

The Growing Maskinonge.

his long, thin front locks stood straight up in the wind like the scalp feathers of an Indian.

"Sneak!" yelled Du Ponté. In a flash the conspirators were out of the crowd which surrounded the fish. Over the side hill they scampered, Harry in pursuit, swinging the flashing sabre in the air. Down through the Hollow they sped, and in their flight, as did the ghost spirits of the bay, they mysteriously disappeared into the mazes of the dark cottages, amidst the white birch grove in "Spirit Lane."

