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HAWK BICYCLES \$22.50 FREE 1914 Catalogue,

T. W. BOYD & SON,

Stirring Up Ann (Continued from page 18)

Continues from page 107 three weeks old, and that its mother who was a waif of the streets, had died in the hospital that morning. He had made inquiries, but there was none to claim the baby. And when he received his mother's letter he decided that he had Ann's improvement all ready.

"But what if she won't take it, mother?" he asked anxiously. other?" he asked anxiously.
Mandy, who was fondling the
aby's fat, pink toes, looked up condently. "She will, David; she just

fidently can't help it.'

and we waited.

Mandy folded the little clothes Mandy folded the little clothes which we had made, and put them into the basket beside the baby, and I wrote a note in fancy writing and pinned it to the little blanket. It read: "I know you are a good woman. Please care for my baby as your own, for I cannot, and I have no people with whom I can leave him."

We were going up to Ann's with it then, but Mandy stopped long enough to put in a bottle that used to be David's.

"Probably Ann won't have any in the house," she explained, smiling. Finally we started. David left us Finally we started. Favid left us when we got about half-way, and went cross-lots over the hill to the station. We drove up under the trees below the house, and Mandy stole up below the nouse, and Mandy stole up to the porch quietly and carefully with the basket while I held the horse. She set it down just outside the door. Then she came back to the wagon,

and we waited.

We could look through the windows into Ann's kitchen. The nickel of the range and the tea kettle gleamed white in the lamplight, the table oil-cloth shone like a mirror, and even more shone the glossy whiteness et the woodwork. Ann came out into the kitchen from the dining-room and got her spectacles from off the clock shelf. She put them on and were shaded to the control of the clock shelf. She put them on and went around She put them on and went around the room looking long and closely at the paint. When she got to the board above the sink she shook her head, then went out into the woodshed. In a few minutes she came back with some paint brushes which she put into some purposition to soften and we some turpentine to soften, and we come what she intended to do the

knew what she intended to do the first thing in the morning. In about twenty minutes the baby began to cry-a little, tiny cry at first, then loudly and lustily. Ann came to the door and leaned forward, the loudy and leaned forward. came to the door and leaned forward, peering out into the darkness. Then the baby gave a louder yell. She jumped back. "Great Everlasting!" she exclaimed, caught up the based and ran to the light. Mandy the house hegan to may and spart annual to the second to the seco began to paw and snort, as didn't dare. So we hustled off. and we

didn't dare. So we hustieu on.

Next morning I was doing my
breakfast dishes when Tim Gray, a
lad that draws milk for the farmers
living in the head of the hollow,
something on the beautiful of the house
and heagan to call. I hurried out to and began to call. I hurried out to see what he wanted. He told me that see what he wanted. He told me that Ann Simmons had come running out to the wagon when he was driving past her place. She wanted him to stop and tell me to be ready to come up to her house with Mandy. People always sent for Mandy whet they always sent for Mandy when they were in trouble or when anything unusual happened, and since I had been so intimate with her they had been sending for me, too. Tim such that Ann did not seem like herself—she talked so fast, and her hair wasn't

stead of being slicked down close to stead of pening shoked down close to her head, was put up carelessly. Her dress was turned down at the throat and her sleeves were rolled up above the elbows.

"Mandy," she said, half crying, "Mandy, someone has sent me a baby.

aby."
"A baby!" Mandy exclaimed, in a urprised tone. "Who—what do you surprised tone.

We went into the house then. There in the old-fashioned cradle in which all the little Simmonses had been rocked lay the baby, tucked in under little piecework quilt, blinking and cooing

"Who sent it, Ann?" I asked.
"I don't know, Jule. Here's the
note that was in the basket.' She
handed it to me and began telling
me how she heard the baby cry the night before.
"But—" and as I listened I kne

for a certainty that Mandy was right when she said a woman knew how to do things. "But, Ann," said Mando things. But, Ann," said Man-dy, "are you going to keep it? You don't know anything about its folks, and after working hard all your life it's time you took a rest. It will be

it's time you took a rest. It will be quite a task to bring up that boy."

"Am I going to keep it. Mandy Higgins!" Ann cried excitedly, an expression of outraged surprise spreading over her face. "Of course I am going to Dideb." pression of outraged surprise spread-ing over her face. "Of course I am going to. Didn't its mother give it to me, and doesn't it smother give it to me, and doesn't it smit at me al-ready? And, Mandy." she continued, "don't I need something to work for same as you other women? I haven't known what to do with myself since Pa and Ma died. I haven't wanted to go out with our haven't wanted to go out with you other women beto go out with you other women be-cause I hadn't anything real to do as you had. I wasn't needed anywhere: but now I know I am, and that God out now I know I am, and that God sent this little fellow because I need him and he needs me." She stopped with a sob. We put our arms around her and all cried together, which is characteristic of women.

After we got calm Mandy said, "These aren't enough clothes for him."

"No, I s'pose not," Ann agreed.
"How would you like to have the
Improvement Society come up to-

Improvement Society come up to-to-morrow afternoon and make some for him?" afternoon and make some for him?" afternoon wild?" said Ann anxiously. "You know I wouldn't join you a spell back." "Shucks! They will be glad to. Why don't you join now?" asked

Mandy.

"Oh, do von think they would have me? It didn't seem any use to join when I felt seem to ward folks, but somehow this little photoly makes me feel different toward up to have the property of the a happier place. . . .

Keeping Smoked Meats

By Andrew Boss

During moderate weather, smoked meat may be left in the smoke-house for some time. The house should be kept perfectly dark, and well enough ventilated to prevent dampness. dry cool cellar or attic, with free cir-culation, will be a satisfactory place for smoked meats at all seasons, if it is kept dark and the flies are excluded

If to be held only a short time, hams and bacon will need only to be combed.

I hurried to get my work done and hung out separatelv. without coverwas ready by the time Mandy stoping For longer keeping, it will be ped for me. When we drove up in necessary to wrap them first in waxning out on to the porch to meet us. or muslin. and to hang them in burlap, canvas She looked more like the capable, we can be can be can be considered and the capable of the capable. The consideration of the capable of the gain a uniform temperature and to do mother and father. Her hair, inA MAN tried to the was a fine ter with it. I know anythin

April 2,

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