

The Story of a Labor Union. A Tale of Present Day Problems. With Episodes from Real Life. to Commission of the Commissio

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CHAPTER XVI.-Continued. "The meaning is that I am going to hear what danger my father was in yesterday, and to be with him if he is in danger today."

The good woman held up her hands in helpless dismay. Was ever human being, anxlous to do her duty to all, harassed by two such ungovernable persons since the world began? she asked herself. But for once she made exactly the remark to cope with the

"The time has come sooner than I expected. Your father has forbidden you to go to the office and when he sees that you have disobeyed him at such a time as this he will be furious. Then you will know what I have to stand.

The impetuous girl paused in her prepara-

Then why do you exasperate me beyond endurance by refusing to tell me what hap-

"I refuse! I refuse you nothing. Better would it have been for me if I had when you were younger; then you would think twice before you flung all obsdience to the winds. You have only to ask what you want to kept you so late, tather? "Now, this is more than the law requires know, and listen with patience while it is of a man. Have I to make explanations to

I have asked you a dozen times." "How you do exaggerate! I call it exaggeration, although I neight perhaps be forgiven for using a harsher term. Exactitude

of statement is more—"
"Will you tell me, or shall I go?" "Have I not just said that I will tell you anything? What is it you want to know? Your own ridiculous conduct has driven everything out of my Sead."
"You said my father had defied the men

and was in danger yesterday."
"Oh, that! After seeing the police guard
Mr. Hope and Mr. Monkton through the lawless mob, what must your father do but show how brave he wes compared with his superiors. He came out of the gates alon and walked through the mob."

What did he say? "He didn't say anything."

"Then how did he defy the men?"
"Good gracious, child, how stupid you are! When men are driven to extremities, surely his coming out among them-and he the cause of it all-was defiance enough. But a full account is in the paper I bought at the station; it is on the hall table, where you would have seen it if you could have kept your temper. Read it if you want to. is not me you are disobeying when you do so. Remember, it was your father who did not want you to see the paper."
The day proved a long one to Edna Sart-

well, and when her father did not return at the usual hour, she became more and more anxious. Her stepmother said nothing about the delay, as the hours passed, but began to assume that air of patient resig-nation which became her so well. Dinner was served to the minute, and at the accustomed moment the table Once or twice she chided Edna for her restlessness, and regretted she had to speak, but was compelled to do so, because the good example she herself act was so palpably unappreciated. At last she said: Edna, go to bed. I will wait up for your

'He is sure to be home soon. Please let

always shall, so long as we are spared to each other. For the third time I ask you to

The girl sat where she was, the red flag of rebellion in her cheek. The glint of suppressel anger in Mrs. Sartwell's eye showed "And leaving unsaid the things—ah, well." pressel anger in Mrs. Sartwell's eye showed that a point had been reached where one or bearance by speaking in the same level tone

'Do you intend to obey me, Edna?'

little straighter in the back, perhaps, but not otherwise visibly disturbed by the unjusti-fiable conduct of the girl. In each instance after Edna's prompt replies, there was si-lence for a few moments.
"In the earlier part of the day, Edna, you

permitted yourself to speak to me and act toward me in a manner which I hoped you would regret when opportunity for reflection was given? I expected some expression of contrition from you. Have you reflected,

Mrs. Sartwell threaded her needle with "And what has been the result

"That I was pleased to think I had said nothing harsher than I did." The ticking of the tall clock on the land intently for a quick, firm step on the gravel, but all outside was slient.
"Added to your-if I use the word inso-

lence it is because I can think of no other term with which to characterize the remarks you have addressed to me-added to your insolence is now disobedience. If I am overstating the case, no one can be more pleased than I to be corrected, in the proper

After nipping the thread with her teeth ad drawing a deep, wavering sigh, Mrs.

time comes I shall gladly lay down the bur den of what poor authority is delegated to me, but until that time comes, I shall be mistress in my own house. Your father freely and of his own choice gave me that authority, and he, not you, is the proper person to revoke it, if it pleases him to do I shall, therefore, say nothing more until

tion breathing through these measured words must have touched the hardened heart of the girl, for she buried her face in her hands and began to weep—a certain sign of defeat. But she evidently determined not to give her antagonist the satisfaction fairly won by so admirable a dissertation upon the correct conduct of a well-ordered household.

his mind, he must be worried when he come home by our miserable squabbles."

"I never squabble. Edna. Neither do I ever use such an undiguified word. Where you got it I'm sure I do not know, but it was not from me. If you wish your father not to be troubled, then you should act so that it would not be necessary to appeal to him. It is no wish of mine to add to cares-far otherwise. Are you ready to

The girl rose and went rather uncertainly to the door, her eyes filled with tears.

"You have not kissed me goodnight,

Edna."
She kissed her stepmother on the cheek and went to her room, flinging herself, dressed as she was, on her bed, sobbing. Yet she listened for that step on the gravel and saw her, should not know she had been crying. Wrapping herself in her dressing gown, she sat by the window and listened

from the window, but did not. Holding her door apar, she heard the murmur of her stepmother's voice, and occasionally the shorter, gruffer note of her father's evidently moneavilable replica. After what neemed as interminable time, her stepmother came up alone, and the door of her room

Edna, holding her breath, slipped noise lessly out of her room and down the stairs. The steps were kind to her and did not creak. She opened the door of the dining room, and appeared as silently as if she were a ghost. Her father started from his chair, and it required all his habitual delfcommand to repress the exclamation that 'Heaven help us, my dearest girl; do you

rant to frighten your old father out of what little wits he has left to him?" he whis-pered. "Why arou't you saleep?" She gently closed the door, then ran to him and threw her arms about his neck. 'Oh, father, are you safe? You are not

"Hurt! Why, what would hurt me, you silly baby?" He ruffled her hair, pulling it over her eyes. "You've been dreaming; I believe you are talking in your sleep now. Why are you not in bed?"
"I couldn't sleep till you came home. What kept you so late, father?"
"Now, this is more than and the pulling it is now."

Now, this is more than the law requires



THE GIRL SAT DOWN ON A HASSOCK HER HEAD ON HER

we women every night I come home by the The girl sat on a hassock and laid her head on her father's knee, he smoothing her

hair caressingly. "What is all this pother about, Edna? Why are you so anxious about my being out I was afraid you were in danger; I read

ther stepmother—the look which told of all day, causing deep anxiety to those respon-il have always sat up for your father, and sible for your upbringing." Edna sank her head upon her father's

none of us is quite perfect. It is a blessing the other of them had to leave the room de-feated. The elder woman exhibited her for-otherwise most of us would come badly off. "Somehow, when you are here, nothing seems to matter, and any worries of the day appear small and trivial, and I wonder why they troubled me, but when you are way-well, it's different altogether."

"That is very flattering to me, Edna, but ou mustn't imagine I'm to be cajoled into omitting the scoiding you know you deserve. No. I can see through your diplomacy. It won't do, my dear girl, it won't do."

"It isn't diplomacy or flattery; it's true.
I'll take my scolding most meckly if you tell me what happened today." 'I refuse to bargain with a confessed rebel. Still, as I must get you off to bed before morning, I will tell you what hap-An attempt was made to settle the strike today. The men had a meeting to-night, and I waited at my club to hear the outcome. I had a man at the meeting, who was to bring me the result of the vote as soon as it was taken. A young man-one of the strikers, but the only man of brains among them—saw me this afternoon, and made certain proposals that I accepted. Gibbons was to be renounced and a depu-tation of the men was to come to me. We should probably have settled the matter in ten minutes, if it had come off."

Then he failed, after all his trouble?" "Who failed?" "The-the young man you speak of."

Edna found her role of deceiver a diffi-ult one. She was glad her father could not see her face, and bitterly regretted giv ing Marsten a promise not to tell of his

"Yes, he falled. Of course, there was not time to canvass the men properly, and at the meeting, Gibbons, who is a glib talker, won over enough to defeat the efforts of the others. It wasn't much of a victory, but sufficient for the purpose. They had, I understand, a very stormy meeting, and Gibbons won by some dozen votes or thereshous."

Would you like come in—some wo have a victory, and knew you were ill."

The girl shook her abouts."

"And what is to be done now?" "Oh, we are just where we were. I'l wait a few days more, and if the men d he returns. Then he must choose between wait a few days more, and if the men do us. If you are to be mistress here I shall not come back, I'll fill their places with a bow my head without a word, and leave this new lot. I don't want to do that except

know all about it, so to bed, to bed at once, and sleep soundly. This dissipation cannot be allowed, you know."

He kissed her and patted her affectionately on the shoulder. The girl, with a guilty feeling in her heart, crept upstairs as neglectory as she had descended.

CHAPTER XVII.

Albert Langly found a new and absorbing interest in life. This interest was friendship, the pleasures of which the organist had never before experienced during his lonely and studious existence. He became a constant visitor at Braunt's rooms, and began teaching Jessie the rudiments of music, finding her a willing and apt pupil as well as a very silent one. Her gaunt face and large sorrowful eyes haunted him wherever he went, while she looked upon him with an awe such as she would have bestowed upon a being from another world; which perhaps

as no selessly as she had descended.

being from another world; which perhaps he was, for he certainly had little relation-ship with this eager, money-seeking planet. Joe Braunt was quite content to sit in his armehair and smoke. However small the money is for the housekeeping, a workingman will generally contrive to provide him-

As often as not Braunt was absent his daughter had her music lesson, for Mrs. Grundy had little to say about the domestic arangements of the extreme poor. The entire absonce of all world wisdom in the and saw her, should not know she had been crying. Wrapping herself in her dressing gown, she sat by the window and listened intently and anxiously. It was after midnight when the last train came in, and some minutes later her quick car heard the long-expected step far down the street, but it was not the quick, nervous tread she was accustomed to. It was the step of a tired man. She thought of softly calling to him.

Itre absence of all world wisdom in the young man would have made it difficult for any one to explain to him why two people of practice was out of his line—went with him.

They found Braunt anxiously chaing the hands of the girl.

"You've been long about it," he cried, as they entered.

Neither arswered, and the doctor went quickly to the bed, with the seemingly calling to him.

Neither arswered, and the doctor went quickly to the bed, with the seemingly calling to him or quickly to the bed, with the seemingly calling to him.

aughter to go to the empty church with him and hear the grand organ. The workman and the girl sat tegether in the wilderness of vacant pews, and listened entranced while the sombre rhythin of the "Dead March" filed the desepted editice. Langly played one selection after another for the love of the music and the love of his audience. It was a concert such as the mad king of Ba-varia might have bearkened to in lonely state, but heard now by a man without a renny in his pocket, and hardly a crust to eat in his squalid rooms. Whether the defi-fingers of the Bayarian player soothed for the moment the demon that tortured the quiet of Saul, who can say? But the en-chanted touch of the solitary organist on the ivory keys transported his listeners to a

The stillness of the great church, untroubled by outside sounds; the reverberaon of harmony from the dim, lofty, vanited roof; the awakening of unexpected echoes lurking in dark corners, added to the solemnity of the music, gave the hearers and performer a sense of being cut adrift from he babel beyond. The church for the time ing was an oasis of peace in a vast desert

Never again could Langly persuade Braunt to accompany him to the church. Some memories are too precious to be molested. and he who risks the repetition of an exerience of perfect bliss prepares for himself a possible disillusion.

"Nay, my lad," he said, "we'll let that est. Some day, maybe, if I'm ever like beginning to forget what I've heard, I'll go back, but not now. I would go stark music-He ruffled her hair, pulling it mad if I often heard playing like you; it es. "You've been dreaming; I fact. I think sometimes, I'm half daft al-

> But Jessie often accompanied the organist to the quiet church, neither of them think-ing of propriety or impropriety; and, luckily, they were unseen by either the sexton or his wife, who would have raised a to-do in the acred interests of fitting and proper con-Sometimes the girl sat with him in the organ loft, watching him as he played, but more often she occupied one of the pews, the better to hear the instrument in correct perspective. Jessie had inherited from her father the taciturnity which characterized him, and her natural reficence was augmented by her shyness. There was seldom any conversation between the two in the church; each appeared abundantly satisfied by the fact that the other was there. They might almost have been mute lovers, for any use spoken language was to

> Once, on coming down the narrow stair which led from the organ loft, Langly thought she had gone, so strangely deserted did the church seem. Even in the daytime the gas had to be lighted when service was held, for the windows were of stained glass, and the church was closely surrounded by tall buildings. The atmosphere in that grim quarter was rarely clear, and the interior of the church was always dim. Langly peered short-sightedly through the gloom, but could not descry her. A feeling of vague alarm took possession of him, until, hurrying up the aisle, he saw she was in her place, with her head resting on the hymn-book board of the pew, apparently asleep. He touched her gently on the shoulder, and, when she slowly raised her head, saw that she had been silently weeping. "What is the matter, dear?" he whis-

pered, bending over her.
"I feel afraid—afraid of something—I don't know what. The church grew black dark suddenly, and the music faded away. I thought I was sinking, sinking down, and no one to save me." She shuddered as she spoke, and rose uncertainly to her feet, tottering slightly on stepping into the aisle.
"It was like a bad dream," she added, with

long-drawn, quivering breath. He slipped his arm about her waist, sup rting her as they walked down the aisle

what to do or say. be all right again presently."
"Come and we will have tea somewhere They went away together, and he took he

o a place where tea was to be had. She sat there dejectedly, leaning her head on he hand, while the refreshments were being rought; he opposite her, in melancholy dence. She took some sips of the tea, but could not drink it, shaking her head when he offered her the buttered bread. "I must get home," she said at last. "I can't eat. I shall be better there."

They walked slowly to Rose Garden court, and at No. 3 he helped her up the sordid stair, she clinging breathlessly to the shaky was but one flight to climb. Braunt sat in his armchair, an angry cloud on his brow. He was in his gruffest mood, looking at them He was in his gruffest mood, looking at them when they entered with surly displeasure, but he said nothing. It was the evening after the men, with their small majority, had resolved to continue the strike, and Braunt's pipe was cold. Not another scrap of tobacco could be gather, although he had turned out every pocket in hope of finding a crumb or two. Jessie sank into a chair, her shits face turning appealingly alter. her white face turning appealingly, alter-nately from her father to her friend, eviiently fearing that something harsh might be said, for she knew her father was rough oken when ill pleased.

"Jessle is not well," said the organist. Braunt did not answer him, but crosse ver to his daughter, and, smoothing her hair, id, more gently than she expected: "What's wrong, lassie? Art hungry?"

"No, no," murmured the girl, eagerly, "We ad tea before we came in. I'm not hungry.' Langly, slow as he was to comprehend, saw hat Braunt, at least, had been without food, perhaps for long. He had several times of-fered him money from his own scanty store, but it had always been refused, sometimes in a manner not altogether friendly. The organist went quietly out, leaving father and laughter alone together.

"Would you like me to get some one to come in—some woman?" asked Braunt, anxiously. "We don't know our neighbors, but one of the women would come in if she

I want none-naught but fust rest a little t will all pass away soon. I need but rest." The father returned to his chair, and they sat silent in the gathering darkness.

Presently the door was pushed open, and
Langly entered with parcels in his arms. He placed a loaf on the table with the rest of his burdens, and put on the empty hearth

the newspaper, that held a pennyworth of ment: then he cried out, indignantly "I'll ha' none o' thy charity, my lad, d-d Before Langly could reply, Jessie rose tremblingly to her feet. "Don't father, don't" she wailed; then.

Langly sprang forward, but Braunt brushed him roughly aside, and, stooping stan over his daughter, lifted her light form in out. his arms, speaking soothingly and careas-ingly to her. He carried her to the bed and placed her lovingly upon it. "Run!" he cried to Langly. "Bun for a

The young man needed no second telling. Sump The doctor objected to go to Rose Garden will court; he had his own patients to attend to, equal out of the court.

There's one down Light street.

'Oh, it's not that," said the Who generally attends to people in the court? There must be some one." court? "I don't know," answered Langly, "and have no time to find out. The case is urtent. Come!"

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ment to which he had devoted his life, before lous indifference of a man to whem such her colemn eyes had lured his musical soul scenes are matters of hourly routine. He into their mystle influence. The two were placed his fingers upon her wrist, bent his lovers without either of them suspecting it.

Once Langir persuaded figure, and his Once Langly persuaded Braunt and his on her smooth white brow.

aughter to go to the empty church with him "Has she Been ill long?" he asked

"No one."
"Oh, well, you know I can't grant a death

"Good God!" shricked Braunt. "An inquest! You don't mean to say-you can't mean it!-Jessie is not dead?"
"Yes, she is dead. I can do no good here.

Braunt threw himself upon the bed in a orm of grief; Langly stood by the side of the dead girl, stunned. He took her limp, thin hand in his, and gazed down upon her, dazed and tearless. Her father rose and paced the room, alternately pleading with fate and cursing it. Suddenly he turned on

was your interference that caused her last words to be troubled. Get you gone, and leave us alone. Langly turned from the bed and walked lowly to the door without a word, Braunt

following him with his lowering, bloodshot The young man paused irresolutely at door, leaned his arm against it and bowed his head in hopeless anguish.
"Heaven help me!" he said, despairingly, 'I loved her, too."

Braunt looked at him a moment, not com-

"I didn't know-I didn't know. Forgive me my brutish temper. God knows it should be

Babylon ere the morning." "No, no," cried Langly, catching his arm You mustn't do that. You must hear what

"What has the coronor or any one else
to do with me or her?"
"It is the haw; you must obey it."
"What care I for the law? What's it done
for either me or Jessie? I'll have no pauper

are kind hearts in London, as well as in the north. Promise me you'll do nothing until I see if I can get the money,"
"I promise," said Braunt, sinking into his chair. "I doubt if I could walk far tonight, even if I tried. But leave me now, lad and come back again later. I went to

had, and come back again later. I want to be alone and think."

Langly left the room and on the landing met Marsten, whom he did not know, but who he saw was about to enter. "Don't go in," he whispered. "He wants

"Yes, his daughter is dead."
"Dead! Good God! How? An accident?" "No. She has been ill for weeks, but no me thought of this. Jersie died about an our since-unexpectedly. Are you a friend

ve can talk." The two young men descended the stair.

"He is sure to be home soon. Flease to me wait until he comes."

There was silence for a few minutes.
"I don't wish to ask you twice, Edna. You heard what I said."

You heard what I said."

"Please do not send me away until father comes. I am so anxious! Let me sit up in you will have an uneasy time of it. I can tell you something much more startling which has not yet appeared in print."

"What is that, father?" asked the girl, looking up at him.

"What is that, father?" asked the girl, looking up at him.

"I have only a few shillings, said mare tell you come. I play too much in the minor ten, "but we must get more somehow. None of the men have any, or they would give it. Yesterday I could have gone to Sartwell; but ineffectually; for, leaning against the stone wall, she began to cry again in a despondent, helpless way, that wrung the adespondent, helpless way, that wrung the voung man's heart within him.

You heard what I said."

"My dear girl, if you are going to begin to go ten, "but we must get more somehow. None of the men have any, or they would give it. Yesterday I could have gone to Sartwell; but ineffectually; for, leaning against the stone wall, she began to cry again in a despondent, helpless way, that wrung the voung man's heart within him.

You be men, and—and—"

Sartwell laughed quietly.

"My dear girl, if you are going to begin the papers, you will have an uneasy time of it. I can tell you something more cheerful next time.

"I'll play something more cheerful next time.

"I'l have only a few shillings, 's said mare to the papers, you will set more somehow. Yes, eys." that to do or say.
"I feel ill and week," she sobbed. "I shall gall right again presently."
"Come and we will have tea somewhere. Would you mind going? He lives in Chellary with the police. I don't like to go to Barnard Hope—for certain reasons I don't like to be indebted to him. Would you mind going? He lives in Chellary with the police. I don't like to go to Barnard Hope—for certain reasons I don't like to be indebted to him.

"No. I will do anything I can. I have promised."

Tomorrow is his 'at home' day, and there will be a lot of people there. It will be diffi-cult to see him then, and we can't wait until the day after. His address is Craigen-puttoch House, Chelsea. If you fail I will see his father, so one or the other of us sure to get the money."

"I will go at once," said Langly. It was a long journey to Chelsea, and when he tired organist reached the place he found sarney had a theater party on, with a dance o follow, and would not likely be home than turn in the morning, but he would be sure e back at 3 o'clock, as his 'at home' friends would begin to gather at that hour, so Bartramped back and reached Rose Garden court about-midnight. He rapped at Braunt's door, and receiving no answer, pushed it open after a moment's hesitation headstrong, impatient man might, after all have carried out his resolution, and left built his burden for the north, but he found I othing changed. Braunt sat there with his ead in his hands, and gave him no greet-

look at the silent figure on the bed, face seemed now like that of a little the young man departed as quietly as he had

Mrs. Scimmins met him on the stairs. wanted to know all about it. She said tha the women of the court, when they heard of the death, had offered their help, but Braun had acted like a brute, and had driven the away with fearful onths. She was some some thing was wrong. The coroner had bee there and thought so, too. There was to b an inquest at the Vestry hall in the morn ing. A summons had been left for Langl

ing. A summons had been left for Langly to attend and give his evidence.

"But I'm going to Chelsea in the morning," cried the young man aghast. "I know nothing, except that Jessie had been ill."

"You saw her die, they say. Braunt admitted that. You will have to attend the inquest, or they will send a policeman after you."

blaced a loaf on the table with the rest of his burdens, and put on the empty hearth he newspaper, that held a pennyworth of oals.

Braunt glared at him, speechless for a and leaving the room at once, howeved about the door, waiting for Braunt, who remained in the Vestry hall. At last he came out, with white face, staring straight ahead of

"Don't father, don't" she wailed; then, swaying as she attempted to walk toward thin, she fell suddenly in a heap on the floor.

Langly sprang forward, but Braunt brushed him roughly aside, and, stooping over his daughter lifted her light form in out.

"Starved to death," replied the man. (To be continued.)

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## \*\*\*\*\* THE JUNIOR LAMPLIGHTER,

A MidwInter Story for Boys and Girls.

By Philip Verrill Mighels.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\* (Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure Company.) | have been ablaze for half an hour, for, bless A very hot-headed little stick, long and me, it was 6 by the bell in the steeple. But lender, that is I. This applies to the even- I happen to know that Walter was fighting slender, that is I. This applies to the evening only, however, for all day long I am

the sun is set, for I am the fellow who pair of legs as I ever saw.

Now we plunged ahead, through darkness of the city lampposts, night after night, to give the spark to the gas. all the possible cheer in his voice, Perhaps you've seen me, or one of the family. We are carried on high, very ered his lips to try for a whistle, though proudly. And let me say that a very trim he was all in a tremble from his efforts and snug little lamp of special construction and the taxing of his muscles. I fear I is just beneath my cap of tin over the end sputter but a faint encouragement.

of the stick, and a lot of holes are cut in the cap through which I can wink with my I stand in the corner of a nice little save us both, and he sometimes missed the house of two fine rooms, that is way out lamp and had to go back in the darkness, somewhere on the western side of great but he cheered us both with his words of New York above umpty-umth street—I was valor as he struggled on to lamp after lamp. New York above thinky differ in proces-bevet good at three fine figures in proces-sion. Of course the house isn't new; and its all alone on a lot; and the sidewalks all to another blessed one," he would say, but to another blessed one," he would say, but around are raised way up, as high as the roof, which leaves us down in a hole, so to storm and the blackness." speak, but we've not got a splendid vin — just a trifle dry at present, I admit-THE GROWLER. with some very heroic gourds hanging hard

for every single inch against a dreadful wind, and kicking his way through the snow as cool as a can of kerosene. And I've very as cool as a can of kerosene. And I've very and the drifts, that swirled and tried to good reason to be hot in the bead when trip his feet, with as brave and manly a

that was blacker than the end of my wick "Stay hot, little wand," said Walter, with a hundred and ten of 'em left." and he nuck-

He floundered down repeatedly; the wind drove so hard as to hold him blocked; the blast of snow made him turn his back to

Seven o'clock had beemed from the bell and ready to swing in the wind at the ome time before, and forty lamps, on the road back home were still to be lighted There are four in the family, myself. Suddenly a smothered sound came out of the Papa Morgan, Lamplighter No. 47, Myrtle, darkness, and a pair of horses, tangled in who is 12, or perhaps 14, and Walter, who is a tree beside the road, appeared as the gas



A PAIR OF HORSES APPEARED AS THE GAS FLARED UP.

just my size. Walter and I are chums. flared up at our touch. will willingly give all I have. If it was more I would not ask help from any one."

"I have only a few shillings," said Marsten, "but we must get more semalow. None of the men have any, or they would give it. Yesterday I could have gone to Sartwell; but today, unfortunately, I have quarreled with him, bitterly and irretrievably, 1 fear. Although be said nothing to was a fear, and I are chums. If are chums, and I waster and I are chums, and I are chums, and I waster and I are chums, and I waster, when his health began to fall, he let to go with Mr. Morgan entirely, but what do you mean," called a volee, gruff and scolding, "by leaving these lamps until and scolding, "by leaving the said waster, when his health began to fall, he let me go with What or of all, he let me go with What or of all, he let me go with What or of all, he let me go with What or of all, he and I warm up amazingly as soon as he

Well, as I was sputtering; in the sum-mer, or rather in the autumn, we had fine old times, Walter and I. He was full of vigor and full of conversation, so we moved along briskly, and the cool, delicious wind came in to make me bright-and I always like to be as bright as possible when Walter

"Yo ho, my bonny wand," he used to say -and "wand" is pretty as a name-"there's another fraction of a cent to our credit," as the jet flared up and we went hastening away to the next of the lamps. Now, the ompany pays its lighters 24 cents a month for every lamp-lighting in the evening and turning out in the morning, and a lighter has, on an average, 180 lamps on his route. These must all be lighted at half past 5, when the days are short, and must all be out in the morning at ten minutes after 7.
Walter was as prompt on the coo

'That's seventy done," he used to say, when we reached a certain corner, and then he'd whistle and skip along to a lonesome row of posts that stood by a road where the houses were nearly as scarce as flies in my hot tin cap. "Father's not so well again," he used to say to me, "and now that he has given up the carpenter job, its a hard old pinch. But never we'll mind while the bonny wand can eave us from actual want!" I would nod at this and blush a rosy red and tip the rest of the jests with light most

Then the winter came on, and out we'd



RODE IN THE JOLLY, JINGLING SLEIGH BACK TO MY HOME."

ever. One day it got so eark in my corner that I feared we were late. Down I came with a bang, as a warning. But Myrtle put me back again, to wait for an hour. It was 4 when we felt. Whew! what a night. mow had piled six inches deep and was It drifting like sand. A furious wind blew it no hard in our faces, till I had to catch my breath to keep my light from jumping out through a hole. Walter didn't care; he held his hand around me close and plodded sturdily ahead.

At the best we could do it was half past as 4 when we came to the street where the lamps were hard to light, for the wind would toss the gas about in the frames, and my own little flame was afraid of the snow When the lamps did finally get to business. they complained in purring tones and flick-ered down to tiny pencils of blue, which were nearly drowned in the darkness, that seemed to fly in flakes with the snow, and a good deal thicker.

"I am blind," said Myrtle. I believe I Such a long time before we got to the end of the seventy. Why all of the route should "Hans, Hans, will take me home." The

day.

clutched me hard and leaned to keep from strikes a subject—I mean an object, for a falling, "my father—" match is an object of course. "What do I care for your father," interrupted the man; "you skip ahead there lively and get the rest of the lamps to shining We'll see about you and your father in the morning. The idea of a man paying taxes for lights and then getting out in such a scrape as this! Hurry your boots, and don

crawl along there like a snail!" Forward we drove, made the greatest po-sible effort, got the lamps ignited at lastand down on his face, in a drift, went chum, exhausted and sick at heart. And that he had held so nobly up in spite of al his previous falls, was stabbed in the snov head first, for half my length. arose at last and attempted to light manew, I'm ashamed to say I drowned th only match that lived in the gale, and went home, a cold and cheerless weight a

his weary hands Myrtle was waiting as we stumbled through the door, and concerned no little, bless her heart. "Oh, Walter," she cried, as she placed me quickly in my corner, "you are nearty-

"Sh-sh-sh," he whispered, "don't le father know. I'm-I'm all right-in a min 'Myrtle is that Walter?" called the fathe

"Yes, oh, yes," she replied, going at one to the door of the room, "he's back; he' gotting off his things." "Is he all right?--it's a terrible storm." "All right, father," said the lad, with the steadlest voice he could muster, "not so ba-outside as you would suppose."

"I'm glad, I was worried," said the er; and I heard him turn and sigh very heavily. silent darkness, for Waller sleepily at the meal that Myrtle had kept, and then he staggered to bed. He had to be up at an early hour to get the lamps put out on time in the morning.

DISMISSED. Now it nearly makes me hot in the head without any flame to tell what happened next. A man came along at noon to say that complaints had been made, that they couldn't leave the work in the hands of a boy and that a man would take the route that very evening. Then he fetched me away to the company's office, and left all them staring and stunned.

Of course I wasn't there, so I don't know how it happened, but when I had stood. ashamed and indignant, in the corner of the office for a time I beheld the door open and Myrtle and a jolly Dutch shoemaker, who lived around the corner, appeared. He led her right straight up to a deak where a man was sitting.

'Wie gens,' said he, removing his hat in a funny fashion, 'leedle Myrd'e like to speak mit der gomp'ny."
"No beggars today," said the man, and l know I got furlous. "I am not a beggar," said Myrtle. "My father's name is Edward Morgan, lamp-

lighter No. 47, and—"
"You'll have to see the—here. Stanton, is some one to see you." I felt like applying my lamp to the nose of this person.

Mr. Stanton now came forward and listened more kindly to all that Myrtle had t "I am very sorry, my child," he said, at the end of her story—to which I was aching to add what I knew, but the superintendent's rules are very strict. I don't see

A FRIEND IN NEED. The door had opened again as he spoke to admit a pale little creature, who seemed to be a child herself, so short was the humped little body, the painfully crooked back of which was quite apparent, beneath the rich and heavy fur that bundled her softly up to the ears.

"Good day, sir," whispered Myrtle, as the tears welled up in her eyes, and she turned to go. "Hans, Hans, help me," she faintly called, while her white trembling hand

reached out with a helpless little motithe anxious shoemaker.

He had started, but the child who had come was ahead. "What is it?—what is it, little girl?" she cried, and she pressed the cold outstretched fingers to the fur on he

sole in her voice and the tears in her dear, sightless eyes could be held no longer. "Oh, you dear, fittle heart!" sa pale little maiden of the furs, in a tone just beautifully low and sweet; and then to the man at the desk, "Tell me what has happened. What is the trouble?" She was clasping Myrtle close and was patting her back with a very white and tiny hand. "I dell you all dem dings," said Hans, who was standing near and twirling his hat.

And I almost jumped with joy to hear his wholesome voice. "Her fadder vas noomber vorty-seex lamplighter und he mee's mit vun sickness, yah, und hees liddle Valter lights mit der lämbs to keep him alife und subbord heem, yah, und last night he go mit te lighd um und nearly keel heemself, yah, and van cowart rebord be ees late und der gomp'ny-vat you call beem-fire beem; dat prave leedle poy, yah, und leefe heem und hees fadder und hees leedle sister to starve mit death, und vun man dake avay hees steck, yah, und dere ees heem!" Hans came madly over to the corner where I stood, grabbed me up in his German flet and banged my end down bard on the floor, where I made a splendid noise, for my heart was warm if my head was not.

All in the office were silently laughing,

though some of the amiles had tears for their Jewels.

"The poor boy-out last night-in such storm-how brave and splendid!" the lovely little comforter, "There, there, dearle, it shall be all right." She turned her head. "Oh, you're there are you, papa. How dare you stand there smiling, sir? We want the sleigh at

"Well, it's bere, little tyrant," answered a tall, handsome man, whose eyes were beaming with affection and fun. does your Tippe-bob royalty demand?" Myrtle had dried her eyes and was standing in wonder. The dwarfed little malden ran to her father, climbed up to his face-

with his assistance. I am bound to admit and whispered a lively explanation. "Why, of course," said he with a chuckle, and taking the hand of Myrtle in his own, he spoke a kind assuring word, and nodded "I veel pring him?" asked the German and he raised me up into view.

"Yes," said the man, "my daughter says yes, and she is the superintendent of the company." And so I rode in the Jolly, jingling sleigh, back to my home and my own particular corner So many sweet and wonderful days and venings have passed in the house since then, ith Papa Morgan and the little superintendent belping out on the fun, that my poor tiny head is quite unable to keep an account. But I think I shall never forget the evanings that Myrtle came home from a place where the little superintendent had taken her for

long examination of the eyes.
"Oh you dearest of brothers!" she cried oute, and she threw her arms about us "Oh, no," said he with the gentlest of

srollen, "only a pledding junior lamp-Don't say 'only.' " said the child, her face ablaze with joy, for the Father of all is a lamplighter, dearest, and the doctor say He will light the lamps for your little sister

ROBBIE'S CONCLUSION.

"I sometimes wish that I'd been Noah," said Bobby unto me;
"Because I'm fond of animals, and rather like the sea.

He had more fun than any men that ever I did know
And that is why I wish that I'd been Noah long are.

"Just reink of it." he added—"think of sail-ing in a boat.
With two big tigers, monkeys, gnus, and me with just a goat!
I tell you he had really more than ordinary chance. fun with big gorrillag, llons, camels, slephants, 'Just think of having in your house a banther or wildcat.

I think 'twould be a heap of fun to live with things like that!

The tardr and rhinoceros, the ostrich and the bok.

e polar bears and grizzlies, and the bird they call the roo! "Just think of two fine zebras bold—each like a toasted horse— Two dankeys, and a pair of those hippopot-

ami, of course!

Dear me. I do not know what any other boy pray think.

But as for me this splendid zoo would be just rinky-dink! "Of course I don't believe that Noah could sleep with these abound Particularly when I think of how they must have rouged. But I'm a boy, and don't yon know, while I wood hours keep. I, after all, do not care much for what's

after all, do not care much for what's called 'solid sleep.' I wouldn't want to sleep at all if down-stairs I could find great his zoo like Barnum's, or of any other kind. and if I only felt that I was really truly wouldn't mind the care of camels, hens,

"But when I think it over I am much in-clined to say,"
That while old Mr. N. enjoyed the fine thins of his day,
In spite of his advantages I'm after all about

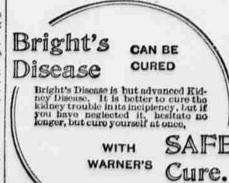
cause, you see Pm living, and Pm told that Noah is dead." PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

areastic to his boy, irritated. "No. daddy," eplied the boy, "I don't but—you do, daddy-dan't you?" And he did! Teacher-Will some little boy kindly give more modern version of the saying that here is no rest without a thorn-Fiddaybey is no push widout a knocker.

"Bobby doesn't seem happy, even with all thosa toys." "So I have noticed. What's the matter, Bobby?" "W'y, I got new ice skatea an' a sled, an' I dunno whether I want it The children had written compositions on he giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie Doran to read his. It was as follows: "The giraffe is a dumb animal, and cannot express itself by any sound, because its eck is so long its voice gets tired on its

vay to its mouth."

"Mr. Diggles," said the little boy with big uffice on his shoulders, "I wish you would let me come and see where you live. I want to look at your room." "Why certaboly. But what made you think that?" "My sister said it was better than your company, so I thought it must be something fine." "When two bodies come together suddenly there is invariably a sound of some sort. Now, in the case of human beings—" "I know," yelled the little boy in the corner that nobody supposed was listening. "Willie!" "Oh, well, I guess I do know, an' it all depends on whether they are married or not." "Willie!" There was more severity in the tone this time, but it failed to have any appreciable effect. "Sometimes it's a smack, and sometimes it's a swat," he persisted. "It all depends, and there ain't no use of your tryin' to frighten me out of givin' the answer when I know it."



DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

Pozzoni's Complexion Pownes produces a soft and beautiful it combines every element of beauty

"In every household, Edna, some one must command and others obey. When my bow my head without a word, and leave this house, praying that peace and every blessing may remain within it."

as a last resort, but I won't be played with very much longer. Now dear girl, you something of the self-sacrificing resignaknow all about it, so to bed, to bed at once, "It is always poor father," she sobbed, "With all the trouble and anxiety already on

which did not come. At last she rose, ar-ranged her hair for the night, and bathed her face, so that her father, if he came home

well, poor girl?

"Jessie was always weakly," answered the father, "and latterly has not been at all Who has attended her?"

res, she is dead. I can do no good here. I'll let the coroner know and he can do as he pleases. I have no doubt it is all right, but we are bound to act according to the law, you know. Good night!"

Langly like a madman.
"What are you doing here?" he roared. "It

prehending at first, Gradually the anger faded from his face.
"Did you so, lad?" he said gently, at last. broken by this time. I'm crazy, iad, and know not what I say. I have not a penny piece in the world, nor where to go to ge, aught. My lassie shall not have a pauper's funeral in this heartless town. No, not if I have to take her in my arms, as I ha' of done, and trudge wi' her to the north, sleeping under the hedges by the way. Yes, that's what I'll do. We'll be tramping to the 'Dead March' then. It will keep us company, We'll rest at night in the green fields under the trees, away from the smoke and din, alone together. Ah, God! I'll begin the journey now and tramp all night to be quit o' the

the coronor says."
"What has the coronor or any one cls

funeral, law or no law,"
"There won't be a pauper funeral. There

"Is there anything wrong?" asked Mar-sten, alarmed at the tone of the other,

"Then you must help me-tell me what Come down into the court where "Braunt has no money and he will not have his daughter buried by the parish. We must get money. I have promised it. but I have very little myself, although I

Langly said, feeling sure it would not be re