greatly alarmed, and Mrs.

div face was grave.

uired at the few houses faithful Rhoda Lowrie remained at home, heart broken.

And after awhile it was known that this they dared not do. They down to get to town. And at the grove into the beautiful old enough to be told finat Tony had perished in the swamps. To Max the news was a terrible grief and shock. He had been so firm in his conviction that he alive.

So that was how it came about that autumn evening. It was some time before the old man could believe his eyes.

"Why, to be sure. I didn't know that the first hotel.

So that was how it came about that he autumn evening. It was some time before the old man could believe his eyes.

"Why, boy, we thought you were the old man could believe his eyes.

the Lowries! He shall get here's any get well to him.

| best. boy, and they say
| that's pretty fair," said the

miled. It was good to hear the hat hearty voice, arefully carried his books and

run up to his own room.

Tony would have said. doctor would have cured he knew. dith a dose or two of magic ut a real doctor could not

fever, and there was the he said. form a grave complication. So Max left him. He met the doctor "But. Oh, in the hall, and told him that Maty Maty, and—

told the whole story, knowing Maty." safe his secret would be. ed wi'dly about that awful Il right, Max. You are a queer

sir, I do not want the reward, ant to escape the notoriety." octor's fine face glowed with on as he held out his hand to

ing sequel to the series, the versity seeking a buried box of gold. He had found it and was gone. The great greed, public rolled this as a sweet morsel under its wagging tongue and swallowed it down, wondering when another such tiddly would be dished up.

But people said that beautiful, faithful Rhoda Lowrie remained at home, heart broken.

was a terrible grief and shock. He had been so firm in his conviction that. Tony must be alive.

"I think she tried to escape and was lost in the swamps. I don't believe any ordinary person could get out alive," the doctor said.

Max covered his face with his hands. The picture that these words brought up was too horrible.

Mr. Outlaw weld autumn evening.

It was some ti man could believe "Why, boy, we dead!"

Max grasped the was held out to his brought up was too horrible.

brought up was too horrible. As Maty grew better he was left more to his friends, for the doctor's practice was a large one.

The good people vied with each other in their attentions to the strangers. For, as everybody knows, hospitality has its home in this fair

city on the Cape Fear river. black mammy who, like a So Maty was made much of He duck, happened to be wad-rode in fine old carriages about the shady streets and sailed for hours on the river. He was entertained in the and took these to her heart beautiful homes on Hay Mount, and And even the baby was happy. heard wonderful stories about old was really ill. Day and night Cross Creeks and Campbellton. Altong over him doing all they gether he began to think that it was sector Mac Swain was a real a fine thing to be a sick boy.

and not at all a "story doc- But there came a day when he must er's bosom, in most comfortable fashbe told about Tony. Max told him all lon.

"I'd rather be alone, Max. I can stand it better. I was not always good for now it was Maty's turn at to her, and that makes a difference,"

people, safe and well attend- "Get Mrs. Hunt to him. Women did not forget Tony. It was know what to say. I don't mind broad that she was missing; taking hold of a broken body, but I'd many people were ready with rather keep my hands off a broken heart. You get ready and come with be in the swamp that really me. It will do you good Maty don't me. It will do you good Maty don't you know, and I do. It's eight now. We'll have to drive all day and come to tell none at all!

day after day passed, the tor watched with Max, and home in the night, but the weather's laugh now!

sorely in need of a friend and fine there's moon. Get ready. I'll seed "I'll send

People usually obeyed the doctor; catching a word here and he was that sort of a man.

When he came out Max was ready "I'm going to see a patient. One of

hink I see how it is with the chronic sort, you know." Max was uneasy about Maty and troubled about Tony, so he was a dull companion. But the doctor chatted cheerly about anything and everything, from the condition of the country to the last baby that had been news came from Tony, and named for him.

Max grasped the hard hand was held out to him. "Little Tony is dead," he said, soft-

'Her? Dead, did you say? Maybe not," and the old man went briskly ahead to break the glad news. Max walked toward the house. The

Virginia creeper was crimson now, and the pink and purple asters were nodding gaily along the borders. And then Max heard a soft little voice that was like a breath of the evening breeze.

"Max, are you here?" And there, over the box-wood hedge, was a little red head and a pair of china blue eyes! Nobody but Tony and Tony was crying on her tall broth- Maty was fast asleep.

And that was how Mother Outlaw found them, and somehow they were ladies took charge of Zeb. And it is to got into the house, and there was a wonderful time, and right in the midst of it Doctor Mac Swain came in. "But, Oh, Max, how we'll miss dear

"Miss who? Not the boy I've been doctoring all this time, I reckon," the doctor said laughing.

"Oh, sir, is our Maty alive?" notice any signs of wings. We won't the past. have anybody missed but you, lassie." Of course it was but a poor little threadbare joke, but it was so easy to

"I'll send the boys out," the doctor said, and nobody noticed a curious twinkle in his eye, but it was there. Tony was happy now, and they waited for Maty to come. She was almost beyond eating or sleeping, Max told her that they had found the gold, and that it was really theirs, as no An enterprising bird has built its nest heir had been found to claim it, and it was well known that there was none. But he did not speak of his aw-Tul secret. Tony must be spared this.

Mrs. Hunt and took her in her arms, and all the little Hunts cried and Father Outlaw stretched out his arms and took them all in, and the Poindexters heard a few wild sentences about caring so much for Tom, and being too proud to make friends, and forgiving and forgetting and all that.

"Why, Max, she's her mother,"
Tony said, as the women all began to

"They take it protty hard," Maty "Maty, darling, it is so nice to have you. I'm glad you did not die," Tony said, for the hundredth time.

"But I'm going to some time, Queen Marie Antoinette, so you'd better be good to me. In fact, I came near it when they told me that you were dead. I always said you'd be the death

"Maty, I would try to behave, and you right in the midst of a reconciliation! It is so romatic; and we've been instrumental in bringing it about, too," Tony said, with mild reproach.

"We brought an Outlaw as a tro-phy, Max," Maty laughed. "You ought not laugh when you know that she ran away with our kind

Mr. Hunt, just as mother did." "I didn't know that mother did, Tony," Maty said. "That boy's got to be shut up. The

first thing we know there'll be another fever on his hands," and the doctor bundled Maty off into a wee bit of a bedroom where the roses blew their sweet breath in at the windows and herself ever had such eyes as those, the bees hummed lazily in and out. So there was a scramble and a rush, And before the sun was quite down

Mother Outlaw gathered up the brood of little Hunts and whisked them off home, and the good Quaker be hoped that Zebulon Vance Scales was duly thankful to the Providence that chose such a soft place for the mountain boy.

Aunty, stirred from her usual calm, was really the aunty of old, and the Quaker ladles beamed with peaceful delight. And so the autumn sun went down, and the troubles of Tony and "He was this morning, and I didn't the twins were among the things of

Bird Builds Nest in Clock. Baltimore Sun.

Occasionally one sees a small crowd congregated at the corner of Baltimore and Light streets gazing intently up at the old clock frame that-still stands there as a relic of the fire. in the part where the top of the column joins the clock face.

It has a secure home and seems to Tony was sorry that Emerson had live quite undisturbed by the clatter deserted them at the last, but they and bustle of Baltimore's busiest hoped that he might find a home street. THE BRIGHT SPO

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