

# MY LUCKY FIND.

I was almost in despair. What a lot of trouble I have brought on myself for my good nature! Police investigations and reports, annoyance, chagrin, perhaps, at the outcome. Yes, it was enough to make a man swear!

And the cause of it all was Baby Mouse, hapless Baby Mouse! But, before you, dear reader, will understand why Baby Mouse should be to blame you will want to know who he is. It's a strange story, and not sweet and tender withal. And it ends well—that's its best part.

Three months ago I was coming home with the evening shades. It was bitter cold, and I rejoiced in anticipation of my cosy, warm home and the simple, dainty meal which my old housekeeper, Johanna, knew how to prepare so well. I was lost in just such comfortable bachelor reverie, when I descended from the L. road to wend my way toward my little Washington Heights home. I walked rapidly and soon reached there. Opening the iron gate that led into the tiny garden patch in front of the house, I saw a small package lying on the frozen snow.

"A present from somebody," I said half aloud, stooped and picked up my find. My hands, a bit numb with cold, despite my fleece lined gloves, had scarcely grasped the bundle when it began to kick and squirm. Nor was that all. It raised such lusty howls that my neighbours' windows flew up, and they stuck out their heads to see what it meant.

It would have done me good to see my eyes just then in a convenient mirror. All the nursery tales of cry babies and bewitched castaways came to my mind with a rush. I felt like depositing the lively packet in the place where I had found it, but that would have been cruel.

Aye, it would have been worse than murder to leave such a little mite out in the open air with the thermometer above zero. I had no desire to make the acquaintance of the state attorney.

But, better than all, great pity swelled my heart for the unfortunate creature whom lovelessness had cast away, and as fast as I could run with my burden I ran in to the house. Johanna met me at the door.

"See what I have brought you, I said, with a laugh.

The good woman gazed with horror on the quivering, shivering babe and held out her hands.

"Doctor, what does it mean?" she gasped.

"It means, Johanna, that for the next few days you are going to bathe and feed and fondle this little wail, just as you did me once upon a time."

And then I told her the story of how I found Baby Mouse.

In the lamplight I examined the little fondling and Johanna, too, looked him over with critical eyes. He was a jolly little youngster, 8 months old perhaps, with chubby face, eyes as blue as a summer sky and lips that soon took on cherry hue, as their blue, pinched look died away in the genial warmth of the room and Johanna's embraces that alternated with mine.

Johanna brought out fresh linen, arranged a bed and bathed and washed the foundling. Tucking him comfortably away in an improvised crib, she gave him a bottle filled with milk, and, when he had appeased his hunger, he fell into a peaceful slumber. I kissed the baby's brow and said to Johanna:

"I am going to report that case to the police in the morning, and I'll ask them to let me keep the little one until his relations are heard from."

Johanna gave me an amazed look.

"My life is so lonely," I continued, "he may bring some color into it!" I may have sighed as I walked away.

"You haven't forgotten, doctor," answered the good woman, "no matter how hard you've tried!"

Next day I went to the chief of police. He recorded the case and had no objection to my keeping the baby. This is the way I came into possession of a lovely and beautiful child. Johanna and I decided to call him Robert, but his pet name—Baby Mouse—was older than that, and it clung to him.

And now you know who Mouse is.

Nobody ever came to claim him and my heart opened to the tender wail as it had never opened before.

Mouse, of course, was treated like a king. Now and then Johanna would say, "You are spoiling the child, doctor!" But she was as weak as I with regard to Mouse.

He grew and prospered like a flower in the sunshine of our love and was the lustiest youngster on the block.

But there must be rainy days as well. One day Mouse was taken ill, and before night we knew that he had been attacked with diphtheria. With flaming cheeks and trembling hands he lay in his crib, and I bent over him with breaking heart. Long nights of anxious watching followed. At last care and tender nursing drove death from the door, and the doctor told me that the danger was passed. But another blow came severer even than Mouse's illness. My old faithful servant had caught the infection and had to take to her bed.

There I was, a helpless man, with an ill woman and a convalescent babe on my hands.

Surely it was a desperate situation.

I engaged a trained nurse to wait on the sick, but I could not expect her to look after me too. The little comforts to which I had been accustomed drooped away one by one.

"If only my wife was here!"

My wife!

Yes, I had been married—in fact, I was still married. And this, too, is a strange story.

My wife was an only child, spoiled by rich and indulgent parents. When I took her to my modest home, I discovered that she had many little faults—all woman have—and I thought I could wean her away from them. The big faults, of course,

I was willing to con done, for they were part of the bargain.

My wife was a bit gay, a bit frivolous a bit stubborn and a bit too fond of dress. But I loved her with all my heart, and she loved me. And because I loved her I endeavored to cure her of these little imperfections.

It was a difficult piece of work. Sharp words were spoken on one side, tears on the other, and the upshot of the matter was that one day my wife left me and returned to her parents. They wrote me a long letter, expressing regret that my wife could not live with me and advising that we had better separate.

I might have applied for a divorce, but could not bring myself to do it, and the other side took no steps for a legal separation.

My life became dreary and sad, and I believe I was on the short road to hypochondria.

Mouse came just in the nick of time and saved me from that fate. I gave him all my love, and he was all the world to me.

But my present dilemma was due to the coming of the little castaway. "Mouse, Mouse," I said more than once, "what have you done?"

There were days when I dreaded to go home—two sickbeds, nothing to eat for myself; forsooth, a cheerless lonely home.

When I sat down by Johanna's bed she tried to console me as best she could, but her cheerless words fell upon deaf ears.

One evening in March I again wended my way homeward. I thought of Mouse, of Johanna, of the trained nurse, and was in the worst possible humor. Opening the door with my latchkey, I hung my overcoat on the rack and made more noise than was necessary in taking off my rubber shoes. I went into the dining room, and—

Had Johanna been prowling about in spite of the doctor's express orders to remain in bed? The tea steamed over the alcohol lamp. There were fresh bread and golden butter, ham, cold roast beef; the evening papers were nicely stacked on one side; on the others, my box of cigars, the ash tray and the matches. Just as Johanna was about to arrange things in the good old days, before hapless Mouse interloped.

I went into the next room, where Mouse was kept. The lamplight was muffled, but in the semidarkness I recognized the form of the trained nurse bending over the baby's crib.

"The trained nurse! Was I dreaming? I knew that he'd, with the daintily molded cheek, the rich blond hair, gracefully arranged at the back.

I had kissed it many times. A step, and I was near her. "Anna! I cried. "My wife!"

I caught her in my arms. She pressed her head to my breast and whispered: "Richard, forgive me!"

It was not a dream. It was sweet reality. Again the lovely woman in my arms whispered:

"Can you forgive me, Richard?"

I can only kiss her again and again and listen to the story of her coming.

Johanna had written her in what a plight I was. She had told her about the coming of Mouse, the child's illness and her own, and my helpless condition in the face of all this trouble. And then Johanna had lectured her about the great virtue of forbearance and other wholesome truths with regard to the married life of two people who in reality loved each other.

The old woman's words went straight to Anna's heart. She came, and I held her in my arms and begged her to stay forever.

By this Mouse has been aroused from his peaceful slumber. When he saw me, he stretched out his little arms and I took him and laid him into those of my wife.

"Will you be a mother to him?" I asked.

"I will love him as you do," answered the sweet woman by my side. And thus peace has once more come into my house.

And the cause of it all was—Mouse Blessed Mouse!—From the German For St. Louis Republic.

On one occasion she took a great fancy to a doll displayed in a shop near her home. Unfortunately she had spent her allowance for the month, and no more would be due for a fortnight; but the princess was not discouraged. Having explained the matter at home, she was permitted to ask the shopkeeper to put the doll aside for her. The shopkeeper, who knew her, willingly consented, and the little lady felt that the doll was safe.

It was a happy day when, with six shillings in her hand, she went to the shop after the treasure. The money was paid and the doll handed over to its new mistress, and then the child turned to the door. Before she could step outside, however, her eye fell on a miserable-looking tramp, who opened his lips as if to speak to her, and then shut them again irresolutely. He stood aside to let her pass, a mute appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering lips.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the princess.

"I am very hungry," said the man, in a trembling voice. "If I were not ready to sink I would not ask for help."

"I am so sorry," replied the child. "I have no money, or else—"

His lips trembled forth a humble, "Thank you, lady," and he was shuffling off when the childish voice cried, "Stop! She stepped back into the shop.

"Oh, would you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me a little longer?" she asked.

"Certainly I will take it back, and return you the money," was the reply.

The child took the money and turned to the door. She placed the whole of it in the hands of the starving man. He stared at it for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Please go quickly and buy something to eat," she said.

"Yes, miss, I will and may God bless you all the days of your life, and prosper you in everything you do," said the man. Then as he bobbed off he murmured, "If the Almighty made you a queen it would not be more than you deserve."

# Paine's Celery Compound

Saves Sleepless, Nervous and Despondent People From Insanity.

THE GREAT MEDICINE HAS NO EQUAL.

Medical men of the highest standing, and a host of others competent to judge, declare that Paine's Celery Compound is the only effective medicine for the banishment of all the troubles that lead to sleeplessness or insomnia.

In the spring season thousands are restless, fretful, nervous, despondent and gloomy. They find it impossible to obtain restful and sweet sleep, and soon become physically exhausted; some already are mere wrecks of humanity.

Such sufferers cannot with safety trifle with sleeplessness and continued unrest. All in such a condition demand immediate succor and aid before nature becomes too overtaxed. The weakened, exhausted and irritated system must be strengthened.

For every form of sleeplessness or insomnia there is but one remedy, one healer

it is Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that acts in a truly natural way to produce sleep and perfect rest.

This wondrous remedy of nature should be used at once if satisfactory and immediate results are desired. Do not allow your rundown, nervous system to lead you to the very brink of the grave in spring time.

Putting off will only complicate your troubles, and deeper misery will be yours. Use Paine's Celery Compound and you are assured of perfect action of the heart, stomach, kidneys and liver, and sweet sleep will be your life blessing.

Get "Paine's," the kind that cures. Remember that there are miserable imitations—celery preparations that are worthless and dangerous as well. Ask your dealer for "Paine's" and take no other, if you seek for life and health.

## AROUND CAMP FIRES.

A Feature of Life in the Woods That is Disappearing From View.

With the coming of spring, those who like the woods begin to think of camps and camping. If any of them were asked what they thought of first as regards camp life, the answer would probably be, "The fire." That is because the fire is at once the most conspicuous and the most useful feature of a camp. Those who have felt the warmth of a fire after a day of driving, bone-chilling rain, or have scented frying brook trout or broiling venison at the end of a heavy trail, call the fire the most interesting and important feature of the woods life.

Of late years the guides have caused sheet iron stoves to be introduced into many camps. The stoves have done away with the cooking out of doors under shed bark roofs, and now there is not so often an open fire as in the old days. After dark, though, city tourists usually have the guides put up a heap of wood and set it blazing just to see the shadows chase each other and watch the green leaves of the trees over head shiver, shivel, and burn. The sheet iron stove came with the log-cottage, and the two have about driven the old lean to camp with the blazing heap of logs before it out of the Adirondacks and the border woods of Maine. The flicker and crack of green birch, which used to soothe the weary camper to sleep, is replaced by the clink and snap of dry wood in a stove.

The innovations of late years have not pleased the old-timer. To his mind more than a skillet, a pail, bread, pork, tea and salt take the pleasure out of camp life. He prefers roughing it to having condensed milk in his coffee or syrup on his flapjacks. The passing of the open camp fire has viewed as he had the putting up of trespass signs. He still allows his guides to carry guns, and in the box camp of a friend, with its glass windows and china dishes, its sheets and clean pillow cases, mourns the bed of balsam boughs and thick blankets, the log pillow, and the open front, where, through the smoke of the fire, the tree trunks could be seen.

There are three kinds of camp fires now: The fire in the sheet-iron stove, the fire built far enough from the wooden camp to be safe, and the old style fire. The stove fire is built of wood cut the year before and split and piled to dry. The camp fire for the modern woods camp is built of old trees fallen from age and branches picked up by the guides here and there. The old fire was made of sapling birches cut into six foot lengths, and piled lengthways before the back logs of two foot birch and fired at the centre with dry spruce branch blaze. The fire burns the saplings in two and the ends are pushed into the coals and more sticks are laid on. About six feedings of five birch saplings are needed to keep an October deer hunters' camp warm one night if there is only one blanket to a man, the man who gets cold first doing the feeding.

## AWFUL HEART DISEASE.

Death Charmed Away Under the Spell of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—More Wonderful Than a Fairy Tale is the Story of Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont.

Where disease has effected the heart the remedy to be applied must be speedy in its effects, or all may be lost. Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft Ont., says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face, because of the intense suffering from heart disease. I often felt that the death struggle was at hand. No medicine gave me help until I used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes the severe pain was removed, and after taking little more than one bottle the trouble had vanished. I know nothing of it today."

## Lobster Salad.

Cut the meat of two small lobsters into small pieces, add a little of the fat and coral, then season with salt and pepper and pour over enough mayonnaise dressing to moisten well. Put in the middle of the platter and garnish with lettuce leaves. Pour over the remainder of the dressing and put slices of boiled egg and olives over the top.



Stands for BLACKS, of this there's no doubt,—  
The black on these faces will never wash out;  
For wool, silk and cotton, Black Diamond Dyes  
Are used without fear by the prudent and wise.

The above is taken from "Excelsior Rhyming A B C Book, Illustrated." Each letter of the Alphabet is 2 1/2 inches long; no two letters of the same color. Just the Book for the little ones. Sent for 3-cent stamp to any address.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal.

## A CHILD'S GENEROSITY.

A Story of the Queens Early Childhood and Her Generosity.

At this time, when the English nation is rejoicing over the long and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria, a simple little incident of her childhood, told by Alfred Story in the Quiver, is not inappropriate, showing as it does that the qualities which have made her beloved as a queen were already manifest in the little princess.

When she was seven or eight years old this little lady was particularly fond of dolls, of which she was allowed to buy a goodly number, always provided that she took good care of, washing and dressing them herself, and supplying them with the neatest and most becoming clothing. The clothing she bought with money earned by steady application to study.