## West Wind Drift

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

"Goodiesk," exclaimed Mr. Shay, "That completely clears my conscience. So long, Bill.

And half a minute later he presented himself at Ruth Clinton's cabia, "Goodiesk," exclaimed Mr. Shay sonded by and song far bound to pass before the acceptable for the minute later he presented as shoulder into the warm, fire-lit interior, "What do you want?" she demanded querulously of the unexpected visitor.

Mr. Shay took of his hat. "Fd like a few words with Miss Clinton, he said," I saw her come in, so she's not out. It's important, ma'am. She will heard words with Miss Clinton, he said, "I saw her come in, so she's not out. It's important, ma'am. She will heard words with Miss Clinton, he said," I saw her come in, so she's not out. It's important, ma'am. She will hear seemething, to her advantage, as they say in the personals."

"Will you please return at 3 o'clock, Mr. Shay." My niece is resting after who was said a partial share of the markuous labors of the

doorway.
"I guess not." broke in 'Soapy' for getting himself so far as to wink. "I expect you haven't heard the news ma am. He's had his nose put out of left!"

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"I dassent wait," said "Scap", with a furtive glance over hits shown or. The press me, I'll probably have to change my mind.
"Who is it, nuntie?" called out a clear voice from within.
"Soapy" Shay," replied the visitor himself.
"Mr. Landover will be here presently. Mr. Shny—" began the obstacle in the doorway.
"I guess not," broke in "Soapy" for pation but interest for the aide-podicity.

"Mr. Landover will be here presently Mr. Sins—began the obstacle in the doorway."
"I gauss not," began the obstacle in the doorway."
"I gauss not," beroke in "Sanys, 'for getting himself so far as to wink, "i expect you haven't heard the news in a m. He's had his nose put out of join me. He's had his nose put out of join me. Sony," orted Ruth, "God heavens! I'lls nose out of "Come in Sony," orted Ruth, "Sure she knows," again interrupted "Sony," unembarrassed "I'm not after anybody's Jewels, Mrs. Spofford—and besides which I am the principal candidate for sheriff of this balliwick, You don't suppose a man who's running for the office of sheriff on Mr. A. A Percival's ticks't is going to lift anything be fore election, do you's Besides which. Will be "I'm going to see that nobody else does anything crocket. Mr. A. A Percival is a wise guy—a mistry wise guy. Says he to me, 'Sonyy, you are "Come inside. Sonyy, "you better gind the door, Mr. Spofford—he ship that was to sail out one day in case anything crocket. Mr. A. A. Percival is a wise guy—a mistry wise guy. Says he to me, 'Sonyy, you are "Come inside. Sonyy, "you better gind the door, Mr. Spofford—he had been been done of the most expert—anyth of the most expert—anyth of the said cooling." What you don't know about a cream. What you don't know about a cream will be a sides wheel you know everything that an office of the law ought to know about a cream. What you don't know about a cream will be a sides wheel you know everything that an office of the law ought to know about a cream will be a sides wheel you know everything that an office of the law ought to know about a cream will be a sides wheel you know everything that an office of the law ought to know about a cream will be a sides wheel you know everything that an office of the law ought to know abou "I am not expecting Mr. Perelyal, bapters to disturb the scrube existence of the goldlish and then chart face. "Well, then," said by "I got a little gry to tell you. It's the goses truth or the goldlish and then they begin nib bling at each other. "You mend my fence, I'll mend yours,"

Mr. Landover told you about that Air. Percival never told you anything about it. Well. I was a with as to that fracas. I just happened to be walking along the acek when something caught my eye and I went up close to see what it was. You'd never glass what it was. After looking at it very carefully I discovered it was a porthole."

Forsking his whonescal manner, he related tersely in as few works as possible the story of the encounter.

"Now, it's my guess that Mr. Abel Landover didn't speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth when he furnished you with his version of the affair. Am I right, or am I wrong?" he asked, in conclusion.

"I prefer to believe Mr. Landover's story," said Mrs. Spofford stiffly. "Willyou be good enough to go now, Mr. Shay?"

"Sure," said Sonpy," rising: "I'm not asking anybody to take my word agoust his. I'm just telling you, that's all. Good afternoon, ladies."

"It was not Mr. Percival with first the short? You are sure of that, Soapy" Ruth was standing now. Her eyes were very dark and tempestuous.

"Sure as my right name ain't Soapy" Ruth was standing now. Her eyes were very dark and tempestuous.

"Sure as my right name ain't Soapy" as interthelm to the winess, holding up his right hand.

"Ituta it isn't possible that you place any credinces in—""Thank you for coming, Soapy." interrupted Ruth. "It was very good of you."

"Soapy" Ingered at the door, fumbling his dilapidated lim, Mrs. Spof-"Somy" lingered at the door, fumbling his dilapidated but Mrs. Spot ford was staring speechlessly at her nice.
"Td a little sconer you wouldn't say anything to A. A. about me p achies anything to A. A. about me p achies anything to A. A. about me p achies never the first that he was fifteen localisation him" said "Sonpy," somewhat nervously. on him." said "Soupy," somewhat hervously.

"I shall not 'peach' on you, Soapy," said the girl, a joyous smile suddenly illuminating her face.

"Soupy" went out. As he closed the door, he said to himself: "Next time you tell me to go to hell, Abe Landover, I guess you'd better furnish a guide that knows the way."

"As soon as the door was closed, Mrs. Spofford turned upon her radiant niece.

"You are not such a fool as to believe that rassal's story, Ruth?"

"I believe every word of it!" cried the girl.

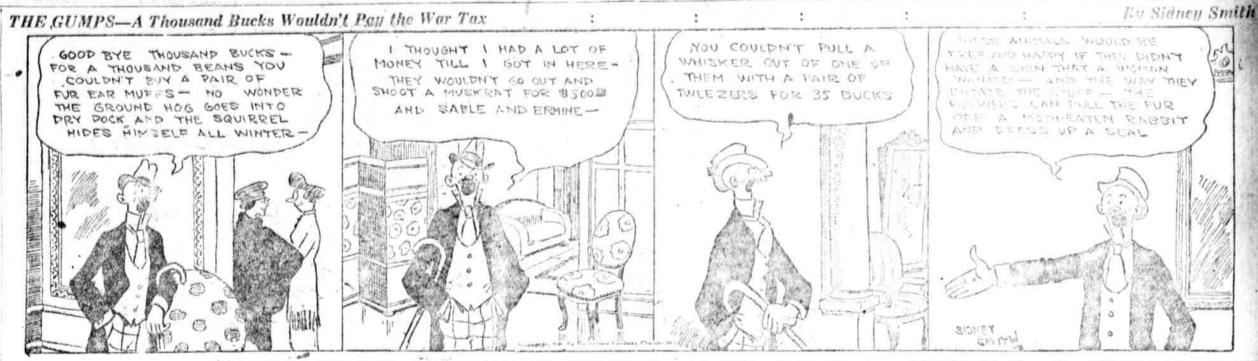
you tell me to go to hear. And make over, I guess you'd better formish as you have the door was closed, Mrs. Spofford turned upon her radiant mice.

"You are not such a fool as to believe that rascal's story. Ruth?"

"I believe every word of it?" cried the girl.

CHAPTER XXI

Sallors smiffed the gale that night, whock their heads and stid there was smow on the tail of it. Morning found the ground mottled will agiet blowing its routh of the ground mottled will agiet blowing its routh of the ground mottled will. I see the seed of the ground mottled will, agiet blowing its routh of the ground mottled will, agiet blowing its routh of the ground mottled will aging the blowing its routh of the ground mottled will be ground the breakers over agapts the shore became vagues over agapts the shore of the result of the shore the same language of the shore over a gapts the shore of the shore over the shore over a gapts the shore of the shore over the sh



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Affectionate Bonds I DIDN'T KALOW SMACK . KNOW DEARIE! DO YOU KNOW YOU KAEW HER HER ? MOST HATED WHO THAT IS, CAM: MISS OFLAGE! THATS FLOSSIE TOOTLES. 3610

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she guesses her father would be better pleased if the farmers would raise less cabbage and more sauerkraut.

VERY HARD TO UNDERSTAND By FONTAINE FOX 16 YUH KNOW WITH ALL THAT SPACE T'PUT IT IN, MY DAD COULDN'T EAT AS CAR MUCH TURKEY STOP AS I DID!

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG UNDER THE UNDER THE JUDER THE STREETING BLATKING THE THE VILLAGE CHESTALT STAND FRIDAY AFTERMOON-14

Tod:

PETEY-That Ought to Make Him Hot By C. A. Voight SURE - SUR - HELLO USCAR - Trylitte - PETEY - HERE'S A FINE ILL GO DOWN DEAR YOU BOX OF CIGARS AND SEE THE MILST DO I FAN FUT DET - SAY- HOW JANITOR AND SOMETHING -WHELE BUY CLEARY ABOUT A LITTLE . MAYBELLAN THIS PLACE H DE & FURNACE HEAT UP-STAIRS FIX HIM UP -15 AS COLD ASICE:

