

# A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER I.

The gas was turned up to its full height and flared noisily in the front parlor of a lodging house in the suburbs of London. Just underneath it, so that the bright light illumined the varying shade of her auburn hair, sat a girl, with the advertisement sheet of the Daily Mail laid upon the table before her. One finger passed rapidly down the columns.

"I wish I were a cook, Neville. Here are cooks required of every size and shape, no limit to either age or sex, apparently. I could get a dozen situations tomorrow if I could earn a fortune if I could do made dishes."

The brother that Janetta Howard addressed was a good-looking lad about 19 years old, with dark appealing eyes, and closely-cropped curly hair. The face was spoiled by the purposeless, weak mouth and the characterless chin. He reclined in an easy chair, and was smoking a pipe, with his hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets.

"What nonsense, Jennie! As if I should ever consent to your going out as a common servant! Besides, I don't believe you could do a red herring properly."

"Given a good fire and a toasting fork, I would evolve the way to do the herring," retorted Janetta merrily. "But that I dare not draw out our last penny of capital I would go in for a series of cooking lessons, come out at the top of the tree, and take a place as cook in a high family, I tell you. I would not adopt the title of 'lady help.' I'd be cook, and rule my kitchen with a rod of iron." And she clenched her hand, as if she really gripped the rod of which she spoke.

"And, failing this, what do you propose to do?" asked Neville lazily.

"Anything that offers," replied Janetta quickly, resuming her search through the paper. "It is quite clear that, if you are to accept this chance of a stool in an accountant's office, I must supplement your salary in some way; you can't live on it."

"I need not accept it; I can wait for something better."

"Wait until we come to our last penny, in fact!" cried Janetta impatiently. "No, Neville; you must take this clerkship, and I must get something and help you all I can. You know I'm ready enough to do it; but—with a little break in her voice—"you'll keep steady, dear, when I'm gone?"

Her tone implied that the boy's past had not been altogether blameless, and he started to his feet, as if stung by her words.

"I know I've been a beast, Jennie. I've wasted a lot of money; but if I hadn't had such luck I should have won it back on the last Derby."

"That's just it—you'd no right to risk it," replied Janetta despairingly; "but you'll leave it alone now—you must promise me to try and keep straight. I think it would break my heart if you turned into a drinking, betting man like father!"

The last words were brought out sadly and reluctantly, briefly telling of the tale of the present low ebb in their fortunes.

"He's dead; you need not bring up his sins against him," said Neville, rather sulkily.

"And I would not, except that I love you so dearly that I must give you one word of warning. You've nobody else, you see," said Janetta, with a smile that was almost a caress.

"Let me see, where was I? Bent upon finding that wonderful situation that is to make both your fortune and mine," she continued, with an effort to regain her usual light-heartedness.

"What do you say to this?"

"Wanted immediately, a young lady as companion, good-looking and good-tempered. Photo must accompany every application. References required."

"Humbug!" ejaculated Neville, from the depths of his easy chair.

"Come and look for yourself, if you don't believe me," said Janetta, with laughter in her eyes.

He rose and peeped over his sister's shoulder. "Why, yes! It's there safe enough. It's a hoax, of course. You won't be green-enough to answer it?"

"This very night," said Janetta brightly—"at least, if you honestly can assure me that I fulfill the requirements. I'm not old at two-and-twenty, am I?"

"I'm averagely good-tempered, and could attain perfect self-control if an occasional outburst meant a loss of situation. And"—as she spoke she glanced at the common little mirror above the mantel shelf—"don't mind my feelings, tell me truly; am I good looking enough?"

"Oh, as to that, you'll do," replied Neville, with the bluntness of a brother.

The face that the mirror reflected was framed in a cloudy mass of hair, set like an aureole round the daintily-poused head. Hazel eyes, half veiled by the long lashes, looked wistfully from under level, clearly-defined eyebrows; a creamy complexion; and a smiling mouth, whose half-opened red lips disclosed the whiteness of the small, even teeth, completed the picture.

Beauty was the one possession left to Janetta, and tonight she prized it more than she had ever done before as a possible means to an end. What if the simple fact that she was pretty

should win for her the situation she so longed to obtain?

"I shall send her my prettiest photo, Neville," she said, after her brief self survey.

"You don't even know the sex of the advertiser. It may be a widower advertising darkly for number two," suggested her brother.

Janetta laid down her pen in some alarm.

"I don't care," she said; "I shall write and send my photo and references. The answer will tell us all about it. I think it's a very rich old maid, with a poodle and a parrot. I shall probably have to wash the poodle, and play pretty Poll with endless lumps of sugar, and get my fingers well packed in the process. There! my letter is at any rate short and to the point. Will it do?" she said, tossing it over to Neville.

"A man could not have put the thing better. Old maid or widower, I would close with you at once if I were the advertiser. You write a short note and a pretty hand."

"Very well, we'll go out and post it," said Janetta, stretching out her hand for her hat. "May good luck attend it!"

She received an answer by return of post. The pointed handwriting in which the letter was written was of the style prevalent about 40 years ago.

"An old maid! Look at the writing!" cried Janetta triumphantly, as she opened the envelope.

"There is a modern brevity about it," said Neville, peeping over her shoulder. "Read it out, there's a dear."

"Dear Madam: I think you seem likely to suit me. The salary I offer is £60 pounds a year; but I shall be willing to raise it at the end of the first quarter if we find we get on together. Will you come for a month and see how you like it, beginning on Monday?"

"Can you leave by the train which starts from Paddington at 2 o'clock? I shall be sending to Northcliff Station meet a friend, and you could come by the same carriage. Wire reply."

"Believe me, faithfully yours, (Miss) Clarice Seymour."

Janetta and her brother burst into simultaneous laugh when she finished the letter.

"Either the woman is a lunatic or it's a hoax," said Neville.

"I'll go and see for myself. It's too good an opening to miss. Sixty pounds a year for doing nothing, apparently. No mention even of the poodle or the parrot. Anyhow, it's a genuine place; I've looked it out in the 'Gazette'."

Thus it came to pass that, on the Monday following, Janetta and Neville paced up and down Paddington station together, both their hearts too full of the approaching separation to trust themselves to speak of it.

Instead, they talked of trivialities, watched the other passengers as they hurried down the platform to the train, commenting idly upon them.

"Look, Neville! what a handsome man that is getting into the first-class carriage not far from my humble third. If he were a girl, and applied for my situation, I should not have a chance, should I? He's so very good looking!"

The man in question turned, as if he had heard the remark, glancing at the brother and sister, who had come to a halt before the carriage in which Janetta had placed her rug.

The glance was but momentary. He signed to the porter, who followed him, to hand in his belongings, jumped into the carriage, and closed the door.

"I believe he heard you, Jennie," said Neville quickly.

"If he did it can't matter. We shall never meet again, and it can't be the first time that he's heard her's good looking," said Janetta, with a little laugh.

"Oh, Neville, I must get in! I don't know how to say good-by. I will write tonight. Good-by, dear; good-by. Jump in a minute, I must kiss you; and you'll keep steady, for my sake?"

The last words were said in a whisper.

"All right, don't bother!" said Neville, horribly ashamed of the fact that there were tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

In a few minutes more the train was puffing slowly from the station, and Janetta, who had craned her neck from the carriage to obtain a farewell smile from Neville, sank back into her corner, with plenty of time before her in which to consider her prospects and her fellow travelers.

The latter were singularly uninteresting, with the exception of a little girl not more than two years old, who sat just opposite Janetta, regarding her with thoughtful eyes.

"Pretty," she said presently, stretching out her arms to come to her. And Janetta, with a reassuring nod to the mother, stood the child by the window and talked to her for the first hour, only handing her back to her natural guardian when the little thing was tired out, and showed signs of dropping off to sleep.

A glance at her watch told her that she could not be many miles from her destination, and she looked out of the window to notice the sort of country through which they were traveling, fancying that in the fast-fading light of the February afternoon she could catch the shimmer of the sea in the distance.

A kitten had been brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food and it pays no attention to rats or mice.

Almost any evil can be remedied if you face it fearlessly and honestly try to remove it.

## WE LEAD ALL THE NATIONS

Export More Goods than Any Other Country.

BRITAIN FALLS TO SECOND.

The Forthcoming Report of the First Auditor of the Treasury Department Will Show Our Products in Favor in All Countries.

Washington, Dec. 29.—The United States seems likely to stand at the head of the world's list of exporting nations at the close of the year 1900. One by one the great nations have fallen behind in the race for this distinction. During the last five years only the United Kingdom and the United States could be considered as competitors for the distinction of being the world's greatest exporter of articles of home production.

In 1894 the United Kingdom led the United States by nearly \$250,000,000, and in 1897 the United States had so rapidly gained that she was but \$60,000,000 behind.

In 1898 the United States took first place, our exports in that year exceeding those of the United Kingdom by nearly \$100,000,000. In 1899 the United Kingdom again stood at the head of the list, her exports exceeding those of the United States by nearly \$35,000,000.

In the eleven months of 1899, whose figures have been received by the treasury bureau of statistics, the domestic exports of the United States exceed those of the United Kingdom by \$5,473,670. Should this rate of gain be maintained the United States will in the year 1900 show a larger exportation of domestic products than any other nation in the world.

These figures are based on the advance report of the first auditor of the treasury, now ready for publication.

**WOULD BUILD A FINE ROAD.**

Prison Warden Wants to Build a Highway from New York to Buffalo.

New York, Dec. 29.—Warden Hayes of the Kings county penitentiary has a road building plan which he would like to put into effect between New York city and Buffalo, making a highway 150 feet wide and 426 miles long. He thinks the work could be done by the convicts in the penal institutions of the state, which, he believes, could prevent prisoners from growing despondent from lack of work. There would be no expense to the state, he thinks, as the proposition stands now. He has interested the state prison commission and the prison reform association in the proposed undertaking. It is considered that the scheme would require about ten years.

**CLOSING BIG COAL CONTRACT.**

America to Supply 200,000 Tons to the French Government.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 29.—F. K. McIlwaine, a member of the American chamber of commerce in Paris, is now in this city closing negotiations for the sale of coal to the French government. The order, he says, may reach 200,000 tons. The immediate necessities, covering principally railroad supplies, he adds, require 70,000 tons. Mr. McIlwaine says he believes a substantial coal trade between this country and France will soon be established. He asserts that the coal supply of France is 10,000,000 tons short of the demand. Formerly this deficiency was made up almost entirely by England.

**Son of a Rostand Hero Dead.**

New York, Dec. 29.—A dispatch from Paris says: The following notice appeared in a Chemnitz paper this week: "At 6:45 o'clock Monday there died, after a long illness, my beloved husband, Charles Gustave Louis Bonaparte, gentlemen's tailor, aged 68 years. Internment Tuesday at 2 p. m. The bereaved widow, Claire Louise Bonaparte, nee Wendt."

The tailor claimed to be a natural son of the Duke of Reichstadt, the hero of Rostand's play "L'Aiglon."

**To Succeed Auditor Morris.**

Washington, Dec. 29.—The president has tendered to Fred Rittman of Cleveland the position of fourth auditor of the treasury, made vacant by the tragic death of Auditor Morris. Mr. Rittman for fifteen or twenty years has been engaged in the banking business in Cleveland, and previously was an auditor of railroad accounts. He is about 50 years of age, stands high in business and social circles. He is a lifelong friend of Senator Hanna.

**Ex-Convict Shoots Two.**

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 29.—A special from De Kalb, Mo., says: Charles May, an ex-convict, shot and killed Robert Martin and fatally wounded John McGee, at a dance near De Kalb. McGee cannot live. May was recently released from the Missouri penitentiary, where he served a term with his uncle for the murder of a farmer named Burdette, in the same neighborhood. He has not been arrested.

**Death of a Genius.**

Chicago, Dec. 29.—William Westlake, the inventor and pioneer business man of Chicago as a partner in the well-known firm of Adams & Westlake, died early this morning at his home, 4 Spencer place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Westlake was born in 1831 in Cornwall, England, and early exhibited the mechanical genius which in later years was to make him a name and fortune.

Alfred Harmsworth, London editor, predicts radical changes in the publication of newspapers in the twentieth century.

## SISTERS OF GOOD SHEPHERD

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grippe and Catarrh—A Congressman's Letter.



In every county of the civilized world the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent Sisters have found Peru-na a never-failing safeguard.

Columbus, O., July 10, 1900.

The Peru-na Medicine Co., City: Gentlemen—A number of years ago your attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peru-na, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grippe, coughs, colds, and catarrhal diseases of the head and stomach.

"For grip and winter catarrh especially it has been of great service to the inmates of this institution."—Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

The following letter is from Congressman Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio:

Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first man to formulate Peru-na. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country. Send to the Peru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book written by Dr. Hartman.

You are probably a fool in the estimation of the men you consider a crank.

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.**

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

Japan has passed a bill to prohibit boys under 20 years of age smoking.

If you have never used Garfield Tea, the original herb medicine, send to the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for FREE SAMPLE. Garfield Tea cures.

When people of a critical tendency say "some people" they mean you.

**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 the box. 25c.

It is often easier to be thought stupid than to make an effort.

**For Blood and Nerves.**

Take Kniff's Red Pills for Wan People "Pale or Weak." 25c. All druggists.

Abuse is doubly painful when wit is used as a conveyance.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES.

Most men employ the first part of their lives to make the last part miserable.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A woman with a three-inch tongue can make a giant feel like a midge.

A vigorous growth and the original color given to the hair by PARKER'S HARE BALSAM. His secret is the best cure for corns. 15c.

A man seldom loses the respect of others until he has lost his own.

Some articles need to be described. White's Yuccatan needs no description; it's the real thing.

A pessimist is a man who was born without a love for strawberries.

C. H. Crabtree, Des Moines, Iowa, will on request explain all about the Glorious Gold-Mining company; extremely interesting; write me.

It's a poor picture that attracts less attention than the frame.

"All the Sweetness of Living Blossoms," the matchless perfume, Murray & Lammiman Florida Water.

"Clara, you know I'm right."

"Of course, Clarence; that's what makes me so mad."

**DO YOU COUGH**

DON'T DELAY

KEMP'S BALSAM

COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect, after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

**CHEAP FARMS**

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

100,000 ACRES Improved and unimproved, and sold on long time and farming lands to be divided each year. Come and see us or write. THE TRUMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Sanilac Center, Mich., or Th. Truman Moss Estate, Crossville, Sanilac Co., Mich.

**Catholic Agents**

OUTFIT FREE

WANTED—Men or Women, Town or Country. SOMETHING NEW. Write at once. Address: C. P. & L. CO., Canton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

IN 3 OR 4 YEARS

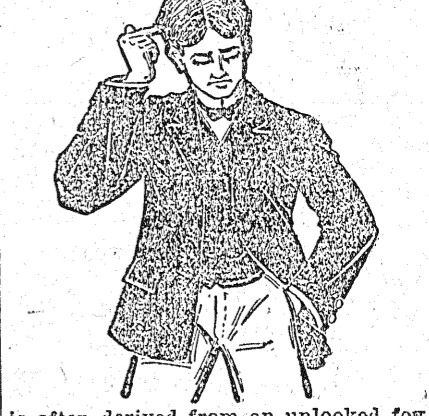
AN INDEPENDENCE ASSURED

If you take up your homes in Western Canada, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in growing wheat, reports of delegates, etc., and full information as to reduced railway rates can be had on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Gerrit Suggins, Mich., or M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.

FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box E, Atlantic, Ga.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY** gives quick relief and cures worst cases of Dropsy and is a sure treatment. FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box E, Atlantic, Ga.

### LOSS OF MEMORY



Is often derived from an unlooked for source—the Kidneys. Odorous urine or that which galls or stings is an infallible proof that you are progressing towards Bright's Disease or one of the other forms of Kidney Trouble all of which are fatal if permitted to grow worse.

\$50 reward will be paid for a case of lumbago, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, loss of vitality, impotent kidney, bladder and urinary disorders, that cannot be cured by MORROW'S KID-NE-OIDS

the great scientific discovery for shattered nerves and thinning blood.

**MICHIGAN**

people cured by Kid-Ne-Oids. In writing them please enclose stamped address.

A. H. West, 211 N. Jefferson Ave., Saginaw, Mich.  
Mrs. Anna Easton, Saginaw.  
J. J. McIntosh, 210 E. St., Port Huron.  
Geo. Johnston, 511 Port St., Port Huron.  
John Theet, 322 Port St., East, Detroit.  
Mrs. J. Jewett, 711 Wabash Ave., Detroit.  
Wm. Jones, 679 Michigan Ave., Detroit.  
Mrs. M. B. Free, Lyons St., Grand Rapids.

Morrow's Kid-Ne-Oids are not pills. Morrow's Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at drug stores.

**JOHN MORROW & CO., CHEMISTS, Springfield, O.**

**Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP**

Cures a Cough or Cold at once.

Conquers Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 50 Pills 10c.

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