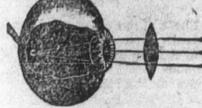


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**Impudence
 VERSUS
 Heroism.**

By JANE LEWIS.....

Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

Bakersville was like any other hamlet. It had a store, a postoffice, a blacksmith's shop and a ruined old sawmill. It had a river and a dam, and there were fish in the river. The latter fact was told to Bessie Foster, niece of Uncle Joe and Aunt Mary Warner, who had come from the city for a vacation and who was looking about for a new diversion.

The girl was rigged out with a pole, hook, line and bait, and Uncle Joe went with her to point out the spot where he once had a bite from something almost as big as a whale, and for half an hour she was so intent on her surroundings. Then a cough from a human throat startled her, and she looked up to see a young man fishing in the same waters and not over twenty feet away.

At first glance she saw that he was a stranger to the hamlet. As she looked up he raised his cap and bowed. How long he had been there she could not determine, but his action in sneaking up in the first place and in making the bow in the second irritated her. She at once gave a vicious jerk to her line, intending to quit the spot at once, but she was naturally defiant and changed her mind in an instant. She would not be driven away. She had simply stared at him in a haughty manner when he had lifted his cap, and should he attempt to push matters further he would get a rebuff to freeze his blood.

For the next quarter of an hour the two fished in silence. Now and then the young man reeled in his line and made a new cast and hummed or whistled to show that he had not been snubbed. Now and then the girl gave her head a toss just to prove that she thought herself alone. During this interval the suckers in the river had remained quiet or had business elsewhere. All of a sudden, however, one of them found the girl's hook and gulped it down. There was a mighty tug from the captive and a scream from the girl. It was the first time the sucker had ever been hooked and the first time the girl had ever hooked a fish. The young man saw the situation and came running up to call out:

"You've got him! You've got him! Don't handle him that way or you'll lose him. Play him! Play him!"

Miss Bessie Foster was excited, but she didn't lose her presence of mind. She realized what the situation called for, and she gave the young man one awful look and then threw her fish pole into the water and turned and walked away. In that one awful look she noticed that he was rather good looking and had certain hall marks of a gentleman, but despite that she continued to toss her head, and her cheeks kept getting redder and redder as she left him behind.

"For the land's sake, what has happened to you?" exclaimed Aunt Mary as the girl entered the house on a half run and plumped down into the rocking chair.

"I—I've found an impudent man," was the reply.

"Found a what? I've lived in Bakersville ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper, and I've never run across an impudent man yet. How was he impudent?"

"He looked at me. He raised his cap and bowed. He sang and whistled. When I had hooked a fish, he came and wanted to boss things. And, oh, aunty, it was such a lovely fish and such a big one, and he was so willing to be caught!"

When Aunt Mary had extracted all the information possible, she went to the kitchen door and blew the horn for dinner, though it was half an hour ahead of time. Uncle Joe came up from the lot in which he was working, and in answer to the surprised look on his face Bessie told her story over again. When she had finished, Aunt Mary drew herself up and added:

"And now, Joseph Warner, you will eat your dinner and then start out and find that impudent young man and give him a piece of your mind. He has got to be talked to good and hard, and if you are not the man to do it I am."

An hour later Uncle Joe went down to the postoffice to make inquiries concerning the strange and cheeky young man. All he could find out was that the newcomer was stopping at White's, at the other end of the hamlet, and was thought to be a college student on his vacation. The old mill was next visited, and there it was found that Bessie's pole and line had been recovered and left in a conspicuous position. Uncle Joe carried them home and told his story, and Aunt Mary threw up her arms and exclaimed:

"Did any one in all this world ever see such a case of impudence! Joseph, if you were a man you'd go up to White's and take that young man by

the ear and make him beg Bessie's pardon. She can't go fishing again as long as he is hanging around here."

"But I will!" declared the girl as she flared up and stuck her chin in the air. "I'll show him, whoever he is, that he can't scare me off. I'll be right there tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and if he dares speak to me again I'll—I'll—well, after I have given him a look he won't dare to, that's all."

And Miss Bessie Foster was there at the hour named. She saw nothing of the impudent young man, but a board had been placed across two logs to make a seat for her, and she instantly suspected that it was his work. She refused to sit down. For ten minutes, or while she was getting real mad, she wouldn't go within fifteen feet of the seat. Then the stranger suddenly made his appearance from behind the old mill, and to show him what she thought of him she laid down her pole and picked up the board and pushed it into the water. To her chagrin the young man didn't seem to be aware of her presence. He was catching all the fish, and she wasn't getting a nibble. He made a great fuss every time he caught one, and presently the girl found herself wishing that he would tumble in. He could have told her that her line was in only two feet of water and that a crab had eaten off her bait as soon as the hook touched the bottom, but he had nothing to say. He even grinned because he had nothing to say.

Half an hour had passed away when Miss Bessie changed her position. It did not seem to be a secure one, but in her defiance and chagrin she was willing to take chances. She rebuffed and cast in her hook, and within a minute something seized it. She repressed a cry and was taking firmer grip on her pole when the planks under her feet gave way, and she went into the pond with a shriek and a splash. She rose to the surface, gurgling and gasping, to find the impudent young man beside her and saying in her ear:

"I expected it. Don't struggle and you'll be all right. We have got to go over the dam, but I can swim ashore below with you."

The girl ought to have given him "one of her looks," but she did not take advantage of the occasion. The water was very cold and the fall over the dam ten feet. She gasped with fright and clutched the young man, and then night seemed to have come. She had fainted away. When she opened her eyes again she was in bed at Aunt Mary's and the doctor was saying:

"She will do nicely now. I happened to be driving by the old mill and saw it all. That young fellow managed like a hero. There was no boat, and I could render no assistance, and two or three times I thought they were gone."

"Aunty," asked the girl after the doctor had gone, "did I fall into the mill pond?"

"Yes, dear."

"And go over the dam?"

"Yes."

"And how—how was I saved?"

"Why, that impudent young fellow had the impudence to jump in after you and bring you ashore. If things are to go on this way, I don't know where they will stop. I'll bet he'll have the nerve to call here and ask after you."

Aunt Mary was right. That evening the young man did call and make inquiries and leave his card, and twenty-four hours later he was again ushered into the parlor, to find the rescued maiden able to be about. Aunt Mary heard a great deal of talking and some laughing, and at the end of half an hour, when the caller withdrew, she was ready with the remark:

"Well, I s'pose it's some more of his impudence?"

"I—I think I must have been mistaken all the time, aunty," replied the girl, with a blush.

"What? Wasn't it impudence?"

"N-o-o. I guess he knew more about fishing than I did."

Aunt Mary looked at her for a long minute and then sagely shook her head and turned away with the observation:

"I don't know about that, young lady. I should say it was right the other way. You may not have caught a whale, but that ain't saying you haven't caught something else."

There may be good fishing in the Bakersville mill pond again this year, but there will be no further impudence on the one hand nor indignation on the other. Affairs have progressed too far and too agreeably for that. In the language of Aunt Mary:

"A girl comes a-visiting—she goes out to fish—she meets an impudent fellow—she falls into the pond—he saves her life—they—"

"They what?" asked Uncle Joe.

"None o' your business! You go out and see if that pie in the oven has burned all to a cinder while I've been thinking of things."

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Read these strong letters from grateful women who have been cured:

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 Fannie D. Fox, Bradford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (Second Letter.)
 "I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine."
 "Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician, and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation."
 "I soon after read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking five bottles as directed, the tumor is entirely gone. I have again been examined by the physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more; and I am entirely well. I shall never be without a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the house."
 Fannie D. Fox, Bradford, Pa.

Another Case of Tumor Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
 "About three years ago I had intense pain in my stomach, with cramps and raging headaches. The doctor prescribed for me, but finding that I did not get any better he examined me and, to my surprise, declared I had a tumor."
 "I felt sure that it meant my death warrant, and was very disheartened. I spent hundred of dollars in doctoring, but the tumor kept growing, till the doctor said that nothing but an operation would save me. Fortunately I corresponded with my aunt in the New England States, who advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before submitting to an operation, and I at once started taking a regular treatment, finding to my great relief that my general health began to improve, and after three months I noticed that the tumor had reduced in size. I kept on taking the Compound, and in ten months it had entirely disappeared without an operation, and using no medicine but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and words fail to express how grateful I am for the good it has done me."
 Miss Luella Adams, Colonnade Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

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