EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY CAN FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING HERE TO READ

OH, MONEY! MONEY! Soy Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

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THE STORY THUS FAR ectived by Frank Blaisdell, James Blais-left and Flora Blaisdell from a cousin. Stancer G. Fulton, a multimillionaire. A received with the money from Edord D. Norton, his lawyer says Mr. ulton went to South America with inactions that the checks be sent six There is

the after his departure other letter to be opened in two in the event of Fulton not being heard of before that time. The fortunate recipients of unexpected wealth are debating the advisability of wearing mourning for Fulton. presumably dead.

As a matter of fact. Fulton is with m in the person of John Smith. He has known them for six months. It was his wish that he should know them "before

CHAPTER IX (Continued)

and after taking ' great wealth.

TER mother sighed sympathetically. Poor Maggie! How she is left our-always!"

"But we can give her some of ours. ther-we can give her some of ours," urged the girl.

ours," urged the girl.

"It isn't ours to give—yet," remarked her mother, a bit coldly.

"But, mother, you will do it." importuned Mellicent. "You've always said you would, if you had it to give."

"And I say it again, Mellicent. I shall never see her suffer, you may be sure—if I have the money to relieve her But——" She stopped abrupily at the gound of an excited voice down the hall.

Miss Flora, evidently coming in through

"Mourning" ejaculated an amazed chorus.

"Oh, great Scott!" spluttered Mr. Smith growing suddenly very red "I never thought—" He stopped abrupt-ly, his face almost purple

But nobody was noticing Mr. Smith.

Bessie Blaisdell had the floor.

"Why mother, I look perfectly hor-rid in black, you know I do," she was walling. "And there's the Gavlorde dance just next week; and if I'm in mourning I can't go there nor anywhere. What's the use in having all that money if we've got to shut our-welves up like that, and wear horrid, suffly black, and everything?"

For shame Bessie "spoke up Miss Flora, with unusual sharpness for her. "I hink your mother is just right. I'm sure the least we can do in return for the wonderful gift is to show our respect and appreciation by going into

opect and appreciation by going into ne very deepest black we can. I'm ore I'd be glad to."

"Wait!" Mrs. Harriet had drawn her rows together in deep thought. "Tm ot sure, after all, that it would be best, he letter did not say that dear Cousin taniey had died—he just hadn't been eard from."

rd from." In that case, I don't think we ought

In that case, I don't think we ought do it. And it would be too bad—that ylord dance it going to be the bigat thing of the season, and of course, in thing of the season, and of course, the were in black—No; on the whole, hink we won't. Bessle Of course, in o years from now, when we get the it will be different."

When you—what? It was a rather relied question from Mr. Smith.
Oh, didn't you know? There's anser letter to be opened in two years m now, disposing of the rest of the operty. And he was worth millions, know, millions."



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riet's lips snapped together with firm decision.

"Of course not I'm sure I don't see any use in having the money if we've got to wear black and not go anywhere," pouted Bessie.

"Are we rich, then, really ma?" demanded Benny.

"We certainly are. Benny."

Then, if we're rich we can have everything we want can't we?" Benny's eyes were beginning to sparkle

"Well—" hesitated his mother.

the came, dear your cousts, Sandey G.
Exchange Popular Saw and that doors to be cheft, and it was an any the same dear your cousts, Sandey G.
When she returned a moment later Hurrier Blaisfell and Bessle were with the same dear of the same dear your cousts, Sandey G.
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When she returned a moment later Hurrier Blaisfell and the same she was a family continued the same she was a family continued

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

GOOD IMPULSE REWARDED By MAISIE BROPHY

WHAT a change, Edna, in two short with the paddled up river in his favorite cance. And Edna, pink-cheeked and eyes of azure blue, with the fair golden curis blowing in the gentless on today, and you'll find enough to do.

"Well," thought Fred, "my dear old wavy westheart. I'll give you, the surprise of

of pleasure." "Oh, cheer up, Alice Clayton! Busy yourself with what's going on today, and you'll find enough to do. Here I am puzzling myself to find; a way to pay car farea, room rent, buy lunches, and now a war savings stamp each month, and all on a saiary of \$10 a week."

The Claytons at one time had been among the wealthiest families in Searville. Of late fate had dealt harshiy with them; mother and father had been within them; mother and father had been mecessary for them to sell their home and seek employment for a living. Alice felt the reverse keenly, while Edna, light-hearted and care-free still, managed to find considerable enjoyment in her present surroundings.

"I have it, Alice" exclaimed Edna, after a few thoughtful moments. "All that old jewelry we have in the bottom of our trunk I will take to the melting por tomorrow. Guess I will at least got one war savings stamp for all we have stored away, and that will be my stamp for June. Come along now and bull may be still the still the still the still the store with the still the

The painstaking artist, anxious to am selling, except possibly as a gift to "What are you selling?" the lady of

"Whoop! Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop!"

howled the dancing Indian

Pale Faces Whoo-oop! Whoo-oop



ODD FILMS FROM



Stories From Tit-Bits

feature of village life at Fuzzieton, and

on one of these occasions the local

operatic company essayed to play

musical piece written round the story

To be brutally candid, the heroine

was not a success, particularly as a vo-

calist. Nevertheless, the play proceeded

till that good lady was imprisoned in

the old oak box, kindly lent for the oc-

casion by John Smith, who presided over

the Fuzzleton stores. The only hitch in

the proceedings was that the lid of the

box closed with an audible click at the

up to the grocer, who occupied one of

Stealthily the stage manager sidled

of "The Mistletoe Bough."

critical moment.

Saturday night "pops" were a great

To a Snail

By pouring water on snails they are ade ready for food immediately.—Daily Desolate.

Go. gentle crawler, go! I would

Although, 'tis said, 'twere very good To lunch me On thy soft, flabby succulence

As long as there is other food As tender, tasty, and as good. Endeavor!

A silly ass! I let thee live thy span of time

Willy-nilly, as It isn't that I've any ruth Or pity take upon thy youth; Thou art, to tell the honest truth,

Old Grumbler had plenty of money. splendid house, and the best of every-

All the latest complaints were his, but no doctor seemed able to help him. He changed his physician again and again. lornly by her side. "Well, I can't say and finally decided to give a trial to a that I am, dear. At first your father young fellow who had just started in

He was telling the doctor what he

"It hardly sounds to me like tubercu-

"You see, the symptoms of tubercu-

"I beg your pardon!" said the patient. in a haughty way. "It isn't for a young that portion of it which was Little Mush- doctor like you to disagree with an experienced invalid like me! I have had But in the night Hambone, his deadly sixty years of illness, and you're only

"I can see at a glance, madam," said the experienced hawker, "that you would time, tries to enter into conversation not be interested in the preparation I with another gentleman who has got into

is quite familiar, Mr .-- Mr .--"A facial beauty preparation, madam," from Manchester."

Acquired at very small expense. But if I do thee that offense.

Yea, thou art safe from me, old pal, For ever! Rob thy home conchological?

Well, punch me!

To spare thee, will I, by the rood,

Don't think because I pass thee I'm

Too billous! -Saturday Journal.

anxious eyes. Impudent Youth

thing, including diseases,

young man. wouldn't listen to me."

thought was the trouble with him, when exclaimed. the doctor ventured to disagree with the

his hands wearily through his hair. "He borrowed it!" Little Johnnie had been showing his

two-year-old sister how to make mudnies on the front doorstep, when his mother, coming to the door and seeing

the condition of her recently cleaned step, asked rather sharply: nie, "it's 'Liza; if you ain't goin' to

must kill; we must take scalps. Tonight we attack. By morning not a Pale Face shall be left in the mountain camps or in the villages. They will vanish before us as the snow before the April sun. I

Peggy looked at Billy Belgium with

"How awful!" she gasped. "We must

give the alarm!"
"Wait!" he cautioned her, as a short, squat Indian brave arose. "That looks like Hooks, the village tallor,"
"Listen to the voice of Sitting Man,"

"Listen to the voice of Sitting Man."
the Indian grunted. "I am heap wise from heap much thinking. This shall be our plan. First we shall attack the camp up the hill. We shall have many scalps before the sleeping Pale Faces know what has happened. "Then we shall take their guns which will help us in our attack upon the village we shall find heap much food, and heap much guns and powder. The hills shall be our own. Death to the Pale Faces."

There jumped up a wiry, flercely-painted warrior.

"It is the quarter was about items of them know, but they had been hard at it all the evening.

The lady was the first to sue for peace. Seating herself coyly on the arm of husband's chair, she said coaxingly:

"Come. John dear; kiss my cheek and make it up!"

But John was not in a gracious frame of mind. All he replied was:

"I'll kiss it, but I don't think it wants any more making up!"

As she stood outside the litt in two great tears so larger that it.

ed warrior "Scalps! Much Hair wants scalps!" any more making up!" "Scalps! Much Hair wants scalps!"
he shrieked, as he began to dance.
"If he wasn't so savage looking, I'd
say that was Sol Green, clerk in Bascom's general stora," whispered Billy
Belgium, Peggy shook her head in
strong disagreement. This leaping,
bounding half-naked warrior didn't have
the slightest resemblance to a clerk in
a store.

Little Dick had a picture book given
him on his birthday. Suddenly he came
running to his mother and said:
"Mamma, do animals know what they
are called?"
"No."

the slightest resemblance to a store.

a store.

"Scalps! Scalps!" shricked the other Indians, joining Much Hair in his dance. The tom-toms sounded again, the squaws began their wailing song.

"We must hurry to camp—before they can get there!" urged Peggy.

"It's too late I'm afraid." answered Billy Belgium "There come two scouts to report now." The bad leaned two agile local jew.

whispered Peggy" to Billy Belgium.

"Sh-h-h-h' Listen" he answered.

The dance had ended and the braves had seated themselves around the fire. The hig Indian with the ax remained standing. He looked very terrible in his eagle feathers and painted face. He folded his arms and remained silent a moment as the song of the squaws died away and the throb of the tom-toms carried was a song to the squaws died away and the throb of the tom-toms. Billy Belgium. There come two scouts to report now."

Into the firelight had leaped two agile young Indians. The dance haled abruptly as the warriors clustered eagerly around them.

"The Pale Faces in the mountain camp sleep soundly," spoke up one of the scouts. "Our watchers surround them, waiting for you to attack at dawn."

Peggy turned in dismay to Billy Belgium.

Paddy Dolan bought a watch from the local jeweier with a guarantee to keep it in order for tweive months. About six months after, Paddy took it back because it had stopped.

"You seem to have had an accident with it," said the jeweller.

"A small one, sure enough, sir. About two months ago I was feeding the pig

away and the throb of the tom-toms caused. Then he began to speak slow-ly and impressively.

"Brothers of the wilderness, hark to the voice of Chief Many Cows!" he said.
"The hour of our freedom is here. Too look a bit like a milkman. This was a genuine savage. Her opinion grew kium.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she whispered. "Can't we warn them?"

"No." he answered, "we, ourselves, must stop the Indians." The hour of our freedom is here. Too long have we been the slaves of Pale Face ways. Tonight we throw all that aside! Tonight we become again the children of the forest, worthy sons of the noble red men who roamed these hills in days of old, hunting the deer and the bear, and tomahawking the invading

(Tomorrow will be described the daring attempt of Billy Belgium to upset the plot of the Indians.

A Quiet Prayer Needed



The Unrepentant Sinner-Don't

pray so loud about that jam we

took! Yuh want ma to lock the

Bunch of English Yarns

"How did father take it?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm so glad, George!" she cried.

"Are you?" he replied, flopping for-

"Why didn't you tell him that you had

£500 in the bank, as I told you to?" she

"I did, after all else had falled," an-

"Do!" echoed the young man, passing

Who's been putting all this dirt on

"If you're goin' to g'umble," said John

"My name is Brownsmith; I com

"Very possibly; I spent the last fif-

His missis, seeing the work getting so

What the quarrel was about neither

Dick uttered a sigh of relief and re-

two months ago I was feeding the pig

"But you should have brought it be

"Sure, your honor, I brought it a

and it fell into the trough."

yesterday!"-Pearson's Weekly.

-:-

well forward, in the fullness of her heart

teen years in prison, and only came out

your face that I seem to remember."

wered George dejectedly.

g'umble, it's me!"

this morning."

fixed up the wringer.

gratitude for yer!"

burst into song:

"And what did he do then?"

He came down the garden path, a sad,

pantry?

-Cartoons Magazine

the front seats. "The lid of your box is locked." he whispered, painedly, "Is she goin' to sing any more?"

queried the grocer. "Yes." came the reply. "Her spirit appears in the next act, and she sings

"Oh. do it?" snapped Mr. Smith. "Then I'm goin' to lose the key!"

When the wealthy employer of the sorrowful figure. She watched him with old governess died and left her £500, her friends and neighbors wondered whether the faded little spinster, who "He took it all right," replied the had had such a hard struggle for life. and had only been able just to keep body and soul together, would gain much comfort in her old age from this windfall.

They called upon her in a body next

"Well, now. Letitia, and whatever will you do with all that money? You'll put

it by, I suppose in the bank, and-" "Put it in the bank?" flashed Letitla. "Nothing of the kind. I mean to have ome enjoyment out of it. It's never had much of a time so far, but now I'm going to indulge myself. All my life I've wanted to have a pair of sidecombs, with glass heads on 'em, and now-now I mean to have 'em. that's what I'm going to get. I don't care how much they run to even if they cost me as much as five shillings!"

elergyman goes to a farm a few miles out to have a day's shooting. He is a very poor "shot," but a generous given -facts well known to Jack, the attendant Last Christmas he was out shooting,

About Christmastime every year

A railway passenger, by way of killing and a rabbit jumped up about ten yards Bang went both barrels, but bunny escaped with a whole skin.

"I have an idea, sir, that your name "Did I hit him, Jack?" asked the parson, in an excited whisper. "Well," said Jack, thoughtfully, "I couldna say 'zactly as you 'it 'im, but "Ah, then, it is not your name but

scared. Ye're vastly improved sin' last year, sir." The clergyman smiled proudly.

I mus' says I nivver seed a rabbit wuss

"An' if ye keeps on improvin' and At this point the conversation dropped. comes agin next year, why"-with & shake of his head-"summat'll happen to It was washing day. "Shoey" was on that rabbit !"-London Tit-Bits. leave. He filled the copper, lit the fire. drew a supply of water from the well The vicar of a mining village sent a sawed and chopped a heap of wood and

pair of boots to the cobbler's for repairs; but Bill, who had been imbibing rather freely, felt no inclination for work, so the boots were not touched that day. "My love he is a sailor bold.

He plows the ocean—"
"H'm." murmured "Shoey." "there's Next morning his nerves were rather shaky, and he longed for "a hair of the dog that bit him "

His own boots were rather dirty, so he thought there was no harm in putting on the parson's, which he accordingly did, and started off for the village pub to get a "reviver." He had not gone very far when whom did he

"I sent my boots down for repair, William? Are they not finished yet?" "Why, mister," answered Bill, calmly, "they're not mended yet, but they're on

As she stood outside the little country inn two great tears shone in her innocent eyes, tears so large that the passing cyclist saw them. Beauty in distress caused him to dismount and ask if he could be of any assistance.

the damsel, sorrowfully, as she pointed to an automatic chocolate machine attached to the wall of the inn. "I've just put a penny in that thing and nothing has come out." "That's soon remedied!" said the

"I'm afraid not, thank you!" replied

He slipped a coin into the slot, and then another. After the sixth he muttered angrily.

raised his cap, and pedaled wildly away. As he disappeared a female face peeped round the door. "Any luck?" asked the owner thereof.

time.

Most things that we learn from exsoon as I could. We only killed the pig perience come under the head of compulsory education.—Chicago Daily News

By EDWINA

"CAP" STUBBS-Sammy Fooled Them



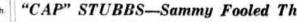
















"It would have been so pleasant for young man, confidently. the donkeys, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, ma!" replied the simple damsel, gayly. "Thats' the tenth. I've netted one-and-threspence since dinner-

Compulsory Education

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