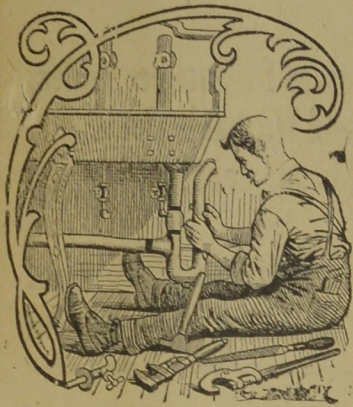


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"We was a spunky, daredevil lot in the old days, wasn't we, Asaph?" he said. "Spunk was kind of born in us, as you might say. And even now we're—"

The Atkins tower clock boomed once, a solemn, dignified stroke. Mr. Tidditt and his companion started and looked at each other.

"Godfrey scissored!" gasped Asaph. "Is that half past 12?"

Mr. Bangs pulled a big worn silver watch from his pocket and glanced at the dial.

"It is!" he moaned. "As sure's you're born it is! We've kept Keturah's dinner waiting twenty minutes. You and me are in for it now, Asaph Tidditt! Twenty minutes late! She'll skin us alive!"

Mr. Tidditt did not pause to answer, but plunged headlong down the hill at a race horse gait, Bailey pounding at his heels. For "born daredevils," self confessed, they were a nervous and apprehensive pair.

The "perfect boarding house" is situated a quarter of a mile beyond Whittaker's hill, nearly opposite the Salters homestead. The sign, hung on the pole by the front gate, reads, "Bayport Hotel, Bailey Bangs Proprietor," but no one except the stranger in Bayport accepts that sign seriously. When, owing to an unexpected change in the administration at Washington, Mr. Bangs was obliged to relinquish his position as our village postmaster his wife came to the rescue with the proposal that they open a boarding house. "Whatsoever you find to do," quoted Keturah at sewing circle meeting, "do it, then, with all your might!" If when I'm laid to rest they can put on to my gravestone 'She ran the perfect boarding house' I'll be satisfied."

This remark and subsequent similar declarations were widely quoted, and, therefore, though casual visitors may refer to the "Bayport hotel," to us natives the Bangs residence is always "Keturah's perfect boarding house." As for the sign's affirmation of Mr. Bangs' proprietorship, that is considered the cream of the joke. The idea of meek, baldheaded little Bailey posing as proprietor of anything while his wife is on deck tickles Bayport's sense of humor.

CHAPTER II

HERE are two "antiques" in Bayport which have not yet been sold or even bid for. One is Gabe Lumley's "depot wagon," and the other is "Dan'l Webster," the horse which draws it. Both are very ancient, sadly in need of upholstery and jerky of locomotion. Gabe was, as usual, waiting at the station when the down train arrived on the Tuesday or Wednesday of the selectmen's meeting. The train was due, according to the time table, at 11:45. A cloud of white smoke billowed above the clump of cedars at the bend of the track. Then the locomotive rounded the curve and bore down upon the station.

The conductor stepped from the passenger coach. Following him came briskly a short, thickset man with a reddish gray beard and grayish red hair.

"Goin' down to the village, mister?" inquired Mr. Lumley. "Carriage right here."

The stranger inspected the driver of the depot wagon, inspected him deliberately from top to toe. Then he said:

"Down to the village? Why, yes, I wouldn't wonder. Say, you're a Lumley, ain't you?"

"Why, why—yes, I be! How'd you know that? Ain't ever seen you afore, have I?"

"Guess not," with a quiet chuckle. "I've never seen you either, but I've seen your nose. I'd know a Lumley nose if I run across it in China."

The possessor of the "Lumley nose" rubbed that organ in a bewildered fashion. Recovering in a measure, he laughed rather naively and

pegged to know if the trunk, then being unloaded from the baggage car, belonged to his prospective passenger. As the answer was an affirmative nod, he secured the trunk check and departed, still rubbing his nose.

When he returned with the trunk on the truck the stranger sprang into the depot wagon with a bounce that made the old vehicle rock on its springs.

"Jerushy!" he exclaimed. "She rolls some, don't she? Never mind; my ballast 'll keep her on an even keel. Trunk made fast astern? All right. Say, you might furl some of this spare canvas so's I can take an observation as we go along. Don't go so fast that the scenery gets blurred, will you? It's been some time since I made this cruise, and I'd rather like to keep a lookout."

The driver "furl'd the canvas"—that is, he rolled up the curtains at the sides of the carryall. Then he climbed to the front seat and took up the reins. "Git up!" he shouted savagely. Dan'l pricked up one ear, then a hoof, and slowly got under way. As the equipage passed the Baker homestead the whole family was clustered about the gate, staring at the occupant of the wagon. The stare was returned.

"Who lives in there?" demanded the stranger. "Who are those folks?"

"Ceph Baker's tribe," was the sullen answer.

"Baker, hey? Humph! New folks. I presume likely. Used to be Seth Snow's house, that did. Where'd Seth go to?"

Gabe grunted that he did not know. He believed Mr. Snow was dead, had died years before.

"Humph! Dead, hey? Then I know where he went."

Finally the newcomer leaned from the carriage and gazed steadily up the slope ahead. And his gaze, strange to say, was not directed at the imposing Atkins estate, but at its opposite neighbor, the old Cy Whittaker place.

Slowly, laboriously, Dan'l Webster mounted the hill. At the crest he would have paused to take breath, but the driver would not let him.

"Git along, you!" he commanded, flapping the reins.

And then Mr. Lumley suffered the shock of a surprise. The hitherto cool and self possessed occupant of the rear seat seemed very much excited. His big red hand clasped Mr. Lumley's over the reins, and Dan'l was brought to an abrupt standstill.

"Heave to!" he ordered sharply, and the tone was that of one who has given many orders and expects them to be obeyed. "Belay! Whoa, there! Great land of love, look at that! Look at it! Who did that?"

The mate to the big red hand pointed to the front door of the Whittaker place. Gabe was alarmed.

"Done what? Done which?" he gasped. "What you talkin' about? There ain't nobody lives in there. That house has been empty for—"

"Where's the front fence?" demanded the excited passenger. "What's become of the hedge? And who put up that—that darned piazza?"

The piazza had been where it now was almost since Mr. Lumley could remember. He hastened to reply that he didn't know; he wasn't sure; he presumed likely 'twas "them New Hampshire Howseses" when they ran a summer boarding house.

(To be Continued)

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Hanley, Sask., June 29—MacBeth Malcolm, the Liberal candidate was elected over T. J. Bjorn Dahl, Conservative, Saturday by a majority of 400. In the general election of 1912, J. W. MacNeil, Liberal was returned by a majority of 430.

(Dr. MacNeil who is at present visiting relatives here resigned his seat to accept the position of medical superintendent of the new asylum at Battleford.)

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Notice of Sale

To The Mail Publishing Company Limited and to all others whom it may in anywise concern:

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to power of sale vested in me the undersigned, J. J. Fraser Winslow, under and by virtue of certain Trust Mortgage dated the twenty-ninth day of January, A. D. 1912 made between the said The Mail Publishing Company, Limited of the First Part, and the said J. J. Fraser Winslow of the Second Part, duly filed in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County of York under official number 7572 default having been made in the payment of interest on the bonds secured by the said mortgage, and for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Mortgage, there will be sold at public auction on Wednesday the twenty-third day of July, A. D. 1913, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton, all the property in the said Mortgage set out in the schedule thereto marked "A" and the lease set out in the schedule thereto marked "B".

The terms of sale are as follows: Twenty-five per cent. of purchase price to be paid in cash upon the property being knocked down and the balance of the purchase price to be paid within ten days thereafter.

The Inventory of property mentioned in said schedules A & B. may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

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J. J. FRASER WINSLOW,
Trustee.
63 Carleton Street.

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