Winning a love? Still a better life. The pulse beats faster with hopes and fears, And the heart looks on to the happy years When she shall at last be won-and wife!

But keeping a love! Ah! that is best. The doubting, wondering hope is past. Deep trust and truth have brought at last The perfect life of love and rest Langdon Ballinger, in Good Housekeep-

Bound for Halifax.

BY M. CORRET-SEYMOUR.

Madeline Harding lay still and calm; her face had no fear in it, no longing to grasp at life as it slipped away from her. She was 42 years of age, and she had known very little happiness. Nor had that little come anywhere near the realization of her childish dreams. On the whole, when she knew that her time was nearly up, she felt glad. The only regret was that she could do no more to help others, and that some few might miss her as a friend-until they found one in her place.

The end was very near, when a remarkable thing happened. A slow, fumbling footstep ascending the stairs was followed by the appearance of a stranger in the doorway who, in a hoarse tone, and glancing at the nurse in charge said -

"I want Mrs. Edward Harding." His hair was long and as white as snow: so was his beard. His eyes were big and hollow and they had a harshness which made the nurse shrink back when they fixed her with a stare. "I want Mrs. Edward Harding," said the unknown, for the second time; but without moving a step for--ward from the door, which a startled maid servant had thrown upon for him.

"She is here," responded the nurse The old man turned to the bed, and his voice began to quaver as he spoke.

"Mrs. Edward," he said, and his hand shook as he laid it on the counterpane, "it's me-the man you saved from a lot of misery! Me, Charles Brown, that swore he'd come back to prove he was grateful. Oh, you poor thing!" he added with a low sob, as light was given him to understand that this was a dying woman, "have come just too late for you to know me? To be glad I've kept my word? Can't you speak to me? Can't you give me just a look out of those eyes that never turned away when I was in the very worst of my trouble?"

But not a word came; not even a glimmer of recognition fitted across that still, calm face. Then the whitehaired man sank down on his knees by the bed.

"She's dead, or next thing to it, The moaned, "and I'm too late! It's just my wretched luck. And I've come so far and I knew she'd be glad, and now nothing matters." He tore open a packet he had carried in his hand and a little bundle of bank notes fell but upon the counterpane, "I was so pleased to bring them back," murmured the man, "to show her I kept my word! And now I don't care for anything." With which remark he quietly ainted, there, where he knelt, on th floor.

. The brothers of the dying woman were looking anxiously at him when he recovered consciousness. But he told them nothing, answered nothing that they asked, and with a dazed look upon his face gathered the bank notes together and replaced them in his breast pocket. Then, with a glance at the lifeless form of the woman who it some unrevealed trouble had probably befriended him, he went away.

He was seen at the funeral walking behind the mourners. Then he finally disappeared, and the little incident was soon forgetten by the very few who had known anything about it. I was one of those few; the why and because of that fact has nothing to do with the present story.

A week or two later I took the train from London to Liverpool, and on looking round the compartment at my fellow travelers. I recognized the old man with white hair and beard, who spoke of himself as "Charles Brown" when Mrs. Edward Harding was dv-

His eyes were fixed upon the window by which he bad taken his seat, but I am certain that he saw nothing-unless, indeed, he had some mental vision of his own past or his future. After a while we two had the car riage to ourselves, except for one clderly lady whose capacity for sleeping soundly through a railway journey was nothing less than astounding. I took a vacant place nearer to him, and for the sake of getting into conversation, asked where he was bound for.

"Bound for Halifax," answered the old man, quietly, and then added, "for Canada, you know."

"A fine country, and full of possi-bilities," I said. "I have sometimes thought I should like to emigrate." I do not think he was listening; he had fixed his eyes again upon the outside world as soon as he had answered me. After an interval I made another attempt, asking if he had ever before

crossed the Atlantic. "Yes-five years ago," he said. "And I came back a few weeks since to find the only true friend I ever possessed But I came too late."

Another silence, and then as if moved by some strong and irresistible | and see if it will not cheer you.-J. R. impulse, the strange old man made me

Miller. acquainted with his life story. Told briefly, it was this: He had been a small farmer, like his father

before him, in one of the southern counties of England. For years all went fairly well: he married, had children, and was contented with his lot Suddenly, and from no explainable cause, a run of misfortune set in for Charles Brown. Crops failed, times

were bad, his wife and the two children died within a week of each other by an infectious fever, and at the year's end he found himself heavily in deht and on the road to ruin.

Then, like many another unhappy creature, he tried the consolation of drink, which, as a matter of course, led him from bad to worse. Finally he resolved that to make away with his life was all that remained to be done.

"And it was she-the lady who didn't flive to see I'd kept my word-that saved me," he said. "I had asked one and another to give me a helping hand to get out of the country to somewhere that would open a fresh chance; but it was no use. One-a parson he was, too, who had married me and my poor Annie and haptized our chi'dren-said he never helped any but deserving men; another had too many claims-he was the nobleman of whom I rented my farm. It was the same all round. No one ready to start a man afresh, and that was how I made up my mind that as there the world was about 767,000,000 teus | pemis.

seemed no way to live, the best way out of my difficulties was to die. So l cleared out of the old . home. selling my stick, and all that with was left me, and then, a few clotnes done up in a hundle and a matter of twenty shillings in my pocket. I made for the sea. It was only a walk of a few miles to where the boats started to cross the channel, and I meant to take my passage at night and just pitch myself overboard when I got half way." "And this lady-how did she help

vou?" I asked.

"I'm coming to it," answered the old man. "As I've begun, you shall hear my story to the end. A dark night it was, though not stormy. There didn't seem to be many passengers and the few there were had all gone below, or at least I thought so. 'Now's your chance. Don't be a coward!" said I to myself, and I got away to the stern of the boat, where there was no one to look and I was just going to take the leap when I felt a hand on my arm and saw the figure of a woman rising up from a corner where I hadn't

known there was anybody. "'Don't be desperate,' she said in a quiet, kind sort of way. 'At any rate, tell me just what the trouble is. I'll help you if I can.'

"At first I wouldn't: but she began persuading me and at last I found myself telling her everything as though I'd known her all my life.

"'In your place, I would not give n without another try,' she said when I'd made a clean breast of everything, 'and I believe that for a new life there's nothing like a new country. Why not go to Canada?'

"'Because I can't.' I answered and then I pulled out the few shillings which were all I had left after paying my ticket from Dover. 'That won't take me to Canada,' I said, 'nor to anywhere else that I know of. Better let me drown myself, ma'am- there's no coin wanted in the next world. I'm thinking, supposing there is a next world.'

"'Oh, I can't let you be a coward! said the lady, and so kindly! There wasn't any quoting texts, or preaching at me, or telling me I was a miserable sinner. I expect she knew it wasn't the right moment for anything of that sort. 'I live just a short railway distance from where we shall land,' she said, 'and though mine is only a little home, I have a spare room where I shall be pleased for you to sleep for a night or two while we arrange "'I am not rich, but in three days !

could lend you enough money to go away to that big country where men like you are wanted, and are sure to get on. Will you go? When you grow rich you can pay me back."

"'Will I go? Yes, that I will!' said and I felt a big lump come in my throat that choked back all the thanks that my heart was full of.

"So she took me to her home and made me feel as welcome as though I had been one of her own friends, and in a week's time I was gone-with a right good will, too, to succeed and make something better of my life.' "And did you sucreed?" I said.

"Yes, I've nothing to complain of," answered the old man, "except that she didn't live to hear all I had done. But I had paid her back before the year was out; and in two more years I'd squared up every debt I'd left behind me. And then, when money kept on coming in, I wrote to her that I was going to give myself a trip across the nig herring pond, to show her I'd not been quite unworthy of her kindness, and to ask her if there was any other fellows as unfortunate as I had been who could be set going by a few of my bank notes. But I was too late." "And now what are you going to

"I'm just going back again," answered the man. "There's nothing else I can do. I've been reading over some of Mrs. Edward Harding's letters-she used to write to me every now and then. And I think that's what she would advise if she could speak to me. And the money I have here"-he touched the breast pocket of his coat-"and what I can make, shall go to help thos that are down on their luck, same as I was when she held out her kind hand to me aboard that channel steamer.

I had taken a fancy to this Charles Brown, and I lingered a day or two in Liverpool, and finally saw him on board the ship bound for aHlifax.

"I'd like a few flowers put on her grave," were his last words to me. "if you should be over there, perhaps you wouldn't mind seeing to it. I'd like to show her just a little of what I feel -only somehow I fancy she knows all

"I believe she does," was my answer as we clasped hands.-Waverley Maga-

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

You never lift up a life without be ing yourself lifted up.-Emerson.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.-Abraham Lincoln. 'Tis far better to love and be poor, than be rich with an empty heart .-Lewis Morris.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.-Goethe.

outside: he cares for what is inside.-Rev. M. Babcock. Fruitless is sorrow for having done

God doesn't care for what is on the

amiss, if it issue not in a resolution to do so no more.-Bishop Horne. The next time you are discouraged, just try encouraging some one else,

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it, and the farther on we go the more we have to come back.-Barrow.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm hand shakes-these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.-Dr. John Hall

Profitable Literary Speculation Prices paid in the book auction rooms of New York and London throw strange light on the 'agaries of collectors. A fine calf wound set of the old classics is knocked down for a few cents a volume, while the first edition fiends boost bids into the hundreds of dollars on a tiny pamphlet of Kipling's schoolboy verses. The man who can guess the popular taste of ten years hence has a chance to realize thousands on a present investment of a couple of dollars. He has only to a body which has lost its floating ribs pick out the fledgeling poet of today its vermifoam appendix and its little who will be in the first rank in 1912 | toes, and in which many other changand lay in a couple of copies of each of his works not ignoring even the tiniest of pamphlets. His reward will be almost as certain as that of the real estate sharp who bought farm lands on upper Broadway in 1850 .-New York Press

In 1900 the output of coal throughout

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

In time past a lake existed in Switzerland near the Marsby valley, it either died up or disappeared through drainage or analogous causes. Now several cantons have combined, and will fill the accient inkesita by water from mountain terrais now going to waste near by. The head thus obtained will amount to 600 feet, and will afford 60,000 horse power. The work will take three years to execute, and is expected to cost about eight million dollars.

In a recent communication to the British Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. Leonard Joseph reported the following unusual occurrence: During a thunder storm a wild goose was seen to fall to the ground, apparently directly out of the storm clods. After the storm was over an examination revealed the body of another goose at some distance from the first. The only wounds found upon the birds were a narrow cut on the back of the neck of one and a small puncture at the point where the neck joins the body on the other. At these points the feathers were slightly singed. Both birds proved perfectly fit for the table.

The Smithsonian Institution is going to try to trace the migratory movements of American birds by a novel method. About a million small aluminum tags are being made, and thes are to be sent to correspondents all over the country with the request that they fasten the tags round the legs of young wild birds before they are able to fly. The tags are to be marked and dated so that when the birds are subsequently captured or killed it can be seen how far they have ranged from their birthplace. Hunters and others will be asked to forward to Washington the tags fram any birds so taken. Such a thorough plan has never been tried before.

The fact that the sun when poised on the horizon sometimes appears greatly distorted, or drawn out into the form of an oval, is well known, and the explanation is very simple, namely, the rapid change in the refractive index of the air near the horion, in consequence of which the lower edge of the sun apepars to be lifted with reference to the upper edge, and so the disk looks as if squeezed between top and bottom. Recently Professor Prinz of the Brussels observatory has obtained several large scale photographs of the setting sun which distinctly show the deformation of the disk, and render its measurement very easy. In one case the vertical diameter is to the horizontal in the ration of 75 to 84. Sometimes the distortion is greater than that.

The revelations of the spectroscope, which is capable of showing the displacement of stars toward or from the earth, make the starry heavens, to the atronomer's eye, appear almost as full of mazy motions as is a gloud of gnats dancing in the sunbeams. Every increase in the power of observing apparatus brings to notice new "spectroscopic binaries," which are simply double stars that cannot be separately seen, either because of their extreme closeness or because only one of them is a shining body. t is the erratic motions of these wonderful stars that reveal their true character. One of the latest to be discovered is Eta Orionis. which hangs just below the belt of Orion. Sometimes this start is speedmiles a second, and a few nights later ing toward the earth more tean 40 is hurrying away with a similar velocity.

The Cause of the Trolley. On one point the American is determined; he will not live near his work, says Charles M. Skinner in the Atlantic You shall see him in the morning, one of 60 people in a car built for 24, reading his paper, clinging to a strap, trodden, jostled, smirched, thrown into harrowing relations with men who drink, chew tobacco, eat raw onions, and incontinently breathe; and after 30 minutes of this contact, with the roar of streets in his ears, with languid clerks and pinguid market women leaning again, him, he arrives at his office. The problems of his howeward journey in the evening will be still more difficult, because, in addition to the workers, the cars must carry the multitude of demoiselles who shop and go to matinees. To many men and women of business a seat is an undreamed luxury. Yet they would be insulted if one were to ask why they did not live over their shops, as Frenchmen do, or back of them, like Englishmen. It is this uneasy instinct of Americans, this desire of their families to separate industrial and social life, that makes the use of the trolley car imperative, and the street railway in this manner widens the life and dominion of the people, it enables them to distribute themselves over wider spaces and unwittingly to symbolize the expansiveness of the nation.

Lightning.

No doubt because of the grandeur of the thunderstorm, the brilliant flashes of the lightning and the loud noise of the thunder, the large majority of the human race is timid and nervous and stands in fear of lightning. Notwithstanding the common belief that lightning is very dangerous, the total number of persons killed in a given summer in this country is extremely small in comparison with the population. The number also varies largely from year to year, the last year having witnessed an unusual number of deaths from this cause. The general average seems to be about one death to 200,000 of the population each summer from lightning. Thousands of people struck by lightning have been allowed to die for lack of attention. The rule is that artificial respiration should be brought about at once. The clothes should be loosened, and the well-known movements of the arms and chest made to bring about natural breathing.-Electrical Review.

The Coming Man.

Professor Brunor makes a startling prediction as to human development. He sees in the future man a being in whom strange transformations shall have taken place: a being in whom brain is master, ruling a body much larger than that of the present man; es have taken place. He believes the chest and upper and lower limbs will be larger and that the future man will be much taller than his prototype of today.-London Globe

Some beople waste a lot of time preparing to meet an emergency, and then don't recognise it when it

"A rather curious change has taken place in the way we call out numbers," said the man who was on the CHILDREN'S COLUMN lookout for the more novel things of life, "and it has completely revolu-

Calling Out Members.

tionize the old way of calling out num-

bers. Take the number 1,546, as an

would think of saying anything but

one thousand five hundred and forty-

six. He would use seven distinct

words in calling out the number. This

rule is still observed in the schools

but outside the schoolroom one rarely

hears it called out after the old

fashion. If it is a street number, a

telephone number or any other par-

ticular place or thing designated by

number we will simply call it 'fifteen

forty-six.' Do you notice the economy

in words? Here we use only three

words instead of seven, as of old; It

saves breath and saves time, and anv.

thing that saves time is the proper

caper these days. Time is the great

element now. If the number should

happen to be 1,090, instead of using

four words in saying one thousand

and ninety, we dismiss the number

with two words by simply saying 'ten

ninety.' In the case of telephone

numbers in the larger cities where ine

duplication of numbers has been re-

sorted to, with a final figure indicat-

ing the serial number, as, for in-

stance, 1546-23, instead of saying one

thousand five hundred and forty-six-

twenty-three, we will simply call out

to the exchange 'fifteen forty-six-

twenty-three.' Here we find the same

time-saving principle. Yet if we had

called numbers after this fashion just

a few years back we would not have

been understood at all. If you call

figures in the old way now you are put

down as worse than a backwoodsman.

You are simply a jay, that's all. We

do these things because we live in a

hurrying age. We want to get

through quickly and pass to the next

post."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A FINANCIAL COUP.

sires to introduce horse racing as a

national amusement?"

mouth.

pound.

"I wonder why the King of Spain de-

"Possibly," said the man who

doesn't appreciate money till it's gone,

"he wants to help the treasury out by

putting the cabinet into the ring as

COULDN'T MISS IT.

we went through that dark tunnel. I

don't see how he managed to find my

Miss Dovle-That was probably the

MISS VIRGINIA GRANES

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womb from straining in lifting a heavy

patient, and knowing of the value of

your Compound I began to use it at

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tunity to say a few words in praise of

your Vegetable Compound, and shall

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HAMLINS WIZAR TIL

BURNS, SCALL

more, and have had no trouble since.

" Four years ago I had falling of the

yet to hear of its first failure to cure.

Miss Hoyle-Yes, he kissed me when

bookmakers."-Washington Star.

The Work-box People. example: Time was when no man "We go through all our work," The needles proudly cry:
"But not until you're pushed,"
Is the thimble's apt reply.

'Ours is a strong attachment," Whisper hook and eye together; "Yet you need us to secure you,"
Hum the threads, like windy weather.

They all reproached the scissors. But the seissors didn't care:

'Twas his trade to cut acquaintance,

And he did it with an air!

Gayly jesting thus, and boasting. Work-box people all at play Silence, all! it is the mistress Coming from across the way. -Christian Register.

Cat on the Payroll. Ten dollars "for tood for the rostoffice cat" is, perhaps, the most curious allowance made by former Postmaster General Smith. In the postoffice in St. Paul, Minn., is a cat that has endeared itself to the employes, not alone by its gentle ways, but by its ability to catch the rodents which infest the place. The postoffice in St. Paul is an old affair, and great caution has to be taken with the mails to prevent their being nibbled by the rats and mice.

Many efforts have been made to get a cat that would appreciate its official position and work in the interests of the government, but all failed until finally a cat came that evidently meant business. She was, however, enticed to a neighboring building, where though the atmosphere was less aristocratic, the fare was better,

feline race came, tried the position of government rat killer and left, apparently dissatisfied with the existing pay roll. The mails did not contain eatables.

Numerous other specimens of the

and a strict diet of rodents was not to their taste. Any self-respecting cat demanded an appetizer in the shape of milk or cream. Finally, the present incumbent apnearer and has given such general

sar staction that the government has made a special requisition in its favor and it will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. This is one of the few instances where a cat has heen placed on the payroll of Uncle

Puggles.

Puggles' home is in Italy, in a clergyman's family, and he is the very prettiest "pug" that ever was.

first thing he struck .- New York He always went in to dinner with the family, and after the plates were removed from the last course and coffee was served, he would mount the table from his usual cozy place in the lap of his mistress's pape, and gravely seating himself, would eat a bit of sugar and lap some coffee.

One day, while a party of ladies and gentlemen were taking their coffee, Puggles' mistress took a piece of cake of which he is very fond, and laid a morsel before him, saying, "Stolen!" Puggles' nose was instantly elevated in the air and he sat like a statue until she said, "Paid for," when he at once snapped it up.

Then she laid a bit down, saying "Monday we eat." He ate. She put another crumb before him, saying ruesday we eat," and he licked it He shook hands and ate Wednesday's piece. "Thursday we eat." He ate. "Friday is a solmen fast." Up went Puggles' nose, and be became still as a stone until his mistress said, "Saturday we eat." when he at once ate up Friday's portion.

"Sunday we eat double," laying down two bits, and he ate them, amidst the noisy approval of all while Puggles sat quite unconcerned.

The performance was repeated, but as the young lady said, "Tuesday we eat." and Puggles' head was going down to the coveted piece of cake, a gentleman said, "Stolen!" Puggles's head went up, so he said, "Paid for," and Puggles took his honestly obtained sweets .- Youth's Companion.

A New Ouestion Game.

Captains are chosen, and they in turn choose sides, as in an old fashioned spelling match. A timekceper is also chosen, one has a watch with a secular second hand. The two sides sit opposite each other in two long rows. The timekeeper sits between the two rows, at the end decided upon as the head, and he holds his watch open before him. The captain sits at the head of his row and asks the first question. Any one on the other side may answer the question, but it must he answered inside of a minute. If no one answers before the minute is up the timekeeper calls "Time!" and the captain who asked the question calls any one from the other side to his side. If, on the other hand, the other side answer before the minute is up. they call one from the captain who asked the question. Any one may be chosen from either side except the captain. Then the captain on the other side asks a question, and the same rule is followed, then the one next to the captain who first asked a question asks a question, his opposite follows with a question, and so on until every one on both sides has asked a question. Then the side that has the

most on it is victorious. No one must ask a question he or she cannot answer. And if the other side fail to answer a question the one that asked it must give the correct answer. The questions must be such as "Who was the seventh president of the United States?" or 'How many legs has a house fly?" or 'Who was the author of 'Snowbound'?" or "What president owned a home called Monticello?" or "How much is eight times nineteen?" Any boy who asks a question which he cannot answer himself, or who asks a question which has more than one answer, must go himself to the opposite side. The ones that are called over go to the foot of the class .- New York Tribune.

Playing Robin. Grandpa saw the two little girls Genuine stamped C C C. Never sold in bulk. walking toward the cherry tree. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell 'Don't pick my cherries," said he, sharply, as he hurried into the house. The little girls looked soberly at

> ry tree. "Let's go to the barn," gaid Jessie, "Let's play under the cherry tree," said Leatrice, "we needn't pick his old cherries."

each other, then at the beautiful cher-

The grass was thick and green under the tree. They sat upon it, leaning against the trunk. Birds flew in and out of the great tree, unafraid of the girls and the children envied the hirds.

"I can climb this tree," cried Jessie.

"So can I," said Beatrice, "just as

easy; let us do it and play we are rob-They fetched a long fence board and placed one and against the tree | Washington State

and so managed to scramble at last upon the large branches. Here they sat, swinging their feet and singing for several happy minutes. But above them, high in the tree, the cherries looked red, much redder than they looked from the ground.

"I tell you what," said Beatrice, "let's climb up to that bough yonder and we can reach up and eat cherries like robbins do. Then Grandpa will never know. I think Grandpa is selfish." Jessie looked first at Beatrice and then at the cherries. "He is selfish."

she said, and the two girls climbed higher and soon were pulling down the twigs with their shining fruit. It was slow work for the eager little

mouths to eat the pulp and leave the pits and stems on the twigs, but they ate a great many cherries. The breeze blew the branch out of their reach and stretching up to catch it one girl lost her footing and fell against the other. The slender branch snapped and down through the boughs they crashed to the ground.

"Oh, oh, oh!" they screamed. "I'm most killed," wailed Beatrice. "My foot is all broke to pieces!" cried Jessie. They could not rise for pain.

Grandpa ran to them. "Oho, I see," said he, sternly, but after helping Be atrice to the house he carried Jessie to her home. Each had a sprained ankle, khich kept them indoors for more than a week. When Jessie came to see Beatrice

the two little girls sat soberly on the porch. They looked at the beautiful cherry tree with its broken limb. "I don't want to play robbin, do you?" asked Jessie.

for the first time after the accident

"No," said Beatrice, "and I don't want cherrics when Grandpa says not. They were not rine." "No," said Jessie, "I was awful sick

of 'em.' "I was, too," chimed in Beatrice, "I b'lieve I most died!" "Your grandpa wasn't selfish," said

Tossie. "No, indeed," assented Beatrice. They looked at the tree and gave a great sigh.

"Well," said Jessie, cheerfully, "let's go to the barn and play we are hens!" and away they ran .- Brooklyn Eagle.

The funniest little cat in New York

lives in a semi-deserted flat on the

West Side. Her master goes away in the morning and does not return until late at night and all this time the little cat has to amuse herself the best way she can. As she is a sociable little creature her solitary life weighs heavily upon her spirits and she perches on the kitchen window sill, which gives a view on a neighbor's yard and watches eviously the free and happy cats that play there. The neighbor, being a tender hearted person, wrote a letter to the cat's master and received permission to introduce the for lorn puss to the pleasures of the yard and its merry occupants. Every morning the neighbor's servant lets the little cat out or the kitchen and turns her loose in the yard with the other cats. But the green grass has but a temporary charm for the little visitor cat. If anything interestingsuch as the preparation of luncheonis going on in the kitc..en the little cat deserts her playfellows of the yard and establishes herself at the cook's elbow, purring contentedly and keeping her bright eyes on her so as not lose a single movement. Her favorite perch is on top of the gas range, and Casabianca did not stick to his burning deck more stubbornly than this little cat sticks to her peril ous post of observation. Even when the range is "in action" Tippy cannot be induced to budge from her

self in other things. Once a week the cat-loving neigh bor sends a beef heart from the butcher's to be cooked for the pussies' din ners throughout the week. When the cooking of this "plat du jour" takes place Tippy behaves as a Kentucky cat who had attended barbecues in her native land might act under the same circumstances. As soon as the beef heart is brought into the kitchen she seems to know that something unusual is on foot and settles herself in her favorite spot on top of the gas range. The beef heart is put on to boil in a saucepan and left there two hours All that time the little visitor cannot take her eyes off the pan or relax her attention except to stretch a little or to pillow her head upon her paws when she gets tired of sitting sphinx fashion, with paws primly in front of her. When the meat is cooked and put in a bowl on the window sill to cool she yawns from fatigue after her long vigil, but does not throw down her burden. She takes a position on the window sill, among the plants, and there she stays until the precious beef heart is put away in the refrigerator. At first the cook thought the visitor-

cat was a greedy gut pure and simple,

and then she came to the conclusion

position, and not until everything

cookable is eaten or otherwise put out

of sight will the little cat consent to

come down to earth and interest her-

that she was a grateful creature that was anxious to repay, in vigilance and fidelity, the kindness of the hostess. The way the cok came to this opinion is interesting. One day, before the little cat had been brought into the yard, a chicken was placed on the kitchen window for a minute while the cook was washing her hands at the sink. When she turned around it was gone. As the chicken was not a live one, but ready to be dressed, the astonishment of Bridget was profound. She looked around the kitchen for signs of sprites or banshees, but saw none, and then she went out into the yard just in time to prevent one of her mistress' pets from disappearing over the fence with the fat and tender poulet au naturel. Cook administered a sound whacking to the thief and denounced him in unmeasured terms in her rich brogue, which never fails to bring the neighbors to their windows. As she was returning to the house with the mutilated chicken in her hand and angry words still on her lips she happened to look up at the flat house, and there sitting on the window ledge, was the little visitor cat, taking in the scene with eyes that were almost popping out of her head with excitement.

And although she has often been left alone with her special charge, the beef heart, as well as with other good things, she has never been known to "misappropriate" any of her kind neighbor's goods, even to a bone or a fish-head, which Bridget, to test her virtue, has more than once wickedly

cial Advertiser. One of Our l'et l'hrases. "Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who

put in her way .- New York Commer-

wants harrowing details. "I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped with his life there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow,-

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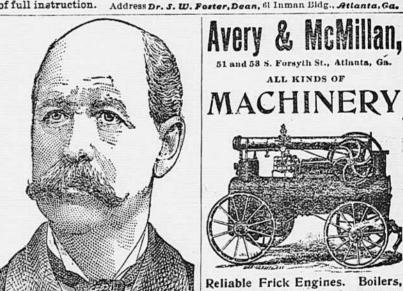
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