BY ROBERT BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER VIII. - (CONTINUED.)

"I presume," he said at length, "there is little use in attempting to improve the morning hour by trying to show you, Renmark, what a fool you made of yourself in the camp? Your natural diplomacy seemed to be slightly off the centre."

"I do not hold diplomatic relations with thieves and vagabonds."

"They may be vagabonds, but so am I for that matter. They may also be wellmeaning mistaken men; but I do not think they are thieves."

"While you were talking with the socalled general, one party came in with several horses that had been stolen from the ly. neighboring farmers, and another party started out to get some more."

"Oh, that isn't stealing, Renmark; that's requisitioning. You mustn't use such reckless language. I imagine the second party has been successful; for here are three of them, all mounted.'

The three horsemen referred to stopped their steeds at the sight of the two men coming round the bend of the road, and awaited their approach. Like so many of the others, they wore no uniform, but two of them held revolvers in their hands ready for action. The one who had no visible revolver moved his horse up the middle of the road towards the pedestrians, the other two taking positions on each side of the wagon

"Who are you? Where do you come from, and where are you going?" cried the foremost horseman, as the two walkers came within talking-distance.

jauntily, "and the top of the morning to of you! You may hang a man if you like, quently. have just come from the camp, and we are

going to get something to eat." "I must have a more satisfactory an swered than that."

"Well, here you have it then," answered Yates, pulling out his folded pass and law." handing it up to the horseman. The man read it carefully. "You find that all right, I expect ?"

"Right enough to cause your immediate

"But the general said we were not to be molested turther. That is in his own hand-

writing." " I presume it is, and all the worse for His handwriting does not run quite yet. I arrest you in the name of the queen.-Cover these men with your revolvers, and shoot them down if they make any resistance." So saying, the rider slipped from his horse, whipped out of his pocket a pair of handcuffs joined by a short, stout steel chain, and, leaving his horse standing, grasped Renmark's wrist.

"I'm a Canadian," said the professor, wrenching his wrist away. "You mustn't put handcuffs on me.'

"You are in very bad company, then. I am a constable of this county, and, it you are what you say, you will not resist

"I will go with you. But you mustn't handcuff me.' "Oh! musta't I?" And, with a quick

movement indicative of long practice with resisting criminals, the constable deftly slipped on one of the clasps, which closed with a sharp click and stuck like a burr.

Renmark became deadly pale, and there was a dangerous glitter in his eyes. He drew back his clinched fist, in spite of the fact that the cocked revolver was edging closer and closer to him and the constable held his struggling manacled hand with grim determination.

"Hold on?" cried Yates, preventing the professor from striking the representative of the law. "Don't shoot," he shouted to the man on horseback: "it is all a little mistake, that will be quickly put right. You are three armed and mounted men; and is no need of any revolver practice. -Now, again. Renmark, you are more of a rebel at the present moment than O'Neill. He owes no allegiance, and you do. Have you no respect for the forms of law and order? You are an anarchist at heart, for all your professions. You would sing 'God Save the Queen !' in the wrong place awhile ago, so now be satisfied that you have got her, or, rather, that she has got you. -Now, constable, do you want to hitch the other end of that arrangement on my wrist? or have you another pair for my own special use?" "I'll take your wrist, if you please."

" All right : here you are." Yates drew back his coat-sleeve and presented his wrist. The dangling cuff was speedily clamped upon it. The constable mounted the patient horse that stood waiting for him, watching him the while with intelligent eye. The two prisoners handcuffed together took the middle of the road, with a horseman on each side of them, the constable bringing be always depended upon to add sombreness up the rear, and thus they marched on, the professor gloomy from the indignity put upon the professor, never the liveliest of companthem, and the newspaper man as joyous as the now thoroughly awakened birds. The scouts concluded to go no farther towards having evidently no appetite. When the the enemy, but to return to the Canadian forces with their prisoners. They marched Miss Kitty had left the room, sprang up down the road, all silent except Yates, who and walked towards the kitchen door. enlivened the morning air with the singing Stoliker was on his feet in an instant, and of "John Brown."

"Keep quiet," said the constable, curtly. "All right, I will. But look here: we shall pass shortly the house of a friend. We want to go and get something to eat.' "You will get nothing to eat until I deliver you up to the officers of the volun-

"And where, may I ask, are they?" "You may ask, but I will not answer." "Now, Renmark," said Yates to his companion, "the tough part of this episode is that we shall have to pass Bartlett's house and feast merely on the remembrance of the good things which Mrs. Bartlett is always glad to bestow on the wayfarer. I call that refined cruelty. It is adding insult to in-

As they neared the Bartlett homestead veranda, shading her eyes from the rising stood, they marched us to the Fenian the government will have to pay." sun and gazing earnestly at the approach- camp instead. Yates got a pass written house. Presently there came out Mrs. document which this man thinks is deadly lowed Margaret into the other room. slowly by the old man himself.

"Helle, Mrs. Bartlett," cried Yates "It isn't my place to ask questions," re- gan to wonder if he had really committed soil." waited.

cheerily. "You see the professor has got his deserts at last; and I, being in bad certainly had no right to do.

"What's all this about?" cried Mrs. Bartlett.

The constable, who knew both the farmer and his wife, nodded familiarly to them. "They're Fenian prisoners," he said.

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Bartlett,-the old man, as usual keeping his mouth grimly shut pose you have conceit enough to think so.' when his wife was present to do the talking; "they're not Fenians. They've been camping on our farm for a week or more." "That may be," said the constable, firm-"But I have the best of evidence

against them, and if I'm not very much mistaken they'll hang for it." Miss Kitty who had been partly visible

through the door, gave a cry of anguish at | tion it, I will call you Kitty, which is much this remark and disappeared again. "We have just escaped being hanged by

the Fenians themselves, Mrs. Bartlett, and of the Canadians." "What! hanging?"

ject to being hanged; I hope I am not so won't you look up at me, so that I can tell pernickety as all that; but, Mrs. Bartlett, for sure whether I should have accused you you will sympathize with me when I tell of crying? Look up,-Miss Bartlett." you that the torture I am suffering at this "Please let me go, Mr. Yates. Mother moment is the remembrance of the good will be here in a minute." things to eat which I have had in your house. I am simply starving to death, We'll risk mother. Besides, I'm not in the Mrs. Bartlett, and this hard-hearted con- least afraid of her, and I don't believe you anything."

"It's all right, commodore," said Yates, to the road in a visible state of indignation. lowed me. I saw it in his eye." "Stoliker," she exclaimed, "I'm ashamed "I hate that man said Kitty inconsebut you have no right to starve him. - Come straight in with me," she said to the pri- even if I was handcuffed. Kitty, why don't

"Madam," said Stoliker, severely, "you must not interfere with the course of the

"The course of stuff and nonsense!" cried the angry woman. "Do you think I am afraid of you, Sam Stoliker? Haven't I chased you out of this very orchard when you were a boy trying to steal my apples? Yes, and boxed your ears too when I caught you, and then was fool enough to fill your pockets with the best apples on the place after giving you what you deserved. Course of the law, indeed! I'll box your ears now as far as the queen's writ in this country if you say anything more. Get down off your horse and have something to eat your self. I dare say you need it."

"This is what I call a rescue," whispered Yates to his linked companion.

What is a stern upholder of the law to do when the interferer with justice is a determined and angry woman accustomed to having her own way? Stoliker looked helplessly at Hiram as the supposed head of the house, but the old man merely shrugsee how it is yourself. I am helpless."

Mrs. Bartlett marched her prisoners through the gate and up to the house. "All I ask of you now," said Yates, "is that you will give Renmark and me seats together at the table. We cannot bear to be separated even for an instant."

Having delivered her prisoners to the custody of her daughter, at the same time admonishing her to get breakfast as quickly as possible, Mrs. Bartlett went to the gate again. The constable was still on his horse. Hiram had asked him, by way of didn't. treating him to a non-controversial subject, if this was the colt he had bought from old Brown on the second concession, and Stoliker had replied that it was. Hiram was saying he thought he recognized the horse by his sire, when Mrs. Bartlett broke

"Come Sam," she said, "no sulking, you know. Slip off the horse and come in. How's your mother?" "She's pretty well, thank you," said

we are only two unarmed and on foot. There | Sam, sheepishly, coming down on his feet Kitty Bartlett, her gayety gone and her

eyes red, waited on the prisoners, but absolutely refused to serve Sam Stoliker, on whom she looked with the utmost contempt, not taking into account the fact that the poor young man had been merely doing his duty, and doing it well.

"Take off these handcuffs, Sam," said Mrs. Bartlett, "until they have breakfast

Stoliker produced a key and unlocked the manacles, slipping them into his pocket. "Ah! now," said Yates, looking at his red wrist, "we can breathe easier, and I, for one, can eat more."

The professor said nothing. The iron had not only encircled his wrist, but had entered his soul as well. Although Yates tried to make the early meal as cheerful as possible, it was rather a gloomy festival. Stoliker began to feel, poor man, that the paths of duty were unpopular. Old Hiram could and taciturnity to a wedding-feast, and ions, sat silent, with clouded brow, and vexed even the cheerful Mrs. Bartlett by hurried meal was over, Yates, noticing that made as though to follow him.

going to escape. Don't be afraid. He has ever to be put in order again. done nothing, and has no fear of arrest. It | Margaret reddened as she realized from on the boundary line-what they could see of back to the shippers by the Grand Trunk full of real Fenians, but you take excellent two. care to keep out of their way and give your

Bartlett, emphatically. "That's the truth, sitting round the table. if ever it was spoken. But are there Fenians

"Hundreds of them. They came on us in broken. the tent about three o'clock this morning, -or at least an advance-guard did, -and, trouble about getting back the horses,"

they let you go I'll say nothing against it." evident confusion and surmised its cause. Meanwhile, Yates had made his way into He wondered whether this would help him the kitchen, taking the precaution to shut or hurt him with Margaret if he finally the door after him. Kitty Bartlett looked | made up his mind to favor her with his quickly around as the door shut. Before serious attentions. Still, he reflected that, she could speak, the young man caught her after all, they were both country-girls by the plump shoulders, -a thing which he and would no doubt be only too eager to farmers who have entrusted goods to the

deny it. For whom were you crying? The very danger of losing a man had turned a inside. The door is locked, and inside is

"No, nor for you either, although I sup-"Me conceited? Anything but that. Come now, Kitty, for whom were you cry-

ing? I must know." "Please let me go Mr. Yates," said Kitty, with an effort at dignity.

"Dick is my name, Kit."

"Well, mine is not Kit." "You're quite right. Now that you menprettier than the abbreviation.'

"I did not 'mention it.' Please let me go. Nobody hasthe right to call me anything, I hope the same fate awaits us at the hands | tut Miss Bartlett; that is, you haven't anyhow."

"Well, Kitty, don't you think it is about "No, no; just escaping. Not that I ob- time to give somebody the right? Why

"Mother is a wise and thoughtful woman. stable refuses to allow me to ask you for are. I think she is at this moment giving poor Mr. Stoliker a piece of her mind; Mrs. Bartlett came out through the gate otherwise, I imagine, he would have fol-

> "I like him, because he brought me here, you look up at me? Are you afraid?"

> "What should I be afraid of?" asked Kitty giving him one swift glance from her pretty blue eyes. " Not of you, I' hope." "Well, Kitty, I sincerely hope not. Now, Miss Bartlett, do you know why I came out here ?"

"For something more to eat, very likely," said the girl, mischievously. "Now, Miss Kitty, that, to a man in cap-

I had a first-rate breakfast, thank you. No such motive drew me into the kitchen. But I will tell you. You hall have it from my own lips. That was the reason." He suited the action the word, and

to happen. At least Yates, with all his ex. somebody, handcuff me. It hasn't struck | Shaw himself was never seen. When any perience, thought he had taken her unawares. Men often make mistakes in little matters of this kind. Kitty pushed him with apparent indignation from her, but she did not str ke him across the face as she had done before when he merely attempted what he had now accomplished. many dollars. You talk a great deal about The effect of the firm's business methods ged his shoulders, as much as to say, "You Perhaps this was because she had been doing your duty, but you have exceeded it soon became apparent. The agents, detaken so completely by surprise. "I shall call my mother," she threatened.

"Oh, no, you won't. Besides, she would not come." Then this frivolous young man began to sing in a low voice the flippant refrain, "Here's to the girl that gets a kiss and runs and tells her mother," ending with the wish that she should live and die lars." an old maid and never get another. Kitty should not have smiled, but she did; she should have rebuked his levity, but she

"It is about the great and disastrous consequences of living and dying an old maid that I want to speak to you. I have a plan for the prevention of such a catastrophe, and I would like to get your approv-

Yates had released the girl, partly because she had wrenched herself away from him and partly because he heard a movement in the dining-room and expected the entrance of Stoliker or some of the others. Miss Kitty stood with her back to the table, her eyes fixed on a spring flower which she had unconsciously taken from a vase standing on the window-ledge. She smoothed the petals this way and that, and seemed so interested in botanical investigation that Yates wondered whether she was paying attention to what he was saying or not. What his tongue falter.

and Margaret Howard stood on the threshold, her lovely face assame with indigna- from one country to another, the object of Mr. Simpson to the fact that he was a tion, and her dark hair down over her being, of course to evade the payment of gaol bird. After that Hamilton disappearshoulders, forming a picture of loveliness the customs duties. The people with whom ed, and Simpson claimed that he had disdid not notice him.

"What wretches?" asked Kitty, ignoring goods. They moved the line. the question, and startled by the sudden advent of her friend.

horses as well. So I ran over to tell have their homes. They are naturally ber of farmers in

The thieves did not come near the house. yeomen who live alongside the line. The left town on Saturday, stating that he would Oh, Mr. Yates !- I did not see you." And publication of the news of the passage of be back on Monday. He has not yet put Margaret's hand, with the unconscious the tariff bill didn't cause them a moment's in appearance and when a reporter called at "Sit down," said the professor sharply, vanity of a woman, sought her dishevelled uneasiness. They simply went on raising the place of business the other morning it speaking for the first time. "He is not hair, which Yates thought too becoming their Canadian wheat and their Canadian was locked up. A consignment of 120 boxes

open the door she had done so for herself. to influences placed on them on the Cana- the agents responsible. "Good for you professor!" cried Mrs. Again she was taken aback to see so many dian side. In other words, they can be

> There was a moment's silence between the two in the kitchen, but the spell was

house. Presently there came out this is deadly by her son and more but clapped the handcuffs on our wrists, his old difficulties of preference had arisen time during the winter, in some unknown ing at least a cart load of clay before them. They all came down to the gate and while the other fools held pistols to our when the outer door burst open. He felt manner, the boundary line takes a back. The shore of this cove is lined with these that he had had a narrow escape, and be- ward leap, leaving them again on Canadian stones, which, it would seem the sawled

torted Stoliker, doggedly. "You can tell himself. Then the fear swept over him that all this to the colonel or the sheriff, and if Margaret might have noticed her fri end's accept a chance to live in New York. Thus gentlemen bearing the above names would company, share his fate, like the good dog | "Miss Kitty Bartlett," he said, "you've his mind gradually resumed its normal like somebody to answer. "Shaw and state of self-confidence, and he argued that | Simpson, produce merchants," is painted "I haven't; and if I had, it is nothing to | whatever Margaret's suspicions were, they | in big black letters on the windows of No. could not but make him more precious in | 102 Foundling street, Mentreal, but neither "Oh, I'm not so sure about that. Don't her eyes. He knew of instances where the Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Simpson can be found woman's wavering mind entirely in the only "a beggarly array," of barrels and man's favor. When he had reached this boxes, which may or may not contain goods. point, the door from the dining-room November I there was a gathering of angry opened, and Stoliker appeared. "We are waiting for you," said the money, but they were informed that Mr.

constable. "All right. I am ready."

girls standing together talking earnestly. of ways that are dark and tricks that are hours," cried Mrs. Bartlett. "I would be tile career of Messrs. Shaw & Simpson. hunting horse-thieves, instead of handcuffing About a month ago a Mr. Simpson, who is innocent men.

er, taking the handcuffs from his pocket. "If you three men," continued Mrs. ling street, and immediately installed as Bartlett, "cannot take those two to camp, manager Mr. Chas. Hamilton. Mr. Hamor to jail, or anywhere else, without hand- ilton is not unknown to Montreal, in fact cuffing them, I'll go along with you myself | the police records tell his story. He was and protect you and see that they don't formerly the manager of Mr. William Allan escape. You ought to be ashamed of your- Shepard's bogus employment agency, and self, Sam Stoliker, if you have any manhood had been but recently released from gaol about you, -which I doubt."

"I must do my duty."

and said, in a contrite voice,-"On! I forgot you were here. I sincerely Quebec and Ontario, the firm having some beg your pardon.

Margaret, with blazing eyes, cried,-"Don't beg my pardon, but-smash him." said overcame her, and the excited girl hid liberal terms were offered these agents. her blushing face on her friend's shoulder, While offering the farmers to do their busiwhile Kitty lovingly stroked her dark ness at 21 per cent. Messrs. Shaw & Simptangled hair.

tivity, is both cruel and unkind. Besides, stopped. Yates, with his usual quickness, tomer, and in some instances even salaries came to the rescue, and his cheery voice of from \$25 to \$50 per month. To still furrelieved the tension of the situation:

your luminous mind that you have not curious customer asked the first tittle of evidence against my friend, and that even if I were the greatest he was told that Mr. Shaw was on his way criminal in America the fact of his being out from the Old Country. Mr. Shaw is with me is no crime. The truth is, Stoliker, still on his way out from the Old Country, that I wouldn't be in your shoes for a good that is, if there is a Mr. Shaw at all.

owned a farm.

Lever tasted."

with him.

will soon come back to have another." girls from the veranda watched the pro-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## An Unstable Boundary Line.

one person on earth who could make Yates's stupendous scheme in that line last summer while they looked at each other and asked I ever heard of. You are doubtless aware how long it was likely to last. The outer door to the kitchen burst open, that ordinary every day smugglers are con- A short time ago somebody who happentent to transport their goods over the line ed to know Hamilton called the attention that fairly took Yates's breath away. She I came in contact were superior to such charged him, while another manager was common methods, which might do for low brought in. "Oh, Kitty," she cried, "those wretches pirates and outlawed brigands, but not for While all this was going on some of the have stolen all our horses! Is your father a live, wideawake Yankee, and especially a farmers and agents, who had sent in prod-Canadian Yankee. They didn't move the uce, dropped into the store and asked for

given to farming, some of these people, and "Have they taken your own horse, even if McKinley did put a duty on grain.

taken up and reset.

FARMERS SWINDLED.

Bogus Commission Merchants—A Montreal Firm That Did a Big Business With

Ontario and Quebec Farmers. Where is Mr. Simpson, who is Mr. Shaw, when are we going to get our money?

These are queries that over a score of farmers around the store demanding their Simpson was not in. As for Mr. Shaw no mortal in Montreal has not yet set eyes on As he entered the room he saw the two that elusive gentleman. There is a story "I wish I was a constable for twenty-four not vain in the history of the short mercanan ordinary looking young man, came to "Come along," said the impassive Stolik- Montreal and put up at the St. Lawrence Hall. He engaged an office at 102 Foundwhere he had served a six months' term for his connection with that swindling concern. The professor rose from his chair. "Mr. The firm of Shaw & Simpson was regularly Stoliker," he said, with determination, registered, and, under the skillful guidance "my friend and myself will go with you of Mr. Hamilton, started into business. The quietly. We will make no attempt to first thing the firm did was to advertise escape, as we have done nothing to make us largely in the country papers, soliciting fear investigation. But I give you fair consignments of produce from the farmers. warning that if you attempt to put a hand-cuff on my wrist again I will smash you." 2½ per cent. commission. Circulars were also A cry of terror from one of the girls at the sent out broadcast over the country, in fact prospect of a fight caused the professor to two lady typewriters were kept steadily realize where he was. He turned to them, employed in writing and addressing these circulars. Agents were also appointed in 27 agents in all, most of these reputable storekeepers, who were chosen for the influence they were supposed to have in get-Then a consciousness of what she had ting consignments from the farmers. Most son actually agreed to pay the agents 5 per Renmark took a step towards them, and cent. on all business, \$2 for every new custher inspire confidence it was said that the "Come, come, Stoliker, don't be an idiot. Mr. Shaw of the firm was a well known and I do not object in the least to the hand- respected member of the produce exchange cuffs; and if you are dying to handcuff in the city. It was easy to do this. Mr. "WHERE IS MR. SHAW ?"

in the case of the professor. I hope you lighted at securing the business of such a have no property; for the professor can, if liberal firm, sent in all the produce they he likes, make you pay sweetly for putting | could procure and stuffactually poured into the handcuffs on him without a warrant or the firm. Butter, cheese, hogs, beans, peas, even without one jot of evidence. - What hay, dead, and live poultry, honey, apples, is the penalty for false arrest, Hiram ?" con- onions, hides, potatoes, in fact every class tinued Yates, suddenly appealing to the of produce was shipped to Messrs. Shaw and old man. "I think it is a thousand dol- Simpson. Farmers deserted reputable city firms with whom they had been dealing for Hiram said gloomily that he didn't know. vears to go over to the newcomers. Car-Stoliker was hit on a tender spot, for he loads of stuff arrived for them daily. They were doing a big business.

"Better apologize to the professor and They commenced to paralyze the trade let us get along .-- Good-by, all .- Mrs. here. Such prices were never seen before. Bartlett, that breakfast was the very best | Everything went, no reasonable or unreasonable offer refused, appeared to be the The good woman smiled and shook hands mottoes on which the firm did business. Shaw and Simpson got their goods on trust "Good-by, Mr. Yates; and I hope you and sold for cash, for anything they could get. Apples worth \$3 a barrel were sacri-Stoliker slipped the handcuffs into his ficed at \$2; turkeys whose market value pocket again, and mounted his horse. The was 81 cents per pound, were sold at 7 cents; eggs sold for 15 cents when the marcession move up the dusty road. They ket price was 17 cents; honey went 2 and 3 were silent, and had even forgotten the cents per pound below its real value. One exciting event of the stealing of the horses. | instance of this may be given. They purchased in the country a lot of 45 boxes of cheese at 113 cents laid down here, and sold to a well-known dealer in Montreal at 103 cents. Some of the produce merchants "You have heard of smuggling, I pre- were shrewd enough to take advantage of the plan might have been can only be guessed; sume," remarked a guest at one of the low figures at which these goods were going for the fates ordained that they should be Cleveland hotels the other day. "Well," and purchased the produce as fast as interrupted at this critical moment by the he continued, "I ran against the most Messrs. Shaw and Simpson offered it,

their money. There was none there for "Up in the furthest easterly part of them but they saw instead pasted on the Maine there comes a place where Maine wall a notice to the effect that bills were "The Fenians. They have taken all stops and New Brunswick begins. That is payable only on the first of every month. the horses that were in the fields, and your also where the Canadian Yankees spoken of On the first of November there were a num-

DEMANDING THEIR MONEY

poultry, and other things, it didn't make but they were informed that Mr. Simpson "No. I always keep Gypsy in the stable. any difference with some of the sturdy was out of the city. Mr. Simpson, in fact, oats. At the same time they kept their eyes of cheese that came to the firm was sent is always the innocent that you stupid offi- Kitty's evident embarrassment that she had it. The visible portion of this remarkable Railway. There are to-day eight cars on cials arrest. The woods all around you are impulsively broken in upon a conference of boundary consisted of upright iron post, the track for the firm containing hay, set at intervals of one mile through the peas and beans. It is said that the firm is "I must tell your father about it," she land. Not being clinched on the other in debt to the farmers fully \$7000, and attention to molesting perfectly inoffensive said, hurriedly, and before Yates could side of the earth, these posts are responsive some of the victims will attempt to hold

Moving stones are located in Long pond, "About the time these upright and hon. Maine. On the easterly side of the pond est farmers over the line have their crops is a cove which extends nearly a hundred in condition to harvest a peculiar thing rods further east than the general course of "I-I don't suppose there will be any happens. Some dark night a half dozen of the shore. The bottom is clay and very them go coon hunting, and when they re- shoal. On the bottom are stones of various they caught sight of Miss Kitty on the after talking of shooting us where we said Yates, hesitatingly. "If you lose them turn to their firesides they are on Ameri- sizes, which, it is evident from various circan soil, they and their grounds, and with cumstances, have an annual motion toward "I presume so," answered Kitty, coldly; them the crops. The boundary line has the shore. The proof of this is the mark sun and gazing and as soon as she recognized the by the Fenian general, so that we should then, "Excuse me, Mr. Yates: I mustn't moved and is located a half mile or so fur- or track left behind them, and the bodies ing squad. As soon as she recognized the by the Fenian general, so that we should then, "Excuse me, Mr. Yates: I mustn't moved and is located a half mile or so fur- or track left behind them, and the bodies ing squad. As soon as the following squad and the start of the first s less tillers of the soil then dispose of their these stones are two or three tons' weight out of the water.

Mamms sorry to le giving on cough was family doc school a fe Benny a make-we somebodie old and yo Lord, shou

The The W

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They

The Fra But i

In His own not be in o surely pro Just who ed doing n Mrs. M "My little though. ill I mus Thanksgivi may not al Tears dir did not he "Oh, dear, are so lone Somebod "Benny, M shower thi

shower wa Mamma sa cousin Jack best and ch anges, and Miss Evely "Miss Ev little pupils one will ass "A potat "Number our city wh

"Not w

Benny. "

to pay for lecting was said that al your storegiving barre "I don't Benny. "No ; you mamma clos lyn's sister t dear little p She was cold

thought you " Oh, so I the store-ro here. Mrs. M " Of cour help," replie Quite earl door-bell ran A little gir handed Benn gown (l've gi warm hose. tight my own " Did you thinking, " v

At the ne opened the d who said he trousers. " Do you coats ?" inqui "Ever so coats that do you heard a " I should ! Evelyn doesn " Our Miss either. I don

never been hu

house-" "That kin ful," said Ben The third c some comforte Five busy d received every Muir. She sai Benny had his ladies were fil A sweet, beau looked over th flour and meal clothing. She

offering." "Just in tin boy. I see you I cannot spare loved. Benny, strugg

"Oh, mamn barrel. " Mrs bust-there's