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A Few Doors West of Post Office. ******

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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volving a serious problem in his mind. "I am goin' to beg yer pardon, Mr. Page," he said at last, "fer speakin' rage," he said at last, fer speakin the way I did regardin' lawyers in gin-eral. My 'sperence with 'em has been bad, an' naterally I don't trust 'em much. I've had some dealin's with this 'ere Faye' bout a matter I don't want to tell 'bout, an' the way things is workin' ain't as they should be. I b'lieve I'm robbed right along, an' if ye're willin' to help me I shall be most tarnally grateful an' will give ye my word I'll never let on to anybody what ye say—an' Silas Terry never yit broke his promise."

Albert silently offered his hand to Uncle Terry, who grasped it cordially.
"I will tell you, Mr. Terry," he said after the handshake, "all I know about Mr. Frye and what my opinion is of him. What your business with him is, matters not. I am certain you will keep your word. I recently worked for Mr. Frye six months and left him to open an office for myself. In that six months I became satisfied Nicholas Frye was the most unprincipled villain ever masked under the name of lawyer. If all those you have had business with were like him, I don't wonder at your

remark today."
Uncle Terry leaned forward, with elbows on his knees, resting his face in the palms of his hands, and ejaculated: "I knew it! I knew it! I'm a blamed old fool an' ought to hev a keeper put over me!" Then turning to Albert he added, "I've paid that thief over \$400 this year an' hain't got a scrap of paper to show fer 't, an' nothin's been done so fer as I kin see 'bout the business.' He meditated a few moments and then turning around suddenly added: "My wife an' Telly don't know nothin' 'bout this, an' I don't want they should. Thar's a sucker born every minit an'two to ketch him, an' I b'lieve it! I've been ketched an' skinned fer dead sure. I want to sleep on't, an' mebbe in the mornin' I'll'tell ye the hull story an' how I've been made a fool of. I'm be ginnin' to think I kin trust ye."

"I thank you for your good opinion," answered Albert, "and if I can help you in any way I will."

When the two returned to the house,

Albert was shown to a room that re minded him of his boyhood home, the old fashioned bed, spotless counter pane and muslin curtains all seemed so sweet and wholesome. A faint odor of lavender carried him back to the time when his mother's bed linen exhaled the same sweet fragrance. He dow where the crisp salt sea air came in, and tried to fathom what manner of business Uncle Terry could have with Frye. And into this meditation also crept the face and form of the girl he had first seen watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XXI. HEN Albert arose the next morning the sun was just appearing round and red out of the ocean and a crisp breeze 3000 blowing into the open windows. He heard the stir of some one below and, dressing quickly, descended to the sitting room. No one was there, and he stood for a moment looking at the curiously framed paintings that almost covered

Turn Time Backward. Be Young Again.



Pay When You Are Cured.

One in particular caught his eye. It was a ship careened on the ocean with waves breaking upon her. She was resting on rocks that barely showed beneath, and in her rigging, heavily covered with ice, were five men. All around was the sea, tossed into giant waves, curling and breaking about the stranded vessel. He noted the lifelike chading of the green and white billows, the ice that covered every shroud and rope and spar, and peering out of a cabin door was a woman holding a babe in her arms. In a way it was

ghastly picture and one that held his attention from all the rest. It was framed in a broad, flat molding covered with shells. He was still gazing at it when he heard Uncle Terry's voice bidding him good morni "Ain't ye up a little arly?" said that

worthy. "I hope ye slep' well. I gin-erally roust out by daylight an' put out the light an' then start a fire, but thar was no need of you gittin' out so soon." "I think the waves woke me," replied Albert, "and the morning is so beau-tiful I couldn't waste it in bed."

"I'm goin' over to the cove to mend trap," continued Uncle Terry, "an' if ye're willin' I'd like to hev ye go along too. The wimmin 'll hev breakfast ready by that time, an' then I'll take ye up to Seal cove an' see if yer boat's

He seemed depressed and not incline to talk, and Albert sat on an overturn-ed dory and watched him puttering away over a lobster trap. His hat had fallen off, and the sea winds blew his scant fringe of gray hair over his bald head. His brown shirt was open at the throat, disclosing a bony neck, and his well worn garments showed the outlines of a somewhat wasted form. What impressed Albert more than all this was the dejected manner of Uncle Terry. When he finished fixing the trap he pulled a dory in that was moored out in the cove and carefully bailed and wiped it clean. When this was done he said almost wistfully: "I've worried a good deal 'bout what ye told me last night, an' I'd like to have a good talk with ye. I s'pose ye're anxious to see yer f'ends an' let 'em know ye're all safe, an' I'll take ye up the island the fust thing an' then go an' pull my traps, an' then if ye're will-in' we'll sot down, if it ain't askin' too much o' ye to wait," he added almost pathetically. "I'll get Telly to show ye her picturs, an' mebbe ye can give

her some p'ints as 'll help her."
"I shall be more than glad to do so," replied Albert, "but if that shipwreck scene is hers, she needs no advice from

Uncle Terry looked pleased, but made no answer. On the way back to the house he said, "I'd ruther ye'd make no mention to the wimmin of our hev-in' any talk."

At the breakfast table he seemed in better spirits and more like himself.
"I think ye told me last night," he re marked, addressing Albert, "that ye painted picturs yerself some." And then, turning to Telly, he added, "Mr. Page is comin' back here bimeby jest to look round, an' mebbe he'd like to

look at some of yourn."

Telly's face flushed slightly. "I shall be delighted," added Albert, "if Miss Terry will favor me. Will you?" he

added in a persuasive tone.
"I do not feel that my pictures are good enough to show to strangers," she answered in a low voice. "I have never had any lessons or any one to

"From what I've noticed in your sitting room," responded Albert quickly, "you need not be ashamed to show them to an artist. I am not one. I only sketch a little, just as a remem-brance of places I visit, but I love pic-

tures even better than music."
"I will gladly show you what I have done," replied Telly simply, and there the conversation ended. When the meal was over Albert observed, "With your permission, Mrs. Terry, I would like to make a sketch of your home and the lighthouse, and after Mr. Terry has helped me to find my friends I am coming back." Then, turning to Telly, he added, "I can then feel easy in my mind and shall enjoy looking over your paintings.

"Won't ye stop to dinner with us?" aslied Aunt Lissy as Albert thanked her for her hospitality. "We'll be glad to have ye."

"I will, thank you," replied Albert. "This point, and in fact this village, was such a surprise to me and is so charming I am going to devote all my day to it." Then, bidding the ladies good morning, he followed Uncle Terry over to the cove, where they boarded his dory and started out to find the Gypsy.

And she has the soul of an artist in her," Albert said to himself, as Uncle Terry pulled the dory out of the harbor and up the coast toward where he had been left stranded. "And what eyes, and what a perfect form!"

eyes, and what a perfect form!"

As good luck would have it, when they rounded a point, there was the Gypsy following the island shore down to meet them. Albert stood up and wared his cap. He was answered by the whistle and in an instant every one ou board of her, even the crew, were out on her bows and waving caps lustily. The skipper kept the whistle

blowing, and as the yacht slowed down and Uncle Terry pulled along-side. Albert was seized and almost dragged on board. Frank was so overjoyed he hugged him and then gave vent to a war whoop that might have been heard the entire length of South-

"We guessed what had happened to you," he said, "when we picked up your boat. It was almost dark when one of the crew saw an empty boat floating up the bay. We were all down in the cabin at that time and had not noticed how late it was, when he called us. Two of the crew lowered the other boat and when they get back with yours we nearly had a fit.
The missing cushions and loop on the painter gave us a clew and we half ex-pected you would find your way back

to the Gypsy by land."
"I guess you're not much acquainted with the interior of Southport island,' put in Albert, and then going forward he brought back Uncle Terry and in troduced him to the crowd. By this time the Gypsy was almost down to the Cape and, under one bell and the direction of Uncle Terry, she slowly steamed in. That worthy man had been looking over her and his admiration was evident.

"A purty slick craft, boys," he said to the party as the Gypsy's anchor ceased rattling out of the hawsehole— "a purty slick craft, an' must 'a' cost

a heap o' money."

Then as he pulled his own weather beaten dory that had been towing astern along to the gangway, Albert stepped up to him and said in a low

"Will you excuse me a little while, Mr. Terry? I want to change my clothes and in an hour or so I wil



Albert stood up and waved his cap. come ashore and not only thank you for all your kindness, but make you

When Uncle Terry had gone Albert related his experiences for the past eighteen hours to the party—that is, all but one incident, or rather surprise. Then nothing would do but they must all go ashore and look the quaint little

(To Be Continued.)

HAPPY MOTHER'S TOUCHING STORY

Of Baby's Dreadful Suffering from Eczema.

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Now His Skin Is as White

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he did suffer. He wouldn't eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my

back throbbed with pain. But the worst pain of all was to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores At last I was persuaded by a friend across the street to try the Cuticura Remedies. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment—I think the box was about half full—and a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed the directions, bathing Charlie and putting that nice Ointment on the sores. Little by little, but so surely, Charlie and I both got more peace by day and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away, and now Charlie is cured completely."

"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snow flake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick bables, go ahead and publish what I have told you."

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