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SYNOPSIS

Pollyanna has fully recovered from her injuries, received in the automobile accident, and during her Uncle and Auni's visit to Germany, is spending the winter in Boston with a Mrs. Carew. Several years before Mrs. Carew's nephew, Jamie, was kidnep-ped and Pollyanna finds her embittered by her loss and housens as to the future. Knowing semething of Pollyanna's reputa-tion for 'being glad' Mrs. Carew takes hat i charge on the condition that she can stay only so long as she doesn't preach. Without doing what Mrs. Carew calls preaching, Pol-lyanna persuades her to open the unused doing what Mrs. Carew calls preaching, Poi-lyanna persuades her to open the unused rooms of her elegant home, raise the shades, dress herself in beautiful clothes and jewels and occupy the family pew at church ser-vices. Pollyanna visits the Boston Public Garden alone and there talks with a man who calls himself "an old duffer," and a levely discouraged girl. -Pollyanna loses her way, and is taken home by Jerry, a little newsbay. Pollyanna goes often to the park to feed the squirrels and birds and there again meets Jerry and his little friend "Jamie," and is convinced that he is Mrs. Carew's lost nephew. Mrs. Carew is induc-Carew's lost nephew. Mrs. Carew is induc-ed to offer the boy a home, but he refuses, ed to offer the boy a home, but he refuses, Pollyanna, however, doesn't give up, and is also determined to find a friend "who cares" for Sadie Dean, her Public Garden friend. Knowing she will miss Pollyanna sorely when she goes home, Mrs. Carew again of-fers Jamie a home, and he comes. Sadie, too, has a fast friend in Mrs. Carew, Pollytoo, has a fast friend in Mrs. Carew. Poliy-anna spends six years in Germany with Dr. and Mrs. Chilton. Dr. Chilton dies unex-pectedly, and at almost the same time Mrs. Chilton learns that she is practically ruined financially. The two women return to Beld-ingsville, and Pollyanna has a plan which she thinks will enable them to keep the old home. Through Miss Wetherly she arranges to entertain Mrs. Carew, Jamie and Sadie Dean for the summer.

CHAPTER XXIII-(Continued)

T WAS strange how tantalizing was the goldenrod. Always just ahead she saw another bunch, and yet another, each a little finer than the one within her reach. With joyous ex-clamations and gay little calls back to the waiting Jamie, Pollyanna-look-ing particularly attractive in her scar-let sweater—skipped from bunch to bunch, adding to her store. She had both hands full when there came the hideous bellow of an angry bull, the agonized shout from Jamie, and the

she cried. "Did you fall? Are you hurt?

There was no answer. "What is it, old fellow? Are you hurt?" demanded Jimmy.

Still there was no answer. Then suddenly, Jamie pulled himself half, upright and turned. They saw his face then, and fell back, shocked and amazed.

"Hurt? Am I hart?" he choked huskily, flinging out both his hands. "Don't you suppose it hurts to see a thing like that and not be able to do anything? To be tied, helpless, to a pair of sticks? I tell you there's no hart in all the world to equal it!"

"But-but-Jamie," faltered Pollyаппа.

"Don't!" interrupted the cripple, al-most harshly. He had struggled to his feet now. "Don't say-anything. I didn't mean to make a scene-like this," he finished brokenly, as he turned and swung back along the narrow path that led to the camp.

For a minute, as if transfixed, the two behind him watched him go.

"Well, by-Jove!" breathed Jimmy, then, in a voice that shook a little, "That was-tough on him!"

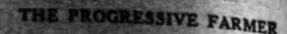
"And I didn't think, and praised you, right before him," half-sobbed Pollyanna. "And his hands-did you see them? They were-bleeding where the nails had cut right into the flesh, she finished, as she turned and stumbled blindly up the path.

"But, Pollyanna, w-where are you going?" cried Jimmy.

"I'm going to Jamie, of course! Do you think I'd leave him like that? Come, we must get him to come back.

And Jimmy, with a sigh that was not all for Jamie, went.

CHAPTER XXIV



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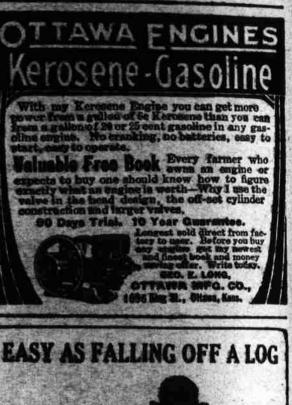
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sound of hoofs thundering down the hillside.

What happened next was never clear to her. She knew she dropped her goldenrod and ran-ran as she, never had before, ran as she thought she never could run-back toward the wall and Jamie. She knew that behind her the hoof-beats were gaining, gaining, always gaining. Dimly, hopelessly, far ahead of her, she saw Jamie's agonized face, and heard his hoarse cries. Then, from somewhere, came a new voice-Jimmy's-shouting a cheery call of courage.

Still on and on she ran blindly, hearing nearer and nearer and nearer the thud of those pounding hoofs. Once she stumbled and almost fell. Then, dizzily she righted herself and plunged forward. She felt her strength quite gone when suddenly, close to her, she heard Jimmy's cheery call again. The next minute she felt herself snatched off her feet and held close to b great throbbies and held close to a great throbbing something that dimly she realized was Jimmy's heart. It was all a horrid blur then of cries, hot, panting breaths, and pounding hoofs thun-dering nearer, ever nearer. Then, just as she knew those hoofs to be almost upon her, she felt herself flung, still in Jimmy's arms, sharply to one side, and yet not so far but that she still could feel the hot breath of the maddened animal as he dashed by. Almost at once then she found her-self on the other side of the wall, with Jimmy bending over her, implor-ing her to tell him she was not dead.

With an hysterical laugh that was yet half a sob, she struggled out of his arms and stood upon her feet.

"Dead? No, indeed-thanks to you, Jimmy. I'm all right. I'm all right. Oh, how glad, glad, glad I was to hear your voice! Oh, that was splendid! How did you do it?" she panted.

"Pooh! That was nothing. I just An inapticulate choking cry brought his words to a sudden halt. He turned to find Jamie face down on the ground, a little distance away. Pollyanna was already hurrying toward him.

"Jamie, Jamie, what "is the matter ?"

Jimmy Wakes Up

JUTWARDLY the camping trip was pronounced a great success: but inwardly-

Pollyanna wondered sometimes if it were all herself, or if there really were a peculiar, indefinable constraint in everybody with everybody else. Certainly she felt it, and she thought she saw evidences that the others felt it, too. As for the cause of it allunhesitatingly she attributed it to that last day at camp with its unfortunate trip to the Basin.

To be sure, she and Jimmy had easily caught up with Jamie, and had, after considerable coaxing, persuaded him to turn about and go to the Basin with them. But, in spite of everybody's very evident efforts to act as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, nobody really succeeded in doing so. Pollyanna, Jamie, and Jimmy overdid their gayety a bit, perhaps; and the others, while not knowing exactly what had happened, very evidently felt that something was not quite right, though they plainly tried to hide the fact that they did feel so. Naturally, in this state of affairs, restful happiness was out of the question. Even the anticipated fish dinner was flavorless; and early in the afternoon the start was made back to the camp. (Continued next week)

SOUTHERN "KUNNELS"

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were peking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "Colonel."

"Major," and "Judge." "What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored at-

followed a discussion. Finally a colored at-tendant was drawn in. "Well, gents," said the Negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. The know-ed folks what was born kunnels—it jes run in de blood foh ginerations. An' Fus know-ed folks what was jest app'inted to be kun-nels. And yit others what was made kun-nels by bein' kind to niggers. Foh instance, any man dat gives man a dollar is a kunnel any man dat gives me a dollab is a sunnal to me hencefo'th forevah."-Everybedy's Magazine.

THE DOCTOR CONFIRMED

Vinitor-My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house. Oottager-That's just what the doctor said mum. But I don't see how it's agoin' to hurt 'ent-Punch



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