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There was an old Spearwoman lived in a shoe—

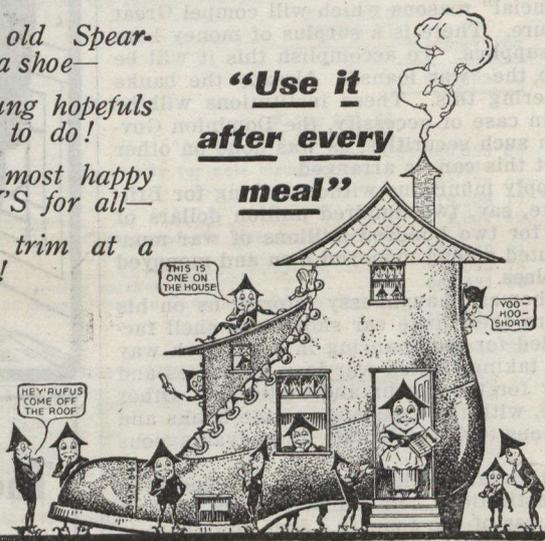
For her many young hopefuls she knew what to do!

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Robbing the Camp Thieves

(Concluded from page 8.)

to their tent, but could not say as to whether our stuff was there or not. There were two men under a large fly-screen which, he thought, might be ours. We waited there for about an hour, tormented by hordes of countless mosquitoes, against which we had no protection. Then, led by Charlie, we made our way to the camp. Slowly and motionlessly we crept up. Soon the dim outlines of the tent appeared. Gradually the eastern sky lightened and among the trees faint, ghostly streaks of light then sifted down. At last we reached the entrance of the tent. Dimly we could make out two forms beneath the large fly canopy. Charlie crept inside, and I saw him draw his knife, but the sleepers did not move. Very cautiously he made a slit in the screen and drew out a villainous looking pistol which he had observed lying inside. This he brought out and handed to Tom. One of the sleepers stirred.

"Up with your hands," I called quickly.

There was a tremendous commotion under the screen and we could see the outside man frantically groping for his pistol. A bullet which I sent into the ground brought them up quickly enough. They cut sorry looking figures sitting there with their hands extended above their heads and draped with the mosquito net.

"Take off that screen," I said to Charlie, and with one jerk he tore it away. They were a frightened pair as they gazed into the muzzles of the pistols which we held.

They were prospectors, one was red headed and red faced with a bristling red mustache; the other was a mere boy, and very much frightened. The elder man I marched out of the tent. He came meekly enough. I stood him up against a tree and Charlie quickly and deftly tied his hands on the other side. Tom served his companion in the same way. All of our provisions were in their tent.

"Don't you know that robbery and arson are considered very serious crimes, especially under these circumstances?" I inquired.

Till now they had not spoken a word. "We only had enough grub for another day or so," replied the man.

"Well, you won't need it now," interrupted Tom.

"What are you going to do with us?" he inquired.

"Hang you," said Tom quickly. "You miserable, dirty cowards, you weren't satisfied with stealing our grub, but you had to burn our outfit as well. We could starve for all you cared, but I guess we won't now." He had finished tying a noose on a rope he had in his hand and advanced towards them.

"It wasn't me," screamed the boy. "I didn't want to burn you out, but he set the fire when I was down at the canoe. I've got a mother."

"All right," said Tom coolly. "We'll tackle him first."

"You wouldn't, you daren't," said the man, but he was trembling violently.

"Oh, but I dare and I will. Come on, Charlie."

The man slid to the ground. "God," he whispered, "have mercy."

"That will do, Tom," I said. "You couldn't hang a coward like that. Get the stuff back over the portage. We'll take their tent and canoe, but we'll leave them one blanket."

"For God's sake don't take our canoe," pleaded the man. "We've only got a day's provisions and we will starve for sure, and I don't really know where we are. We came north from the railway."

"You can live on frogs as we did," said Tom, "but not one ounce of grub do you get."

"Let this be a lesson to you," I said, as we were ready to leave, "and if ever we meet you in civilization you go to jail, or if we catch you in the woods it will be a sorry day for you. Just keep on down the river and you will reach the Transcontinental some time." It was only about twenty miles.

"And frogs are quite plentiful," called Tom as he left with the pack.

Charlie cut their bonds and we departed over the portage, and made our way to a lake about four miles up the stream. Here, on a little island, we pitched our tent and had one good square meal, after which we crawled into our blankets, and it was nearly night before we awoke.

"Tom," I said, "that was an awful bluff you put up at hanging those men."

"Well," he replied, "I could have done it all right when I thought of the trip we had had to catch them, but when I thought of the one they will have I changed my mind."

In Lighter Vein

Taking No Chances.—Owing to the shallowness of a certain harbour in the North, the ships trading to and from it have to be built with a light draught. Commenting on this fact one day, a facetious individual remarked to the skipper of a steamer:

"I reckon, captain, you would think nothing of running your ship across a meadow on a dewy night?"

"Nothing at all," came the reply; "though, to make sure, I might send a man ahead with a watering-can."—Tit-Bits.

A Convenient Rule.—The editor of a newspaper published in central Pennsylvania tells of articles that he

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—From the Grain-Growers' Guide.