now!" and with a flourish he un- "Hope you won't cut your old with writing.

"But what does it mean, Peter?" while Peter chuckled.

Down on one side was written in little kiss on his brown cheek. a straggling hand: 1 punken pie, 4 list of names, with the figures 42 at him with a shaking hand. the bottom.

"I've been drummen up trade fur read slowly, aloud: you, and that's the result," placidly folding one long leg over the other. "'Tain't nothen to what I widow gazed into his calm face, dertake to deliver us fifty pies for amazement in her eyes. "'Tain't much, but it's a starter, and there early answer will oblige, ain't no reason why more shouldn't follow. There's a good thing in them pies, especially with Widow Munn at one end to bake 'em and 'em!"

Then the whole story came out. Peter had thought out his plan; with him to decide was to act, so at body's, and we's goen to do it if it each house where he called he told takes a leg!" of the wonderful pies, taking his orders in his own quaint fashion:

there—that shows you mean what help. Farmer Brown sent a can of you say - and I'll guarantee to bring you a pie that'll make your hair curl, big as that, yaller as gold, and all fur fifty cents!"

that the widow would undertake to touch by buying three dozen pie make all that he could get orders plates from Peter and delivered for, and Peter would deliver them them in person. on his rounds, taking as his pay "all the blessed pie he could eat".

"'Fraid you don't know what you're binden yourself to, Mis' Munn," said he, as he unhitched Bess. "Like as not it'll end up in bein' called 'Peter Punken Eater,' " he chuckled. "Good night."

In a small town news travels long-legged angel that he was. fast. Everyone soon heard of the widow's new business, and for a time Ted had quite a rush of customers.

It had been explained to him at last about the doctor's words and the hundred dollars, and the dear boy's white, excited face and eager words of explanation moved every eyes. heart to sympathy.

them. "Oh, think of it! If we do get the hundred dollars, I may be just as strong as other boys!"

Orders came flying in. Mrs. Jones ordered three pies and bought a great package of sugar.

"You must let us help a little, my dear; we feel so badly to think we never knew the dear child could be cured!" said the good lady.

Neighbors and friends came with orders or offers of help; and as for the pumpkins, they began to pile while "Bakery" comes in small letup in the yard until they fairly ters under the new firm's name, for

"It'll be a clear profit if it keeps a store. on at this rate," declared Peter.

rolled a long strip of paper covered friends when you get to be a mil-

"Peter, we are friends forever!" cried the bewildered little woman, cried the widow, while Ted pressed staring down the long list of items, a clove upon him, and when he stooped to take it gave him a shy

"Here's a letter I brung up fur punken pies, a punken pie, 2 punk- you," said Peter; and the widow, en pies. Opposite to these was a after reading it, handed it back to

"Read it!" she gasped, and Peter

"Scarbham House, Oct. 18th, 18-. "Mrs. Munn, Dear Madam :-- This esablishment has for years been famous for its pumpkin pies. The sudden death can do if you're ekil to it," and the of our old pie baker compels us to look to some other source. If you will nnthanksgiving next we feel sure our reputation will be safe in your hands. An

"Kellogg & Drake."

"Mis' Munn," cried Peter, "write and take the job! This town has got ter rise up and pitch in. I'll go Peter Tarbox at the other to boom git some gals to help peel, and we'll keep that goldurned little stove apipen night and day. We've got a reputation to keep up ekil to any-

At first everything was confusion, but order soon reigned in the "You jist put your name down little kitchen. Everyone wanted to sweet milk; the big bundle of spices ordered from the store was sent up without a bill, with the best wishes of the proprietor; and crus-Well the result of a long talk was ty old lawyer Bliss added the last

At last the great work was at an

The widow's tired face was bent over the account book, Ted's tired fingers were piling up the goodly array of coins and bills, while Peter beamed upon them like the kindly,

"Next to mother I love you better than anybody!" cried Ted, upsetting all his careful piles to hug his friend.

"Ninety-three dollars!" announced the widow. "Peter, how can I ever thank you?" coming over to him impulsively, tears of jey in her

"Jist trot out any amount of pie "I can help like fun," he told you mought have on hand," he laughed, hidsng his confused face behind Ted, "and we'll call it square."

> A year has come and gone. The little round house is sending up a hospitable puff of smoke, the white Chrysanthemums fill the air with fragrance, and the store door stands wide open.

But down in the village swings another sign, "Munn & Tarbox," threatened to bury the round house. the little round house is no longer

Concluded on 6th page.

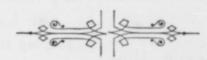
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