By Frederick White Copyright, 1901, by Frederick White 6

tant, for getting away.

The police respected him, but prin- ing upon it.

cipally for the latter gift. he could lay his hands. Dickens was laden air:

mitted him to rest and dip into litera- The children's money!" specting himself, but unfortunately forced to cally forth and again become the hunter and the hunted, usually the money in his pockets. central figure, though unknown, in items of various length in the newspa-

The residence section of the city was invariably the field of his efforts. A day's stroll would disclose the opportunity, and then night and a few necessary implements of trade enabled

him to do the rest. As he walked briskly up the avenue lar attention. Plenty of young men | what, surged in his breast. a discerning eye might have noted that seemed suddenly afflicted with a se- had been led safely through the archvere cold in his head, which necessi- ed doorway. The rattle of engines tated the use of a large handkerchief. Between policemen Shorty's head seemed to be in a perfectly normal

Zurning up a side street, he slackened his pace somewhat, and his trained eye searched every detail of the houses on either side of the way. Ordinary people might have thought them painfully alike, but Shorty knew otherwise. Here was a basement window unguarded by the usual iron frame; there a balcony gave promise of shelter from passing eyes while the win-

dow was being forced. At the corner Shorty passed a church. He had no designs on the church, but the swell of the organ and the sound of children's voices came to him through a half open window. They were devoting all their energies to the

last verse of the carol: Ring the joy bells over all the earth, Stealing, pealing, let them tell his birth, Angel music, let it sweetly tall,

Singing, bringing peace and joy to all. The extra power thrown into the words "joy to all" recalled to Shorty the fact that Sunday schools frequent-Ily gave celebrations for their faithful scholars. Exactly! These children were having a Christmas tree at the church after exhausting the holiday season at

Suddenly he had a desire to see the real thing if they would let him in. The main door opened around the avenue, but the vestry door was at his hand. He'd take a look at it anyway. Shorty started forward, then stopped. Through a swinging baize door came the murmur of voices, then a strange

crackling sound and the cry "Fire!" Shorty was trained to act quickly whatever the emergency. On the corner was a red firebox, and it was the work of only a second to smash the

glass and turn in the alarm. As he ran from the box the children. pale faced and frightened, were pouring through the doors, and above their heads far back in the church he could see the gayly decorated tree blazing in

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a cloud of smoke. He saw that the the water cart through its leathern "What is your scheme? My time is roungsters were being well handled by pipe from the dripping iron post at the limited." youngsters were being well handled by | pipe from the dripping iron post at the | limited." two young men who stood on either pavement edge or the still mere ad- "First of all, you shall build for me a side of the doorway. Then his other mirable proceedings of the turncock mammoth windmill on the banks of nature asserted itself.

To Shorty and his ilk a fire always fountain sprang up in the middle of come crying across Colorado and Kanmeans loot. The habit of years was the street. an archway he looked into the smcke chief resources. filled church. There was no one in Shorty McGovern was what is sight. The burning tree and the smoke about hastily, and his eye rested on terrier. For ten years he was a memstory man." His friends respected him the alms basin, piled high with the ber of the family. Perhaps Ben had for his undeniable ability for geiting children's annual offering. It stood on one bad trait; he would "fight at the

began to cram the envelopes containing a fighter that fights fair, and Ben was fell to protect the lives of your pa-Shorty respected himself sometimes, the money into his overcoat pickets. that kind. I never saw him tackle a trons but not often. After a particularly He must get away before the aremen dog smaller than himself, but have "i'll see you again about this," said good piece of work, when his finances arrived on the scene. The silver plate seen him whip canines apparently would permit, Shorty gave himself up he would button under his overcoat. large enough to eat him. When on the leading the way out through a private to a period of dull respectability, a He worked feverishly, for already the chain, Ben had ways of his own of no-door. All the way out the man kept proceeding rather foreign to the dis- choir stalls were smoldering. He had tifying us of his wants. A steady suc- close to the manager. The elevator position of a "second story man." For the money at last and, ripping open the cession of low barks, with a short inter- dropped them to the ground floor. The days he would keep to his room, read- coat, was about to coneeal the plate val between each bark, indicated that manager called a cab. As the door

organ and childish voices. choked by smoke, with the children's

Angel music, let it sweetly fall, Singing, bringing peace and joy to all. He reached the vestry room. The air was better. He could breathe more freely. A few steps more and he would be safe-safe with the children's mon-

Again came the cry from behind the curtain of flames, "Save the children's

ty's appearance would attract particu- of Shorty. Something, he knew not were doing the same thing. However, The aged rector stood in the aisle as near the burning tree as the heat when he passed a policeman Shorty | would permit. The last of the children | out.

> sounded far down the street and the clang of the fire gorgs. Would they be in time to save the offering that had meant so much personal sacrifice for the children? Then busy to see you." suddenly something black crashed through the lower branches of the tree

and fell over the rail into the aisle. It was a man. The rector sprang forward and dragged him away from the shower of sparks which followed his fall. It was

the disreputable Shorty who looked up into the rector's face. "Unbutton me coat." he gasped. The rector obeyed and with an exwas embarrassed. Instead of a long clamation of surprise caught the silver

plate. He lifted it wonderingly, and Shorty struggled to his feet. "Feel in me pockets. Me hands is looking gentleman. burnt." The rector hurriedly pulled forth the envelopes and started to

a rush of feet, and half a dozen firemen dashed in bearing a hose. Where

there were firemen there would also be so! Ah-h!"

"Got it all?" he yelled at the wondering rector. The latter nodded. "You must come with me. I'm afraid you are badly burned," he murmured

for the door. "It's nothin'," he said. "I did it fer the kids, so's their Christmas wouldn't | ing one leg over the corner of the table be spoiled. S'long." And he pushed his and sagging into a comfortable pose. way through the crowd and vanished. The manager felt fidgety under the Some hours later the pain of his stranger's inquisitive, soul searching urns drove him to the dispensary, eyes. there he told a plausible tale of an erturned lamp and was promptly d properly bandaged. Walking down | conscience. et, he met a friend in the same line cusiness as himself. The obvious ager half playfully, but the man did ssibility of doing any remunera- not smile. work with hands like boxing es appealed to the friend and se- your line."

d Shorty a loan of \$10. Then he The next morning Shorty read an is almost invariably upon a mountain ecount of the fire and also a public that the air plays out. Just when they acknowledgment by the rector of the are needed most is when the brakes bravery of an unknown man who at refuse to work. You know that, don't risk of his own life had saved the you?" hildren's offering, amounting to neary \$300. The rector expressed his deire to meet personally the brave fel- working out a system that will always ow if the latter would communicate, work and save millions of money now etc. Shorty began to feel proud of him- lost in wrecked rolling stock and thou-

elf. This was genuine respectability. sands of useful lives." For one gladsome week he gave himelf over to reading and respectability, but he did not communicate his address. Then the week and the \$10 came to an end simultaneously, and Shorty was forced to take another walk up town with a view to studying

balconies and unbarred windows. Ruskin's Toys. The home rule of Ruskin's mother was well nigh Puritanic in severity. His toys were few and his source of amusement limited. He says: For toys I had a bunch of keys to

play with so long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled, as I grew older I had a cart and a ball and when I was six years old two boxes of well cut wooden bricks. With these modest but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor or counting the bricks in the op-

There were also intervals of rapturous excitement during the filling of

when he turned and turned until a the Missouri. The ceaseless winds that

sas will push the paddles in the big strong upon him. Back to the vestry But the carpet and what patterss I wire L. which, revolving, will drive a he ran and crept through the narrow | could find in bed covers, dresses or | corridor and the baize door. Through | wall papers to be examined were my

How a Dog Told of His Needs. screened him from view. He glanced | Ben was our faithful, jolly old bull and, what was really quite as impor- a table near the reading desk, and drop of the hat." This necessitated sparks from the burning tree were fall- keeping him on a chain most of the time, although I confess deep admira-He rushed forward, snatched it and tion for his ability as a scrapper. I love

MEETING

By Cy Warman

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the man had come to the gate in the

"Wishes to see-Mr. B."

prizefighters enter the ring.

"Yes," assented the manager.

"You have doubtless observed that it

"Well, I've spent sleepless nights

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ing voraciously every book upon which when a voice rang through the smoke it was his mealtime. A quick, sharp closed the man reached through the bark, with long intervals between open window into the carriage, pressed his favorite author, and he loved sto- "The children's money! Can no one each bark, accompanied with low the manager's hand and said signifiwhining, indicated thirst. Loud, steady | cantly, looking deep into the railroad shorty was fond of children and | Shorty crouched low and began to | barking informed us that some one was | man's soul, "You won't lose me!" never disturbed them more than was work his way to the baize door. The coming, and spasmodic, choking bark- The inventor continued to call upon necessary when engaged in his busi- smoke was stiffing. His head throb- ing was his way of letting us know a the manager, every day at first, then ped, and he found himself repeating dog was near and that he was anxious twice a week and later only three or It was when his finances thus per- mechanically: "The children's money! to mix with him. At home we are all four times a month. of the opinion that if the human mem- One evening the general manager sat ture that Shorty came nearest to re- His ears rang with the music of an bers of the family can reason, then so in a box at the theater. Between acts could Ben.-Forest and Stream. there always came a day when he was He wondered if he was going to die.

a gentleman who sat almost directly or a moment. Presently the general anager became aware that his friend and resumed his seat, and, with his aze still on the audience, remarked: lose half the pleasure of the play occause of an innate dread of fire. I wish somebody would invent somehing that would put out fire without rowning people "I can do it," said the man at the 

on the his a Knowing this, the

ood of inneed than, women and

hildren will be upon your head if you

he manager, putting on his hat and

manager's elbow. "How?"

Every morning for a month or more outer office and asked to see the gener-"Exactly. First I would lay a sysal manager. Every morning the office tem of air pipes under the building." boy had given him a blank form to fill The manager felt a chill creeping

slowly over him. Somewhere he had heard that voice before. He began slowly to turn his head, but his neighbor put a hand upon his shoulder and bade him listen. "You tremble when As often as the boy went in with the slip of paper he came back with the your own life is in danger," said the man, "but you do not tremble for the answer, "The general manager is too hundreds of lives that are constantly endangered by your carelessness, nar-In time the employees learned to look rowness and stinginess. On yonder not at the clock for the hour of 10, but mountain side tonight people play at to the gate that swung in the low the open door of death as"fence. When he had come and gone

"Ahem!" said the manager's friend,

door of the private office, leaving the away. Always after that the manager cartwo men alone. The general manager ried about with him a haunting dread haired, hollow eyed crank, with soiled of the wind crank. He would turn a all orders to linen covering his concaved chest, his corner in a crowded street and meet caller was a well dressed, intelligent him face to face, and for the briefest moment the man would search the soul "Delighted, delighted, Mr. B.," said of the manager. Once in the city that the stranger, advancing with out-stretched hand. "So good of you to see they held a great exhibition, and the I know how busy you are! Just so, just so! Ah-h!"

come the president of the United States. The moment he came to the

The men shook hands hurriedly, ey- edge of the platform and faced the ring each other precisely as a pair of prizefighters enter the ring.

waiting multitude, waiting not to hear the railroad man, but the president, he became embarrassed. "Ladies and gen-The manager noticed for the first time a peculiar look in the man's eyes. tlemen," he began, "I see before me"--"Sit down," said the stranger, and the like a schoolboy who has forgotten his like a schoolboy who has forgotten his Shorty shook his head and started railway man sank back into his swing-lines. Before him rose the gaunt face ing chair. "I shan't take much of your time—this time," said the visitor, hookfront row, towering above his neigh-

Pulling himself together, the railroad man went on. His friends began to tremble for him. What he said had nothing to do with the exhibition, the "I've got a good thing," said the man, president or the people there assemkeeping his eyes upon the manager's bled. "The company has always en-"I was afraid of that," said the mandeavored to keep abreast of the times. We have adopted every safety appliance that has been invented, but so long as human hands, guided by the "You have some heavy grades on

brain of man"-At that point a man who was intelligent when he was sober broke in on the orator, "Oh, come offen th' perch an' let som'on' talk 'at can talk sense!" Blushing to the very roots of his hair. this local orator, the man who had. been called "the Chauncey of the

west." stumbled from the stage. At last the long winter came to an end, and the inventor went away with the snow. At all events, the manager had been rid of him for a long while when one day his special stood upon a short spur near the mountain top waiting for the eastbound overland express. Presently the party were made aware of the approach of the opposing train, but instead of the low singing of the rail, for which they had been listening, they heard suddenly the roar of a runaway train and the frantic cry of a locomotive for brakes. The flagman who had opened the switch to let the special back in on the spur stood there waiting to let them out again when the express should pass. All the people had climbed down from the waiting train to stretch themselves. The engineer was oiling his engine. The fireman had climbed up a bank to gather some wild flowers that grew where a little stream of clear cold water gurgled from the rocks. Seeing the flagman still holding to the switch, the general manager ran toward him, calling to him to let go

and stand back. What might have happened if the manager had remained quiet no man knoweth, but when the flagman saw him coming and heard him shouting without understanding what he was saying he glanced nervously in the direction of the approaching train. The wild engine at that moment rounded a

curve and headed down a short tan-(Continued on page seven.)

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