



Healthy Boys need good Bread

When little lad comes in, cheeks aflame from his romp in the open, what will more quickly reconcile him to the indoors than a big slice of bread and butter and sugar, or a bowl of bread and milk?

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Makers of Tillson's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour

ALL FOR LOVE.

PHILIP'S PROTEGE.
CHAPTER XI.

The boy, whose name he had learned, was Nathan, was of a coarser type, but not nearly so ill-favored as he had appeared in his rags and filth and unkempt locks. At first he would not have much to say to Philip, regarding him askance, answering only in monosyllables when spoken to, and often sulkily turning his face to the wall, refusing to talk at all. One day Philip mentioned that he had returned the purse and money to the lady to whom they belonged, whereupon Nathan turned upon him with blazing eyes.

"Yer goin' tell cop?" he demanded fiercely; "and Zieba—she not come mit me to jail—she die."
It had been ascertained that the children were orphans, who, since their mother's death less than a year before, had lived in a room little better than a closet, rented for a pittance from a woman almost as destitute as themselves; and Nathan, whose life was centred in his little sister, had begged, stolen, or worked, as opportunity offered, to provide as best he could for their daily needs. It was a pitiful story, and Philip was deeply touched by it.

to jail, because I think you are going to promise me that you will never steal again," kindly returned Philip, who discerned the terrible fear that was haunting him. "You do not like to steal do you?" he added gravely.

The boy shot a searching look at him, then turned frowningly away, and preserved a sulkily silence.

"Wouldn't you rather work, and earn money honestly, to take care of Zieba?" Philip persisted.

Nathan's upper lip curled bitterly over his strong white teeth.

"Work!—mit who?" he sneered.

"That we shall have to decide after I find out whether you would prefer to work or to steal; whether you would rather grow up to be a thief and have Zieba ashamed of you, and always afraid that you might have to go to jail, or to have her proud and happy because you were honest and respectable," Philip quietly replied.

A dark flush surged hotly up over the boy's face, and he moved restlessly upon his pillow.

"Zieba—my Zieba—shamed mit me," he muttered, with a troubled look; then choked up suddenly.

"You never thought of that before, did you, Nathan?" said Philip kindly. "You only thought you had to take care of her and it did not much matter how, so that she did not go hungry. Now, if I will help you to a better way, will you promise never to steal again—for her sake, as well

as your own?"

"How?" curly demanded the boy, with averted eyes.

"You could begin by learning to take care of an office, clean windows, black boots, and run of errands—"

"Mit who?"

"Well, you might begin with me. I have just taken an office here in the city, and I want a boy to do odd jobs for me. Wouldn't you like to try this better way to take care of your little sister?"

Nathan glanced at the child, who was sitting on Philip's knee, looking at a picture book he had brought her, and his chin began to quiver. Then he suddenly threw himself over in his cot, with his face to the wall and lay still without replying, his shoulders heaving with repressed feeling.

Philip, observing these signs of emotion, knew that he was not sulking this time. He gently put Zieba down and arose to go.

"Think it over, Nathan," he said in a friendly tone; "and tell me to-morrow when I come, if you would like to be my office boy when you get well. But—very gravely—"I shall expect you to promise to be strictly honest from now on."

The result of this interview was very gratifying, for Nathan greeted him with a beaming face the next day, all signs of distrust and fear having vanished. Zieba was sitting beside him on his cot, where they had been looking over her book together. "I come mit you, sir," he said

eagerly. "I never swipe again, and Zieba not be 'shamed mit me any more—my Zieba." As he concluded he lifted the child's tiny hand and kissed it passionately.

Philip had already written to Miss Prue, telling her of the accident to the children, also of his desire to reclaim them from the life they had been living, and asking if she knew of any good farmer and his wife in her neighborhood who would be willing to take them to board, as soon as they were discharged from the hospital, so that they might have the benefit of the country air and living during the next two or three months. He knew he was laying himself open to criticism and disappointment in trying the seemingly hopeless experiment of reforming a young heathen so steeped in crime as Nathan appeared to be, but the boy's intense love for his sister had impressed him deeply, and he believed the venture worth trying; at any rate his humanity revolted against allowing the delicate little girl to go back into the life she had been living. He would save her at least.

Miss Russell wrote back, immediately, that he was to send the children directly to her; she was deeply interested in his plans and wanted the privilege of helping on the good work. Thus it happened that the two youngsters were sent to her, in the care of a conductor, the day before the Armstrong party was to come off at York Harbor. At the earnest invitation of Teddy, Philip had rather reluctantly consented to honor her occasion with his presence.

"You don't look very happy over it," Ted had laughingly observed, as he noted his hesitation. "I suppose it is because Beth is with us. But I want you two to settle up that old grudge and be done with it."

"Well, you know that she ran away from me when I went to New Hampshire. It looks as if she doesn't care to make it up," said Philip thoughtfully.

"That is all nonsense! The idea of you two holding each other at arm's length all your lives just because of that old childish tiff," argued Teddy intolerantly. "Besides you are both very dear friends of ours. You'll have to meet as our guests, now and then, and I can't be looking out for breakers ahead all the time. So come down to-morrow, Phil, and I'll fix it so that you and Lady Beth will have a chance to fight it out by yourselves."

"All right," Philip assented, and proceeded to arrange his plans accordingly.

The Armstrong home being overfull just at that time, Ted engaged a room for Philip at a near-by hotel, an arrangement that suited him capitally.

As Philip stepped off the train at the York Harbor Station late the next afternoon, some one rushed swiftly past him, and the next moment a joyous voice exclaimed just behind him:

"Oh, Agnes, how glad I am you could come! Then your mother is really better. Was she willing to spare you?"

"Yes, mamma is doing nicely, and would not hear a word about my giving up my visit. It is lovely of you, dearie, to come to meet me."

Somehow both voices sounded familiar to Philip, and, turning to get a look at the speakers, his heart bounded with a shock into his throat as he saw a tall, slender girl, clad in a long Rajah travelling coat, and instantly recognized her as the younger of the two ladies whom he had seen in the automobile at the North Station in Boston a few weeks previous; while the other who had greeted her as "Agnes" was the little lady whom he had rescued from the lawless hands of his protege, Nathan.

She seemed even more lovely to-day than she did then, clad in an immaculate costume of embroidered linen, a ravishing hat of white lace with great nodding plumes set jauntily upon her head, her small feet encased in dainty white shoes, and carrying a great white lace parasol in her silken-gloved hands. Philip stood transfixed, a tremor of pleasurable excitement pervading him in view of this unexpected encounter.

Who could she be—this bright little fairy? Her tall friend had called her dearie, as before, the indefiniteness of which he mentally resented.

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Prof. A. T. Smith.

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However, he secretly resolved to make the most of this opportunity, and try to locate and identify both ladies before his return to Boston.

At this instant the little lady in white glanced up, and, finding the gentleman's eyes intently fastened upon her, started slightly in surprise, a faint color suffusing her cheeks. Then, bending her head and smiling sweetly in token of recognition, as he instinctively lifted his hat, she turned away with her friend, leading the way to a waiting carriage, and both were out of sight before Philip recovered himself sufficiently to realize how rudely he had been staring at the beautiful unknown.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING.

That same evening, about an hour before the guests were expected to arrive, Philip slipped over to the Armstrong home from the hotel. He had promised to go early to have a quiet chat with his friend before the fun began. He found Ted in the library, and together they smoked their after-dinner cigar while they chatted upon various topics interesting to both.

At length Philip, glancing at his companion with an uneasy smile, remarked:

"You haven't told me yet how you propose to arrange for me to settle that old faux pas of mine, Ted. I confess I am rather dreading the ordeal."

"Well, then, the sooner you get it over with, the better for you both," Teddy returned with his customary alertness. "Muriel is going to sing once or twice to-night, and I heard Beth tell her, at dinner, she would dress early and run over the accommodations before any one came, so as to be sure of herself; I think she came down a few minutes ago. There she is now," as a skillful hand swept over the keyboard of a piano in a room across the hall. "Wait a few minutes; then go to her, and—good luck attend you."

They listened in silence until the musician finished, when Philip arose, stood a moment irresolute; then, with a shrug of his shoulders and a half-sleepish glance at his friend, he left the room, whereupon Teddy grinned with secret delight.

(To be continued.)

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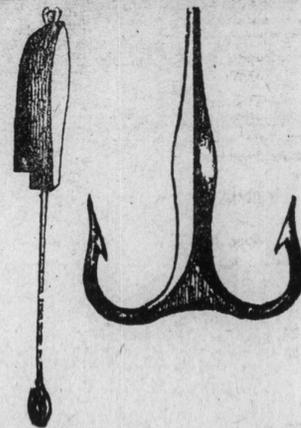


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