BY WILLIAM A. CHANT.

pon't think we shall need you after to-night, Timothy."
he blow had fallen at last. Tim had a expecting it for weeks. In fact, a the moment Lewyer Dodd had reled to his partner: "Well, we'll him, anyway," Tim had known he lid not will; and time had only see ld not suit; and time had only coned him in this conviction.

lawyers were so sharp and their errands full of strange at, hard to remember, and dis-hed to strange places, hard to find, when he was left alone in the ofand other lawyers came in, all k and sharp, like his employers, confused be grew!

w he blundered at the telephone! he always failed to say the right to the cliental How he hit upon utterly wrong thing to say to the long yellow envelope on the deak swing his chair around and look at as much as to say: "You born

You don't seem to take hold as we ald like to have you," explained Mr. id, counting out two two-dollar bills, ollar over Tim's usual week's pay, the last that he was to receive from employer-the last, perhaps, he ever to receive from anybody, he sught, as he shuffled disconsolately on the stairs.

t was a sad story to tell to his ther; though, of course, being his ther, she would be easier than any-

Well, it's too bad, Timmle, losing or very first place, but I suppose you look around for another one." Oh, yes," replied Tim, choking up her sympathy. But when he went to own room and looked out of the wint really did not seem any use. It a the recommendation from his ammar school that got him this oe; but now he hadn't any recomndation. And who would take a dis-

arged office boy? However, next morning he faithfully pied all the "Boy Wanted" adverements in the Sunday paper, and on inday started out early to try his k. At noon he came home discour ed; at supper time he had no appe-

metimes the place had just been ken by another boy. The "Help Want" column had many readers, it ned. Sometimes a higger boy than m was wanted, and how Tim wished was tall! Sometimes it was a smaller y, and Tim regretted his long trou-

ometimes the faces of the women sks, looking sidewise from their sks at the candidate for Harry's or arley's position, froze his courage impletely. His voice sank low, and he lew in his own esteem twice as shabby d humble as he really was. Then he w clouds of doubt gathering on the ce of the manager or floor-walker, d heard him conclude the examinah with a blunt "You won't do;" or rhaps the more evasive "Well, I think e'll make other arrangements;" or, ntiest of all, but knelling with no plication: "Leave me your address. that if we should want you we shall

now where to send."
Two weeks of constant rejection pped Tim's hope most lamentably, e dreaded to turn an office doorknob. s began to look upon employers as a ass spart from other men, of stern, quisitorial temper and disposition at could not be pleased.

"It's too bad we haven't some friend ho could get you a place, Timmie," id his mother. That was just what im had been thinking himself. Natally he and his mother had certain alts in common. "But I can't think any; so you'll keep on trying, like a ood boy, won't you?"
"Oh, yes," replied Tim, "Til keep on

But two months went by, and he

adn't energy enough left for a real, early try. To be sure, he dreamedvery night of golden strokes of for-une, and usually started towards town the morning determined to "do someing, anyway." But even this vague etermination oozed away after he had ossed his threshold, and the upshot every journey was a random saunter rough the streets, with his hands in s pockets and a far-away, desolate ok in his eyes.

Now and then he would stop at a store indow with a sudden jerk, then turn side after a short survey, move on to e next corner and halt a minute bere he decided whether to proceed to right or to the left. He ran to all fires. He stood in line with the owd on the curbstone to watch the ocession. He idled into the readingom of the public library; everywhere n easily recognizable picture of irreso-ution and failure.

One evening as Tim came home, tired, condent and a little sulky, he met sepondent and a little sury, unusual felly at the gate. This was no unusual courrence, as Nelly lived next door and heir families used the same passage-

Now Nelly was as brisk a girl as ever wung a broom, which was just her co-upation this evening. She had the ift of making things and people go her ift of making things and people go her ay. The bables, no matter how many, ould not override her for a minute; and arms chimbo, with a stamp of her oot, she could scare the surfices provot, she could scare the surfices provot. r from her yard. Moreover, like on, she liked to talk to people, to tak out into the world and expand her. rledge and experience.

With these qualities she made an ex-dist homekeeper for her father, and though barely in assured capably a line of the mother who was gone.

die, circying a little too far up the street; and the open house door showed that she had left some unfinished task behind her.

"Hello," she said, as the wanderer

chambled in.
"Hello, Nelly." He saw that her eyes were fixed on him critically, and felt that he was not altogether fit for in-

spection.

"Aren't you working yet, Tim?"

Now this question, when put by any-body else than, of course, his mother, was in Tim's sensitive cars a thrust, veiled innuendo, un unfavorable verdict But he and Nelly had for a long time made friendly eyes at each other and exchanged intimate confidences. For, if Tim was unfortunate, he was also, according to the standard of that neighborhood, distinctly "nice." So Nelly's voice had a ring of sympathy in it, which relieved the harshness of this most embarrassing question.
"No," said Tim, "not yet."

"Why can't you get a place, Tim?"
"I don't know," he answered, with a sickly little smile. "I wish I could."

"I guess you don't try hard enough."
"Oh, yes, I've tried." Tim was truthful. He put his statement in the pressent perfect tense. "But it's pretty hard.

"Other fellows get jobs. There's Jack White, only graduated with you, and now he's clerk in a dry goods

"Yes, but Jack White's a fine writer, and I'm no good at writing." "Well, there's Walter Craig works in

"Yes, I know. He got the place I was going to get. His big brother goes

"Oh, well, there are lots of other places. Don't you ever see any chances?"

with the man that started the store,

"Ye-es," replied Tim, slowly. "Yes terday I went in to get a place, but the man asked me if I could make change, and I never made change-"

"But you could! Of course you could! And you've got to make them think so. Spunk up to anybody. That's the way to get along. Why don't you try selling papers?"

"Oh, I'm too old to sell papers."
"You aren't as old as the Martin boy. "Oh, well, he always sold papers."

Nelly flicked some dust off the wooden gate. "I know what I'd do. I'd get a wagon and peddle."

"Oh, people wouldn't buy anything of boy like me."

"Nonsense! You went round with Dineen last summer, and everybody said you hollered fine."

Determined as he was to fleny himself Determined as he was to deny himself every imaginable virtue. Tim could not contradict Nelly a last exertion. His voice was factors, so the to power and quality, sithone in carbonsly enough, when he tried to may the simple words, "I saw in the paper this morning that you w-wanted be book" it could sink to the feeblest, hunkings whisper that any employe ever heard from an applicant.

"Anyway, I haven't any wagon or anything," protested Tim, more fertile

in imagining obstacles than expedients.

"That wouldn't cost much," said welly, a little doubtedly, account the price of wagons was beyond her range. "How much do you have to pay for a horse?"

Ten dollars. That's what Dinten naid for his." paid for his."

"And a wagon-a second-hand one, I mean? "Oh, I don't know anybody that has

one to sell." "Well, if I was a boy, I'd make one," said Nelly, sharply, and when Tim looked in her eyes this time, he saw

that they were not quite like a mother's, after all. They were sympathetic, but they also seemed to be examining him, probing him, just like the eyes of shose terrible managers and floor-walkers and employers.

"Where's Dineen's wagon? He isn't peddling this year," said Nelly. "Oh, I forgot that. But that's all old and-kinder-

"Couldn't you paint it up?" "Ob, I'm no good at painting."

"You're too—too bashful to live, Tim-nie Tighe. You just want somebody to plant you in a chair, and put a pen in your hand, and tell you what to write, and you'll write it. But they never will; and you'll go to the bad, if you don't look out. That's what you'll do." "Oh, no, I won't do that, Nelly."

"I wish I was a boy."

"Besides"—the idea of the peddler's wagon haunted Tim strangely—"I'd have to have a license, anyway." "What of it?"

"Where'd I get the money?"

"Your mother has some. She could et you up. You could get a license easily enough, and a wagon, too, and a herse, and stock, and everything, if you weren't such a-great big baby."

Tim looked up once more in Nelly's eyes. Now Nelly was not a queen or a heroine of any sort. But the fire which she flashed forth at that moment was the very inspiration which has urged itlative.-Youth's Companion. kings and conquerors to their greatest achievements-some of them no more adventurous in their beginning than our halting friend, Tim Tighe. Tim read it directly. He saw fate in those eyes; he saw initiative. They said "Must;" they said "Will;" they refused with scorn to accept any palter-

ing negative like "Can't." A week later he announced casually to Nelly that he had bought Dineen's old horse and wagon; and the look in her eyes was friendly once more. It had been hard work to persuade his mother to advance so much money; but if a boy cannot persuade his own mother, what hope has he of moving the world outside?

Tim's first investment was a stock of blueberries. Columbus, journeying the horse's head, and at length landed westward, in momentary peril of falling over the world; Nansen, pushing he had been recognized all round.—St. north, nearer and nearer to the pole, James Gazette. but farther and farther from kin and

and to send into the cold care of re-

dents and passing pedestrians that loud clamor of his:

"Bineberries all ripe—three quarts for a quarter!"

The first time he abouted the sound of his own voice startled him; he seemed to hear the words thrown back in derigion. in derialon. But willy, Nelly's ten-year-old brother, who sat on the wagon next to mind the team," seconded his effort with such a shrill, cheery chirp: effort with such a shrill, cheery chirp:
"Yeer they are—blueberries—all ripe!"
that The felt ashamed of his timidity.
They hid resolved to experiment in a
distinct charter of the city. For fully
is minutes their cries were unanstarted, but at last a neat old lady
called Tim to her doorstep, inspected is berries, and ordered three quarts.

That three-quart order was the mak-ing of a man. Tim did not sweep the berries off level with the top of his measure. Far from it! They rose in a great mound from the middle of the box, and when he turned them into the lady's brown earthenware dish they actually spilled over the sides.

He counted out the change in his left hand with a new feeling of importance; and the very horse started with excitement when he tossed the measure back into the wagon and sang out boldly, with florid variations of his tune:

"Nice ripe blueberries yeer-three quarts for a quarter!"

At dusk one great box of berries was empty and another well hollowed in the middle; Willy was hourse, and Tim, who did the walking, was tired, but his pockets were heavy with silver, which he jingled for Nelly's satisfactionshe happened to be at the gate againand counted out on the table for his delighted mother.

Next evening the return was larger. Gradually customers began to watch for him and he for them. His cry was a warning signal which in quiet quarters could be heard a block away. It distinguished itself sharply from other peddlers' cries. Really it was like a song, compared with theirs. Perhaps that was why the nice old ladies called him so often to their doorsteps. His being a boy did not seem to deter them in the least.

For a week he did not venture to peddle in his own neighborhood. But one evening, as he was driving home, a stray customer tempted him, and his call was heard by some schoolboy acquaintances. whose curiosity was aroused.

"Hello, Tim! Where's Dineen?" "This isn't Dineen's team."

"Whose is it?" "Mine."

The others raised their elbows before heir faces, which, being interpreted. meant: "Get out." "It is, too!" said Willy, on the wagon

"Where did you get #?"

"His mother bought it," said Willy. "Did she? Aw, you can't jolly us!" "I ain't trying to."

"Gee! You've got the cheek!"
A week before Tim would have wilted at this contempt. Now, his views had changed; he knew it was a compliment. It was their way of saying he was enterorising.

The period of his awakening was vaeation time, one year ago. This sum-mer Tim's stock included all kinds of fruits and vegetables in their season. If you should see him, reaching over the tallboard to fill a peck-measure with tomatoes, you would hardly recognize the desolate saunterer who used to stop so often at the store window Watching him expand the "orbic flex" of his mouth to emit the full fortissimo of his splendid lungs, you would not believe that he could ever say, "I s-saw your advertisement for a b-boy," such a half-nudible whisper that the employer quite mechanically doubled the volume of his stentorian "What?" His whole air is fearless and prosper-

us. The very horse realizes a change. The mere way in which Tim shouts, "Get up!" or snuggles down a loose end of the blanket, or pulls Dobbin's ears under the strap of the feed-bag, or hops up on the seat and stands there, shaking the reins, his eyes alert in all directions for a customer, stamps him is an independent proprietor.

To be sure, all he owns is a peddler's wagon; but it is well painted, not lopsided like some, and as tidy on topias any fruiterer's stall. And though Tim gives good measure, and knows that it pays," he has learned that such wasteful generosity as that with which he heaped the measure for his first sals depresses his bank account.

The other day he met Mr. Dodd, the lawyer, on the street, and the two had a chat of several minutes, at the end of which Tim politely but firmly dismissed his old employer in order to serve customer.

Of course there's nothing he would not do for Nelly Gray. Their good understanding continues. In fact, they meet every morning and evening. But Nelly has grown singularly shy lately. If anything happens between them, it will have to be Tim who takes the in-

Dodging of the Duke of York.

The duke of York was walking along Piccadilly the other day with Hon. Derek Keppel. He was not generally recognized, and remained for some seconds in the little throng which always collects at the crossing to St. James street. At last he made a dash for the shelter. Soon afterward the constable on duty stopped the traffic for the pedestrians to cross over the street The duke, however, was still left standing on the shelter, much to the discomfort of two young men in a hansom cab, who immediately recognised the prince, but the constable declined to let their cabman pass on. At length the duke of York made another dash and ran round safely on the other side, by which time

succor—neither of these heroes could have felt more venturatome; than Tim In England there are 70,000 girls en—pared. Solid by a Tighe, daring to drive his newly-paint raged in public houses and drinking druggists.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

Bits of Information for the

Not so many years ago it was the exception to the general rule when a sousckeeper "set her sponge" in the morning instead of at night. With the old method the bread was good one week and poor the next, the excuse usually being that it was either chilled or overheated. Under the present rerime there is no excuse for its being mything but perfect every time. More reast and a shorter time result in much etter bread than produced by the old

A question often on the lips of beginners in the art of bread making is: "Why do you put potatoes in bread sponge?" and any answer aside from to keep the bread moist longer" is usually a poser to even an experienced cook. Another explanation to one interested in the chemistry of cooking is that boiled potatoes being largely starch are mixed with the dough to hasten the rising, because cooked starch is changed into sugar more rapidly than the raw starch of the wheat which in its normal state is close and compact. The sugar in turn is converted into alcohol and carbonic gas, and the gas being lighter than the dough rises and expands the whole elastic mass into two or three times its original bulk.

Among all the plenitude of pictur esque or comfortable pillows and cushions, none perhaps fulfills its modest mission better than the little cushions used at the hospitals for tucking under back, knees, hips or arms of the patient tired and "achy" from lying in one position. They are about a half yard in length by a quarter in width and are made by loosely stuffing a cover of coarse meshed net or cheesecloth with long, narrow shavings of white tissue paper, such as are used in packing oranges. These are so soft, cool. flexible and altogether convenient that two or three might well be added to every housekeeper's "emergency" store against a day of need.

In washing shawls or other knitted or crocheted wools, use warm suds, in which a tablespoonful of ammonia has been added to each gallon of water. Let the article soak about 20 minutes then squeeze it in the water until clean. Rinse in clear water, being careful that the temperature remains the same, and do not stretch too much by froning or pulling.

An excellent way to cook fresh haddock or cod is in tomato sauce. Cut a pound of the flesh in slices, salt, pepper and flour well and put in an earthen dish with a small slice of onion. Cover with strained tomato and cook slowly from one-half to one hour in the oven or on top of stove.

It will be found an excellent plan to have a groove at the back of the pantry shelves so that platters and large plates may stand up thus economizing space.-Washington Star.

Iowa women have secured, after hard fight.s favorable committee report on a resolution for a constitutional amendment striking the word "male" from the suffrage clause.



Now is the time spring tonic to strengthen the system and prepare for the extra

demands of Nature. Every spring the system is thoroughly overhauled—there is a general housecleaning going on within. The impurities that have been accumulating for a year must be gotten rid of, and the system renovated and prepared for the siege of summer. Unless Nature is assisted in this task, the strain on the system is too severe, and a breakdown is the result. Some people neglect to supply this assistance, and as a result they are overcome by an enervating, depressed feeling, their energies relax, appetite fails, and they are totally disabled for a season. Everybody just now needs a tonic, and Swift's Specific

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toned up with S. S. S. in the spring Get S. S. S. and be pred

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