

# A HOME HEROINE

EDWARD LESLIE kissed his wife fondly when she ran to the door to welcome him home from business, but when he reached their cozy kitchen he dropped wearily into the easy chair by the fire and rested his head upon his hand. He was tired after a long day's work, with nothing but a couple of buns to stay the inner man—tired and worried. They had been married now nearly twelve months, and they found housekeeping more expensive than they had anticipated, and the better times they had hoped for seemed as far off as ever. It was nearly the end of the month, too, and the rent would soon be due. The coal, also, had yet to be paid for, and then there was the interest on some "tickets" which must be paid, or his little wife would lose the little jewelry she treasured so, but which she gave up so willingly to help the man she loved in the hard struggle to get their little home together.

"Dinner is nearly ready, dearest," said she as she stroked his hair back from his forehead. "And you are hungry and tired, dear, and worried."

Presently the postman's sharp rap caused him to spring up and run to the door. He came back more slowly.

"It's from Uncle Mac," he said. "Well, I am surprised. He arrived in England yesterday morning, and—oh, good heavens! we must put him off. We can't do it."

Mrs. Leslie took the letter. "My Dear Godson Ted—I have come back to England after fifteen years in Australia. As things are not too well with me, I propose to come and stay a few months with you. I suppose since you are married fortune is smiling upon you, and they say three can be kept as cheaply as one. Expect me tonight at 9. All news then. Your affectionate uncle. MAC."

"Why, I always thought your Uncle Mac was doing so well, Ted," she said, slowly, as she finished.

"So did I," said her husband. "But, then, everyone abroad is always doing well. I must write at once and put him off."

"No, Ted, dear," his little wife said, bravely. "Because you are married I don't want him to think we are quite so poor. We will manage somehow." But she sighed a little as she thought how quickly, even now, the weekly pay dwindled to a shilling or two before Friday night.

Barely an hour later Uncle Mac announced his arrival with a performance on the little brass knocker which startled several of Mrs. Leslie's quiet neighbors.

"Glad to see you, me boy. Glad to see you. Nice little place you got, but awkward to find. Took the wrong train at Broad street, so had to come up on the tram. And I say, Ted, my boy, why on earth don't they put the pavement all the way along the street? Half way down I got mixed up in a mountain of mortar, quite lost my temper, and nearly my umbrella. As I said to a man who came down with me, 'That's an infernal ugly looking thing—' Your wife, eh, Ted?" broke off Uncle Mac, as he caught sight of Nellie in the hall. "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Ted," he said, walking into Nellie's dainty little drawing-room—the pride of her life—bringing with him sufficient of the much-sized mortar on his boots to build a small-sized villa. "Come over to the light and let me look at you."

"Nice face, but tired," he said, quite audibly, although intended only for himself. "Smart girl, but no strength or backbone. Novel and the sofa and pretty fal-dal-lals. Wonder why he married her?"

"Because he loved me and I loved him," said Nellie, proudly.

"I beg your pardon," said Uncle Mac, hurriedly. "Silly habit, speaking your thoughts aloud. Learnt it in the lonely bush. No offense. Hope you're happy and your love will last, but they do say when poverty comes in at the what's-its-name love skoots out of the thingummy."

"That's wrong, my dear, isn't it?" said Edward, slipping his arm round her waist. "Poverty only make our love the brighter. But come, Uncle Mac, my little girl has some real old Irish stew for supper, and I'm sure you're hungry."

"You're right, Ted, my boy," cried Uncle Mac. "I'm absolutely ravenous."

"You won't mind the kitchen, will you, Mr. —er—?" Nellie began.

"Mac, my dear, plain Mac; that is, of course, Uncle Mac, to you," he replied. "Personally I prefer the kitchen."

During supper he kept them all merry with stories of his life in Australia, but Nellie's eyes noted with apprehension that his appetite was likely to be a serious strain on her limited larder.

"Good tack, this," he said presently, with appreciation. "Knocks Billy and

dampier hollow. But you're not eating much?"

"Oh, I've plenty, thank you," she stammered, but Uncle Mac silently noted that the meat had been served to Ted and himself, while her plate made a brave show with little else than a potato.

Nearly a week passed and one day Nellie was just wondering whether she would have an egg or her lunch now, or wait till 5, when a ring came to the door, and she ran up to find—Uncle Mac.

"Bit surprised to see me so soon, ah, my dear?" he says cheerfully, "but the fact is, I've run out of cash, so I thought I would drop down earlier and have a bit of lunch with you."

"Have lunch with me!" cried Nellie in a horror-stricken voice. "I'm afraid I have nothing in the house, Uncle Mac."

"Oh, anything will do," he replied, carelessly, "and if you have nothing in the place, give me two bob, and I'll run down to the butcher round the corner and get a bit of steak, eh?"

"I'm sorry, Uncle Mac, but—Ted went off in a hurry this morning, and—and he took my purse away in his pocket."

"Silly boy! Silly boy! And yet he doesn't know it," replied Uncle Mac ruefully. "For when I called at his office to borrow five shillings off him he said he had left all his money at home. But there," he added cheerfully, "I have a sovereign, and we must spend that. My lucky sov, must go." "Your lucky sovereign?" queried Nellie.

"Well, I call it my lucky sovereign," said Uncle Mac, "because it was the first sovereign I ever earned, and it happened to have the date on of the very year I started to work as a boy of fourteen. I've kept it all these years."

"Oh, you mustn't spend that," cried Nellie. "To-night Ted will be paid and we shall be all right again. Come down stairs and have some more bacon."

Uncle Mac said he had never enjoyed any meal so much as he did that bacon, and after he had finished he proposed that they should go for a walk together.

"As we can't afford a tram ride," he said, laughingly, "we will just walk round and think we are millionaires. Nothing like building castles in the air, my dear, when you are down in the dumps. If you can't actually enjoy the things wealth would bring you can look round the shops and see all the pretty things, and then by a little imagination just consider they are your own. Now, as money's no object, where shall we say we live?"

"Oh, at Highgate," cried Nellie. "Why Highgate?" asked Uncle Mac seriously.

"Because there's such a lovely house there to be let. It stands in its own ground, and I've often looked at it, long before we were married even. I think I told you about it one day."

Finding the gate of the house open they ventured to look over it. Nellie waxed quite enthusiastic, and as they went from room to room she furnished them sumptuously in her imagination. The drawing room would be in gold and white with, Louis XIV. style furniture.

"Never heard of him," said Uncle Mac, with conviction. "You must show me some of that on the way home."

Nellie replied with a laugh that she would show him the very thing she meant in Dormans & Brown's Emporium, and on the way back she pointed out many things she would like and have, "if only they had plenty of money."

When they got back Ted was waiting for his dinner, and while the chops were grilling Nellie told him the adventures of the day. During dinner Uncle Mac, amid many bursts of laughter, described the wonderful home in which Nellie would, in imagination live.

Uncle Mac started off early next morning to get work, or, as he said, "die in the attempt." Toward the end of the second week Uncle Mac obtained a "job." "Of course, it isn't exactly the thing I wanted," he explained, "but then, beggars can't be choosers. I'm to get thirty-five shillings a week, so I thought, Nellie, I could pay a pound every Wednesday toward the housekeeping expenses."

Matters were so arranged, and Nellie began to feel quite rich. It was surprising how much help that extra sovereign was, and Nellie's nightmare of the end of the week began to vanish.

Uncle Mac continued to come down at 5, and Nellie and he still amused themselves by "building castles in the air" and with looking in the shops.

At last when everything seemed so happy, Edward came down one night with a hard, drawn look upon his face. He kissed his wife with great tenderness at the door, and, with a shake in

his voice said: "Come into the kitchen, Nellie."

"What is it, Ted?" she asked anxiously.

"I've got the sack, Nell!" he said, with a sob.

For some moments they stood in silence, then he sank on a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Well, my little love birds," cried Uncle Mac, entering from the garden. "Why, what's the matter?"

In a few broken words Nell told him of this last and greatest trouble.

"Well, well," said Uncle Mac, when she had ended, "keep a brave heart, my dear, and things may be all well yet. I think Ted and I will take a little walk up the street and talk matters over."

When they came back she was lying on the bed, where she had been crying bitterly, but she tried to meet them with a smile.

After dinner she seemed to become tired and heavy, and she felt as though she must go to sleep. Presently her head nodded, and as she lost consciousness she thought she heard Uncle Mac say: "Carry her to something." Presently, in her sleep she had a beautiful dream. She thought that she woke up and found herself in the house at Highgate, furnished just as she always pictured it, and Uncle Mac and Ted were there, and they were talking and laughing joyfully.

"Isn't it a lovely dream?" she said, turning to Uncle Mac.

"It is not a dream, my dear," he said, softly. "I am not poor, as you think. I am very rich. I have bought you this house and furnished it as you described, and we brought you here in your sleep. We shall all live here now—that is, if you will tolerate your old uncle—and to-morrow Ted will come up with me as manager to my business in the city."

"Is it true, then Uncle Mac?" she cried.

"It is all true, little woman, and you must forgive an old man's deceit, but I wanted to see the metal my boy's wife was made of, and—and that riches would not turn her head. But I know now, my dear, that as wealth has come in at the thingummy, love will not fly out of the what's-its-name."—New York News.

## CONCERNING THE OYSTER.

### A Short Natural History Lesson on This Timely Subject.

Now that the oyster season has arrived a few remarks concerning this popular bivalve might not be amiss. Epicures naturally like to know what they are eating and if those who are addicted to the oyster habit will follow this brief scientific treatise closely they will be made familiar with the habits and eccentricities of the oyster.

The oyster belongs to the genus of lamellibranch mollusks of the third order monomya and may be at once distinguished by the bilateral symmetry of the heterogeneous convexity. The labial ganglia are very minute, while the parietosplanchnic are well developed. We hate to say a thing like this about an oyster behind its back, but the truth may as well be told now, because some one would find out later, anyhow; there is no excuse for beating about the bush.

In spite of all the hard names applied to the oyster, however, it is considered one of the most toothsome dishes that come out of the sea. A few fat oysters in the prime of life, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and a dash of vinegar, make a really appetizing repast; an oyster needs no other lubricants save the condiments mentioned above. If placed in the mouth it will burrow its way down a man's gullet and into his vitals with the dexterity of a toboggan on a shoot-the-chutes.

The oyster is a creature of sedentary habits. It will sit in the mud by the month at a time thinking out beautiful and ennobling thoughts without assistance from outside sources. In addition it also possesses a great amount of persistence. The oyster never gives up; it will cling to a rock during the entire period of its existence without complaint or becoming discouraged. In fact, the oyster's motto seems to be, "Hang on."

There are various humane ways of killing an oyster, says the Ohio State Journal, all of which are highly commended by the clergy and societies for the prevention of cruelty of animals throughout the country. For instance, an oyster may be stewed, fried, baked, steamed or pickled, according to the caprice of the consumer. If eaten raw an oyster should be stabbed before taken.

### Sphinx in America.

The suggestion that the ancient Egyptian Sphinx be reproduced in St. Louis for the world's fair has been received by Mayor Rolla Wells from Mrs. Bertie Cortland Longworth of Paris, France. Mrs. Longworth is a sculptor, and has made a plaster model of the sphinx after four years of study, this being the only model in existence, according to the Pittsburg Dispatch. The idea is to reproduce the sphinx in cement, thus making it more durable than stone. Mrs. Longworth says the sphinx is crumbling, owing to the bringing of rains into Egypt as the result of the extension of irrigation.

# A PASTOR WHO WAS BEFRIENDED BY AN EMPEROR SAVED BY PE-RU-NA



Rev. H. Stubenvoll, of Elkhorn, Wis., is pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. John's Church of that place. Rev. Stubenvoll is the possessor of two bibles presented to him by Emperor William of Germany. Upon the fly leaf of one of the bibles the Emperor has written in his own handwriting a text.

This honored pastor, in a recent letter to the Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, says concerning their famous catarrh remedy, Peruna: **The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.**

**Gentlemen:—I had hemorrhages of the lungs for a long time, and all despaired of me. I took Peruna and was cured. It gave me strength and courage, and made healthy, pure blood. It increased my weight, gave me a healthy color, and I feel well. It is the best medicine in the world. If everyone kept Peruna in the house it would save many from death every year.**—H. STUBENVOLL.

Thousands of people have catarrh who would be surprised to know it, because it has been called some other name than catarrh. The fact is catarrh is catarrh wherever located; and another fact which is of equally great importance, is that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

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Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

### Establishing His Value.

"Was he a valuable man to the community?"

"Well, I dunno. His wife's suit for \$5,000 damages because he was lynched hasn't been decided yet."—Judge.

### Quite Intelligent.

Watts—I tell you, old man, I saw the most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence today that could be imagined.

Potts—What was it?

Watts—A bride and bridegroom started from the house across the street in which I live, and one of the horses attached to the carriage threw a shoe. Now what do you think of that?

### Dangers of Modern Education.

Fond Mother—Oh, I am so glad you came in! I don't know what on earth ails the baby.

Caller—Shall I run for the doctor?

Fond Mother—No, for an interpreter. His French nurse left suddenly today, and nobody can understand a word he says.—Wave.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### Coin Profiles.

Where a face is used on a piece of money it is always in profile, because the cameo is more readily struck with the die in that manner, and if a full or three-quarter face were represented the nose of the gentleman or lady would get damaged in circulation and produce a ridiculous effect.

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### The Solano.

The solano is a hot southeast wind, loaded with fine dust, which blows across Spain. It produces great uneasiness throughout the country. The Spanish have a proverb which says: "Ask no favors during solano."

### At the Zoo.

The Cockatoo—Hey, down there! What the dickens are you laughing about?

The Hyena—You oughter seen the stork when he heard that seventeen pairs of twins had been born into the crocodile family. By gosh! he went straight up into the air!—Judge.

### The String.

"You know you said before election that you were a friend who would divide his last dollar with me?"

"That's right," said Senator Sorghum, "that's right. But it's going to be a good many years before I get down to my last dollar."—Washington Star.

### It Didn't Matter.

"I have called, sir," said the young man to the editor, "to request you to make a correction. I sent in an item referring to my recital, in which I described myself as 'the amateur bugler,' and your paper printed it 'the amateur bungler.'"

"Oh, well," said the editor, "why not let well enough alone?"—Judge.

### New Turkish Edict.

Owing to a Turkish imperial order the teaching of Armenian history has been prohibited in Turkey.

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