

It was an odd name for a news-jinto the fabrics of his dreams. was duplicated in or out of the news- a clod, something higher than the ty. paper business

day and an editor by night. Someand so strong.

were set far back-under the shaggy brows never lost their keenness in tice. He was just the bass singer the shadows of his protruding brow. and she the organist, and of course lant, alert, observing mind. Kinney learned the printer's art at odd mo-Boy

His office was even older than the know what he said. man. To see it one could almost day, a plain square cabin on the very twitted about it.

day and sent out a ghostly glimmer of oil lamps by night.

For ten years not a foot has been thing. in Josh's own handwriting

mith shop down the road. This is a He was whistling his favorite tune,

only silent obedience

first came and started his newspaper. That was before they knew anything them respect him for his learning.

years ago — big, lusty, mischieyous now was knee deep on the Rochester made port.

door with snowballs.

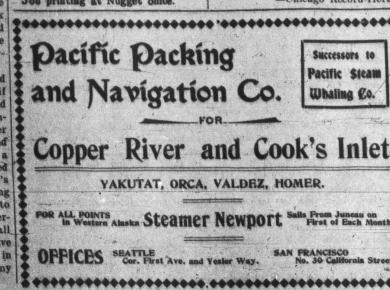
Kinney never forgot it, because the to his heart that changed the current asked me. How'd he know what I of his life. All night long he had might have said ?" heard nothing but the monotonous the sleighbells, how harsy against the rollicking jingle of "With th

the sled ! And what a strange thrill of an editor. He came to you empty at through him as he heard one of these cry out : "Please don't throw flower of Lower Corners, with the any more, boys. You oughtn't to 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of disturb Mr. Kinney when he's busy. girls.' He hopes he has gone, too, Please don't."

"And is there really somebody who worthy people. He bears with him pares enough about me to think of no enmittee, no regrets, save those that ?" he asked himself. "Am I do- that come from the sense of a work ing right to shut myself up here when ill done. If he had ideals and failed I might to shart might to boys and girls? I wonder whose voice that was. It sounded like—but what rea-son have I to think that?'' "Better The Sangamon Boy should

son have I to think that ?" faybe he didn't have any reason to die in his youth than be cast a waif think it, but a vague, tender hope rose above reason. "Mary"—what a pretty name it was, he thought — brance; to you I bequeath whatever Mary Manning-Kinney." So timid of good he may have done. I loved was this big, strong man that he ac-tually blushed at his own audacity when he coupled her name with his. "Mary Manning Kinney !" It kept ringing in his spiritual ear like the nelody of a favorite song. When the point his way and guide his waver-ast issue of The Sangamon Boy was ing feet. When you, my triends, shall run off and Josh Kinney crept into hed, a host of sentimental fancies closed, and mine-will have begun in kept him awake until far into the fuller measure. Do you doubt my erning and then wove themselves prophecy ? Read :





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