

BOB AND ABE'S

BY M. K. D.

Bobo was a poor old dog, and Max Wilber was a poor young artist. Everybody had kicked the dog out, and so Max took him in.

Max was shabby from his hat to his boots. One could guess that he had no money in his pockets to speak of; but Bobo had not the keen appreciation of such faults that man, the nobler animal, possesses, and wagged his dog tail, and manifested his joy in a wailing gallop.

"Have they all shut their doors against you, Bobo?" said Max in a wailing tone. "Haven't you a friend in the world? Come home and share my sausage."

Bobo comprehended the invitation, and without much ado followed Max Wilber up the staircase of his lodgings; and entering, stretched himself before the empty stove, with as evident an intention of never more departing as that manifested by Poe's Raven.

A little room with a north light and an easel, with pictures on the wall and floor, with a screen which factored that it hid a bed, with furniture worth, in the bulk, five dollars, and a statuette on a bracket worth fifty; with traces of a Bohemian supper, at which green seal champagne and other delicacies worth their weight in gold had been consumed by four or five friends; and the present contents of the larder—a pound of sausage and a loaf of dry bread.

He had an opera-glass, and he had a silver-mounted telescope, purchased for its artistic beauty, and a meerschaum which was the pride of his soul; but he had no place to put them but the mantelpiece. He had an income, and he painted pictures. When the income came due and he by showing a costly presents on Miss Flora Alibi, the rich lawyer's daughter, who was adored, and having all his friends to supper, when his income was not due, and no picture was sold, he lived on sausage, and grew shabby and refrained from calling on Miss Alibi. He was as generous as the day, as open-hearted as the summer, and as affectionate as a child. People grew fond of him, without approving of him, and he, after all, better than to be approved of, had no one fond of you; and he was "just the man to help a lame dog over a stile," or take one in on such a rainy night and share his supper with it.

When the sausage was cooked he gave a scrumptious half of that and of his bread to Bobo, and the two ate heartily. But supper over, Max sat down disconsolate, and thought rather bitterly that that day Flora Alibi had driven past him, not seeing him at all, and in the carriage with her, beside her mamma, was a young gentleman, a splendid fellow, handsome, dashing, elegantly dressed, and Flora was Max dropped his head on his hands, and could he have howled as Bobo had the night before, it would have been a relief to his feelings.

"It must come some time," he said. "All the love is the world is worse without money. Save and scrimp as I might, I can't give her up. How can I? Oh, good Lord! how can I?" Then he started to his feet and looked at his pictures, and hope-gone into his heart—He might make his fortune some day, to be sure. In three weeks the quarter's income came in. He would try to wait patiently, and buy a new suit and call again on Flora.

with Flora, he would get rid of it altogether. To this end he went out in his slippers to a neighboring shop, and bought a hook and a piece of clothes line. He returned and looked the door, and drew the table to the middle of the room, and drove the hook into the central beam carefully. Then he made a slip knot in the rope, and arranged it to fit his throat. Then he jumped down and found pen, ink and paper, and wrote a farewell note to Flora, and then he climbed to the table again.

Bobo by this time considered it his duty to ascertain exactly what was going on, and advanced to the table. His master's face wore an expression of despair, and dogs can understand despair. Moreover, there was something very wrong about the whole complication of rope, chair, table and man. Bobo put snout on the table, turned his nose upward, opened his great yellow eyes to their full width, and gave vent to a long and wailing howl. Max was just about to kick away the chair, when it struck his ear. He looked down.

"Farewell, old dog," he said; "my only faithful friend, you are constant; you are true. You loved me, I know. You have loved me ever since I shared my supper with you on that night six months ago, when I first brought you here. Oh, Bobo! Bobo! you will mourn me."

And then it came into his mind that Bobo would have cause to mourn. That once more he would be homeless, supple-kicked, from every door, abused by children, barked at by well-fed dogs, scratched by angry cats, and carried at last, perhaps, to the pound in the burning dog days. To this he left his faithful dog, his last friend, his chief mourner.

"And, by George, I won't do it," said Max, still on his perch, with the rope around his neck. "You've been true to me, Bobo, and I'll bear my misery rather than leave you to suffer. Bobo, old dog, it's a great thing to die for any one. I'm going to do more for you; I'm going to live for you."

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

"Oh, Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—I have such good news, such good news! Of course I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune—a large fortune, Max—and I am of age to-day; and Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And I don't mind to marry Lawyer on."

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

"Oh, Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—I have such good news, such good news! Of course I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune—a large fortune, Max—and I am of age to-day; and Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And I don't mind to marry Lawyer on."

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

"Oh, Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—I have such good news, such good news! Of course I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune—a large fortune, Max—and I am of age to-day; and Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And I don't mind to marry Lawyer on."

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

"Oh, Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—I have such good news, such good news! Of course I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune—a large fortune, Max—and I am of age to-day; and Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And I don't mind to marry Lawyer on."

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

"Oh, Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—I have such good news, such good news! Of course I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune—a large fortune, Max—and I am of age to-day; and Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And I don't mind to marry Lawyer on."

Max Wilber unknotted the rope, descended from the chair, jumped off the table and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face and danced in ecstasy. That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire, with well-fed dogs, and lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast and patted them, and said: "Yes, Bobo, I'll live for you—poor old fellow."

But by dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a light rapping at his door started him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet, and opened the door. Without a word he entered the room. "Great heavens!" cried Max. "You here! you!" and he drew her in, forgetting of his rumpled hair and disheveled crests. She never needed them, but put both her pretty hands on his arm.

GOLDIE & McCULLOCH, GALT, ONT., MANUFACTURERS OF Fire & Burglar Proof Safes, VAULT DOORS, ETC. Represented at TORONTO by GEO. F. BOSTWICK, OFFICE and Warehouse, No. 50 CHURCH ST., near King St.

ELLIOTT & PRITTE, House and Land Agents, Trustees and Valuers, 4 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. 14 K GOLD STEM-WINDING WATCH ONLY \$27, DAVIS BROS., 126 YONGE STREET.

STORAGE BOND & FREE PETER RYAN, 11 Front Street East. WHO'S YOUR MASTER? GIBBS & CO.'S HATS, Zephyr Weight, Woodrow & Sons' Zephyr Weight Hats, Boys' Polo Caps, Boys' Scotch Caps, Fancy Smoking Caps, Lacrosse sticks, Fancy Carriage Rugs, Montreal, etc., runs daily.

J. & J. LUGSDIN, DIRECT IMPORTERS, 101 YONGE ST. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE. Having decided to close up our Toronto Agency, No. 10 Queen Street East, we are offering our samples of Lawn Furniture, Iron Vases, Weather Vanes, Tower Ornaments, etc., etc., at COST.

E. T. BARNUM, WIRE & IRON WORKS, 77 H. W. BOOTH, MANAGER. LAWN ROLLERS, RUBBER HOSE, HOSE REELS, RICE LEWIS & SON, 55 and 54 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

30 DAYS TRIAL DR. DYES' HAIR DYE. I have just received a large quantity of the most beautiful and most durable hair dye ever made. It is a perfect hair restorer, and will give you a rich, wavy, and flowing mane. It is sold in bottles of 25c and 50c. Write for a free trial bottle to Dr. Dyes, 100 King Street East, Toronto.

COAL AT LOWEST Summer Prices. P. D. CONGER, 4 KING STREET EAST. WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. I am now offering for sale in quantity to suit purchasers by far the most desirable property in this vicinity, being the Algonquin property, and at low rates. Parties desiring to purchase for the purpose of holding on speculation will be liberally dealt with. D. M. DEWOLF, 30 King Street West.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING EPPS' COCOA BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicious and healthful beverage which may save us many a heavy doctor's bill. It is by the use of such articles of diet that a condition of health is reached which enables us to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are fostered upon us before we are aware of it. Ere long it is fatal to our system. We may escape many a fatal ailment by giving ourselves Epps' Cocoa as our breakfast and dinner. It is a pure and healthful food, and is well adapted to all climates. It is sold in packets and in tins only, and is sold by all grocers and druggists. JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

SEND TO BINGHAM & WEBBER FOR ROCK BOTTOM PRICE LIST OF SHIPPING TAGS. All other Printing executed at current rates. Telephone Communication. NOTICE: Having leased the shop lately occupied by Mr. James Thomas Terwin on Bagill Street, and prepared to carry on as usual Horse-Shoeing, Carriage Work & General Blacksmithing. JOHN TERVIN, NO. 38 AND 40 MARILL STREET.

P. BURNS, Telephone Communication between all offices. ELIAS ROGERS & CO., Coal and Wood Merchants

HAVE REMOVED Their Head Offices to the Commodious Premises, 20 KING STREET WEST.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY. "May Dew" The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

"HEADQUARTERS" FOR BARGAINS. TORONTO SHOE COMPANY, Corner King and Jarvis. Boys' and Youths' Tie and Buckle Shoes, All Sizes, worth \$1.25 for 50c. Boys' Lacrosse Shoes 65c. Men's do. 90c. The Great and Only ONE-PRICE CASH Establishment in Toronto.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COY. LAND REGULATIONS. The Company offers lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in South and West, at prices ranging from \$2.50 PER ACRE upwards, with conditions requiring cultivation. A rebate for cultivation of from \$1.25 to \$3.50 per acre, according to price paid for land, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offers lands without conditions of cultivation. The Reserved Sections along the Main Line, &c., the odd numbered Sections within one mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale at advantageous terms, to parties prepared to undertake their cultivation. Terms of Payment—Purchasers may pay one-sixth in cash, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at SIX PER CENT. per annum, payable in advance. Parties purchasing without conditions of cultivation, will receive a Deed of Conveyance as soon as payment is made in full. Parties purchasing with conditions of cultivation, will receive a Deed of Conveyance as soon as they have complied with the conditions of cultivation. Payments may be made in LAND GRANT BONDS, which will be accepted at ten per cent. on their par value and accrued interest. These bonds can be obtained on application at the Bank of Montreal, Montreal; or at any of its agencies. For Prices and Conditions of Sale, and all information with respect to the purchase of Land apply to JOHN H. McCAVISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg. By order of the Board, CHARLES DRINKWATER, SECRETARY.

W.M. DIXON'S, 63 & 65 ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Victoria of the latest English design. Hanson Tea Carts for one horse. Ladies' Tricorne, Queen and Albert styles. PHYSICIANS' PHETONS, Strong and durable, made especially for hard work. VILLAGE CARTS, On Patent Springs, the only style that entirely overcomes the horse motion, and a large stock of our \$44 NINETY DOLLAR BUSINESS BUGGIES With Steel Axles, second growth wheels—the best buggy ever offered for the price.

AMERICAN CARRIAGE REPOSITORY, 6 Adelaide St. E. Toronto.

