

# The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

Episode Twelve.  
Her Highness Intervenes.

TOWARD noon the wind changed, and about one o'clock it began to snow.

Eve, exhausted, lay on the sofa in her bedroom. Her stepfather lay on a table in the dance hall below, covered by a sheet from his own bed. And beside him sat Trooper Stormont, waiting.

It was snowing heavily when Mr. Lyken, the little undertaker from Ghost Lake, arrived with several assistants, a casket, and what he called "jewel trimmings."

Long ago Mike Clinch had selected his own mortuary site and had driven a section of iron pipe into the ground on a ferny knoll overlooking Star Pond. In explanation he grimly remarked to Eve that after death he preferred to be planted where he could see that old Harrod's ghost didn't trespass.

Here two of Mr. Lyken's able assistants dug a grave while the digging was still going, and Mike Clinch was to be underground that season there might be need of haste—no weather prophet ever having successfully forecast Adirondack weather.

Eve, exhausted by shock and a sleepless night, was spared the more harrowing details of the coroner's visit and the subsequent jaunty activities of Mr. Lyken and his efficient assistants.

She had managed to dress herself

in a black wool gown, intending to watch by Mike, but Stormont's blunt authority prevailed and she lay down for an hour's rest.

The hour lengthened into many hours; the girl slept heavily on her sofa under blankets laid over her by Stormont.

All that dark, snowy day she slept, mercifully unconscious of the proceedings below.

In her own mysterious way the news penetrated the wilderness; and out of the desolation of forest and swamp and mountain drifted there a few shy, half wild young girls, a dozen silent, lank men, two or three of Clinch's own people, who stood silently about in the falling snow, and lent a hand whenever requested.

One long-shanked youth cut hemlock to line the grave; others erected a little fence of silver birch around it, making of the inclosure a "plot."

A quaint old woman aided Mr. Lyken at intervals; a pretty, sulky-eyed girl with her slovenly, red-headed sister cooked for anybody who desired.

When Mike was ready to hold the inevitable reception everybody fled into the dance hall. Mr. Lyken was master of ceremonies; Trooper Stormont stood very tall and straight by the head of the casket.

Clinch wore a vague indefinable smile and his best clothes—that same smile which had so troubled Jose Quintana.

Light was fading fast in the room when the last visitor took silent leave of Clinch and rejoined the groups in the kitchen, where were the funeral baked meats.

Eve still slept. Descending again from his reconnaissance, Trooper Stormont encountered Trooper Lannis below.

"Has anybody picked up Quintana's tracks?" inquired the former.

"Not so far. An inspector and two state game protectors are out beyond Owl Marsh. The troopers from Five Lakes are on the job, and we have enforcement men along Drowned Valley from The Scaur to Harrod Place."

"Does Darrah know?"

"Yes. He's in there with Mike. He brought a lot of flowers from Harrod Place."

The two troopers went into the dance hall where Darrah was arranging the flowers from his green-house.

Stormont said quietly: "All right, Jim, but Eve must not know that they came from Harrod's."

Darrah nodded: "How is she, Jack?"

"All in."

"Do you know the story?"

"Yes. Mike went into Drowned Valley early last evening after Quintana. He didn't come back. Before dawn this morning Eve located Quintana, set a bear-trap for him, and caught him with the goods."

"What goods?" demanded Darrah sharply.

"Well, she got his pack and found Mike's watch and jewelry in it."

"What jewelry?"

"The jewels Quintana was after. But that was after she'd arrived at the dump, here, leaving Quintana to get free of the trap and beat it."

"That's how I met her—half crazed, going to find Quintana again. We'd found Mike in Drowned Valley and were bringing him out when I ran into Eve. She brought her back here and called Ghost Lake. They haven't picked up Quintana's tracks so far."

After a silence: "Too bad this snow came so late," remarked Trooper Lannis. But we ought to get Quintana anyway."

Darrah went over and looked silently at Mike Clinch.

"I like you," he said under his breath. "It wasn't your fault. And it wasn't mine, Mike. . . I'll try to square things. Don't worry."

He came back slowly to where Stormont was standing near the door:

"Jack," he said, "you can't marry Eve on a trooper's pay. Why not quit and take over the Harrod estate? . . . You and I can go into business together later if you like."

After a pause: "That's rather wonderful of you, Jim," said Stormont, "but you don't know what sort of businessman I'd make."

"I know what sort of officer you made. . . I'm taking no chance. And I'll make my peace with Eve—or somebody will do it for me. It is settled then."

"Thanks," said Trooper Stormont, nodding. They clasped hands. Then Stormont went about and lighted the candles in the room. Clinch's face, again revealed, was still faintly smiling at something or other. The dead have much to be amused at.

As Darrah was about to go Stormont said: "We're burying Clinch at eleven tomorrow morning. The Ghost Lake Pilot officiates."

"I'll come if it won't upset Eve," said Darrah.

"She won't notice anybody, I fancy," remarked Stormont.

He stood by the veranda and watched Darrah take the Long Trail through the snow. Finally the glimmer of his swinging lantern was lost in the woods, and Stormont mounted the stairs once more, stood silently by Eve's open door, realized she was still heavily asleep, and seated himself on a chair outside her door to watch and wait.

All night long it snowed hard over the Star Pond country, and the dead gray light of morning revealed a blinding storm pelting a white robed woman.

Toward ten o'clock, Stormont, on guard, noticed that Eve was growing restless.

Downstairs the flotsam of the forest had gathered again; Mr. Lyken was there in black gloves, the Rev. Laomi Smatter had arrived in a sleigh from Ghost Lake. Both were breakfasting heavily.

The pretty, sulky-faced girl fetched a tray and placed Eve's breakfast on it, and Trooper Stormont carried

it to her room.

She was awake when he entered. He set the tray on the table. She put both arms around his neck.

"Jack," she murmured, her eyes tremulous with tears.

"Everything has been done," he said. "Will you be ready by eleven? I'll come for you."

She clung to him in silence for a while.

At eleven he knocked on her door. She opened it. She wore her black wool gown and a black fur turban. Some of her pallor remained—traces of tears and bluish smears under both eyes. But her voice was steady.

"Could I see Dad a moment alone?"

She took his arm; they descended the stairs. There seemed to be many people about, but she did not lift her eyes until her lover led her into the dance hall where Clinch lay smiling his mysterious smile.

Then Stormont left her alone there and closed the door.

A terrible snow-storm they buried Mike Clinch on the spot he had selected, in order that he might keep a watchful eye upon the trespassing ghost of old man Harrod.

It blew and stormed and stormed, and the thin, nasal voice of "Rev. Smatter" was utterly lost in the wind. The slanting lanes of snow drove down on the casket, building a white mound over the flowers, blotting the hemlock boughs from sight.

There was no time to be lost now, the ground was freezing under a veering and bitter wind out of the west. Mr. Lyken's talented assistants had some difficulty in shaping the mound which snow began to make into a white and flawless monument.

The last slap of the spade rang with a metallic jar across the lake, where snow already blotted the new forming film of ice; the human denizens of the wilderness filtered back into it one by one; "Rev. Smatter" got into his sleigh, plainly concerned about the road; Mr. Lyken betrayed uneasiness at the haste in loading his wagon with his talented assistants and starting for Ghost Lake.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

LARGE-FIGURED PRINTS.

Brilliantly-colored prints in silk and cotton are to be very popular this winter and spring. They were used extensively at Deauville last summer and are a pleasant contrast from staid, one-toned goods.

SEPARATE SKIRTS.

Many attractive separate skirts are shown in large checks and plaids in heavy, blanket materials. Brown and tan or grey is the most popular color combination.

FOR SERGES OR TWILLS.

The black corded variety, is applied on the new serge dresses like braid. Brown and tan or grey is the most popular color combination.

FOR THEATRE OR OPERA.

Material capes lined with gorgeous silks and satins and trimmed with moiré fur are quite as popular for evening wear as the more conventional velvet wraps.

Radio Radiations

STEEL CAR NO BAR TO RADIO.

The steel of the club car on a Pennsylvania railroad train caused no interference when a radio receiving set was installed. With a small loop aerial the receiver picked up concerts from distant cities while the train was speeding from New York to Chicago.

Automobile clubs in the future will become centers of advice to traveling motorists.

They are such aids now, but the future will see them sending out advice as to roads and directions while motorists are speeding along the highways. It will be done by radio.

Some time ago there came a suggestion from an automobile inventor concerning this form of help. He had designed an instrument for the automobile by which the driver could keep on the right track to whatever town he wanted to reach by means of a method of radio signaling. Wires strung along the roads would carry the message which could be caught by the instrument on the dashboard while the car traveled ahead.

This is only a crude beginning to what automobile manufacturers are eventually expect to install in their cars. A radio receiving and telephone trans-

mitting set, compactly set on the right side below the dash, could be made to carry on conversation with the nearest automobile club. From the auto club, in this way, the driver could learn the way to his destination or he could get aid in event of a breakdown.

In such cases the radio will be supreme. The telephone cannot reach into the out-of-the-way places from which a person can flag his call for help by wireless.

Elaborate Set on Jap Ship.

Narrow furred ribbon, usually of the red or the Japanese navy, when the Kamoi left New York for her maiden voyage to Japan she was equipped with three different kinds of transmission equipment and four kinds of receiving apparatus.

The features of her equipment is her radio telephone exchange, the first of its kind in the world. By means of this exchange system the radio operator may transfer the control of the receiving and transmission instruments to any one of several stations on the ship. The stations are located in the commander's room, his office, the senior officer's wardrobe, the bridge and other important points.

The exchange board, under control of the wireless operator, is little different from the regular line telephone switchboard. A red light shows the receiver has been taken from the telephone hook. The operator throws a switch and the officer is connected to the radio instrument.

## OYSTER SOUP

BY BERTHA E. SHAPELIGH.

1 quart or 4 dozen oysters  
1 slice onion  
1 sprig parsley  
1/2 cup celery  
1/2 cup flour

1 teaspoon salt  
3 tablespoons lard or butter  
1/2 teaspoon pepper  
Few gratings of nutmegs  
2 cups rich milk or cream

PICK over, to free from shell, the oysters, and then chop them finely. Add one cup of cold water and cook twenty minutes, having kettle closely covered. Strain through a fine strainer and cook with the onion, celery, parsley and flour which have cooked in the lard until slightly brown. When thickened add salt, pepper, nutmeg and cream. Bring to boiling point. Season more to taste and serve.

tana, set a bear-trap for him, and caught him with the goods."

"What goods?" demanded Darrah sharply.

"Well, she got his pack and found Mike's watch and jewelry in it."

"What jewelry?"

"The jewels Quintana was after. But that was after she'd arrived at the dump, here, leaving Quintana to get free of the trap and beat it."

"That's how I met her—half crazed, going to find Quintana again. We'd found Mike in Drowned Valley and were bringing him out when I ran into Eve. She brought her back here and called Ghost Lake. They haven't picked up Quintana's tracks so far."

After a silence: "Too bad this snow came so late," remarked Trooper Lannis. But we ought to get Quintana anyway."

Darrah went over and looked silently at Mike Clinch.

"I like you," he said under his breath. "It wasn't your fault. And it wasn't mine, Mike. . . I'll try to square things. Don't worry."

He came back slowly to where Stormont was standing near the door:

"Jack," he said, "you can't marry Eve on a trooper's pay. Why not quit and take over the Harrod estate? . . . You and I can go into business together later if you like."

After a pause: "That's rather wonderful of you, Jim," said Stormont, "but you don't know what sort of businessman I'd make."

"I know what sort of officer you made. . . I'm taking no chance. And I'll make my peace with Eve—or somebody will do it for me. It is settled then."

"Thanks," said Trooper Stormont, nodding. They clasped hands. Then Stormont went about and lighted the candles in the room. Clinch's face, again revealed, was still faintly smiling at something or other. The dead have much to be amused at.

As Darrah was about to go Stormont said: "We're burying Clinch at eleven tomorrow morning. The Ghost Lake Pilot officiates."

"I'll come if it won't upset Eve," said Darrah.

"She won't notice anybody, I fancy," remarked Stormont.

He stood by the veranda and watched Darrah take the Long Trail through the snow. Finally the glimmer of his swinging lantern was lost in the woods, and Stormont mounted the stairs once more, stood silently by Eve's open door, realized she was still heavily asleep, and seated himself on a chair outside her door to watch and wait.

All night long it snowed hard over the Star Pond country, and the dead gray light of morning revealed a blinding storm pelting a white robed woman.

Toward ten o'clock, Stormont, on guard, noticed that Eve was growing restless.

Downstairs the flotsam of the forest had gathered again; Mr. Lyken was there in black gloves, the Rev. Laomi Smatter had arrived in a sleigh from Ghost Lake. Both were breakfasting heavily.

The pretty, sulky-faced girl fetched a tray and placed Eve's breakfast on it, and Trooper Stormont carried

it to her room.

She was awake when he entered. He set the tray on the table. She put both arms around his neck.

"Jack," she murmured, her eyes tremulous with tears.

"Everything has been done," he said. "Will you be ready by eleven? I'll come for you."

She clung to him in silence for a while.

At eleven he knocked on her door. She opened it. She wore her black wool gown and a black fur turban. Some of her pallor remained—traces of tears and bluish smears under both eyes. But her voice was steady.

"Could I see Dad a moment alone?"

She took his arm; they descended the stairs. There seemed to be many people about, but she did not lift her eyes until her lover led her into the dance hall where Clinch lay smiling his mysterious smile.

Then Stormont left her alone there and closed the door.

A terrible snow-storm they buried Mike Clinch on the spot he had selected, in order that he might keep a watchful eye upon the trespassing ghost of old man Harrod.

It blew and stormed and stormed, and the thin, nasal voice of "Rev. Smatter" was utterly lost in the wind. The slanting lanes of snow drove down on the casket, building a white mound over the flowers, blotting the hemlock boughs from sight.

There was no time to be lost now, the ground was freezing under a veering and bitter wind out of the west. Mr. Lyken's talented assistants had some difficulty in shaping the mound which snow began to make into a white and flawless monument.

The last slap of the spade rang with a metallic jar across the lake, where snow already blotted the new forming film of ice; the human denizens of the wilderness filtered back into it one by one; "Rev. Smatter" got into his sleigh, plainly concerned about the road; Mr. Lyken betrayed uneasiness at the haste in loading his wagon with his talented assistants and starting for Ghost Lake.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

LARGE-FIGURED PRINTS.

Brilliantly-colored prints in silk and cotton are to be very popular this winter and spring. They were used extensively at Deauville last summer and are a pleasant contrast from staid, one-toned goods.

SEPARATE SKIRTS.

Many attractive separate skirts are shown in large checks and plaids in heavy, blanket materials. Brown and tan or grey is the most popular color combination.

FOR SERGES OR TWILLS.

The black corded variety, is applied on the new serge dresses like braid. Brown and tan or grey is the most popular color combination.

FOR THEATRE OR OPERA.

Material capes lined with gorgeous silks and satins and trimmed with moiré fur are quite as popular for evening wear as the more conventional velvet wraps.

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

The young Fox, who was Farmer Brown's boy, had a new interest in life. He spent most of his time watching the two geese which Farmer Brown's boy had brought home. For several days they were kept in the henyard. All day long the young Fox would watch them and dream dreams of catching one of them. How he did wish that Farmer Brown's boy would let those geese out!

At last he did. It happened one afternoon. Farmer Brown's boy opened the henyard gate, and out came all the hens for exercise. Finally the two geese came out. The young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could keep watch of the geese, and the young Fox hid in his house as he had done so many times before when the hens were out. He no longer was interested in the hens. All his interest was in those two geese, and not once did he take his eyes from them. Farmer Brown's boy sat down where he could