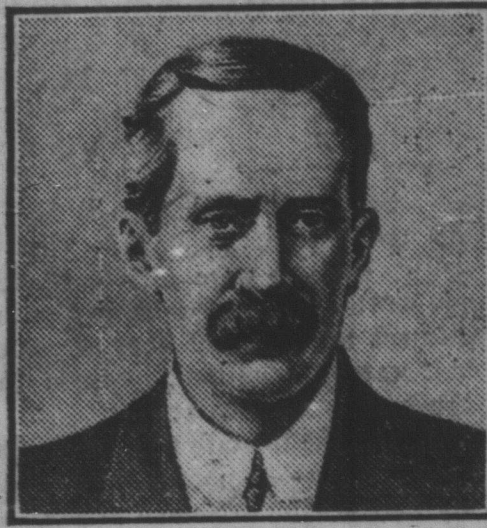


WHOLE FAMILY USES THEM

"Fruit-a-lives" Keeps Young And Old In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND Esq. SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th, 1913 "Fruit-a-lives" are the only pills manufactured, to my way of thinking...

Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them."

J. W. HAMMOND. Those who have been cured by "Fruit-a-lives" are proud and happy to tell a sick or ailing friend about these wonderful tablets made from fruit juices.

TRUTH SHALL SURVIVE.

(James Russel Lowell.)

Once to every man and nation Comes the moment to decide, In the strife of truth with falsehood...

SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

It's the sunlight of the heart that makes sweet the way; It's the sunlight of the heart, not the sunlight of the day...

Twin Prodigals

(Continued from page six.)

to wait a little longer till passage can be made for safe crossing. By the time he and Percy get over the cab is out of sight...

"You certainly have," replies Percy warmly, "and if at any time I can be of any assistance to you, let me know, for I am as anxious as you are to have him where he cannot harm me or any one else, for a while at least."

When they next meet, will be under rather peculiar circumstances. As Percy is not far from Fifth Avenue, he decides to go home, instead of to the office, as first intended...

"The Saints preserve us!" she exclaims as she catches sight of Percy. "Come in quick. And is it yourself for sure. Yes I can see it is our own Mr. Percy and not the dirty villain who has been round here the last six weeks."

"I knew he would not fool you. But where are all the folks." "They are out," Mr. Percy. But you go right up to your room and fix up, while I get the best lunch you ever ate, for you must be starved. And may all the Saints in the calendar kape ye from going away again and—"

That good woman gets busy preparing the good things she knows so well that "Mr Percy" likes. Percy, who is hungry after his long ride in the train, loses no time and is quite ready for the summons to the dining-room.

"Now, Percy, I have listened to this long enough, and I want it clearly understood that my judgment is best." And with a wave of her hand, as Percy seemed about to speak, "What would Marion think, to hear you talk this way."

"My son, this has gone far enough. I am convinced that Marion thinks there is no one quite like you, and it is my wish that you—"

"Come into the library and I will tell you all about it." After being comfortably seated, Percy proceeds to tell his mother the story of his adventures since leaving home till the present time, but as the reader knows about it, we will not tax his patience by repeating.

As Percy left nothing out, his mother listened like one paralyzed, and the tears fell unheeded from her eyes, as the tale unfolded. But as Percy began to tell of Maudie's great kindness to him, and of her furnishing him the means to get suitable clothes and funds to buy a ticket to get home, Mrs. Van Ness interrupted him with, "My son give me the address of this young person at once, and I will send her a check immediately; for I do not care to have you, a Van Ness, indebted to her for one moment longer than is necessary. I am extremely obliged, and grateful to her; and she has shown a fine spirit in thus befriending you, but of course, she knew you were a gentleman even if you were dressed like a tramp."

"But mother," Percy broke in, "please excuse me, but you cannot imagine my needs. You know I knew positively nothing about work, and had not even a dime to get a mouthful to eat, or a place to sleep; and Maudie Parish, —"

"Oh do not speak of that dreadful person in my presence." "Now, mother you know as long as he could fool you, and make you believe he was your son, and I have no doubt he could and did, you thought him a fine young gentleman. And mother, he told me that night at the Ritz Hotel in Boston, that he was a Southerner and a relative of General Lee's. But why he lives the life he does and dragging his sister with him (for they are orphans) I do not know. But I do know this, that Maud Parish looks, and acts a lady, and is living a clean life now and will have nothing whatever to do with her reprobate brother. In fact he sent her that very money she gave me yesterday to come to New York herself, and she refused, which enabled me to be in your presence at this moment. She is working in Jordan and Marsh's for four dollars and twenty-five cents a week. I mean to help her to something better, as soon as it is in my power to do so. I know what it is now mother to have to work to earn my bread."

The face of Mrs. Van Ness is a study as she patiently listens to this rather long speech, but does not relent, and wishing to have the matter settled as quickly as possible, replies: "My son I insist on having this woman's address, so—"

"Mother, I cannot let you do for me what is right to do myself; and if you will be so kind as to lend me the money till I can pay you back, —" but the lady only shook her head.

"That will not do at all, I cannot have you writing to this girl. Think of it, my son, you are a Van Ness." "But, mother, not longer ago than day before yesterday, I was known as Jim Parrish the brother of this girl, as you are pleased to call her; and it was through her efforts I was able to secure a job, to earn my food and board. Mother, have you no heart? You surely must feel grateful enough to allow me the privilege of sending her that money and thanking her for her great kindness. What would she think of me, to have you send her a check signed, 'To Miss Maud Parish, from Mrs. T. Van Ness with many thanks for your kindness to my son?' Do you know I think she would be tempted to return it; for she is rather a high-spirited young person, as you style her. But mother, do not let us quarrel over what is clearly my affair. Really you must let me manage it myself; and if you will not lend me the money, and father will not, I shall return it as soon as I have earned it."

privilege of doing as I wish in this affair." "Yes! Yes! Percy, go ahead. And here is a check (producing a check-book) and be sure and make it big enough, that is all, if you do not I will."

"Now Celia, you are wrong, and Percy is right. So let it pass, and be glad there is one sensible young woman in the world."

"Thomas, what will our friends think, should this get abroad?" "Friends who question right doing are not worthy of the name," replied her husband.

Percy, after writing out a check, hands the book back to his father with many thanks. "Let me see that check, Percival," he demands.

After glancing over it, he exclaims: "Tut! Tut! You are far too modest my son. And tearing up the check which Percy has written, fills in another, and hands it to that astonished young man, who when he sees the figures gasps.

"A thousand thanks father. I will not forget this, and I promise to work like a trojan."

Mrs. Van Ness is very angry at the turn of affairs; but she has learned that when her husband takes a thing into his head to do, it is no use to argue about it.

"Please excuse me, as I see I will have time to write and post my letter before dinner," Percy says, and leaves the room.

I think we will go too, for I am sure we do not want to share in the scolding in store for Papa Van Ness. As Percy sits down to write, we will take the liberty to look over his shoulder. This is what we see:

"Dear Maudie:— I am home as you can see by this Fifth Avenue, New York, heading. My father has received the prodigal with open arms. On learning of your exceeding great kindness to his only son, he was touched and pleased when I told him how you helped me to get work and left me money to come to Boston to do it. The check you will find in this letter is only a small token of his and my appreciation of your kindness. Maudie, I hope you are just a little lonely tonight. Now I am not there remember what you said. I shall hold you to your promise; and some day in the near future, when I have proved my ability to be a worker, I will come. I will write every day and expect you to do the same. And—"

But the door opens and Mr. Van Ness entered the room and is very much surprised at the way he has been taken in for over a month. Percy has to go over the whole story once more. As he comes to the part where he speaks of Maudie meeting him and helping him to find work and furnish him with the means to come home, his father interrupts him with "noble girl! I would like to shake hands with her, and if my life is spared, I will, if I have to go to Boston to do it."

"Now, Mr. Van Ness, you will not be so foolish as to commit yourself in any such way. As I told Percy, I will send the girl a check, and thank her, and in a week she will forget all about it; and that is what she should do."

"Now, mother, I will appeal to father, if after all Maudie did for me, if that would not be down-right cowardice. Father you can see as I do, can you give me the address of this young person at once, and I will send her a check immediately; for I do not care to have you, a Van Ness, indebted to her for one moment longer than is necessary. I am extremely obliged, and grateful to her; and she has shown a fine spirit in thus befriending you, but of course, she knew you were a gentleman even if you were dressed like a tramp."

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see the feeble old beggar, who was not far away. After the limosine is out of sight the man, who seems to be in no hurry, slowly crosses the avenue and stops in the shelter of an angle in the wall which runs along between the two homes. He can see all that passes in and out of the Van Ness mansion. For some time no one moves, but at last James comes out and passes down the avenue and Sarah and the small girl who assists the cook, leaving only Nora and the cook on guard. Now is the time, and crossing the avenue after looking up and down, and being sure no "cop" is in sight, he goes quickly round toward the servants' entrance and taking a key from his pocket and unlocking the door is soon inside. He carefully closes the door after him, but does not lock it. Slipping off his outer coat and the false beard and wig,—! Jim Parish stands before us. As he knows the cook is rather deaf and James and the others are out, leaving only Nora upstairs on duty, he feels pretty sure of being able to rattle the house of some valuables. But he must work quickly. He is a little afraid of having some trouble in keeping Nora quiet, and not interfering with him in his plan to rob the mansion. He knows now that Martel is in the City. That worthy will hunt him to the death if possible, but he chuckles to himself, as he thinks of how he passed him only a few hours ago, and never noticed him at all. Quietly passing up the stairs from the basement he finds as he supposed that Nora is on guard. An angry scowl crosses his face as he thinks of the blow she gave him; and it bodes ill for the faithful girl, if she tries to thwart his plans. He carries in one hand a small rope, and in his right hand a revolver. Brave man, to approach one small woman with a gun and a rope, but his case is desperate and he will take no chances. As he comes into the hall, Nora sees him, and also how he is armed. Can we blame her if her heart jumped into her throat, as it were for a moment. She stood staring at him without uttering a sound.

"Hello Nora, me darlint! and is it yourself?" he leans. "Now do not make a noise, for if you do it will be worse for you. But just come here and sit down in this big chair, and have a good rest, while I have a look around."

Trembling, the frightened girl does as she is bid, knowing her utter helplessness at the hands of the outlaw which she now knows him to be. After tying her as he thinks securely to the heavy chair, and telling her for a comforter, that at her first cry—well, he points the ugly weapon in his hand in a rather nerve-racking way, and proceeds to the dining-room where he gathers all the silver available and leaves it near the basement door, in the thick bag brought for that purpose.

Nora tries to think what to do, if she could only get the rope untied. As she tries she finds one of the knots is not very secure and working away is at last able to get one hand free. But just here her gaoler looks in to see how she is doing, on his way up-stairs. But in the dim light he did not notice any difference and went his way. How the heart of the frightened girl beat. But she only looked at him with angry eyes, and said never a word. But, oh! she thought lots. But as he did not know that it did not matter, she can hear him going from room to room and hasten to free herself, for if she can succeed in doing so, she can go to the telephone and speak loud enough to be heard by central.

At last she is free, and, tiptoeing to the phone, and picking up the receiver she soon has central.

"Can you hear?" "Yes," comes the answer. "Then will you please get O— Theatre and ask the usher to tell the Van Nesses they are being robbed and send help quickly?" "Yes! Yes!"

And Nora glides back to her chair and tries to make the rope look as Jim Parish left it.

In a short time, she hears someone cautiously inserting a latch-key in the front door and very quickly the door opens, and Percy accompanied by several policemen step quietly inside the hall and close the door.

Nora with great presence of mind, does not utter a sound, but waits till Percy coming along spies her. But with her finger to her lip to enjoin silence, he comes close and she whispers "I am all right. I was tied but I am free now. Jim Parish is upstairs."

And Percy, passing the word to the officers, pass quietly up the stairs. Having removed their shoes, they make no sound.

Nora slips into a small room which is used for coats and umbrellas, where she is well hidden, and she can also hear the bell.

As the men pass silently along the corridor they follow the sounds first discernible in Mrs. Van Ness' morning room, where our burglar is making a rich haul, as he knows just where the valuables are kept, Jim Parish did not live in the Van Ness' home six weeks without finding out where the jewels were kept, and any money also. He has filled his pockets, and also a large bag fastened with a strap across

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