

The Free Press Short Story

DOLLY BLY'S MEAN TRICK

BY SHELDON C. STODOLDA

"YOU'RE a beauty, Dolly Bly, a regular beauty! That's what you are!" The pretty boy mare cocked an ear knowingly at the speaker, a stout boy of fifteen.

Freeman looked at his brother's flushed face. "You'd better go home, Dave," he said. "You'll be tired enough. It's not enough to hoof it from here, and I can see to it, you know."

her, carefully hiding his own anxiety. It was so unlike his boy! He wished they had taken old Samson.

Freeman, looked at his brother's flushed face. "You'd better go home, Dave," he said. "You'll be tired enough. It's not enough to hoof it from here, and I can see to it, you know."

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

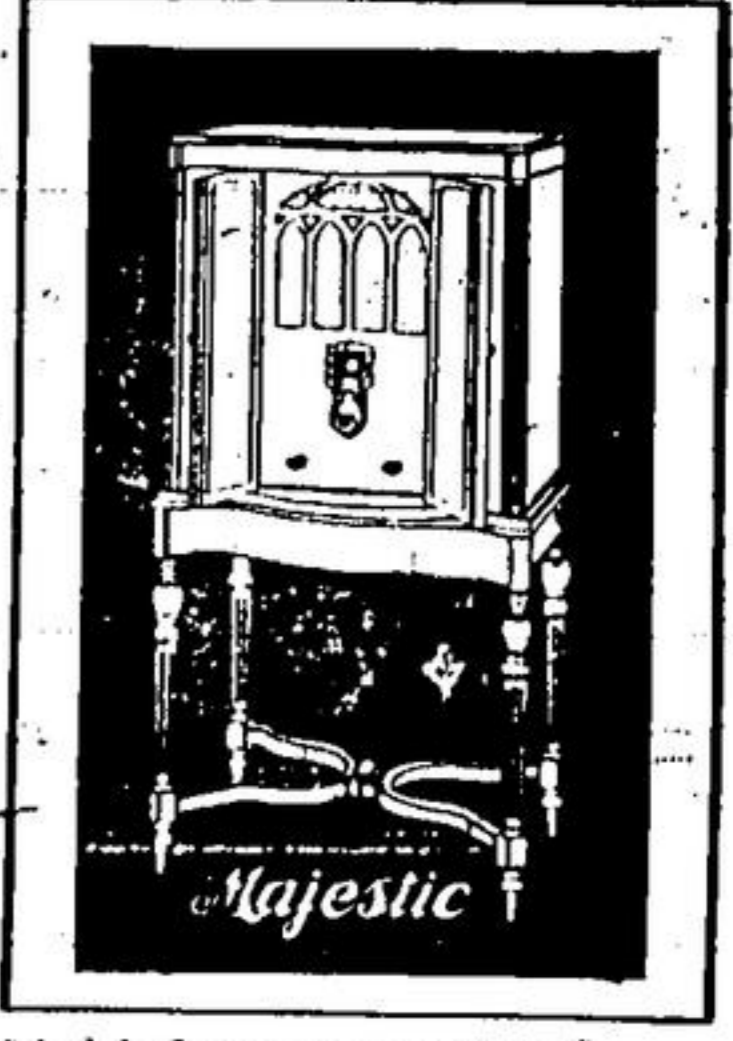
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"What happened?" "Nothing much—only—well, the mare had begun to fret when she first heard them coming, and when I checked I felt something of a jolt. Dolly Bly had lifted the front wheels clear of the ground at the first stride; in a precious few seconds somebody dropped behind—and I can tell you it wasn't Dolly Bly."

"The berries were fine that day on the Wen, and the young fellows were soon deep in the heart of the first big 'patch.' They picked steadily for perhaps an hour, and had nearly filled their pails when David moved over toward his brother and said, unobtrusively, 'It seems to me Dolly Bly's acting suspiciously. She has quit browsing the berries, and see how she stands with her head up!'

Freeman looked sharply. "I guess she is all right," he said, after a moment. "I've watched all the leaves she wants. Let's get two or three quarts more and then go home."

A second glance at the man, and Freeman had recognized, despite the big false whiskers, the ruler of the cross-road. With the halter looped around his waist, thus leaving his hands free to part the heavy bushes, he was leading the mare, harnessed to a buggy, carefully along the run.

One morning early in August Mr. Baker said at breakfast: "Two been thinking boys about that seed, about that Marshall's. It's a nice variety, and I'm anxious to get some. I hear he has threshed, and there will be quite a haul for it. I guess, Dave, you had better go over to-day and get it; four bushels will do."

Freeman knew instinctively, and before the hard, determined face was turned toward him, that it was the fellow they had passed that morning, and of whom he had spoken—the fellow with the evil eyes. Leaning forward in the wagon, the rogue shipped the mare sharply with the lines. Instantly she sprang into a run, and Freeman reached the road some rods behind. The wagon presently disappeared behind a jutting point of scrub-pine.

David needed no bidding. Already with quick, sure fingers, he was securing the long, plant strap. The thief lay quite still, but he was rapidly regaining both his wit and his breath. It was then the boy blessed the day he had learned the "Injun knots."

Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble, any medical authorities are due nine times out of ten to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Chronic "acid stomach" is exceedingly dangerous and suffers should do either one of two things.

And the maples and cedars—they all have character but I want to tell you now of our rise in high society I might also say into Royal circles. Not the society of to-day, but of yesterday, when Queen Victoria, hey there, and damsels who wear their gowns with more elegance than case. Each night I hear the fountain, shoe-shoe of their alien skirts as Partner gathers the sticks of green corn to put in the mangers for the cows. Yes, if I shut my eyes I can hardly believe the fascinating rustling, swishing sound comes from anything so ordinary as corn.



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