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TO-DAY

4 Great Picture Features 4



(Continued.)

Pete slipped several more moths into the bag.

"Now, that's five, Mrs. Comstock," he said. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to make that do. You must get out of here lively. Your lights will be taken for hurry calls, and inside the next hour a couple of men will ride here like fury."

"Well, I'll see them make me go," said Mrs. Comstock. "I've got Robert's revolver in my dress and I can shoot as straight as any man if I'm mad enough. Any one that interferes with me tonight will find me mad a plenty. There goes another!"

"We are close to the old case," said Pete. "I think I can get into it. Maybe we could slip the rest in there."

"That's a fine idea!" said Mrs. Comstock. "They'll have so much room there they won't be likely to hurt themselves, and the books say they don't fly in daytime unless they are disturbed, so they will settle when it's light, and I can come with Elnora to get them."

They captured two more, and then Pete carried them to the case.

"Here comes a big one!" he cried as he returned.

Mrs. Comstock looked up and stepped out with a prayer on her lips. She could not tell the color at that distance, but the moth appeared different from the others. On it came, dropping lower and darting from light to light. As it swept near her, "Oh, heavenly Father," exclaimed Mrs. Comstock, "it's yellow! Careful! Pete, your hat, maybe!"

Pete made a long sweep. The moth hovered above the hat and sailed away. In its flight it came straight toward Mrs. Comstock. She snatched off the remnant of apron she had tucked into her petticoat band and held the calico before her. The moth struck full against it and clung to the goods. Pete crept up stealthily. Another moth followed the first, and the spray showered the apron.

"Wait!" gasped Mrs. Comstock. "I think they have settled. The books say they won't leave now."

"Now, shall I?" questioned Pete.

"No. Leave them alone. They are safe now. They are mine. They are my salvation. God and the Lumberlost gave them to me! They won't move for hours. The books all say so. Oh, Heavenly Father, I am thankful to you, and you, too, Pete Corson! You

are a good man to help me. Now, I can go home and face my girl."

Elnora had sat by the window far into the night. At last she undressed and went to bed, but sleep would not come. She had gone to the city to talk with members of the school board about a room in the grades. There was a possibility that she might secure the moth and so be able to start to college that fall, but if she did not, then she wanted the school. She had been given some encouragement, but she was so unhappy that nothing mattered. Yet Margaret Sinton had advised her to go home and try once more. Unable to sleep she arose at last, and the room being warm, she sat on the floor by the window. The lights in the swamp caught her eye. She was very uneasy, for quite 100 of her best moths were in the case.

She hurried down the stairway softly calling her mother. There was no answer. She lightly stepped across the sitting room and looked in at the open door. There was no one, and the bed had not been used. Her first thought was that her mother had gone to the pool, and the Lumberlost was alive with signals. Pity and fear mingled in the heart of the girl. She opened the kitchen door, crossed the garden and ran back to the swamp. As she neared it she listened, but she could hear only the usual voices of night.

"Mother!" she called softly, then louder, "Mother!" She returned home. The time was dreadfully long before she heard her mother's voice.

Mrs. Comstock entered, dragging her heavy feet. In one hand she held the lantern, and in the other, stiffly extended before her, on a wad of calico, reposed a magnificent pair of yellow Emperors.

"Shall I put these others in the kitchen?" inquired a man's voice.

The girl shrank back to the shadows.

"Yes, anywhere inside the door," replied Mrs. Comstock as she moved a few steps to make way for him. Pete's head appeared. He set down the moths and was gone.

"Thank you, Pete, more than ever woman thanked you before," said Mrs. Comstock.

She placed the lantern on the table and barred the door. As she turned Elnora came into view. Mrs. Comstock leaned toward her and held out the moths. In a voice vibrant with tones never before heard she said, "Elnora, my girl, mother's found you another moth."

Elnora awoke at dawn and lay gazing around the unfamiliar room. She noticed that every vestige of masculine attire and belongings was gone and knew without any explanation what that meant. For some reason every tangible evidence of her father was banished, and she was at last to be allowed to take his place. She turned to look at her mother. Mrs. Comstock's face was white and haggard, but on it rested an expression of profound peace Elnora never before had seen. As she studied the features on the pillow beside her the heart of the girl throbbed in tenderness. She softly slipped from the bed, went to her room, dressed and entered the kitchen to attend the Emperors and prepare breakfast. The pair had been left clinging to the piece of calico. The calico was there and a few pieces of beautiful wing. A mouse had eaten the moths!

"Well, of all the horrible luck!" gasped Elnora.

With the first thought of her mother, she caught up the remnants of the moths, burying them in the ashes of

the stove. She took the bag to her room, hurriedly releasing its contents, but there was not another yellow one. Her mother had said some had been confined in the case in the Lumberlost. There was still a hope that an Emperor might be among them.

(To Be Continued.)

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