

The Lincoln Courier.

VOL. VI.

LINCOLN, N. C., FRIDAY, MAR. 3, 1893.

NO. 43.

Professional Cards.

J. W. SAIN, M. D.,

Has located at Lincolnton and offers his services as physician to the citizens of Lincolnton and surrounding country. Will be found at night at the Lincolnton Hotel.

March 27, 1891.

Bartlett Shipp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, N. C.

Jan. 9, 1891.

Dr. W. A. PRESSLEY,

SURGEON DENTIST.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Will spend the WEEK BEGINNING WITH THE 1ST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH at office in Lincolnton. Those needing Dental services are requested to make arrangement by correspondence. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms—CASH.

July 11, 1890.

Dr. A. W. Alexander

DENTIST.

LINCOLN, N. C.

Cocaine used for painless extracting teeth. With THIRTY YEARS experience. Satisfaction given in all operations. Terms cash and moderate.

Jan 23 '91

GO TO

BARBER SHOP.

Newly fitted up. Work always neatly done. Customers politely waited upon. Everything pertaining to the tonsorial art is done according to latest styles.

HENRY TAYLOR, Barber.

English Spanish Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton N. C.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Lawing Druggist Lincolnton N. C.

Blind From Scrofula Cured.

My six year old son has had a terrible scrofulous ulcer of the neck for three years, attended with blindness, loss of hair and general prostration.

Physicians and various blood remedies were resorted to without benefit. The New Atlanta Medical College treated him for three months, but his condition grew worse.

I was urged to try the efficacy of B. B. B. and to the astonishment of myself, friends and neighbors, one single bottle effected an entire cure.

Ulcers of the neck entirely healed; eyesight restored, and the hair commenced growing on his head again. I live at 245 Jones Street, Atlanta, and my boy is there to be seen.

FRANK JOSEPH.

J. W. Messer, Howell's Cross Roads, Cherokee county, Ga., writes: "I was afflicted with chronic sores nine years, and SORES (and had tried many medicines) and they did me no good. I then tried B. B. B. and eight bottles cured me sound and well."

ONE MILLION LADIES

Are daily recommending the

Perfection ADJUSTABLE Shoe

It Expands Across the Ball & Heel.

This makes the best fitting, most looking and most comfortable in the world.

Prices, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.50.

Consolidated Shoe Co., Manufacturers, Lynn, Mass. Shoes Made to Order.

To be found at Jenkins' Bros.

—BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE—

The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.

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Matt. Lambert's Little Catherine.

BY SOUTHWORTH SHELLEY.

"And a little child shall lead them."

It was past the idea of April, and day was closing in. It had been spring in the morning, autumn at noon, and was winter now, this bleak November day. The wind, which swept through Maiden Lane in tempestuous gusts, was filled with tossing and gyrating snowflakes, that could be but dimly seen through the dingy windows of the counting room of Snaggs & Co., publishers and book-binders.

Snaggs & Co. was a solid firm from 'way back. No one had ever been found who was able to say when they had had a beginning, but it was positively known that they had occupied the same quarters when Maiden Lane was no thoroughfare, or indeed little more than a cow-path. Years and years before the inquisitive little street took it into its head to run straight through Trinity Church-yard, and was promptly and ignominiously sat down upon and killed by that powerful and fabulously wealthy corporation.

Indeed, the firm had always been shrouded in such mystery and uncertainty, and the proprietors had surrounded themselves with such impenetrable atmosphere of seclusion, that the belief had gone forth that Snaggs was no less a personage than the Wandering Jew, or some other equally mysterious individual, and "Co." a certain gentleman but rarely mentioned in polite society and seen there never at all.

But there was one man who could have told the world differently, had he been so disposed. To him "Co." whom he knew to be dead and buried, was as impersonal as to the rest of the world, while Snaggs, whom he knew to be very much alive, was so important a factor in his own life, as well as the lives of those most nearly connected to him, that it was a matter of daily concern not to arouse the cholera of the irascible old man, or fall into any of the many traps set for him.

In a corner of the counting-room, farthest from the fire, a narrow cell was partitioned off; so narrow that it was unpleasantly suggestive of a crypt, and without any great stretch of fancy one could readily understand the manner in which the passive occupant was to be shoved into the contracted and comfortable quarters. When, however, you went up the two steps leading through the door of the cell, you were disposed to smile at what you saw; for, instead of a corpse, there was a living man standing before a battered desk, which, in turn, stood before a window, looking out on Maiden Lane.

And this was the man, Matthias Lambert by name, to whom Snaggs was personal in the highest degree; for it was a rule of the house, and always had been, time out of mind, that no employed inside its walls should marry, on pain of instant dismissal. Yet this thing Matt. Lambert had done, and though for reasons known to himself, Snaggs had retained his book-keeper, he set him up as a target, at which all his whistling, poisoned arrows were aimed, till many, many were the times that poor Matt. would have accepted starvation rather than live in such an atmosphere of vituperation and sulphurous fumes.

Only there were the wife and child. Matt. Lambert thought of these as he chased up and down six columns of figures for an error of twenty-five cents in the balance, without fiding it; thought of them with an affection bordering on pain, as he muttered:

"Nine and eight are seventeen, and five are twenty-two, and three are twenty-five, and seven are thirty-three—what the dence! Nine and eight are seventeen, and five are twenty-two, and three are twenty-five, and seven are thirty—thirty—poor baby, poor little kitten, it's too bad, too bad!"

He ceased for a moment to search for the delinquent quarter of a hun-

dred cents—so insignificant in itself, so potent to kick up a row with Snaggs & Co.—to look out of the window at the whirling snow.

When he lifted his head you saw at once that he was one of those old young men one meets so often nowadays.

Yet, looking closer at the face, with its open and ingenuous expression, to which much was added by a pair of exceptionally fine hazel eyes, you would have been willing to wager that the appearance of age was not the result of dissipation, fast living, or "burning the candle at both ends," but rather that too much thinking, added to premature care, had worn the two vertical lines between the brows and sprinkled the hair about the temples with grey.

He was certainly not over thirty, but as you looked at him from behind, bent over his books and papers, or caught a glimpse of the profile as he directed his gaze to the storm outside, you would have added another decade to his years.

Though Snaggs & Co. meant daily bread, and fuel, and clothing, and doctor bills, with sparse luxuries and an occasional and grudgingly granted holiday to Matt. Lambert, he seemed to have forgotten their existence, as he stared out of the grimy windows, against which the snow-flakes beat, muttering under his breath:

"Poor little kitten, poor little kitten."

The words were inaudible even inside his cell-like apartment, and so could not possibly have been heard above the noise of the rattling windows, across the twenty feet of space that separated Matt. Lambert and the genial Snaggs.

Yet the sinister knowledge that his book-keeper and factotum was not diligently investigating the whereabouts of the mysteriously missing pence was conveyed by some occult power to the brain of Snaggs, whose voice rising above the storm in jarring staccato, flung these words across space and partition:

"If you'll just attend to the business of balancing that account Lambert, I'll be devilish glad to take it."

The book-keeper's left hand clutched and the vertical lines in his forehead deepened, but he said nothing, and his eyes dropped to the six columns of figures which the pen in his right hand began to run up.

"Do you hear in there?" snapped Snaggs.

Silence followed till the scratching pen had made six memoranda on a scrap of paper and the footing of the columns had been altered one single cent. Then he took some loose change from his pocket, counted out twenty-four cents in his hand, replaced the rest, and with the words, "I am coming," went down the two steps from his vault and crossed over to his employer.

"I found an error of but one cent, sir, but I have balanced the account," he said, and laid a paper and the twenty-four cents on the green baize desk.

Snaggs separated the pieces with his bony finger, counting them over with a glance; then he swept them with his right hand into the left and coolly dropped them into his trousers' pocket.

"So much," he said, with a snarl, "for earliness. There is a mistake farther back."

"No, sir, there is no mistake. I have taken hours to look up that twenty-five cents. I found one of them on the last page. The error does not lie with me, anyhow it is rectified and the account balanced, is not that sufficient?"

For a wonder Snaggs made no reply, and the book-keeper waited respectfully, until in a hall of the wind there came the sound of a clock up Maiden Lane, striking the quarters, followed by the hour.

"If you please, Mr. Snaggs," began the man with evident hesitation, "I would very much like to have—"

At the very first word the old man had looked up at Matt. Lambert with suspicion in his coal-black

eyes, but when he got so far in whatever request he was about to make, Snaggs burst forth irascibly: "No, sir, can't think of it; can't over-step the rules of the house for any of its employees. There never has been and never will be but one pay day in this concern."

"But I am not asking to be paid. What I wish to ask for, is a day off, a holiday!"

"The dence! I take no holidays; if I did, things would go to the devil. What do you want with a holiday?"

"It is the anniversary of the marriage as well as the birth of both my wife and my little daughter, and we have thought of celebrating the triple event in a quiet way."

"Bosh!" snorted Snaggs, while his eyes seemed to give off sparks back of his spectacles. "All hosh this thing of celebrating wedding and birthday anniversaries. Better if there were no weddings, consequently there'd be no birthdays to keep. You'd a deal better be putting the wherewithal to buy bread in your pocket, instead of spending so much in folly."

"People think differently upon these points, sir. Moreover, I can make the time up by a week's over-hours; and tomorrow is Saturday." He stood quietly waiting, yet with a look of anxiety in the handsome hazel eyes that was not lost upon his employer, who kept stabbing the besmeared cork instead with a rusty pen, while every feature of his wrinkled face seemed to harden and set, and he inwardly gloated over his power to add to or take from the pleasures of this man's life. He was loath to yield; some devil of the past shouting into one ear:

"Refuse! Wring his heart! Keep him at his desk! Remember the last!"

While into the other ear a flute-like voice whispered: "Forget; forgive; give, and it shall be given unto you."

Suddenly he lifted his hand to a level with his shoulder, took aim, and sent the missile flying at the inkstand. As the rusty nib buried itself in the cork, and the holder swayed back and forth for an instant, he turned his glowing eyes upon Matt. Lambert's face and said fiercely:

"Curse it! Take the day, get out of it what you can; but see that I lose nothing by the folly of your wedding and birthday anniversaries."

"You shall not, sir," answered Matt. Lambert, moving back quickly to his crypt, from which he presently emerged with his hat and overcoat on, and locking the door, put the key in his pocket and went out with a "Good evening, Mr. Snaggs," which that gentleman did not see fit to notice.

In the rear of the building a steam whistle blew shrilly; following that, came the sob and throb of stopping machinery, then the sound of slamming doors, and the tramp of many feet down the stairs and halls; then silence.

Then Snaggs might have been seen to cross the counting room, lock the door, come back again to his desk and drop into his chair in an inert and powerless way.

"So it's the anniversary of your wedding day, and the birthday of your wife and child, is it, Matt. Lambert?" he said, as if speaking to his book-keeper. "It's the sixteenth of November, and the anniversary of more than your family happiness, if I remember rightly," he continued bitterly.

"You wouldn't think it, Matt. Lambert, but it's the anniversary of my wedding day also, and of my wife's death, and my daughter's birthday, as well as the anniversary that marks the day she chose to break her father's heart and change him into a bitter and cynical old man," by running away with that poor devil of a lover of hers, simply to escape marrying my rich partner."

"Oh, it's a multiplicity of anniversaries, is this—the sixteenth day of November. Curse it!" He tore off his spectacles and flung them on the desk with a vio-

lence that shattered one lens; but he took no heed, running his bony fingers through his bushy grey locks and literally tearing them out by the roots, in the extremity of his misery. He got up and walked the floor, raging like a lion; a magnificent specimen of a man, in whom all the gifts and forces of mental and physical life had been lavishly cast; a man of strong passions and fierce, indomitable will, still untamed with extreme capacities for happiness and suffering, despite his sixty years.

He paced back and forth, lashing himself to fury by the bitterness of reminiscence and introspection, revealing the nature of his thoughts by more than one emphatic "Curse it," till the tide of passion having reached the flood began to subside, and gave place to calmer, tenderer thoughts and actions.

"Ah, Catherine, my girl, behold your work," he said, suddenly stopping, and stretching out his arms, as to some visible creature, "see the transformation your disobedience and ingratitude have wrought in the father you might have bound with one silken tress of your hair to your will. Why not have trusted me, child? I would not have been implacable; but to deceive me till the last; to steal a ray to the arms of who knows what low-born lover; to betray my love; to impeach my honor; to transform a loving, happy father into a Diogenes; to keep silence all these years!"

He stood with arms extended and gleaming eyes, looking into space; then lowering his voice, as if she to whom his words were addressed stood face to face with him, continued:

"But I have been to blame, Catherine, I have been implacable, in that I have never sought to find you."

Then, with sudden resolution, emphasized by that vehemence which characterized every act of the man, he said:

"It is not too late yet, Joel Snaggs, to undo the work of years. Ah, Matt. Lambert, if it were only you my child had chosen; poor but proud, upright and ingenious, the pill would not be so bitter. After all, what does existence amount to without my child? Well, let tomorrow come, with its aftermath of anniversaries; keep yours, Matt. Lambert, and I'll keep mine, and start anew from thence."

And Matt. Lambert trudged through the driving storm, his great, tender heart sorrowful for his little child, because this unlooked-for change of weather would prevent the carrying out of their plans for the celebration of the triple anniversary. As he turned into the street near his own home, a tiny creature in a Mother Hubbard water-proof, with the hood drawn over the shining head, and little feet shod with over-shoes, came skimming toward him like a swallow.

The man's pace was quickened, and his face transfigured as she came on, and long before she reached him his arms were ready and caught her up even before she stopped.

Just to see the love in his eyes, as the little creature put her arms about his neck and nestled her velvet cheek against his own, was worth going a day's journey; just to hear her pretty prattle as she told how she and mamma had planned to keep the day, was worth a pilgrimage to Mecca; but to have had a single one of the score of kisses her rosebud mouth pressed upon his with sweet abandonment of love, would have been infinite compensation for any privation and incentive to overcome all obstacles in the way of her happiness.

And so thought Matt. Lambert as he bore his baby, his kitten, his little Catherine up the steps to his own modest abode.

So Matt. Lambert's trio of anniversaries were kept, to little Catherine's delight, at the Museum of Natural History, with a tidy little dinner at the Park restaurant, and the after-ecstasy of driving alone a spirited team of bronze-horned gossups up and down the mall; the whole lovely dry ending with an

evening at the theatre, from whence little Kitten went home in such a bewilderment of bliss that all night long fairies and wood nymphs danced over the counterpane, and a comical little Puck turned summer-saults and posed on the foot-board of her cot. While Joel Snaggs, not so far away after all, had kept his anniversaries in loneliness and self-reproach for the last time.

One person there was whose thoughts never left the anster old man throughout that day of quiet happiness, and that person was Matthias Lambert's wife. He had told her as gently as he could with what reluctance Snaggs had granted the holiday, softening the bitter words and giving the man full benefit of the sublime pity and charity of his own great nature. But when she had laid her hands in his, and looking into his pitiful hazel eyes with her brimming blue ones, had asked in a whisper:

"Has the time come, Matt? he had been compelled to answer, with a sorrowful shake of the head:

"Not yet, my darling."

So winter passed, with the November day standing out like a shrine, a little apart from the dusty highway, at which they had stopped to rest and make an offering of flowers, and June had come in with her wealth of sunshine and roses.

Matt. Lambert in his cell in the counting room had made up the day with over hours, serving his employer with honest singleness of purpose, absorbed in not only the strict performance of appointed duties, but anticipating the wants of Snaggs, whose manner had altered, and whose words had lost that Damascus edge that had characterized them prior to that day of days; while the men at the head of each department, who alone came into contact with the proprietor, felt that some great change, some softening influence, was at work on Snaggs & Co.

Matt. noticed, too, with wonder, that where it had been an execution to see the chair before the old man's desk vacant, he found it often so now when he came down the steps from his vault to ask for instructions, or give information upon upon some important piece of business.

Whenever the day was especially bright this was almost sure to be the case; and what was strangest of all, Joel Snaggs was irritable if detained about his own affairs, frequently leaving the counting room, where he had almost buried himself for years, with such cautious silence that often Matt. came out of his cell with a handful of papers and was half across the intervening space before he noticed that Snaggs's desk was in disorder and his swivel-chair empty.

The book-keeper's practical mind was puzzled to find a solution for this astonishing change; for the money market was easy, credit good and never in all the years of his connection with the firm of Snaggs & Co. had business been so prosperous, or the outlook so fair. It could be none of these things, therefore, that took Snaggs away, or accounted for these unseemly absences during business hours.

But if Matt. Lambert could have followed his employer he would have been still more astonished in seeing that he always went in the same direction, always turning at length into the same quiet street, and always stopped to speak to a fairy creature with shining chestnut hair and heavenly eyes blue, who slipped her tiny hand confidently in his and walked a little way up the street, chattering gaily, while Snaggs, the most heartless, soulless and bitter of cynics turned as she left him to run back and stood watching the little creature with gleaming eyes till she reached her own door in safety.

More astonished still would Matt. have been could he have seen the man's face when she asked him one day with pretty naivete:

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" and then, without waiting for an answer, the sweet little voice dropping into sorrowful accents:

"Bessie Dunn has such a nice grandpa. I wish I had a real grandpa too."

"A real grandpa, little one? What is a real grandpa?"

"Oh, one you can see and love, and take walks with in the park."

"And haven't you a grandpa, dear?" asked Snaggs, regarding the lovely upturned face with hungry eyes.

"Yes, sir; but not a real one."

"What kind of a grandpa have you, then, my pretty one?"

"I don't know, he is way off," she said, with a sorrowful shake of her head.

"But will he not come home sometime?" asked Snaggs.

"Mamma says maybe he will, but I guess not, 'cause I'm five years old and he never come to see me yet," answered the child.

"Will you tell me your name, dear?" asked Matt. Lambert's employer as they reached the corner and stopped as usual.

"Oh yes! It is Catherine Snaggs Lambert," answered the unconscious babe, patting the bony hand that held her little dimpled one.

"Catherine Snaggs Lambert!" gasped Joel Snaggs, while all his features worked convulsively.

Then he suddenly bent and lifted the child in his arms and with all his starved soul looking through his humid eyes into the celestial blue cues, and asked hoarsely:

"Will you let me be your really grandpa, dear?"

"Oh yes, oh yes," she cried, delightedly laying a dimpled hand on either wrinkled cheek.

"Then kiss me, Catherine, and run back to mamma," he said. And Matt. Lambert's little Kitten had pressed her rosebud mouth against old Snaggs's grey mustache, and, slipping from his arms, gone skimming like a swallow up the street, whilst he stood still and watched her; and such a swell of memories came rolling in upon his soul that no power on earth could have drawn his feet again that day toward the counting-room of Snaggs & Co. in Maiden Lane. But sweetest and best and strangest thing of all the beautiful finale to all the wonderful denouement of which Matt. Lambert's anniversaries had been the cause; the hour when Snaggs had entered, locked the door and crossing the counting room with bounding steps, entered his book-keeper's cell and laying his hand upon his arm, said with a stimulation of ferocity:

"Matt. Lambert, I have found you out!"

And when the man had turned, white and trembling, to look at his employer, how Snaggs' eyes had betrayed him after all, and the two men had grasped each other's hand and shaken them until they ached; the strange tenderness in old Snaggs' voice as he told how he came upon little Catherine one day when he was wandering aimlessly to ease the aching of his heart; how something in the little creature's face brought back such vivid memories of his only child, that he had been drawn again and again to look upon the babe, till all her sweet confiding little ways had broken the crust of bitterness in which his soul had been encased for years, and when God had seen that he was ripe for revelation, the child had said, "My name is Catherine Snaggs Lambert."

"Matt. Lambert," old Snaggs had said with choking voice, taking off his spectacles to polish them, "put on your hat and take me to see my child." And the book-deeper had slammed his ledgers into the safe, snatched his hat like a school-boy from its hook, locked the door of his vault, and gone out arm in arm with Snaggs, which being seen by one of the foremen, had to staggered the man that he was found leaning against the door incapable of speech till revived by a timely dose of Bourbon straight and strong.

And when they came at length to Matt. Lambert's happy home, and the door was opened by a tidy little maid, and little Catherine, catching sight of Snaggs, went skimming down the hall, crying:

"Oh, mamma, here's my real grandpa. I wish I had a real grandpa too."

"A real grandpa, little one? What is a real grandpa?"

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