

"Yes, but I love you best." Mrs. Summers paused—but there—no, Jennett must not go this time, for they were to call on some very fashionable friends that day.

"I will tell you. Stay with nurse, and I will bring you a baby doll all dressed in long clothes," and Jennett slid down happy.

The moments passed, and mamma was home again. At the hall door was Jennett eager for her doll.

"Oh, that's so, I forgot to stop, dearie, but never mind. See, papa wants a kiss." She had a lovely time and told Mr. Summers all about it. Jennett ate nothing, and nurse put her to bed. In the night both parents were awakened by a choking cough—a cough once heard never to be forgotten.

When the doctor came he said it was croup in its surest form and little hope remained. "What can I do?" the mother cried. And then she thought of her mother and her mother's God. She could pray! And she went into her own room and then told her Lord all about it. With it all came a sense of her own unworthiness, her estrangement from God and her perfect ignorance in training a little child. She arose from her knees, but not comforted—only sustained—with such a flood of accusing memories. By and by Jennett lay in her mother's arms, greatly relieved if not out of danger. She looked up at her mother's tearful face and said:

"Oh, don't cry, mamma. I is better," and then fell asleep, to wake every few moments with half confused memories. It was agony to both parents to catch the half whispered words and know what impressions the little mind had of late received. Now it was the new dolly coming to her when mamma came, then "papa's girl" was sick, and papa held her instead of his own little daughter. "Oh, but she must not die!" Mrs. Summers cried in agony. Her voice awakened Jennett.

"If I do, mamma, you can have papa's girl," she said so quietly that her words fell like a voice from another world on the guilty hearts of her parents.

"I have no other girl, darling," her father replied. "I only told you so in fun. I love no one but you."

"But you said so, papa—always."

And Mr. Summers could not meet the trusting gaze.

"But it was only a joke, Jennett. We only want you, only you," and the tears splashed down on the hot cheeks as mamma bent over her.

And seeming satisfied the little eyes closed again.

"It was all wrong, Emma," and Mr. Summers looked up. "If she believes, we should tell her no untruth, or we'll shake her faith in everything good."

"I am so sorry I forgot her doll!"—But the excuse did not bring relief this

time. "We have been thoughtless and"—"Cruel, Emma," and his voice, trembling, ceased. They sat in silence a long time, each absorbed in painful reflections. At last Mrs. Summers knelt by Jennett's side.

"Husband, before God I promise to never tell another untruth or deceive her in any other way. If he will save her unto us, I will make her education and happiness my care and never forget how near she was to leaving us." She laid her hand upon his knee, and he placed his over it and said, "Amen and amen."

Just the comfort of confession seemed to bring such peace that both felt their vow was heard, even though their darling left them. Mrs. Summers never did anything by halves. Nurse was seen and confessed to her mode of frightening the child into obedience, and now she confessed to letting the child play in the water while she was visiting with a friend, "and if I had staid with her or taken her," Mrs. Summers reflected. "Ah, I almost forgot a mother's place." But Jennett soon found that her mother was a very kind mamma to think so much of her, and never again did she hear of "papa's girl." It was a lesson which only needed attention to learn, and their attention was called in his own way.

The Best References.

A man who looked suspicious applied at a boarding house on Adams avenue for a home and was received by the landlady.

"I presume," she said, after inspecting him critically and hearing what he had to say, "that you can give references."

"What kind do you wish, madam?" he inquired.

"Well," she hesitated, "I don't know who you are, and I would like something in the nature of a recommendation."

"All I can offer, madam," he said, pulling out some papers, "are here. They are receipted bills from every landlady I boarded with up to date, as you will observe."

Her face brightened.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that will do. You can have anything in the house you want."—Detroit Free Press.

Reaping Where He Had Sown.

Widow—I want a stone for my husband's grave exactly like the other one in the lot.

Agent—But isn't it a trifle small for a man of your husband's prominence?

Widow—No, sir! If Thomas thought a stone like that was good enough for his first wife, I guess it's plenty good enough for Thomas.—Life.

A Deadly Purpose.

Mrs. Plankington—Why, my dear, what are you putting those dumbbells in the trunk for? We won't need them at Niagara.

Plankington—I thought you said you were going to take your dog along.—Truth.

Real.

Boarder—Is this genuine vegetable soup?

Walter—Yes, sir. Fourteen carrots fine.

—Rochester Democrat.

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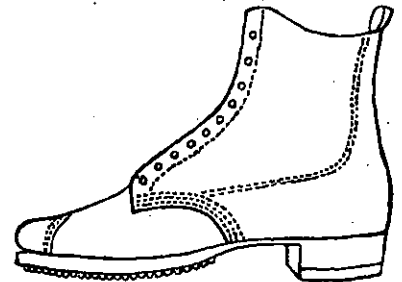
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