

"I do declar' he tak's more fash after yon little yaller beastie than iver he does after his own flesh," she muttered.

"Wullie, ma wee doggie! Wullie, where are ye? James Moore, he's gone—ma Wullie's gone!" cried the little man, running about the yard, searching everywhere.

"Cannot 'a' gotten far," said the Master, reassuringly, looking about him.

"Niver no tellin'," said Sam'l, appearing on the scene, pig-bucket in hand. "I misdoot yo'll iver see your dogagin, mister." He turned sorrowfully to M'Adam.

That little man, all dishevelled, and with the perspiration standing on his face, came hurrying out of the cow-shed and danced up to the Master.

"It's robbed I am—robbed, I tell ye!" he cried, recklessly. "Ma wee Wull's bin stolen while I was ben your hoose, James Moore!"

"Yo' munna say that, ma mon. No robbin' at Kenmuir," the Master answered, sternly.

"Then where is he? It's for you to say."

"I've ma own idee, I 'ave," Sam'l announced opportunely, pig-bucket up-lifted.

M'Adam turned on him. "What, man? What is it?"

"I misdoot yo'll iver see your dogagin, mister," Sam'l repeated, as if he was supplying the key to the mystery.

"Noo, Sam'l, if yo' know owt tell it," ordered his master.

Sam'l grunted sulkily.

"Where's oor Bob, then?" he asked.

At that M'Adam turned on the Master.

"Tis that, nae doot. It's yer gray dog, James Moore, yer — dog. I might he' kent it,"—and he loosed off a volley of foul words.

"Sweerin' will no find him," said the Master, coldly. "Noo, Sam'l."

The big man shifted his feet, and looked mournfully at M'Adam.

"Twas 'appen 'alf an hour ago, when I sees oor Bob goin' oot o' yard wi' little yaller tyke in his mouth. In a minnit I looks agin—and ther! little yaller 'un was gone, and oor Bob a-sittin' a-lickin' his chops. Gone for iver, I do reck'n. Ah, yo' may well take on, Tammas Thornton!" For the old man was rolling about the yard, bent double with merriment.

M'Adam turned on the Master with the resignation of despair.

"Man, Moore," he cried, piteously, "it's yer gray dog has murdered ma wee Wull! Ye have it from yer ain man."

"Nonsense," said the Master, encouragingly. "Tis but yon girt oof."

Sam'l tossed his head and snorted.

"Coom, then, and I'll show yo'," he said, and led the way out of the yard.

And there below them on the slope to the stream, sitting like Justice at the Courts of Law, was Owd Bob.

Straightway Sam'l, whose humor was something of the calibre of old Ross's, the sexton, burst into horse-merriment.

"Why's he sittin' so still, think 'ee? Ho! ho! See un lickin' his chops—ha! ha!"—and he roared afresh. While from afar you could hear the distant rumbling of 'Enry and oor Job.

At the sight, M'Adam burst into a storm of passionate invective, and would have rused on the dog had not James Moore forcibly restrained him.

"Bob, lad," called the Master, "coom here!"

But even as he spoke, the gray dog cocked his ears, listened a moment, and then shot down the slope. At the same moment Tammas hallooed: "Theer he be! yon's yaller un coomin' oot o' drain! La, Sam'l!" And there, indeed, on the slope below them, a little angry, smutty-faced figure was crawling out of a rabbit-burrow.

"Ye muderin' devil, was ye daur touch ma Wullie?" yelled M'Adam, and, breaking away, pursued hotly down the hill; for the gray dog had picked up the puppy, like a lancer a tent-peg, and was sweeping on, his captive in his mouth, toward the stream.

Behind, hurried James Moore and Sam'l, wondering what the issue of the comedy would be. After them toddled old Tammas, chuckling. While over the yard-wall was now a little cluster of heads: 'Enry, oor Job, Maggie and David, and Vi'let Thornton, the dairymaid.

Straight on to the plank-bridge galloped Owd Bob. In the middle he halted, leant over, and dropped his

prisoner; who fell with a cool plop into the running water beneath.

Another moment and M'Adam had reached the bank of the stream. In he plunged, splashing and cursing, and seized the struggling puppy; then waded back, the waters surging about his waist, and Red Wull, limp as a wet rag, in his hand. The little man's hair was dripping, for his cap was gone; his clothes clung to him, exposing the miserable-ness of his figure; and his eyes blazed like hot ashes in his wet face.

He sprang on to the bank, and, beside himself with passion, rushed at Owd Bob.

"Curse ye for a—"

"Stan' back, or you'll have him at your throat!" shouted the Master, thundering up. "Stan' back, I say, yo' fule!"

And, as the little man still came madly on, he reached forth his hand and hurled him back; at the same moment, bending, he buried the other hand deep in Owd Bob's shaggy neck.

It was but just in time; for if ever the fierce desire of battle gleamed in gray eyes, it did in the young dog's as M'Adam came down on him.

The little man staggered, tottered, and fell heavily. At the shock, the blood gushed from his nose, and, mixing with the water on his face, ran down in vague red streams, dripping off his chin; while Red Wull, jerked from his grasp, was thrown afar, and lay motionless.

"Curse ye!" M'Adam screamed, his face dead-white save for the running red about his jaw. "Curse ye for a cowardly Englishman!" and, struggling to his feet, he made at the Master.

But Sam'l interposed his great bulk between the two.

"Easy, little mon," he said, leisurely, regarding the small fury before him with mournful interest. "Eh, but thee do be a little spit-cat, surely!"

James Moore stood, breathing deep, his hand still buried in Owd Bob's coat.

"If yo'd touched him," he explained, "I couldna ha' stopped him. He'd ha' mauled yo' afore iver I could ha' had him off. They're bad to hold, the Gray Dogs, when they're roosed."

"Ay, ma word, that they are!" corroborated Tammas, speaking from the experience of sixty years. "Once on, yo' canna get 'em off."

The little man turned away.

"Ye're all agin me," he said, and his voice shook. A pitiful figure he made, standing there with the water dripping from him. A red stream was running slowly from his chin; his head was bare, and face working.

James Moore stood eying him with some pity and some contempt. Behind was Tammas, enjoying the scene. While Sam'l regarded them all with an impassive melancholy.

M'Adam turned and bent over Red Wull, who still lay like a dead thing. As his master handled him, the button-tail quivered feebly; he opened his eyes, looked about him, snarled faintly, and glared with devilish hate at the gray dog and the group with him.

The little man picked him up, stroking him tenderly. Then he turned away and on to the bridge. Half-way across he stopped. It rattled feverishly beneath him, for he still trembled like a palsied man.

"Man, Moore!" he called, striving to quell the agitation in his voice—"I wad shoot yon dog!"

Across the bridge he turned again.

"Man, Moore!" he called and paused.

"Ye'll not forget this day." And with that the blood flared up a dull crimson into his white face.

(To be continued.)

The Universal Language.

Little Clarence returned from a visit to a New York cousin with a slang vocabulary that proved very distressing to his father, a village clergyman. Soon after his return he was sent to the library for a certain book. On the way the title slipped his mind, but not until it had created an association of ideas.

"Pop wants a book on rubberneckin'," Clarence announced.

"The Rev. Mr. X wants a book on rubberneckin'!" gasped the librarian.

"What is the title, Clarence?"

"I forget," said Clarence, "but it is about rubberneckin'," he insisted.

He was sent home for more specific information, and returned with a slip of paper on which was written:

"Looking Backward."—[Ex.

The Mother in Her Home.

No intelligent mother can underestimate the importance of her own presence and work in her household, but it is almost a universal rule among even the most intelligent and conscientious to take upon themselves burdens they are unfitted to bear, and to neglect in their own persons those precautions and safeguards of health which they so anxiously provide for all others in the family, but which in their own persons are of a greater necessity than in that of any other member of the family, not even excepting the breadwinner himself. It is a wonder that women with families so well maintain such health as they have, in view of their persistent omission of these precautions, and it is slight wonder, indeed, that the average of three wives are worn out in an average life of one farmer.

A woman of fifty, like a man of fifty, should be in her prime of life. She should take a keen interest in the world around her, and live in the present, not in the past, as too many worn-out women do. When her daughters have arrived at an age when they can take the burden of her cares off her shoulders, she may yet reign as the queen of her household, and should have more time for intellectual pursuits than she has ever had before. A great many women fail and grow old and reminiscent because they make themselves drudges, and perform duties which it would be far better for the children to do themselves. From the excess of work which so many mothers take upon themselves, their appetites become jaded, their complexions pallid, their nerves unstrung, and in what should be the prime of life they are old women, unfitted physically and mentally, for even the ordinary work of their positions.

Salaries of Continental Sovereigns.

The German Emperor, as such has no civil pay, but as King of Prussia he receives \$3,852,770, besides having a vast amount of private property, castles, forests and estates, from the revenues of which the court expenditure and royal family are paid. Austria-Hungary—Francis Joseph receives \$3,875,000. With this amount, however, he has to support many princes and princesses. Russia—The Czar has private estates of more than one million square miles of cultivated land and forests, besides gold and other mines in Siberia. His annual income has been estimated at about \$12,000,000. His civil list is estimated at about \$3,000,000 annually. Besides, a great number of grand dukes receive, on the average about \$500,000 each a year. The King of Italy has \$2,858,000, of which \$180,000 is for his family, while Alfonso XIII. of Spain must content himself with \$1,430,000, besides \$600,000 for his family. Don Carlos of Portugal receives \$634,440. Wilhelmina of Holland has \$250,000, also a large revenue from domains, and \$62,500 for the royal family, courts and palaces. The King of Denmark, \$227,775; King Leopold of Belgium, \$660,000; King Oscar of Sweden, 1,321,000 kronen, and until the occurrences in Norway he received 582,000 more. The King of Roumania has the revenues of twelve estates, estimated at \$201,482 annually. The Sultan's income is derived from the revenue of the Crown's domains, estimated at about \$7,500,000. The King of Greece, \$260,000; the King of Serbia, \$204,000; the King of Bavaria, \$1,412,000, and the King of Saxony, \$735,000.

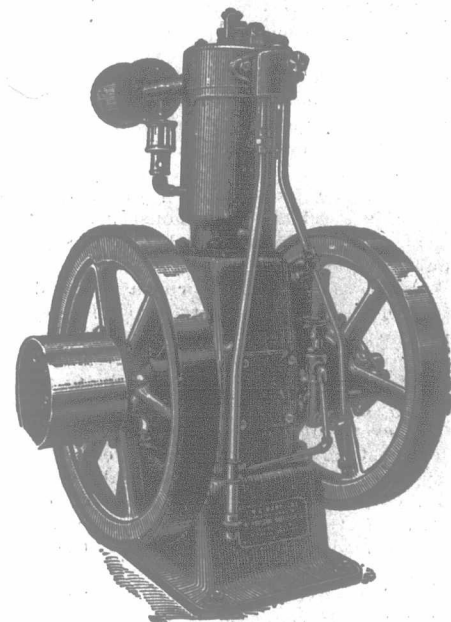
Mistook His Part.

In the course of her first call upon one of her husband's parishioners, the minister's young wife spoke feelingly of his noble, generous spirit.

"He is as nearly an altruist as man may be," she said, proudly and affectionately.

"Is he an altruist?" said her hostess with mild surprise. "I thought from the tone of his voice that he probably was a bass."

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An interested visitor who was making the final call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' myself."