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Painful corns are utterly needless. Science has brought relief. The medicated spot of wax on a Blue-jay Plaster stops pain instantly.

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For Corns

*Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely*

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End your corn at once and never let one pain again.

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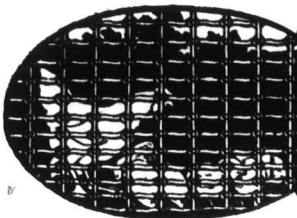
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McCartney stole a glance down at the pair of small hands visible near his belt line. On the third finger of the left hand sparkled a solitaire diamond.

"Oh! Isn't it grand up here!" breathed Miss Harley, suddenly. "Look across and down. Isn't that view remarkable? I've no adjectives suitable."

"We can behold a stretch of country twelve miles in breadth. But see the fire! Do you notice—anything peculiar about it?"

"It seems farther away. Is it going out?"

"Not much! If anything it's only gathering force. The timber is heavy in this district. What I refer to is the freakish tendency of it to form the letter O. We are encircled by it."

Miss Harley was too greatly excited to notice the hint conveyed. So he endeavored to speak plainer.

"You may be shut in here for days."

"Really? But there's a cabin you said?"

"Yes. A half-breed and his wife are there, also my dog. There are only two rooms,—but we must manage."

"But you! Your marriage—"

"Must wait. You too, by your ring—when is yours to take place?"

"Next month. As soon as school closes I am going east. The eleventh of July is the date."

"And this is the twenty-sixth of June," mused McCartney, then roused himself. "Look, Miss Harley, you can now see Mountain Mist Cabin."

As McCartney had prophesied they were shut in for days on this island of safety and the days lengthened until a whole week had slipped by. It was no hardship apparently, to the girl. She entered into the novelty of being marooned with a zest that was a continual source of admiration to the artist. There was about her a subtle sense of repressed energy, of bubbling good spirits and sheer joyousness of living that captivated him. Already she had become a sort of jolly comrade.

When Rod and the half-breed were absent on a scouting expedition she washed and ironed the blouse she had been wearing. She delighted in camp cooking, and in the evenings she and Rod would sit on a mossy ledge overlooking that red circle and exchange little confidences, until darkness closed in.

At the end of the ninth day the fire had burnt itself out on the northern side and the half-breed loaned Rod a cayuse to go to Henniker's Crossing. At the little telegraph office he wrote out several telegrams to his friends and those of Miss Harley assuring them of their safety. He spent the night in the small village, patiently awaiting a reply from Calgary.

Early next morning a night letter arrived for Miss Harley, but yet no message from Calgary for McCartney. The telegraph operator to add to his dismay, had informed him that the newspapers of a week ago had faithfully and duly recorded the deaths of Miss Harley and himself in the devastating forest fire, and when the news of their safety now began to spread the curious and overjoyed villagers gathered about McCartney and trailed him from the station to the small hotel and back. They had not known him before, but any living thing that could emerge from such a cataclysm was a legitimate and worthy object of interest.

He hoped Mildred would not insist on postponing their wedding, and in the intervals of visiting the station he procured a suit of clothes, a hat and boots. He need not go back to Mountain Mist Cabin at all. He could hire a messenger to take Miss Harley's telegram. From his pocket he again drew the picture and this time he slowly tore it into bits and scattered it to the winds. Then, with very bad grace, he awaited Mildred's long-delayed reply, smoking cigar after cigar viciously.

The message came at last, but it wasn't from Mildred. Her uncle had sent it. It ran:

"Mildred and Lawrence married twenty-seventh. Gone to Bermuda. Very glad to know of your safety. Explanations follow in a letter."

McCartney sat down on the platform, his feet dangling over the right-of-way, his mouth hanging open.

"Jilted, by thunder!" he whispered.

It was late when he reached the tiny cabin back in the heart of the mountains. Miss Harley met him at the fern-edged

spring, having heard the click of the cayuse's hoofs from afar. Together and almost in silence they tethered the animal and walked back to the cabin. By the light of the single, tiny oil-lamp the little teacher read her message from home. Then she handed it to McCartney with a half-gasp and sank into a chair. He read:

"We are, as you may guess, delighted at the news of your safety. But hearing of your death Jim Barnard married Kitty Ellsworth. They left for Old Orchard yesterday. A letter follows this."

When he glanced up it was to see little Miss Harley's golden-brown head bent on her arms on the chair back. Her shoulders were heaving.

"Don't, please don't!" he begged. "It isn't worth a tear. Any man who would—oh, damn it!"

Then with a great deal of awkwardness he patted one of her shaking shoulders. He cleared his throat.

"I too was—jilted," he said. "My pair are honeymooning in Bermuda."

Miss Harley looked up then. Her eyes were quite dry.

"You—you're only laughing then!" exclaimed Rod, stepping backward.

"With relief. See! I took his ring off a week ago."

She held up a sunbrowned left hand, guiltless of ornament.

"Why?" demanded Rod, with masculine denseness. She ignored the question, but blushing, asked:

"Did you say you too—had been—"

"It's an ugly word. Don't say it. Anyway it scarcely applies for you see they thought we were dead—"

"They might have had the grace to wait a few weeks! But I don't care. I—I guess I really never cared."

"I didn't either. I—I care only for one person," and Rod's tone was significant.

"Me too. And he—he looks like Stevenson. That's—what first attracted—"

But she got no further for McCartney thought it time that they sympathize with each other in a more definite form.

They were married at Henniker's Crossing and spent the honeymoon—at Mountain Mist Cabin. Each summer they spend a honeymoon there.



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