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Settlement In Full.

By LULU JOHNSTON.

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Dick Staley, perched on a furniture crate, looked disconsolately at Billy Blaine, who was regarding the wall paper and trying hard not to laugh. In spite of Blaine's efforts the twitching corners of his mouth curved, and as he met Staley's eye he exploded in a roar of laughter which served only to deepen Staley's gloom.

"Laugh, confound you!" growled Staley. "It's funny to you. It's not so funny to me. I've got to get this place settled in five days, and upon my soul I don't know what to do first!"

"The first step is easy," chuckled Blaine. "Get a man in to scrape the walls. The paper is the worst I ever saw."

"It looked all right in the book," said Staley defensively. "It was the prettiest thing in the whole book of samples."

"It may be all right in a sample," admitted Blaine, with another glance at the flowered monstrosity, "but there is only one square yard of the sample. It looks different, Dick, when you have a roomful of it."

"I know it," admitted Staley, "but that doesn't help matters. It only serves to make them worse. I wanted to surprise the matter by bringing her to her own home instead of taking her to a hotel. She hates to give up her old home, and I wanted to make the change as easy as possible."

The smile died from Blaine's face at the allusion to Mrs. Staley. He was Dick's chum, and he knew how tenderly Dick loved the gentle faced woman who within the month had lost both husband and daughter. Now she was coming to live with Dick, and for weeks he had planned to take an apartment that she might not feel too keenly the loss of the home that had been hers since marriage.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Dick," suggested Blaine. "Let's go downtown for some lunch. I'll phone Nell for one of those professional fixers for you. She knows a crackerjack, a girl who used to move in good society and whose father lost his money. She knows what's what and how to do it, and Nell will get her to do it for you."

Dick patted his chum on the back while his eyes glistened. Nell Blaine



"COMPLETE?" SHE ASKED, NOT QUITE CATCHING HIS MEANING.

was the most accomplished matron of his acquaintance. She would extricate him from his trouble. Together they left the apartment, and while Staley ordered lunch Billy Blaine hung over the telephone in the restaurant.

"She'll bring her over tonight at 8," reported Billy as he took his seat. "Eat with a good appetite and consider yourself settled already."

Billy's words restored confidence, and when Dick Staley met Marion Wadleigh that evening his last doubt vanished. The girl did not laugh at his blunders nor even at the wall paper. She listened with sympathy and took from her chatelaine the tablets on which to make notes of what she wanted. With increasing admiration Staley followed her through the various rooms, noting the quick, business-like way in which she condoned his errors and approved his successes.

"I can do it over in four days," she said briskly when she had shut up her memorandum book and returned to the parlor where Nell Blaine, Billy's sister-in-law, still sat in rapt admiration of the garish wall paper. "Suppose, Mr. Staley, that you drop in here Friday afternoon? Then you can suggest any last changes you wish made, and the place will be ready for your mother Saturday evening. Shall I get you a servant also?"

"Can you?" Staley had heard of the

servant problem, and he had worried greatly. This businesslike girl offered even to take that trouble off his hands. He was rapidly coming to regard Marion Wadleigh as a tailor made angel.

He dropped in the next morning on his way to the office and found a paper hanging crew already installed, removing the paper that had proved so disappointing. Marion was there in a gingham apron even more becoming than the cloth costume of the night before, and Dick's heart beat faster in answer to her greeting.

There was something "homey" in her appearance that appealed strongly to the man who for years had enjoyed but an occasional glimpse of home in vacation time. The soft dark hair was hidden by a cap and the piquant face was flushed with exertion, but the heightened color only added to her beauty, and the cap did not shadow the tender light in the brown eyes.

Dick went to his office with his head in a whirl. Ever since he had come to the city he had sunk himself in work. Fortune had come his way rapidly, and up to the present he had found work all sufficient. Now he began to realize that the years had been lonely.

Marion was not at the house when he dropped in the following morning, nor did he see her again until Friday afternoon, when he went to make his final inspection of her work.

Dick gasped as he entered the apartment. In place of the gaudy paper the walls were now covered with quiet tones and the flowered carpets had been exchanged for rugs whose soft tints harmonized with the new paper. Instead of the solid office-like furniture were lighter and more tasteful pieces, and the whole apartment suggested a feminine presence.

Best of all, Marion Wadleigh was there. The print dress had been exchanged for an afternoon costume, and immediately Dick decided that after all a print dress was not the most becoming costume which Marion could wear, though that had been his impression since he had seen her last.

Quietly she moved about the place, giving an account of her expenditures, and Dick followed, hearing only the rich voice, full tones, without caring what she said. At last the tour of the rooms was ended, and she returned to the parlor.

"If you like," she said, "I can buy the material for dinner tomorrow and be here to welcome Mrs. Staley when she arrives. Mrs. Blaine wanted to come over, but she had to leave town last night with her husband."

"I should be delighted if you could arrange to be here tomorrow," said Staley. "I am sure that my mother will wish to add her thanks to mine for the beautiful home you have provided. You will stay to dinner?"

"I only suggested being here to welcome her," said Marion, her face flushed. "You see—in business—it is best to maintain strictly business relations. You don't have to thank me for what I have done. My charges cover all services, you know."

"But money could not pay for pulling me out of a hole and settling me," insisted Dick. "Besides, I don't want to maintain a purely business relationship unless you insist, Miss Wadleigh."

"I don't insist," the girl answered softly. "I have been much interested in your devotion to your mother, and I am sure that I shall be glad to know her better. She must be a dear old lady to deserve such affection."

"I want you to know her very well," explained Dick. "You see you have only partly settled mother. You have provided her with a home, but I want a home of my own, and I want you to furnish it complete."

"Complete?" she asked, not quite catching his meaning.

"Even to a wife," explained Dick. "I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"As a business woman I have always considered propositions," she said, with a laugh, but the look in her eyes belied the briskness of her words, and Dick realized that when they should know each other better there was a prospect of being settled "in full," as he termed it some months later when he placed a solitaire on Marion's finger.

This May Interest You

Foley's Honey and Tar cures the most obstinate coughs and expels the cold from the system and it is mildly laxative. It is guaranteed. The genuine is in the yellow package. For sale by T. F. Laurin.

A Poet's Vision.

For years the poet Francis Thompson had been one of the "submerged," selling matches, calling cabs, anything

to obtain the pence necessary to buy food. At last he yielded to despair, and having for some days saved up all he could earn, he devoted it to the purchase of a single dose of laudanum sufficient to end his troubles. With this he retired at night to his haunt, the rubbish plot in Covent Garden market. Then by his own narrative the following incident occurred: He had already taken half the fatal draft when he felt a hand upon his arm and, looking up, saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant memory came to him of how, after that poet's suicide, a letter had been delivered at his lodgings which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed.

It happened so with Thompson, for after infinite pains the editor of a magazine who had accepted and printed an essay and a poem of his, but could not discover his address, had that very morning traced Thompson to the chemist's shop where the drug was sold, and relief for him was close at hand.—London Academy.

He Got the Job.

He called at the house and asked if she had any carpets to beat, adding that he had been in the business for over twenty years.

"How much to beat that parlor carpet?" she asked.

"Four shillings."

"Why, that's awful! There was a man here yesterday who offered to do the job for 2 shillings."

"Exactly, madam, but how was he prepared?"

"He had a stick in his hand."

"I presume so. He intended to take the carpet out on a vacant piece of land, didn't he?"

"Yes; our yard is too small, you know."

"Exactly. That is a tapestry Brussels carpet. It is badly worn. He would make a great show in getting it out and in here. Out on the piece of land he would give your name to every one who asked who the carpet belonged to. Is that the way to do a job of this sort?"

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TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

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