

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER I.

The gas was turned up to its full height and flared noisily in the front parlor of a lodging house in the suburbs of London. Just underneath it, so that the bright light illumined the varying shade of her auburn hair, sat a girl, with the advertisement sheet of the Daily Mail laid upon the table before her. One finger passed rapidly down the columns.

"I wish I were a cook, Neville. Here are cooks required of every size and shape, no limit to either age or sex, apparently. I could get a dozen situations tomorrow if I could roast a joint properly, and I could earn a fortune if I could do made dishes."

The brother that Janetta Howard addressed was a good-looking lad about 19 years old, with dark appealing eyes, and closely-cropped curly hair. The face was spoiled by the purposeless, weak mouth and the characterless chin. He reclined in an easy chair, and was smoking a pipe, with his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets.

"What nonsense, Jennie! As if I should ever consent to your going out as a common servant! Besides, I don't believe you could do a red herring properly."

"Given a good fire and a toasting fork, I would evolve the way to do the herring," retorted Janetta merrily. "But that I dare not draw out our last penny of capital I would go in for a series of cooking lessons, come out at the top of the tree, and take a place as cook in a high family. I tell you, I would not adopt the title of 'lady help.' I'd be cook, and rule my kitchen with a rod of iron." And she clenched her hand, as if she really gripped the rod of which she spoke.

"And, failing this, what do you propose to do?" asked Neville lazily.

"Anything that offers," replied Janetta quickly, resuming her search through the paper. "It is quite clear that, if you are to accept this chance of a stool in an accountant's office, I must supplement your salary in some way; you can't live on it."

"I need not accept it; I can wait for something better."

"Wait until we come to our last penny, in fact!" cried Janetta impatiently. "No, Neville; you must take this clerkship, and I must get something and help you all I can. You know I'm ready enough to do it; but—with a little break in her voice—"you'll keep steady, dear, when I'm gone?"

Her tone implied that the boy's past had not been altogether blameless, and he started to his feet, as if stung by her words.

"I know I've been a beast, Jennie. I've wasted a lot of money; but if I hadn't had such bad luck I should have won it back on the last Derby."

"That's just it—you'd no right to risk it," replied Janetta despairingly; "but you'll leave it alone now—you must promise me to try and keep straight. I think it would break my heart if you turned into a drinking, betting man like father!"

The last words were brought out sadly and reluctantly, briefly telling the tale of the present low ebb in their fortunes.

"He's dead; you need not bring up his sins against him," said Neville, rather sulkily.

"And I would not, except that I love you so dearly that I must give you one word of warning. You've nobody else, you see," said Janetta, with a smile that was almost a caress.

"Let me see, where was I? Bent upon finding that wonderful situation that is to make both your fortune and mine," she continued, with an effort to regain her usual light-heartedness. "What do you say to this?"

"Wanted immediately, a young lady as companion, good-looking and good-tempered. Photo must accompany every application. References required."

"Humbly!" ejaculated Neville, from the depths of his easy chair.

"Come and look for yourself, if you don't believe me," said Janetta, with laughter in her eyes.

He rose and peeped over his sister's shoulder. "Why, yes! It's there safe enough. It's a hoax, of course. You won't be green enough to answer it?"

"This very night," said Janetta brightly—"at least, if you honestly can assure me that I fulfill the requirements. I'm not old at two-and-twenty, am I?"

"I'm averagely good-tempered, and could attain perfect self-control if an occasional outburst meant a loss of situation. And"—as she spoke she glanced at the common little mirror above the mantel shelf—"don't mind my feelings, tell me truly; am I good looking enough?"

"Oh, as to that, you'll do," replied Neville, with the bluntness of a brother.

The face that the mirror reflected was framed in a cloudy mass of hair, set like an aureole round the daintily-poised head. Hazel eyes, half veiled by the long lashes, looked wistfully from under level, clearly-defined eyebrows; a creamy complexion; and a smiling mouth, whose half-opened red lips disclosed the whiteness of the small, even teeth, completed the picture.

Beauty was the one possession left to Janetta, and tonight she prized it more than she had ever done before as a possible means to an end. What if the simple fact that she was pretty

should win for her the situation she so longed to obtain?

"I shall send her my prettiest photo, Neville," she said, after her brief self survey.

"You don't even know the sex of the advertiser. It may be a widower advertising darkly for number two," suggested her brother.

Janetta laid down her pen in some alarm.

"I don't care," she said; "I shall write and send my photo and references. The answer will tell us all about it. I think it's a very rich old maid, with a poodle and a parrot. I shall probably have to wash the poodle, and play pretty Polly with endless lumps of sugar, and get my fingers well packed in the process. There! my letter is at any rate short and to the point. Will it do?" she said, tossing it over to Neville.

"A man could not have put the thing better. Old maid or widower, I would close with you at once if I were the advertiser. You write a short note and a pretty hand."

"Very well, we'll go out and post it," said Janetta, stretching out her hand for her hat. "May good luck attend it!"

She received an answer by return of post. The pointed handwriting in which the letter was written was of the style prevalent about 40 years ago.

"An old maid! Look at the writing!" cried Janetta triumphantly, as she opened the envelope.

"There is a modern brevity about it," said Neville, peeping over her shoulder. "Read it out, there's a dear."

"Dear Madam: I think you seem likely to suit me. The salary I offer is £60 pounds a year; but I shall be willing to raise it at the end of the first quarter if we find we get on together. Will you come for a month and see how you like it, beginning on Monday?"

"Can you leave by the train which starts from Paddington at 2 o'clock? I shall be sending to Northell Station meet a friend, and you could come by the same carriage. Wire reply."

"Believe me, faithfully yours."

"(Miss) Clarice Seymour."

Janetta and her brother burst into simultaneous laugh when she finished the letter.

"Either the woman is a lunatic or it's a hoax," said Neville.

"I'll go and see for myself. It's too good an opening to miss. Sixty pounds a year for doing nothing, apparently. No mention even of the poodle or the parrot. Anyhow, it's a genuine place; I've looked it out in the 'Gazette'."

Thus it came to pass that, on the Monday following, Janetta and Neville paced up and down Paddington station together, both their hearts too full of the approaching separation to trust themselves to speak of it.

Instead, they talked of trivialities, watched the other passengers as they hurried down the platform to the train, commenting idly upon them.

"Look, Neville! what a handsome man that is getting into the first-class carriage not far from my humble third. If he were a girl, and applied for my situation, I should not have a chance, should I? He's so very good looking!"

The man in question turned, as if he had heard the remark, glancing at the brother and sister, who had come to a halt before the carriage in which Janetta had placed her rug.

The glance was but momentary. He signed to the porter, who followed him, to hand in his belongings, jumped into the carriage, and closed the door.

"I believe he heard you, Jennie," said Neville quickly.

"If he did it can't matter. We shall never meet again, and it can't be the first time that he's heard he's good looking," said Janetta, with a little laugh.

"Oh, Neville, I must get in! I don't know how to say good-by. I will write tonight. Good-by, dear; good-by. Jump in a minute, I must kiss you; and you'll keep steady, for my sake?"

The last words were said in a whisper.

"All right, don't bother!" said Neville, horribly ashamed of the fact that there were tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

In a few minutes more the train was puffing slowly from the station, and Janetta, who had craned her neck from the carriage to obtain a farewell smile from Neville, sank back into her corner, with plenty of time before her in which to consider her prospects and her fellow travelers.

The latter were singularly uninteresting, with the exception of a little girl not more than two years old, who sat just opposite Janetta, regarding her with thoughtful eyes.

"Pretty," she said presently, stretching out her arms to come to her, and Janetta, with a reassuring nod to the mother, stood the child by the window and talked to her for the first hour, only handing her back to her natural guardian when the little thing was tired out, and showed signs of dropping off to sleep.

A glance at her watch told her that she could not be many miles from her destination, and she looked out of the window to notice the sort of country through which they were traveling, fancying that in the fast-fading light of the February afternoon she could catch the shimmer of the sea in the distance.

The thought had scarcely framed itself before she was conscious of a curious swaying to and fro in the carriage, then a shivering vibration ran along the train as if the brake had been applied with unwonted force; and, before she could do more than read the awful alarm that was written upon the faces of her fellow travelers, there came a crash and a total cessation of movement.

The earth itself seemed tottering under her, and she was thrown from her seat to the floor. She was too stunned for a few minutes to realize in the least what had happened; but when at last able to collect her senses, she knew that there must have been an accident, the nature and character of which she was incapable of guessing.

The air was alive with sounds more or less distressing—the hissing of the engine, the shouts of the engine driver, the piercing shrieks of women, and close to her, making itself heard above the din, the pitiful, frightened wail of a little child.

"Poor little dear! It must be the little child I was talking to," said Janetta, trying to raise herself on to her knees so as to see better what had happened to her fellow travelers, and much relieved to find that her own limbs were whole and sound.

The carriage was jerked off the rails and was pitched half over on its side, and the struggles of others to free themselves were beginning to be unpleasantly felt when, from her kneeling posture, Janetta caught a glimpse of the man whom she had seen getting into the first-class carriage a little beyond her own at Paddington.

"Hallo!" he said, with a pleasant smile. "You seem to want help here. Don't be frightened; I don't think there is much harm done, barring the smashing up of a carriage or so. No, no! don't struggle behind there! Ladies first, please. I must help you out through the window, as the door is jammed, and beware of broken glass."

"The child first," said Janetta, with quivering lips, who had laid hold of the little frightened head that had been propelled right under the seat opposite to her own.

"Hand her out, please!" cried the man, depositing the child high up on the bank near by. "She's scared out of her wits, as well she may be. Now give me your hands, and place your feet on the handle of the door; I'll keep you steady as you climb through and lift you out."

Janetta obeyed every direction swiftly and deftly.

With her arm about the child, Janetta sat and watched the strange scene with dazed, bewildered eyes. The huge engine, which had run off the line, stood half embedded in the bank at the side, snorting and puffing as if indignant at finding himself in such an ignominious position.

Men with scared faces hurried hither and thither; women stood in groups along the line, sobbing in helpless terror.

The mother of her little charge lay stretched at full length on the grass close by, borne thither by the strong arms of her rescuer, who seemed almost the only man who kept full possession of his senses, except a fair-faced, fair-haired young doctor, who hastened forward towards the prostrate figure, kneeling by her and feeling her pulse with professional calm.

"Fainted, that's all," he said, looking up at the man by his side. Then a quick glance of recognition passed over his features. "Why, Merivale, you here?" he exclaimed. "On your way to the George, I suppose?"

From a certain hardening of the voice Janetta gathered that, for some reason unknown, the fair-haired doctor did not like the handsome stranger, whose fine physique and pleasant bearing seemed so attractive to herself. (To be continued.)

"TELEPHONE EAR."

Operators Say Answering Calls Does Not Affect the Hearing.

Chicago girls who listen to the click in the telephone receiver for eight hours every day in the week laugh at the idea that their New York sister operators are getting a "telephone ear," or a deafness, from the constant snapping of the call signals, says the Chicago News. "A telephone ear," remarked one girl who has operated a board in the central office for three years, "is the most acute one in the world, and the more noise there is in the phone the more trained our ears become to detect what is being said." "There are a great number of girls in this office," said the chief operator. "I sat at a board myself for several years, and I never heard a girl complain that the sound of the phone affected her hearing in the least. I know it never did mine." In speaking of the effect of the click on an operator's hearing, A. S. Hibbard, the general manager of company said:

"I do not care to say that the New York people are wrong in their contentions that they have had cases of deafness due to the sound made in connecting and disconnecting the telephones, but it sounds improbable to me. We have had the signal system in Chicago for about five years. Almost every phone in Chicago now calls the main board without twisting a crank, and yet I have never heard of a complaint."

Cat That Never Tasted Meat.

A kitten has been brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food and it pays no attention to rats or mice.

Almost any evil can be remedied if you face it fearlessly and honestly try to remove it.

WEALTH IN FLOCKS.

SHEEPRAISERS ROLLING IN RICHES FROM WOOL.

An Extraordinary Tribute to the Beneficent Effects of the Dingley Tariff Law—Great Increase in the Number of Sheep Raised.

Albuquerque, N. M., correspondence of the New York Evening Post: The forthcoming annual reports of Governor Otero of New Mexico and of Gov. Murphy of Arizona to the president will contain interesting information for wool growers in the eastern states. The growth of the wool industry in the southwestern territories during the last three years is without precedent. New Mexico has become the chief wool producing region in the union, and the industry is fast increasing throughout the territory. Arizona's wool product has increased 27 per cent in three years, and the capital invested in flocks and sheep ranges in that state is estimated at \$650,000, more than in any former year. Both Gov. Otero and Gov. Murphy have given a good deal of attention lately to gathering facts concerning the profits, the outlook, and the growth of the flocks, and the wool product in the Territories mentioned.

The recent census shows that New Mexico has 4,467,000 sheep, worth from \$1.60 to \$2.10 a head. Montana, which was the leading wool-producing state in the union until two years ago, has 3,785,000 sheep, and Ohio, which was the banner wool state until the industry moved westward, still has about 3,000,000 head of sheep. Arizona has 2,634,000 sheep, California has 2,018,000 and Idaho and Wyoming have each more than 2,000,000 sheep. Ewes and lambs form an unusually large proportion of the flocks in New Mexico, and it may, therefore be reckoned that the number of wool-bearing sheep in the territory will be increased by more than 1,300,000 during the next year. The total number of sheep in the

on the free list, he is said to have lost more than \$400,000 in one season, and nearly failed in business. He has, however, rapidly recovered since 1897, and now he has more than \$1,110,000 invested in sheep, wool-storing houses, and ranges. He has 45,000 sheep, divided into eleven flocks. He employs thirty-five shepherds, two overseers and through five months of each year he employs twenty men who do nothing but shear sheep. His wool clip for 1900 amounts to about 343,200 pounds, and the present market price for the product ranges from twelve to fifteen cents a pound. His increase in lambs for 1900 is about 31,000, and these are worth nowadays from \$1.60 to \$2.10 each. The flocks are expected to comprise more than 50,000 sheep by next summer.—Helen T. Griswold.

A GOOD THING TO REMEMBER.

The Secretary of Agriculture in his annual report draws attention to the fact that our total sales of domestic farm products to foreign countries during the four fiscal years 1897-1900 aggregated the enormous sum of \$3,186,000,000, or close to \$800,000,000 in excess of the export value for the preceding four-year period. In other words we received on an average during 1897-1900 for products of domestic agriculture marketed abroad nearly \$200,000,000 a year above the annual amount paid us for such products during 1893-1896. This is all very gratifying, as it shows how dependent the nations of the eastern hemisphere are upon the United States for bread and meat. These markets will always take our food surplus at a price, but it will be a price that we cannot control. After all, the best market for American food-stuffs is right here in America. The more we consume here the less will be left for export, and the less left for export, the greater will be prices paid for the exported surplus.

The main thing in agriculture, as in manufacturing, is the big home market; and the way to make the home market take the largest possible share of what the farmer has to sell and pay

A DEADLY PARALLEL.

January 1, 1903.

A Democratic President-Elect.

Next Senate and House Democratic.

A Free Trade Tariff Assured.

Capital Stunned and Timid.

Retrenchment the Watchword.

Employment and Wages Decreasing.

Worrying Over Future Lack of Revenue.

Must Soon Borrow Money to Pay Expenses.

Increasing National Debt.

Failures Begin to Increase.

At the Mercy of Europe.

Suspicion, Distrust, Fear.

January 1, 1901.

A Republican President-Elect.

Next Senate and House Republican.

A Protective Tariff Assured.

Every Dollar Seeking Investment.

Expansion the Watchword.

Employment and Wages Increasing.

Framing a Bill to Reduce the Revenue.

Lending Money to the World.

Reducing National Debt.

Failure Liabilities Never So Low.

The World at Our Mercy.

Confidence, Respect, Trust.

United States is now about 47,000,000, and the total annual wool product in the union is 241,000,000 pounds, or a fraction over five pounds of wool to each head of sheep. During the year ending June 30 last, the consumption of wool in the United States was 631,270,000 pounds, or almost three times the home product. Governor Otero finds that an acre of fair grazing land among the hills and mountain valleys of New Mexico will support two sheep each each year, and that there are 55,000,000 acres of such pasturage. Thus, New Mexico will be able to maintain 105,000,000 more sheep than she now has. Governor Murphy, by a similar line of reasoning, finds that there is ample pasturage for 37,000,000 more sheep in Arizona.

It has been closely reckoned that the cost of the maintenance of a flock worth from \$7,000 to \$8,000 for one year is about \$1,400, or thirty cents per head. This includes pay for shepherds, food, shearing and incidental expenses. An average yield of wool per head is five pounds, and as the present market price of wool, 14 cents a pound, each sheep pays seventy cents a year in fleece, or a profit of forty cents a head per year. A flock of 4,000 sheep is therefore reckoned (barring unusual expenses) to yield some \$1,600 profit in wool in a year. The natural increase in lambs in an average flock is reckoned at about 2,200 each year, and that, too, is a source of large profit where the pasturage is good for more sheep. The average number of losses during a year in a flock of 4,000 sheep is 200, by estray, sickness and attacks by coyotes and bears.

It has been closely estimated that about \$24,000,000 is invested in New Mexican sheep and wool interests, while in Arizona about \$12,000,000 is invested. This comprises the value of the flocks, ranges and wool store-houses. The wool industry attracts many young Englishmen of capital, and every year the number of Englishmen in wool-growing increases. Many Englishmen who are leaders in sheep-ranching in the southwest are the younger sons of some of the nobility in England. Lord Salisbury has two nephews in the locality of Las Cruces, N. M., who are said to have each made more than \$40,000 in sheep and wool since the rise in wool under the operation of the Dingley tariff law in 1897. A son of the late Marquis of Bute has been very successful in big sheep investments among the foothills near Raton, N. M.

The most important wool-grower in the United States is Marshall E. Fenton of Southern New Mexico. He has had several ups and downs in the wool industry, and in 1895, when wool was

a good price for it is to keep the largest possible percentage of our population at work in the mills and factories. The American farmer understands this better than he used to. Protectionists have been preaching it to him for 40 years, and the vote cast in the farming districts at the last election shows that the idea has at last found permanent lodgment. It is a good thing to remember.

WHAT THE FREE TRADERS ACTUALLY DID.

According to the Johnstown Democrat, "Free traders did not condemn the Dingley tariff because it closed to us the markets of the world."

Another half truth half stated, and therefore unentitled to the serious consideration of the people. Yet in order that truth may again prevail we propose here to state the facts.

In a measured sense it is true that the free traders did not condemn the Dingley tariff "because it closed the markets of the world" to American exporters. The act had scarcely gone into effect before the foreign markets began to open to our products.

But what the free traders actually did was to condemn the Dingley bill in every possible way because it enacted it would close the markets of the world to those same products. It did nothing of the kind, of course, but they repeated that it would a thousand times in Congress and out.

All of which, the Inquirer submits amounts to the difference between a well-dressed and tweedledoe, with the Johnstown Democrat raising the issue to deceive the people again.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MUST REDEEM THE PLEDGE.

A Republican congress should have the courage to be as fair to the shipping interests of the country as it has been to the manufacturing and commercial interests. No reasonable excuse can now be offered for any further delay in the enactment of a law that will restore the American flag to its proper place on the ocean highways. There is no need to argue at length in advocacy of such legislation, for the facts are too palpable and present conditions are too humiliating to American pride for any honest difference of opinion regarding the necessities of the situation or the remedy. The congress whose sessions began Monday should not adjourn on March 4 next without having redeemed the pledge of the Republican National convention that American shipping would have the protection and encouragement to which it is entitled.—New York Mail and Express.

Skilled Debaters in the Senate.

Among the best debaters in the senate are Chandler of New Hampshire and Spooner of Wisconsin. Chandler is the keener and more caustic of the two. Spooner has the advantage in the spectacular surprises of a running debate. Chandler is more feared as an opponent than any other man. He has a genius for discovering the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor, and he is merciless in sending his weapons home. Both he and Spooner are invariably good-natured. Neither of them was ever known to lose his temper in debate.

Can't Pay a 5-Cent Fare with \$20.

Some time ago Ida Balk tendered a street car conductor in Toledo a \$20 bill in payment of one fare. The conductor refused to accept the bill on the ground that he did not have change for that amount, and elected the woman from the car. She brought suit against the company for damages and the case was decided against her. Judge Pugsley said in deciding the case that it was unreasonable to expect the street car conductor to carry that amount of change.

To Raise Georgia Preachers in Africa.

A shipment of 100,000 young peach trees from Georgia nurseries, bound for Cape Colony and Natal, South Africa, will be made next week. They go largely into Natal, and a large number of the trees going to that country are consigned to Ladysmith. Cape Colony fruit growers get less than half of the shipment.

MR. AYERS NOT DEAD.

Very Much Alive and Out With a Letter Telling How He Was Saved.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 29.—(Special.)—Few who knew how ill Mr. A. E. Ayers of this city had been with Bright's Disease and Diabetes ever expected he could live. Four doctors gave him but three or four days to live. He recovered through the prompt and continued use of a well-known remedy, and has given the following letter for publication. It is dated at Bath, N. Y., where Mr. Ayers now resides.

Soldiers and Sailors' Home,

Bath, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—I wish to tell you what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. As far as I am concerned they are the best in the world, for they not only saved my life, but they have given me new life and hope. I lived in Minneapolis for forty-nine years, and am well known there by many people. I suffered severely with Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Four well-known physicians gave me up to die. In fact they gave me only three or four days at the longest to live. I had spent nearly everything I had in the effort to save my life, but seeing an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I scraped what was nearly my last half dollar, sent to the drug store and bought a box. I had very little hope of anything every doing me any good, as from what the four doctors had told me, it was now a matter of hours with me. I commenced to take the Pills, and from the very first they helped me. I took in all about forty boxes. I doubtless did not need so many, but I wanted to make sure, and after all, \$20 is a small amount of money to remove the sentence of death and save one's life.

I have since recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to hundreds of people, and I have yet to hear of the first one that did not find them all that you claim for them. I can remember of two people to whom I had recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills, and who afterwards said to me that they received no benefit. I asked to see their Pill boxes, and behold, instead of Dodd's Kidney Pills, it was ————'s Kidney Pills, an imitation of the genuine Dodd's, and not the real thing at all that they had been using. I gave each of them an empty pill box that Dodd's Kidney Pills had been put up in, so that they could make no more mistakes, and they afterwards came to me and told me that they had bought and used the genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills, and were cured.

I still continue to use the Pills off and on, and would not be without them if they were \$50 a box. I think that every old gentleman in the world would be healthier and better if he would take one after each meal.

I wish I could think of words strong enough to express to you my gratitude for what your Medicine has done for me. It is not often, I suppose, that a man who is staring death right in the face, is permitted to live and tell of the means which saved him, and as that is my position, my heart is overwhelmed with thankfulness to God for His mercy to me in permitting me to see the advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when it seemed that I was beyond all earthly power to save that I cannot express my real feelings.

If anyone doubts the statement I have made, they may write to me, and I will try and prove to them that all I have said in this letter is true, and more than true. There are hundreds of people in Minneapolis who know all about my case and the way Dodd's Kidney Pills pulled me through, when I had been given up by the four doctors of Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and had practically lost all hope. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial which I give you from the bottom of my heart, and I sincerely wish that I could find the right words to express my feelings of gratitude to you and to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for my restoration to life and health.

(Signed)

A. E. AYERS,

Late of Minneapolis, now at Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y. Mr. Ayers is only one of thousands of aged gentlemen who say that their lives have been prolonged and their declining years made worth living by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.