

The Maid With no Appetite.

Rebecca Dainty was a maid whose summers no one knew. Though she for fifteen years had said that she was thirty-two; And though she never felt real smart, folks called her rather bright. And while she had a good, kind heart, she had no appetite.

She always came to breakfast late, and ne'er forgot her sigh; First she would pass her little plate and try a piece of pie. Next she would cast her eyes around the table, left and right, To see if something could be done to tempt her appetite.

If on the table beans were found, to eat some she would try; And then of lamb chops spoil a pound nor pass the codfish by. A piece or two of hot corn bread was always her delight. Although, poor thing, she always said she had; no appetite.

She next would try a chicken's leg and then a piece of wing; Next she would eat a soft boiled egg and then 'most anything. She always wanted something light when first she started in. But how she coaxed her appetite would make an ostrich grin.

* A CHRISTMAS NIGHT. *

'A queer place to spend Christmas, isn't it?' asked Jean as she walked the deck of the Irrawaddy, with Jack Halloway, that eventful night.

'The place doesn't matter, does it?' returned Jack meaningly, with an emphasis on 'place.' Now I confess, he continued, 'there might be circumstances that would make me extremely lonesome blocked up here, but with you, Jean—'

But their moonlight musings were interrupted by Mr. Forsyth, who shouted: 'Hello, there, all of you, let's go ashore and stretch our sea legs.'

There was a jolly party on board the Irrawaddy bound for Rangoon. Traders and their wives, gentlemen of leisure, a subaltern or two, three young ladies from Maine going to Burma as teachers and missionaries, and Jean Robertson, the prettiest little Scotch girl you ever saw, at least so the male members of the party thought.

'My bonny, blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean,' was a favorite song upon that voyage, especially with Jack Halloway, a young English physician on board.

Jean had been at school in England and was going out, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, to join her father, whose regiment was stationed in India.

Christmas eve found them anchored at a station on the Suez canal waiting for the way to be cleared below.

It was almost as light as day. In Eastern countries the light of the moon seems almost like the electric light and one can easily see to read by it. Every one on board was ready for a ramble.

As Jack Halloway helped Jean ashore, he whispered: 'I shall take care of you to night. We are in the land of the Sultan, and I can't trust you to a chaparone.'

'All right,' said Jean, laughing, 'don't let me be carried off, will you?'

'Not unless I carry you off myself,' said Jack, tenderly.

'Oh, that wouldn't do, unless you carried me out to papa. Just think, I'm eighteen and I've grown so tall he won't know me.'

'Shall I carry you out and ask him—'

'Hush, please,' said Jean, 'those American ladies will hear you!'

'They wouldn't understand, but you do, don't you?' whispered Jack.

Jean murmured something that sounded like 'yes,' and she hoped he did not know how happy it made her. Soon they were racing over the sands, like so many children out of school, playing at snap-whip, hide-and-seek, and up to all sorts of larks.

Along the shores of the canal the ground is covered with mounds of shifting sand and clumps of the inevitable sage brush, so, among these they went chasing and hiding, jumping out from their places of concealment amid feminine 'ohs' and 'ahs.'

'Where is Jean?' asked Mrs. Forsyth of her husband. 'We must keep near her, Edward.'

'Halloway seems to be doing that, observed Mr. Forsyth, dryly.

One of the girls from Maine began to sing 'America,' and they soon had a chorus. Then followed 'God Save the Queen,' 'Annie Laurie' and 'Scotch Lassie.'

'We ought to go on a starring tour,' said Malcolm.

'I am afraid we are attracting attention,' said Mrs. Forsyth. 'I see something behind that bush.'

'Oh, nonsense!' retorted her husband. 'Isabel, you are always seeing something. You ought to carry a dark closet around with you to look in at night.'

'But I see it, too,' and I, said several of the ladies in a whisper.

'It changes position from one bush to another. There, Edward, see, a tall white object!' and Mrs. Forsyth promptly swooned.

Attention was immediately divided between the lady and the ghost. Several gentlemen started in pursuit of the latter. Among these was Jack Halloway.

'Don't be alarmed,' he said to Jean, 'stay with the ladies a moment and we will soon have this masquerader in hand.'

Objects at a distance could be plainly seen and this white will-o-the-wisp led

them on, on, flitting from side to side, now motioning from the top of some bush, then showing beyond another.

'By George! this is getting exasperating,' said Spiller. They did not find it as easy as supposed, overtaking this phantom. It kept leading them farther and farther from their companions and at last disappeared as suddenly as it had dropped into the ground.

The pursuers stopped and looked at one another, quite out of breath with running.

'Well, I never!' said Spiller, 'a regular Jack o'-lantern.'

'Some reason for deceiving us out here,' said Halloway, 'wonder what it is? Ah! here is the fellow's toggery,' he added, picking up a cane and a long white turban cloth.

'Well, a good chase he gave us anyway,' said Malcolm, examining them. 'Take your spoils Halloway, to show to the ladies—but what a queer stick—I believe it is loaded, never saw anything like it.'

'It has a silk cord attached to this end,' said Halloway.

'Thuggery, eh?' suggested Spiller.

'Well, are we pointed in the right direction, think?' queried one.

To return may not be so easy,' said Halloway.

This proved to be the case. They found themselves confused as to the direction from whence they had started. After changing their course several times they reached the point where they expected to find their companions but the place was deserted.

'I could swear that this was the place where we left them,' said Halloway. They made another tour around the sand hills, hallooing and calling, but in vain.

'I'm going to strike a trail for the boat,' said Spiller, 'and see if I can find that.'

'Sure enough, they may have taken Mrs. Forsyth on board,' said Malcolm.

'We can get our bearings for that, I think, if we are not mistaken in this place.'

They soon found a path leading to the canal and in a short time came out opposite the Irrawaddy.

'They have returned,' said Halloway, as a chorus of voices greeted them from the deck.

'Did you catch the ghost?'

'What was it, Mr. Halloway?' asked the Maine girls in concert.

'Only a stick and a turban,' said Halloway, extending the trophies for inspection and glancing around for some one whom he wanted to see.

'Where's Jean?' shrieked Mrs. Forsyth, coming forward.

That was the thought uppermost in his mind at that moment. He was waiting for the smile of welcome, even then.

'Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'is she not here? This is no hoax, Mrs. Forsyth, is it?' he asked hurriedly. 'You know the danger if she is lost.'

'Oh, she is not here,' sobbed Mrs. Forsyth, 'she was with you all the evening, and I thought you'd take care of her.'

Maddening thought! He had promised to take care of her—and this was his protection!

He inwardly cursed his own stupidity for leaving her and chasing on such a fool's errand. It was no doubt a decoy to separate the members of the party.

'What shall we say to her father?' cried Mrs. Forsyth. 'Edward, go quick, Jean's lost!'

With these words ringing in his ears, Halloway sprang ashore, followed by Forsyth and others.

'Bonny Jean alone at night in this strange land of the Turk!' The thought was appalling.

'Now what is our best plan?' asked Halloway of an old officer.

'Better skirt around the place where you found the fellow's fixin's, hide and wait awhile,' he replied.

'Wait, man, why everything might happen while we wait. I can't wait,' said the young man passionately.

'That's your best chance,' replied the old man calmly.

'That's so,' said Forsyth, 'it won't help us any to get excited,' but his manner belied his words.

'Here we are,' said Spiller, finally, 'just about the place where he skipped us.' Making a circle around the spot, they soon found places of concealment and waited silently—five—ten minutes, eternities to Halloway.

He imagined Jean in captivity, carried off to some harem by the ever-greedy Turk. How their conversation came back to him. 'You won't let me be carried off, will you?' and her whispered 'yes' the sweetest word he had ever heard. Then he remembered some suspicious looking fellows who came to the landing that very day—dark visaged, brutal-looking men, fit envoys for kidnapping a beautiful girl.

'I can't stand this,' said Halloway. 'We're wasting time, for God's sake let us move on,' he urged in an undertone to his next neighbor.

'Sat!' came from the next bush. One—two—three minutes more of waiting and they could see an object moving along in the shadow of a mound—a man creeping slowly along. Just a little nearer, and Halloway sprang upon him like a tiger.

'Where is she?—tell, you viper!' said he, grasping the newcomer by the throat. 'Don't choke his wind off,' said Forsyth. 'We can't find out anything if you do.'

The captive groveled at their feet, bumping his head in the sand, and repeating a lot of jargon.

'He can't understand a word you say, but his turban is gone and I guess he is our man,' said Spiller.

'One of the villains we saw hanging around the landing,' said Forsyth, 'and, by Jove, he was staring at Jean, we remarked it.'

'Take him aboard. Old Alex will find out his tongue if any one can,' said Spiller. 'No more delay, I can find it out,' said Halloway, quietly, at the same time administering a series of kicks. He then proceeded to go through the pantomime of the turban and the stick and ended by pressing the barrel of his revolver to the ruffian's temple.

More kicks from Halloway, as he seemed undecided. 'I've got to choke him to it,' said he grasping the cowering fellow by the throat. 'Oh yes, he begins to understand, hurry up, move on, no monkey-shines now,' said Halloway, excitedly.

He was guarded by Forsyth and Halloway who each had a firm grip upon him. After wandering for about ten minutes around the sand hills the party came to a stop and threatened the fellow in English which he could not understand, but the cold barrel of Halloway's revolver he did understand and started on evidently in earnest. He ed them in a different direction and they soon came to the shores of the canal where they found a long, low building, evidently a storehouse. In front of this their guide stopped and gave a little low chirrup. Immediately a figure appeared in the doorway but before they could secure the accomplice he ran swiftly out of sight.

More kicks for the one who was left in Halloway's clutches, and he led them within the shed. 'Now be careful of your matches,' said Forsyth, 'or we'll never get out of this.'

Ah! What sound! was that? Halloway's ears were strained to hear.

'Jean, Jean,' he called.

From the corner came a distinct moan.

'Out with the match! Light up,' said Forsyth.

Matches were struck and by the flickering light, they saw little Jean lying upon the ground, bound and gagged.

It was but the work of a moment for Halloway's tender but firm hands to release her. 'Are you harmed dearest? Tell me,' he asked quickly.

'No,' she sobbed, clinging to him, 'only frightened almost to death!'

Just then there was a scuffle. 'Catch him,' yelled Forsyth.

Escaped, both of them, and out of sight.

'Fairly leaked away,' said Forsyth. 'Glad to part with him. I feel as if I had been in bad company.'

When they came out into the moonlight, all was still, nothing to tell of the tragedy almost enacted on Christmas eve.

Halloway was piloting Jean this time, you may be sure. In the darkness of the old storehouse as she clung to him he had found her rosy lips and imprinted a long kiss.

'I will never leave you again,' he whispered as they walked home along the shore.

'I couldn't lose you now after that kiss, Jean,' and he actually paid it back, then and there.

'Could you tell us all about it now,' said Forsyth a moment later, or do you feel too nervous, my dear?'

'Oh, I'm not nervous now,' said Jean, leaning a little more upon Halloway's arm than was actually necessary.

'The way it happened,' said Jean, 'Mrs. Forsyth had fainted, so she didn't know but that I was with Jack, and the rest were so excited they didn't know or think where I was. When she recovered so we could go aboard, I started along with the rest but happened to be the last one. I saw some one behind a bush at one side, and thinking it to be one of the party stopped to see who it was when some one sprang up behind me and covered my mouth so I could not scream, and I was immediately gagged and bound. Another came and they carried me to that shed where you found me. One or both kept guard. They seemed to be waiting for someone and they paid no attention to me after depositing me in that corner. And what were they going to do with me, do you think, Mr. Forsyth?'

'Devils!' muttered Forsyth under his breath, then aloud: 'Probably they wanted to make your papa pay a big ransom.'

Jean met with a warm reception on board the Irrawaddy. She was embraced and petted by the ladies and had to relate her story amid exclamations of horror and pity.

'Oh, you poor darling,' said Mrs. Forsyth, 'I was nearly wild with fright. I fancy you will remember this Christmas eve to the end of your days!'



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'Yes, I shall always remember it,' said Jean quietly as Halloway's eyes sought her own.

'Well, Isabel, what was the extent of our responsibility with Jean,' said Mr. Forsyth in an aside to his wife.

Why, we promised to see her safe to her father. What else, to be sure?'

'Without falling in love, eh?' suggested Forsyth.

'Well, Edward, how could it be other-wise with a sweet child like Jean?'

'And a fine fellow like Halloway,' added Forsyth. Portland Transcript.

THE BROKEN PANE.

Johnnie Squared His Deb: After Many Years.

Forty years ago a certain Cleveland family lived on Huron street, close to the corner of Miami street. Huron street was a leading thoroughfare then, and a number of prominent Clevelanders resided in the neighborhood. The lady of the house was a young bride; and she and her husband had arrived in Cleveland quite recently. In Miami street lived a family in very moderate circumstances, and among the numerous children that filled the tiny house was a boy called Johnnie. He was a bright manly little fellow of perhaps eight years, and the Huron street bride took quite a fancy to him. He would come to her home every day and do her simple errands, and she always had something nice to give him. One day he was playing in front of the bride's home with some other boys, when he chanced to throw a stone that missed its mark and crashed through a parlor window. The bride happened to see the accident, and as the little fellow looked up and saw her, an agonized expression clouded his face, and he turned and took to his heels. He never came again to the Huron street house. Look as she might, the bride caught sight of him no more. A few weeks later Johnnie was soon only a faint memory.

The bride is now a grandmother, and lives in a handsome house in the suburbs. One day not long ago the maid brought her a caller's card. It bore the name of 'John Robinson.' She looked at it with a puzzled air. She had no acquaintance of that name.

But she went downstairs and confronted a fine looking, portly gentleman, well dressed, and bearing an unmistakable air of prosperity.

'You wished to see me?' inquired the lady as she looked again at the card.

'Yes, madam,' he answered, 'on a slight matter of business.'

She looked up at him quickly and drew back a little.

'No,' he smilingly observed, 'I am not an agent. The fact is, Madam, I have called to pay a debt that has been accumulating interest all these years, and which I have neglected to pay before because I have never since been in the neighborhood.'

'A debt?' echoed the lady. 'There must be some mistake.'

'No mistake at all, madam,' said the stranger cheerily, and he reached his hand in his pocket. There was a gold coin in it as he drew it forth. 'There, madam,' he said, 'I want to pay you for the window I broke in your house in Huron street one July day 1857.'

Then it all came back to her. 'And you—you are Johnnie?' she cried.

'Yes, madam,' he answered, 'I'm Johnnie.' And their hands met in a tight clasp.

'And you remembered that little accident all these years?' she said. 'Why I had forgotten it long ago.'

'Perhaps I had better cause to remember it,' he smilingly said. 'It was a dreadful affair for me. I saw the jail door opening; I heard the clank of chains. Then I somehow felt sure that you would come and tell my father, and he was not a gentle man, as you may remember. But as hour followed hour, and you did not come, I began to breathe a little again, and, oh, you cannot tell how grateful I was to you. I did not dare to go and see you, for fear of possible consequences, but when we went away, I made up my mind that some day I would pay every penny it cost to mend that broken pane. And here I am.'

The woman looked at him with glistening eyes. Somehow she seemed to see again the fearless manly little boy of that long-ago time.

'And you have prospered?' she asked.

'Yes,' he answered, smilingly. 'I'm reckoned as one of the solid men of California. I live just outside of San Francisco have what I am told is a charming home, a beautiful wife and two fine boys in the

university. And when I have this little debt paid I shall possess a thoroughly clear conscience as well.'

'Put away your money, John,' said the woman, 'it's worth a hundred times that to see you so well and happy.'

'I found out about you before I came out here,' said John. 'I inquired with some fear and trembling—forty years bring many changes, you know. But I went direct to the fountain-head for information. I hunted up your husband at his office—I had a letter of introduction from the president of our road—and we were soon good friends. Bless you, he had never heard of Johnnie Robinson, but that didn't make any difference. In fact, he asked me to stay to dinner and promised to be home early.'

When John Robinson left the house the next morning—his stay in the city was shortened by pressing business—he left behind him on the parlor mantle a box containing a dainty ornament of gold and jewels and this card:

'My wife picked out a little gift, with the firm belief that Johnnie would surely find his early friend. Please let it square the broken pane.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.'

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