The man was devoted to her-his eyes scarcely left her face, but dwelt upon her with a lingering, doting fondness which plainly betrayed how his whole heart was wrapped up in her-that she was the "apple of his eye"—the crown jewel of his life, adventurer and re-

robate though he was.

They alighted at Hollander's ele-They alighted at Hollander's elegant establishment, where they pent an hour looking about and purchasing a few dainty trifles. After this they proceeded to White's. After this they proceeded to White's and interesting tour of these vast stores; then visited some of the finer jewelry shops, and everywhere Richard Heatherton lavished money upon his darling in a way to give the lie to what he had only that morning told Benjamin. Lawson—that he was "very close to the weather."

When Miss Vera had seen all that she wished, and spent all the money she desired, they had a dainty lunch at McDonald's, after which her father told her that he would nut

she desired, they had a dainty lunch at McDonald's, after which her father told her that he would put her upon a car and send her back to the Vendome by herself, as he nad some business which must be attended to before he could return. So he accompanied her to Tremont street where he hailed the car he wanted, helped her aboard, then with a wave of his hand and a fond smile, he bade her farewell and went his way.

But Miss Vera was an independent But Miss Vera was an independent little lady at times—a trifle wilful and heedless, perhaps, and, as she was slowly rolling up toward Boyl-ston street, some beautiful flowers in the window of a florist caught her admiring eyes, and she instantly de-cided that she must have some of

Signaling to the conductor to stop, she descended from the car, without thinking to notice the direction upon it, crossed the street, and flitted into the florist's, where she purchased some lovely Jacks—those great, ed some lovely Jacks—those gr crimson, fragrant blossoms which

Then, a few doors further on, Then, a few doors further on, a tempting array of sweets made her pretty mouth water, and she could not resist the temptation of a box of Huyler's choicest.

She was in a strange city, where she knew nothing of locality, but striking out thus for herself had made her both and instead of making in-

her bold, and, instead of making inquiries for a car, as she knew she sught to do, and going directly back to the lotel, she strolled leisurely on, looking curiously in at the shop winThus she came to the corner of Boyl-

ston and Tremont streets, where there is always a crush of vehicles and a perfect babel of noise and con-Here the timid girl at last awoke to a realization of her imprudence in leaving the car upon which her

father had put her, and it sud-denly occurred to her that she did not even know which one out of the many that were passing and res passing, would take her to the Ho-tel Vendome. She stood for a few moments on the corner, looking about her with frightened eyes and anxious face, and wondering what she should do —which direction she zhould take. She soon espied a car, which she imagined looked like the one she

had left, on the opposite side of the street, and without fully realizing the difficulty and danger of attempt ing such an undertaking alone, she started to cross the crowded thoroughfare to catch it. She was about of the wide street, when it as if teams and vehicles of descriptions were coming from every direction and surrounding her. became confused with the noise and tumult all about her, and, not knowing which way to turn or how to get out of the vortex into which she had so heedlessly plunged, stood stock-still in the middle she street and gazed helpless about her

The car-drivers rang a furious din on their bells to arouse her attention, teamsters and cabmen shouted at her to get out of their way their commands mingled freely with oaths; but poor Vera seemed paralyzed with fear and stood like a beautiful statue, utterly pow-

erless to move. Suddenly, however, a firm yet gentle saddenly, however, a firm yet gentle hand was laid upon her arm, and, yielding to it, she felt herself drawn away from the throng and danger— away from those clanging hells, the rattle of teams, and the shouts and

curses of coarse men.

She hardly realized how it was accomplished, or who had come so opportunely to her rescue, until she found herself seated upon one of the benches of the Common, and looking up, panting but grateful, into the handsomest

face that she had ever seem.

"Oh! how glad I am to get out of It!" Vera breathed, as she wiped her moist and heated face with her dainty handkerchief, "and what papa would say if he knew how careless I have been I'm sure I cannot imagine."

been, I'm sure I cannot imagine The gentleman who had delivered har from her perilous situation smiled while he regarded her with admiring eyes. She was so pretty, so naive and trustful, accepting his assistance as a matter of course, that he was charmed and delighted with her. "Oh!" she added, with a look of sud-

den dismay, "I have lost my roses and they are safe," said her

"No, they are safe," said her companion, producing them; "fortunately, I managed to rescue them just as you were about to drop them. One of the roses has a broken stem, but otherwise they are uninjured, and only the wrapper to the candy box is soiled."

luminous smile breaking over her lovely face. "Do you spell it Heath?"
"Yes." Ned replied, wondering at her question, but feeling a strange inter-

question, but feeling a strange interest in her.

"And mine is Vera Heath," she Irankly returned. "Quite a coincidence, isn't it? But Mr. Heatherton, I am very much obliged to you. And now, if it will not trouble you too much, will you please put me on a car that will take me to the Hotel Vendows?"

'With pleasure, Miss Heath,' Ned responded, thinking that, next to Gertrude, she was the prettiest and most winning girl he had ever seen.

Then together they walked to the corner, where Ned hailed a car, and, after putting his fair charge aboard, lifted his hat to her in farewell, and watched her roll away toward the Back Bay, wondering if he should ever meet the lovely fairy again.

Thus Ned Heatherton and his half-sister met on that bright June day;

sister met on that bright June day; but no suspicion entered the mind of either that the same blood flowed in their veins, or that in the future they were to meet under even more ro-mantic circumstances than to-day.

An unaccountable feeling of sadness and depression fell over Ned's spirits after parting from the bright young girl. It almost seemed as if a bit of sunshine had faded out of his life, and all day long his mind kept recurring to the adventure of the morning, and he found himself wishing that he could be contained by the second house when the country were contained to the second house when the country were contained to the second house when the country were contained to the second house when the country were contained to the second house when the country were contained to the country when the country were conta see and know more of beautiful Vera Heath

For the first time in her life Vera held a secret from her father. She had been as deeply impressed with Ned as he had been with her. He was so manly, so handsome, so self-reliant, and exactly her ideal of a

grand, and exactly her dead of grand, heroic man.

All the way out to the Hotel Vendone her thoughts were full of him, and of the words he had spoken to hero and she, too, hoped she would meet him again. Ah, if she could have talked with him a little longer, and learned where he lived and what was his busi-

ness.

But something in her girlish heart prompted her to hold her peace regarding her adventure, and the interview with the handsome young stranger, whose name was so nearly like her own, and she did not mention the subject to her father upon his re-man to the hotel, nor allow him to anspect that she had not come di-rectly there upon the car on which he had put her.

CHAPTER XXX.

Meantime, Richard Heatherton, af Meantime, Richard Heatherton, arter sending his daughter back to the Vendome, as he supposed, walked briskly down the street toward the Tremont House, where he expected to meet a gentleman upon business.

As he came opposite the Park Street As he came opposite the Para Steeler Church, he saw, just turning the cor-ner, a trim, genteel figure, which made the blood surge hotly to his brow and a low, startled imprecation to escape his lips. It was the figure of a woman, neatly clad in a tasteful sui

of dark gray material, and she walked with a quick, elastic step, and a grace-ful carriage, that had something with a duck, elistic step, and a grace-ful carriage, that had something strangely familiar about it.

The man stopped short, crossed the street, and followed her until she turned into Mount Vernon street, and finally entered a quiet but elegant house, having a brown stone front. When Richard Heatherton came up to it he paused before the door, and swore again as he read the name of

Benjamin Lawson upon the silver plate attached to it. attached to it.
"I thought so," he muttered, and
then stood as if pondering some grave
subject for several moments.
"It has come," he said, at last, "and
I may as well have it out with her

first as last.'

first as last."

He mounted the steps and boldly rang the bell.

The door was soon opened by a neat-looking servant girl, and he inquired if Mr. Lawson was at home.

"No," the girl answered, "but he is

"I will wait," said Richard Heatherton, and, without stopping for an invitation to enter, he stepped quickly within the hall. The girl led him to the library, asked him to be seated, then left him, but neglected to close the door tightly as she went out.

Richard Heatherton looked cagerly about the elegant room, noticing its luxurious furnishings, its costly books and pictures, with some rare bric-a-brae, for, of late, the eccentric master of the house I will wait," said Richard Heath-

some rare brica-brac, for, of late, the eccentric master of the house had indulged himself in surprising his pretty housekeeper with various ar-ticles to beautify their home. A massive safe stood upon one side of

the room, close to a handsome roll-top the room, close to a manusome ron-top desk, and a scowl contracted the man's brow as his eyes fell upon this.

"I'd just like a chance to look inside that piece of furniture," he muttered, as one of his hands involuntarily crept

into a pocket and rattled something that sounded like a bunch of keys. that sounded like a bunch of keys.

He arose from his chair and went to a window. It looked out upon a narrow court that ran between Mr. Lawson's house and the one next to it.

He examined the fastening, and frowned as he noticed that it was a patent, and of unusual strength and security.

There was another window behind the desk, and Richard Heatherton's eyes gleamed nalignantly as he perceived it.

He glided to it, slipped his hand underneath the curtain, and turned the

derneath the curtain, and turned the

derneath the curtain, and turned the fastening so that the sash could easily be raised from the outside, provided no one re-locked it.

As he did this, he caught the sound of a voice in the hall, and, with a sudden pallor settling over his face, he stole back to his chair and sank into it, strangely agitated. "Nellie," called the cle clear, sweet

the candy box is soiled."

"Thank you—thank you!" exclaimed the young girl, delightedly: "how good of you!—how can I thank you for helping me out of that dreadful middle?"

"You do not need to thank me—I amery glad to have been of assistance to you. Findge that you are a stranger in Boston."

"Yes, marm."

"You may go up to the linen closet, where you will find I have laid out sheets and pillow ships, besides owels and four bedspreads, which you may pack nicely into the basket there. We go to Nantucket to-morrow, and Mr. Lawson wishes all the baggage to be ready to-night."

It was of course Miriam Heathertow who gave this order, and it was evident, from the twitching of his lips and his quickened breathing, that her

days. Papa and 1 came to this country a little more than a year ago. I never was in Boston until now. I have been in a convent in Montreal But—" with a siny glance and modest blush—"will you please tell meyour name?—I want to know who has been so kind to me."
"Cortainly: my name is Edward with and from that to the safe." s been so kind to me."

S been so kind to me."

Certainly; my name is Edward with, and from that to the safe: "that plan will just suit my purpose."

Nevertheless, he was very pale, and



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a slight shiver ran over him as he

said it. Those quiet, ladylike tones, though they lacked the eager hopefulness of twenty years ago, were only too familiar to him, and vibrated pain-fully upon his memory, stirring within him of follows of earlift and propers? feeling of guilt and remors? nim a feeling of guitt and remotes, such as he had never yet experienced, for the foul wrong he had planned against a beautiful and innocent girl.

Then he heard the servant Nellie make some reply, supplemented by a question regarding other arrangements for the morrow, after which the first voice returned. the first voice returned :

the first voice returned:
"No, we will take only what I have mentioned, and you need make no change in Ned's bed, for he will sieep here during the week and come to us on Sundays, the same as last year. After you have packed the linen you may attend to the silver as I directed —meanwhile I am going to cover the furniture and attend to the ornaments the drawing-room."
Then Richard Heatherton heard the

rnen Richard Heatherton heard the girl run lightly upstairs, humming a popular air, while a quiet and moderate step passed the library 6.0., and a moment later he heard someone moving about in the adjoining room.

"Now is my chance," he muttered, as he arose from his chair and moved towards some dappenes, where he im-

towards some draperies, where he im-agined he might find access to the

drawing-room.

He parted them just a little, and looked within.

He had expected to see a sad-faced. inded woman, with the light of hope jaded woman, with the light of hope and happiness entirely obliterated from her face: for such had appeared the woman of whom he had caught but a passing glimpse as she lay in a dead faint in her son's arms in the theatre several months previous. Yes, it was Richard Hentherton—the

wretch who had sought to ruin herthon Miriam had seen that afternoon whom Miriam had seen that atternoon.
It had been but a glimpse on her part,
but it had shocked her into unconsciousness, and, for weeks afterward,
she never went outside the house
without fear and trembling lest she should encounter the same apparl-

tion again.
But she never saw him. and, grad-ually, she grew to think that she must have been mistaken. "It had only been some one who strangely resembled him: her—her husband—was dead, so, of course, there was no fear that he could ever come back to disturb ker life again." she told herself, and this belie

a certainty to her, as time came But to return to Richard Heatherton, as he stood regarding the woman whom he had wronged.

Instead of the faded and heart

Instead of the lader and heart-broken creature he had thought to see, he now looked upon a graceful figure clad in a pretty tea-gown of fawn color, with an embroidered front, a dainty ruching of soft lace

about her throat and wrists, a heavy cord with tassels about her waist.

She was standing before an elegant etagere covered with costly bric-a-brac, carefully wrapping the choice things in soft tissue paper, and her attitude was replete with life and grace. ife and grace.

Her hair was of the same bright.

time fire and admiration, as he thus

lighted with something of their oldtime fire and admiration, as he thus
looked non the love of his youth.

"I worder if I could—I wonder if
she would," he whispered, disconnectedly. "She's lovely as ever, and, if
Ben Lawson has taken them into his
heart, and means to make them his
heirs, it might be the easiest and
safest way out of all my difficulties."

Then he colored a violent crimson,
and a revulsion of feeling seemed to
go with a great shock through him.

"Never!" he hissed, between his
teeth. "Vera must never know—it
would break her heart, and that I
could not bear. No, it can never be
unless—they would promise to keep
their secret from her."

Some movement on his part, just
then, caused Miriam to turn, and she
saw the man standing there in the
archway between the two rooms,
peering at her with that con-

at her with that con- dead.

centrated gaze, and she recognized him instantly, for, forgetting his caution while watching her, he had parted the curtains sufficiently to reveal his whole face. She did not start nor make a sound, but her eyes dilated with a frightened look, and she seemed to become suddenly frozen where she stood.

"Ha! I perceive you recognize me," Richard Heatherton began. "It me," Richard Heatherton began. "It is a long time since we mat, Miriam, and I suppose that you, with every-body else, have believed me to be dead. You have changed very little—far less than I; but don't look so shocked, my girl," he interposed, misinterpreting the look of loathing which leaped into her eyes, for one of terror, "for I have no intention of doing you any harm."

...

of doing you any harm."

The sound of his voice unlocked her powers of speech at last.
"Why are you here?" she panted, reaching out one white, slender hand to grasp the back of a chair for

"Why am I here?" repeated her companion. "In search of you, of

course."
"Who told you where I was?"
"My own eyesight—I followed you here less than a half hour ago."
"Your object?" she demanded with cold hauteur, and fast regaining her omposure.
The man laughed, a short, uneasy

laugh.

He felt a veritable coward in the accusing presence of this beautiful woman, whose purity and strength of character shone through her truthful eyes, and from every lineament of her fair face, and shamed his own

gross nature.

But he tried to hide the feeling bemeath a light exterior.

"Come, come, Miriam," he said, in a concillatory tone, "don't put on those heroic airs. I own that I used you badly in those old days, but I have grown older and wiser, and I would be glad to make you some refurat. glad to make you some repara

"Reparation!" she repeated, in a tone that stung him like the cut of a 'Are you so unforgiving?" he asked

"Are you so unforgiving?" he asked with a frown.

"There can be no forgiveness for the wrong which you contemplated doing me," she returned coldly, but with a face so deadly pale, as she thus recalled her past sufferings, that he thought she must drop senseless at his feet.

But she straightened herself after a moment and resumed: "I use the

a moment and resumed: "I use the word 'contemplated' purposely, for though you planned to wreck my life you were foiled in the fulfilment of your intentions, even though I did not learn the truth for years after-

not learn the truth for years afterward.

"Oh! I believed in you, Richard Heatherton," she went on, with a quiver of passion in her voice.
"I loved you—I staked my all upon you, and—lost, as every one must lose who makes an idol of a human being. At least I believed for a time that I had lost; fortune's wheel was long in turning to help me up—from the depths into which I had been plunged, but the truth prevaited at last, and I discovered that, instead of being the despised outcast I had so long believed myself to be, I was a lawful wife and my child was honorably born. honorably born.

honorably born.

"You are skeptical—you do not believe me," Miriam interposed, as she
caught sight of the sneer that curled
his lips, although he, too, was now
deadly pale, "but the facts cannot
be contested, for I hold the proofs
n my possessien to-day. Ah!"—with
a sharp note of agony in her voice, "do
you remember that morning, Richard
Heatherton, when I pleaded with you
for what was more than life to me,
and you struck me down with a single
blow that was like a poisoned dagger blow that was like a poisoned dagger in my heart?—when you jeeringly told me that I was no wife—that you had simply deceived me, just for the sport—the pastime of a season? Of course you remember it—you could never have forgotten it, for even in that brief hour of your triumph you feared me—you believed that you had made a mad woman of me, and like a coward, you fled from me, and the vengeance you were afrail that I and my father might wreak upon you. That was why you hastened from the country—not because of blow that was like a poisoned dagge your debts, as was reported among your friends; you were afraid of an outraged woman," and the scorn which rang through Mirlam Heatherton's clear tones made the hot color surge in a crimson sheet over her listener's face.

(To be Continued.)

ENGLISH PHRASES TOO MUCH. French Woman Has Trouble in Making Herself Understood.

French woman living in Chicago A French woman fiving in Cincago who has been in this country only a year has been having a terrible struggle with the English language. Very often she is completely bewildered by the variety of ways in which the same idea may be expressed, but she is even more perplexed by the variety of ideas denoted by the same expression. She more perpieved by the same expression. She has a young woman friend in Paris who is an expert milliner. The girl in Paris is very anxious to come to this country to try her fortune, and also to be with her old friend. The Chicago lady, erstwhile of France, is extremely desirous of doing what she Her hair was of the same bright, brown tint, which he had so often smoothed and praised in the old days, and she wore it dressed much the same, a few soft silken tresses curling lightly upon her white forehead. Her complexion was still fair and delicate, her eyes clear and bright, her manner animated, and as she moved her head from side to side, he caught sight of the bewitching dimples in her cheeks, which in his youth he had kissed again and again, and laughing to see them grow deeper with the smiles his act called forth. The man flushed and his dusky eyes lighted with something of their old time fire and admiration, as he thus

grande store."

"Indeed, madam," replied the proprietor, "I should be very glad to give your friend a trial, but really we have no room for her."

'Oh, zat make no differen about the room," interrupted madam, "she can gleen wife no."

sleep wif me."
On another occasion the Frenchw man entered a store to purchase pair of street gloves. She approach the counter and made known h wants as best she could. "What size do you wear?" asked th

clerk. "Oh, about half past five, I gu

The work of the Ca

gents in South Afri British people, espe itary men, a high countrymen.

A TEACHER'S DREAM. Twas Saturday night, and a teacher

sat Alone, her task pursuing; She averaged this and she

that
Of all her class were doing;
She reckoned percentages, so many boys,
And so many girls are counted,
And marked all the tardy and absen-

tees, d to what all the absent And amounted Names and residences wrote in full, Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns of pages;
Yankee, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages;
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation,
And prepared a list of the graduates
For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book

And her weary heart still lower, for some of her pupils had little brain. And she could not furnish more. She slept, she dreamed, it seemed she died, And her spirit went to Hades,

And they met her there, with a question fair, state what the per cent. of your grade is. "State

Ages had slowly rolled away, Leaving but partial traces And the teacher's spirit walked

In the old familiar places, mound of fossilized school reports Attracted her observation As high as the statehouse dome, and

as wide
As Boston and annexation. She came to the spot where they

buried her bones.

And the ground was well built over,
But the laborers digging threw out
a skull

Once planted beneath the clover,

disciple of Galen wandering by, A disciple of Galen wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers,
And plucking the skull up, looked
thro the eyes,
And saw it was lined with figures.
"Just as I thought," said the young

M. D. "How easy it is to kill 'em-Statistics ossified every fold, Of cerebrum and cerebellum."

'It's a curiosity, sure," said Pat,
"By the bones can you tell the creature?"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor

Was a Nineteenth century teacher."

—Albany Journal.

MERCURY FOUNTAIN. A fountain of mercury is the most A fountain of mercury is the most interesting sight in a big exhibition now being held in London, and it attracts large crowds every day. Mercury, or quicksilver, is nearly 14 times heavier than water, and it must seem strange to see flatirons must seem strange to see flatirons and large chunks of rock floating around upon its surface in the lower basin The mercury falls to a constant shower of silvery spray from a basin seven feet above the one in which these objects are floating, and it is raised back up into this upper basin by an "endless chain," upon which are fastened 28 tiny buckets. which dip into the mercury and carry it up one after the other. The entire fountain is painted black, and when it is lit up at night the silver rain sparking in ed black, and when it is no up a relight the silver rain sparkling in the electric light against a black background is very pretty. Two and a half tons of mercury, costing \$2,970, is the amount used in this re-

THIS LITTLE PIG CAME HOME.

markable fountain.

A correspondent of a New Jersey friend writes to him that he has a very sensible pig. He says he had more pigs than he wanted to keep, so he sold one to a man living in so he sold one to a man in high in a neighboring village. The little pig had been living in the pen with his brothers and sisters and had never been outside of it until the man who bought him put him in a basket, that down the ever sad out it in his tied down the cover and put it in wagon to carry to the new hou Late in the afternoon the far who sold the pig says he was prised to see somet across the swampy his home. He watch

through the wet pla until at l that it was his pig he had sold, all covered with who, though very joiced to get by again. He w

again. He was the barn, where the only home such. The me the man who pig, and he

Rem

By th

If there is

paper who i ing the valu as a cure following The onl

of his natural life at his old ho

"LEARNIN'" BY MEASURE. "I want you," said the old farmer, "to give Bill about six dollars' worth o' schoolin'-pervided you'll take it out in trade. Fer instance, I'll start him on three bushels o' corn; then, when that's out, I'll keep him a-movint on a coupie o' smokehouse hams; I'll give you a young helfer ter larn him writin', an' a home-raised cow ter beat figurers in his head." writin', an' a home-raised cow ter beat figgers in his head."

"Do you want him to learn any of

the higher branches?"
"Well, after he climbs a leetle you might throw in 'bout a bushel or two
o' them, ef you think fit—or say, 'bout
a quarter o' beef's worth."—Atlanta

Constitution.
ENOUGH OF HOMER.

"That venerable man," said the guardian spirit, who was showing him about the place, "is the poet Homer. Would you like to meet him?" "Not in a thousand years!" exclaimed the newly arrived spirit, who had been a college student only the day before.

GEORGIE AND PA. Paw was reading in an almaunick that I Brot home from the drug store last nite, and pritty soon he com-menct to laf.

"What's rong?" maw ast.
"This is one of the Best joaks I ever seen," paw says, "Lissun and I'll read it' To you. "Why is the Mistake of a Dockter not as bad as that of a Dentist?" Do you no?" pa ast.
"No," maw told him.

"No," maw told him.
"'Becoz,' paw red, 'one fills six feet and the utre fills an aiker.'"
"How do they do that?" says maw.
"Becoz they make a mistake," paw

"Which makes it?" maw ast. "Both of them," paw says. "Didn't I just read it? That's why the mis-take the dockter makes ain't as Bad

as the docker makes and as as the dentust's."

"Why not?" maw ast.

"The dockter only fills six Feat,"
paw anserd, "and the Dentust Fills an

"I don't understand about the Feat," "I don't understand about the Feet,"
maw told him. "Why does he fill dx
feet, and what does he fill them with!"
Paw began to look kind of glassy
out of his eyes, and he Red the foak
again to Himself, so he would be
sure he Didn't make Enny mistake.
Then he says:
"Why, you see if a Dockter would
make a mistake it mite be fatle, and
So he would fill Six feat of erth with
a man. Recoz the man would be

a man, Becoz the man would be About six feet long, you no."
"I don't see much to Laff at about Sutch a thing," maw told him. "May be it miten't be a man at all, or size

he mite Be short." he mite Be short."
"Oh, well," paw says, "it Just says he would be a six footer so to make it come in funny with the aiker."
"What does it mean by that?"

maw ast.

"That's the joke," paw says.

"Which is?" maw Told him.

"Why, the aiker, you no." Paw

"Where are they enny joak about That?" maw ast.
"The dentust fills it, you no," paw sed, but he dissem to be very sure about "Yes," m out you sed he

made a
"Don't
paw asi
an aiker
ers of gr
"But wi
in?" maw
"Why, i

looking