

But had known her share of sadness; that was a bit of life just as the shadmoupon the grass were a part of spring and summer time. But life itself was hipt. From his worn volume of lyrics Ashe

but to her. They caught the same busic in the same lines; they found the same cager pleasure in the same word-

ness; that he said that he had student your past successful methods with great interest and " "" "That will do," she cut him short. "Take a letter." "Dear Mr. Bond," said the letter. an eager pleasure in the same word-word pictures; and he read them over. They talked of books of which he had med more than a little, she only to he limited extent of the Lockworth knel libraries. He told her of a book which she had not read; he promised he lead it to her and saw her eyes which ernectantle

"Take a letter." "Dear Mr. Bond," said the letter. "Concerning the lands upon the west im of the valley about which we have spoken before: It gives me great pleas-ure to inform you that I have decided to take them over. I will pay you \$10 an acre for them. Not one cent more now or later. Respectfully. " "" "Ten dollars?" asked Ashe, curi-ously. "Ten dollars?" asked Ashe, curi-dously. "Ten dollars?" asked Ashe, curi-secting Bond on the telephone Ashe sald: "This is Mr. Steele. Mrs. Stetheril's bore tary. Just a moment. "Ten bour, I'm going after him. I'll smash him if it costs me a million ! I'll put him where he'll be glad to get a job working in uny garden ! Drat the man." I hate a fool!"

CHAPTER XVI White Roses and a Theft

working in my garden! Drat the man. I hate a fool!" "Mrs. Stetheril wishes me to say," said Ashe gravely into the transmitter, "that she is now mailing you her Buai offer for those olive lands. That she gives you twenty-four hours to accept that offer just as it is made. "That if you fail to accept in that

White Roses and a Theft Shy eres which did not droop, dawn-ray eyes bright with smiles. Eyes are no other eyes in all of the world. The so the eyes in all of the world. The state like little woodland flow-m. Eyes so sweet that they haunted man, sleeping or waking. The grave was of innocence; the soft eyes of girl-ted; the tender eyes of Enid. "For the land's sake!" snapped the id woman sharply. "What alls the an! Are you deaf this morning?" Ashe flushed and attacked the type-mit triously.

The fushed and attacked the type-riter furiously. "Tainking, my foot!" she retorted, ring him suspiciously. "Did you go ad set drunk vesterday just because t was your birthday? Have I got to are rery word ten times before you can rite it down?"

her piercing look Ashe's flush higher.

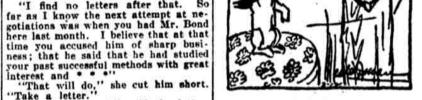
Bonnted higher. "I beg pardon, Mrs. Stetheril," he aid, "I'm afraid I am a bit absent-minded this morning. You were say-

Absent-minded? You're a perfect

Since carly morning Ashe, in spite bear Sir. Have you got that?" she last aight he had stood long at his ratilis fields toward a little cottage in it had pictured her not as he had left her, but tanding as he stood, at her own bed-effs. His thoughts had been all of a fact. Her thoughts had been filled alles their souls had talked. "Have you collected all the Bond teheril." The in have it here."

I have it here." Haddon flushed and tightened his hosking up at her brightly. He to tell her how he had enjoyed what her gifts had meant to and he knew that this could do was to let a corner of his new books stick out of his books stick out of his

CONTINUED MONDAY

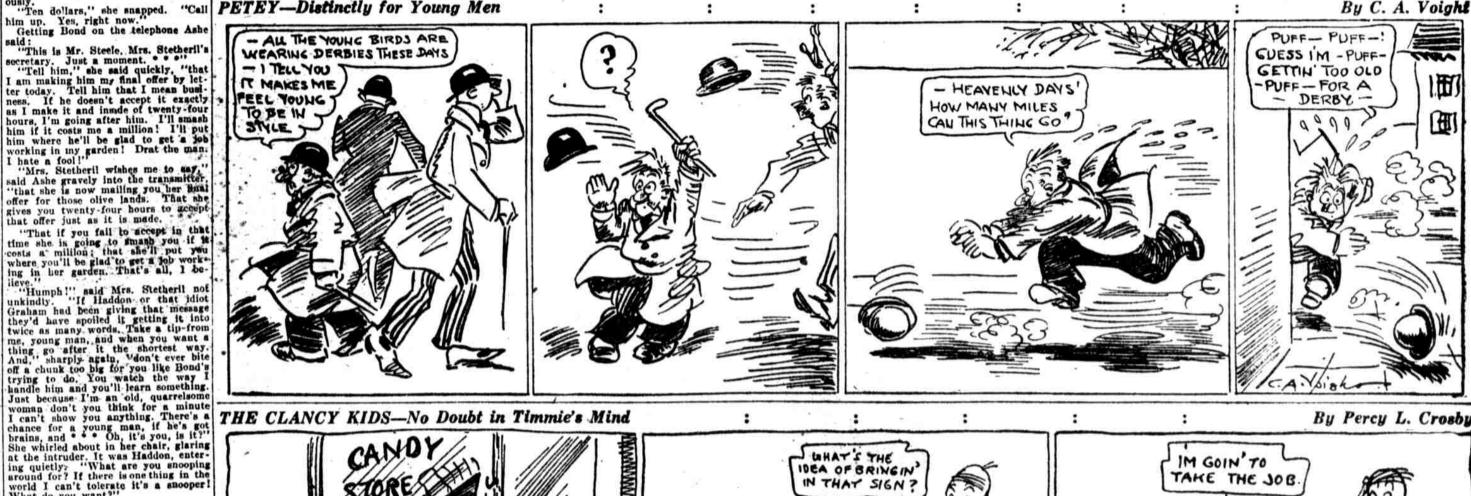


The young lady across the way says our schools will never be all that they might be until we pay a good teacher something more than a mere stipend. .

PETEY—Distinctly for Young Men







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THE CLANCY KIDS-No Doubt in Timmie's Mind



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