

Our products in Natural Hair Switches, Pompadours, TransforWardelow's Boy.

By John Habberton.

most promising of the growing cities of the West, according to some New York gentlemen where constituted a land improvement company, distributed handsome maps gratis, and courted susceptible Eastern editors. Its water-power was unrivaled; ground for all desirable public buildings, and for a handsome park with ready-grown trees and a natural lake, had been securely provided for by the terms of the company's char-ter; building material abounded; the water was good; the soil of unequaled fertility; while the company, with ad-mirable forethought, had a wellstocked store on the ground, and had made arrangements to send to the town a skillful physician and a popular preacher.

The Western Home Monthly

A reasonable number of colonists found their way to the ground in the pleasant spring time, and, in spite of sundry local peculiarities not men-tioned in the company's circular, they might have remained, had not a mighty freshet, in June, driven them away, and even saved some of them the trouble of moving their houses.

When, however, most of the resi-dences floated down the river, some of them bearing their owners on their roofs, such of the inhabitants as had money left the promised land forever; while the others made themselves such homes as they could in the nearest settlements which were bove water, and fraternized with the natives through the medium of that common bond of sympathy in the

Western lowlands, the ague. Only a single one of the original inhabitants remained, and he, although he might have chosen the best of the abandoned houses for his residence, or even the elegant but deserted "company store," continued to inhabit the cabin he had built up-on his arrival. The solid business men of the neighboring town of Mount Pisgah, situated upon a bluff, voted him a fool whenever his name was mentioned; but the wives of these same men, when they chanced to see old Wardelow passing by, with the wistful face he always wore, looked after him tenderly, and never lost an opportunity to speak to him kindly. When they met at tea parties, or quilting bees, or sewing societies, or in other gatherings exclusively femi-nine, there were not a few of them who had the courage to say that the world would be better if more men were like old Wardelow. For love seemed the sole motive of bought them himself-they always old Wardelow's life. The cemetery went for a song, and the old man preferred to own them, lest some which the thoughtful projectors of New Poston had presented to the inone else might destroy the ruins, and habitants, had for its only occupant the wife of old Wardeow; and she thus make the place unfamiliar to the returning wanderer. Of friends he had almost none. Alhas been conveyed thereto by a husband who was both young and handthough he was intelligent, industrisome. The freshet, which had soon ous, ingenious, and owned a library afterward swept the town, had carwhich passed for quite a large one in those days and in the new West, he ried with it Wardelow's only child, a boy of seven years, who had been playing in a boat, which he, in some cared to talk on only one subject, and

New Boston has once been the steamboat captain on the river knew steamboat captain on the river knew the old man, and the roughest of them had cheerfully replied in the af-firmative when asked if they wouldn't bring up a small boy who might some day, come on board, report him-self as Stevie Wardelow, and ask to be taken to New Boston.

July, 1907

Almost every steamboat man, from captain and pilot down to fireman and roustabout, carried and posted Wardelow's circulars wherever they went -up Red River, the Yazoo, the White, the Arkansas, the Missouri, and all the smaller tributaries of the Mississippi.

New Boston had long been dropped from the list of post-towns, but every cross-road for miles around had a finger-board showing the direction and telling the distance to New Boston. Upon a tall cottonwood tree on the river bank, and nearly in front of Wardelow's residence, was an immense signboard bearing the name of "New Boston Landing," and on the other side of the river, at a ferry-staging belonging to a crossing whose other terminus was a mile further down the river, was a sign which informed travellers that persons wishing to go to New Boston would find a skiff marked "Warde-

low" tied near the staging. The old man never went to Mount Pisgah for stores, or up the river to fish, or even into his own cornfield and garden, without affixing to his door a placard telling where he had gone and when he would return.

When he went to the cemetery, which he frequently did, a statement to that effect, and a plan showing the route to and through the cemetery, was always appended to his door, and, as he could never clearly im-agine his boy as having passed the childhood in which he had been last seen, all the signboards, placards and circulars were in large capital letters. Even when the river overflowed its banks, which it did nearly every spring, the old man did not leave his house. He would not have another story built upon it, as he was advised to do, lest Stevie might fail to recognize it on his return; but, after careful study, he had the house raised until the foundation was above highwater mark, and then had the ground made higher, but sloped so gradually that the boy could not notice the change.

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July, 1907.

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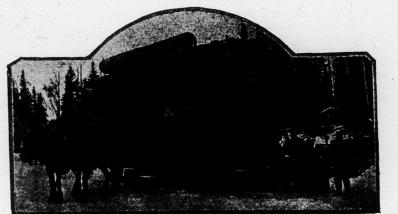
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as that was of no particular interest to other people, and became, in the From that day the father had found no trace of his child, yet he never course of time, extremely stale to ceased hoping for his return. Every those who did not like it, the people



Load of Logs. Prince Albert, Sask.

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