

BROWN never quite knew just what to send John for a present, birthdays and Christmas; he had grown that fastidious of late years, so she always put an end to her perplexity by sending him a nice necktic. I imagine the thing! A woman dar ing to select a tie for a fastidious young man.

Mother Brown lived away back cas in a small town, and was the fond mother of John, who lived in a hustling burg in the vast and unknown west. Naturally Mother Brown, who had never been beyond the western border of her own backwoods little town, could not be expected to ever suspect such an unheard-of notion as gent's fine and up-to-date ties in the wild and wooly,

"I've just sent my John a beautiful necktie," she would say with joy and pride to Mother Somebody Else, who would also rejoice and be protid over the description of said bit of neck-wear. "He'll be so pleased with it, he's always been fond of red and black, because they were his school colors, once."

once." Perhaps gray would be the prevail-ing color that particular season in John's stylish and flourishing city, and he would unwrap mother's lurid red with black spots, gaze at'lt with kind-ness, and then gently lay it away in his trank. It had never once happen-od that mother's the could possibly he form that season-in fact any season

ed that mother's the could possibly be worn that season—in fact any season, for that matter. "Bless your heart, mother dear," John would say with a sigh as he closed the Hd of the trunk, locking, it sure and fast,—"but that color is safer under lock and key." In due course of time, John mar-ried, and the care of his clothes pass-ing out of his nands, he lost complete knowledge of his fond mother's thes. They had ceawd to come after his marriage, for it was household com-fortables—tidles and wool mats, etc.— that came then, labeled, "John and came then, labeled, "John and

that came then, labeled, "John and Lydia." "Who can be a better judge of his ties, now," Mether Brown would say to Mother Somebody Else, "than his wife? Besides, my eyes are growing poor, and I can so easily knit and cro-chet without seeing. I've a capital idea for their next Christmas-silk curtains for their arch: for they've surely an arch somewhere in their house." So Mother Brown wrote on to Lydia for silk pieces.

So Mother Brown wrote on to Lydia for silk pieces. "She'll never guess what they're for," she chuckled to Mother Somebody Else, "unless its a crazy quilt." And one evening Lydia called down the stair to John to know if he had any love for a great bunch of thes she had found in an old fashioned trunk: and as John was uttack. (addrearch in

and as John was utterly indifferent in the matter, the following morning a package by express went forth to Mother Brown.

er Brown. "That was a lucky find for Mother Brown." said Lydia to a friend, as she left the express office, "and I need the room they took up, besides they were most hideous to look upon." A week later Mother Brown toddled over to the house of Mother Somebody Else.

"Well, I never in all my life," she said, as she took a chair and found her breath; what on earth do you think has happened?" Mother Somebody Else said she could

not guess

not guess. "Nor you never will in a thousand years," said Mother Brown with excite-ment, burning in both cheeks. "You remember all those besutiful ties I sent my John, all those years of his young "weekeed?" manhood Mother Somebody Else remembered perfectly.

that dear boy has cherished them all these years, and they don't even look solled. I.dia's just sent them to me. Of course, she expects them back in a quilt. They'll look handsome in cur-

tuins." It was just before the holidays that John's thoughts were of his mother, naturally, and the tles that bind. "By the way, Lydia." he called to his wife, "what did you do with all those neck-tles in that old trunk?" "I sent them to your mother, dear,"

"Heck-ties in that old trunk?" "I sent them to your mother, dear," promptly answered Lydia, "The deuce you did!" and John sprang to his feet in alarm, "What did it matter?" asked Lydia, the stride up and down the sittingroom hastily bringing her to the sense of action.

the stride up and down the stringround hastily bringing her to the sense of action. "Matter enough, sure," said John with some heat, "since mother sent them all to me, and I'd never so much as worn one of them once." "How did I know who they were from; you should have told me." "And how did I know you were going to send them to mother? You should have told me." But, cast your bread upon the water, and after many days back came the ties, in long slim lines woven into portieres, bearing this inscription— "My dear children—may yon exper-lence as much joy at the sight of these ties again, as I did the day they came back to me, telling me plainer than words, how they had been worn and cherished by a careful, faithful loving son."

It is needless to add how John and It is needless to add how John and Lydia fell upon each other's necks and wept. They had had a narrow escape, and they realized it. Had Moth-er Brown's eyesight been keen as of old, two "dear children" might have been removed from the will.

• A man with one leg was stumping along west South Temple street, ona of those very cold mornings last week. He looked pinched and blue and mis-erable. He would have looked the hap-pier for a cup of hot coffee and a bowl of oat meal porridge. "Can you help me out on a meal?" he asked a wome more swhering nast

he asked a young man swinging past The able man wheeled about and in-

The able man wheeled about and in-stantly his hand went to his pockst. The crippled man's face told no lie; he was suffering from actual hunger. "Tve tried for a job till I'm discour-aged," he said, "your two legs can go further than my one. I used to stand a bit of a show, but now—" The younger man had been out of work for weeks. He had a quarter in his pocket—all he had in the world; nor did he know where or when he'd earn another.

arn another. "Take this," he said; "get yourself a square meal."

A square meal." Why not a hospital for dogs and horses in this city as well as another, since we claim to be a city. A horse fell down on Main street one slippery day last week, and broke its leg. Ev-erybody shuddered at what followed. A pollceman being a crack shot under-took to put the poor animal out of its misery; falling short of his merciful purpose, he increased its misery ten-fold by his several shots failing to strike home. The wrotched thing got up and walked about on three legs in his agony, before death released him. Poor faithful old work horse-he cer-tainly deserved more humane treat-ment.

LADY BABBIE.



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The accompanying picture shows five streams of water from the building, 375 feet high.



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