

THE STORY OF A WALL STREET MONEY-DUEL AND OF MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS THE KING OF NOBODY'S ISLAND A Complete Novel Each Week in The Evening World By Thomas Enright

CHAPTER VII. Harrison's Lake. He embarked and set out for the island. To Douglas the prospect of a habitation and a bed after two nights in the forest was very pleasant.



THOMAS ENRIGHT

He had enjoyed all his previous experiences, and his interest had not begun to flag, but a little touch of civilization would not come amiss now. Even primitive man's first thought after food was of a shelter and something soft to rest upon.

As they neared the island a man came to the cabin and stood looking out over the water. George instantly gave his halloo of greeting, and the man turned his gaze on the canoe for a moment, then walked to the water's edge and waited.

She looked full in his eyes when he addressed her, and two or three times when some conventional compliment or phrase was on his lips the words returned unheeded.

At supper another pleasant surprise awaited him. The girl had donned a dress of soft, white material and drolled her hair in a mass upon her head. These simple changes seemed to transform her, and he was undecided which was the more striking appearance as he could, he had no course to that satisfying expression some twenty times.

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He found it and named it "she cried. "Yes," Douglas answered, surprised at her vehemence. "Well, he didn't," she found the old bias one day in the woods, and father and I followed it a week later and found the lake, and I named it 'Lost Lake'."

Douglas did not know what to say; he did not want to speak ill of the man, so he kept silent. The father and daughter exchanged meaningful glances, then Harrison led away from the subject.

"There are wild ducks over in my lake, lots of them; if you promise to kill only two for my dinner, you may take father's gun with you this morning."

CHAPTER VIII. The New Nobility. "Where did you get these birds?" Douglas asked the next morning at breakfast. "Do you keep a game preserve in addition to your other woods?"

"I shot them over on the West Shore this morning long before you got up. They are partridges; do you like them?"

holes. Father says that's the river of superstition. "This one at least is well named. I can almost imagine myself drifting into Fairyland."

Half a dozen ducks rose from the water, out of range, and flew rapidly away. Again she whispered, "Get ready!" and then beat on the side of the canoe with her paddle.

"What a splendid shot you are!" Mary cried as she paddled to the dead birds. Douglas picked them up and smoothed their plumage with his fingers. Possibly there had been two such beautiful mallards killed before he was doubted it.

"Now we can talk," Mary said after the birds had been duly admired. "I'm going to run around here, and you men and boys must turn around when you talk, the back of your head is not very eloquent."

"Oh, I'm glad you think so. When I first began to read stories I used to wonder if I were pretty, and so I would ask every one who came to the island if they thought I was pretty. You are welcome—do you think I am pretty? But they laughed so at me that I never asked again."

CHAPTER IX. While the Road Was Mending. The following day George departed with axe and saw to improve the trail that led to Lost Lake. Harrison estimated that to make the trail fairly passable would require a week's work.

Lady Mary was a source of endless amusement and delight to him, and her father entertained him with his novel discourses on many subjects. It soon became apparent to him that this denizen of the woods knew more of books than he did.

like to do the necessary work, therefore we accept another's views, right or wrong. Precise thinking is very rare, and it is not because of lack of capacity, but because of laziness.

"That is true," Douglas said, "although I have never viewed it in that exact light. The laborer thinks the man at the desk has an easy time simply because he is working in a different way."

"I find I can think more clearly since I have been away from the city, physically healthy," Douglas said. "Certainly. Brain and body are interdependent. The trouble is we seldom find the golden mean. A man is either an athlete or a philosopher, a prizefighter or a bookworm."

"I was waiting to hear you express some such opinion," Harrison replied. "Do you know why it strikes you so?"

"No," he replied. "I cannot explain it. It is a conceit of my own," Harrison said, "and I will explain the secret. You are particularly struck with the villainous face."

"Pray, give yourself no concern about it. It will be easily recovered. He put his arm about his daughter's waist and they walked toward the house."

"So you are Lady Mary," he said, "and our guest is a king."

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