

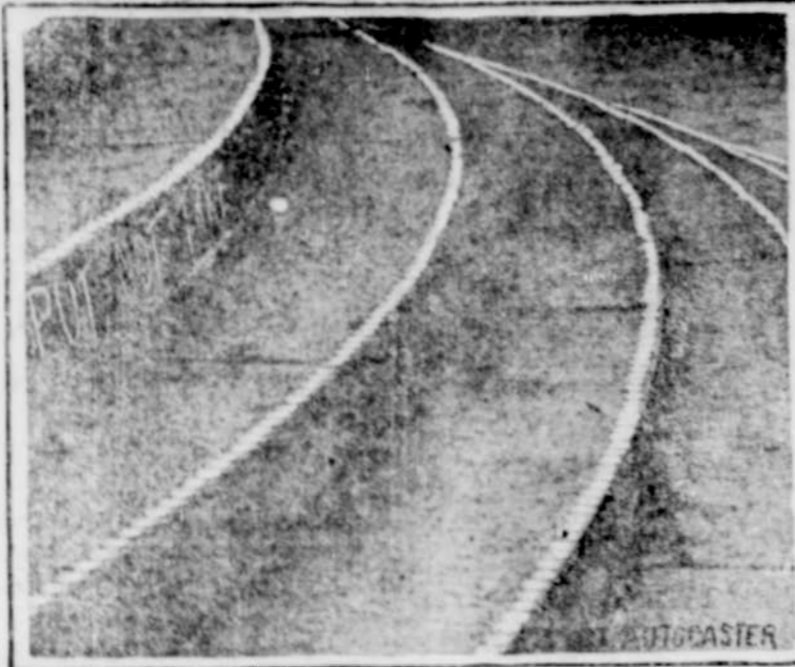
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## PENNY FRINGE FOR TOWN HALL STEPS



Portsmouth, N. H., has a great scheme for helping the unemployed. The town hall has nine stone steps and anybody wanting to help, lays a penny on the edge of a step. The picture shows the steps with their fringe of pennies.

## THRILLS

By MRS. MARY POWER.

Avis turned the leaves of the brilliantly illustrated booklets listlessly. The scenic glory of the mountains lured her, so did the sandied beaches. But the prices—exorbitant. One must needs be a millionaire to put up at either place.

Any way she would need a stunning new wardrobe—she would go shopping.

She bowed coldly to the little woman lodger she had passed on the stairs. Miss Miller, with a shy, timid smile, wished pathetically she was as young and pretty as the other, as she turned to watch Avis tripping lightly over the dingy stairs. Miss Miller couldn't have been a day over thirty-five, although she looked fifty. Avis herself was just turning thirty.

Dusk had settled when Avis returned, her arms full of bundles. Unlike most women, her shopping expedition had held her no thrills.

There came a timid knock at the door, the handle turned, and Miss Miller entered shyly.

"Oh, Miss Burroughs, I want you to read this letter from my sister Delle. Here's a letter for you, too, came in my mail by mistake. Delle's going to be a June bride," she gasped. "I'm all a-thrill. I suppose it sounds silly that I should feel so queerly, only Delle's the only sister I ever had and the baby of the family." She looked up suddenly, her face aglow, her tired eyes sparkling.

Avis listened politely. Miss Miller was such a bore. What did she care about—June brides—

"I haven't seen Delle since she was a baby. My mother died and we were separated. I've kept track of her though. She wants I should come and see her married," Miss Miller's voice shook a trifle. "Oh, Miss Avis—"

Avis looked surprised. Sentiment in that drab little soul—of all things! "Well, and why not?" she said.

"Oh, my dear, it's out of the question," Miss Miller said in a shocked voice. "It'd cost heaps—she lives out Kansas way, and I couldn't ever get enough money. I could write and ask Delle to send me the account in the newspapers," her voice broke suddenly.

Avis felt a funny little tug inside of her.

"Miss Miller," she found herself saying, and experienced a throb of happiness that almost took her breath away. "Suppose someone should offer you—enough money—to take you there and back, and furnish you with the necessary trills, and even a beautiful present for Delle?"

"Oh, my gracious," Miss Miller flopped into a chair with a nervous little laugh. "I suppose it does seem like a joke, but Delle you see was a baby, and—and—" She was crying quietly into a thin little lace handkerchief.

"Take your grandmother?" Avis

said roughly.

"See," she pointed to the array of dainty things upon the bed. "Some of those I intended to give away," she fibbed deliberately, "and if you won't accept the money for your fare," tactfully, "I'll lend it to you, until you're able to pay it back. There's a train at midnight."

Miss Miller was speechless. "You've two hours to pack and get to the terminal," Avis reminded. Miss Miller found herself being escorted across the hall, gray suede pumps clutched in one thin hand, a gray frock flung across a shaky arm.

Miss Miller never could tell you what really took place in the next hour or so.

What she never knew, however, was that as soon as she was out of sight, Avis flew up the stairs to her room and threw herself into a chair with a hysterical moan. She felt frightfully old and alone.

"A home, a sister—and a June wedding—all for Miss Miller—fancy!" said Avis, to nobody in particular, and then her eyes fell on the letter Miss Miller had brought along with Delle's. Deftly she broke the seal.

"Avis, my love," the letter ran, "we are leaving for Riverway Court on Friday. Uncle Matt and me. Would you care to accompany us, as you did four years ago? We'll come to the city after you Wednesday. And, oh, Avis, I almost forgot to tell you that that good-looking Dee Kennedy, whom you played those wonderful tennis matches with that summer—remember?—has returned from service and is going with us. It may please you to know (Avis drew a long breath before she continued greedily) that he has asked for you any number of times. He seems awfully interested in your whereabouts, and acts as if he were walking on pins and needles until we hear from you.

"Suspicious! If I thought there was any hope I'd encourage him. Oh, do you know, dear, he was real peevish concerning that story about his paying close attention to that little French girl over there. Said, gruffly, he saw any amount of pretty girls but—Isn't that like Dee? Lovingly,

COUSIN LOLITA.

"P. S.—Uncle Matt says I'm to forward the enclosed check. You might need to purchase a few trills for the trip. Presume the city has furnished plenty of thrills."

Avis smiled. She'd had one, anyway. Miss Miller's pinched face stared at her from the shadowy recess of the hall. Thrills and trills—some combination! And Avis grinned like a girl in her teens.

### Dog Stole Cat's Kittens.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.—Ordinarily dogs are enemies of cats and shake the life out of them at each opportunity, but George Biore, a sign painter of this city, has a dog that is so fond of them that he has stolen three kittens from a mother cat and is now raising them. And in the meantime the mother cat has been grieving over the loss of her babies and searches everywhere, but in the kennel, for them.

## THIS FARMER WELCOMES TRAMPS



William James, a Stockton, Calif., farmer was once a tramp. He settled down, now has a profitable farm and sympathizes with the hoboes. He will give them a meal and a bed if they are willing to do a little work. Wonder what will happen when the L. W. hits him and burns down the barn, or something?

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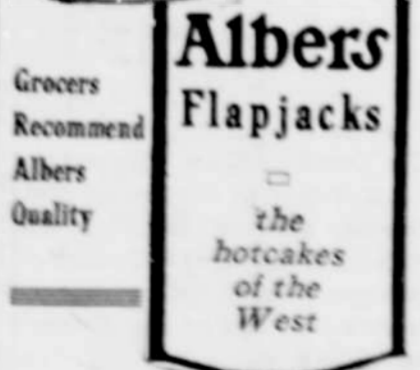
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