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**The Kidnaper**

By MILDRED WHITE

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Peggy came down the terraced steps from her sister's bungalow and looked wistfully up and down the street. Here were the trees all crimson and gold, her long summer visit coming to a close, and this glorious afternoon free, with no amusement in store.

Peggy's wide eyes seeming not to find that for which they sought, she wandered aimlessly up the broad road. Near its top stood a great house behind a stone garden wall. Peggy had always admired this wall, the trees dropped over it so protectingly, and there were glimpses of flower-bordered paths within.

Today, on the walk before the house, stood a baby carriage, and smiling enchantingly from beneath the carriage hood was a dimpling love of a baby.

"You darling!" Peggy responded to the smile, while the baby put forth a chubby hand with an evident invitation for its clasping.

"You friendly little thing!" Peggy exclaimed.

"Goo—" answered the baby. No attendant was in sight; probably the child's mother had left it while she stopped at the great house. Peggy decided to visit with the baby until her return.

Gratefully the little one put forth efforts to entertain. The girl's laugh rang out at its droll tricks—hide and seek with the tiny skirt of its dress, peek-a-boos between chubby fingers. But no mother was forthcoming.

Lonely to leave the adorable little thing, Peggy made a trip of investigation up the flower-bordered path.

The baby's lusty cry at her desertion caused her to go farther and ring the front-door bell. To all appearances, upon this glorious October day the great house was vacated.

"Some careless nurse girl," Peggy indignantly reflected, "had forsaken the baby for her own pleasure. She must already have been gone some time. No wonder the tiny one had so gleefully welcomed her presence."

Peggy returned, to find baby's smile of greeting banishing the tears. She decided to push the carriage slowly down the stone walk until the one in charge should appear. But no one came.

Baby, indeed, seemed the only object of life in all the silent surroundings. Peggy continued to push the carriage. "Just as well to give the neglectful one a scare," she considered. And as she went on, new vistas of fall scenery invited.

She had never looked before from the hill to the valley. Baby cooed delightfully, while Peggy's thoughts went wool-gathering.

"This was the first day of her long stay in which the nice man had not passed her sister's home."

In her own thoughts—and strange to say, he was often in her thoughts—Peggy referred to him as the "nice man."

There was something so wholesomely frank in the good-natured face, even in the man's swinging carriage. Peggy wondered dully how it was that they had not become better acquainted. Her sister introduced them one day, in passing.

"Oh, that is Tom Price," she carelessly remarked.

If the married sister had guessed at the wild commotion the chance encounter with this same Tom Price had raised in Peggy's usually adamant heart, she might have been more explicit in her description.

In some inexplicable way, in the many places where Peggy had happened to be during the past changing year, this "nice man" had bobbed up, until recognition between the two became an astonishing fact. Peggy fancied him eager for a meeting; yet, after her sister's introduction, Tom Price passed on his contented way—with but a dally, distant bow. And now she must go home!

"Goo—" reminded the baby.

Peggy glanced about in surprise; she had gone farther than she knew. Then suddenly, apparently "out of the nowhere into the here," a man's figure loomed up before her.

"How'do do?" said Tom Price.

Peggy stared, then she laughed.

"I might have known that it would be you," she said. "This is about the only corner where we had not met."

The nice man's grin expressed satisfaction.

"Couldn't be too often to suit me," he remarked pleasantly. "Where did you get the baby?"

"Oh!" she murmured; "I did not realize it, but I guess—I've kidnaped him."

"Severe penalty for that," said Tom Price, and his eyes twinkled.

"It is really serious," Peggy protested. "I have been most thoughtless. Perhaps some distracted mother is now wringing her hands over his absence. He was so captivating, you see, I just kept pushing him on from before the big stone house, where I found him."

"The house is at the top of the hill I must get him back directly."

Breathlessly she swung the carriage about. The nice man took hold of the handle.

"Let me help you," he suggested; "if the police are on your trail, I may be able to help you out. I'm pretty well known around here."

Silently Peggy accepted his aid. The baby laughing into their faces, they made their way back down the road.

"Let me see," said the man matter-of-factly, "the first time I saw you was on your college campus."

"Yes," nodded the girl.

"And the second, crossing a busy city street?"

Peggy agreed.

"Then there was a time when you came glowing through the door of the railroad train—"

"Glowing?" smiled Peggy.

"You looked that way to me," said the nice man; "like a vivid flower in a dreary place."

"Thank you," answered Peggy primly.

"And this," the man went on, "is the only time I have seen you away from your sister's veranda, when you were not accompanied by the same fellow. Your fiancé, I suppose?" The question was extremely casual.

"My young brother," Peggy replied.

Tom Price took his big hands from the carriage handle and stood still before her. "Your brother!" he lamented; "and all this time I've been trying to keep from falling in love with another fellow's girl."

"You have no right to speak to me like that—" Peggy began severely, but immediately her anxiety was transferred to the nearness of a surrounding stone wall.

"This is the place," she whispered, "where I—took the baby. I've been away quite some time. Would you mind walking with me as far as the front door? If his mother should happen to be angry—"

"Just you leave it all to me," Tom magnanimously suggested.

As there was still no response to their summons at the great house door, perplexed and feeling rather guilty, Peggy followed her protector's advice and waited with him upon the veranda.

Her eyes softened as the nice man rocked the baby in his arms.

"He is not a bit afraid of you," she murmured.

Then Tom Price laughed. "Why should he be?" he said. "He is my sister's kid. She left him in my care for a couple of hours this afternoon. I'd just gone to hunt up his nurse when you came and stole him."

"And you didn't tell me," Peggy accused. "You kept walking along and never told me."

The nice man reflected baby's smile. "I had to find out about that other fellow, you see," he said.

**SEE EXTINCTION OF COYOTE**

Stock Raisers Confident That Their Skulking Enemy Will Soon Be Entirely Wiped Out.

According to stock raisers and farmers, especially in Kansas, the coyote seems to be fast becoming extinct. The fencing up of big pasture districts where practically every acre is stocked with cattle has robbed the coyote of his once free and open range.

Because of his depredations on young and helpless domestic stock a bounty has in many places been set upon his head and he has long been a fugitive, hunted and killed by every farmer and stock raiser. The greater part of these bounties are collected in the spring months before the mother wolf has left her den with her family. So persistently has the warfare of extermination been carried on that the coyotes which rear their families in safety must be cunning indeed.

The coyote has long borne a reputation for cowardice, to say nothing of other unworthy qualities, but in the opinion of some this is unfair to the beast. His warfare on sheep long ago led to the institution of coyote drives, especially in the far Northwest. Hundreds of men turn out and manage the thing pretty much as is done in the case of a rabbit drive, when great numbers of jackrabbits are driven into a sort of corral, where they are killed.

On one occasion many men and boys in southern Idaho worked all day driving in the coyotes and when they, the men and boys, had all converged at the corral they found just one coyote in it, and he got away!

**To Control Jute Trade.**

It is understood that the English government is to keep control of the flax trade during the next season, and that it purposes to give greater facilities for the export of yarns and cloth, as well as to deal liberally with requests for permits, etc., for the home market.

Meantime the surprisingly heavy increase in the price of raw materials has made all quotations nominal. There being only one seller in Russia now, the government has had to pay what may be called an exorbitant rate for the fiber.

Changes are also rapidly developing in jute-goods trading arrangements. The granting of grading permits and export licenses has been put on a different footing. More encouragement will be accorded to the shipment of yarns until it is found that this is interfering with the weaving of cloth for home outlets.

**White Whale in the Yukon.**

Deputy Marshal J. C. Wood of Fairbanks, Alaska, is authority for the story that a white whale has made its appearance in the Yukon river opposite the mouth of the Tanana river. He noticed the mammal on his recent trip up from Ruby. The deputy says that preparations are now being made for the capture of the whale as soon as the river freezes up a little more. The whale was headed for some place on the Upper Yukon, but the ice rim prevented it getting any farther than Tanana. It frequently comes up to blow and has been seen by a number of residents of the lower river town. —Alaska Citizen, Fairbanks.

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