countenance looking so earnestly into his.

ly into his.
"Edward Wallingford, sir."

'Age?"
"Twelve last March."

"Where do you live?"
"No. — Harrison avenue."
"With your parents?"
"With my mother, sir; I have no

father." "What do you want to do, errands or cash?"
"Anything that you wish, sir."
"Hum-obliging, I'm sure," said the
man, approvingly, "When can you

"I'd like to begin now," said Ned,

"I'd like to begin now," said Ned, ealerly.

"All right, youngster; that's business, and you shall. Here, Morris"—beckening to a clerk—"take this lad to the manager of the retail hosiery department, and tell him to instruct him regarding his duties. Your pay will be a dollar and a half a week for the first month," he continued, to Ned, "and, if you do well, will be raised to two dollars after that."

Our young here was then marched

Our young hero was then marched I to the stocking counter where he was at once launched upon his business career.
He was bright, quick and willing,

and so civil to the clerks that he became a general favorite before the day was over.
"Smart little chap, that—bright as a button, and ready to do anything you ask him." remarked one of the clerks to another, during the after moon of Ned's first day of service.
"Humph! he's smart enough! but

as for being obliging, that's the way with them all the first week or so; but it soon wears off, and I'll wager he'll be no better than the common run a fortnight hence."
But this prophet of evil failed for

once in his prognostications, for Ned was bound to please and bound to rise, and he diligently and fathfully performed every duty, never forgetting to be civil and good-natured even in the midst of the greatest rush of business.

osh of business. One rarely sees a prouder or a happier boy than he was when Saturday noon came—it was now the first of July, and Saturday after-noon was given to all the employees of the great store during the months of and August-and he put into his mother's hands his first week's earnings, even though it was the small-sum of one dollar and a half. Mrs. Wallingford klssed him with

"You dear boy," she said, fondly, as she smoothed back the moist hair from his forehead, "aren't you tired

No, indeed, Marmee, I feel as frisky a kitten; and just think, I have this afternoon to play, or rest, or anything I like," he returned do anything I like." he returned brightly, and bravely refraining from mentioning the fact that he had a great blister on each heel, where his old boots had chafel him in running back and forth a out his du'ils.

back and forth a out his duties.

But he did not care to spend the afternoon in play; he remained quictly in the house, and though he tried hard to conceaf that his feet and legs ached he over think he could be a n every joint, he could not blind his fond and watchful

fortable condition Sanday proved to be a rainy day, and Ned was not sorry, for he did not fee! much like going to Sunday school. was glad enough of an excuse to lie on the lounge and rest his wears

limis, while he read aloud to his mother from his library book.

Mrs. Wallingford, tco, was glad to rest, and felt quietly grateful to have a dollar and a half in her purse with which to begin the week. She had not been as well as usual during the last few days, consequently she had not been able to finish her work, and she had found it very difficult to provide sufficient food for their absolute needs during the week

Monday morning, however, found Ned much refreshed, and ready to be-gin work again. The blisters were nearly healtst, and his legs "as limber as ever," so he started forth to resume his duties with as much courage

and enthusiasm as ever.

On Wednesday morning of this week, as he was crossing from Essex street into Chauncy, his sharp-eyes caught sight of a smal' green 2011 lying close to the curbing of the

Stooping to pick it up, he discovered it to be a roll of money.

A thrill of joy went tingling through A thrift of Joy went thighing alrough him to his very foos, as he clutched to in his small brown hands, while his heart beat with great startled pulsations, the excitament of the discovery making him almost faint for a more than the property and the second of the seco a moment. But, regaining his com-posure after a moment, he examined the tiny roll and found that it was of four ten-doliar bills, in

composed of four ten-dollar bills, in fresh, crisp greenbacks.

"Forty dollars!" he murmured, with a sense of exultation, not unmingled with wonder, "was there ever such a lucky boy? Now, Marmee can have a whole pound of nice ten, and a lot of other things. I can have a new jacket, and a pair of trousers, and—

A feeling of dismay shot through him as the thought came to him that the money did not rightly be ong to him -that some v fortunate person has lost it, and it must be returned to

lost it, and it must be returned owner as soon as possible.
"If it only was mine," Ned, wistfully, "Marmee could go at the seashore for a week looks so thin and pale, less crocheting keeps the side bad aff the time. it wouldn't be honest
He refo'ded and thrust
a half-desperate nir int

and walked on, trying t

indifferent way, although a vigorou

Indifferent way, although a vigorous struggle was going on between his cong science and this terrible temptation, which had come apon him in such a time of need.

"Mother would never use it," he said to himself, "but I do need a new suit —my trousers are patched so I am ashamed to turn my tack to anybody; my jacket is darned, besides getting too small, and too short in the sleeves, and I surely ought to have a straw hat instead of this hot, heavy cap. I—I could buy a piece at a time, and—and say it was given to me."

"Thou shalt not steal!"

It seemed armost as if the words had been shouted at him through a trumpet, for they fell like a stinging lash upon his conscience, and the

ing lash upon his conscience, and the blood rushed hot and red into his

"I wonder what makes people have such horrid thoughts," he murmured. "A thief and a liar! ugh! What an ug.y sound it has! I never told a lie yet, and I never stole a penny; I guess I won't begin now, just as I got into business for myself, to ruin my reputation. No, st., I'l be honest, if I have to wear patches three deep."

With a look of resolution on his young face, he quickened his pace almost to a run, as if he hoped thus to outrun the temptation, and, entering the store, made his way directly to the superintendent of his department, and told him what had occurred, producing the bills in corroboration of his story. wonder what makes people have

the man, looking into the frank, clear eyes upraised to his, realized and adwire' the nobility of the boy. "Well, sir, you are a lucky youngster," he remarked, as he counted the money which Ned had given to him.

him.

"I think that somebody else has been very unlucky," Ned quietly returned.

"Yes, it was mine, Where did you find it?"

"Just on the corner of Essex and

been very unlucky," Nea queety turned.

"Wouldn't you like to keep these bills?" the gentleman asked, just to test him.

"I should like to have forty dollars, sir, more than I can tell you, lars, sir, more than I can tell you, sharp, as he fastened his keen, eagle glance upon the boy's hand-

lars, sir, more than I can tell you, for my mother and I are very poor," Ned said, very gravely, "but I would not like to keep this money from its rightful owner."

"That's the way to talk, my boy!" said the raperintendent, in a tone of hearty commendation. "Always stick to those principles of honor and you'll make a noble man."

Ned colored with pleasure.

He feit prouder to have won such

ways stick to those principles of honor and you'll make a noble man."
Ned colored with pleasure.
He felt prouder to have won such praise from his superior, than he would to have been presented with the forty dollars. Still, he wished that those coveteous thoughts, on finding the money had not come to him; they made him feel ashamed and half guilty, and there was no one to tell him that he was a stronger and better boy because they had come to him, and he had resisted them, thus gaining a signal victory, and strengthening him nal victory, and strengthening him

against future temptations.
"I suppose it will have to be advertised," he said, after a moment of thought, while life celor deepened; "but I haven't any money to pay for it."

"I will attend to that" the great state of the said.

will attend to that," the su-

"I will attend to that," the superintendent replied, "but if the money isn't called for after four weeks, you can claim it, less the charge for advertising."

"Can I?" exclaimed Ned, with a sudden joyful heart throb; then instantly felt ashamed of himself for it, and added, "All the same, sir, I hope the owner will come for it."

The superintendent took the money

The superintendent took the money to the office to be deposited, and reated to a member of the firm the circumstances of Ned's finding it, and enlarged upon his evident honesty and nobility of purpose.

"Keep your eye on that youngster, Mr. Pratt, for a few weeks," was the proprietor's rep.y, "and if he continues to show himself capable and worthy we will advance him. An honest boy like that is worth keeping lke that is worth keeping and using we'l."

So, ir Ned had but known it, onquering of a great temptation was likely to prove of greater and more lasting benefit to him than the forty dollars would have been.

Three weeks slipped by, and nothing worthy of note occurred to our youthful hero.

He continued to be prompt and dil-

youthful hero.

He continued to be prompt and diligent in his business, was kind and attentive to the clerks, whose bidding he was hired to do, while his unvarying cheerfulness, and a certain wit and quickness at repartee won him a warm place in every heart. One morning an old gentleman of perhaps sixty years presented himself at the desk of the cashier of the firm. He was small of stature, with a thin and rather aristocratic face, keen gray eyes, overshadowed by heavy iron-gray brows, and hair of the same hue. He was clad in a dark, mixed suit that had evidently done service for a long time, and which would have been much the better for the use of a wisp and a sponge. His linen was fresh and clean, however, but his hat—a stovepipe of somewhat ancient date—like his suit, negled the brush, while a bootblack would have improved his shoes, as to color and polish, if not as to fit.

would have improved his shoes, as to color and polish, if not as to fit.

"I've come to see about this," he briefly remarked, as he shoved a slip of printed paper through the window of the cashier's desk.

It was the advertisement regarding the finding of some money, which the superintendent of Ned's department had caused to be inserted in two of the leading papers of the city.

the city.
"Well, what about it?" as briefly demanded the cashier, while he shot a glance into the aged face before him.

"Simply this—I lost a roll of bills—four tens, issued by the Provident Bank on the 7th of July, and somewhere between Avon and Beach streets, going down Chauncy," the explained.

of July-ghth; why mth of

and handed the little old man his money. "I guess it's yours without any doubt," he remarked. "Yes, str. it is mine," he confidently returned, after glaneing at it. "Where was it found!" "Close to the curbing on Essex street." **BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS**

"Who found it?"

"One of our cash boys."
"What's to pay?"
"The charms for advertising, of course"—naming the sum—"and whatever berides that you and the boy can

agree upon."

"Humph! Where will I find the boy?" the man asked, as he handed out the money for the advertising.

"I will send for him to come here," replied the cashier, as he wrote rapidly upon a slip of paper. Then calling a boy, he sent him down to the hossery counter with it.

abruptly. "Edward Wallingford." Ne 1 replied,

by some rich person who would not take the trouble to search for it, and

thus it would eventually come to him. "Yez, it was mine, Where did you

CHAPTER IV.

wearing a cap all sumn len one?"

him, a d his own brow instantly We, sir: this way, please," he said

wondering what the man could of him.
"Wallingford! Wallingford!" he re

CATARRHOZONE

ing a boy, he sent him down to the hostery counter with it.

Five minutes fater the boy returned, accompanied by Ned, who, not knowing what was wanted of him, looked rather flushed and anxious at being summoned to the office.

"This gentleman wishes to talk with you for a few moments," remarked the cachier, indicating the stranger, and then returned to his books.

Ned lifted his great frank, black eyes to the aged face, and the man gave a violent start, while a strange pallor cettled over his countenance as he looked into them.

"What's your name?" he demanded abruptly. is a guaranteed cure for BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH. Catarrhozone, Ozonated Air Cure, is a new, scientific method of treatment that cures these diseases by the action of medicated air, which, when inhaled, spreads to all portions of the lungs, bronchial tubes, and masal passages, where it kills the germ life. It is very soothing and scaling did quickly restores the raw, irritated membranes to their natural condition, effecting a permanent cure.

peated, a startled look leaping into his eyes. "Do you—are you—" He abruptly paused here, and, after a moabruptly paused here, and, after a moment, added: "So you are the boy who found my money."

"Oh, yos, sir; I found forty dollars. Was it yours?" Ned eagerly inquired, but flushing violently, for, despite all his efforts to resist the sin of covetousness, he could not help hoping that the money might have been lost by some rich person who would not

oting his ciean, nicely-ironed, chean, shirt waist, his worm but neat-

some face.

Ned flushed again, and his eyes grew very bright with some repressed emotion; but he quietly replied:

"Nothing, sir; I am glad that you

Nothing, sir; I am giad that you have your money back, and you are very welcome to what I have done."

He turned on his heel, and was about to go back to his duties, when sharply than he had yet spoker, though a queer little smile lurked about the corners of his mouth:
"Stop; Edward Wallingford; I haven't got through with you yet."

CHAPTER IV.

Ned faced about obediently, the indignant bood still tingling in his cheeks, but all sense of injury and irritation vanishing immediately when he caught sight of the quizzical expression on the old gentleman's face. "He's a funny old chap," was his mental comment. "I thought he was cross but I guess he was the below the contractions."

cross, but I guess he isn't—he's on y queer, though I'll bet he's awful tight." So I'm we'come to my money, am work. What is your work?"

"So I'm welcome to my money, am I ?" repeated the stranger. "That's rather refreshing. Didn't you expect to be paid for finding and returning it?" |
"I don't think I expected much about it, anyway," Ned responded; "I found it, and I knew it was right that I should do my best to hunt up the owner, whether I got anything for it or not."
"But you think I ought to give you something; don't you?" persisted his interlocutor.
Ned colored crimson again at the question. It was not very pleasant hosiery counter."

"And you only get a dollar and a half a week?"

"Yes, sir; but if I do well they will give me a raise by and by!"
Ned said, cheerfully.

"Well, I'd like to ask you just one

to be catechised in this way regarding the duty of another, and he hardly knew what reply to make.

If the man had no sense of his own obligation, he was sure he was

All the block in Ned's body seemed to fly into his face again at this pointed question.

His head dropped, and tears of mingled anger and shame rushed to his

not going to instruct him as to his duty. He knew that if he had been in his place he would have been glad to give a poor boy a generous sum, and not make him feel uncomfortable eyes.
It seemed very cruel that he must him curious.y.

"Well, sir," Ned now said, and thinking he had better end the Interview and get back to his work, "if you'd really like to make me some

return—though I wouldn't claim anything—I should fee! very much obliged to you if you'd buy me a straw hat; my old cap isn't very comfortable this hot weither. They have some very decent ones in the store for fifty cents. The aged stranger's keen gray eyes twinkled and the corners of his mouth twitched with amusement at this very molerate request. "A straw liat, ch! So you've been "Yes, sir."
"Doesn't the firm payyou enough so that you could afford to buy yourself a straw hat?"

miser" as he mentally dubbed himwas unwilling to put out even the small sum of fifty cents in return for als forty dollars.

"I get a dollar and a half a week, sir," he said, trying to speak in a respectful tone out of reverence for his gray head, though his voice trembled in spite of himself with suppressed wrath, "but never mind the hat--I can go without it a while onger."

his gray head, though his voice trembled in spite of himself with suppressed wrath, "but never mind the hat—I can go without it a while onger."
"Fut! tut," responded his compunion, with a chuckle. "Ed vard Wallingford, you are a boy of conderable character, and I like spirit, if it is temper d with moderation. I'gness we will mis d about the hat; supper you show me to the counter where they are sold."

The man's voice was now kind and gentlem and to "Edward Wallingford, No. — Harrison avenue, gentlal, as d a plea ant smile was hosely about his thin lips.

They wondered, before they opengendal, and a plea ant smile was how-ert g about his thin lips. Ned was quick to mark this change

orrespond.
When Ned cut the end of the

this way, please, he saw and turning, led the way to art of the store, his eccentration following as fast as out.

Picking up the first that came to

A Michigan Lady 'relis How Her Little Daughter Suffered from Bronchitis. The doctors failed to benefit.

Mrs. R. E. Mensel of Hickey, Michigan, writes: "Our little daughter of 8 years was a great sufferer from bronchitis, and slight changes in the weather brought on severe attacks. Our doctor was consulted and prescribed different bottles of medicine, but none of them seemed to afford more than temporary relief. We then tried a host of so-called cures, but they all turned out worthless. After so much useless expense with doctors and fraudulent preparations we were at our wits' end to know what to do. A neighbor who had been cured by 'Catarrhozone' sent in her labaler to try, and it was so pleasant to use and gave such immediate relief that a complete outfit was at once ordered. After using it but a short time the bronchial trouble disappeared, and the child can now run about in damp rainy weather-something unthought of before using Catarrhozone. We recommend Catarrhozone is a peerless remedy for bronchitis and colds." CATARRHOZONE CURED.

a permanent cure.
Six weeks' treatment, price \$1; extra bottles of inhalant 50c. At druggists, or by mail. Twenty-five cent trial size for 10c in stamps, from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Putnam's Corn Extractor cures corns and warts without pain ju 24 hours. At drug-gists, price 25c.

Reaching the hat counter he ig-nored the fifty cent hats entirely, and, parsing cn, made Ned try on several at a dollar apisce, until he found one that fitted him, where-

upon he immediately perchased it.
"Now, is there any other little thing
that you reced?" he inquired, as he
waited for his change, and running
his glaune over the boy's trim figure,
rotter his cionary block incomed het Wallingford remarked.

And thus the resisting of evil, the conquering of a temptation, brought an abundant reward. Ned had not only gained the respect of his superintendent, the confidence of his employer and the prospect of advancement at the store, but he had also won a snug little sum of money, and made a friend of the strange old gentleman, who, as we shall see later, had it in his power to do even greater things for him.

When Ned had left the man so abruptly that morning, the latter stood staring after the boy for a full minute without moving.

"I'm afraki was a trifle hard on the youngster," he muttered, as, recovering from his surprise, he made his way toward the elevator to descend to the street floor; "but I felt curious to see what kind of stuff he is made of. He's a conscientious little chap; most boys would have denied being tempted to keep that money; but he owned up to it, like a little hero, and he shan't lose anything by through the crowd into the street; "he was downright mad at me for quizzing him at such a rate, and yet he would not show any ilsrespect to an old man; which goes to prove that he has been well brought up. A fifty-cent straw hat, indeed! ha, ha!" he laughed, gleefully, as he waved his umbrella to hail a car. "Most boys would have duning for a couple of dollars, at least, He gave me z. shock, though, when he lifted those great black eyes to me; and the name, too-Wailingfordy nearest trouvers and patched shoes,
"No, sip, thank you, and I am
very much obliged for the hat:
it's a dandy!" Ned responded, with
luminous eyes, as he twirled it on
his hand and regarded it with satignation. isfaction.

"And you are satisfied with it, "And you are satisfied with it, in return for finding the forty dolars?" the man asked, curiously.

"Yes, indeed, sir, and mother will be peased, too—my old cap was so shabby it made her feel badly to lrave me wear it."

"Humph!" grunted the old gentleman, "your mother will be pleased—how about your father?"

"I haven't any father," said Ned, gravely.

"I haven't any father," said Ned, gravely.
"Um—ah! Where did you get those great black eyes?" the man now asked, observing him with a strangely intense look, Ned thought.
"From my father, I think, sir, for my mother has the loveliest blue eyes you ever saw," he answered, a tender inflection in his tone as he spoke thus of his mother.

tender inflection in his tone as ne spoke thus of his mother:

"Where do you alive?" was the next query, but the aged lips were almost colorless as they voiced it.

"No. — Harrison avenue; fourth floor. Now, if you don't mind, sir, I think I ought to go back to my work."

"I'm a cash boy at the gents' hosiery counter."

"Most boys would have dunned me for a couple of dollars, at least, He gave me s. shock, though, when he lifted those great black eyes to me; and the name, too—Wallingfordgave me a start. I believe, upon my word, that was the name of the girl whom that scamp of a niephew of mine used to be sweet on. I wonder if the boy can be a relative of hers—I wonder if she had any brothers, Heigho! that was more than thirteen years ago, and blok was my only sister's son. What a pity he was such a rascal! How he ever came by such a disposition is more than I can understand for Rachel was an angel, while Tom, her husband, though pig-headed and grouty, was always honorable in beiness matters. I worder if the boy is still living—I've never heard a bless—ed word from or of him since he disappeared so suddenly that winter.

more question, then you may go,"
the man said, drawing him a little
case side, that no one elso might hear.
"All right, sir."
"When you four id that roll of bills,
Edward Wallingford, didn't you want

In his place he would have been glad to give a poor boy a generous sum, and not make him feel uncomfortable over it, elher.

"I rather think I'd like to give you something, if you'l say how much would satisfy you," pursued the old gentleman, as he still hesitated and appeared confused, while he regarded him curious.

"Well, sir," Ned now said, and thinking he had better end the interview and get back to his work, "if you'd really like to make me some considered his inquisitor been a younger man he would have resented what he considered his inquisitor been a younger man he would have resented what he considered his inquisitor been curiosity.

man he would have resented what he conditived his it solent curiosity.

'Yes, sir," he said, humbly, and too truthful to evade the query, while he hervously twirled this hards. 'You see, we are so poor—mother had been eick, and—and I did think that if those forty dollars were only mine, she would go away from the hot city for a little while and get strong again. I know it wasn't right even to wish to keep!t—but I just couldn't help thinking of it. At any rate"—and now the great black eyes flashed frankly up lato the old gentleman's face—'I didn't keep it. I wouldn't be a thief for the biggest fortune in the world. "Yes, sir."

"Doesn't the firm pay you enough so that you could afford to buy yourself a straw hat?"

A flash of anger leaped into the boys'eyes, and his lips involuntarily curled with contempt, for he imagined that the man—"the mean old miser" as he mentally dubbed him—was unwilling to put out even the mean of the "queer old codger" could be.

Boston, Mass."

They wondered, before they openit, who it could be from, for they never received letters, having no riends or relatives with whom

hand, he read alond:

"The inclosed is for the very modest, honest lad who struggled so nebly with a great temptation, a few weeks, ago, and who was also so courseous to an inquisitive old man this morning. Be honest always, my boy; you will then never lack for friends, and the world will be the better for your having lived in it."
There was no name signed to this characteristic epistle, which was a great disappointment to Ned, and to Mrs. Wailingford also, who now realized that this strange being had only been trying to test Ned by his searching questions and his apparent ponuriousness.

regretfully.
"I think he has been very generous,

and I, too, would like to know who he is, so that we might thank him," Mrs. Wallingford remarked.

And thus the resisting of evil, the

There was a tender, yet somewhat her was a tender, yet somewhat amused smile on her sweet lips, as her polished needle flew in and out among the fleecy meshes, for she was thinking of Ned's recent adventure with the queer old man whose money he had found, and vainly speculating as to fils identity.

But now she named to listen to

as to fils identity.

But now she paused to listen to that unusual sound upon each stair, as if someone lame was mounting with the use of a cane.

Presently it ceased and there came

Presently it ceased, and there came a knock upon her door.

Rising to open it, she found, to her surprise, the object of her thoughts standing outside.

She was sure it was Ned's old gentleman from the description which he had given of him.

"Beg pardon, marm, but I'm looking for Mrs. Wallingford; I was told she lived up here," he abruptly remarked, while his keen grey eves penuriousness.

Upon unfolding the other slip of paper the happy boy found it to be a postal money-order fo: ten dollars! a postal money-order fo: ten dollars!

"Hurrah! Marmee, the old codger is a brick, after all!" he exclaimed, waving the money-order aloft, while his face was radiant with delight.

"Now," he continued more grave, "this will feed us for nearly a month; can's you have a nice rest, mother, and not work on those horrid sacques?"

Mrs. Wallingford smiled as strongly kissed his glowing cheeks.

"I do not know about taking the rest, dear," she said, "but I am prouder of my son to-night than I should be to have had a large fortune left me," and tears stood in her eyes to emphasize her words.

But Ned, boy like the webs.

remarked, while his keen grey eyes swept her face, noting its refined and delicate beauty, its excessive swept her face, noting its refined and delicate beauty, its excessive pallor, its lines of suffering and care, all of which betrayed that her life had known some crushing sorrow.
"I am Mrs. Wallingford, sir. Will had known some crushing sorrow.

"I am Mrs. Wallingford, sir. Will you come in and be seated?" she replied, with graceful self-possession, as she drew forward for him the only comfortable chair in the room.

"Thank you, marm; thank you. It's rather tedious climbing so many stairs on a stretch; don't you find it so?" remarked her visitor, as he seated himself, removed his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes, sir; but I don't go do unless I am obliged to; son attends to my errands, and brings all the water for me, "the lady replied." "Water!" oxidities to me. me," and tears stood in her eyes to emphasize her words.

But Ned, boy-like, thought more of the money than of the act which had brought it to him.

"Ten dollars! we haven't had so much at once for a long time!" he said. "That old man has done the handrome thing, and I thought him such a skinflint this morning. I imagined it was almost like pulling his cye-teeth—though I don't believe he had any—for him to pay out that dollar for my hat. What a p'ty it is we cannot know his name," he concluded, regretfully.

all the water for me, "the lady replied,
"Water!" exclaimed her companion,
aghast, "you don't mean that you Lave to go down all those stairs

water. "Ye, sir; the landlord will not had pope put up here, so all the water a pipe put up liere, so all the water has to be brought from the first floor in a pail," Mrs. Wallingford quietly re-plied.

plied.
The man became so exceedingly red in the face that the lady feared the exertion of mounting the stairs had been too much for him.
"Who is your landlord?" he demanded, dryly, after a moment of awkward silence.

manded, dryly, after a moment of awkward silence.

"I do not know his name; but that of his agent is Flagg."

"Humph! What rent do you pay?" her visitor inquired, as he gianced around the humble room.

"We have three rooms, and pay ten dollars a month," Mrs. Wallingford said, with a sigh, as she thought how band it was to raise the sum named

hard it was to raise the sum named every four weeks.
"Ten dallars a month for this oven, and no water in it!" cried the man.

every velu standing out on his brow an argry light in his grey eyes. "It's downright extertion—it's double swindle!" was the wrath

double swindle!" was the wrathful retort,
Mrs. Wallingford looked so astonsished over his excitement that he immediately pulled himself together, and application for it.

"I beg pardon, marm," he said, but I am rather upset by what you have told me I am the owner.

you have told me. I am the owner of this house—there are four tenants in it, and I receive four ten, twelve, of this house—there are four tenanus in it, and I receive fourteen, twelve, nine and seven dollars respectively for them. I have been in Europe for the last three years, during which time my business has been in the hands of an agent, who, I perceive, has been systematically robbing me and oppressing my tenants."

"Can that be possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallingtor. "Then I have been paying three dollars a month more than I need have paid."

"Exactly; but it shall all be refunded to you, and water shall be carried to every floor. Bless my heart! to think anybody bringing water up those three flights! I never dreamed of such a thing. How long have you lived here?"

"It was a year last May since we came."

came."
"Humph. That'll make in the neighborhood of forty-five dollars coming to you, and I expect the other tenants have been squeezed in the same way. Well, marm. we'll

bethess matters. I worder if the boy is still living—I've never heard a blessed word from or of him since he disappeared so suddenly that winter. What a pity; what a pity! he continued, which a sigh that was almost a grean, "if he had only behaved himself he might have come into a handsome fortune, and I need not have been the lonely old man that I am today. But that boy's black eyes haunt me. Zourd: what if——"

A perfectly blank expression overspread the man's face as he reached this point in his sollloguy, while he became almost ghastly. Then he boarded the car, which had stopped at his signal, and a few minutes later he was a plying for the money-order which Ned received that very event g. Two days after this, while Miriam iwallingford was busily working upon a tiny wool sacque, she suddenly be—

(To be Continued.)

SLAVES TO ITCHING PILES.

False modesty prevents many from seeking advice, Cure yourself at home by using the only actual Cure, Dr. Chase's Ointment.

What slavery can be more cruel but they do not cure. The portrait but they do not cure. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chuse on the box is a guarantee that you will than that of the victim of piles? In misery by day, often kept from

In misery by day, often kept from work and unable to walk with any eass. In agony by night, suffering intensely from the dreadful itching, which makes rest and sleep imposible, such is the lot of at least 25 per cent of all men and women during some period of their lives.

False modesty prevents many from seeking advice or submitting to a local examination by a physician. Then, besides, there is the dread of the surgeous knife, the only means which many doctors use to cure piles.

In such abject misery is the slave of piles, the most cruel and torturing of afflictions.

Before the discovery of Dr. Chase's Ointment there was no reliable cure for piles, no cure that would absolutely cure any case of piles, whether itching or protruding piles.

To-day nearly everybody in Canada and the United States, and very many in Europe, know of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for Piles.

It is a wonder of medical science, which has been frequently imitated by the same, are put in the same, are put in the same, are put in the same and tores and the signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box is a guarantee that you will be cured.

Mr. F. G. Harding, retired farmer, living at Nilestown, Middleesx county, Ont., writes as follows: "I have been troubled with bleeding and itching piles for four or five years, and suffered intense agony at times. I had tried almost every tilig but cou d get nothing that would give relief. On hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment there was no reliable cure for piles, no cure that would absolutely cure any case of piles, whether itching or protruding piles.

To-day nearly everybody in Canada and the United States, and very many in Europe, know of Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and itching piles to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and itching piles.

You can buy Dr. Chase's Ointment of protruding niles.

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