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**A. MURRAY & COMPANY**

A  
GIRL  
OF  
THE  
LIMBERLOST

BY  
GENE STRATTON PORTER

(Continued.)

Two days later Edith had induced Hart Henderson to take her to Onabasha. By the aid of maps they located the Comstock land and passed it merely to see the place. Henderson hated that trip and implored Edith not to take it, but she made no effort to conceal from him what she suffered, and it was more than he could endure.

The sunlight etched with distinctness the scene at the west end of the chain. Instinctively, to save Edith, Henderson set the whistle blowing. He had thought to go on to the city, but Polly Ammon stood, crying, "Phil, Phil!" Tom Levering was on his feet shouting and waving, while Edith in her most imperial manner ordered him to turn into the lane leading through the woods beside the cabin.

"Fix it some way that I get a minute alone with her," she commanded as she stopped the car.

"That is my sister Polly, her fiancé Tom Levering, a friend of mine named Henderson and"—began Ammon.

"Edith Carr," volunteered Elnora.

"And Edith Carr," repeated Philip Ammon. "Elnora, be brave for my sake. Their coming can make no difference in any way. I won't let them stay but a few minutes. Come with me!"

"Do I look scared?" inquired Elnora serenely. "This is why you have not had your answer. I have been waiting just six weeks for that motor. You may bring them to me at the arbor."

She could see that Miss Carr was splendidly beautiful, while she moved with the hauteur and grace supposed to be the prerogatives of royalty. And she had instantly taken possession of Philip Ammon. But Ammon also had a brain which was working with rapidity. He knew Elnora was watching so he swung around to the others.

"Give her up, Tom!" he cried. "I didn't know I wanted to see the little nuisance so badly, but I do. How are father and mother? Polly, be good to Elnora," he whispered.

"Um-huh," assented Polly. And aloud, "I never saw such a beauty. Thomas Asquith Levering, you come straight here and take my hand!"

Edith's move to compel Ammon to approach Elnora beside her had been easy to see; also its failure. Henderson stepped into Ammon's place as he turned to his sister. Instead of taking Polly's hand Levering ran to open the gate. Edith passed through first, but Polly darted in front of her on the run, with Phil holding her arm, and swept up to Elnora. Polly looked for the ring and saw it. That settled matters with her.



"You lovely, lovely, darling girl!" she cried, throwing her arms around Elnora and kissing her. With her lips near Elnora's ear, Polly whispered, "Sister—dear, dear sister!"

Elnora drew back, staring at Polly in confused amazement. She was a beautiful girl, dressed in some wonderful way. Her eyes were sparkling and dancing, and as she turned to make way for the others she kept one of Elnora's hands in hers. Edith bowed low, muttered something and touched Elnora's fingers. In that instant only pity was in Elnora's breast for the flashing dark beauty.

"Come into the shade," she urged. "You must have found it warm on these country roads. Won't you lay aside your dust coats and have a cool drink? Philip, would you ask mother to come and bring that pitcher in the springhouse?"

They entered the arbor, exclaiming at the dim, green coolness. Mrs. Comstock came deliberately, talking to Ammon as she approached. Elnora gave her one searching look, but could discover only an extreme brightness of eye to denote any unusual feeling. Polly instantly went to her and held up her face to be kissed. Mrs. Comstock's eyes twinkled, and she made the greeting hearty.

Soon the pitcher was empty, and Elnora picked it up and went to refill it. While she was gone Henderson asked Philip about some trouble he was having with his car. They went to the woods and began a minute examination to find a defect which did not exist. Polly and Levering were having an animated conversation with Mrs. Comstock. Henderson saw Edith arise, follow the garden path next the woods and stand waiting under the willow which Elnora would pass on her return.

It was for that meeting he had made the trip. He got down on the ground, tore up the car, worked, asked for help and kept Philip busy screwing bolts and applying the oil can. All the time Henderson kept an eye on Edith and Elnora under the willow. But he took pains to lay the work he asked Philip to do where that scene would be out of his sight. When Elnora came around the corner with the pitcher she found herself facing Edith Carr.

"I want a minute with you," said Miss Carr.

"Very well," replied Elnora, walking on.

"Set the pitcher on the bench there," commanded Edith Carr as if speaking to a servant.

"I prefer not to offer my guests a warm drink," said Elnora. "I'll come back if you really wish to speak with me."

"I came solely for that," said Edith Carr.

"It would be a pity to travel so far in this dust and heat for nothing. I'll only be gone a second."

Elnora set the pitcher before her mother. "Please serve this," she said. "Miss Carr wishes to speak with me."

The girl slowly and gravely walked back to the willow.

"Will you be seated?" she asked politely.

Edith Carr glanced at the bench, while a shudder shook her.

"No. I prefer to stand," she said. "Did Mr. Ammon give you the ring you are wearing, and do you consider yourself engaged to him?"

"By what right do you ask such personal questions as those?" inquired Elnora.

"By the right of a betrothed wife. I have been promised to Philip Ammon ever since I wore short skirts. All our lives we have expected to marry. An agreement of years cannot be broken in one insane moment. Always he has loved me devotedly. Give me ten minutes with him and he will be mine for all time."

(To Be Continued.)

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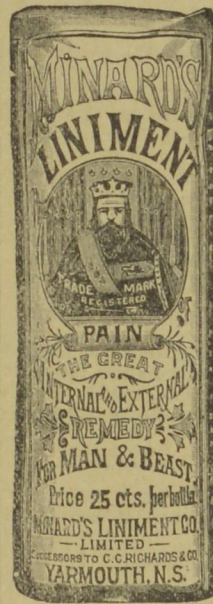
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**BIRTHDAY OF WEALTHY BOY**

Newport, R. I., Feb. 21.—John Nicholas Brown, one of the wealthiest boys in America, son of Mrs. John Nicholas Brown of this city, celebrated his thirteenth birthday anniversary today. When an infant in arms young Brown inherited the \$2,000,000 estate of his father, the late John Nicholas Brown of Providence and Newport. About a week after the death of his father he inherited also the estate of his uncle, valued at an equal amount. Still later he fell heir to one-half of the \$55,000,000 fortune left by his grandmother, Mrs. John Carter Brown.



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The Balance of our TRIMMED HATS Sale Price \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.  
UNTRIMMED FELT HATS for Ladies, Misses and Children, Sale Price 25, 50 and 75 cents each.  
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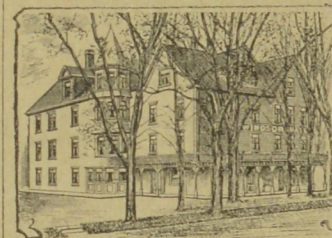
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