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THE BEE AND THE DOG.

A BROWN bee lit on the tip-tilted nose of a little black dog one day, and the doggie never so much as blinked, but smilingly gazed away. No sign of anguish or grief he gave, nor with wrath was he choking full—because he was only a calico dog, stuffed with cotton wool.

Mrs. Jack and the Fair

By MARIE DEACON HANSON

THIS will interfere with your seeing the fair with me. A new husband is invariably a selfish scamp!" Uncle Nat exclaimed irritably after the wedding, looking down regretfully at Phoebe's radiant face.

"My husband isn't!" retorted Phoebe, with an adorable stress that fired in Jack a mad desire to embrace his wife then and there; but there were the guests, and Pilkington, his best man, attracted his attention. Phoebe lowered her voice. "After Jack and I return I'll go to the fair with you, Uncle Nat," she said—and there was a dare in her lovely eyes.

"He won't let you," scoffed the old man, glaring at the back of Jack's shapely head.

"He will," Mrs. Jack affirmed softly. "Uncle Nat," she stood on tiptoe and leaned her pretty head closer, "I'll wager a box of cigars against a string of pearls that I'll do the fair with you inside the next six weeks, if you'll invite me—and I'll win."

"If he's fool enough to let you, you won't be fool enough to take the chance," growled Uncle Nat. "Order the cigars to-morrow."

"Dearest!" Phoebe's voice was sweet and caressing—Jack never could hear it without immediately responding, though they had been married for a whole month now.

"What is it, Phoebekin?" he asked, looking across the table at his wife.

"A letter from Uncle Nat. He's in St. Louis now—doing the fair. He writes inviting me to spend a week with him."

"The dickens he does! I like his nerve!"

"Just like the old dear, isn't it? But I wouldn't leave you for the world, unless you sent me." Mrs. Jack said gently.

"I'm not likely to send you—not much!" Gordon assured his wife, emphatically. "Poor Wilson—I met him yesterday—they were married the same night we were, you know—his wife has gone to the fair with her folks. I felt like telling him that my wife was made of different stuff, only I didn't want to rub it in."

"So forbearing of you, dear!" Mrs. Jack said sweetly. "Uncle Nat will be dreadfully disappointed, of course, and he did give us such a handsome wedding present." Phoebe tilted her pretty chin thoughtfully. "Have you ever thought, darling, that if it hadn't been for Uncle Nat mamma might not have given her consent so soon, and—and—oh, I can't bear to think of what might be now!"

"Then, don't, sweetheart; for we're married as hard as two ministers and a ring can make us," Jack said reassuringly. "But your uncle did stand by us like a trump when your mother turned balky, though he growled like a dog with a sore leg after the wedding, when it came to the actual point of resigning his guardianship. I'd like to show my appreciation and all that by letting you go; but I can't spare you—that's the truth, little woman."

"It would be just as hard to leave you," Mrs. Jack replied with a smile.

When Gordon came home to dinner that evening he found his wife exceptionally charming in a dress he particularly admired. Each dish, as it was set before him, showed a consideration of his taste and by the time coffee was served the man of the house was in a benignant frame of mind.

"Jove! I can't understand how Wilson's wife had the heart to leave him!" Gordon burst out presently.

"Neither can I, but perhaps the wedding fuss tired her and she felt the need of a change and rest," Mrs. Jack replied. "Mamma thought to-day I looked rather pale," and there was the faintest suspicion of a sigh.

"You look incomparably lovely, sweetheart," Gordon promptly replied. His wife pressed her hand to her side, and he added anxiously: "Aren't you feeling well, Phoebe?"

"Of course, you silly boy! A bit tired,

perhaps. A wedding brings a lot of hard work. And then, I do want to keep everything nice in our nest, as we planned that it should be—before, you know."

"So it is. Couldn't be better," Gordon declared. "But don't you think you ought to consult a doctor, Phoebe, and get a tonic or something?"

"Certainly not, you foolish man! There, dearie, don't look so crushed, else I'll run off and leave you this minute." "You wouldn't get far," Gordon smiled.

After dinner, Mrs. Gordon's youthful brother burst in upon them. "Hope you've decided to accept Uncle Nat's invitation, Phoebe—and never mind what Jack says," he began. "They say the Pike beats the Midway hollow, and I'll bet Uncle Nat will give you a peach of a time, and that's more than Jack can do. Wish I had your chance!"

"And I wish you wouldn't rattle on so, Tom," Mrs. Gordon replied with dignity. "Of course, I can't leave my husband to look after himself, though I presume you would under the same circumstances."

"Betcher! Of course, Jack didn't look after himself before you married him. Oh, no! He didn't 'bach it' and have more fun than a band of monkeys making tea and Welsh rarebit and things for those girls he used to invite to see his pictures! Is this the book mother wants? Better let Phoebe go, Jack—you're a selfish old thing if you don't," and Master Tom dodged the cushion his unamiable brother-in-law flung at him and slammed the door.

"You mustn't mind him, dear," Mrs. Jack coaxed. "There, you shall have your comfy chair and a cigar, and I'll light it for you as I used to do—before, you know."

Gordon drew a few puffs in silence. "I suppose that young rascal and the rest of the folks think I'm a regular tyrant," he observed presently.

"Foolish boy! Still thinking of that? What do you care for their opinion, when you know I think you are the dearest, nicest and most unselfish man in the world," and Phoebe's soft, little hand gently smoothed back her husband's hair.

"Do you know, Phoebe, my idea of heaven below is a desert island with you and me on it, and not a relative within a thousand miles."

"It would be splendid," Mrs. Jack acquiesced; "but since we can't have that kind of heaven, let's be very, very happy in the heaven we have."

"And this thing hanging over us? I'll be hanged if I don't think you'd better go, Phoebe, and have it over with."

"Oh, Jack! Do you really mean to send your poor little wife away from you?" Phoebe cried with a bewitching pout. "But if you think it best, darling, I'll go—though I shall be perfectly miserable away from you, and simply wild to come back!"

"Same here, little woman!" Gordon exclaimed fervently. He drew two or three puffs. "Still, if you don't go your folks will hold it up everlastingly against me. Confound that young Tom!"

"Do you wish me to write Uncle Nat to-night, dear?" Mrs. Jack asked presently with an air of wifely consideration that became her so sweetly.

Jack drew her to him, then quickly pushed her aside. "Yes, you'd better. And have Nora mail it right away before I've time to change my mind."

Mrs. Jack passed into the next room, and her cheeks dimpled delightfully as she wrote the following brief letter:

"Dearest Uncle Nat—Prepare to pay your bet. I shall arrive in St. Louis Saturday—shall telegraph time later. Jack is sending me of his own free will, and he still is as ever the most unselfish husband which is the unalterable opinion, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, of your affectionate and longing Phoebe."

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Wireless Telephones Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Another Marconi heard from. He makes the Deaf hear distinctly. He has invented little wireless telephones, so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them. And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight. Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight magnifiers. They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind, or cold, dust or sudden and piercing sounds.

These little telephones make it as easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears them the better his hearing grows, because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times so easy to understand.

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