MEG MCINTYRE'S RAFFLE AND OTHER STORIES: AND OTHER STORIES

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Meg McIntyre's Raffle and Other Stories: And Other Stories by Alvan F. Sanborn

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ALVAN F. SANBORN

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By ALVAN F. SANBORN



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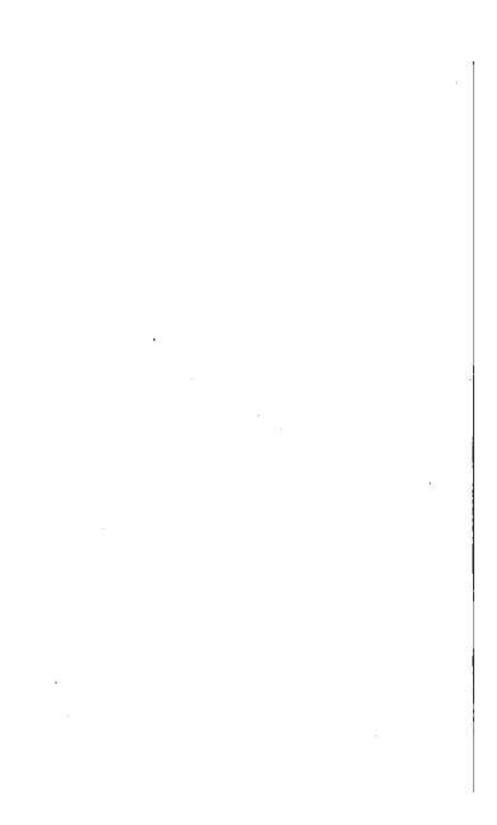
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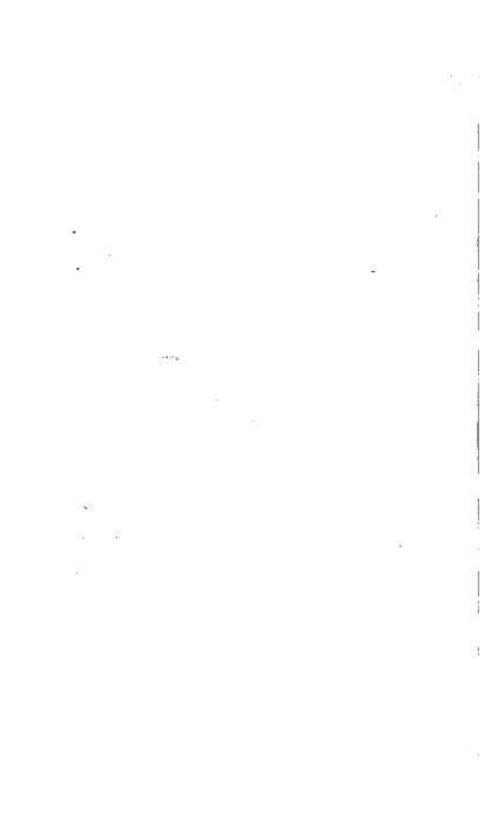
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MEG McINTYRE'S RAFFLE

TEG McINTYRE was a round, rosy, happy-natured, young Irish widow. Nothing could keep Meg McIntyre sad for long. If anything could have done it, the dreadful panic winter of 1894 would. It was very hard on Meg and her brood of three small children, "all that's spared o' seven, an' two of 'em twins." They could feed easily enough from the head of a barrel, so the table went to the pawnshop first. It was quickly followed by the lounge, the bedsteads, most of the chairs, Meg's and the children's Sunday clothes, the red plush album, and even the colored lithograph of the Pope. There the pawning had to stop. Meg could not spare the stove, nor the cooking-dishes, nor the bedding, and these were the only important articles left, except a valuable eightday clock.

The clock! there was the rub. That was not indispensable, but it was the gift of a dying mother, and was brought over from