

HIS BREAD RETURNED

He had kept the country store for years. The sign read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley" to everybody.

Then the old man took his nephew in as partner. They built an addition to the store and bought a big bill of new goods.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts.

The goods came promptly, but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon, a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house.

The supper-bell rang three times before the old man stirred. As he came down the walk his wife saw there was something the matter, and met him in the yard.

"We are ruined!" he said, in a lifeless tone, handing her a letter. "Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?" she asked, hopefully.

"Surely there will be some way out," she urged.

"There is no way out," he said, hopelessly, as he sank into a rocking chair. He looked very old, and on his gentle face was blank weariness.

"No, there is no way out," he repeated, in a monotonous tone. "That money was all I could raise; it was everything I have made in twenty years."

"But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

"No," said the old man, bitterly. "People never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them."

The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money-lender of the community, and offered to mortgage everything.

"No," said Adams. "Your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need."

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end.

They sat in the shade in front of the blacksmith shop. It was an informal gathering of farmers, who, on hearing the news, had ridden in to learn the particulars.

"Too bad for Uncle Charley!" said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him with his pocketknife. "Too bad!" and they all shook their heads.

"He's been a great help to this community," said another. "There never was a more accommodating man," added a third.

And then they talked of how they had always trusted the nephew, and how soon the old man would be closed out, and wondered what he would then do for a living.

There was one, the poorest and most shiftless man in the neighborhood, who had not spoken.

"Something ought to be done, man. He could hardly control his voice. 'It'll be a lowdown shame to let Uncle Charley be sold out.'"

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly.

"I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me. When I came here I didn't have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked me for it once. The doctor was fixing me up some medicine, he called my wife up one side and says, 'Mrs. Todd, you send one of the boys down to the store and get what you need, and Jim can pay for it when he gets well.'"

"Now, see here," continued Todd, "I am a mighty poor man, but Bills says he will give me a hundred dollars for my bay mare, and I'm going to sell her and give the money to Uncle Charley to help pay off the debt." Several others volunteered to help.

"I don't think," said Mings, "that it would be best to give him money. He wouldn't feel right about it, you know. It ain't so much the loss of the money; he can make that back in three or four years, but it's just taken all the stiffening out of the old man, and he lost all heart. If we could fix it some way so he could go on with the store and see some way to pay out, it would be just the boost he needs."

"Say, don't you suppose Adams would loan him the money?" asked one.

"Oh, Adams would loan it to him quick enough if he had the security, but how's he going to get it?" asked Willis.

"Well, I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man John's note for three thousand."

And so said every man there. A note was made out and put in the hands of Haney. The word was quickly passed round, and for two or three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note.

"He lent me fifty dollars when he was hard up," said one.

"He helped Tom get through school when I was too poor to help myself," said a father who was now well to do.



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CHARLES F. MOWBRAY,

34 Wilton Avenue, TORONTO.

THE PAYING TELLER

"After working all day, many is the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the paper, "I was too worthless to kill. But Uncle Charley called me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

"I would not put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney, how kind Uncle Charley has been to us. The winter after Jim died Lizzie went up to the store one day almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then gave her a pair of shoes. He's done lots of things like that."

"He is always so jolly and whole-souled you can't help but feel that he is interested in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute.

There were but four more days of grace. The old man sat crouching in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. The whimsical humor, the independence, the courage were all gone. He was a poor, hopeless old man down, never to rise again.

Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in, and then more, until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch. The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss.

There was an awkward half-hour in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly and stood before Johns, trying to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man, and managed to say:

"Maybe it'll help you."

The old man looked at the paper. It was a note for three thousand dollars, due in three years, all ready for his signature. Below was the name of almost every man in the community as security.

The old man tried to speak, but could only call:

"Mary!"

His wife came quickly and looked at the paper.

"Thank 'em, ma; I can't!" said the old man, with a sob in his voice. The tears running down her face as she turned toward the men. They were all looking away.

"I can't either," she said, as she slipped down beside her husband, with her arm round his neck, "but they know."

"Looks sorter like rain over in the south-west," said Todd. "Guess we had better be going, boys."

Cheapest of all Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

Pictures Drawn in Fire

Dissolve saltpetre in cold water till the liquid is completely saturated with it. This can be seen by the fact that bits of the saltpetre will at last refuse to dissolve. Dip a fine brush or pointed stick into the solution and draw the outline of an animal or any other desired figure on a piece of paper. Use paper that has not printing on it. Let the paper dry thoroughly. The picture will be invisible then, or almost so. Now hold it flat, light a match, blow it out and touch a part of the drawing with the glowing end. The saltpetre will catch fire at once and the tiny flame will burn all along the lines of the drawing, leaving the paper intact.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. These accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation through gentle is effective and the most delicate can use them.

The institution was too new to be treated with aught save reverence and awe, but there was more than one who dared suggest that David Prescott had erred in making his daughter Marion his paying teller. Not that Marion was not suited to the place, but that even the scarcest knew that a woman teller was unusual.

Comment did not worry Prescott. His holding in the bank amounted to more than 90 per cent. of the capital invested, and at the directors' meeting he had offered to make another choice if the board could suggest any one better qualified through acquaintance or experience at figures. That settled the matter officially, and when the spick and span new office opened it was Marion's pretty blonde head which was seen through the plate-glass square lettered "Paying Teller."

Bert Howard was the receiving teller, and this was further cause for gossip, for Bert had been a willing slave to Marion ever since the days when he used to drag her to school on his sled.

Many comments had been made in the post-office and around the stove in Van Zan's grocery, but after Ned Davis had been soundly thrashed by Howard for suggesting that if the pair of tellers held their positions long enough they would have no trouble starting life properly, there was an abrupt cessation of this sort of gossip, and the bank officers were accented without further comment.

But it was not pleasant sailing for Bert and Marion. He had been given his position, not because Prescott approved of his suit for Marion's hand, but because like Marion he had been the most available person for the position. Prescott, in his hard, deep-pitched voice, had assured the young man that if he ever caught a glimpse of love-making in business hours there would be an imported teller in the bank in twenty-four hours.

So it was that man and maid were content with such satisfaction as could come from the knowledge of the other's propinquity, and even Tony Dwight, who would have been glad to see his rival disposed of, could find no cause for tale bearing.

Dwight, with Prescott, Bert and Marion, constituted the clerical force of the First National, and, oddly enough, Prescott, usually an excellent judge of character, favored Tony's aspirations for Marion's hand. The one unpleasant feature of her position was the fact that she had frequently consulted Tony as book-keeper, and he never let pass an opportunity to press his suit.

Then the agent of the Chester Bank Vault Company came to Scarcrest one noon hour, driving over from the nearest railroad town behind a pair of spanking bays. Curtis was in the corner of the card he presented to Prescott, as he stroled unannounced into the president's office.

But selling bank vaults was apparently not his principal business, for after a while Prescott came out of the office. "Here is a check for which Mr. Curtis wants the cash," he said, thrusting the slip of paper through the window to Marion. "You have a package of thousand-dollar bills in the corner of the small safe. There are twenty-five of them. He will take the other half in hundreds."

Marion looked curiously at her father's face, white and drawn.

"Are you sure this is all right?" Curtis laughed lightly.

He moved closer to the bank president, and Prescott, with the muzzle of a revolver pressing into his side, could only nod his assent. Curtis had assured him that at the first sign of attempted communication with any of the two clerks he would be shot, and he would be safe in the country before the crime was discovered. Prescott was a brave man, but he agreed with Curtis' argument that the money would do him little good if he were to be shot for refusing it.

Marion gave one more curious glance at the pair and turned towards the vault. In a moment she returned. "Oh, Bert," she called, "will you please come here and help me to wrap this box?"

Howard went to her aid, while Curtis fled about, urging Prescott to make haste. There was small danger of interruption from a customer or from Tony, who hustled at that hour, but being a skilled workman, he liked to see a job done expeditiously.

In a couple of minutes the package was turned. Marion carried a package of bills, while Howard swung a bag covered with wax seals.

"I shall have to give you some gold," said Marion, sweetly, as she tumbled the bills on the shelf beneath the window of her cage and prepared to count. "You see, we keep most of our reserve on deposit in town, and for local purposes we have mostly small bills."

"I would mind do," responded Curtis, amiably. "I am not particular, thought, of course, the large bills are easier to handle."

Howard came around the corner with the gold, but before Curtis could grasp the bag of coin it descended upon his head with force sufficient to knock his heavy felt hat over. His eyes and stun him before the ready pistol in his coat pocket could be fired.

Ten minutes later, under the reviving influence of ice water applied externally and brandy in internal applications, Curtis woke up. Howard stood over him, completing the work of securing him with a rope.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Curtis," he said, blandly, "for not recognizing you more quickly; but, you see, the slip sent out by the Bank of Tacoma gave your name as Peters, alias Mauvel, and other names. In fact, Miss Prescott was the first to see your game. No, I wouldn't hang Miss Prescott," he continued, as he caught the muttered exclamation. "You know the proverb about curses and chickens roosting home. There is that little matter of killing the president and the cashier of the First National of Caswell—" He turned to greet the sole peace officer of which the town boasted.

"That's him," shouted Tony, from the rear. "I saw him walk up and hit him over the head."

Constant Post looked about awkwardly. "I'm afraid there's some mistake," he growled. "You told me it was Mr. Howard that was to be arrested."

"Arrest Howard!" shouted Prescott. "Why, he's just knocked out one of the slickest bank thieves in the country, and saved my life as well. Dwight, you get out of here, you miserable little sneak. Bert, I'll double the reward the Bank of Tacoma offers, and if you and Marion can't worry along on that and your salary you don't deserve to get married. Post, you take this fellow over to the lockup and give him a headache powder. I guess he needs it after that clip Bert gave him. I'm going to the telegraph office. Bert, you and Marion stay here and fix things up."

From his glance one could not tell whether he meant the disorderer of office or more important matters. Bert and Marion knew, or at least they used their own judgment.

Country of Wide Eyed Dreams

Where are you journeying, little boy, So far from the world and me? Your round, blue eyes are aight with joy At something I cannot see.

Wonderful visions of dewy dells, Where spirits flit to and fro On shadowy wings and weave their spells O'er the pilgrims that come and go.

Fire eyed goblins that grin and nod At the fluttering butterflies, Fairies asleep 'neath golden rod That bends under autumn skies.

All these must lie on the road you tread And beckon you on the while Toward the light that is lingering on ahead In the land of the rainbow's smile.

Take me with you, far seeing elf, To that realm where you are today, Where worldly cares and thoughts of self Are ever so far away.

Show me the wonders your little eyes Have learned to discover there, For I see them light with a pleased surprise As you sit in the rocking chair.

And, swinging so dreamily, look away To a country beyond my ken, A country I fear you will seek some day And never come back again.

Yet I know no way that a child may go, With a fair and cloudless brow And never a shadow of pain or woe, But the one, you are traveling now.

—James Montague.

Calendar for January 1905. Includes days of the month, days of the week, and religious observances such as Circumcision of our Lord, Epiphany, and various Sundays after Epiphany.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. 125 Courses by mail—courses for every boy and girl, man and woman in Canada—Education brings success—study at home in your spare time. Learn while you are earning.

When Bobby was Rich "When I get rich I'm going to have everything I want," said Bobby, looking wistfully after the ice cream man with his jingling bells. I'll have ice cream every day and maybe twice a day.

St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by D. Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

"Come off, Bob," he said. "If we are not home by dinner time, Hattie, you will know that we haven't finished our purchases yet." "Let's sit right down here and eat the peanuts," proposed Bobby, when his uncle paid for five sacks of the crisp warm nuts. "They smell so good."

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy comprises seven Branches suitable to the Education of Young Ladies. In the Academic Department special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Fine Arts, Music and Early Preparation.

"I don't want to be rich," wailed Bobby. "I want my mamma." And what do you think Uncle Frank did? He just picked up the little boy and in less than five minutes mamma was doctoring her small son and making him comfortable on the big lounge.

School of Practical Science TORONTO. The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

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Do you wish to be at peace? Think less of yourself and a little more of God. "Sweet Heart of my Lord Jesus, teach me a complete forgetfulness of myself!" Shall we ever attain to it? We must pray for that. The universe was made for every one of us, and for each one the world will be fair and pleasant in the degrees in which he strives to make it so for others.