THE WEEKLY ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1916.

that of him she awaited. He was pass-

ing toward the gate without seeing her,

when she arrested him with a fateful

Mr. Robert Williams swung about

ther happened to find it he'd break it

"What for?" asked the startled Rob-

"Because I'm sure he knows it's

"Ob. Bob." she moaned, "I was wait-

ig here to tell you. I was so afraid

you'd try to come in"-"Try!" exclaimed the unfortunat

oung man, quite dumfounded. "Try

"Yes, before I warned you. I've been

waiting bere to tell you, Bob, you

mustn't come near the house. If i

vere you I'd stay away from even this

ighborhood-far away! / For awhile

don't think it would be actually safe

wailed. "First be bought that borri-ble concerting that made pape so furi-

"But Penrod didn't tell that I"-

"Ob. wait!" she cried lamentably

Listen! He didn't tell at lunch, but

most-well, I've seen pale people be-fore, but nothing like Penrod. Nobody

could imagine it-not unless they'd seen him. And he looked so strange

pple would have-well, and he kept

etting worse, and then he said ha'd

and a dollar. He said he'd spent it for

the concertina, and watermelon, and chocolate creams, and heorice sticks.

and lemon drops, and peanuts, and

jaw breakers, and sardines, and rasp-berry lemonade, and pickles, and pop-corn, and ice cream, and cider, and

ausage-there was a sausage in his.

wined-and cinnamon drops, and waf-

les, and he ate four or five lobster cro-

'who'. He said something horri-

got home about dinner time in the

"Margaret, will you please

astily. "Why. Margaret!"

By BOOTH TARKINGTON Copyright, 1914, by Doubled Page & Company

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Penrod brought forth the bag, pur chased on the way at a drug store and till this moment unopened, which expresses in a word the depth of his entiment for Marjorie. It contained an abundant 15 cents' worth of lemon arops, jawbreakers, licorice sticks, cinamon drops and shopworn chocolate

"Take all you want," he said, with

Thand generosity. "Why, Penrod Schofield," exclaimed the wholly thawed damsel, "you nice "Oh, that's nothin'," he returned

sirily. "I got a good deal of money mowadays." "Where from ?"

"Oh, just around!" With a cautious esture he offered a jaw breaker to

itchy-Mitch, who snatched it indig antly and set about its absorption thout delay. "Can you play on that?" asked Mar-

jorie. with some difficulty, her cheeks being rather too hilly for conversation. "Want to hear me?" She nodded, her eyes sweet with an-

This was what he had come for. He threw back his head, lifted his eyes

dreamily, as he had seen real muaccordion preparing to produce

serful califike noise which was the instrument's great charm. But the tion evoked a long wall which was at once drowned in another one. "Ow! Owowsch! Wowohah! Waow-wow!" shricked Mitchy-Mitch and the ion together.

Mitchy Mitch, to emphasize his dis-pproval of the accordion, opening his

th still wider, lost therefrom the aw breaker, which rolled in the dust. ng, he stooped to retrieve it, and Mariorie, to prevent bim, bastily set an reot upon it. Penrod offered another jaw breaker, but Mitchy-Mitch struck it from his hand, desiring the former, which had convinced him of

far jorie moved inadvertently, where pon Mitchy-Mitch pounced upon the mains of his jaw breaker and restorof them, with accretions, to his mouth, His sister, pitering a cry of borror, sprang to the reache, assisted by Penlitchy Mitch's mouth open while she

This delicate operation being com pleted and Penrod's right thumb se-verely bitten, Mitchy-Mitch closed his gree tightly, stamped, squealed, bellow-

meioni. The Diggest \$.9 of ice cole ripe, red, ice cole, rica an' rare; the biggest slice of ice cole watermelon ever cut by the hand of man! Buy our

ENROD went home in sple ice cole watermatyn!" pretending that be and Duke were a long procession, and he made enough noise to rende the auricular part of the illusion per fect. His own family was already at the lunch table when he arrived, and the parade haited only at the door of "Oh, something!" shouted Mr. Scho deld, clasping his billious brow with both hands. "Stop that noise! isn't it awful enough for you to sing? Sit nuts, which, with the expenditure of a

down! Not with that thing on! Take that green rope off your shoulder. Now take that thing out of the dining room and throw it in the ashcan Where did you get it?" "Where did i get what, papa?" asked Penrod meekly, depositing the accordion in the ball just outside the din-

"That da-that third band concer-

CHAPTER XII.

The Inner Boy.

the dining room.

"It's a 'cordion." said Penrod, taking his place at the table and noticing that both Margaret and Robert Williams (who happened to be a guest) wern growing red.

"I fon't care what you call it," said Mr. Schodeld irritably, "I want to know where you got it." Penrod's eyes met Margaret's. Hers

had a strained expression. She very slightly shook her head. Penrod sent Mr. Williams a grateful look and

might have been startled if he could have seen himself in a mirror at that moment, for he regarded Mitchy-Mitch with concealed but vigorous aversion and the resemblance would have borri-

"A man gave it to me." he answered ently and was rewarded by the visibly regained ease of his patron's man-ner, while Margaret leaned back in ber chair and looked at her brother

with real devotion. id think he'd have been glad said Mr. Schofield. "Who was

"Sir?" In spite of the candy which he had consumed in company with Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch Penrod had egun to est lobster croquettes ear-

"Who was he?" "Who do you mean, papa?" "The man that gave you that ghast-

fied him.

ly thing!" "Yes, sir; a man gave it to me."

"I say, Who was he?" shouted Mr. Schofield.

"Well, I was just walking alone, and the man came up to me. It was right down in front of Colgates', where most of the paint's rubbed off the fence"-

"Penrod!" The father used his most ngerous tone. 442 "Who was the man that gave you

he concertina?" "I don't know. I was walking along

"You never saw him before?"

"No, sir. I was just walk"-"That will do," said Mr. Schofield rising. "I suppose every family has its secret enemies and this was one of

ours. I must ask to be excused." With that he went out crossly, stop ing in the ball a moment before pass-

ing beyond hearing. And after lunch Penrod sought in vain for his accordion. He even searched the library, it-on the contrary. But memory is where his father sat reading, though, the great hypnotist. His mind argued not given it to him he'd have grown apon inquiry. Penrod explained that he was looking for a misplaced school book. He thought he ought to study a little every day, he said, even during racation time. Much pleased, Mr. chofield rose and joined the search, finding the missing work on mathe-matics with singular ease-which cost him precisely the price of the book the stummick. following September. Penrod departed to study in the back hand of the red faced man. yard. There, after a cautious survey t the neighborhood, he managed to slodge the iron cover of the cistern in nd dropped the arithmetic within. A ine splash rewarded his listening ear. Thus assured that when he looked for that book again no one would and a for him, he replaced the cover and be took himself pensively to the highway, discouraging Duke from following by repeated volleys of stones, some imaginary and others all too real. Arrived upon the populous and fee tive scene of the dog and pony show. he first turned his attention to the rightly decorated booths which led the tent. The cries of the aders, of the popcorn the toy balloon sellers, the stirring usic of the band, playing before the of the performance to attract a crowd; the nonement. outing of excited children and the barking of the dogs within the tent. all sounded exhibitratingly in Penrod's ears and set his blood a tingle. ertheless he did not squander money or fling it to the winds in his grand splurge. Instead, he began cau tiously with the purchase of an extraordinarily large pickle, which be obtained from an aged negress for his odd cent, too obvious a bargain to be missed At an adjacent stand be bought a glass of raspberry lemonade (so alleged) and sipped it as he ate the pickle. He left nothing of either. Next he entered a small restauran tent and for a modest nickel was sup er became more vivid to his conscio plied with a fork and a box of sardines previously opened, it is true, but more than half full. He consumed the sar tines utterly, but left the tin box and the fork, after which he indulged in an apensive half pint of lukewarm clder at one of the open booths. Mug in hand, a gentle glow radiating toward his surface from various centers of activity deep inside him, he paused for breath, and the cool, sweet cadences of watermelon man fell delectably vays upon bis ear: "Ice cole watermelon: ice cole

BRON'T Deen TOP Them I Gon't D be'd have lived till you got here-1 do not !" "Margaret," called Mr. Schofield from

"Bob!"

ill to pieces!"

"But what"-

come"-

ort.

ours."

the open door of a bedroom, "Margaret, where did you put that aromatic amunion, maving dramed the last drop monia? Where's Margaret?" of cider, complied with the watermelon But he had to find the aromatic spir-its of ammonia himself, for Margaret was not in the house. She stood in the man's luscious entreaty and received cound slice of the fruit, magnificent in circumference and something over shadow beneath a maple tree near the an inch in thickness. Leaving only the street corper, a guitar case in her hand. really dangerous part of the rind beand she scanned with anxiety a briskly hind him, he wandered away from the vicinity of the watermelon man and supplied himself with a bag of peaapproaching figure. The arc light. vinging above, revealed this figure as

dime for admission, left a quarter still warm in his pocket. However, he managed to "break" the coin at a stand inside the tent, where a targe, oblong paper box of popcorn was handed him with 20 cents change. The box

was too large to go into his pocket, but having seated himself among some wistful Polack children be placed it in his lap and devoured the contents at leisure during the performance. The

popcorn was heavily larded with partially boiled molasses, and l'earod sandwiched mouthfuls of peanuts with gobs of this mass until the peanuts were all gone. After that be ate with less avidity, a sense almost of satiety ining to manifest itself to him. and it was not until the close of the performance that he disposed of the

last morsel. He descended a little heavily to the outdowing crowd in the arena and bought a caterwauling toy balloon, but howed no great enthusiasm in manipulating it. Near the exit as he came out was a hot walle stand which he had overlooked, and a sense of duty

obliged him to consume the three waf-fies, thickly powdered with sugar, which the wallie man cooked for him noon command. They left a bottish ta

mouth; they had not been quite up to his anticipation, indeed, and it was with a sense of relief that be turned to the bokey-pokey cart which stood close at hand, laden with square slabs of Neapolitan ice cream wrapped in

paper He thought the ice cream would be cooling, but somehow it fell short of the desired effect and left a peculiar savor in his throat. He walked away, too languid to blow

his bailoon, and passed a fresh taffy booth with strange indifference. A bare armed man was manipulating the taffy over a book, pulling a great white mass to the desired stage of "candybut Fenrod did not pause to ing." watch the operation. In fact, he avert-ed his eyes (which were slightly glazed) in passing. He did not analyze motives. Simply he was conscious that he preferred not to look at the

mass of taffy. For some reason he put a cons ble distance between bimself and the taffy stand, but before long halted in the presence of a red faced man whe flourished a long fork over a small cooking apparatus and shouted jovial-ly: "Winnies! Here's your hot winnies! Hot winny wurst! Food for the

quettes at lunch-and papa said. 'Who gave you that dollar? Only he didn't overworked brain, nourishing for the weak stummick, entertaining for the ble. Bob! And Penrod thought he was tired business man! Here's your hot going to die, and he said you gave it winnies! Three for a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth pot of a dollah!" to him, and, oh. it was just pitiful to This above all nectar and ambrosia hear the poor child. Bob, because he was the favorite dish of Penrod Schothought he was dying, you see, and he field. Nothing inside him now craved blamed you for the whole thing. He said if you'd only let him alone and

not remain here another instant. The poor child may need me. Robert. good aight."

With chill dignity she witharew, entered the house and returned to the dick room, leaving the young man in outer darkness to brood upon his

crime-and apon Penrod. That sincere invalid became escent upon the third day, and a week elapsed, then, before he found an opportunity to leave the house unaccom panied-save by Duke. But at last be set forth and approached the Jones neighborhood in high spirits, pleasantty conscious of his pallor, hollow cheeks and other perguisites of illness provocative of interest.

One thought troubled him a little because it gave him a sense of inferiority to a rival. He believed, against his will, that Maurice Levy could have "Here, take your guitar," she whis-pered burriedly. "I was afraid if fasuccessfully eaten chocolate creams. licorice sticks, lemon drops, jaw breakers, peanuts, waffles, lobster croquettes sardines, cinpamon drops, watermelon pickies, popcorn, ice cream and sausage with raspberry lemonade and cider. Penrod had admitted to himself that Maurice could do it and afterward at tend to business or pleasure without the slightest discomfort, and this was probably no more than a fair estimate of one of the great constitutions of all time. As a digester, Manrice Levy would have disappointed a Borgia.

Fortunately, Maurice was still at Atantic City, and now the convalescent's heart leaped. In the distance he saw Marjorie coming-in pink again, with a ravishing little parasol over her head. And alone! No Mitchy-Mitch was to mar this meeting. Penrod increased the feeblen

"It's all on account of that dollar you gave Penrod this morning," she his steps, now and then leaning upon the fence as if for support. "How do you do, Marjorie?" he said

in his best sickroom voice as she came To his pained amazement she pro-

ceeded on her way, her nose at a cele-brated elevation—an icy nose. She cut him dead.

He threw his invalid's airs to the winds and hastened after her. "Marjorie," he pleaded, "what's the matter? Are you mad? Honest, that and kept making such upnatural faces day you said to come back next morn-and at first all he would say was that ing and you'd be on the corner, I was

he'd enten a little piece of apple and thought it must have had some mi-crobes on it. But he got sicker and sicker, and we put him to bed, and then we all thought he was going to die, and, of course, po little piece of house, thanks to you Mission Tomos house, thanks to som schotletd. Papa says yon haven't got near sense enough to come in out of the rain after what you did to poor little Mitchy-Mitch"-

"What?" "Yes, and be's sick in bed yet!" Mar jorie went on with unabated fury. "And papa says if he ever catches you in this part of town"-"What'd I do to Mitchy-Mitch?" pocket, and mamma says his jacket is ped-Penrod. "You know well enough what, you did to Mitchy-Mitch!" she cried. "You gave him that great, big, nasty two cent piece!" "Well, what of it?"

"Mitchy-Mitch swallowed it!" "What!" "And papa says if he ever just lave

eyes on you once in this neighbor-

But Penrod had started for home. In his embittered heart there was increasing a critical disapproval of the

new only out of deterence to a yet Penrod could not refrain from bragging of Duke to the hound's owner, a fat faced stranger of twelve or thirteen, who had wandered into the neighborhood.

"You better keep that ole yellow dog o' yours back." said Penred ominously as be climbed the fence. "You better catch him and bold him till I get mine inside the yard again. Duke's chewed up some pretty bad buildogs around here."

The fat faced boy gave Penrod a fishy stare. "You'd oughta learn him not to do that," he said. "it'll make him sick." "What will?"

The stranger laughed raspingly and gazed up the alley, where the bound, having come to a halt, now coolly sat down, and, with an expression of roguish benevolence, patronizingly watched the tempered fury of Duke. whose assaults and barkings were becoming perfunctory. "What'll make Dake slok?" Penrod

demanded "Eatin' dead buildogs people leave around here."

This was not improvisation but formula, adapted from other occasions to the present encounter. Nevertheless, it was new to Penrod, and he was so taken with it that resentment lost itself in admiration. Hastily ting the gem to memory for use upon a dog owning friend, be inquired in sociable tone:

"What's your dog's name?" "Dan. You better call your ole pup, cause Dan eats live dogs." Dan's actions poorly supported master's assertion, for upon Duke's ceasing to bark Dan rose and showed the most courteous interest in making the most courteous interest in the little old dog's acquaintance. Dan had a great deal of manner, and it be-came plain that Duke was impressed favorably in spite of former prej so that presently the two trotted amicably back to their masters and sat down with the barmonious different air of having known each oth er intimately for years. They were received with ment, though both boys looked at them reflectively for a time. It was Penrod who spoke first.

"What number you go to?" (In an "oral lesson in English" Penrod had been instructed to put this question in another form, "May I ask which of our mblic schools you attend?") "Me? What number do I go to?" and the stranger conten don't go to no number in vacation ' "I mean when it ain't." "Third," returned the fat faced boy. "I got 'em all scared in that school." "What of?" innocently asked Pen-rod, to whom "the third"-in a distant

part of town-was undiscovered conntry. What of? I guess you'd soon see what of if you ever was in that school about one day. You'd be lucky if you got out alive!" "Are the teachers mean?"

The other boy frowned with bitter scorn. "Teachers! Teachers don't orover Rupe Collins." "Who's Rupe Collins?"

boy incredulously. "Say, ain't you got back of Penrod's sleader neck; Rupe's any sense?" thee tortured the small of Penred's "What?"



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Late Mrs.

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The War Against Health Is Quickly

MRS. DEWOLFE

East Ship Harbour, N.S. "It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicines seemed to help me. Then I finally tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I feel like a new person and I am deeply thankful to have relief from those sickening Headaches".

MYS. MARTHA DEWOLFE "FRUIT-A-TIVES", the medicine made from fruit juices, has relieved. more sufferers from Headaches, Constipation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa,

"Where'd you get that wart on your inger?" he demanded severely. "Which inger?" asked the mystified

Penrod, extending his hand. "The middle one." "Where?"

"There!" exclaimed Rupe Collins, seizing and vigorously twisting the wartless finger naively offered for his

"Opit!" shouted Penrod in agony

"Queeyut!" "Say your prayers!" commanded Rupe, and continued to twist the lock-less finger until Penrod writhed to his

"UWI" The Vactia, released, looked The vector, released, looked grievously upon the still painful dager. At this Rupe's scornful expression altered to one of contrition. "Well, I declared" he exclaimed remorsefully. "I didn't s'pose it would hurt. Turn about's fair play; so now you do that

scorn. "Teachers! Teachers don't or-der me around, I can tell you. They're mighty careful how they try to run it, but did not twist it, for he was instantly swung round with his back to his amiable new acquaintance. "Who is he?" echoed the fat faced Rupe's right hand operated upon the

"Say, wouldn't you be just as happy "Ow?" Penrod bent far forward in-

Ended By "Fruit-a-tives".



Period put a hand in his pocket and frew forth a copper two cent piece He gave it to Mitchy-Mitch. Mitchy-Mitch immediately stopped stying and gazed upon his benefactor the the eyes of a dog. This world!

reafter did Penrod-with comte approval from Mitchy-Mtch-play he accordion for his lady to his heart's ent, and bers. Never had he so on upon her. Never had she let him el so close to her before. They strollad np and down upon the sidewalk, ng, one thought between them, and on she had learned to play the accerdion almost as well as be. So pass a happy hour, which the wood ming of Anjou would have envied, while Mitchy-Mitch made friends th Dake, romped about his nd her swain, and clung to the hand latter, at intervals, with fondest ction and trust.

m whistles failed to dis te Arcady. Only the sou Mrs. Jones' voice-for the third time ing Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch b-sent Penrod on his homeward TAX.

"I could come back this afternoon be said in parting. "I'm not goin' to be here. I'm goin nsdale's party. to Baby Re od looked blank, as she inte uld. Having thus satisfied berif, she added: "There aren't goin' to be was instantly radiant again Finn ?" wish I was go 700 She looked shy and turned away "Marjorie Jones!" (This was m home. times shall I have "How many more the call you Marjorie moved away, her face still Miden from Penrod. "Do you?" he urged. At the gate she turned quickly to ward him and said over her shoulder

all in a breath: "Yes; come again morrow morning and I'll be on the corner. Bring your 'cordion!" And she ran into the house, Mitchy-Mitch waving a loving hand to the boy on the sidewalk until the front door

against his inwards that opportu knocked at his door. "Winny wurst" was rigidly forbidden by the home authorities. Besides, there was a last ing to talk, telling us over and over it nickel in his pocket, and nature prowas all your fault " tested against its survival; also the red faced man had himself prociain In the darkness Mr Williams' facial

his wares nourishing for the voice sounded hopeful. Penrod placed the nickel in the red nain?"

He ate two of the three greasy, elent e shapes cordially pressed upon him return. The first bits convinced that be had made a mistake. These winnies seemed of a very in ferior flavor, almost unpleasant, in Fictice." fact. But he felt obliged to concent and pour opinion of them for fear of offending the red faced man. He ate without haste or eagerness, so stowly indeed that we began to think the red faced man might dislike him as a deterrent of trade. Perhaps Penrod's mind was not working well, for he rather primiy.

failed to remember that no law comthed him to remain under the eye of he red faced man, but the virulent re sion excited by his attempt to take a bite of the third sausage inspired him with at least an excuse for post-"Mighty good," be murmured feebly

placing the sausage in the inside not et of his jacket with a shaking hand. "Guess I'll save this one ome after-after dinner." He moved sluggishly away, wishin

he had not thought of dinner. A side show, undiscovered until now, failed to arouse his interest, not even exciting wish that he had known of its es. stence when he had money. For a time he stared without comprehens at a huge canvas poster depicting the chief attraction, the weather worn colors conveying no meaning to his torpid eye. Then, little by little, the post-

ness. There was a greenish tinted per-son in the tent. It seemed, who thrived pon a reptilian diet. Suddenly Penrod decided that is was time to go home.

CHAPTER XIII. **Brothers of Angels** NDEED, doctor," said Mrs. Schofield, with agitation and profound conviction, just after

'clock that evening, "I shall albelieve in mustard plasters-mus tand plasters and not water hage. 14 4

up to be a good man, and now he couldn't! I never heard anything so pretty girls, thought Penrod, why beartrending. He was so weak he couldn't he have left out their little could hardly whisper, but he kept tryprothers!

> CHAPTER XIV. Rupe Collins.

expression could not be seen, but his TO B several days after this Penrod thought of growing up to

"Is he is he still in a great deal of be a monk and engaged in good works so far as to carry some kittens (that otherwise would have

"They say the crisis is past." said Margaret, "but the doctor's still up been drowned, and a pair of Margaret's outworn dancing slippers to a poor. there. He hald it was the acutest case angratefui wid man sojourning in . of indiffestion he had ever treated in ibed up the alley. And although MR. the whole course of his professional Robert Williams after a very short in-

terval began to leave his guitar on the "Of course I didn't know what he'd front porch again, exactly as if be to with the dollar," said Robert, thought nothing had happened. Pen rod, with his younger vision of a fa-She did not reply. He began plaintively, "Margaret, you

her's mood, remained coldly distant rom the Jones neighborhood. With "I've never seen paps and man his own family his manner was gentie upset about anything." she said roud and sad, but not for long em

frighten them. The change cam "You mean they're upset about me? with mystifying abruptness at the end "We are all very much innet," returned Margaret, more starvh in her tone as she remembered not only Pen-rod's sufferings, but a duty she had vowed herself to perform. of the week. It was Duke who brought it about Duke could chase a much bigger dog out of the Schofields' yard and fa-

down the street. This might be they "Margaret! You don't"to indicate unusual valor on the par "Robert." she said firmly and, also of Duke and cowardice on that of the with a rhetorical complexity preeds a suspicion of rehearsal; igger dogs whom he undoubte "Rot rout. On the contrary, all su for the present I can only look at fights were founded in mere superstiin one way-when you gave that oney to Penrod you put into the tion, for dogs are even more suj tious than boys and colored hands of an unthinking little child a and the most firmly established of all weapon which might be, and, indeed,

dog superstitions is that any dog, be he the smallest and feeblest in the was, the means of his undoing. Boys are not respon"world, can whip any trespasser what "But you saw me give ar, and you didn't"-

"Robert!" she checked him with reasing severity. "I am only a wor phant. It follows, of course, that a big dog, away from his own home, will and not accustomed to thinking everything out on the spur of the morun from a little dog in the little dog's nt. But I cannot change my mind eighborhood. Otherwise the big dog -not now, at least."

nust face a charge of inconsiste "And you think I'd better not con and dogs are as consistent as they are superstitious. A dog believes in war, "Tonight!" she gasped. "Not for but he is convinced that there are times

weeks! Papa would"-"But Margaret," he urged plaintively, "how can you blame me for

dog fleeing out of a little dog's yard, "I have not used the word 'blame, oust observe that the expression of the she interrupted. "But I must insist big dog's face is more conscient that for your carelessness to-to wreak such havec-cannot fail to-to lessen than alarmed. It is the expression of person performing a duty to himself. my confidence in your powers of judg Penrod understood these matters per ment. I cannot change my convictions

fectly. He knew that the gaunt brown in this matter-not tonight-and I can hound Duke chased up the alley had

voluntarily if you had some sense? "Ye-es." Penrod's answer, like the again,

look he lifted to the impressive strang-"Lick dirt," commanded Rupe, forcer, was meek and placative. "Rupe ing the captive's face to the sidewalk, Collins is the principal at your school, and the suffering Penrod completed this ceremony. Mr. Collins evinced satisfaction by I guess,"

The other yelled with jeering laughter and mocked Peprod's manner and means of his horse laugh. "You'd last voice "'Rupe Collins is the principal jest about one day up at the Third!" at your school, I guess!" He laughed he said. "You'd come runnin' home. yellin' 'Mom-muh, mom-muh,' before harshly again, then suddenly showed truchlence "Say, 'bo, whyn't you learn recess was over

enough to go in the house when it "No, I wouldn't." Penrod protesta rains? What's the matter of you, anyrather weakly, dusting his knees. "You would, too.

"Well," urged Penrod timidly, "so "No, 1 w"-"Looky here," said the fat faced boy. wody ever told me who Rupe Collins darkly, "what you mean, counter is. I got a right to think he's the ing me? principal, haven't I?"

He advanced a step and Penrod bast The fat faced boy shook his head By qualified his contrad disgustedly. "Honest, you make me "I mean, I don't think I would. I"-

"You better look out!" Rupe moved. Penrod's expression became one of despair. "Well, who is he?" he cried. "'Who is he?" mocked the other. loser, and unexpectedly grasped the ack of Penrod's neck again. "Say. would run home yeiths' "Monwith a score that withered. "'Who is he? Mel'

"Ow! I would run home velltn' Mom "Oh!" Penrod was humiliated but sieved. He feit that be had prove "There" said Rone giving "he help if criminally ignorant, yet a peril way we do up at the Third." med to have passed. "Rupe (

ts your name, then, I guess. I kind of thought it was all the time." Penrod rubbed his neck and asked The fat faced boy still appeared em meekly: "Can you do that to any boy up at bittered, burlesquing this speech in a hateful faisetto. "'Rupe Collins is your name, then, I guess!' Oh. you 'kind the Third?" "See here now," said Rupe in the tone of one goaded beyond all endurof thought it was all the time,' did ance, "you say if I can. You better say it quick or"you?" Suddenly concentrating his brow into a histrionic scowl he thrust

"I knew you could," Penrod inter-posed hastily, with the pathetic sem-blance of a laugh. "I only said that in his face within an inch of Penrod's. "Yes. sonny, Rupe Collins is my name

and you better look out what you say A rat terrier believes that on his when he's around or you'll get me grounds be can whip an eletrouble! You understand that,

nick !"

Penrod was cowed, but fascinated He feit that there was something gerous and dashing about this new

"Yes," be said, feebly drawing back "My name's Penrod Schofield." "Then i reckon your father and when it is moral to run, and the mother ain't got good sense." said Mr thoughtful physiognomist, seeing a big Collins promptly, this also being formuia.

> "Why?" "'Cause if they had they'd of give you a good name!" And the agreeable youth instantly rewarded himself for the wit with another yell of rasping laughter, after which he pointed sadenly at Peored's right he

timist and pessin to the bind to diffe to blind to to see beyoud. Ma along our path al the spirit that Half of the worr ake joy out of he perpetual gr ith Evangelin ong, with Fi chose shadow w counded. Jane Ca a out by that s The selfish man angs on to them unitil they ferme vanity. The real in the boiling dou many men have to weighs down life The type of al ment considered. I mert considered. I A thousand influ-life. It is not tru-life is self ruined. tive or passive . for the wrecks of stands alone. We stands alone, We in the loom of G Belfishness caur roadbog of Euro men who toast much to enswer prayed that she mpire at homan Can we get bet the jush. between France and the between the boy Heroio deeds hi the Charge of th ated a bu.dr so u.recorded. The "pious" m the world hecan guided by the l weakness in many are pious them in the fac Christ's was that cannot be bat after all c Rev. A. M. Hu During the eve Kay sang "The Miss Gertrude "Driffing along hearty vote of the speaker. on neaker. on Navior an ward Anthem brough

show you how we do up there, 'bo?" (to be continued.)

"In 'funf" repeated Rupe stormily.

"You better look out how you"-"Well, I said I wasn't in earnest."

Penrod retreated a few steps. "I

knew you could all the time. I expect

could do it to some of the boys up at

"Well, there must be some boy up

"l expect not, then," said Penrod

"You better 'expect not.' Didn't I

tell you once you'd never get back alive if you ever tried to come up

around the Third? You want me to

the Third myself. Couldn't 1?" "No; you couldn't."

"No; they aint. Yon better"-

bere that I could"-