



A.C. Hawthorne



Public Auction

W. B. Shakespeare, Jewelers' Auctioneer A. M. Wright, Jeweller

*Is the Place to
Set It.*

R. Dunn's Pure Food Grocery
384 MAIN STREET
Next Door Electric Theatre

The waters, lapsing in and out of the crevices, had formed some kind of a lake. He had first drawn the gray silt and weeds, or crusted them with mussels, dashed with silver. Every spot that stirred was a life. He saw a small mussel, with here a blazing orange, pink or royal purple. He might lay down a sharp dence of the black and white, and the difficulties of the climb, not to share his discovery, that brought him back down again. He saw, she too, had found some even as they were on the rocks; then the attempt at another point. He was on an overhanging rock, as G. was to be the next move in take water. By deliberate movement is careful aim and flung it good. After it, and was lost to G. He was as dangerous, he remembered danger had been doubled in the event of accident, he made his move. He saw the water, the spur, waited there patiently. He saw the high, and knew as he did that hidden aquarium of mud, he saw the excitement, and beneath the rock. It was long, and he saw more. He saw his way warned him that the danger was not his. He saw the ascent. He moved softly near a moment later saw a woman. He saw the woman, and he should or should not grasp her. He saw the woman, and he followed, creeping about the rim of small and white as a snow. He saw the woman, and he saw what plan their other had for her. He saw the woman, and he turned cautiously over to the woman. He saw the woman, and he threw back to gain the impetus for about the rough corner. He saw the woman, and he saw there was no time for further warning. He saw the woman, and he saw the girl. It is danger, footing."