



# FRECKLES

By  
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least the ones ye get from people ye love dinna. They dinna stay on the outside. They strike in until they find the center of your heart and make their stopping place there, and naething can take them from ye—I doubt if even death. Na, lad, ye can be reet sure kisses dinna wash off."

Freckles set the basin down and muttered, "I needn't be afraid of be washing, then, for that one struck in."

"I wish," said Freckles at breakfast one morning, "that I had some way to be sending a message to the Bird Woman. I've something down at the swamp that I'm believing never happened before, and surely she'll be wanting it."

"What now, Freckles?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"Why, the oddest thing you ever heard of," said Freckles. "The whole insect tribe gone on a spree. I'm supposing it's my fault, but it all happened by accident-like. You see, on the swale side of the line, right against me trail, there's one of these scrub wild crab trees. Where the grass grows thick about it is the finest place you ever conceived of for snakes. Having women about has set me trying to clean out those fellows a bit, and yesterday I noticed that tree in passing. It struck me that it would be a good idea to be taking it out. First I thought I'd take me hatchet and cut it down, for it ain't thicker than me upper arm. Then I remembered how it was blooming in the spring and filling all the air with sweetness. The coloring of the blossoms is beautiful, and I hated to be killing it. Then I started at the ground, trimmed up the trunk near the height of me shoulder and left the top spreading. That made it look so truly ornamental that, idle like, I chips off the rough places next, this morning, on me soul, it's a sight. You see, cutting off the limbs and trimming up the trunks sets the sap running. In this hot sun it ferments in a few hours. There isn't much room for more things to crowd on that tree than there are, and to get drunker isn't noways possible."

"Weel, I be drawn on!" exclaimed Mrs. Duncan. "What kind of things do ye mean, Freckles?"

"Why, just an army of black ants. Some of them are sucking away like old toppers. Some of them are setting up on their tails and hind legs, siddling away with their fore feet and wiping their eyes. Some are rolling around on the ground, contented. There are quantities of big bluebottle flies over the bark and hanging on the grasses about, too drunk to steer a course flying, so they just buzz away like flying and all the time sitting still. The snake feeders are too full to feed anything, even more sap to themselves. There's a lot of hard backed bugs—beetles, I guess—colored like the brown, blue and black of a peacock's tail. They hang on until the logs of them are so waked they can't stick a minute longer, and then they break away and fall to the ground. They just lay there on their backs, fably clawing air. When it wears off a bit, up they get and go crawling back for more, and they so full they bump into each other and roll over. Sometimes they can't climb the tree until they wait to sober up a little. There's a lot of big black and gold bumblebees, done for entire, stumbling over the bark and rolling on the ground. They just lay there on their backs, rocking from side to side, singing to themselves like fat, happy babies. The wild bees keep up a steady buzzing with the beating of their wings."

"The butterflies are the worst old toppers of them all. They're just a circus! You never saw the beat of the beauties! They come every color you could be naming and every shape you could be thinking up. They drink and drink until if I'm driving them away they stagger as they fly and turn somersaults in the air. If I love them alone they cling to the grasses, shivering happy-like, and I'm blest, Mother Duncan, if the best of them could be unlocking the front door with a lead pencil, even."

"I never heard of anything sner surprising," said Mrs. Duncan.

"It's a rare sight to watch them, and no one ever made a picture of a thing like that before, I'm for thinking," said Freckles earnestly.

"Na," said Mrs. Duncan. "Ye can be pretty sure there didna. The Bird Woman must have word in some way if ye walk the line and I walk to town and tell her."

Freckles took his lunch and went down to the swamp. He could find no trace of anything, yet he felt a tense nervousness, as if trouble might be brooding. He came around to his room and cautiously scanned the entrance before he stepped in. Then he pushed the bushes apart with his right arm and entered, his left hand on the butt of his favorite revolver. Instantly he knew that some one had been there. He could find no trace of a clew to confirm his belief, yet so intimate was

he with the spirit of the place that he knew.

He was most sure about the case. Nothing was disturbed, yet it seemed to Freckles that he could see where prying fingers had tried the lock. He stepped back of the case, carefully examining the ground all about it, and close by the tree to which it was nailed he found a deep, fresh footprint in the spongy soil—a long, narrow print, that was never made by the foot of Wessner. The feeling rose that he was being watched.

Growing restive at last under the strain, he plunged boldly into the swamp and searched minutely all about his room, but he could not discover the least thing to give him further cause for alarm. Every rod he traveled he used the caution that sprang from knowledge of danger and the direction from which it would probably come. Several times he thought of sending for McLean, but for his life he could not make up his mind to do it with nothing more tangible than one footprint to justify him.

He waited until he was sure Duncan would be at home, if he were coming for the night, before he went up to



HE FOUND A DEEP, FRESH FOOTPRINT.

supper. The first thing he saw as he crossed the swale were the big bays in the yard.

There had been no one passing that day, and Duncan readily agreed to watch until Freckles rode to town. He told Duncan of the footprint and urged him to watch closely. Duncan said he might rest easy and, filling his pipe and taking a good revolver, went down to the Lumberiest.

Freckles made himself clean and neat and raved for town, but it was night and the stars were shining before he reached the home of the Bird Woman. As he neared the steps he saw that the place was swarming with young people, and the angel, with an excuse to a group that surrounded her, came scurrying up to him.

"Oh, Freckles!" she cried. "So you could get off? We were so afraid you could not. I'm as glad as I can be."

"I don't understand," said Freckles. "Were you expecting me?"

"Why, of course," exclaimed the angel. "Haven't you come to my party? Didn't you get my invitation? I sent you one."

"By mail?" asked Freckles.

"Yes," said the angel. "I had to help with the preparations, and I couldn't find time to drive out. But I wrote you a letter and told you that the Bird Woman was giving a party for me and we wanted you to come sure. I told them at the office to put it with Mr. Duncan's mail."

"Then that's likely where it is at present," said Freckles. "Duncan only comes to town once a week and at times not that. He's home tonight for the first in a week. He's watching an hour for me until I was coming to the Bird Woman with a bit of work I thought she'd be caring to hear about. Is she where I can see her?"

The angel's face clouded.

"What a disappointment!" she cried. "I did so want all my friends to know you. Can't you stay anyway?"

Freckles glanced from his wading boots to the patent leathers of some of the angel's friends near by and smiled whimsically, but there was no danger of his ever misjudging her again.

"You know I cannot, angel," he said.

"I am afraid I do," she said ruefully.

"It's too bad. But there is a thing I want for you more than to come to my party, and that is to hang on and win with your work. I think of you every day, and I just pray that those thieves are not getting ahead of you. Oh, Freckles, do watch closely!"

She was so lovely a picture as she stood before him, ardent in his cause, that Freckles could not take his eyes from her to notice what her friends were thinking. If she did not mind, why should he? Anyway, if they really were the angel's friends probably they were better accustomed to her ways than he.

"Must I go for the Bird Woman?" she pleaded.

"Indeed, you must," answered Freckles firmly.

The angel returned to say that the Bird Woman was telling a story to those inside and she could not come for a short time.

"You won't come in?" she pleaded.

"I must not," said Freckles. "I am not dressed to be among your friends."

"Then," said the angel, "we mustn't



## What's the Most You Ever Paid For a Suit of Clothes?

If you've got a great-grandfather in your family, ask him what it cost in years gone by to have a tailor make him a suit? His answer will stagger you. He'll make you realize that you, your father and your grandfather could each purchase today a "Miller Made" suit and the whole bunch would cost no more than one tailor-made suit cost in great-grandfather's days.

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go through the house, because it would disturb the story, but I want you to come around the outside way to the conservatory and have some of my birthday lunch and get some cake to take to Mrs. Duncan and the babies."

The night was warm and the angel most beautiful and kind. A sort of triple delirium of spirit, mind and body seized upon Freckles and developed a boldness all unnatural. He slightly parted the heavy curtains that separated the conservatory from the company and looked in. He almost stopped breathing. He had read of things like that, but he had never seen them.

"Do you suppose heaven is any finer than that?" asked Freckles.

The angel burst into a laugh.

"Do you want to be laughing harder than that?" queried Freckles.

"A laugh is always good," said the angel. "A little more avoirdupois won't hurt me. Go ahead."

"Well, then," said Freckles, "it's only that I feel all over as if I belonged in there. I could wear fine clothes and move over those floors and hold me own against the best of them."

"But where does my laugh come in?" demanded the angel as if she had been defrauded.

"And you ask me where the laugh comes in, looking me in the face after that," marveled Freckles.

"I wouldn't be so foolish as to laugh at such a manifest truth as that," said the angel. "Any one that knows you even half as well as I do knows that you are never guilty of a discourtesy and you move with twice the grace of any man here. Why shouldn't you feel as if you belonged where people are graceful and courteous?"

"On me soul!" said Freckles, "you are kind to be thinking it. You are doubly kind to be saying it."

The curtains parted, and a woman came toward them. Her silks and laces trailed along the polished floors.

The lights gleamed on her neck and arms and flashed from rare jewels. She was smiling brightly and until she spoke Freckles had not fully realized that it was his loved Bird Woman.

Noticing his bewilderment, she cried, "Why, Freckles, don't you know me in my war clothes?"

"I do in the uniform in which you fight the Lumberiest," said Freckles.

The Bird Woman broke into a laugh. Then he told her why he had come.

(To Be Continued.)

### Returns From Hospital.

From Saturday's Daily.  
Miss Emma Albert, who has been at Immanuel hospital in Omaha since last November, returned home today. She was accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Albert, who went to Omaha this morning to bring their daughter home.

### Seed Potatoes.

One car of our pure Red River Early Ohio seed potatoes is now due. They are smooth, selected, genuine seed, free from frost. Price \$2.00 per bushel, sacked, and will be higher, so order now. We pay the freight. Alfalfa seed, purity 99% per cent; growth nearly 100 per cent, \$10.45 per bushel. Ask for samples.  
Johnson Bros.,  
Nebraska City, Neb.  
4-11-14wkly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Becker, Miss Carrie Becker and George Becker, who have been spending the past two or three months in California, will arrive home tomorrow.

### NEW BARBER SHOP IN CEDAR CREEK.

I wish to announce that I have just opened a new barber shop in Cedar Creek, and hereby solicit the trade of the community in that line. Also notary public work done. S. J. Reames.

### Auto for Sale.

Regal 30 h. p., four-passenger car, like new. Prestolite tank, wind shield, clock, speedometer, tire chains and extra inner tube. Original cost \$1,450.00. Price, \$900.00. I have taken the agency for the Berg "6," and have no use for this one and wish to dispose of it at once.  
J. W. Holmes, Murray.

### Finds Books in Good Shape.

From Friday's Daily.  
K. K. Finlayson and H. Chestnut, expert accountants of Omaha, who have been checking Miss Teresa Hempel's books, finished their work today. They spoke of the work of Miss Hempel in very complimentary terms. They were a week checking the office.

Will Rummel, the Plattsmouth precinct assessor, was in the city yesterday. He has been over the precinct considerable and has seen many fields of wheat which are not in good condition, there being portions where the wheat is dead.

### PROLOGUE.

This romance of Freckles and the Angel of the Lumberiest is one of the most novel, entertaining, wholesome and fascinating stories that have come from the pen of an American author in many years. The characters in this sylvan tale are:

Freckles, a plucky waif who guards the Lumberiest timber leases and dreams of angels.

The Swamp Angel, in whom Freckles' sweetest dream materializes.

McLean, a member of a lumber company, who befriends Freckles.

Mrs. Duncan, who gives mother love and a home to Freckles.

Duncan, head teamster of McLean's timber gang.

The Bird Woman, who is collecting camera studies of birds for a book.

Lord and Lady O'More, who come from Ireland in quest of a lost relative.

The Man of Affairs, brusque of manner, but big of heart.

Wessner, a timber thief who wants rascality made easy.

Black Jack, a villain to whom thought of repentance comes too late.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FRECKLES' BUTTERFLIES.

OUT on the trail the Bird Woman wheeled on McLean with a dumfounded look.

"Do you thing the angel knew she did that?" she asked softly.

"No," said McLean. "I do not. But the poor boy knew it. Heaven help him!"

The Bird Woman stared across the gently waving swale. "I don't see how I am going to blame her," she said at last. "It's so exactly what I would have done myself."

"Say the rest," demanded McLean hoarsely. "Do him justice."

"He is a born gentleman," conceded the Bird Woman. "He took no advantage. He never even offered to touch her. Whatever that kiss meant to him, he recognized it was the loving impulse of a child under stress of strong emotion. He was fine and manly as any man ever could have been."

McLean lifted his hat. "Thank you," he said simply and parted the bushes for her to enter Freckles' room.

It was her first visit, and before she left she sent for her cameras and made studies of each side of it and of the cathedral. She was entranced with the delicate beauty of the place, and her eyes kept following Freckles as if she could not believe that it could be his conception and work.

That was a happy day. The Bird Woman had brought a lunch, and they spread it, with Freckles' dinner, on the study floor and sat about, resting and enjoying themselves. But the angel put her banjo into its case, silently gathered up her music, and no one mentioned the concert.

The Bird Woman left McLean and the angel to clear away the lunch and with Freckles examined the walls of his room and told him all she knew about his shrubs and flowers. She analyzed a cardinal flower and showed him what he had all summer wanted to know—why the bees buzzed ineffectually about it while the humming birds found in it an ever ready feast. Some of his specimens were so rare that she was unfamiliar with them, and with the flower book between them they knelt, studying the different varieties. She wandered the length of the cathedral aisle with him, and it was at her suggestion that he lighted his altar with a row of flaming foxfire.

As Freckles came up to the cabin from his long day at the swamp he saw Mrs. Chicken sweeping away to the south and wondered where she was going. He stepped into the bright, cozy little kitchen, and as he reached down the wash basin he asked Mrs. Duncan a question.

"Mother Duncan, do kisses wash off?"

"Lord, na, Freckles!" she cried. "At