lingford's in New Haven—that's my native place."

Mirlam Wallingford turned upon him a wild, frightened look at this, as if some sudden fear had been aroused in her mind—some dread lest

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 com-panion went on, without appearing to otice her emotion."
"Possibly," 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 honest little chap I thought maybe I could give him a better chance, if you'd consent."

The gratified mother litted a pair of classific mother little in pair of the principle of the principle of the pair of the principle of the pair of the pair

gleaming, grateful eyes to him; but without giving her an opportunity to speak, he went on to expldain: "I've an interest in one of the

the clerk making enquiries yesterday for a boy to act as office runner. The

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 heart throbbed with mingled pleasure and pain at this attractive offer.

"It would be delightful for Ned to go to the iseashore for the summer'—and she repressed a longing sigh as she thought of the cool breezes, the invigorating air and healthaul pathing—while two dollars a week, besides his board, seemed a small fortune to ber.

But how could she bear to part

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

bout refusing it.
"More than that," the old gentle man returned, 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 out the linen as it is needed, see that everything is kept in order and mended 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 leaved at his words! She could hardly

leaned at his words! She could hardly believe her ears. It seemed too good believe her ears. It seemed too good to be true—this opportunity to go 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 cover. for her own services-and not be obliged to worry over rent, that bug while she would escape the worry and care of providing for their daily needs and the incessant toiling for mere pittance upon those tiresome sicques. "Oh, sir, I am sure you are very kind to make us such a tempting offer," she began gratefully.

"Then you": go," he interrupted as

if anxious to escape her gratitude. "The pay of your services won't be much more than the boy's—three do won't be have a week; but maybe ic'il do until lars a week; but maybe ic'il do until you can find something better, and then it'il be worth something to get out o' this broiling attic." "I feel very thanfkul—"

I feel very thanfkul—"
Tut, tut; that isn't the point at
"said the old man, hastily. "I told
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."

yes or no right away."
"Of course it will be 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 repled with a certain impressive dig-nity and determination that would ex-press her appreciation of his goodness. "I am far from strong—I was quite til 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 free from the care and anxiety

for the change. Mrs. Walling

the room, and would do with "Let it remai

and be free from the care and anxiety which have ressed so heavily upon me during the list year, I shall begin at once to regain my strength; for, surely, the duties you have mentioned cannot be so very heavy."

"No, I recken you won't be worked, though you may flud to keep you moderate!

"When shall we hav!

"Right away!—ns
"I suppose it wou for Ned to leave hi week is up."

marked, though
"No; if you will be early a give you plenty for the to look over the morning paper, of the clerks at the store

"I didn't come litre for that, either," he bluntly remarked. "I came to tell you that it is a sin for a smart, bright, honest boy 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 criticlem 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; in fact, it seemed to be necessary just at that time, for him to make an effort to carn something, as my health seemed to be giving out, and 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."

"Tut! tut! How old is the boy?" the man broke in, hastily.

"Twelve last March."

"And you"re a widow?"

Mritam 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 to his query.

The man bearched her face keenly for a moment, then remarked:

"There used to be a family of Wallingford's in New Haven—that's my native place."

"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 employed in the colon of the pleasant, feeling of employees in the feeling of employees i

"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

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 entiring the rooms look of the on entering the room, a look of un-feigned surprise on his bright face as he caught sight of the daintly spread table.

"Hullor, Marmee! What's going

to happen? It isn't anybody's birthday, is it? No-vours day, is it? No—vours comes in January and made 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 musically, 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

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

When they were finally seated at the table, Mrs. Wallingford remarked.

marked: "I have had a caller this after-

"I have had a caller this aftermoon, dear; I wonder if you can
guess who it was?"

"I am sure I cannot, Marmee,"
Ned responded, "for I don't think
we have any acquaintances who
make calls, unless it is the agent,
for the rent, and it isn't time for
bim yet."

"No; but my caller was a gentle
man, and his man is Benjamin Law-

man, and his name is Benjamin Law son."
"Who is he?" Ned asked, with his mouth full of blackberries.
"Your queer old man who lost his

Great Scott! what did want!" cried the boy, in unfeigned

want!" cried the boy, in unfeigned astonishment.
"Please, Ned, do not use slang," said his mother, reprovingly.
"He came to bring hope to me," and then she explained the nature of Mr. Lawson's all; whereupon the boy bubblet over with delight. "Isn't he just a "Jim Dandy," Marmee?" he cried. "Three cheers for Mr. Lawson' Hin', high burseh!" for Mr. Lawson! Hip! hip! hurrah!"
and he waved his napkin wildly
above his head, in a transport of joy.
"It will be the nicest thing in the
world for you, mother," he continued,
when he had calmed down somewhat.
"You have recorded." "You have grown so white and thin of late, from that ugly pain in your side, and I'm sure the sea air will make you strong and well again. Oh! can we ever wait for Monday merning to come?" he concluded, with a sigh of anticipation.
"We have a great deal to do he

"We have a great deal to do be-tween now and Sunday," Mrs. Wal-lingford remarked. "I must finish my sacques and look over my clothing to see that it is in order; and Ned, I really think "e can afford to get a new suit for you—your jacket and trousers are too badly worn to be presentable in a hotel, and you must have a pair of shoes, too. Thanks to Mr. Lawson, your hat is all right." "Don't you need something new, too?" asked Ned, thoughtful for her

asked Ned, thoughtful for her appearance as well as his own.
"A pair of gloves, perhaps. I shall not be so exposed about my duties as you will be, so what clothing I have will answer for the present."

And thus they chatted socially over their supper, regarding the prospective change in their lives, happy in the anticipation of having nearly a the anticipation of having nearly

a whole summer by the sea. They had craved it for years, and now it seemed almost like a fairy story to be emancipated from that hot attic, and have their wishes gratified.

Finally they arose from the table and Mrs. Wallingford busied herself about the dishes and some bout the dishes and some duties, while Ned sat

> ly for half an hour at once, he gave a go!" he

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

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."

who ill-treated you so a few weeks ago."

"Yes; he builies all the boys—all 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 blasted cur!" 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 tled around the neck of the dearest little full-blooded pug in the world; he looked ever so much like the one that pretty girl had that Sunday—you remember; her father Sunday—you remember; her father gave me the quarter."
"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Wal-

lingford.

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

"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 Nat's, to sell him in a few days, when they get through advertising for him," and he'll give me something handsome for him."

something handsome for him."

"Better not let the perlice see yer, said the other boy.

"An'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'ye keep him nights?' the other hoy asked.

other boy asked.
"In that box down there in the

"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."

"Oh, Ned! what language!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallingford.
"Well, mother, that's the way those boys talk, only I haven't repeated thalf as bad as it was. I couldn't stop to hear more, ant I suspected that Bill Banting had tolen somebody's pet dog. I'm sure tolen somebody's pet dog. I'm sure of it now, for here's an advertisement And turning again to the paper Ned

ead aloud:
"Lost or strayed on Monday morn ing, a full-blooded Pug, very hand-omely marked, bright and intelligent, and answering to the name of Budge. When last seen by his owner he wore tround his neck a blue ribban, to which was attached three silver bells, markd with the dog's name and place of esidence. Anyone giving reliable in-elligence regarding the dog will be-iberally rewarded. Apply at No.

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

CHAPTER VI.

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

"I'm sure of it," Ned responded, sonfidertly; "at any rate I know how I can find out," he concluded, with a oright look.
"How does ?"

right look.

"How dear?"

"The little girl called him 'My nice, clever old Budge,'" said the boy, trying to imitate the child's peculiar influence on the adjective, "and the dection on the adjective, "and the dog was just tickled enough to jump out of his skin to have her praise him. I'm just going down to that ot after it gets dark, and see if I can't make him answer me when I

"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, "I will go straight there, and come straight hale. I only want

and come straight back. I only want to just try 'the name; then, if it is Budge, I can go to Summer street and tell the gentieman early to-mort row morning. Please, mother, noth-ing can harm me and I do so want to do this for that nice little gir

who was so pleasant to me."

Mrs. Wallingford could not withstand this plea; so she reluctantly consented, but charged him not to with people whom he might meet. Ned promised that he would not, and about 8 o'clock 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 loiter on the street, and not to talk congregated upon the steps and skiewalk 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 unickly as he could to that vacant

uickly as he could to that vacant ot which had the high board fence

built across the front of it.

He found hardly any one just there, for it was rather a dark locality, and most people preferred to take the opposite and more cheerful sidewalk. the stopped at the corner where he had heard the conversation regarding the dog that morning, and, wavening his opportunity when no one was near, he put his lips close to a cruck in the

fence, and called, in low twents:

"Budge! Budge!"

There was no answer or sound of any kind from the other side of the fence, and Ned began to fear that the dog had been removed from the box in the corpor to early sther quarters. 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 mur

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 fild Budge!"

In response to this there came two sharp, joyous barks, then a succes-sion of plaintive whines, accompanied by a wild commotion, as if the dog was making frantic efforts to get out of his place of confinement.

Ned was sure now that his suspice lons were correct, and he longed 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 wore mischief than good by arous.

Air. John Quinlan, of Lunenburg, N.S., had almost lost his voice from the effects of Catarrh. A case that baf-fled the doctors and which months of pital treatment failed to benefit

CATARRHOZONE CURED.

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 inst autumn I could not speak above a whisper. I usad many remedies, but they did not help. At last the doctor said I should live to go to the hospital, where I would be given proper treatment. Two months in Lunemourg Hospital failed to benefit, so I went to Hallfax 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 so encouraging that I continued the treatment. In a few weeks my voice became much strengthened and in a unued the treatment. In a few weeks my voice became much strengthened and in a month and a half my power of speech was completely restored. Neighbors and friends concur with me that Catarrhozone is the only cure for catarrh and throat affections. Hundreds of dollars expended in other ways will not benefit as much as ore expended on Catarrhozone."

CATARRHOZONE is a never-failing cure for

CATARRII, BRONCHITIS. THROAT IRRITATION. At is a new, scientific method of treatment, that we guarantee to cure these diseases or money refunded. The medicated alt, when inhaled, spreads to all portions of the nasal passages and bronchial tubes, where it kills the germs, and at the same time soothes and heals the sore membranes. Complete outfit, six weeks' treatment, price \$1; extra bottles of ichalant 50c. At prenty-five cent trial size for 10c in stamps, from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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

He thought it would not be best

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 trlumphant. "I was right, Marmee," he-cried, in clear, chisery tones, "the dog is Budge, for he nearly 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 Summer street to tell the gentleman. Won't that nice little girl be glad to get her doggle back!" "I'm sure the will, dear." "It seems as if our luck has turned, doesn't it, mother?—so many good things are coming to us," Ned remarked, thoughtfully, after a moment of sleence." "What de remarked, thoughtfully,

moment of slience.
"What do you mean by 'luck,'
Ned?" Mrs. Wallingford asked, in a

Ned ?" gente tone, while she bent an earnest, questioning look upon him.

"Wel, I know what you mean, mother; you don't believe in luck or chance at all."

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

Ned, flushed, and after a moment of hesitation asked:
"Do you believe it was a kind power

"Do you believe it was a kind power that kept us poor so long, and let us go hungry and cold sometimes."

Mrs. Wallingford smiled a little sady, and thought a moment before replying. Then she said:

"You remember the fever you had two years ago, Ned?"

"Yes."

"Yes."
"And how hungry you were; how you begged for food, and I would not give it to you?" "Y-es."
"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 anything to eat," Ned returned, seriously.
"Then you feel that I had wise reasons for using my power and authority in denying you and you would feel that you could trust me again if you should be ill?"
"Yes, mother, and I begin to under-

Yes, mother, and I begin to understand—"
"How: I can trust the good Father above, even though He has denied us many things which we have wanted."
Mrs. Wallingford supplemented, as he did not finish his sentence.
Ned said nothing for a few moments, but at length he heaved a deep sigh, and remarked, with boyish earnest-ness auth nalysets.

ness aid nalvete:
"Well, at any rate, I'm glad He's let
up on us a little, for it was pretty
tough when we didn't have anything tough when we dran't have anything but mush and milk to eat. I think I've had a pretty good time, though, since I've been at White's, and now I'm too happy for anything to think we're both going to the seashore."

Mrs. Wallingtord also felt as if the future were opening a little brighter for them both, and a great burden was lifted from here own heart in view.

for them both, and a great burden was lifted from her own heart in view of the coming change.

An amused smile played about the corners of her mouth at Ned's characteristic remark regarding their recent trials, but she knew he did not mean to be irreverent, and she did not chide him. He had always been an exceptionally good boy, and as she gave him his good-night kiss she lifted a silent prayer that God would keep 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

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

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

Consequently, at nine o'clock Ned Consequently, at nine o'clock Ned entered the great warehouse on Summer street, over the door of which he read "Wm. Langmaid & Co.," and approaching a cerk showed him the sip of paper which he had cut from the Herald, remarking:

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

"All right; come this way," the man returned, and led him directly through the store to an office in the rear, where he saw the gentleman, who had given him the quarter for unchesting his because it the draining

who had given him the quarter for unchecking his horses at the drinking fountain, sitting at a desk reading the morning paper.

"Here's a boy who would like to see you, sir," said the clerk, 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 genial tone, as he threw aside his paper, and turned with a smile to his youthful visitor.

"I've come to do something for you."

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

"Well, well, that is good news, sure-ly," Mr. Langmaid exclaimed, with a start and look of pleasure, "Where is he?"
"Shut up in a box, in a lot behind

"How do you know that it is the

"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,"
Ned explained.
"That may be, but how could you

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

"Yos, sir; but I saw him in your carriage; I'm the boy you gave the quarter to four Sundays ago for unchecking your horses—I'm Ned Wallingford." For the second time the man start-

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 when you came 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?" matter. Can you take me directly to the place where the dog is confined?" "Yes, sir."
"Who has him?"
"Bill Bunting, sir.—that boy who came near knocking me down that

"Aha! and I suppose you are not

"Aha! 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 pugshio?"

Ned related how he had been at-

of his pugshio?"

Ned related how he had been attracted by the sound of voices and the growling of a cog behind a high board fence, and how, peeping through a crack, he had thought it had a famillar look; then when he read the advertisement he fe't sure the dog was Budge, and explained how, the evening previous, he had taken pains to prove it.

was Budge, and taken pains to prove it.

"We'l, my boy, you have certainly done us a great favor, if this dog proves to be Budge, as I think he proves to be Budge, as I think he pressed upon an electric button in the sheathing near him, and presently the same clerk who had ushered Ned in made his appearance.

"Will, just step out and bring a policeman here," 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. Langmage explained the nature of the business in hand, after which they all started forth to rescue Budge from "durance vile."

sterniy 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'l sess," the officer continued.

Still Bill would not reply, but stood looking upon the ground and digging him. "Tell us where you found the dog and what you intended to do with him." Mr. Langmads aid, in a more kindly tone "If you will tell the truth I shall be inclined to be more lenient with you."

"How'd you know I had him?" Bill redely demanded, with a defiant air.

"That does not matter," said the

they all started forth to rescue Budge from "durance vi.a."

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! Budge!" and the wild commotion which at once prevailed in the dog's prison-house, not to mention the

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 rang the bell.

Both Ned and Mr. Langmaid were surprised when Bill Bunting him self answered it.

The boy grew pale upon beholding the policeman, but putting on a bold front, exclaimed, in a good bold front, exclaimed, in a good-natured tone, as he glanced at Ned: "Halloa, Ned! What's up now?" "Is this the boy?" the officer in-quired of Mr. Langmaid, and with-out giving Ned an opportunity to

reply.

The gentleman nodded, and the policeman, laying his hand on Bill's shoulder, quietly remarked:

"We are looking for a dog that has been stolen. Know anything about him?"

about him?"

Bill grew paler than before, and began to tremble visibly.
"No—no, sir. What dog — whose dog?" he stammered.
"You just take us around into that vacant lot, and we'll soon show you whose dog it is," was the stern reply, as the officer's grip

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 runnin' loose in the street, and I.—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 where to take him," said Mr. Langmald, gravely.

gravely.
"He dion't have no collar on, sir, "He didn't have no collar on, sir, when I found aim," Bill whined.
"What is this?" inquired like 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

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 beelkne, and show us the way into that vacant lot," thundered 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 collar 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 slats nailed across the front, between which the pug was visible. Poor Budge, for it was he, was in a sadly solled and condition. He was sitting nailed across the front, between which
the pug was visible. Poor Burge, for
it was he, was in a sadly soiled and
dilapidated condition. He was sitting
close to the bars of his prison looking
forth with a patient mien, his saucy
ears pricked up 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 He was soon released, when his capers were so extravagant and amusing that Ned laughed aloud in boylsh enjoyment of his antics.

He leaped upon Mr. Langmaid, licking his hands 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 human affection.

"I guess there isn't much doubt about his belonging to you, sir," 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?"

truth I shall be inclined to be more lemient with you."
"How'd you know I had him?" Bill rudely demanded, with a defiant air.
"That does not matter," said the gentleman, coldly. "I simply want to know how the dog came to be in your possession, and what you intended to do with him."
Instead of making any reply, Bill suddenly turned upon Ned.

Instead of making any reply, Bill suddenly turned upon Ned.

"I'll bet you're at the bottom of this," he said, flercely. "I've seen yer skulkin' around here lately, and I'll just owe yer one fer this," he concluded, shaking his fist threateningly in Ned's face.

"Shut up, you young scamp! It'll be a good while before you'll pay it, I'm thinking. We'll have you housed at the Reformatory at Concord or aboard the schoolship 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.

boy, who was now in a white heat of passion.

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

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

utes' brisk walk took them back to the office.

"Now, my boy," the merchant re-marked, after he had deposited Budge on a comfortable cushion and de-spatched a clerk to get him something to eat, "you nave done me a good ser-vice to day, now what can I do for you?"

(To be Continued)

(To be Continued.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL TREATMENT.

For Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Kindred Ailments.

sages of the head, throat and bronchial tubes. No amount of general treatment will heal the ulcers on the delicate mucous linings or allay the inflammation of the pulmonary organs.

Local treatment is absolutely neces-If the trouble is cold in the head, catarrh or hay fever, Dr. Chase's Ca-tarrh Cure is the most effective local treatment available. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is not in-

tended for any other purpose than that of curing catarrhal affections of the head, nose and throat. It is a specific for these ailments, and cures thoroughly and radically by healing the ulcers, counteracting foul breath, stopping droppings into the throat and removing the cause of catarrhal head-ache and deafness.

ache and deafness.

Likewise, as a local treatment for throat troubles, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a specific unapproached in curative merits.

It is composed of nature's cures for throat and lung troubles, is pleasar

The two methods of treating disease are local and general or constitutional.

No one would think of relying on a general treatment to clear the air passages of the head, throat and bronchial tubes. No amount of general treatment will heal the ulcers on the bless of the head treatment will heal the ulcers on the local and wonderfully healing and soothing in its effects. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine aids expectoration, loosens the cough and tightness in the clest, allows inflammation and prevents consumption, pneumonia and lung troughts.

bles.

In cases of nasal catarrh or ordinary colds, general or constitutional treatment is frequently unnecessary. But when the body is weakened and debilitated by the ravages of chronic catarrh, severe chest colds, la grippe lung troubles or other exhausting discases, a general treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, is needed to restore the strength of the body and rebuild the wasted tissues.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gives to the body the vigor required to overcome

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gives to the body the vigor required to overcome disease. It forms new, red corpuscles in the blood and reconstructs the wasted nerve cells. The local and general treatments combine to form an ideal cure for all diseases of the air passages of the head, throat and lungs. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free. Dr. Chase's catarrh Care, 25 cents a box bloom free care and care a nase's Catarrh Cure, 25 blower free. Dr. Chase's Aug Turpentine, 25 Mr. Chase's Nerve a x, at all dealers, 28 & Co. Toronto