

A Northland Romance

by Robert W. Service ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

STORY FROM THE START

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman, starts out to seek his fortune. He arrives at San Francisco practically broke and meets a follow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. With Jim Hubbard they join the gold rush to Alaska. On the boat Athol to Alaska. On the boat Athol meets Berna, a young woman traveling with her grandfather and a hard looking couple named Winklestein who figure as her aunt and uncle. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilcoot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost. Fearful for Berna's safet, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead and learns that Berna is prostrated. At Bennett, Berna comes to Athol, confesses her love, and begs him to marry her, to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. He is unwilling to take such a decisive step, and tells her they must wait. Some days afterward Berna tells Athol Madam Winklestein plans to sell her to "Black Jack" Locasto, millionaire miner of evil reputation. While realizing how greattion. While realizing how greatly he loves the girl Meldrum flinches from the idea of immediate marriage, and they agree mediate marriage, and they agree to wait a year. Reaching the gold fields, Athol and his party, find the claims all taken and the camp crowded with idle men. Athol's party decides to stay and await developments. Unable to locate Berna, Athol seeks information from Locasto. "Black Jack" disclaims knowledge of her whereabouts, and later, evidently aware of the rivalry between aware of the rivalry between them, lures Meldrum to a lonely spot and beats him into unconsciousness. Through a lucky chance Athol finds Berna.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"And so you found me, dear. I knew you would, somehow. In my heart I knew you would not fail me. So I waited and waited. It was cruel we left so suddenly, not even time to say good-by, but I could not help myself. They dragged me away. They began to be afraid of you, and he bade them leave at once."

"I see, I see." I looked into the pools of her eyes; I sheathed her white hands in my brown ones, thrilling greatly at the contact of them. "Tell me about it, child. Has he bothered you?"

"Oh, not so much. He thinks he has me safe enough, trapped, awaiting his pleasure. But he's taken up with some woman of the town just now. By-and-by he'll turn his atten-

"But, Berna, surely nothing in this world would ever make you yield? Oh, it's horrible!" She leaned to me tenderly. She

put my arms around her neck; she looked at me till I saw my face mirrored in her eyes.

"Believe me and trust me. I would rather throw myself from the bluff here than let him put a hand on me. I was still soaring in the rarefied And so long as I have your love, dear, heights of love, and inclined to a palled up with that devil," he said. I'm safe enough. Don't fear. Oh, it's general amnesty towards my enemies. been terrible not seeing you! I've craved for you ceaselessly. I've never been out since we came here. They wouldn't let me. They kept in them selves. He bade them. But now, for some reason, he has relaxed. They're going to open a restaurant downtown, and I'm to wait on table."

"No, you're not!" I cried. "Berna, I can't bear to think of you in that garbage-heap of corruption down You must marry me-now." with surprise.

"Yes, right away, dear, There's marry me now. I want you now. I

She looked at me gravely. Her woice was very soft, very tender. "I think it better we should wait. dear. This is a blind, sudden desire on your part. I mustn't take advantage of it. You pity me, fear for me, and you have known so few other girls. I'm not worth it, indeed I'm I'm only a poor ignorant girl. If there were others near, you would never think of me."

"Berna," I said, "if you were among a thousand, and they were the most adorable in all the world. I would pass over them all and turn with joy and gratitude to you." "Ah, no," she said sadly, "you were

wise once. I saw it afterwards. Better wait one year."

She went on very quietly, full of gentle patience.

"You know, I've been thinking a great deal since then. In the long, long days and longer nights, when I waited here in misery, hoping always you would come to me, I had time to reflect, to weigh your words. This is June. Next June, if you have not made up your mind you were foolish, blind, hasty, I will give my self to you with all the love in the world."

"Perhaps you will change." She smiled a peculiar little smile. "Never, never fear that. I will be waiting for you, longing for you, loving you more and more every day. Let us wait, boy, just a year."

"I know you fear something will happen to me. No! I think I will be quite safe. I can withstand him And if it should come to the worst I can call on you. You mustn't go too far away. I will die rather than let him lay a hand on me. Till next June, dear, not a day longer. We will both be the better for the wait."

I bowed my head. "Very well," I said huskily; "and what will I do in the meantime?"

"Do! Do what you would have done otherwise. Work! It will be better for you to go away. It will make it easier for me. Here we will both torture each other. I, too, will work and live quietly, and long for you. You will come and see me sometimes?" "Yes," I answered. My voice choked

with emotion. "Now we must go home," she said;

"I'm afraid they will be back." She rose, and I followed her down

the narrow trail. We reached the cabin, and on the threshold she paused. The others had not yet returned. She held out both hands to me, and her eyes were

glittering with tears. "Be brave, my dearest; it's all for my sake-if you love me."

"I love you, my darling; anything for your sake. I'll go tomorrow."

"We're betrothed now, aren't we, dearest?"

"We're betrothed, my love." She swayed to me and seemed to fit into my arms as a sword fits into its sheath. My lips lay on hers, and

I kissed her with a passionate joy. "I love you, I love you," she murmured; "next June, my darling, next

Then she gently slipped away from me, and I was gazing blankly at the

closed door. "Next June," I heard a voice echo; and there, looking at me with a smile, was Locasto.

Hate was far from my heart, and when I saw the man himself was regarding me with no particular unfriendliness, I was disposed to put aside for the moment all feelings of enmity. The generosity of the victor glowed within me.

As he advanced to me his manner was almost urbane in its geniality.

"You must forgive me," he said, not without dignity, "for overhearing you; but by chance I was passing and dropped upon you before I realized it." He extended his hand frankly.

"I trust my congratulations on your good luck will not be entirely obnoxious. I know that my conduct in this affair cannot have impressed you in a very favorable light; but I am a badly beaten man. Can't you be generous and let bygones be bygones? Won't you?"

I had not yet come down to earth. Jim. He frowned. that it was hard to withstand. For ity." the nonce I was persuaded of his

"Yes, again I congratulate you. 1 know and admire her. They don't She's pure make them any better. gold. You mustn't mind me taking an interest in your sweetheart. I'm "Now," she echoed, her eyes wide old enough to be her father, you know, and she touches me strangely. Now,

s the parish vestry. It is a descend-

ant of the tribal council of most prim-

itive human establishment, combined

with the nearly as old institution of

religion. This body of persons in-

trusted with the administration of the

temporal affairs of a parish was so

called from the former custom of

holding parish meetings in the vestry

of the church. In ancient England

vestries regulated all parochial affairs

ecclesiastical or civil. Indeed, the

parish church of the Fourteenth cen-

tury was the common hall, sometimes

the common market place and theater

of its district. When the Host and

portable altar were removed the

Watermarks in Paper

Watermarks in paper have been used

for a long time to lend distinction to

the product of a particular paper mak-

er and for other purposes. One of the

oldest, a circle surmounted by a tall

cross, is found in documents dating back

to the Fourteenth century. Other old

marks are the fleur-de-lys, the court

jester, the huntsman's horn, the hand

pointing to a five-pointed star and the

tankard, well known in papers of the

Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries.

I saw the pathetic wisdom of her | can do for you? What are you going | There in the din and daze and dirt to do in this country?"

"I don't quite know yet," I said
"I hope to stake a good claim when the chance comes. Meantime I'm going to get work on the creeks."

"Well, I'll tell you what: I've got laymen working on my Eldorado claim; I'll give you a note to them if you like.'

I thanked him.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm sorry I played such a mean part in the past, and I'll do anything in my power to straighten things out. Believe me, I mean it. Your English friend gave me the worst drubbing of my life, but three days after I went round and shook hands with him. Fine fellow that. We're good friends



There I Was Hanging Desperately on the Lowest Rung of the Ladder.

now. I always own up when I'm beaten, and I never bear ill-will. If I can help you in any way, and hasten your marriage to that little girl there, well you can just bank on Jack Locasto: that's all."

I must say the man could be most conciliating when he chose. As he talked to me, my fears were dissipated, my suspicions lulled. And when we parted we shook hands cordially.
"Don't forget," he said; "if you want help bank on me. I mean it now, I mean it."

. . . . 'Twas early in the bright and cool of the morning when we started for Eldorado, Jim and I. I had a letter a boy, too, an' I guess I'd lose my from Locasto to Ribwood and Hoof- job over de head of it." man, the laymen, and I showed it to

"Oh, he's not so bad," I expostu- geting on my nerves terribly. As he stood there, quiet and compelling, there was an assumption of and offered me his hand in friendship. frankness and honesty about this man I've no reason to doubt his sincer-

"Sincerity be danged. He's about sincerity, and weakly I surrendered as sincere as a tame rattlesnake. Put my hand. His grip made me wince. his letter in the creek." But no! I refused to listen to the

old man. "Well, go your own gait," he said: "but don't say that I didn't warn

you." Following the trail, we struck up Bonanza, a small muddy stream in a don't distrust me. I want to be a narrow valley. About noon we denothing to prevent us. Berna, I love friend to you both. I want to help scended into the creek bed and came you, I want you, I need you. I can't you to be happy. Jack Locasto's not to the Forks. It was a little town, bear it, dearest; have pity on me; such a bad lot, as you'll find when a Dawson in miniature, with all its you know him. Is there anything I sordid aspects infinitely accentuated.

poses. A landowner who found he

take care of on his own premises

could store it in the church simply

used. Especially in the more exposed

of refuge, the castle of the inhabi-

Her Place in the Sun

She lay lifeless, a mere shattered

waves stuck to her golden hair. Her

facial beauty was ruined; her lovely

cheeks had slid down into her neck,

still the light was in her eyes; she'd

met her destruction bravely, and nev-

er squinted once . . . "We'll need a new dummy," said the

hairdresser, looking at the show win-

High Court's First Session

States held its first session on Febru-

ary 7, 1791, in the Old City hall at

The Supreme Court of the United

dow the storm had blown in.

Philadelphia, Pa.

and there they were in chunks. But

tants.-Detroit News.

Old Churches Put to Variety of Purposes

The oldest English social institution | church would be employed for all pur-

heartily, we struck up Eldorado. work for them, are you? Well. The two seem to work together, in a they've got a blamed hard name. If way. you get a job elsewhere, don't turn it

Ribwood was a tall, gaunt Cornisha gloomy air; Hoofman, a burly, beetcolored Australian with a bulging stomach.

"Yes, we'll put you to work," said Hoofman, reading the letter. your coat off and shovel in." "Get So, right away, I found myself in

the dump-pile, jamming a shovel into the pay-dirt and swinging it into a sluice-box five feet higher than my head. Keeping at this hour after hour was no fun.

For three days I made the dirt fly; days. but toward quitting time, I must say, its flight was a very uncertain one. Again I suffered all the tortures of becoming toil-broken. The constant hoisting into the overhead sluice-box somehow worked muscles that had never gone into action before, and ached elaborately. I was glad, indeed, when, on the

evening of the third, day, Ribwood came to me and said: "I guess you'd better work up at the shaft tomorrow. We want a man to wheel muck."

They had a shaft sunk on the hillside. They were down some forty feet and were drifting in, wheeling the pay-dirt down a series of planks placed on trestles to the dump. After the first day I became quite an expert at the business. My spirits rose, was on the way of becoming a

Turning the windlass over the shaft vas a little, tough mud-rat, who excited in me the liveliest sense of aversion. Pat Doogan was his name, but I will call him the "Worm." He was the most degraded type of

man I had yet met on my travels, a degenerate, dirty, drunken, diseased. One day Hoofman told me he wanted me to go down the shaft and work in the drift. Accordingly, next morning I and a huge Slav, by name Doo- You must have poise, which is only The shaft was almost forty feet

as if the excavators had decided to abandon it. I often looked at this useless bit of ladder and wondered why it had been left unfinished.

Every morning the Worm hoisted us down into the darkness, and at night drew us up. Once he said to me: "Say, wouldn't it be de tough luck if I was to take a fit when I was hoistin' youse up? Such a nice bit of

I said: "Cut that out, or you'll have me so scared I won't go down." He grinned unpleasantly and said nothing more. Yet somehow he was

One evening we were ready hoisted up. Dooley Rileyvich went first, and I watched him blot out the bit of blue for a while. Then, slowly, down came the bucket for me. I got in. I was feeling uneasy all of a sudden, and devoutly wished I were anywhere else but in that hideous hole. I felt myself leave tha

ground and rise steadily. I was now ten feet from the top. The bucket was rocking a little, so I put out my hand and grasped the lowest rung of the ladder to steady myself. Then, at that instant, it seemed the weight of the bucket pressing up against my feet was suddenly re moved, and my arm was nigh jerked out of its socket. There I was hang-

ing desperately on the lowest rung of the ladder, while, with a crash that made my heart sick, the bucket dashed to the bottom. A last, I realized, the Worm had had his fit. Quickly I gripped with both hands. With a great effort I raised myself rung by rung on the ladder. Dizzily had more wool or grain than he could

I hung all a-shudder, half-sobbing. A minute seemed like a year.

Ah! there was the face of Dooley by paying a small fee to the parson. looking down on me. He saw me clinging there. He was anxiously Even the tower of the church was shouting to me to come up. Masterdistricts near the sea, it was a place ing an overpowering nausea I raised myself. At last I felt his strong arm around me, and I was on firm ground once more. The Worm was lying stiff and rigid. Without a word the stalwart Slav took him on his brawny shoulder. The creek was down-hill torso. Her beautiful vacant eyes stared but fifty yards. Ere we reached it calmly at you; even yet the flawless the Worm had begun to show signs of reviving consciousness.

"Leave me alone," he says to Rileyvich; "you Slavonian swine, lemme

Not so the Slav. Holding the wriggling, writhing little man in his powerful arms he plunged him heels over head in the muddy current of the creek. "I guess I cure dose fits anyway,"

he said grimly.
Struggling, spluttering, blaspheming, the little man freed himself at last and staggered ashore. He cursed Rileyvich most comprehensively.

man also. (TO RE CONTINUED)

****************** FARM 0 Ву MIMI

*********************** An Era of Etiquette

VOU can hardly pick up a magazine nowadays without reading something about etiquette, which is one of we tarried awhile; then, after eating the highly advertised things of the times. There are as many or more ad-At the Forks I inquired regarding Ribwood and Hoofman: "Goin' to along with these manuals of manners.

In the old days when kings and man, with a narrow, jutting face and Then it got into the drawing rooms or parlors, and now we are trying to run it into the scramble of modern life. That's why the books on etiquette are on sale.

Our ancestors had the manners. We have treatises on the subject. But goodness knows there's need of something to keep us from being crude and boorish. We live at such a pace and are so full of the go-getting spirit that our manners are ripped off the way lace would be, if we wore any these

But at the same time I can't just savvy why a person who has any kind of feelings and as much good sense needs a book to tell him or her how to behave. We are supposed to do that sort of thing naturally. The attempt to get good manners by buying a fancy book is just about as foolish as the idea of making money by reading about gold mines.

About all the etiquette book can do is to call your attention to the fact that there is still room for manners in this world which is jammed so full of people that they keep parking out on one another's toes.

The real manners which a person should have and display, the way flap-pers reveal knees, are things that you must cultivate for yourself. If you haven't the etiquette urge, the book isn't going to put it into you.

The best recipe for manners is the Golden Rule. Act as though you had some idea that the other person is more or less like yourself. If you don't like being pushed into the gutter, chances are the other fellow isn't itching to be bumped off the curb either. And the positive side of manners depends upon your having self-confidence and strength.

To have good manners you must assert yourself—but in a clever way. ley Rileyvich, were lowered down in-to the darkness. personality nicely balanced. If you are shamefaced, and overmodest, you will make other people feel wriggly, and deep. For the first ten feet a ladder ran down it, then stopped suddenly recipe would be—equal parts of strength and fineness well mixed. Or you can cook it up by combining egoism with altruism, love of others and self-respect. Season with pepper. That's a popular commodity and in good taste. Use sugar-but not too much. Employ a certain amount of pep and sweetness as also regard for others, and the book of etiquette need never be read.

Prehistoric Women

WHENEVER a mummy is unwrapped, it turns out to be a man. The same is true when they ago. They are always gentlemen. Why is it that they find no prehistoric women?

Maybe the ancient Egyptians, who were so fond of undertaking, thought the women weren't worth preserving. but it seems as though Nature might have saved a few females of the spe cies to keep the men company in the museum. Dear me! what problems a woman has to face!

Of course, there were women in those old days, for men wouldn't have been contented without 'em, but it's hard to find traces of them. The scientists dig up stone hatchets which the men wielded, but they can't seem to unearth any old hairpins or corset steels. They may hit on these later when they have dug deeper. The fact of the matter is that wom-

an is still buried. You don't have to read Edgar Allen Poe to read the stories of people buried alive, for that's the condition of the average woman. She's buried beneath the home and all the traditions of the race She's like the miners who are entombed in their coal caves.

She isn't as much so as she was but there's still a lot of excavating to be done before women are brought up to the level of terra firma. Custom and costume have kept her down in the mine.

One of the signs of the times is the relief expedition which is working to unearth woman. She may seem to be the West last year were very pleasing free when she goes about in the derby which man has just cast off formed to handle this year's crop. and when she does the voting trick on the first froning day after the first wash day of November. But hats and ballots aren't enough.

Trousers and cigarettes help her some more, but the full freedom of woman is still to come.

habit of being a female. She togs herself out as a man and acts in a

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

FLOCK HISTORY IS GUIDE IN CULLING

Always Better to Improve Production by Care.

"In culling poultry the history of the flock should be the first important consideration," say the extension speclalists in poultry husbandry at the Ohio State university. "If the flock as a whole has been laying heavily queens were in fashion, the business throughout the entire year, culling of fine manners was confined to courts. should be comparatively easy, as the good birds will show evidence of high production, while the few poor birds will be outstanding, showing very definite evidences of low production

"If the flock has laid indifferently throughout the year, or has suffered from parasites such as red mites, lice, or intestinal worms, or is improperly step should be to correct conditions, back and show their value, which will cause the poor birds to be more easily

"It is always better to improve average production by better management rather than by culling, which Warden George T. Jameson. decreases the number of birds and cuts down the possible earning power of the flock."

Get Rid of Parasites

on Chickens in Flock The hens have enough to bother with in the summer with the hot weather without having to fight lice wiseman home and turned on the and mites in addition. The flock own-radio. This aroused Wiseman from er can do a great deal to help the his sleep, and he appeared in the hens get rid of these pests.

market which can be used, or a drug known as sodium fluoride can be bought at the drug store and can be dered him from the house. put on the hens, applying it on the back, head, throat, on the breast, around the vent, between each thigh and the breast and on each wing. This is a rather tedious process, although t will get all the fice.

Within the last year and a half, nowever, it has been found that painting Black Leaf 40 on the perches will rid a flock of lice. This is easy and effective.

Mites are a worse pest than lice, since these little bugs stay in the cracks and crevices around the nests, droppings boards and perches during the day and get on the birds at night at which time they suck the hen's blood. These can best be fought by using a strong disinfectant on the nests, roosts and droppings boards.

If these pests-lice and mites-are allowed to remain on the birds, they will sap the chicken's vitality and will hinder egg production consider-

Ducks and Geese Are

Fed Pretty Much Alike Ducks and geese are fed just about excavate the primitive men who flour- alike. They should be kept warm and ished hundreds of thousands of years dry and fed about four or five times per day. All young water fowl should have soft feeds, that is to say, wet yellow corn meal, four parts bran, one part red dog or low-grade flour by weight. Add to this 10 per cent of high-grade meat scraps, 1 per cent of fine sand, and mix with water or milk so that it is quite moist but not sloppy. Feed this every two or three

Care for Chicks

Raising good chicks is about the ost important thing on a poultry loved him as well. farm. That to a large extent deterchicks by crowding them too closely, by letting the house become filthy and the soil in bad shape, you may produce weak chicks that do not live well and lay well. It is comparatively easy to grow good chicks if you are willing to do the necessary work of properly caring for the chicks.

Turkeys on Upgrade

Turkey raising is on the upgrade, now that the blackhead bugaboo has been done away with. And the turkey growers are getting the marketing system down to a fine point, too. Six turkey marketing associations have just been formed in various parts of Colorado, and the next thing will be a statewide pool. Profits received by members of turkey marketing pools in that's why new pools are being

Scratching Shed In some of the warmer sections of

the country, fowls will prefer to spend their nights in the trees and on outdoor roosts but severe storms, driving Woman's trouble is that she has the snows or heavy rains will in most instances, send them into the houses. It is the storm more than the cold that masculine way, but at heart she is the hen objects to, and for this reason, if no other, a scratching shed That is as it should be, but woman where the fowls are sheltered from the alighted 75 yards from its starting has still to find herself. Then she can wind, should be provided where the point. be worth something to herself and to layers can sing and keep busy during the entire day.

********* Meanest Man Takes

Tots' Milk Tickets Lynchburg, Va.-Nurses in the tuberculosis division of the municipal department of public welfare have a candidate for the honor of being the meanest man living, though they have

not disclosed his name as yet. The man saved up milk tickets furnished him for two children suffering from tuberculosis until he had the equivalent of \$9.20, and took the tickets to the creamery and requested the cash. He got it and bought a railroad ticket to go out of town.

RADIO MURDERER GETS FOUR YEARS

Slays Stepson in Dispute Over Late Concert.

Sioux Falls, S. D .- With four years' imprisonment facing him, Robert W. Wiseman, Watertown, S. D., referred housed or cared for, the culling will to as the "radio slayer," has been be very difficult, for many of the birds lodged in the state penitentiary here that are really worth keeping will be under sentence from the State Circuit questionable, due to their condition. court at Watertown. He was found Under such circumstances the first guilty of slaying his stepson following a dispute over the playing of the and allow the good birds to come radio in the Wiseman home at a late

hour at night. Wiseman, who evidenced little concern when sentence was passed upon him, entered the penitentiary with little show of emotion, according to

In addition to serving the four years for second-degree manslaughter, Wiseman was also fined \$1,000 and will have to serve 500 additional days in the penitentiary if the fine is not paid.

Wiseman was sleeping on the night of the slaying of his stepson, Gerald E. Ellis, when young Ellis and a party of young men and women went to the room and ordered that the radio be There are various remedies on the turned off. When his stepson refused to comply with this demand Wiseman procured a shotgun and or-

Wiseman had taken his stand in the entryway to the front door, and near the front door the overcoat and hat of the stepson had been placed upon a chair. It is thought that when young Ellis started toward the front door his plan was to obtain his overcoat and hat and leave the house.

He had to go directly toward Wiseman, who had the shotgun leveled at him and the slayer claimed he thought his stepson was coming toward him to attack him, and fired the shot which killed the young man.

Live in Same House 30

Years Without Speaking Little Rock, Ark.—Two sisters sit in dentical chairs on a prim front porch facing a busy highway near here, separated by a high board wall and a silence of 30 years. Two front gates stand side by side in the white-washed fence. Two front doors give entrance to the house. Between them, dividing into exact halves the front yard, front porch, the house itself, and 20 acres of ground on which it stands, runs the mysterious wall.

On one side sits Miss Sarah Merper a wrinkled old black eyes, rocking the long years mashes mixed as follows: Three parts away. On the other side sits her younger sister, Miss Rachel, a slight and careworn figure, whose eves speak of tragedy but whose lips are forever sealed to curious passersby. For three decades no word has been exchanged across the dividing line. Two sisters and the man who could

love but one, are the actors in the Mercer melodrama, and the man long ago disappeared. He was the sweetheart of Sarah, in the eyes of the persons in the community, but Rachel Thirty years ago a storm raged in mines your profits. If you neglect the | the old house, and then the lover was

sent away and the two sisters were left to nurse their pride alone-one with only her memories for comfort and the other to endure the stigma of ostracism and to rear as best she could in a conventional community her baby son, the son of her sister's fiance.

Buck Deer Wrecks Auto

by Leaping on Radiator Cable, Wis .- A car driven by Henry Crandall carrying an orchestra to an engagement was wrecked by a buck deer near Seeley, Wis. The deer sprang from the bank at the roadside, striking the top of the radiator. The animal wrecked the front fenders and headlights, ripped the hood open, and hung there until the car was stopped. The deer's leg was broken and he was injured badly otherwise. An old-time hunter cut the deer's throat and left the carcass for the game warden.

Swallow Fails to Heed

Golfers 'Fore' and Dies Trenton, Ont .- W. B. McClung. playing in a threesome, while driving from No. 4 tee at the local cours made a perfect drive. A swallow, flying low, failed to heed his "Fore!" and the ball struck it in mid-air. The ball continued on its course and

The swallow was picked up in three separate pieces.

FINNE

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Cland The

By PERCY L