

Peter and His Dog.

BY M. W. EMBERSON.

(Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Two brutes lay together under a tree in Franklin Park. It was midnight. The moon, at full, shone fair on the face of the greater brute; bloated as it was, and disfigured by a recent blow from some brother-brawler. Half asleep, he drooled at the mouth like a baby, and murmured, now and then, half-conscious words of boozey affection to the lesser brute crouching beside him, wide-eyed and watchful, lest evil come to his evil master.

He was white, spotted, lean with hunger, scarred all over and lacking an ear, minus all the toes on one foot and given to limping—this lesser brute. His tail was a forgotten memory; not enough was left of it to wag. He was somewhat ferocious at times, in matters which concerned his Master. He had nothing to be thankful for, or grateful to, in that Master, but he had been born in his house, had owed to him shelter. His mother had been a shepherd, his father a blooded bulldog—a trained fighter; whereby had come to him a tenacity of purpose, a faithfulness to duty, a courage and a devotion which the greater brutes of the world might well emulate.

The other brute was not the only boozey abroad. Three ill-smelling swaggers came through the park, pursuing a woman who fled before them and took refuge in the shadow of the tree under which the two brutes lay. The dog sprang to his feet with a growl which quickly became a bark of delight. He evidently knew the woman, who fled away from the shadowed



“Take what I am, and forgive me, Kate.”

Now with even greater haste than she had shown in coming to it. The dog started to follow, the master woke, sat up and swore at him, while he paced to and fro between the tree and the squat umbrella-bush under which the woman was hiding. The three brawlers swaggered down the path, kicked at the dog, mauled the man, who cried “Police!” while the dog flew at the throat of one of them, and would have killed him if a pair of watchmen had not come to the rescue. Blow after blow fell on him; he only clenched his teeth the tighter. Then the greater brute, slowly coming to an understanding, called the dog authoritatively, who dropped off, bloody, dizzy, half dead from his beating, and fell to licking the hands of the man he had tried to protect.

“The dog is mad!” said one of the brawlers; “we chased him in here. “Kill him! Kill him!” The others laughed and confirmed the lie. “Yes; we know the dog; he’s mad! Kill him!”

And the watchman said to the man who was now fondling the dog: “Drive him away from you! We’re going to shoot him!”

“Dogth all right! thute me inthead! Dogth doin’ hith duty; takin’ care o’ me, ith hith religion! Thute me and leth the dog go home to hith breakfast.”

“Drive that dog off, I tell you! I’m going to shoot him! Look out now! Get up and walk towards me—straight now or you’ll get a shot yourself! Come on! You’re under arrest, and we’re going to kill you dog!”

“Hain’t my dog, I’m hith dog. He’s dethent. He takth care o’ me, an’ makth me go home to breakfast! Don’t thute! Don’t thute!”

The big brute held the lesser one in his arms, the latter whining a little. “Good dog! Good dog! Go home to your breakfast—go!” came from the man as he put the dog down and struggled to his feet. But the poor, bleeding cur clung so close to him that the burly protector of the majesty of the law could not get a bead on him.

“Kick him! Drive him off, I tell you!”

“Go home to your breakfast!” said the boozey, and the dog not moving from between his legs he kicked at him and drove him away. Thrice the dog crept back, thrice the boozey’s boot kicked his bruised body.

“Go home to your breakfast, I tell you! Go home!”

The poor dog turned to obey, when bang! bang! in quick succession went three shots. At the first shot he fell; then he was up again, trying to run; then down; then a scorching, blinding wave of misery rolled over him.

“Dead at the poth of duty!” said the boozey, unconsciously pronouncing the noblest epithet ever spoken of dog or man, as he went off under arrest to spend one more night in the lock-up.

The park and the streets were now void of humans. A skulking cat slunk up to the snowless mass of bleeding flesh; fearless now, it sniffed at its enemy’s heels.

This indignity was too great; it was a straw too much. The dog lifted his

malmed head, staggered to his feet, fell, rose again and crept away through the grass.

All this time, in the densest shadow of the park, a woman huddled herself under a bush, holding her draperies tightly lest a flutter should betray her to these brawlers. Once she coughed convulsively, and when she took her hand away from her mouth it was bloody.

“Go home to breakfast! Go home to break fast!” Even she had heard and was repeating it.

“Yes, poor brute! We will go home once more, once more, together!” and she crept away by the same path, treading now and then in the dog’s honest blood.

The human brute came before the court next morning. Sobered and repentant, as was his wont, and was discharged as usual, with a reprimand. What had really happened? The watchmen said the dog was mad; they had shot and killed him. . . . Why go home? No one was there to meet him! All these five years the dog—yes, the dog had been faithful. The other one—why go home? Habit. That was all. At the gate he rested and whistled, by habit. Echoes of the whistle came from an empty house whose door stood wide. No fire on the hearth, no breakfast. Then he remembered his own last words to his only friend, whom he had kicked and driven away to be shot. He sat down on the bench beside his door, with a groan. A white spotted thing, scarcely having the semblance of a dog, crawled from under the bench and laid its shapeless nose on his knee. He took the dumb brute in his arms and went into the house and sat down. The creature was sightless, his head almost bruised to a jelly. He had three bullet wounds; one leg was broken. But he had obeyed orders to the last; he had come home to breakfast!

“Good dog! Yeth he ith! My good, good dog!” The tears were raining down the bloated cheeks. A new power had come near to these two friends. Death was with them, waiting; a strange exaltation, a new perception of heretofore vague truths, a new dawning of light had come to the master, even a new power to resolve and to hold firm. When Death opens the door into the unknown, the life here suddenly takes on a new meaning. The big brute holding the lesser so tenderly suddenly remembered how his mother had died, holding him, her last-born in her arms, her lips on his golden hair.

Then another picture floated up. His own life—better if she had died. Five years ago she had left him, tired of poverty and beatings. Only the dog had been faithful to him through all, the good dog now dying in his arms, the dog’s life so much worthier than his own. Never had he seen himself as he was, before, not in all his forty years.

Lower sank the head of the man to the head of the beast and only God knows what soul-speech was had between them; and while they so sat together a change ineffable came to both. The dog died into we know not what, brutally murdered, crucified for love’s sake though he was; while the man died out of his old life and was born anew to a man’s rightful dignity, self control, energy of will. The love of the brute had saved him; many a human love has done less.

There was a rustle behind him, unusual in that solitude, the rustle of a woman’s gown.

“Pete! O Pete, don’t strike me! Let me come back, let me come home again, just as the dog came! Won’t you forgive me, won’t you let me have the dog’s place, just for a little while it can’t be long! Look at me. I was in the park last night; the men were chasing me; I ran, I did not know you and he were under the tree. The dog knew me, he barked and jumped on me and was glad. I saw it all. I followed and picked him up and brought him home, part way in my arms—see the blood where he lay! Let me stay Pete, O for God’s sake don’t send me into the awful street again! Do try me, don’t push me away! Don’t be crueler than the dog was; he kissed me and was glad I had come home.”

O the misery, the horror, the shame of it! Only God could know which of these two was lowest in the scale which of the three indeed! O the pity of it, groveling at his feet as the dog had done only yesterday, kissing the hands which had beaten her, as the dog had only now done! Was he a man? Then how could he forgive her? Was he not worse than a brute, far worse than the brute in his arms, in all true moral worthiness? How then could he drive her forth who was only what he had made her!

She coughed again, and again the blood was on her hand. A sudden tenderness swept over him. She too had come into the magic circle which had contained himself, Death, and his brute friend. Compared with his worthlessness, what was her fault, this frail little wife whom he had driven to despair?

“Kate!” he said: “Kate! Thank God you have come back to me!” He was on his knees at her side, wiping the fresh red drops from her lips, the meaning of which both knew too well. “God help me! I will try to be a man from this hour. I think the brute I was, is dead! Take what I am and—forgive me, Kate!”

And so, with the lesser brute at their feet, they put their degraded past behind them, pledged a new troth and began a new life in which it was written that they should not fail, having beyond Death an Infinite Lover for their helper.

A gentleman in Brighton, England, Mr. Horace L. Short, has invented a photograph which repeats a conversation so loudly that it can be heard distinctly at a distance of ten miles.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—Simple, full waists are very generally becoming, and always mean a certain air of smartness. The May Manton bebe model illus-

trated is adapted to all thin, diaphanous fabrics, to light-weight woolen materials and all soft, pliable silks. As shown, it is of dotted silk mull in pale pastel pink with edge and trimmings of black velvet, and is made with low neck and short sleeves, but it can be made high and with long sleeves, as shown in the sketch, or with a separate guimpe, if so preferred. The advantages of a gown that can be made decollete or high by simply wearing or omitting a guimpe



WOMAN'S BEBE WAIST.

medium size seven and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or three and a half yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Waistcoats Are Much in Vogue.

For visiting frocks and at-home toilet waistcoats are much in vogue. They are made without basques just like a man’s waistcoat, but outlined more closely to the figure. They are built double or single breasted, and terminate exactly at the line of the waist, passing over the waistband of the skirt, which they conceal. They are made of velvet, cloth or satin, and are either of white or some light tone.

Jeweled Brooches.

Jeweled brooches seem to have found some really practical excuse for their existence and are used to fasten collarbands at the back, to hold up stray locks of hair, and to fasten dainty little boleros in front. The fashion of pinning them on just anywhere entirely for show has passed with many other fads and fancies.

Pretty New Muslins.

Some of the pretty new muslins are printed in all-over designs with medallion effects, while other cotton fabrics show both cashmere designs and colors. As for the new batists they are prettier than ever, especially the embroidered varieties.

A Parisian Fad.

Writing with white ink on blue paper is said to be one of the ultra fashionable fads in Paris.

Woman's Shirt Waist.

The smartest, most fashionable shirt waists for morning wear are simple in the extreme, and somewhat severe. The attractive and serviceable May



EVENING WRAP.

Manton model shown includes all the latest features, and is adaptable for all cotton and linen stuffs, for wash silks, for taffeta and fine Scotch and French flannel. As illustrated, it is of mercerized Madras in dull blue and white, and is worn with a white collar, black tie and belt, and is unlined, but made from taffeta or flannel will be found more satisfactory made over the fitted foundation.

The lining is cut with fronts and backs only, and is fitted with single darts, under-arm and centre-back seams. The back proper is smooth across the shoulders, with scant fullness drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The fronts are gathered at the neck and at waist line, where the waist blouses slightly at the centre. The front edge is finished with the regulation box pleat, and the closing can be accomplished by means of studs or buttonholes, as preferred. The sleeves are in bishop style, with narrow, pointed cuffs that lap and close on the upper side. The neck is finished with a high turn-over collar.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and five-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and five-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with two and an eighth yards eighteen inches wide for yoke and sleeves, or four and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, three and an eighth yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with high neck and long sleeves when one material only is used.

Woman's Evening Wrap.

No wrap for evening wear is more thoroughly satisfactory than the ample cape. It slips on and off with ease. It is essentially comfortable, and it rumples the gown as little as any garment that has ever been devised. The May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing combines all essential practical features. It is simple in form; it falls with sufficient ease and fulness to make fine folds, yet is not over full; it includes a generous hood, that can be drawn over the head or allowed to fall over the shoulders as occasion may demand; withal, it is elegant and eminently smart. The original is made of satin-faced cloth in pale turquoise blue, and is trimmed with a silver thread, and lined with white peau de sole.

The cape is cut in two pieces, with a seam at the centre back. The hood is simply round and full, drawn up to form a becoming frill. The neck is finished with a high storm collar, which can be omitted, if desired, the hood alone making a sufficient finish. To cut this wrap for a woman of



A SMART SHIRT WAIST.

three and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

When Brosius Speaks in Whispers.

Marriott Brosius, Congressman from the Tenth District of Pennsylvania, has a voice that is famous.

Not long ago a member of the House was passing out of the front door of the Capitol with a friend when they heard a crash behind them as of distant thunder.

“What was that noise?” inquired the friend.

“I don’t know,” replied the Congressman, “unless it was Brosius whispering.”—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Turquoise mining in New Mexico is of very remote origin. Many of the present mines, when located, indicated operations by the inhabitants of New Mexico at a time prior to or contemporaneous with the Aztecs, stone and earthen vessels of great antiquity being found in the workings.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50 cents.

In 1800 the Indian canoe was practically the only floating vehicle on the great lakes, which hold one-third of all the fresh water in the world. To-day the lake fleet numbers several thousand steel steamers, with seventy ship yards on the shores of the lakes to add constantly to the number.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15 and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian premier, is noted for the unstinted manner in which he dispenses private charity. He has been known to go out on cold nights to carry food to some poor person in whom he took an interest.

Yankee ingenuity is hard at work these long winter days experimenting upon or really manufacturing articles to be used in connection with automobile industry. It is said that in seventy-five per cent. of New England towns there are one or more concerns so engaged.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your drugist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once, delays are dangerous.

Iowa, almost from the date of its admission, has been called the “Hawkeye State.” Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief, who, in the early days, caused no little trouble along the Western border of American civilization.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADLESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that is necessary.

When a man sells a calf to the butcher, it takes six weeks for his wife and children to get over the feeling that they are living with a dreadful ogre.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCAETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCAETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has O.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The navy of an Admiral in the United States Navy is \$13,500 a year.

Science Discards Brute Force in medicine. Hoxsie's Croup Cure contains only the spirit of drugs and defies Croup, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Diphtheria. 50 cts.

A woman is minded better when she is not strong-minded.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 4, 1900.

California stands first among the States in the production of borax.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Pepsin Tutti Frutti after each meal.

The kiale, or household fox, is a favorite pet among Chinese women.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 50c.

Twenty-six German towns are now illuminated with acetylene gas.

THE NERVES OF WOMEN



“I am so nervous and wretched.” “I feel as if I should fly.” How familiar these expressions are! Little things annoy you and make you irritable. You can't sleep, you are unfit for ordinary duties, and are subject to dizziness.

That bearing-down sensation helps to make you feel miserable.

You have backache and pains low down in the side, pain in top of head, later on at the base of the brain.

Such a condition points unerringly to serious uterine trouble.

If you had written to Mrs. Pinkham when you first experienced impaired vitality, you would have been spared these hours of awful suffering.

Happiness will be gone out of your life forever, my sister, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter is seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Mrs. Valentine Tells of Happy Results Accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

“DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very bad, was terribly nervous and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise.”—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 506 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N. J.



\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonials letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass. \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.