

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

SYNOPSIS.

Michael O'Halloran, an orphan newsboy, is a little lame girl who comes with bright red hair that she will be placed in an orphanage. Her grandmother and father care for her, but she loves them and takes the child to his home and attempts to care for her.

Mickey, a sweet orphan lawyer, has seen Mickey and wants to adopt him as his little brother. However, before he can make his move, Michael disappears. He tells all of this to Leslie, Mickey's sweetheart, and declares that he will never let Mickey go.

Mickey in the meantime struggles to get things for Lily. She says that it is impossible to tell anyone about her for fear that any word will force him to put the child in an orphanage.

One woman threatens to tell the police that fear that in the conversation he will tell about the girl. He has hardly gone a mile before he reaches the house and her head, losing consciousness. He helps take her to a hospital. There she meets a man who promises to help her and instructs him in how to care for her.

Douglas, Bruce and Leslie follow him, making their betrothal to go to the swamp.

With the swamp made and the Minturns are called in to act as judges in one of those awful places, are you?" asked Mrs. Minturn.

"Surely," cried Leslie. "The birds won't sing to an automobile. And you wouldn't miss seeing such flowers on their stems as you do at Lovell's." "I'm sorry. I would separate from you if I could," said Mrs. Minturn.

"What about the future? While talking to Bruce he tells why he dislikes Minturn, and how he happens to know him."

(Continued from Yesterday)

Peaches took the mirror, studying the face intently. She glanced over her shoulder so Mickey piled the pillows higher. Then she looked back, Mickey bent over again, kissing her closely.

Peaches sighed as she returned the mirror. Mickey replaced it, laid the slate and ribbons in reach, washed the dishes, then the sheets he had removed, and their soiled clothing. Peaches folding and unfolding the ribbons; peering over the pencil tracing her best imitations of the name on the slate. By the time he had finished everything to be done, and drawn a chair beside the bed, to see if she had learned her lesson for the day, it was cool enough.

She knew all the words he had given her, so he proceeded to write them on the slate. Then told her about the big man named Douglas Bruce and the lovely girl named Leslie Winton, also every word he could remember about the house she lived in; then he added: "Lily, do you like to think things over?"

"I don't know," said Peaches.

"Well, before long, I'll know," said Mickey. "What I was thinking was this: you are going to have something. I just wondered whether you'd rather know it was me or have me walk in and surprise you."

"Mickey, you just walk in," she decided.

"All right!" said Mickey.

CHAPTER VI

The Song of a Bird.

"Leslie," said the voice of Mrs. Minturn over the telephone, "is there any particular time of the day when the birds of your song better than at another?"

Morning, Mrs. Minturn; five, the latest. At that time one hears the

tull chorus, and sees the perfect beauty. Really, I wouldn't ask you, if I were not sure, positively sure, that you'd find the trip worth while."

"I'll be ready in the morning, but that an unearthly hour!" came the protest.

"It is almost unearthly sights and sounds to which you are going," answered Leslie. "And be sure you wear suitable clothing."

"What do you call suitable clothing?"

"High, heavy shoes," said Leslie. "Short stout skirts."

"As if I had such things!" laughed Mrs. Minturn.

"Let me send you something of mine," offered Leslie. "I've enough for two."

"You're not figuring on really going in one of those awful places, are you?" questioned Mrs. Minturn.

"Surely," cried Leslie. "The birds

won't sing to an automobile. And you wouldn't miss seeing such flowers on their stems as you do at Lovell's." "I'm sorry. I would separate from you if I could," said Mrs. Minturn.

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what is the matter with Leslie. He is, what is planning something, he has an idea; what but his grim, repulsive face is slowly driving me wild. I'm getting so I can't sleep. You saw him come home as I left. He talked positively crazy, as if he had the crack of doom in his hands and were passing to me. He

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"There is another than that can bring me in contact with prominent men, give him pleasure and a sample of my memory. I am not bringing him the pay and he knows how Douglas knows Mr. Minturn very well, and respects him so highly, yet, no one can know him as you do."

"He surely has an advocate! Leslie, what did you start making an especial study of Mr. Minturn?"

"When Douglas began speaking to me so frequently of him," answered Leslie. "Then I commenced to watch him and to listen what people were saying about him, and what he was doing."

"It's very funny that every one seems so well informed and so enthusiastic just at the time when I feel that life is unendurable with him," said Mrs. Minturn.

"Don't we talk any more?" asked Leslie.

"Do you think?" she stopped abruptly.

"That one is too deep," said Leslie.

"The color he saw was on a freshly opened one like that."

"She pointed to a paler moccasin which had been used lavender vining. Mrs. Minturn assented.

Leslie closed her lips, moving forward until she reached the space where the ragged boys and the fringed girls floated their white banners, where lacy yellow and lavender blossoms grew, and where the highest place she could select across a moss-covered log, she spread the waterproof sheet, and seating herself, motioned Mrs. Minturn to do the same. She reached for the music and opening it ran over the score. Mrs. Minturn paused on the notes she had written while with eager face she sat waiting.

Mrs. Minturn dropped into an attitude of tense listening. The sun began dissipating the gray mists and heightening the exquisite tones on all instruments. In a dreamlike imagination she saw palest silver to the deepest, darkest shades; all dew wet, rankly growing, gold tinted and showing clearer each minute. Gradually Mrs. Minturn relaxed, made herself comfortable as possible, turned to the space. The color faded, her tattered face, she nervously rolled the moccasin stem in her fingers, or looked long at the delicate flower. She was thinking so intently that Leslie saw she was neglecting the swamp, nor hearing the birds.

It was then that a little gray singer straying through the tamaracs sent a wireless to his mate in the bushes of borderland, in which he wished to convey to her all there was in his heart about the wonders of spring, the joy of meeting, the love of life, the secret of the world, the second, then tucking his tail, swelled his throat, and made sure he had done his best.

Grasping the score she carried Mrs. Minturn unconsciously plucked after Mr. Minturn; they met dally, and from the first they had been friends. Mr. Minturn took Douglas to his clubs, introduced him and helped him into business, so often they worked together. Why yesterday Douglas came to my office, asking for an appointment for him to make an investigation for the city which will be a great help to Douglas. It will

"I must say, however, that I have seen some enthralling music from Verd's Travails. Leslie whistled the notes. 'Get the strain in your mind, we may hear him again.'

"Again they waited. Leslie realized that Mrs. Minturn was not listening, and had to be recalled if the bird sang. Leslie sat silent. The same bird sang, and others, but to the girl had come the intuition that Mrs. Minturn was having her hour of everything, while in the world, and set me to waiting on him, and nursing his children. Every single thing I have done since, or wanted or had, been a disappointment to him. I know now he must want to be married, but I don't know where he is, or what he is doing; self-sabotage is what he is doing; he is married to me, and set me to waiting on him, and nursing his children. Every single thing I have done since, or wanted or had, been a disappointment to him. I know now he must want to be married, but I don't know where he is, or what he is doing; self-sabotage is what he is doing; he is married to me, and set me to waiting on him, and nursing his children. Every single thing I have done since, or wanted or had, been a disappointment to him. 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