

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"I didn't come here for that, sir," he blurted out. "I came to tell you that I am for smart, bright, honest boys like that to be shut up in a close store, and running his legs off from morning till night for twenty-five cents a day."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Wallingford flushed and looked somewhat distressed by this rather harsh criticism regarding Ned's employment.

"The pay is very little, I know," she returned, "and Ned does get very weary—I can see it, though he has never complained. But it was his own idea—he wanted to try it, and I allowed him to do so. I am sure he seemed to be necessary just at that time, for him to make an effort to earn something, as my health seemed to be giving out. I could not earn enough for our support."

"And my agent had been plundering you, too," interposed her companion, with a frown.

"I am sure you were not to blame for that," was the gentle reply, "your recent generosity has proven that."

"But! tut! How old is the boy?" "Twelve last March."

"And you're a widow?" "Miriam Wallingford's eyes drooped, and a flame of vivid scarlet dyed her pale cheeks, while her sweet lips trembled, as she simply bowed her head in reply."

"The man searched her face keenly for a moment, then remarked: "There used to be a family of Wallingfords in New Haven—that's my native place."

Miriam Wallingford turned upon him a wild, frightened look at this, as if some sudden fear had been aroused in her mind—some dread lest some secret of her past might be in danger of being revealed.

"And I thought possibly that they might be relatives of yours," her companion went on, without appearing to notice her emotion.

"Casily," she breathed, with what composure she could assume: "but I was born in Rochester, New York."

"Well, about the boy, the man said, to turn the subject. "As I said before, a dollar and a half a week is rather poor pay for this kind of work, and as I've taken quite a liking to the little fellow, I thought maybe I could give him a better chance, if you'd consent."

The gratified mother lifted a pair of gleaming, grateful eyes to him; but without giving her opportunity to speak, he went on to explain:

"I've an interest in one of the hotels down at Nantasket, and I heard the clerk make a mistake yesterday for a boy to act as office runner. The pay will be two dollars a week and board; so, if you are willing to let him go, I can give Edward the chance."

Mrs. Wallingford's hands trembled with mingled pleasure and pain at this attractive offer.

"It would be delightful for Ned to go to a better school for the summer—and she repressed a longing sigh as she thought of the cool breezes, the invigorating air and beautiful bathing—while two dollars a week, besides a board, seemed a small fortune to her."

But how could she bear to part with her dear boy—the only real comfort and joy she had in the world? Then the influence of hotel life were not always of the best, and she feared to let him go into the midst of temptation alone, which it seemed a rare opportunity, and she hesitated about refusing it.

"More than that," the old gentleman resumed, as he searched her anxious face, which plainly portrayed her fears, "they also need someone to take charge of the linen room—to give out the linen as it is needed, see that everything is kept in order, and mend as it comes from the laundry. It occurred to me that if you felt strong enough to undertake it the place might suit you, and you and the boy could go together."

How Miriam Wallingford's heart leaped at his words! She could hardly believe her ears. It seemed too good to be true. To send her boy to the sea shore with Ned, where she felt sure there was new life and strength for her. To have her own and Ned's living provided for and two dollars a week besides—she did not give a thought to any remuneration for her own services—and not be obliged to worry over rent, that kind of all-pervading anxiety, which she would escape the worry and care of providing for their daily needs; and the incessant toiling for a mere pittance upon those tiresome sequestered, "Oh, sir, I am sure you are very kind to make such a tempting offer."

"Then you'll go," he interrupted as if anxious to express his gratitude. "The pay of your services would be much more than the boy's—three dollars a week; but maybe I'd do until you can find something better, and then I'll be worth something to get out of this brooding attic."

"I feel very thankful—" "Tut, tut; that isn't the point at all," said the old man, hastily. "I told the clerk I'd fill the vacancies if I could, and let him know by telephone to-night; so you see it's got to be yes or no right away."

"Of course it will, yes—I could not refuse so kindly an offer; but you must let me say that I am very grateful for your kindness in thinking of us." Miriam Wallingford replied, with a certain impressive dignity and determination that would express her appreciation of his goodness "I am far from strong—I was quite ill a few weeks ago, and began to fear that my health was failing; but I believe if I can get to the seashore and be freed from the care and anxiety which have oppressed me, I may begin during the next year, I shall begin at once to regain my strength; for, surely, the duties you have mentioned cannot be too very heavy."

"No, I really you won't be overworked, though you may find it to keep you moderate."

"When shall we have those tiresome duties?" "I suppose it would be best for Ned to leave his school."

"No, if you can, I would like to have him be early enough to give you plenty for the change."

Mrs. Wallingford rose, and would do with it. "Let it remain."

companion, reading her thought. Mrs. Wallingford smiled. "That would be more than I could afford to do," she began.

"Let it remain, I tell you," he reiterated, authoritatively, "at least until you see how it suits you down at Nantasket. If the air should be too bracing, you couldn't stay. If you find you can, you can take a day, next any time, to come up to the city, and stow these things away and we won't say anything about the rent for a couple of weeks."

"You are very kind, sir," and Ned and I will be ready to go to the city, and stow these things away and we won't say anything about the rent for a couple of weeks."

"All right, I'm going down on the first boat, and you'll meet me at the wharf," the man responded, as he arose to go.

"Surely, sir, you will not go without telling me your name," Mrs. Wallingford, said, smiling, as she arose. "I should like to be able to tell Ned who our new friend is."

"Glad to hear it, marm," said Mr. Lawson, but looking as if he felt very uncomfortable. Instead, for he was still struggling with a feeling of embarrassment; "but I must be off. Good-day—good-day," and he departed as abruptly as he had come, while Miriam Wallingford sank back in her chair and sobbed out her thankfulness for the great boon which had been so unexpectedly sent her.

She had regained her accustomed composure when Ned came home from the store, while her face wore a happier look than he had seen upon it for a long time. Out of the fullness of her heart she had prepared a very tempting supper for him, and he stopped short upon entering the room, a look of unfeigned surprise on his bright face as he caught sight of the daintily spread table.

"Hullo, Marmee! What's going to happen? It isn't anybody's birthday, is it? No—yours, comes in January and mine in March. My! but it's a dandy supper, though—blackberries, chipped beef, rolls, and real milk; and you've made it look as pretty as a picture."

His mother laughed out merrily, and enjoyed his pleasure most thoroughly.

"Yes, it is a birthday," she returned; "the birthday of Hope."

"Hope! Hope who? Ned demanded, with a puzzled expression.

"Wash your face and hands, and brush your hair nicely, then I will tell you," she said, with a mysterious smile.

Not hastened to obey, not only because his curiosity was aroused, but because his appetite was whetted to the keenest edge by the tempting array of viands before him.

"I'm sure of it," Ned responded, confidently; "at any rate, I know how I can find out; he concluded, with a bright look.

"How dear?" "The little girl called him 'My nice, clever old Budge,'" said the boy, trying to imitate the child's peculiar inflection on the adjective, "and the dog was just tickled enough to jump out of his skin to have her say that."

"But, Ned, you know I do not like to have you on the street after dark," objected his mother.

"I won't be gone long, Marmee," he pleaded, "and I'll be right back. I only want to just try the name; then, if it is Budge, I can go to Summer street and tell the gentleman early to-morrow morning. Please, mother, nothing can harm me and I do want to do this for that nice little girl who was so pleasant to me."

Mrs. Wallingford could not withstand this plea; so she reluctantly consented, but charged him not to wait with people whom he might meet.

Ned promised that he would not, and about 8 o'clock he started forth on his errand. It was a warm night, and it seemed as if every house had been emptied of its occupants, who had either retired to bed, or to some congenial spot upon a step, and sketched to get the benefit of what little air there was stirring.

Ned avoided the various groups as soon as possible, and made his way as quickly as he could to that vacant lot which had the high board fence built across the front of it.

He found it empty, and one just there for it was rather a dark locality, and most people preferred to take the opposite and more cheerful sidewalk.

He stopped at the corner where he had heard the conversation regarding the dog that morning, and, watching his opportunity when no one was near, he put his lips close to a crack in the fence, and called, in low tones:

"Budge! Budge!" There was no answer, a sound of some kind from the other side of the fence, and Ned began to fear that the dog had been removed from the lot in the corner to some other quarters.

"Budge! Budge!" he repeated, and then there came to his eager ears a low, plaintive whine.

The boy's heart gave a sudden bound of joy.

"I've found him—I've him!" he murmured, in a suppressed tone of exultation.

But he resolved to make another test, and again putting his lips close to the crack, while he tried to imitate the voice of the dog's mistress, he said:

"My nice, clever old Budge."

first came in, but your wonderful news put it entirely out of my head."

"It seems to me that queer things happen to you often of late," his mother responded, smiling. "You have heard me speak of Bill Bunting," Ned said.

"Yes—you mean that rude boy who ill-treated you so a few weeks ago."

"Yes; he bullies all the boys—the small ones—within an inch of their lives. Well, this morning, when I was going to the store, just as I was passing that empty lot that has a high board fence in front of it, I heard voices and a low growl behind it. Then some one said: 'Shut up, you started sort of, and I heard a blow, followed by a yelp, as if a dog had been hurt. I stopped and peeped through a crack between the boards, and saw Bill Bunting and another boy. Bill had in his hand a string that was tied around the neck of the dearest little full-blooded pug of the world; he looked over so much like the one that I had seen on Sunday—you remember; her father gave me the quarter."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Wallingford.

"Well, I heard Bill say to the other boy, 'You just keep mum about this, and I'll go halves with you on the swag.'"

"What is 'swag,' Ned?" questioned his mother.

"Why, it's slang for money. Then he went on to say, 'I'm going to take him down to rats,' to sell him in a few days, when they get through advertising for him, and he'll give me something handsome for him."

"Between you and the perlice see yer," said the other boy.

"Ain't yer green?" said Bill; that's why I keep him tied up here and want yer 't watch him when I'm off."

"Where'd yer keep him nights?" the other boy asked.

"In that box down there in the corner—I've got some straw in it, and I bring him water and stuff to eat; but I have 't do it on the sly for fear someone will catch on and blow on me, would he?"

"Oh, Ned! what language!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallingford.

"Well, mother, that's the way those boys talk, only I haven't repeated it half as bad as he said it. I couldn't stop to hear more, so I suspected that Bill Bunting had stolen somebody's pet dog. I'm sure of it now, for here's an advertisement—just listen to it."

And turning again to the paper Ned read aloud:

"Lost or strayed on Monday morning, a full-blooded Pug, very handsomely marked, bright and intelligent, and answering to the name of Budge. When last seen by his owner he wore around his neck a blue ribbon, to which was attached three silver bells, marked with the dog's name and place of residence. Anyone giving reliable intelligence regarding the dog will be liberally rewarded. Apply at No. — Summer street."

"That is the very dog I told you about, mother," Ned exclaimed, in great excitement. "It belongs to what pretty girl you gave me the rose. Bill Bunting has stolen it, and means to sell it; but I'll block his little game to-morrow morning, you see if I don't."

CHAPTER VI.

"It certainly does seem as if you are right in your suspicions, Ned—that the dog must belong to the little girl, you mention," Mrs. Wallingford remarked, thoughtfully.

"I'm sure of it," Ned responded, confidently; "at any rate, I know how I can find out; he concluded, with a bright look."

"How dear?" "The little girl called him 'My nice, clever old Budge,'" said the boy, trying to imitate the child's peculiar inflection on the adjective, "and the dog was just tickled enough to jump out of his skin to have her say that."

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CATARRH.

Mr. John Quinlan, of Lunenburg, N.S., had almost lost his voice from the effects of Catarrh. A case that baffled the doctors and which months of hospital treatment failed to benefit.

CATARRHOZONE CURED.

Mr. Quinlan says: "For years I have been a victim to one of the most dreaded forms of Catarrh. My vocal organs became gradually affected, and last autumn I could not speak above a whisper. I used many remedies, but they did not help. At last the doctor said I should have to go to the hospital, where I would be given proper treatment. Two months in Lunenburg Hospital, but in three weeks the doctors said nothing could be done, and I returned home. Finally a friend advised me to use a sample of Catarrhozone, and the result was simply marvelous. My voice became much strengthened and in a month and half I was able to speak. I am completely restored. Neighbors and friends cheer with me that Catarrhozone is the only cure for catarrh of the throat. Hundreds of dollars expended in other ways will not benefit as much as one expense on the boy who gave the dog life."

CATARRHOZONE

is a never-failing cure for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, THROAT IRRITATION.

It is a new scientific method of treatment, the only one to cure these diseases of mucus, inflamed, and swollen air, when inhaled, spreads to all portions of the respiratory tract, and attacks the throat, where it kills the germs, and at the same time soothes and heals the sore membrane. Contains no opiates, and is perfectly safe. Price \$1; extra bottles of Linctus \$2.50. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, Twenty-five cents per bottle, by Dr. F. M. S. Co., Boston & Co., Kingston, Ont.

who would, doubtless, spirit the dog away to a safe hiding-place. He knew that it would be better to wait until morning, and allow the owner and the proper authorities to take the proper hands."

He thought it would not be best to say anything more to Budge, lest he should make a commotion and attract attention; so turning about he hurriedly retraced his steps, and a few minutes later entered his mother's presence, flushed and triumphant.

"I was right, Marmee," he cried, in clear, cheery tones. "The dog is Budge, for he went wild when I called to him. I shall ask the superintendent to let me off for a little while to-morrow morning, while I go to look for her."

"I'm sure the will, dear." "Let me see if your back has turned," said his mother; "as many good things are coming to you, Ned remarked, thoughtfully, after a moment of silence."

"Do you mean by 'cuck, Ned?' Mrs. Wallingford asked, in a gentle tone, while she bent an earnest, questioning look upon him.

"No, dear; I believe that there is a kind and overruling Power, that governs the lives of every one," she reverently replied.

"Ned, flushed, and after a moment of hesitation asked: "Do you believe it was a kind power that sent you here, and let us go hungry and cold sometimes?"

Mrs. Wallingford smiled a little sadly, and thought a moment before replying. "You remember the fever you had two years ago, Ned?"

"Yes." "And how hungry you were; how you begged for food, and I would not give it to you?"

"Do you think I was lacking in kindness or care because I refused you?"

"No, Marmee, you were very patient with me, when I was cross as a bear, and you never left me—hardly long enough to get yourself in any danger," Ned returned, seriously.

"Then you feel that I had no reasons for using my power and authority in denying you, and you would have kept him as manly, and honest, and dutiful, through life as he was then."

The next morning Ned was at his post promptly at eight o'clock, and a few minutes later he sought the "super," as he called him, and asked for a half-hour's leave of absence between nine and ten.

He showed him the advertisement which he had found in the paper, told him that he knew where the dog was, and wanted to restore it to its owner.

The man readily granted his request, and told him to take an hour if he needed it.

Consequently, at nine o'clock Ned entered the great warehouse on Summer street, under the door of which he read "Wm. Langmaid & Co.," and approaching a clerk showed him the slip of paper which he had out from the paper's remarks.

"I know something about this, and I'd like to see the gentleman who advertised."

"Well, it's this way," the man returned, and led him directly through the store to an office in the rear, where he saw the gentleman.

Ned had given him the quarter for unchecking his horse, and he began to climb over the fence, and release the unhappy little captive; but this he could not do, while even if he had been able to scale it, he might do some mischief that good by accident."

"Here's a boy who would like to see you," said the clerk; "he came by way of introducing Ned; then he went out, closing the door after him,

leaving the boy in the presence of the wealthy merchant.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" he inquired, in a gentle tone, as he added his paper, and turned with a smile to his youthful visitor.

"I've come to do something for you, sir," Ned responded, as he held the advertisement out to him. "It's about this—I think I know where the dog is."

"Well, well, that is good news, surely," Mr. Langmaid exclaimed, with a start and look of pleasure. "Where is he?"

"Shut up in a box, in a lot behind a high board fence on Harrison avenue."

"How do you know that it is the dog named in my advertisement?"

"His name is Budge."

"Yes," interposed Mr. Langmaid, "Well, I called this dog by that name, and he whined and barked as if he knew it; besides, I've seen him."

"That may be, but how could you identify him as my dog, for I suppose his collar has been removed."

"Yes, sir; but I saw him in your carriage; I'm the boy who gave the quarter to four Sundays ago for unchecking your horse—I'm Ned Wallingford."

For the second time the man started at the sound of that name, and bent an earnest glance upon the boy.

"True enough," he said, after a moment. "I remember you, and I thought I had seen you in that I had seen you before. Well, we must look into this matter. Can you take me directly to the place where the dog is confined?"

"Who has him?" "Bill Bunting, sir—that boy who came near knocking me down that Sunday."

"Bill and I suppose you are not sorry to have this opportunity to get even with him, eh?" Mr. Langmaid remarked, as he bestowed a sharp look on Ned.

The boy colored crimson.

"Truly, sir, I had not thought of that," he said, earnestly. "I only thought how glad the little girl who gave the rose to me would be to get her pug dog back again."

The gentleman smiled genially.

"You are right; Gertrude will certainly be very much obliged to you; she has grieved herself nearly ill over the loss of Budge. But how did you happen to find out the whereabouts of his pugshu?"

Ned related how he had been attracted by the sound of voices, and the growling of a dog behind a high board fence, and how, peeping through a crack, he had thought it had a familiar look; then he read the advertisement he felt sure the dog was Budge, and explained how, the evening previous, he had taken pains to prove it.

"Well, my boy, you have certainly done us a great favor, if this dog proves to be Budge, as I think he will," Mr. Langmaid said, as he pressed upon an electric button in the ceiling, near the door, and presently the same clerk who had ushered Ned in made his appearance.

"Well, just step out and bring a policeman," he commanded, "then making Ned sit down, he chatted in a most entertaining way with him until the man returned, accompanied by a guardian of the public peace."

Mr. Langmaid explained the nature of the business in hand, after which they all started forth to rescue Budge from "durance vile."

It did not take long to reach the place, but how to get behind the high board fence was a question.

Mr. Langmaid went to the corner indicated by Ned, and called, "Budge!" and the wild commotion which at once prevailed in the dog's prison-house, not to mention the pathetic whining and barking accompanying it, as he recognized his master's voice, plainly proved that Ned had made no mistake regarding his identity.

The policeman then went to the door of the building adjoining the lot, and to the door of a Concord or aboard the schoolhouse before you know it," said the officer, with a scowl at him.

"Now, will you tell the gentleman where you got the dog?"

"No—yer," angrily retorted the boy, who was now in a white heat of passion.

"Then, Mr. Officer, I will leave you to take care of him, and when I want me you will find me at No. — Summer street," said Mr. Langmaid. Then, turning to Ned, he added: "Come, Edward, if you want to go back to the office with me."

With Budge still in his arms, he turned to leave the place, followed by the grateful companion, and a few minutes' brisk walk took them back to the office.

"Now, my boy," the merchant remarked, after he had deposited Budge on a comfortable Concord, and dispatched a clerk to get him something to eat, "you have done me a good service to-day, now what can I do for you?" (To be Continued.)

tightened on the boy's arm.

"Oh, sir," he blubbered, now thoroughly frightened, "I didn't steal him—truly I didn't; I found him running in the street, and I was only takin' care of him till I could find out who he belonged to."

"His name and the street where he lived were on his collar, so you could not fail to know who was to take him," said Mr. Langmaid, gravely.

"He didn't have no collar on, sir, when I found him," Bill whined.

"What is this?" inquired Mr. Langmaid, as reaching forward, he seized the end of a blue ribbon that was just visible in the boy's pocket and pulling it out exposed three tiny silver bells that were attached to it.

"This was prima facie evidence of the boy's guilt, and realizing the fact, he hung his head, and began to sulk."

"Here is the dog's name and the street and number of his home," said Mr. Langmaid, showing the officer the engraving on the bells, "so it is only too evident that his intentions were dishonest."

"That's so. Now, then, you just take a heeler, and show us the way to that vacant lot," shouted the policeman, and the culprit, seeing it would be of no use to try to continue to brave it out, turned, and led the party down a flight of narrow stairs to the basement, thence through a cellar window into the open space referred to.

Close to the house, in one corner, there was a box about three feet square and as many high, with slate nailed across the front, between which the pug was visible. Poor Budge, for it was he, was in a sad, shivering and dilapidated condition. He was sitting close to the bars of his prison, looking for a patient man, his saucy ears prickling with a listening air, as if he realized that help was near.

The moment he caught sight of Mr. Langmaid his delight was excessive, and he began to bound and caper as well as his narrow quarters would permit, barking in the most joyous manner.

He was soon released, when his capers were so excessive, and amusing that Ned laughed aloud in boyish enjoyment of his antics.

He leaped upon Mr. Langmaid, licking his face, and manifesting his gratitude for restored liberty in a most pathetic manner, and when the gentleman held out his arms he sprang into them, and began to kiss his face with almost blind affection.

"I guess there isn't much doubt about his belonging to you, eh?" remarked the officer, who was hardly less amused than Ned. Then, turning sternly to his prisoner, he inquired: "And now what have you to say for yourself?"

But the boy was sulky and obstinate, and would not answer.

"You'd better out with it; you'll fare better to confess the whole matter than to show any of your ugliness shuffling near him, and presently the same clerk who had ushered Ned in made his appearance.

"Well, just step out and bring a policeman," he commanded, "then making Ned sit down, he chatted in a most entertaining way with him until the man returned, accompanied by a guardian of the public peace."

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