

screamed, 'Kent! Baby Kent!' just as if that baby could answer."

"Father called the men in from the fields, and they brought the dogs into the house. It was terrible." Nellie hid her face on Kent's shoulder with a dry sob. "Kent," she moaned, "I'd died if we hadn't found him."

Kent tightened his grasp about her. "But you did," he said soothingly, "and as far as I can judge, he's a pretty lively specimen still."

"We got into the very depths of despair," Nellie went on. "Mother was on the verge of collapse, and white as snow, but she would not stop searching. Father went about the house like a wild goat, climbing up on everything, and pulling out the furniture to look back of it. Lottie had her teeth set, and red spots on her white cheeks. She had to stop hunting and give Aunt Abby something to eat, for the poor old soul's greatest trouble was the loss of her dinner. I was poking among the dishes, for I hadn't any more sense than to look for Baby in the sugar bowl."

"Suddenly we heard a little shrill cry. Then another a little longer. Kent, I stood still an instant and quivered with joy," Nellie cried, her face glowing, "then I flew!"

"The cries seemed to come from Mother's room, but when we got there Mother screamed, 'The press closet!' and we rushed into it. By that time Baby had reached the roaring state, and his glorious roars seemed to come from over our heads. 'He's on the old ceiling shelf,' Father shouted, as he climbed up by the lower shelves. In an instant I had that blessed, squirming thing in my arms, and I hurried to the light to see if I had all of him; then, oh, how I yelled! for I had Mrs. Gowen's shawl all grained up with him!"

"Great guns!" Kent exclaimed in vigorous excitement. "I threw it at Mother, and the relief of finding it was so great she dropped into a chair, laughing and crying at the same time; Lottie had all she could do to quiet her."

"When Father saw the shawl, he rushed back into the closet and came out with his envelope of bonds; and, Kent, he really danced a jig for joy!" Nellie turned to her husband with a look of sweet gravity on her face. "Kent, I don't understand it, but something came to me!" a flash. I threw Baby, still roaring, on Mother's bed and flew to the kitchen, where Aunt Abby was quietly enjoying her tea for a candle. I rushed through her room and into the press closet. The shelf was part of an old ceiling, way up in a dark corner where no one had thought of it for years. I climbed up and held the candle so I could see, and when my eyes caught the gleam of a little white envelope, I grabbed it and hid it in my dress before Father came in to look for me."

"Father climbed up to see what else he could find," Nellie laughed nervously; "and he brought down a

wonderful conglomerate. Things that had been missed and forgotten, and others of all sorts and—"

"How on earth, Nell, did they get there?" Kent interrupted in amazement.

"Oh, of course, we felt sure that Aunt Abby was in some way mixed up with their being there, although she was as excited as could be over their discovery, and seemed as puzzled as the rest of us. At first Father could hardly believe it was her doings, but he was so determined to find out who was at the bottom of the mischief, he watched her."

"Aunt Abby's hardly responsible, even when she's awake, and that afternoon, while she was taking a nap, she got up in her sleep and crept slowly into Mother's room. She walked straight to the bed and picked up a handkerchief laying on it and carried it into the press closet. Then, and it was strange how she seemed to be without fear, she climbed up and laid it on the shelf just as she had done all of the other things, Baby included. Bless his sweet roars, if she hadn't put him there, they might never have been found and the dear old home sold."

Nellie was silent for a moment. "Kent, dear," she half-whispered, "I found that letter directed to Bruce Lavell in Lottie's writing; she must have laid it down ready to mail



where Aunt Abby found it. I thought it had been shelved long enough, so I sent it to Bruce, enclosing a line explaining all the circumstances, and the cause of its failure to reach him sooner. Then I held my tongue about it."

"Bruce's fastest horse brought him to the farm as soon as the letter reached him," Nellie laughed merrily, "and he's coming to bring Lottie to see us this fall—on their wedding trip."

"We'll be most happy to see them, and will give them a royal welcome," Kent said emphatically. "I must say, Nell, you managed to have a pretty energetic time, and I'm proud of my wife's diplomacy."

"You can feel prouder of your son," Nellie laughed; "few of his tender months have done as much for others. He's just what his dear Grandma called him, 'an instrument—'"

"A mighty sharp one," Kent interrupted, kissing Nellie's brilliant, joyous face.

"An unconscious instrument," she affirmed, then laughingly added, "for good."

Try Again.

A motto, my friend, for your learning,
"Tis one that the wise may well heed;
For whether you're spending or earning
'Tis a lesson you soon may need;
And if you are running or walking,
Keep steady upon your feet.
Let others do all of the talking,
And laugh when you know you are beat."

This world has plenty of troubles,
Each person has some of his own,
And though sometimes they seem doubles,
Brace up; you are not all alone.
Look them all in the face without frowning,
Prepare for another heat;
Show the world that you're not made for downing,
And laugh when you know you are beat."

—Nellie Fiske Hackett.

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at fifty cents, at any time before Oct. 31, 1907, we will send Free by mail, post paid, Twelve Beautiful Post Cards and a neat Post Card Album, bound in boards, suitably printed cover and, having spaces to hold 24 cards. The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to mail to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

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