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1903	March					1903
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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
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Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
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JOHN W. CLARK,
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Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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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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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Philip Rossiter, a young college-bred man, through lack of determination and will-power, had descended to the level of a common tramp. He has stolen a ride on a freight train and by chance gets off at Ilica, a town well known to him in his college days.

CHAPTER II.—While lounging on the river bank next day he hears a cry for help and saves a young man, Joe Becraft, from drowning. The latter seeing what Rossiter is and wishing to help him asks Philip to accompany him to the hop-fields where he is going to work. Philip consents to go with him.

CHAPTER III.—They go to a barber in town who improves Philip's appearance and later, in company with Joe's mother, sister and brother, they leave for Mr. Merton's hop-fields.

CHAPTER IV.—On the way Philip recognizes many scenes familiar to him in his college days, and the contrast between his bright ambitions of those days and his present low condition saddens him and makes him despise himself.

CHAPTER V.—At the hop-fields Rossiter meets Miss Merton and her cousin, Miss Sylvia Densmore, of Ilica. He is fascinated with the beauty and charm of the latter but tries not to let her know it. He has resolved to reform and is happy to know he is again a man. While out strolling one evening he meets "Whiskers," a tramp of the lowest order he had once known. Philip knows his presence means no good.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW POLE-PULLER.

As Rossiter came out from breakfast the next morning, which was Thursday, he found Jack Parmelee awaiting him.

"I was lookin' for you," said Mr. Merton's factotum. "We'll go over ahead of the rest, an' I'll show you how it's done."

They crossed the road together, Parmelee swinging a hop-dog in one hand.

"You ain't a farmer," said he, eyeing Rossiter.

"Not exactly," answered the latter, "though I've often done farm work."

"Well, there's a dum sight worse things than farmin'. You don't catch me shut up in a shop peddlin' calico an' jew-jaws to a lot o' fussy women."

"Yes," Rossiter answered, "the open air is the natural place for a man."

"None o' your town life for me!" said Parmelee. "There's too much blamed noise; too many pesky people about."

"Perhaps I should have been a farmer," said Rossiter. "I'm not particularly fond of racket and a crowd."

"You've lived in a town, though; that's plain enough to see."

"Yes," said Rossiter, with a nod. "How'd you guess it?"

"Oh, it's easy to tell. In the first place, you don't talk like a countryman."

They had reached the hop-field by this time, and made their way to where the box in which Rossiter had picked was standing.

"You'll pull for these three boxes," said Parmelee, indicating the one near them, the one where the Becrafts had been and the half-box which Miss Merton and her cousin had used. "The girls won't trouble you much. They're pickin' for health or pleasure, whichever you've a mind to call it."

Parmelee now swung the strap of the hop-dog about his neck and, after cutting the vines of one hill very close to the ground, proceeded to show Rossiter how the pole should be loosened.

"Oh, you'll make it go," said he, having seen his pupil lift two poles with seeming ease.

Rossiter was then instructed in regard to stripping the poles after the hops had been picked, and in stacking them in Indian-wigwam fashion by making a basis of four poles fastened together by a piece of vine about three feet from the top and then spread wide apart at the bottom. Just as the lesson was over the pickers began to cross into the yard. Rossiter had said nothing to the Becrafts in regard to his new departure, thinking it would be rather good fun to surprise them. He was bringing a second pole to lay across the end where Mrs. Becraft and her daughter picked when the family approached, Joe leading the way.

He observed Rossiter and came to a dead stop.

"What in thunder are you up to?" he demanded.

"Can't you see?" said Rossiter. "You've got a new pole-puller."

"Well, d'll be blowed!" Joe exclaimed, while the others expressed their astonishment in various small oteries; "I thought you'd never been in a hop-yard before?"

"This is my first experience, I assure you," said Rossiter, and then he informed them how the change had come about.

"We'll make you hustle!" cried Joe, breaking off a long branch from the end of a vine and beginning to strip the hops into the box. "You'll wish you'd never seen a hop-pole before night."

"I'll risk it," returned Rossiter, good-naturedly, moving away to attend the other pickers who were under his care.

Work had been going on for an hour or more when Miss Merton and Miss Densmore appeared in the field. Rossiter spied them coming, and had a pole ready for them when they reached their box. Both girls recognized him by a slight inclination of the head, and he replied to their salutation by removing his cap.

"We've a new poll-puller, I see," commented Miss Merton, with a certain pretty air of proprietorship in everything that was going on. "I hope you won't find it so hard as Mr. Gridley seemed to."

At this instant Joe Becraft set up a shout of "Hop-pole!" so Rossiter thanked her for her kindly wishes and hurried away.

"What a polite pole-puller!" exclaimed Miss Merton when Rossiter was out of hearing. "Who is he, I wonder?"

"Aren't pole-pullers usually polite?" inquired Miss Densmore, smiling a little. "I thought the one of yesterday was very attentive to our wants."

"Yes, he was, but there is a difference even in pole-pullers. Did you notice the way this man took his cap off? Why, you might have been bowing to some one on Kenesco street!"

By and by Jack Parmelee paused a moment to chat with the two girls.

"How does your new pole-puller get on?" was the first question he asked.

"Oh, beautifully!" responded Miss Merton. "Do you know his name?"

"'Rossiter' is what he calls himself."

"That sounds rather ambiguous. Do you think that isn't his name?"

"No, I've no reason to think so."

"How'd you get hold of him? He doesn't work about here. I understood all the pole-pullers were men from near by."

Parmelee then explained how he had happened to employ Rossiter.

"He came with the Becrafts over yonder," he added, indicating them with a nod, "mill people from Fallsburgh. Very likely he's a mill hand, but I don't care what he is so long's he looks after you an' the rest. We're mighty short o' help. Well, I declare," he concluded, glancing into Miss Densmore's box, "if you ain't makin' a picker! Miriam's nowhere."

"I don't talk as much as Miriam does," said Miss Densmore, demurely.

"You can," cried that young lady, "only you won't."

"I don't think it's at all likely 'at she can," said Jack Parmelee, with a grimance. "'Tain't possible! But here!" he exclaimed suddenly, "I can't waste any more valuable time on you two," and off he posted to a different part of the yard, where a stentorian voice was bawling "Hop-sack!"

Rossiter thoroughly enjoyed ministering to the wants of the two girls. It had been many a long day since he had been thrown into even the remotest contact with women of refinement, and though he had little speech with Miss Merton and her cousin, he had plenty of opportunity to observe them. Occasionally the former addressed a remark to him or plied him with a question, feeling free to do so as Mr. Merton's daughter, but he held himself scrupulously aloof unless his services were required, and was careful to say nothing unless he was first spoken to. Miss Merton's sunny temperament and gay spirits pleased and amused him, but he found Miss Densmore's personality far the more attractive. Furthermore, to him she was fairer to look upon. Her complexion was remarkable for its clarity. Now and again, when she was speaking, in her cheeks a faint flush like the tint of the briar-rose blossom would come and go. Her eyes, of the deepest blue, met those of the person with whom she was conversing with an open and confiding glance. Constancy was mirrored in them, and they seemed like twin wells of purity and truth. One little lock of hair, in which the sunbeams ambushed, had a way of escaping from its confinement, and, crinkling across her brow, lent a soft witchery to her face. Her voice rippled in sweet modulations, and her laugh, which was never loud, had in it a beguiling contagion.

"Gettin' acquainted?" asked Joe Becraft, as Rossiter tarried an instant by the box where the Becraft family were busily engaged.

It was not the first remark of the sort that Joe had indulged in, and it jarred on Rossiter, he hardly knew why. Becraft's previous familiarities had not touched him in this way. He was well aware that it was natural for Becraft thus to express himself, and that what he said was meant wholly in good part, but inwardly he resented it; and while he endeavored not to show this in his reply, Joe was quick to see something was wrong, and thereafter was more careful how he referred to Miss Merton and Miss Densmore.

During the two days that followed Rossiter was quite as cautious as at first not to address any conversation to the two girls unless they invited it. The free-and-easy life of the hop-fields, however, soon made itself felt in their intercourse, and when Miss Merton and her cousin discovered that their pole-puller was intellectually their equal, whatever he might be from a social point of view, they often chatted freely with him during the occasional intervals when he was not busy and chanced to be standing near. They began, however, to have considerable curiosity concerning him, for despite his rough clothes it grew to be evident that he had sometime been accustomed to a different environment from that in which he was now placed.

"I don't believe he's a mill-hand at all," announced Miss Merton, during one of the talks the two had concerning him.

"You speak as though you had an intimate acquaintance with the workers in mills," Miss Densmore returned with some amusement.

"Well, mill-hands don't pick you up when you misquote Shakespeare,"

THEY OFTEN CHATTED FREELY WITH HIM.

and as though she regarded this as proof positive that she had established her point, Miss Merton branched off upon another theme.

When Saturday night came Rossiter proposed to Joe Becraft that they should walk into Hintonville together. Before starting he approached Parmelee, into whose good graces he had rapidly advanced by the admirable way in which he had performed his work, and requested that he be paid the amount due him for his labor.

"It's not accordin' to our custom," said the jovial manager, "but as long as I'm pretty reasonably sure it isn't whisky you're wantin' to spend it for, I don't mind seein' that you're accommodated."

"With such a pair of shoes, the only ones I possess," said Rossiter, pointing to his dilapidated footgear, "it isn't very likely the money'll go for drink."

Both men derived much pleasure from their walk. They found the streets of the little town bright with purchasers and strollers come in from the country, and in the shops Rossiter saw a number of faces that he recalled from his old college days. After having liquidated the small debt he owed Becraft, he invested in a pair of stout shoes at a sale that chanced to be in progress, and also in a cheap razor and a few toilet articles. He then had exactly a dime remaining.

"Just enough for two beers!" he exclaimed, pitching the little silver disk into the air and catching it as it descended.

Joe protested against his spending his last cent, but Rossiter insisted that it was "his treat," so the two went into the bar room of the Hintonville House, where the desired beverage was speedily forthcoming. As Rossiter placed his empty glass upon the bar a bacchanalian college ditty which he used occasionally to roar through the streets with a few choice and congenial spirits (a ditty which embalmed the name of a former proprietor of the Hintonville House), unrecalled for years, went lilting through his brain—

"Down to Powers' we will go,
Let the lager freely flow,
Then go reeling to and fro
Back to Alma Mater!"

It had a very rakish sound, but it had never meant much more than the natural outburst of the exuberance of youth.

With the recollection of the college song came the thought of the college, and he decided that on the morrow he would make a pilgrimage to the scenes of his student days. Accordingly, Sunday morning, soon after he had breakfasted, he slipped away and set out. The autumn term had not yet opened, and he knew he should have the campus practically to himself. Reaching Hintonville, he left the village square behind, and turned westward along the extensive maple-shaded street that led to the base of the hill on the crest of which the college buildings were situated. Upon the old stone bridge spanning the swiftly flowing Oskenonto he paused, as he had so often done before, to watch the dancing water, the swaying willows, and the changing lights and shadows. Then he went on up the long, steep slope.

Now he saw changes on every hand. Buildings belonging to the various college fraternities were dotted along the hill-side where, in his day, there had been open fields. He looked for a grape-vineyard that an injudicious husbandman had persisted in cultivating to the vast delight of the students, but it had disappeared. The little wooden arbor half way up the hill had been replaced by a more imposing structure built in part of hewn stone. He saw the venerable form of his favorite professor, apparently untouched by the lapse of the years, sitting beneath his tree-embowered porch, and the desire was strong in Rossiter's heart to go in and take him once again by the hand, but a glance at his own attire, threadbare and weather-stained, though he had succeeded in freshening it somewhat, restrained him.

It was with a thrill of pleasure that he came, just before reaching the hill-crest, to the row of ancient Lombardy poplars, stately trees that had defied the winter winds for well-nigh a century. They had a greeting for him. "Here we are," they seemed to say, "just as we were when you tramped up and down beneath us, and we're glad to see you back." They, at least, did not notice the altered appearance of the erewhile spruce young man.

A flood of recollections swept upon him as he turned into the campus. Here there were new buildings and a more prosperous air than of old, but the general effect was the same, and struck Rossiter more than ever before as beautiful and impressive. The hall in which he had roomed was locked, so he roamed on, wandering about at will and meeting no one, better pleased to have it so, finding ample companionship in the talking trees and in his own memories. By and by he strayed down into the college burying-ground, a little hedge-girdled God's-acre just under the brow of the hill, where some of the college worthies and a few students who had gone from life while yet undergraduates slept their long sleep. It was an ideal spot, full of the deep peace. In the lower corner, where the trees opened and revealed a vast sweep of country as far away as the Deerbrook Hills beyond the Mohondaga Valley, Rossiter cast himself upon the sward. Here he lingered for more than an hour, and when he rose to leave there was a sense of contentment in his heart that was strange to him, and the light of a firmer resolve shone upon his face.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPRING AT THE WOOD-EDGE.

"Where in the deuce did you slope to?" inquired Joe Becraft as Rossiter took his seat at the dinner-table when the meal was more than half through.

"I went for a walk," replied Rossiter. "I didn't see you anywhere about, and didn't know anyhow that you would care to go after our long tramp of last evening."

"I wish you'd waited an' come along with Jim an' me," said Becraft, "instead of pokin' off by yourself."

"Where did you go?"

"Over to Blue creek."

"Blue creek! where's that?"

"You follow the road that passes the house for half a mile or so, an' it brings you out over a big gulch through which the creek flows. It's a fine stream. Trout in it, too, they say."

"I'll go over with you next Sunday, if you like," said Rossiter, recognizing from the description the place where he had met Hart Dawson on Thursday night.

Joe had seemed rather hurt by Rossiter's desertion, but was appeased by his promise for the coming Sunday, and when they arose from the dinner-table they went together into the upper orchard for a smoke. They found a comfortable spot in the long grass, and stretched at full length, their pipes drawing just to suit them, the leaves rustled softly above them, a catbird in an adjacent thorn-bush scolding and singing alternately, they enjoyed in a brimming measure the lassitude of simply existing. By and by Becraft sought his cot for a nap, and Rossiter was left alone. Presently he caught sight of Jack Parmelee near the hop-kiln, and, hailing him, asked for the loan of something to read. Parmelee procured him a paper and a cheap magazine, and with these in hand he strolled to the bottom of the large orchard. Not seeing any nook there that took his fancy, and being attracted by the woodland beyond the meadow, he loitered towards it along a clearly defined path that ran parallel to the fence for some distance and then swerved obliquely to meet an opening in the forest. As he neared the wood he discovered that the ground fell away quite abruptly, and at the base of the declivity near the gap in the trees (this proved to be the entrance to an old logging-road) was the most crystal of springs shaded by a gigantic willow. Beneath this had been placed a rustic seat.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I've hit upon it this time!"

There was a glass upon a flat stone at the brink of the spring, and Rossiter refreshed himself with a deep draught from the cool well-head. Then he took possession of the seat, tried several positions, and finally leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been days since he had read a line of print, and of reading he had been always passionately fond (indeed, in his rovings he missed books more than any other luxury), yet he was now in no hurry to open magazine or paper. The spot appealed to him as so idyllic he preferred to enjoy its sylvan beauty. Just before him there was a short vista where the logging-road penetrated the forest. Soon this woodman's highway curved, however, so that he had no glimpse of the heart of the wood. The overflow from the spring, with its small, timbrel-like voice, followed the bend of the road, and on its edge, a few yards distant among the trees, a late cardinal-flower displayed its scarlet robe. A woodpecker struck up a loud tattoo, a squirrel suddenly grew garrulous and then lapsed into silence, and far away from remote swampy recesses came a faint wailing as though a plover cried.

Having brooded to his satisfaction on his wild environment, Rossiter turned first to paper and then to magazine. He was glancing with idle curiosity at the faces of some of the people of the day prominent in public view when he fancied he caught the sound of voices. Half rising, he listened with intentness. Yes, that was Miss Merton's merry chatter and Miss Densmore's answering laugh. He could not see them, for the ridge behind him hid them from view. They were doubtless coming to the very place where he had been reclining, and would be disappointed if they discovered the seat had an occupant. He could not retreat along the logging-road without being noticed, and he did not wish that they should observe him. Just at his left, however, was a hazel-copse that offered concealment. It occurred to him that he could slip into this, and then, by making a little detour, strike the woodman's track below where it curved. A stroll of exploration appealed to his humor, and he was quick to put his idea into execution, so when the two girls arrived at the spring they found their possession of its lyric seclusion undisputed. After they had ensconsed themselves comfortably upon the seat, Miss Merton opened the book which she had brought with her, uttering an instant later a cry of chagrin.

"How utterly stupid of me!" she said, showing the page to her cousin, "it's the wrong story."

"Oh, never mind!" said Miss Densmore.

"But I do mind!" cried Miriam. "It was so perfectly foolish of me not to look. I knew the two novels had exactly the same covers. I'm going back for the other. You'll not be afraid to stop for a few minutes alone?"

"Why do you trudge back through all the heat? It isn't worth while. Not that I care"—glancing about her a little doubtfully—"because I shall be left alone."

"It was so absolutely silly of me that I'm going," said Miss Merton, and she hurried up the slope.

Rossiter, in the meanwhile, had picked his way with much caution through the thicket, gained the more open wood, though everywhere there was considerable undergrowth, and come out upon the logging-road. He walked on for perhaps a hundred paces, when he emerged into a little glade where the rillet from the spring joined a larger brook. Here a fallen tree made so inviting a resting-place that he seated himself, intending to resume his wanderings after a few moments. As he glanced aimlessly about him he spied a small hickory sapling of arrowy straightness which he fancied he would like for a staff; accordingly he took from his pocket the large knife with which Jack Parmelee had supplied him for cutting hop-vines, snapped back the single blade, and approached the miniature tree. He had bent it over and made the first incision when a woman's scream—unmistakably a cry of terror—penetrated with startling clearness the forest quietude, and it came from the direction of the spring. So quickly did Rossiter leap back that the boughs of the released sapling had no time to whip his face. Into his pocket went the knife—he was sorry afterward he had not kept it in his hand—and he raced up the wood-road with the speed of the runner who overcame Atalanta. When he had compassed half the distance between the glade and the bend another scream rang out, more full of fright, it seemed to him, than the first. In vain he strove to quicken his pace. He was already sprinting at the top of his bent. Just before he reached the turn he was conscious that someone was running towards him, but who it was he could not see, owing to the undergrowth. He heard gasps of labored breathing, and then Miss Densmore appeared before him, wild-eyed, her hair half unbound, her face, despite her exertions, as pale as bleached linen. Behind her, not more than ten feet distant, his repellant countenance exultant, rushed a man—"Whiskers!"

The girl on the instant recognized Rossiter, and a moan of despair escaped her. She slackened her speed for just a breath in her uncertainty, and Dawson's outstretched hand almost gripped her shoulder. Then it flashed upon her who this was before her, and with a glad cry she sprang towards him. Intent upon the girl, her pursuer had given Rossiter no heed, and suddenly found himself in that young man's grip and was hurled backward with such force that he stumbled and fell upon the sward.

"You damnable hound!" the pole-puller cried, standing over him with clenched fists.

"Whiskers" made no response, but returned Rossiter's infuriated gaze with a disgusting leer.

"Get up!" commanded the young man.

The vagrant rose slowly to his feet, let his eyes rove furtively first to one side and then to the other, as though it were his intention to take to his heels, and then suddenly sprang with an enraged snarl at Miss Densmore's rescuer.

"Want her yerself, do ye, Charlie? By God, ye sh'n't have her!"

So sudden was the onslaught that Rossiter would have been overborne had he not suspected some such movement on Dawson's part and been in a measure prepared. He shifted his position slightly to meet the attack, and swung out with a blow which, had it landed fairly, would have given the ruffian his quietus then and there. It was turned aside, however, by an uplifted arm, and the next moment Rossiter felt a steely clamp upon his throat. He tore away his assailant's hand by a desperate effort, but he had cause to remember those terrible fingers for days afterwards. The two men now stood eyeing one another, and as Rossiter moved a step to gain a firmer foothold, for the ground was uneven and spongy, he was conscious of Miss Densmore not far distant crouching against a tree.

"Don't stand there!" he cried to her. "Run, for God's sake!"

He had come to realize that, strong as he knew himself to be, the strength of the man confronting him was something greater. The searing grip upon his throat told its startling tale. And, moreover, he had not to deal with a creature moved by the ordinary human emotions, but with a roused and infuriated beast, terrible with a beast's unrestrained passions.

The sound of Miss Densmore's footsteps was the signal for Dawson to renew the attack. His hairy face was lowered, and seemed to sink between his shoulders. With powerful arms outstretched, he hurled himself towards Rossiter like a hideous ourang-outang. There was no mistaking the gleam in his eyes. In his present mood to come within the grasp of those arms meant a speedy closing to life's chapter.

"Run!" cried Rossiter once more to the girl.

He would at least so manage the encounter that Miss Densmore would have an opportunity to get beyond the clutches of this monster, provided she would avail herself of the brief respite he could offer her. Had the reaction from her fright rendered her incapable of fleeing? He did not dare look about as he leaped agilely now this way and now that, eluding the raging creature who pursued him, but he thought that she might still be crouching not far away, too exhausted to fly, gave him intense agony of mind.

Suddenly Dawson turned from him with an oath, leaped the adjacent rivulet, and plunged into the wood. But little more than 50 yards distant Rossiter was aware of Miss Densmore's retreating figure. He too crossed the little stream at a bound.

AND HE COLLAPSED INTO AN INERT MASS.

Dawson flung a look back over his shoulder. In the race he had perhaps 15 feet the advantage, but Rossiter was the more nimble, and the gap between them speedily narrowed. Soon the two men were not more than five feet apart, and then Dawson tripped and sprawled headlong. The root upon which he caught his foot, like a wary wrestler, flung him sideways. His crown crashed against a tree-trunk, and he collapsed into an inert mass. The pole-puller, thinking him dead, bent over him, to discover that he was only stunned.

Stooping above the repulsive and evil face, an itching crept into Rossiter's fingers to seize the hairy throat and choke out the foul life once for all. Then a question smote him, and he started back. Would the path he had followed until so short a time previous ever have led him to become such a loathsome thing? He shuddered. With this later thought that which had cried "murder" in his ears slipped from him. Now he recalled Miss Densmore, and glanced quickly about. A score of yards away stood the girl, her figure tense, her eyes burning upon him in the green gloom. He hastened towards her.

"Is he dead?" she asked, almost in a whisper, as he drew near.

"No," he returned, "and more's the pity!—though perhaps I shouldn't say it,—he's only stunned."

She made no reply, but began walking forward by his side unsteadily. He saw that she was shaking from head to foot, and he did not know what to do or say. Would she bear up? he wondered. It was sheer grit that was keeping her from giving way, that was evident. Why didn't her cousin appear? Where was she all this time? If she had returned to the house for any reason, it was taking her unconscionably long to make the trip there and back, it seemed to him.

All at once Miss Densmore turned her drawn face, into which the blood now flowed, towards Rossiter.

"Oh, I can't thank you," she began, "there are no words—"

He cut her short.

"I did nothing," he said. "Fate, or whatever you like to call it, protected you. But how did you chance to be alone?"

"Miriam—Miss Merton—went up to the house for a book. We had come down to the spring at the wood-edge to read, and by mistake she brought the wrong novel. She insisted on going to change it."

"Sylvia! Sylvia!" a voice, in which there was a note of alarm, cried at this juncture.

"Yes, here I am," responded Miss Densmore, and an instant later she and Rossiter stepped into the logging road a short distance from the spring and its shielding willow-tree, beneath which Miss Merton was standing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOP-DANCE.

That Miss Merton should regard her cousin and Rossiter with amaze-

(Continued on 4th page)

I Coughed

"I had a most stubborn cough for many years. It deprived me of sleep and I grew very thin. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was quickly cured."
R. N. Mann, Fall Mills, Tenn.

Sixty years of cures and such testimony as the above have taught us what Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will do.

We know it's the greatest cough remedy ever made. And you will say so, too, after you try it. There's cure in every drop.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
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"MAKES PROPER DIET" PLEASING FORCE

makes a chef of a cook (better than flour) Presto

WEEDS

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak lungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consumption is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

Don't wait until you can't deceive yourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.

We will send you a little of the Emulsion free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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