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The Wrong House By Enid M. MacDougall

HE TRAIN slipped away from the little weather-beaten station, leaving . Miss Mavis Greenlees, the only passenger to alight, standing on the platform gazing wistfully after it. She sighed and turned away as the last car disappeared around the bend—evidently her brother had not come for her. Tucking a stray strand of dark, curly hair up ing a stray strand of dark, curly hair up under her jaunty little red corduroy hat, she began to pace the platform impatiently. Carvel, like many other little Western towns starting up along the railroad, consisted of the Post Office, two stores, a blacksmith shop and livery barn combined and a house or two. It was situated bined, and a house or two. It was situated in a low lying, swampy part of the country, and as far as the eye could reach one could see nothing but stark upstanding dried spruce trees, which gave the place an extremely lonesome look. Mavis shivered —"What a dismal place," she murmured, pausing for a moment at the end of the platform and eyed it dubiously. "And this is what Jim calls the beautiful little city of Carvel." She shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "My! what an eye for beauty that brother of mine has."

A lanky, red-headed man emerged from the livery stable, glanced toward the station, then hurried over, a bit of paper fluttering between his fingers. Mavis watched him curiously.
"Miss Greenlees?" he queried.

"Yes," she answered briefly.

"Doc left this note for yere." He-handed her the bit of paper. "The horse will be ready anytime," he added as he turned away.

"The Mavis glanced up quickly. "The horse!" she exclaimed, but the man was gone. Seating herself on her trunk, she read her brother's hasty scrawl, a little

frown puckering her forehead.
"Dear Sis," it ran, "awfully sorry I can't meet you, but was called away at the last minute. the last minute. I'm leaving a horse at Martin's. You are used to riding and can ride out. It is only five miles. Take first trail to right five miles out—you can't miss it. Yours in a hurry,

"P.S.—I expect to be there when you arrive; if not, make yourself at home."

"Me used to riding," she exclaimed in dismay, staring at the note in her hand. "Why, it is six years since I've been on a horse." She threw back her head and laughed suddenly. "Well," she said, whimsically, rising from her trunk, "It is a good thing I intended riding this summer. I can start right away." summer, I can start right away.

An hour later she left Miss Martin's house, clad in her trim corduroy riding suit which she had taken from her trunk. The livery man led out a pretty little black pony. Mavis eyed it and wondered nervously if it were as tame as it looked. Climbing on, hastily, she started out on the main road, the way the man had directed her. The pony moved along sedately, as though it knew it had a stranger on its back. They soon left the long, rough corduroyed swamp road and climbed a hill. Mavis pulled the horse up short and gazed ahead. She could see the long ribbon-like trail winding around smooth green hills, dotted here and there with jackpine. Far down on the flat a lake twinkled among the trees. She drew a deep breath. "Now this is something like the thing," she mused as the horse jogged on. "No worder Jim is in love with this country." It was an exceedingly warm day and she was not accustomed to riding, so she soon commenced to tire and to look anxiously for the first trail to the right. Suddenly the pony, which to the right. Suddenly the pony, which had been jogging lazily along with its head down, quickened his pace, pricked up his ears and eagerly started to turn from the road. Mavis pulled him up quickly. "Surely this is not the first trail to the right," she said aloud. "It looks more like a cow path to me." Swinging him around to the road again she hit him sharply with her whip. He swinging him around to the road again she hit him sharply with her whip. He planted his feet firmly and refused to budge. She hit him again. "Move on," she commanded, but he stafted to back up and circle around. "Oh, well!" she gave in good naturedly at last. "I guess you know the way better than I do. This must be a short cut." The pony started up the path at a gallon. pony started up the path at a gallop. Mavis glanced about her with interest. "What a lonesome spot," she thought. A coyote trotted out of the bush, eyed her curiously, then slunk on and disappeared behind a knoll. Turning a

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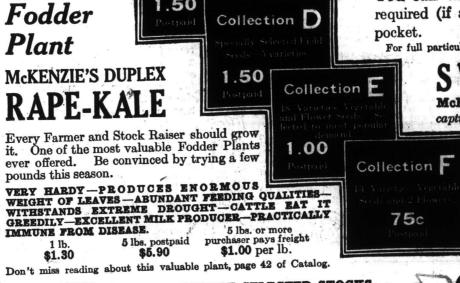
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