An Ice Cake Ride

McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

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IT WAS Saturday aftermon in early March up in the Kennebec country. Stella Loveland, a Boston-bred girl, had insisted upon having the Saturday half SHORT holiday, when she had been supported by the stellar of the t

snow-patched fields and thought of the sunny park and the crocus beds at home, a tear rolled down her check and fell on her pink note pa-per.

"This mood will never do," she said, dispelling discontentment. "I hate to get gloomy letters. Be-sides, Brother John will Jolly me for having lost my agreeableness bump. I'll tell him about our seen-ery here; indeed, it's better than his commercial street obtlook an passageways, roofs and patches of nis commercial street outlook on passageways, roofs and patches of smoky city,"

his commercial street obtlook any passageways, roots and patches of smoky city,"
"John," she wrote, "if you could sail over in an airship you'd see a wonderful country. Long, snewy slopes stretch to Mooserium mountain, sound which winds a river, a frolk with it is expending hurry-cerry by very commercial country. Long, which it is sending hurry-cerry by very commercial country long of the market.
"My friend, Frank Forbers, is superintending at the lumber camps, see him week-ends. Sometimes he comes on skates; sometimes he comes."
"Miss Loveland! Miss Loveland! Where is everybody?"
"Sobby Robbins—down at the river—out on unsafe ice. He'll be drowned! He will!"
"Till come, Tom; I'll get rubbers. You fand your long paper pick."
The two randown he river slope. "Come, baby," coaxed Stella; "You and I go buy nice candy sticks."

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"Dot want candy! Bobby run and the want candy! Bobby run and the want candy! Bobby run and the want of the w

The Bluebird

By MARY J. HITCHCOCK McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

T. WAS a queer smile: one might have called it no smile at all but a grimace, and it twisted Betty's lips into strange, unlovely curves as he dropped the letter to her desk and, with unseeing eyes, stared out into the morning suialight.

Spring was in the art, and spring had been in her heart up to a bare five minutes ago. Now, the doctor's letter brought back the chill of winter—bleak, cold freezingly bitter!

She found herself winking, trying

setter brough, cold freezingly bitter!
She found herself winking, trying desperately not to ery even while the salt flavor of the first tear made her lips smart. She licked it away with a nervous tongue, and reached for the letter. She would read it once more

for the letter. She would read it once more.

Any time! And she had not even suspected that her heart might be at the bottom of the stronge lassitude that had sent her, worn and harried, to the doctor's office only

harried, to the doctor's once only
yesterday.

From wondering how she might
have taken it it he had pronounced
the verdict then and there, before
that urgent phone call had hurried
him away and compelled him to

then sumon the Wood City fire squad. I've this pick; maybe I can stick on."

Dragging Bobby, Tom ran upstreet shouling.

"What's all this hullabaloo about?" yelled Frank Perbes from a bob-sled upon which he was arriving.

"Mis. Loveland's going off on an icesike. Site anys call he—the fire the chemical."

Locking in the direction indicated by Tom's gestures. Frank saw enough. He reached his telephone in a few bounds.

He asked the Wood City operator of seen dout the fire squad. "Get a message to Jim Sharpe, at the Rapids," he ordered; have him on the river in a boat."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Forbes had bunded to getther a coat, a blanked, and will be said, which are stick, and the said, "Yes," he answered Frank's question, "she stuck on but wouldn't have much longer. I got her in the boat. She's all right 'cept chillide feet and shaky nerves."

With Stells bundled into the car be asked. Trining.

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"I am indirectly. I urged father fogive you the office job." Then taking the risk of being slopped and king the risk of being slopped and hard got with the worde."

"That Monday she returned to Miss Doorinda's.

Glancing through her interrupted letter to John. Stells smilled wisely.

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Glancing through her interrupted letter to John. Stell smill devel wisely. "The steam as it was a reason and the worder."

"The said. "Polks are good and kind here feets from her haarrodus gide. That Monday she returned to Miss Doorinda's." he said will be some the same as they are anywhere else." she wrote. "Then, there is thrilling adventure; and term have an it was an it was a series of the said of the street of the street of the

Octagon House at Washington -Octagon House at Washington
Octagon house, a fine example of
late Georgian architecture, was the
Washington home of Col. John TayJoe, wealthy Virginia planter and
riend of George Washington. Dr.
William Thornton, original designer
of the United States capitol, made
the plans for the house in 1793.
Built of English brick, it; is, in spite
of the name, actually hexagonal Inform. Atter the burning of the Exterm of the College of the College
Maddison as the College of the ExMaddison as hostess Octagon house
reached its height of social power.
The proclamation giving the terms
of the treaty of Ghent was signed
by President Madison in one of the
upper rooms. The house was purchased and restored by the American Institute of Architects in 1902
and is occupied by that organization.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

In a suit pending on the above dutoef Complain will be taken as contained to the contained of the contained

George B. Hartrick, Circuit Judge.

NOTICE IN DERIENT CHURCH.

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