

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

Chapter 20
TREASURE TROVE

Shadows crept into the living room as darkness descended and reminded Peggy she was hungry. She heard the tinkle of silverware in the dining room and soon Julia's figure emerged through the doorway, wheeling a tea-table dined. As she drew the wagon up to the couch on which Peggy reclined, Julia rested her hand and weight on Peggy's foot accidentally. At Peggy's involuntary cry as the weight caused her pain, Julia lifted her hand and tipping her body backwards slid off the edge of the couch, carrying the light comfort and a heavy book at the end of the couch to the floor with her.

Much mortified, Julia scrambled to her feet.

"I'm jes' a clumsy fool," she ejaculated, restoring the comfort and Bible—the one that Peggy had found in the basement—first disentangling the pocket of her own apron which had caught in a corner of the large heavy volume.

"I hope I didn't hurt yo' bad, honey?"

"No, only for a second, and then turned to satisfy her appetite which was amazingly good despite her inactivity and worried state of mind.

Peggy pressed her hand warmly, and as she bade Julia good night—"Don't wait up for me; I'll read for awhile."

"Best not stay too long," advised Julia. "I'll leave mah do' open; jes' call of yo' wants me."

For awhile there drifted to Peggy the familiar hymns of her childhood, sung by the negro soldiers in her father's regiment, as Julia's voice was uplifted in song.

The singing ceased abruptly and Peggy concluded that Julia had climbed into bed, but all inclination to close her own eyes and court slumber had been banished. Swinging her feet to the ground, she pulled the comfort toward her, intending to fold it, and in so doing dragged the family Bible up on her lap.

She had carried it over to the couch earlier in the evening, thinking she might enjoy looking it over, not having done so since taking the Bible out of the chest of drawers in the locked basement bedroom.

Becoming absorbed in a novel, she had forgotten to examine the old book.

Peggy looked down at the calf-skin binding; it appeared both old and interesting, bearing in faded gold lettering the words "Holy Bible," and further down the initials "P. O. P."

Evidently it had belonged to her great-grandfather, for she recalled his name—Peter Orme Prescott.

She turned the time-stained leaves and passed over the entries of births and marriages and deaths, wherein was recorded, in faded ink, the names of representative generations of the Prescotts.

She was about to close the book when she noticed that a page further on was slightly separated from the next, evidently by some object wedged between them. Opening the Bible at that point she saw a gold coin lying there at the bottom of the pages.

Peggy took up the coin and turned it over—a \$20 gold piece lay in her hand. Holding it up to the light, she read the date—1847. An old coin then, although the gold was not tarnished in the slightest, not even a speck of dust lay on its bright surface, even though the edges of the book were black.

The girl frowned, then smiled. Why worry over the coin's shiny appearance? It was treasure, treve and she was \$20 the richer by her find. And \$20 was a considerable sum when she considered her depleted funds, with the first of the

month at hand and her bills in Litchfield coming due.

She had only the traveler's checks, taken out of her contemplated trip to join her parents in the Philippines, with which to meet current expenses, as Philander Chase had told her he could not furnish her with money until her claims for her inheritance were fully established.

Perhaps there were other coins in the Bible? Peggy held it face down and shook the leaves, but nothing fell out, and disappointed, she again laid it down in her lap and turned its pages; some were stuck together from dampness and perhaps paper money, not gold, might be accidentally concealed within the Bible. She laughed aloud at the fantastic idea as she carefully turned one page after another.

The size of the type was far larger than that used in modern Bibles and she paused now and then to read some of the text.

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

"Good news from a far country," Peggy repeated the words under her breath; no sentiment could be more in accord with her most ardent wishes; how she longed for letters from the Philippines! She knew they would breathe love, hope and encouragement.

Peggy paused in turning another page, strangely elated. Out of the whole Bible she had picked out casually a sentence particularly applicable to her own situation; it must be an omen—but had she picked it out so casually? Instead had her eye not been caught by the black pencil mark under the six words of that particular verse?

As she lowered the Bible, she noticed a small arrow on the wide margin. It was small, neat and to perfect drawing. Her eyes shifted from it to the verse to which it pointed and she read the words underscored by a black pencil:

"Fret not thyself because of evil men"—her eyes strayed across the page to the other underscored words—the first she had noticed—there at the margin was the self-same perfectly drawn arrow.

Swiftly her eyes traveled back to the left hand page; at its foot appeared a third arrow pointing unmistakably to the verse with other underscored words, and she read them:

"When thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off."

Again and yet again, Peggy read the words, aloud and to herself, struggling to solve the puzzle. She glanced at the top of the page of Proverbs and at the chapter numbers—24 and 25—

Perhaps the answer was further forward or further back. She turned both pages—turned more—then sat back—startled and confused by what she did not understand—The Book of Proverbs, save for the two pages she had been reading—was missing.

(To be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE A Wartime Messenger



REG'AR FELLERS Very Democratic



TAILSPIN TO L.A. X Draving The Elements



DUMB DORA Putting Dora On The Carpet



STUDENTS ARE BACK

Autumville—Miss Rose Darley returned to school Monday after being absent last week on account of illness. Harold Witcraft was back in school Monday after a two weeks' absence. He has been sick at the home of his parents in Dallas.

WORKING IN FRISCO

Turner—Mervin Pearson, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Pearson left recently to join his friend Albert Given in San Francisco, Cal. Both boys have employment there, and are well pleased with the ideal warm weather they are experiencing. Given wrote home to his parents that the temperature there was very moderate. Both are former students of the Turner high school.

ACROSS Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

- Dwarf
- Formerly
- Ancient capital of Ireland
- Snake
- Soldier
- Pertaining to the mouth
- Atlantic sea
- Gross
- City in Russia
- Heavy staff
- Confusion
- Span of horses
- Learning
- Kind of dog
- Live
- Bliver Spanish
- Measure of weight
- Case
- Impudently
- Sea eagles
- Moisten
- Fur
- Cuddle
- Unhappy
- Countless ages
- Architectural pier treated as a pillar
- Wain right
- Short
- Scandinavian linear measure
- Violent stream
- Harren
- Fury
- Winglike
- Juice of a tree
- Small bird
- Leave
- Straw after exhibiting
- Courageous
- Canal in New York state
- Fear
- Clock in the front of a boat
- Without beating or ind
- With glass
- Afternoon
- Fashion
- Form a sac
- Literary fragment
- Native
- Unmated
- Foot
- Alfalfa parts of a milk
- Sleeping shade tree
- Cross
- Not different
- Smell
- Dramatic music
- Sleep dux

BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF Jeff Should Jump The Furthest



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13				14					15		
16				17					18		
19		20		21					22		
23		24		25					26	27	28
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37		38	39	40		41			42		
43		44		45		46			47		
48		49		50					51		
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