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Mimard's Liniment Relieves Neu-

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN Copyright, 1900, by LEE @ SHEPARD

with her brother he said, "Well, sis, how do you like my friend?"

"Oh, he means to be nice," she re-"but he is a little thoughtless, and it would do him good to have to work for his living a year or two."

The two days intervening before
Sunday passed all too quickly for the

three young people. When Sunday morning came they of course attended When Sunday church, and Frank found himself slyly stared at by all the people of Sand-gate. He did not pay much attention to the sermon, but a good deal to a certain sweet soprano voice in the choir, and when after service Alice joined them he boldly walked away with her and left Albert chatting with

Owe way home she, of course, ask-ed the usual question as to how he

liked the ser
"I don't him. I heard ten words of
it," he replied. "I was kept busy
counting how many I caught looking at
me, and whenever the choir sang I forgot to count. Why was it they stared at me so much? Is a stranger here a walking curiosity?"

"In a way, yes," answered Alice.
"They don't mean to be rude, but a new face at church is a curio. I'll wager that nine out of ten who were there this morning are at this moment discussing your looks and wondering who and what you are."

A realization of her cool indifference tinged his feelings that evening just at dusk, where he had been left alone be-side the freshly started parlor fire, and when the object of his thought hap-pened in he sat staring moodily at the flames. She drew a chair opposite and, seating herself, said pleasantly:

"Why so pensive, Mr. Nason? Has going to church made you feel repentant?

"I don't feel the need of repentance except in one way," he answered, "and that you would not be interested in. To be candid, Miss Page, I'm growing ashamed of the useless life I lead, and it's that I feel to repent of. A few things your brother said to me three months ago were the beginning, and a remark you made the day we first went sleighing has served to increase that feeling. Ever since I left college I have led an aimless life, bored to death by ennui and conscious that no one was made any happier by my existence. What Bert said to me and your remark have only served to make me realize it more fully."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Nason," she said pleasantly, "if any words of mine hurt you even a little. I have forgot-ten what they were and wish you would. The visit which Bert and you are making me is a most delightful break in the monotony of my life, and I shall be very glad to see you again."
And then, rising, she added, "If I hurt you, please say you forgive me, for I must go out and see to getting tea."

The last evening was passed much like the first, except that now the elusive Alice seemed to be transformed into a far more gracious hostess, and all her smiles and interest seemed to be lavished upon Frank instead of her brother. It was as if this occuit little lady had come to feel a new and sur-prising curiosity in all that concerned the life and amusements of her visitor. With true feminine skill, she plied him with all manner of questions and affected the deepest interest in all he had to say. What were his sisters' amuse ments? Did they entertain much, play tennis, golf or ride? Where did they

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usually go summers, and did he gener ally go with them? His own comings and goings and where he had been and what he saw there were also made a part of the grist he was encouraged to grind. She even professed a keen in terest in his yacht and listened pa tiently to a most elaborate description of that craft, although as a rowboat was the largest vessel she had ever set foot on it is likely she did not gain a very clear idea of the Gypsy.

"Your yacht has a very suggestive

name," she said. "It makes one think of green woods and campfires. I should dearly love to take a sail in her. I have read so much about yachts and yachting that the idea of sailing along the shores in one's own floating house, as it were, has a fascination for me.

This expression of taste was so much in line with Frank's, and the idea of having this charming girl for a yachting companion so tempting that his

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he responded, "than to have you for a guest on my boat, Miss Page. I think it could be managed if I could only coax my mother and sisters to go, and you and your brother would join We would visit the Maine coast resorts and have no end of a good time.

"It's a delightful outing you suggest," she answered, "and I thank you very much, but I wouldn't think of coming if your family had to be coaxed to go, and then it's not likely that Bert could find the time." "Oh, I didn't mean it that way," he

said, looking serious, "only mother and the girls are afraid of the water, that When conversation lagged Frank

begged that she would sing for him and suggested selections from Moody and Sankey, and despite her brother's and sankey, and despite her brother s sarcastic remark that it wasn't a re-vival meeting they were holding she not only played and sang all those time worn melodies, but a lot of others from older collections. When retiring time came Frank asked that she con clude with "Ben Bolt."

"I shall not need to recall that song to remind me of you," he said in a low voice as he spread it on the music rack in front of her, "but I shall always feel its mood when I think of "Does that mean that you will think

of me as sleeping 'in a corner obscure and alone' in some churchyard?" she

responded archly.

"By no means," he said, "enly I may perhaps have a little of the same mood at times that Ben Bolt had when he heard of the fate of his sweet Alice."

It was a pretty speech, and Frank imagined she threw a little more than usual pathos into the song after it, but then no doubt his imagination was biased by his feelings.

When they stood on the platform the next morning awaiting the train he said quietly:
"May I send you a few books and

some new songs when I get home, Miss Page? I want to show you how much I have enjoyed this visit."
"It is very nice of you to say so," she replied, "and I shall be glad to be

remembered and hope you will visit us again. When the train came in he rather

hurriedly offered his hand and with a "Permit me to thank you again" as he raised his hat turned away to gather up the satchels so as not to be witness to her leave taking from her brother

CHAPTER XIII. N summer Southport island, as yet untainted by the tide of outing travel, was a spot to inspire dreams, poetry and 9 canvases covered with ocean lore. Its many coves and inlets where the tides ebbed and flowed among the weed cov ered rocks, its bold cliffs, sea washed, and above which the white gulls and fishhawks circled; the deep thickets of spruce through which the ocean winds murmured and where great beds of ferns and clusters of red bunch berries grew were one and all left undisturbed

week in, week out.

At the Cape, where Uncle Terry,
Aunt Lissy and Telly lived their simple home life, and Bascom, the storekeeper and postmaster, talked unceas-ingly when he could find a listener, and Deacon Oaks wondered why "the grace o' God hadn't freed the land from stuns," no one ever came to dis-turb its quietude. Every morning Un-cle Terry, often accompanied by Telly in a calico dress and sunbonnet, rowed out to pull his lobster traps, and after dinner harnessed and drove to the head of the island to meet the mail boat; then at eventide, after lighting his pipe and the lighthouse lamp at about the same time, generally strolled over to Bascom's to have a chat, while Telly made a call on the "Widder Leach," a

misanthropic but plous protegee of hers, and Aunt Lissy read the paper. Once in about three weeks, according to weather, the monotony of the village was disturbed by the arrival of a small schooner owned jointly by Uncle Terry, Oaks and Bascom, and which piled be-tween the Cape and Boston. Once in two weeks services were held, as usual, in the little brown church, and as often the lighthouse tender called and left coal and oil for Uncle Terry. Begu-

larly on Thursday evenings the few plously inclined, led by Deacon Oaks gathered in the church to sing hymns they repeated fifty-two times each year listen to a prayer by Oaks that seldom varied in a single sentence, and heard Auntie Leach thank the Lord for his "many mercies," though what they were in her case it would be hard to tell, unless being permitted to live alone and work hard to live at all was The scattered islanders and a mercy. the handful whose dwellings comprised the Cape worked hard, lived frugally and were unconscious that all around was a rocky shore whose cliffs and inlets and beaches were so many poems of picturesque and charming scenery.

This was Southport in summer, but in winter, when the little harbor at the Cape was icebound, the winding road to the head of the island buried beneath drifts and the people often for weeks at a time absolutely cut off from communication with the rest of the world, it was a place cheerless in its desolation. Like so many wood-chucks then the residents kept within doors or only stirred out to cut wood, fodder the stock and shovel paths so that the children could go to school. The days were short and the evenings long, and to get together and spend hours in labored conversation the only pastime. It was one of those long evenings and when Aunt Lissy and Telly were at a neighbor's and Uncle Terry, left to himself, was reading every line, including the advertisements, in the last Journal, that the following met his eye:

his eye:

WANTED.—Information that will lead
to the discovery of an heir to the estate
of one Eric Peterson, a landowner and
shipbuilder of Stockholm, Sweden, whose
son, with his wife, child and crew, was
known to have been wrecked on the coast
of Mafine in March, 187—. Nothing has
ever been heard of said Peterson or his
wife, but the child may have been saved
any one having information that will lead
to the discovery of this child will be
amply rewarded by communicating with
NICHOLAS FRYE, Attorney at Law, —
Pemberton Square, Boston.

"Waal, I'll be everlastin'ly gol darn-

"Waal, I'll be everlastin'ly gol darned!" Uncle Terry exclaimed after he had read it for the third time, "If this ion't beat all natur I'm a goat."

It was fortunate he was alone, for it gave him time to think the matter over, and after half an hour of astonishment he decided to say nothing to his wife or Telly.

"I'll fist breathe easy an' sag up," he said to himself, "same as though I was crossin' thin ice, an' if nothin' comes on't nobody 'll be the worse for worryin'."

Then he cut the slip out and hid it in his black leather wallet, and then cut out the entire page and burned it.

"Wimmin are sich curis creeter they'd be sure to want to know what I'd cut out o' that page," he said to himself, "an' never rest till I told 'em."

When Aunt Lissy and Telly came home Uncle Terry was as composed as a rock and sat quietly puffing his pipe, with his feet on top of a chair and pointing toward the fire.

"Were you lonesome, father?" asked Telly, who usually led conversation in the Terry home. "We stopped at Bas-com's, and you know he never stops talking.

(To Be Continued.)

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