

GOOD: WEIGHT.

public schools of brown eyes.

hope."

A half hour later Mark Davis was

floor upon which Mrs. Gregory's rooms

"Mis' Gregory, is it you air wantin?"

"I wanted to deliver some groceries

Mark eagerly looked at the pink and

white face of the boy. He held out a

ing through the room. Then the grocer

It was a bare place, but clean and

cels, Mrs. Donovan volubly explained

that fortune was at a low ebb with her

neighbor, partly because of little

had been quieted by a huge slice of

'most to the bone," she concluded, "but

work's scarce, an' I don't know what-

"She's worked her precious fingers

The wood soon came. Florence's half-

As to Lillian's orders for groceries.

AGNES' STORY WAS SOON TOLD.

flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples.

meats, and a big bag of candy.

cookies, cheese, canned fruits and

Mrs. Donovan went back to her own

room and the wagons rolled away.

Mark hastily built a fire, then sat down

to think how best to explain the liberty

The bare room faded from his vision

beautiful girl in whose curls the sun-

shine seemed entangled. He bent low-

ion murmured, "I love you, Mark."

Still lower his head sank until his lips

sweet words.

touched the ones that had uttered the

A start, and he sat upright, glancing

He was poor then, and Margaret, beau-

months after that Mark learned of the

It was too late then. There was

He had known for some time that

supposing that her means were ample.

had never occurred to him. She knew

er and the rose-red lips of his compan-

as he sat there. In its place came an

cord had been re-enforced by a whole

cord, perhaps because she had written

a friend has sent her."

ILLIAN SNELL, | the first time that Lillian had appealteacher of the ed to him for help in her charitable first grade in work. So that was not the reason that building No. 3, so strange a look came into his honest

> Windsor, turned "Agnes Gregory, and lives on Hampquickly from the ton street," he murmured. "It surely blackboard must be Margaret's child. Good God! whereon she had Margaret and her child wanting been drawing a | bread!" pert wren swinging on a spray of making his way up the stairs to the

> "Who is cry- were situated. His knock at the first ing?" she asked door was answered by a red-faced in a sweet, firm woman.

"It is little Ag- she asked sharply. "An' it's no bad ness Gregory," volunteered a dimple- news you air after bringin' her, I faced boy who sat near.

Miss Snell crossed the room and bent over the child.

"Agnes, little sunshine lassie, what The clouded face cleared as if by is it? Can you not tell me about it?" | magic. "Heaven's blissin' be on yer

Sobs were Agnes' only reply. Miss nead, then! Mis' Gregory, she's gone Snell kissed her gently, then went back out, but I've her key here, and will unto her work. When it was finished and lock the door. That's her b'y, an' a the children all provided with work, swate child he is." she lifted the sobbing child and tenderly carried her to the teacher's desk. Here somewhat removed from the cu- great, golden orange, and little Royce rious little ones, Lillian set about sprang for it, his childish laugh echosoothing her pupil.

Agnes was a pretty fair-faced child followed Mrs. Donovan to the home of of 6. She had sunny blue eyes and Margaret Gregory. hair, a golden chestnut, curled about her face and neck. Her clothing was neat. Mark sighed as he noted the clean but well worn, and Lillian notic- signs of abject poverty. While the deed the gaping hole in the tiny shoe, as livery man was bringing up the parwell as the thinness of the faded dress. Noticed it with a sympathetic thrill of | that Mrs. Gregory had gone to try to the heart that throbbed with some- get some money due her. The warmthing of the divine spirit of mother- bearted Irish woman had surmised

hood toward the children in her care. Agnes' story was soon told. Her widowed mother had had no breakfast Royce's unusual fretfulness, which for her little ones.

"I don't care so much about myself, bread and butter. Miss Snell," the child went on, artlessly, "'cause I'm mamma's brave girl, but when little brother Royce wakes up he will be so hungry and he is ever's goin' to become of her and her only 3 years old. He does not know he bables." mustn't cry."

A little more questioning and Lillian Mearned that some one owed Mrs. Gregory for sewing, also that she hoped to her cousin that the needy widow was have dinner ready when Agnes came a protege of Miss Snell's.

Lillian looked out into the driving Mr. Davis had added to it a sack of storm of a January afternoon. She knew Mrs. Gregory and her heart ached for the pale young mother.

Miss Snell was quick of thought and action. Ten minutes later Agnes was in a warm cloak room, feasting on the dainty lunch Mrs. Snell had prepared for her daughter's midday meal. The young teacher had written a note and a list of articles of food, and was at

the door of the room across the hall. The teacher, Florence Fox, listened sympathetically to Lillian's story and to the suggestion that her own 12-yearold brother be called from the sixth grade to deliver the note.

"Of course Fred can go," she cried, "and Lillian, you say you have written to Mr. Davis the circumstances and asked him for good weight. I'll send an order to Cousin Hugh for a half cord of wood, tell him the story and ask him likewise for good weight."

A faint crimson flush stained Lillian's cheek, but she warmly thanked her friend and hurried back to her

he had taken. Mark Davis was a stout, genial-faced man of 38. He sat in his office, his morning's work at his books just finishold country garden overgrown with ed. Through the open door he could roses and clematis. It was June and see the brisk clerks stepping about in the air was heavy with the scent of the grocery store from which the office many blossoms. By his side was a opened. There was odor of spices, coffee, fruit and fish in the air.

"Eight hundred dollars more profit this year than last," the grocer said to himself. "Somehow it doesn't do a man any good to pile up money when he has no one to spend it on."

Here his reverie was cut short by the entrance of a clerk, who handed him an envelope, saying: "A boy just brought around him. That was ten years ago. this."

Two papers dropped from the en- tiful Margaret Henson, had been the her." velope as he tore it open. The first only daughter of a wealthy home. So was a list, including a loaf of bread, their engagement had been forbidden. potatoes, crackers, dried beef and a | They parted, vowing eternal constancy. few other articles. He glanced over it | A year later Margaret became the wife | and opened the other. It was Lillian's of Vance Gregory, but it was not until

"Dear Mr. Davis: A little girl in my treachery and deceit that had been emroom is crying because she has had no | ployed to urge her to that step. breakfast. Her name is Agnes Gregory, and her mother is a poor widow, nothing to do but endure. who lives on the third floor of No. 4 Hampton street. Please send the Margaret was a widow and lived in the things ordered at once. I will come in city. He knew nothing of her poverty. after school and pay for them. And, Mr. Davis, please give good weight. To go to her now with a story of love Truly yours, LILLIAN SNELL."

Mr. Davis had been a friend of the nothing of what had parted them. He Snell family for years, and it was not | could not blacken the memory of the | turning.

man who had been her husband, the father of her children.

He sprang to his feet. There was no need of an explanation. He passed out, pausing for a final word with Mrs. Dogevan.

"Tell Mrs. Gregory the things came from the teachers at No. 3."

"To be sure, Mr. Davis," responded the woman, who had recognized Mark, "I'll tell her all 'bout it. And may the blissin's of all the saints rest on your dear head!" Mark hurried away, leaving a shin-

ing silver dollar in Royce's hand. It was only a few minutes after his departure that a thinly clad woman came toiling wearily up the stairs. It was Margaret Gregory. The woman who owed her was out of town. The needy mother had applied at several places for work, only to meet with refusal. Then she had gone to a store and begged for credit, but in vain.

She had reached the end. There was but one way open. She would ask Mrs. Donovan to give her children their dinner. When she had rested and conquered the bitter rebellion in har heart she would go out again and apply to the city for charity.

Margaret Gregory was proud. She was already faint for the want of food, yet she turned in loathing from the thought of a meal obtained in that way. It would be worse than death, but death doesn't come at one's call, and there were her babies.

A dry sob burst from her lips. She passed Mrs. Donovan's door in silence. She must have a moment to herself before she could ask charity of one so poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying on she pushed open her own door.

A bright fire was blazing in the cracked stove. Mrs. Donovan had prepared potatoes for the oven and cut slices ready for frying from the ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was heaped high with food.

For a moment she stood gazing wild ly around her. Then she dropped on her knees and a shower of tears relieved her overwrought nerves.

The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

It was an earnest, grateful letter, blotted here and there with tear stains She accepted his generosity; for her children's sake she could not refuse charity. She referred to the friendship that had existed between their parents. but Mark was glad she was too womanly a woman to even hint at the relation they had once borne to each other. When he finished reading the letter his heart was light, for he understood that Margaret knew of the treachery that had blotted the sunshine of his life.

Mark went straight home and told his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, all about it. Mrs. Everts was knitting before the open coal fire. She was a bright-faced old lady, with soft white hair and a serene face. When he had finished she laid down her work and sat for a long time gazing into the dancing flames.

"The only daughter of my old friend Rebecca Henson, in want of food," she said, a note of pain in her voice. "Mark, you and I both have plenty of money, there is room in this house, and in our hearts, for Margaret and her babies. But she is proud. Go and ask her to come and sew for me. Tell her I am lonely, and ask her to bring her little ones to brighten me up."

Mark bent to kiss the placid face. Thank you, Aunt Elsie, I see you understand." A few hours later he knocked at Maragret's door. He saw that the years had changed her. The wild rose bloom had faded from her cheeks, tears had washed the joyous light from her blue eyes; yet it was surely that Margaret that he had loved that stood before him.

She met him frankly and with undisguised pleasure. Her voice trembled when she undertook to express her gratitude. Mark made light of the whole affair and insisted on talking of their childhood days. The fruit and nuts he brought proved an open sesame to the hearts of Agnes and Royce, and they were soon on the best of terms with the caller.

Margaret was very grateful for the offer of work. She hesitated a little over accepting Mrs. Everts' kind invitation, fearing lest the children prove an annoyance. But when Mark drew a touching picture of the loneliness of his aunt she gladly consented to come. It was arranged that the carriage come after the Gregories the following after-

One morning, two months later, Florence Fox tripped across the hall at No. 3 and entered Miss Snell's room.

"Of course you are going to the wedding reception Thursday evening," she began. "I think it is such a lovely marriage, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," replied Lillian, warmly. "Yes, I am to go in the afternoon and help with the decorations. The whole house is to be in green and white, smilax, ferns, roses and carnations. Mrs. Everts says Mr. Davis cannot do too much for his bride; 'our dear Margaret,' the sweet old lady calls

"And I believe it all came about from your begging him to give her good weight," Florence cried merrily. He is obeying your request in an extravagant manner. And, Lillian, is not that pretty pearl ring and the beatific expression on Cousin Hugh's face the result of my efforts along the same line of charitable work?"

The bell rang then, and the blushing Lillian was spared the necessity of a reply.-Utica Globe.

An English firm is manufacturing a lock which has the keyhole set in the edge of the outer doorknob to draw the bolt, which prevents the knob from

NAVY SIGNAL SERVICE

HOW SHIP CAPTAINS SEND SE-CRETS ACROSS THE WATER.

This Manner of Giving Orders Is Now a Matter of Science-Messages Can Be Sent at Night-Electric Lights that Talk.

Signals of Ships.

Of all the things that went down in the Maine, nothing was more vital to the navy than the safe recovery of the signal books from the captain's cabin. Should they have fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, our secret codes vice, could scarcely embarrass us more.



FLEET SIGNALS OR FLAGS.

New books would have to be issued,

mon exceptions, these orders are not memorized. Each ship carries a number of signal books or "keys" for various uses-all arranged in the same manner and perhaps many having duplications of the numbers, and it is necessary first to tell in which "key" the answer is to be read before the signal can be properly translated. In one book "4136" may mean "Attack," and still something else in the cipher book. On & going into action covers weighted with | & lead are slipped about them, and it becomes the signal officer's duty to cast them overboard and beyond the reach of a victorious foe.

The other day a bicycle rider found would be common property and a whole a rare chance for sport. He was near corps of Spanish spies, right in our ser- the suburbs of Worcester. A farm wagon appeared, with a cow trailing behind, patiently submitting herself to be led by a rope from the front seat. The bicycle idiot rode up to the cow and began a series of tactics to annoy her. He punched her in the ribs, yelled in her ears and dodged around her legs. Occasionally he fell back and taking hold of her tail, attempted to make her tow his bicycle. The cow objected and kicked viciously. This only amused the rider, and he directed his attention to an annoyance that would induce her to continue kicking, meanwhile keeping out of reach of her heels. Finally the animal stopped kicking and appeared to become indifferent. Some spectators on a passing street car observed, however, that she had turned and before every ship could be notified her head so as to keep an eye on her and supplied anew with other "keys," persecutor. It took her a few minutes months of priceless time would be lost to get the range, and meanwhile the and our service severely crippled. Sig | bicycle idiot grew bold and reckless, naling between ships is as old as the encouraged by her quiet behavior. Sudhills, almost; but only within recent denly the animal darted forward, so years has it become the scientific ne- as to get a slack in the rope, stopped cessity it is to-day. A ship without short and let both heels fly. Her aim some means of distant signaling is even was sure this time, and the bicycle went worse off than a dumb man without out from under the idiot's feet. The arms, for she is not only pitiably mute, street car spectators raised a shout, but dangerously so as well. It is sel- the motorman rang a chime with his dom possible, even in times of peace, at 'gong and the farmer and his boy whip-

Good for the Cow.



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The Minister Who Was an Elk. "An Episcopal clergyman of Grand Rapids, Mich., who belongs to the order of the Elks," says a member of that order, "attended a meeting the other evening. The chairman, noticing his presence, said: 'I see our Rev. Brother - among us this evening. As this is such an unusual occurrence, I think he will have to be assessed \$5." The rector put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and, marching up to the desk, put down his little V, and made a nice little speech in which he told how glad he was to be with his brother Elks, and ended by inviting them to come and hear him preach the next Sunday evening. Some one moved that the Elks accept the invitation and go in a body to their brother's church, which was unanimously earried. The next Sunday evening the front pews of the church were filled with Elks, and when Rev. Mr. - ascended his pulpit, he said: 'I am delighted to see so many of my brother Elks here this evening, but as it is such an unusual occurrence with the most of them, I think they should each be assessed \$1. Let your light so shine, etc.' The way the silver dollars rattled on that plate was a cau-

York Tribune. Energy will co anything that can be done in this world and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man with-

tion. The contribution was much

heavier than usual, and the Elks voted

their reverend brother all right."-New

out it .- Goethe. Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result; and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal ecudition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of

the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundre'l Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cantion, its beauty often comes from the got be cared by Hali's Catarrh Cure. Send for

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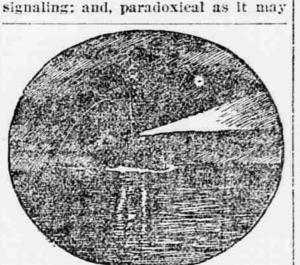
Miles-Why, hello, Giles, old boy, how are you? Gracious, how you have The drug used by the Chinese in changed! I didn't recognize you at

Giles-In what way have I changed? Miles-In your general appearance. Quite a dude at one time, you seem to

Giles-Oh, is that it? Well, I'm married now, and have quit the dude bush

sea to hail a passing vessel by speech, ped up the horse. The impassive cow and in times of war to do so would be only wiggled her ears and gave an impractically denied by the conditions of aginary fly on her side a triumphan: service. Some sure and accurate means slap with her tail. The wheel was so of visual communication must serve twisted that the rider had to walk instead; and with us we have recourse home as helplessly as the cow was beto colors, form and sound. At present | ing led. He will not sue the owner of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

"SEMAPHORE."



SPEED CONE AND

FLAG SIGNALS.

ROCKET AND SEARCHLIGHT.

seem, we are most in the dark by day light, for then we must depend for the greater part upon the doubtful fluttering of our flags, and the questionable interpretation of color and form which distance and refraction tend easily to confuse. At night, backed by the deep setting of gloom, it is an easy matter to flash for miles our messages with accuracy and quickness and be sure of their proper reading. For day use-setting aside that polyglot international flag code common to all maritime nations-we have the service flag code, the wig-wag or single-flag code familiar to nearly every modern schoolboy, the semaphore code, an elaboration of the railway signals, and the whistle code to be used either day or night in foggy weather. The use of the speed code, hoisted on the yard arm to give the gradation of concerted speed, can hardly be called a code. Aside from the flag code, consisting essentially of thirteen elements or flags representing the numerals from 9 to 0 and three repeaters-substituted in place of duplications, and the semaphore covering the same numerals and all the letters of the alphabet, the two remaining -the wig-wag and the whistle are based upon the familiar telegrade codes of dots and dashes. The semaphore in our service can hardly be counted upon in time of war, for the New York is the only vessel so fitted, and the rest of the ships are practically unpracticed in reading it. In the British service, the semaphore is one of the most tried daytime methods of signaling; and the rapidity and accuracy with which they can dispatch messages is truly wonderful. With our blue-jackets they look upon it as something akin to marine railroading, and are not complimentary in their remarks. With the thirteen principal flags of our day code, supple-

we have no less than eight means of the cow .- Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

THE INFORMAL

WIG-WAG.

One Artist Declares that There Is No.

ed several distinguished artists to draw sketches showing the conception of each of the distinctive type of American young woman. The accompanying picture is Mr. W. T. Smedley's idea. But it is not offered as a distinctive type, because Mr. Smedley declares that there is no distinct American face. "The American girl," he said, "is American mainly in general get-up-in manner, bearing and dress. Were you todress a number of men or women of different nationalities exactly alike you could not, I believe, easily pick out the representative of one from the other. I've seen Russians who looked like Uncle Sam and Americans who looked like Russians, and I've known any number of similar instances. Similarly in a na-



How Chinese Catch Fish. catching fish is Coculus indicus, which first, mented by a half dozen designating is powdered and mixed with dough and pennants, it is possible to make about scattered broadcast over the water 12,000 different "hoists" or combine- after the manner of sowing seed. The tions, varying from one to two, three, fish seize and devour it with avidity have grown careless. or four flags, not counting the pen- and instantly become intoxicated and nants. These hoists indicate the num- | turn up by hundreds on the top of the hers of certain established orders or i.i. water. They are then gathered up and ness.

Distinct American Face. Recently the New York Herald invit-



outside; yet the nation gets the credit | circulars, free.

structions carried in the "key" books of placed in vessels containing clear wathe service, and, with very few com- ter.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

for it. Nor is the highest beauty to be found among the aristocracy, but among the 'people'"

merely a subdude.

Miles-I see. Not a dude any more;