

A Girl of the Limberlost.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]
slumbering shoes and skimpy dress
just now—no matter about anything,
she had the books. She could take
them home. In her garret she could
commit them to memory if need be.
She could show that clothes were not
all. If the Bird Woman did not want
any of the many different kinds of
specimens she had collected she was
quite sure now she could sell ferns.



"Who is it wants to buy cocoons, butterflies and moths?" she panted.

nuts and a great many things. Then,
too, some one moved over this morn-
ing, and several girls smiled and bow-
ed. Elnora forgot everything save her
books and that she was where she
could use them intelligently—every-
thing except one little thing away
back in her head. Her mother had
known about the books and the tu-
tion and had not told her when she
agreed to her coming.

CHAPTER IV.

Wherein Elnora Meets the Bird Woman
and the Sintons Are Disappointed.

AT noon Elnora took her little
parcel of lunch and started to
the home of the Bird Woman.
She must know about the spec-
imens first, and then she would go out
to the suburbs somewhere and eat a
few bites. She dropped the heavy iron
knocker on the door of the big red log
cabin, and her heart thumped at the re-
sounding stroke.

"Is the Bird Woman at home?" she
asked of the maid.

"She is at lunch," was the answer.
"Please ask her if she will see a
girl from the Limberlost about some
moths?" inquired Elnora.

"I never need ask if it's moths,"
laughed the girl. "Orders are to bring
any one with specimens right in. Come
this way."

Elnora followed down the hall and
entered a long room with high paneled
walls, old English fireplace with an
overmantel and closets of peculiar
china filling the corners. At a bare table
of oak, yellow as gold, sat a woman
Elnora often had watched and followed
covertly around the Limberlost. The
Bird Woman was holding out a hand
of welcome.

"I heard!" she laughed. "A little
pasteboard box or just the bare word
'specimen' passes you at my door. If
it is moths I hope you have hundreds.
I've been very busy all summer and
unable to collect, and I need so many.
Sit down and lunch with me while we
talk it over. From the Limberlost, did
you say?"

"I live near the swamp," replied Elnora.
"Since it's so cleared I dare go
around the edge in daytime, though we
are still afraid at night."

"What have you collected?" asked
the Bird Woman as she helped Elnora
to luncheon.

"I am afraid I am bothering you for
nothing and imposing on you," Elnora
said. "That 'collected' frightens me.
I've only gathered. I always loved
everything outdoors, and so I made
friends and playmates of them. When
I learned that the moths die so soon, I
saved them especially, because there
seemed no wickedness in it."

"I have thought the same thing," said
the Bird Woman encouragingly. Then
because the girl could not eat until she
learned about the moths the Bird Woman
asked Elnora if she knew what
kinds she had.

"Not all of them," answered Elnora.
"Before Mr. Duncan moved away he
often saw me near the edge of the
swamp, and he showed me the box he
had fixed for Freckles and gave me the
key. There were some books and
things, so from that time on I studied
and tried to take moths right, but I am
afraid they are not what you want."

"Are they the big ones that fly mostly
June nights?" asked the Bird Woman.

"Yes," said Elnora. "Great gray ones
with reddish markings, pale blue,
green, yellow with lavender and red
and yellow."

"What do you mean by 'red and yellow'?"
asked the Bird Woman so
quickly that the girl almost jumped.

"Not exactly red," explained Elnora,
with tremulous voice. "A reddish, yellowish brown, with canary colored

spots and gray lines on their wings."
"How many of them?" It was the
same quick question.

"Well, I had over 200 eggs," said Elnora.
"but some of them didn't hatch,
and some of the caterpillars died, but
there must be at least a hundred perfect
ones."

"Perfect! How perfect?" cried the
Bird Woman.

"I mean whole wings, no down gone
and all their legs and antennae," faltered
Elnora.

"Young woman, that's the rarest
moth in America," said the Bird Woman
solemnly. "If you have 100 of
them they are worth \$100, according
to my list. I can use all that are
whole."

"What if they are not pinned right?"
quavered Elnora.

"If they are perfect that does not
make the slightest difference. I know
how to soften them so that I can put
them into any shape I choose. Where
are they? When may I see them?"

"They are in Freckles' old case in
the Limberlost," said Elnora. "I could
not carry many for fear of breaking
them, but I could bring a few after
school."

"You come here at 4," said the Bird
Woman, "and we will drive out with
some specimen boxes and a price list
and see what you have to sell."

"Oh, I do need the money!" said Elnora.

"Do you live in that beautiful cabin
at the northwest end of the swamp?"
asked the Bird Woman.

"Yes," said Elnora.

"I remember the place and a story
about it now. You entered the high
school yesterday?"

"Yes."

"It was pretty bad?"

"Pretty bad," echoed Elnora.

The Bird Woman laughed.

"You can't tell me anything about
that," she said. "I once entered a city
school straight from the country. My
dress was brown calico and my shoes
were quite heavy. What is your name,
my girl?"

"Elnora Comstock," answered Elnora.
"Yesterday on the board it
changed to Comstock, and for a minute
I thought I'd die, but I can laugh
over that already."

The Bird Woman arose and kissed
her. "Finish your lunch," she said,
"and I will get my price lists and take
down a memorandum of what you
think you have, so I will know how
many boxes to prepare. Never mind
the calico dress and the coarse shoes.
Dig into the books, and before long
you will hear yesterday's tormentors
boasting that they were once class-
mates of yours!"

She laughingly left the room and
Elnora sat thinking, until she remem-
bered how hungry she was, so she ate
the food, drank the hot chocolate and
began the process of getting a grip on
herself.

Then the Bird Woman came back
and showed Elnora a long printed slip
giving a list of graduated prices for
moths, butterflies and dragon flies.

"Oh, do you want them?" exclaimed
Elnora. "I have a few and I can get
more by the thousand, with every color
in the world on their wings."

"Yes," said the Bird Woman. "I will
buy them, also the big moth caterpillars
that are creeping everywhere now,
and the cocoons that they will spin
just about this time. I have a smok-
ing impression that the mystery, wonder
and the urge of their pure beauty
are going to force me to picture and
paint our moths and put them into a
book for all the world to see and know.
We Limberlost people must not be selfish
with the wonders God has given to
us. I will pay good prices for all the
moths you can find, because, you see,
I exchange them with foreign collectors.
The banker will buy stone axes,
arrow points and Indian pipes. There
was a teacher from the city grade
schools here today for specimens.
There is a fund to supply the ward
buildings. I'll help you get in touch
with that. They want leaves of different
trees, flowers, grasses, moths,
insects, birds' nests and anything
about birds."

Elnora's eyes were blazing. "Had I
best go back to school or open a bank
account and begin being a millionaire?
Uncle Wesley and I have a bushel of
arrow points gathered, a stack of axes,
pipes, skin dressing tools, tubes and
mortars. I don't know how I ever will
wait three hours."

"You must go, or you will be late,"
said the Bird Woman. "I will be ready
at 4."

After school closed Elnora, seated by
the Bird Woman, drove to Freckles'
old room in the Limberlost. One at a
time the beautiful big moths were taken
from the interior of the old black
case. Not a fourth of them could be
moved that night, and it was almost
dark when the last box was closed, the
list figured and into Elnora's trembling
fingers were paid \$50.16. Elnora clasped
the money closely.

"Oh, you beautiful stuff!" she cried.
"You are going to buy the books, pay
the tuition and take me to high school!"

Then because she was a woman she
sat on a log and looked at her shoes.
Long after the Bird Woman drove
away Elnora remained. She had her
problem, and it was a big one. If she
told her mother would she take the
money to pay the taxes? If she did
not tell her how could she account for
the books and things for which she
would spend it? At last she counted
out what she needed for the next day,
placed the rest in the farthest corner
of the case and locked the door. She
then filled the front of her skirt from
a heap of arrow points beneath the
case and started home.

[Continued next week.]

—Don't read an out-of-date paper. Get
all the news in the WATCHMAN.

Always.

"Mr. Rivers," said one of the regu-
lar readers of the Daily Bread, "when
an idea for a bright editorial occurs
to you in the middle of the night do
you get up and make a memorandum
of it?"

"No," answered Rivers, "I tuck it
away snugly in one corner of my
brain and go to sleep again."

"Then you take it out next day and
use it?"

"No; I always forget it."

A Woman's Humor.

"Madam," began the man, respect-
fully, "I am very hungry. Could you
give me a bit of something?"

"I will call the dog," the woman re-
plied.

"I am hungry enough to eat the
dog," the man said, "but I'd rather
have something else."

And womanlike, she went inside
and banged the door.

Very Unconventional.

"Will you be my wife?"
The girl parried this question with
another.

"Is this proposal the result of a bet
or a joke or a dare?" she inquired.

"By no means. I ask you to marry
me because I love you."

"It is unusual, but, after all, the un-
usual is the proper caper nowadays.
I accept you, Frederick."

Not Satisfied.

"Well," said the Billville neighbor,
"I reckon your John is satisfied, now
that he's safe in congress."

"No," said the old lady. "Just as
soon as he gets his shoes polished,
puts on a billed shirt an' takes a ride
in a ortermobile he'll wonder why it
didn't occur to him to run for pres-
ident."

Identified.

"That was the spirit of your uncle
that made that table stand, turn over
and do such queer stunts."

"I am not surprised; he never did
have good table manners."

Less Expensive There.

"We keep our automobile in the
mirage," said Mrs. Blunderby.

"That's where most of us keep our
automobiles," returned her caller, with
a smile.

Do You Get It?

First Motorist—I've just ordered a
heavy coat for my man.

Second—What kind of fur?

First—Chaufeur.

A simple leak has sunk some of the
stoutest ships that ever sailed. When
a ship springs a leak, it is no good to crowd
on more sail and hope to escape. The
first thing to do is to find the leak, and
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which ruins many a splendid woman. It's
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