# AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1903. NO. 33.


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**Post-Office Bulletin.**

*Mails Close.*

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9.45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

*Mails Arrive.*

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

**County Officials.**

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

**Professional and Business Cards.**

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HENRY R LEWIS, T ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

WM. H. DEWEESE,
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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right



The World Loves
A WINNER
So It Is Said

And we are trying to win you by fair dealing.

WE are now snugly fixed in the building formerly occupied by Wm. E Greenly, prettry well loaded up with all good things such as are useful in all families. It is useless to enumerate them, instead, we invite you to call and see.

CHECK SYSTEM

Then we are using the Check System with all who deal for cash, which entitles them to something of value in their family. Come and learn of this.

Full line of Groceries, sold as low as any can sell them. Finest line of Confectionery in the county either at wholesale or retail prices.

We call attention of merchants to the fact that we sell them as low as they can buy in the city, and save them freight; think of this. Finest line of Canned Goods you can select from.

One thing more. The Gold Medal Bakery is now turning out the best Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, etc., ever offered. Baked fresh daily. New line of goods. We hope to see you coming.

BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN
at market prices. Very truly,

FIELD & WILLIS
PROPRIETORS
GOLD MEDAL BAKERY
DENTON, MARYLAND



LOOK

We have just received a car load of

HIGH LIFE AND WHITE ROSE

Flour which we are selling at $4 00 and $4.25 per Barrel. Made from Spring Wheat and cannot be exelled. Try it and you will be convinced. While coming to see, bring your produce and receive best market prices.

We are also headquarters for prime clover seed, $6 90 a bushel.

J. W. STONEBRAKER,
TWO JOHNS, MD.
ALBERT HOWARD, Manager.



FINE Groceries

A1 OUR NEW STAND

Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

We are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of our customers with new goods of all kinds, and are prepared to serve you at short notice.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

are our specialties, and we are keeping up our reputation for handling the best

NOTIONS AND RIBBONS

For the accommodation of our lady friends we are giving special attention to this department and invite an inspection of our stock.

OYSTERS & LUNCH

A cozy lunch room adjoins our store where Oysters are served in all styles, and a full meal or lunch can be prepared at short notice.

MRS. JULIA DAY
DENTON, MD.



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Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

A. G. GELLETLY,
2-5] Williston, Md.



J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Concord, Md,


# A Knight of the Highway

By CLINTON SCOLLARD,
Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son of a Tory," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL.

The powerful locomotive which drew the long freight-train came to a sudden stop. Something in the nature of a spasm, so human was it, communicated itself from car to car, and each in turn ceased to move. The jar wakened Rossiter, outstretched upon the top of some boxes and bales, from a heavy sleep, and on opening his eyes and finding himself emcompassed by a breathless tropical blackness he did not for an instant realize where he was. He put out his hand and encountered the boards of the car-roof just above his head. Then he recalled his whereabouts. He was reeking with sweat, for the atmosphere of the confined space was stifling.

All day the pitiless September sun had blazed in a coppery heaven; all day the parched earth had given back to the sky the fumes of heat; and yet Rossiter had clung to his oven-like retreat, in the first place because with every revolution of the wheels he was carried nearer to his destination, and in the second place because he could not easily descend from the train while it was in motion. Half a loaf of bread and a few dry cookies had served to quiet the gnawings of hunger, while two wizened lemons had in a measure allayed the pangs of thirst. But now he sought in vain for the last precious bit of fruit which he had intended to keep against this time of need. The jolting of the car had evidently caused his treasure to roll from the spot where he had placed it with such care. Uttering an exclamation of disappointment, he dragged himself a few feet and placed his lips to a crack in the side of the car, through which he drank eagerly great draughts of the partially cooled night air. As he was about to resume his former position he inhaled a heavy waft of engine smoke.

"The devil!" he ejaculated. "This is more than I can stand!"

He seized his little bundle of clothes and worked his way over the bales and boxes to the door. For a time he feared that he was hopelessly a prisoner, as the obstinate barrier to his escape would not budge. The perspiration streamed from his forehead into his eyes, and his hair was as wet as though he had soused his head in water. He had taken stock of the fastenings when he had stowed himself away at Clevalo, but he was discovering that an easy entrance into a freight car packed with merchandise that has space enough to shift slightly does not necessarily mean an easy exit.

At length, after several sharp creaks of remonstrance, the door gaped sufficiently to allow him to squeeze his body through. He cast a glance up and down the adjoining track and then leaped down. As his feet crunched upon the cinders someone sprang from the next car to the top of the one he had just quitted. It was a brakeman.

"You dawn tramp!" he shouted, and raised his hand as though about to hurl a missile.

Rossiter ran, dodging as he went, but nothing save a harsh guffaw followed from the car-top.

"Sold, Johnny!" bellowed the brakeman; "but I can tell ye if I'd had a hunk of coal, ye'd have got it plim in the back!"

Just then, with a long series of jerks, the train started. An electric light beyond the tracks threw the gesticulating figure on the car top into strong outline for a moment and his pose held Rossiter's attention, but the effect was quickly spoiled by the onward movement of the train. Rossiter now turned to survey his surroundings. The sputtering electrics told him that he was in a town of considerable size. Above the rumbling cars several large buildings loomed blackly. Behind him the ground sloped sharply to a stream, which he could not see on account of a white vapor which hung over it. At his left was a bridge, and as he examined this, and the ugly frame structures which lined the street towards which it led, a sense of familiarity gave him a swift thrill of surprise.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if it is?"

He wheeled to the right and regarded a long freight house and a tall pile capped by a huge sign, the letters upon which he vainly strove to distinguish. A puzzled expression crossed his face, and he waited impatiently for the caboose of the freight train to pass. At length the tracks were clear. A few rods away, on one side of a small square, the lights of a hotel twinkled through the branches of a row of elm trees. Directly opposite was a railway station, a short distance from which a freight and accommodation train was about pulling out.

"Illica, by Jove!" cried Rossiter. "Well, if this isn't curious!" and his mind went back a dozen years to the June day when he had last set foot in the quiet city on the banks of the Mohondaga. Then he was a thoughtless youth fresh from college, full of a youth's dreams, not without ambition—and now—well, his present status was not one to be contemplated with pride, nor did the vista down which he looked in retrospect afford him many gleams of satisfaction. He was wont to tell himself at times that he had had hard luck, but when he faced the cold truth he knew in his innermost soul that luck had played no part whatever in his descent of the ladder of respectability. Never more clearly than at this moment, amid surroundings long ago familiar, did he realize what an utter wreck he had made of his life. But he put on the devil-may-care air he was at intervals accustomed to assume and slouched across the tracks in the direction of the station.

"What hour can it be?" he muttered. "Rather late, I judge, by the fact that there are so few people about."

There was a man standing in the open station door-way whom Rossiter took, from his dress, to be either a ticket agent or conductor. He had his watch in his hand.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me the time?" Rossiter asked.

The railroad man opened his lips as though he were about to answer, but as he glanced at his questioner, astonishment seemed to choke his utterance. He looked Rossiter up and down, and finally let his eyes rest upon the vagrant's countenance, covered with a ten days' growth of beard, the forehead grimy and streaked with perspiration, the hair hanging in greasy elf-locks from beneath a torn cap.

"WELL! IF YOU AIN'T A BEAUTY."

"Well, if you ain't a beauty!" he exclaimed, with an amused chuckle.

Rossiter's hand went up to his face as he looked on. He searched his pockets for what served him as a handkerchief, pulled it out, and wiped his forehead, cheeks, and neck. Then he paused an instant and endeavored to smooth his hair a trifle, but without much success. The man's words had affected him more than such a speech would usually have done. He had received too many kicks and cuffs and oaths to heed them much, as a rule, but somehow the rebuff with which he had just met stung like a sharp blow upon an open wound. Heretofore he had associated with Illica nothing but pleasant things. Whenever he had visited it formerly from the small town less than a dozen miles distant where he had passed his college days, he had always been treated with very marked favor. To Illica the students frequently sojourned for their half holidays. It was there they attended the theater, had their dinners, and sometimes joined in social functions. Among the young men of his time at Monroe college, as the adjoining institution was called, no one visited Illica more frequently than Rossiter. With plenty of money at his command, possessed of a bright manner and a ready wit, and being withal quite prominent as an athlete, he had once had a number of friends and many acquaintances in the staid but pleasant inland city.

He supposed that he had buried shame; he had told himself that he had worn out regret; but both now rose to torment him. As he moved in the direction of the square, he passed one of the station windows and glanced in. A clock high upon the wall informed him that it was quarter past eleven.

"I must have a beer, if it takes my last nickel," he said, moistening his parched lips with his tongue.

Presently he rounded the corner of the station and stood in the full glare of the electric lights. There were a few men seated upon the hotel steps, and at the upper end of the open space a trolley-car was putting down a passenger, otherwise there was no indication of life. Rossiter plunged a hand into one of his trousers pockets and drew forth four coins, a five-cent piece and three pennies. He knew that it would be folly to attempt to enter the hotel, so he started along the north side of the square in search of a saloon. He did not have to go far. A gayly illumined place, which went by the name of "The Keneseo," soon caught his eye. Two men, whom he had not noted in his first survey of the square, were lounging upon opposite sides of the door.

"It that yer las' chaw o' terbaccer ye've got in yer face, Bill?" demanded one of the other as Rossiter approached.

The expression was not new to him. He had heard it before among men of the class to which these loafers belonged, the class to whose level, or lower, he himself had sunk, but it now carried with it an unwonted reproach. It revealed to him with painful vividness his own position in the world, and he cursed the fate that had caused him to leave the freight train. Illica was potent in rousing the unwelcome spectre of the past, in stirring memories that he had fancied dead or so somnolent that they would never waken to plague him, in kindling longings that he had for many a day resolutely banished.

As Rossiter drew near, and it became evident that he was seeking the saloon, the two loungers stepped back to allow him to enter, scanning him with icering curiosity as he walked toward the bar. With one hand he tossed his little bundle of clothes upon the polished slab behind which, in trousers and gauze undershirt, a close-cropped, red-faced Irish-American was standing, and with the other cast down his last precious nickel.

"A glass of beer, for Heaven's sake!" said he.

The saloon-keeper shot an amused glance at him, seized a beer mug, turned a spigot, held the mug up, eyeing its contents critically, blew off the foam, put it beneath the tap again, and then placed it before Rossiter with a flourish.

"Still hottern'n 'ell!" he remarked.

Rossiter answered with a little nod of assent, and then gave himself over to the luxury of the beaded draught. No bottle of wine quaffed in his primrose days had ever afforded him quite the satisfaction he experienced from that plebeian beer. He put the mug down with a sigh.

"Have another?" asked the saloon-keeper.

Rossiter smiled regretfully and produced his three remaining pennies, chinking them in his hand.

"Guess not," he answered.

"Oh, well," said the man behind the bar good-naturedly, "I see you're rather down on yer luck. I'll stan' treat. They's some crackers over there," he added, pointing to a nicked dish that stood upon a table on the opposite side of the room.

Rossiter helped himself to a generous handful, and, returning, took up his brimming mug that was awaiting him.

"Here's looking at you," he said. "My best thanks."

"Goin' hop-pickin', I suppose?" said the saloon-keeper a he tossed off his "pony."

"Hadn't thought of it," replied Rossiter, who now recalled that it was the season of the hop-harvest, when there was a large influx of people into Illica on their way to the hop-fields, a dozen miles or so back among the hills.

"Thought likely ye were. They's a big crowd goin' this year. They say the crop's heavy."

An idea flashed into Rossiter's brain.

"I wonder if I could get a chance to pick?" he queried.

"Gosh, yes!" said the saloon-keeper, "plenty o' chance if ye kept sober."

Rossiter made some additional inquiries in regard to the matter of hop-picking, then, as the saloon-keeper suggested that he guessed he'd shut up, the vagrant took his bundle from the bar and sought the street.

"I might try it," he mused as he strolled aimlessly in the direction of the station. "I'll see how it strikes me in the morning."

Reaching the railway tracks, he halted for a moment in indecision. The station was closed, so it was useless to attempt to get an hour or two of rest upon one of the seats under the plea that he was waiting for a train. Turning to the left, he walked parallel with the tracks for more than thrice a score of paces, crossed a deserted street, and descried directly in front of him a freight house, along all sides of which a platform extended. On the side towards the railway some freight cars were standing upon a switch. He gained the platform and began trying the doors of these cars. They were all securely fastened, however, so he slipped down between one of them and the platform, beneath which he groped his way till he found some chips and sweepings had been thrown. Here he arranged his bundle for a pillow, stretched himself out, and was soon calmly slumbering. Night-long near him darkened express trains went rushing by or began to slacken speed with a hiss of steam and a grating of wheels, but they disturbed him not, and when the breezeless dawn began to break he was still sleeping as peacefully as though his bed were one of luxury.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE BANKS OF THE MOHONDAGA.

Rossiter's rest was broken the next morning by the rattle and creak of a hand-truck on the boards above his head. Through the open space between the ground and the floor of the freight car just in front of him he could see the sunlight gleaming upon the rails, and so knew that it was broad day. Commonly, on awakening, he was in no haste to be stirring, but on this occasion he displayed an ususual activity. Almost as soon as he realized that the wonted round of busy men had begun, he sat up, shook the dirt from his bundle and from his clothes, and crept from his shelter. Crawling under the freight car, so that no one about the freight house should see him and suspect him of mischief, he stepped off briskly rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

The air was still fresh with the cool of the dawn, but the sun was peering blear and red through the haze that curtained the heavens, and there was every indication of another sweltering day. On glancing along the street upon which the freight house stood, Rossiter noted, not far distant, a large sign extending over the sidewalk. "Stabling" was the ... word which, years previous, had been traced upon it. As Rossiter drew near the sign he beheld a wide gate which gave entrance to a yard of considerable extent in the rear of a second or third-class hotel. Upon the yard a long shed opened and likewise a capacious barn. In the center of the barn door-way a hostler was leisurely grooming a horse. Towards this man the vagrant advanced.

"Can I get a job?" asked he, as he came within speaking distance. "I'd be willing to work for a bit of breakfast."

The hostler paused, currycomb in one hand, brush in the other.

"Know anythin' about a hoss?" he demanded, surveying the applicant with considerable doubt.

"Yes," said Rossiter, "something."

"Le's see."

The vagabond dropped his bundle, and the man relinquished currycomb and brush to him.

"You'll do," he said presently. "I giss ye kin earn yer brekfust all right enough." He moved away, and Rossiter heard him cleaning stalls. Then he climbed to the loft and began pitching down hay. After a little he descended and soon appeared leading another horse.

"That'll do fer the bay," he said. "Try yer hand on this 'un."

For an hour or more the new stableman continued his labors, when the hostler announced that it was time for "grub." After a good wash at the barn pump, Rossiter followed his companion into a small, bare room which was filled with the odor of cooking. It was a plain meal that the two men sat down to, but it was exceedingly palatable. Neither spoke while eating, and the maid who attended to their wants evidently considered herself decidedly above them, for she did not deign to address them with so much as a single word. When they had finished they went out together.

"Say," said the hostler, as they halted in the center of the stable yard, "how'd you like my job fer a couple o' weeks? I want to go hop-pickin'."

"I think some of going myself," replied Rossiter.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, if you don't conclude to go, I'd be glad to have you come 'ere. You're a pritty tidy hand with a hoss."

"Thanks. What's the job worth?"

"Five a week, with feed an' lodgin'."

"When would you want to know?"

"Any time to-day 'ud do."

"All right. I'll drop around to-night and tell you if I'll come. If you don't see me again, you'll have to find another chap," and Rossiter sought the street.

"Here's luck!" he ejaculated. "May be things are going to take a turn at last." He straightened himself and something of the reckless sullenness left his face.

"I must find a quiet spot and think it out," he mused.

He crossed the railway tracks, and struck into a narrow street which, he recalled, formerly led to the baseball grounds and the broad meadows bordering the river. It was a squalid neighborhood in the old days, he remembered, and it did not appear to have changed materially during the years that had elapsed since he had last viewed it. Ragged children were rolling in the dirt by the roadside, slatternly women even at that hour—nine o'clock had not yet struck—were gossiping from window to window, and two or three men as unkempt as Rossiter himself were squirting tobacco juice over the dilapidated board sidewalk. Both women and men eyed him furtively as he went by, and one of the former flung a coarse jibe after him.

He found an open field where the fenced baseball grounds had been, and beyond this, as in the past, stretched a level meadow, sweeping away beyond the river to the base of haze-wrapt hills. Quarter of a mile distant he noticed a group of elms upon the bank of the stream, and towards these he directed his steps. When he reached them he cast himself upon the sward in the shade and set his back against one of the massive boles. Behind him was the city, slowly beginning to steam with heat under the pitiless sun; before him was the languid river, low from drought, lazing between its irregular and freshet-washed banks. Far overhead in the lofty boughs was the faint twitter of birdsong.

This was what Rossiter loved. The city meant nothing to him but miserable failure, but the free air of the country carried with it a certain peace of spirit, and for the most part a large forgetfulness. During the three years of his wanderings the virus of vagabondage had so permeated his every fiber that he rarely longed for the existence he had once known. When he was candid with himself he admitted that it was an irreparable blot upon his manhood that he did not strive to rise from the slough into which his own weakness had dragged him. At rare intervals, when thoughts of re-entering the struggle came to him, there was always the old weakness to combat, the realization that not twice but thrice he had played fast and loose with his chances in the world, and so he allowed himself to drift. There was nothing inherently bad in Rossiter's nature; there was no dishonor to be laid at his door. If he had assumed something of the uncouth manners and familiarized himself with the low language of the men with whom he frequently associated, these were surface matters, things which, if occasion demanded, would be sloughed as a snake drops its skin. Weak though he was, and reckless though he had been when fortune was his, back of all was a fineness that those who came into anything like intimate contact with him could but notice. The lack of a mother's love and guidance, and a mistaken generosity and a subsequent obtuse insistence on the part of his father, accounted for much in the wreck he had made of everything to which he had put his hand. Born with a keen artistic sense, endowed with considerable real literary talent, his likings had always been made light of at home, and when it came to the choice of a career he had that forced upon him, for which he had a positive distaste.

Then his father died; a considerable amount of money fell to him; false friends flattered and cajoled; and very soon he was penniless. His elder brother helped him to a position, but though he did his best, his apparent indifference brought about his dismissal. His sister's husband now tried to give him a lift, but the recipient soon discovered that he was a hindrance rather than an aid, and so one night, returning from his work discouraged and embittered, and being reproached by his sister for his general uselessness, he went to his room, put a few traps together, slung them upon a stout cane over his shoulder, and walked out into the darkness, from that hour a vagabond, wandering whither fancy led, now working at this or that, now begging, suffering sometimes, but not without a certain enjoyment in life, vastly happier than he had been when he felt himself dependent on, and a reproach to, those who were his nearest of kin. Such was the story of this ne'er-do-well, a story of weakness, of folly, of heedlessness, but not one of crime or of dishonor.

Having settled himself to his satisfaction under the lofty elm, Rossiter opened the bundle he had cast by his side—a dilapidated change of underwear, a pair of socks, a vest and an outing shirt—and extracted a briar-wood pipe of cheap make and a small piece of smoking-plug. From the tobacco he cut with miserly care enough to fill half the pipe-bowl, and having lighted it leaned back with a sigh of comfort. It was the first indulgence of the kind he had allowed himself for several days, and the fact that he was permitting himself to enjoy so epicurean a pleasure at this morning hour indicated that something of unusual moment was occupying his mind.

After having blown, to his intense satisfatcion, two or three fragrant clouds into the warm September air, he took from his pocket a square envelope, from which he drew a letter. This he spread out before him upon one knee. It read in this wise:

Dear Philip: I have heard from your former friend, Everson, that you have again been seen in or near Kalamanti, and I am sending this enclosed in a note to him in the hope of reaching you. For the sake of our dead father and mother, for your sake, and for the sake of us all, I want you to come back for another trial. Will you not? On the 1st of October the Evening Star passes into the hands of an acquaintance of mine, George Agnew, who intends making some sweeping changes in the staff. Recalling some sketches and skits you once wrote which received much pleasant comment, and the leanings you formerly had towards literature, which fate, (very unfortunately and injudiciously, I now believe) so insistently discouraged, I spoke of you to Mr. Agnew, who has very generously offered to give you a chance on the paper. October 1, as I said above, is the date when the change in management takes place, and if, by good fortune, you receive this letter, I beg that you will not allow this (perhaps last) opportunity to retrieve yourself to slip from you. I hope that you will believe me still your affectionate brother,

ARCHIBALD ROSSITER.

"It's mighty good of Archie," commented the wanderer, "a blamed sight too good! I don't deserve it. I'd probably make a mess of it, just as I have of everything else but this," and he glanced down at his worn and dusty shoes, and at his faded and weather-stained garb. "And yet—well, it's what I always used to think I'd like, and here I am more than half way there."

When his brother's missive had been handed to him two weeks previous he had been upon the point of turning south. Instead he set his face eastward, not with a definite idea of falling in with what his brother had proposed, but with that possibility in view. Now, after having had the past so vividly brought before him by his unforeseen tarry in Illica, after having experienced emotions that he had fancied belonged almost totally to a different environment, he was more strongly moved than ever thus to challenge fate.

But the old weakness, the hesitancy, the dislike of responsibility, fostered by his roving life was not lightly to be overcome; so he lay and debated. Against his undoubted desire to redeem himself, a desire which was gradually strengthening, rose the consciousness of former failure, and also the undeniable fascination his present existence had come to have for him. Half an hour slipped away, an hour, and it was mid-morning. The heat increased, and the reclining man grew drowsy.

Vaguely, as in a dream, he marked two figures cross his angle of vision and follow the river bank to a point not many rods from where he was lying. He saw these persons begin to divest themselves of their clothes, commented to himself that they were going for a swim, and here his scarcely aroused curiosity ceased. He closed his eyes and presently lost consciousness. Twenty minutes had elapsed when a scream rent the quiet air, a sharp, boyish cry of terror. At the second outcry, louder and shriller than the first, Rossiter sat up. A naked form was leaping wildly about upon the river bank, with one terrified shriek after another. To Rossiter's ears the shouts now resolved themselves into—

"Help! help!"

The awakened man was on his feet in an instant. In such an emergency as this his habitual indecision did not show itself. Off went his cap, coat and shoes, and away he sprang over the sward towards the distraught figure. He was naturally fleet of foot and his muscles were hard from hundreds of leagues of tramping.

The youth, for such Rossiter saw the shouter to be, grew more frantic as he realized that aid was approaching, turning first towards the stream and then in the direction from which assistance was coming.

"Oh, quick! be quick!" he cried, but now his voice seemed to fail him, and he did little more than utter a series of incoherent sounds.

Once within view of the river, Rossiter was not slow to grasp the situation. In mid-stream was a bather,

ROSSITER WAS NOT SLOW TO GRASP THE SITUATION.

who, by a spasmodic action of one hand, was just contriving to keep his head above the surface. He was swallowing great gulps of water with every movement, and was unquestionably on the verge of sinking.

"Stick to it!" yelled Rossiter, without slackening speed, "I'll be with you in a minute."

One spring took him down upon the caked mud below the overhanging sod, and a second carried him waist deep into the river. Then he struck out with vigorous strokes. He approached the exhausted swimmer cautiously, knowing if he would save him he must not allow himself to be caught in his drowning grip. When just beyond the reach of his arm he paused. The poor fellow made a frantic effort to seize hold upon him, but Rossiter was watchful and easily eluded his grasp. It was like the last flicker of a dying flame. With a gasp and a gurgle the man gave over the struggle. Here was Rossiter's opportunity, and he was alert to improve it. As the sinking bather's head was disappearing he gave a powerful forward plunge. Out went his hand, and his strong fingers were fastened in a mop of soaking hair. There was but a spark of consciousness left in the body of the man when Rossiter jerked his head above water. He was well-nigh a dead weight, and his rescuer had no difficulty in whirling him about and gripping him beneath the armpits. In this wise he pushed him ashore. He began to revive a little as shallow water was reached, and was able, with Rossiter's arm encircling his waist, to drag himself up to the grass of the bank, where he sank in a limp heap. Presently he began to vomit violently, whereat the boy who had been standing by, mouth agape and speechless, commenced to moan and whimper.

"It's the best thing that could happen," said Rossiter, reassuringly. "He'll come around all right shortly."

Indeed, it was not long before the rescued man sat up, a look of disgust and loathing upon his features.

"Mother of Moses!" he exclaimed, "but I shouldn't want Mohondaga water for a steady diet!"

He caught Rossiter's eye and smiled wanly.

"You were just in time," he said. "Jim, there, ain't worth shucks. He can't swim a stroke. Another minute, an' I'd 'a' croaked."

"It was rather a close shave," observed Rossiter.

"Gee, yes!" This was said with considerable emphasis, and a suspicion of color began to creep into the young man's pallid cheeks.

He was perhaps 26 or 27 years of age, and as Rossiter now glanced from his face to that of the boy, who had

(continued on 4th page.)


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