

The
Bishop's Shadow

by I. T. THURSTON
(Copyright, Fleming H. Revell Co.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THEO'S SHADOW WORK.

"All right," and the woman turned to a customer.

Theo was on hand promptly the next Saturday evening. He found that the flower woman wanted him to carry home pots of growing plants for lady purchasers. He was kept busy until nine o'clock, and received in payment a good-sized basket full of violets, roses, heliotrope and carnations. Some had short stems, and some were a little wilted, but the boy was well content with his pay.

"Most of them will freshen up and look bright as ever if you put them to-night in a pail of water where they'll have plenty of room," the woman said; "and here—this is for good luck," and she handed him a little pot of geranium with a cluster of pink blossoms.

That brought a smile of genuine delight to the boy's face.

"Oh!" he cried, "that's dandy! I'll give it to Nan."

"And who's Nan—your sister?" questioned the woman.

"N—no, not quite. Guess she's as good's my sister, though. Shall I come next Sat'day, ma'am?" replied the boy.

"Yes, come next Saturday, an' right along, if you keep on doing as well's you've done to-night."

Theo almost ran home, so eager was he to show Nan his treasures. He had never cared very much for flowers himself, but he was beginning now to realize their value to others, and he was sure that Nan would be delighted with the geranium.

He was not disappointed. The girl's eyes sparkled at sight of the delicate pink blossoms, and she thanked him so heartily that he could only mutter, "Oh, shucks! 'Tain't nothin' much."

Then he showed her his basket of cut flowers, and she exclaimed delightedly over them as she lifted them out as tenderly as if they had been alive, and placed them carefully in a pail of fresh water in which she had sprinkled a little salt.

"Mother used to put salt in the water to keep flowers fresh," she said, "and oh, won't it be lovely to carry these around to the shut-ins, to-morrow, Theo! I think Mrs. Hunt would like some," she added.

"All right. Pick out what you like an' take 'em in to her now."

Nan selected some of the freshest blossoms and went across with them to her neighbour, leaving Theo with the baby, who was asleep. She was gone some time, and when she returned her face was grave.

"What's the matter? Didn't she like 'em?" asked the boy.

"Yes, indeed, she was ever so pleased with them, and told me to thank you for sending them to her—but, Theo, she's worrying so over Dick. She thinks he's going all wrong."

"So he is," answered Theo, soberly. "And can't you do anything about it?"

"Don't see's I can. He's in with a mean lot o' fellers, 'n he's no good anyhow, nowadays."

"But there must be some good in him. His father and mother are so good," pleaded Nan. "Mrs. Hunt was crying when I went in. She says Dick often stays out till midnight or after now, and she's afraid he'll be locked up."

"Serve him right if he was," muttered Theo, under his breath.

"He's lost the place his father got for him," added Nan.

"'Course. Nobody'd keep such a feller long."

Nan shook her head sorrowfully, thinking of Dick's mother. Theo said no more, and soon left the room. Nan thought he had gone to bed, but instead, he went out and walked slowly and somewhat doubtfully toward a saloon which he had seen Dick enter more than once of late. Theo, himself, used to go there, but he had not been near the place for many a week. He did not want to go in now, and he waited about outside, wishing that Dick would come out, and yet uncertain what to do if he did come.

Finally, he pushed open the door and went up the stairs. A dozen or so boys were there, many of whom he knew, and among them was Dick. The proprietor of the place gave the boy a warm welcome, and some of the boys greeted him gaily, but Dick scowled as Theo sat down beside him.

He waited until the loud talk began again, then he said in a low tone, "Dick, I came after you. Will you go home with me now? Your mother's frettin'."

Dick's face darkened angrily. "Who made you boss over me?" he shouted, springing from his seat with a threatening gesture. "You mind your own business, will you?"

Theo's cheeks flushed as every face in the room was turned toward him.

"What's the row?"

"What's he doin'?"

"What does he want?"

"Put him out! Put him out!"

These shouts and others mingled with oaths as all crowded about the two boys.

"There's no row, an' nothin' to get mad about," said Theo, trying to speak quietly. "Dick's mother's frettin' an' I asked him to go home with me. That's all there is about it."

"An' enough it is too," exclaimed one of the boys. "Dick's big enough to know when to go home, ain't he?"



"Congratulations, My Daughter, You Are Looking Fine"

"AND why shouldn't I look well after using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"Is that what has made such a change in your appearance? You were so pale and thin, I was rather anxious about your health."

"Why, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I feel so well, too."

"And you have such a good, healthy color. Your blood must be rich and red."

"I knew you were suspicious of anything that our doctor did not prescribe, so I said nothing about it to you."

"Well, I will not have any doubts about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in the future after what a healthy looking girl it has made of you."

"Yes, and I feel so differently, too. I was so nervous and irritable that I was very easily annoyed and upset. Then I would have those fearful nervous headaches. But, thank goodness, that is all over, and I know what to give credit to for the change."

"I am very glad you are so well again and think Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a very

valuable medicine, since it has done you so much good."

Miss Gertrude M. Burrell, Clementsport, N.S., writes:

"I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with splendid results. For a number of years I was afflicted with nervousness, and six years ago had a complete breakdown. I had no control of my nerves and had terrible hysterical spells. I could not sleep, had night sweats, awful dreams and nightmare. My physician gave me medicine to put me to sleep every night, and another kind to take every two hours during the day, but it did not seem to do me any good only while I was taking it. I never really expected to get well. Reading about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food one day, I gave it a trial, and the results from the first box encouraged me, so I continued its use, and found my nerves getting steady and stronger. My appetite improved and I gained in strength, ambition and flesh. Now I am able to do considerable work, and can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a good tonic for the whole system."

(Alonzo W. Daniels, J.P., says: "It gives me great satisfaction to vouch for the testimony of this young lady and the benefit she has received from your wonderful discovery.")

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.