AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1903. NO. 36.

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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.

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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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.—Miss Merton and Miss Densmore, who are working in the hop-fields for pleasure, learn that Rossiter is well-educated and are consequently mystified to find him working in a hop-field.

CHAPTER VII.—Rossiter, the following Sunday, saves Miss Densmore from an attack by "Whiskers," the tramp.

CHAPTER VIII.—A hop-dance is to be given and although Philip decides not to go, he changes his decision at the solicitation of the two girls and spends an enjoyable evening with Miss Densmore.

The leader of the orchestra, if it be permissible thus to dignify the music, especially entertained Rossiter. His black hair and whiskers had evidently been elaborated for the occasion, and shone with a luster which was unmistakably oily. He handled his bow with an exaggerated ease and called the changes with a delicious gusto. One particular change in the quadrille appeared to be a great favorite with him, and he always preluded it with a grand sweep across the violin strings. His voice gathered more than common animation, and he broke into something like a tune:

"First lady balance to the right-hand gent, with the right-hand round, the right-hand round, the right-hand round; balance to the next with the left-hand round; lady in the center and seven hands round. A-la-man to your partners!" And with what a magnificent flourish came the close!

There were no waltzes or galops, but the lancers followed the Virginia reel, and the money-musk the quadrille. By and by, when there was a lull in the music, Jack Parmelee sought Rossiter, and presently the whilom vagabond found himself chatting to a pleasant-faced maiden who called Hintonville her home, and then, ere he realized it, he was upon the floor dancing. It came to him naturally, and when there was a general change to a bar of waltz music—they were engaged in a quadrille—and the others waltzed, he followed suit, with his vis-a-vis, who chanced to be Miss Merton.

"You must let me thank you," she said. "And to think that you tried to make out that you were 'rusty'! Why, one would imagine you did nothing but 'trip the light fantastic'!"

"If it's true that men are deceivers ever," he returned, "women are certainly flatterers ever."

Once the ice was broken, Rossiter enjoyed himself thoroughly. Miss Merton's friends apparently ignored his rough garb, and after a little he himself in a large measure forgot it. Joe Becraft occasionally observed him with a mingled admiration and wonder, and so the evening wore on.

Between eleven and midnight refreshments were served—new cider and some of Mrs. Merton's unapproachable doughnuts. While the repast was in progress Rossiter managed to absent himself, though when the music struck up he was again on hand to be chidden by Miss Merton for running away. He had danced twice with Miss Densmore, and now ventured to ask her to favor him for a third time. Money-musk had just been called.

"Will you not wait for a quadrille or the lancers?" she suggested. "I should like to rest a little longer. I'm not very strong, you know."

He lingered at her side for a moment, not seeming to be inclined to seek another partner.

"If you are not intending to dance," she said, "perhaps you will take me into the orchard. I should very much like a breath of air."

Just without under the trees rustic seats had been placed, and above, in the branches, Japanese lanterns hung. They found a seat that was unoccupied and sat watching the dancers through the open door. There was a singular unreality about the whole scene. The music, softened a little by distance, lost none of its blithesomeness, but took on a mellow charm that it had not within. The

THEY FOUND A SEAT THAT WAS UNOCCUPIED.

flitting figures, crossing the space visible through the door-way, were like a succession of pirouetting puppets. Out of the night came the clearly chorded cricket thrumming.

It was impossible not to be touched by the subtle combination of light and sound, and Rossiter let go of the tense hold he had kept upon himself. The girl beside him seemed like a rare exotic in whose presence he was permitted, by an inscrutable chance, to linger for a brief space. Why should he not, he asked himself, enjoy the exquisite sense of beauty that her personality exhaled? Into what surge and plunge of life he might soon be carried it was idle to conjecture. At least he would bear with him one fragrant recollection, one drop of a precious attar to sweeten what might be a desert future.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE ORCHARD.

"This is vastly more entertaining than any ball I ever attended, even my first," said Miss Densmore, after they had sat several moments in silence, Rossiter dreamily looking and listening, and she in a somewhat similar mood.

"I suppose," Rossiter replied, "that this is as much like a contra-dance as anything we have in this country. It's a pity that the men are so dreadfully unpicturesque."

"A contra-dance? Yes, I should say so. It is certainly quite as amusing. You have visited other countries, Mr. Rossiter?"

Before his previous remark such a thing as his having been a traveler would hardly have occurred to her.

"Yes, I crossed the ocean once. I was thinking just now—this scene brought it back to me, I expect—of a festa I witnessed one April day at Furn-Severin. Were you ever there?"

"No, I never was."

He then told her how he had, at one time, been ascending the Danube, had chanced upon a holiday gathering at the Roumanian river town, and had stopped off to witness it. He described the scene graphically, the peasants dancing on the sward, the fantastic music, the bright costumes of the women, and their curious head-dresses, some of the maidens wearing strings of tinkling coins—their dowries—upon their plaited hair.

Miss Densmore was deeply interested.

"It must have been quite like something I once saw in Suabia," she said.

"Yes, very likely."

What a strange puzzle this man was, Miss Densmore could but think. Not only did he pique her curiosity, but something more—she began to feel attracted towards him. For the first time in her life it had been brought home to her that clothes do not make the gentleman. Born and reared in an old and conservative society, she had had small opportunity to see, through personal contact, aught but the silks and velvets of existence. She had been often at the Merton farm, it is true, but never before to know anything of the real farm life, and elsewhere she moved only among those favored like herself.

She had been more or less intimately acquainted with many men; had had many admirers, as a girl of her attractiveness was likely to have. Two or three men she had at different times fancied she loved, but the fancy had somehow been dispelled before any irretrievable step was taken. Though she had passed her twenty-fifth year and had seen much social life, she still kept before her mental vision some of those rainbow dreams of youth that, with many, vanish ere the age which she had attained is reached.

Rossiter was with her a decidedly new experience. Before the Sunday afternoon in the woods she had regarded him somewhat wonderingly as a man out of place. Once it had occurred to her that he might be masquerading, but she put this thought aside. Now, since she had come to know him better, she began to see that he had a history, that he was not simply one who had chanced to pick up this and that from books, and through his power of adaptability make cunning use of what he had read. No, he was to the manner born, a person of good breeding and of education; but why, with his pleasing address and his talents, was he occupying the position of a pole-puller in her uncle's hop-yard?—honest enough work, but not just what a man of Rossiter's tastes and acquirements would seek by choice.

Her few moments conversation with him since coming into the open air revealed him in still another light, and only caused her to greater marvel. He had shown her more of his real self, minus the radical weakness of his character, than he had betrayed to anyone since he had quitted the world of his birth. To the natural attraction aroused by the element of mystery encompassing him was added the deep sense of gratitude which Miss Densmore felt towards him, despite the fact that he had so strenuously repelled any expression of it on her part. Her dreadful experience at the spring by the wood was to her like an evil dream, through which Rossiter passed in the guise of a knight subduing the ravening dragon. Though he had only acted as any man of ordinary feeling and courage would have done under similar circumstances, she could not but invest him with a certain halo of heroism. This, however, was in no wise patent in her demeanor towards him, and her cousin had several times upbraided her because she did not show in a greater degree an appreciation of Rossiter's services. Perhaps for more than anything else she admired and respected him for his attitude towards herself and her cousin. Never once, that she could recall, had he presumed upon his position to advance his acquaintance with them, although it was perfectly evident that he found pleasure in their society and conversation. Herein, more than in aught else, she told herself, he revealed his innate gentlemanliness.

The talk between Miss Densmore and Rossiter having touched upon foreign lands, it naturally turned upon places that were in common familiar. He spoke with freedom and ease upon remote scenes and customs, of the delights and discomforts of travel, but it was largely in an impersonal way. Whenever she tried to draw him out in regard to himself, which occasionally she made an effort to do, she met with but little response.

"How different," she said at length, "the life of a traveler is, the experiences one passes through, from the life one takes up on returning home! I was at first sorely discontented after my first year of wandering and study to come back to so much that is humdrum and trivial. And you, Mr. Rossiter, I can hardly connect the happy pilgrim which you evidently were with the——" She hesitated for the word with which to complete her sentence, for she did not wish to give offense.

"With the pole-puller!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, with the pole-puller, since you put it so," she said.

"Why try to connect them?" he asked. "I have felt all the time I have been talking with you as though in comparing reminiscences with you mine were those of another person."

"I have heard it advanced as a theory that all people pass through several existences in living one, but I have always regarded that notion as a vagary of the visionary."

"It is a theory to which I can heartily subscribe."

"Well, I am inclined to think my hop-picking experience may convert me to your view. I suppose one garners something from these various stages, each with its new set of experiences."

"If it were only the good that one gathered, the agreeable that one recalled!"

"Isn't that a matter of the will, at least in part? I'm sure I do not mean to carry away from my hop-picking existence aught but its happy phases."

Rossiter, though looking at her in the flickering and dying lantern-light, for the boughs obscured the moonbeams, and catching the outline of her delicate profile, the poise of her head, and the witchery of that straying lock of hair, told himself that among his gleanings from the hop-fields there would certainly be one golden memory.

The music ceased suddenly, evidently in the midst of a measure. There seemed to be a commotion within. Then Jack Parmelee appeared at the door, followed by three or four men.

"You go that way, some of you," he said, pointing towards the upper corner of the kiln; "I'll take the lower side."

He was off as he spoke, while two of those who had accompanied him were quick to do his bidding. A third followed hard after Parmelee.

"I can't imagine what has happened," said Rossiter, "but I think it might be well to go in."

Miss Densmore clung rather nervously to his arm as they walked to the door of the kiln. Within they found the dancers gathered in groups, and Rossiter led Miss Densmore towards those with whom Miss Merton was standing. She was glancing about her anxiously.

"Ah, here you are!" she exclaimed, when she caught sight of her cousin. There was a decided note of relief in her tone.

"What was it?" asked Rossiter.

"Oh, a horrid creature stuck his head in at the window over there and frightened some of us," replied Miriam, glancing a little apprehensively at her cousin.

Miss Densmore's cheeks grew all at once unwontedly pale.

"I'm thankful I was not here," she said, with a little, forced laugh.

Rossiter excused himself and hastened to the door. Without, half a dozen of the more curious men had collected. As Rossiter joined them there rose the sound of a struggle below the kiln, and they heard Jack Parmelee's voice, loud and stern. All moved hastily in the direction from which it proceeded. As they gained the corner they made out three men approaching, followed closely by two others. One of those in advance was Parmelee. He was gripping the man next him by the shoulder and wrist, while this individual was held in similar fashion by the one walking upon the other side. An intuition had told Rossiter that the cause of the commotion was "Whiskers," and his intuition was correct. The captive whom Parmelee and his companion were marching between them was none other than Hart Dawson, and more like a wild animal he looked than a human being.

The group of which Rossiter was a member parted, allowing the two men and their prisoner to pass.

"You will come snoopin' around scarin' honest folk, will you, you hairy ape!" Parmelee was saying. "The place for you and all like you, is the 'jug,' and an all-fired pity it is we can't spare the time to take you there. But I've a little medicine that'll teach you not to show your ugly 'mug' here again. Hey, Dick Whittlesey! where's that ox-goad?"

"I'll git it," said the man addressed, one of the farm-hands close at Parmelee's heels.

Captors and captive, and the attendant onlookers, among whom was Rossiter, were nearing the roadway gate when Whittlesey returned from his errand.

"Give me the goad, and take hold here for a minute," said Parmelee.

Whittlesey did as commanded.

"Now we'll move on," Parmelee continued.

Presently the four were standing in the middle of the road, while the spectators paused in the gate-way. Parmelee got a firm grip on Dawson's coat-collar at the back of his neck.

"When I give the word you men let go," he cried.

They made ready to spring back.

"Now!" he exclaimed, and the next instant the whistling goad wound around the legs of the struggling tramp. In vain did he strive to turn and close with Mr. Merton's overseer. He was in the grip of one more than his equal in strength, who had over him a distinct advantage. Again and again the goad descended, and then at length Parmelee released his hold. "Whiskers" wheeled as though he would leap upon his chastiser, but the merciless goad cut him stingingly across his cheek, and he ran howling and cursing into the night.

CHAPTER X.

PASSING DAYS.

Rossiter had his third dance with Miss Densmore, but he saw that it was an effort for her to go through the changes. Indeed, the spirits of the whole company had fallen many degrees. Miss Merton's friends declared that they must be going home, and with their departure the two girls retired to the house. Rossiter lingered a few moments in the kiln after they had left and then sought his cot. He could not sleep, however, and as the music still continued his thoughts drifted with it up and down the gamut of the night's happenings. He wondered if Miss Densmore would be able to carry out her determination to keep from the store of her hop-picking experiences naught but the pleasant for her treasure-trove of memory. He feared this was little likely, though he realized that she was a girl of strong will. In such matters, however, the mind cannot be coerced. Then he began to query what part, if any, he played in that which she would retain and cherish. He was now past calling himself a fool for dwelling upon her. He had suddenly assumed a different attitude in this regard. He would indulge in the luxury of playing the moth. There was a fine exaltation in being singed at so bright a flame, and if no one save himself was aware of the singeing, what did it matter?

Late in the night a soft rain began falling, and its monotone lulled Rossiter to sleep. Everything was dripping in the morning, and no one hurried out early, for picking was impossible. By three o'clock, however, a portion of one yard which stood upon high ground was sufficiently dry under foot, so work was here resumed. All the land near the house devoted to hops had by this time been cleared, and the pickers were obliged to walk a considerable distance from the farm buildings before reaching the scene of their efforts.

Rossiter caught but a glimpse or two of Miss Densmore on the day following the dance, as she and Miss Merton did not go into the fields. He had a bright nod from her as he was hurrying by the house on an errand for Parmelee, and again in the evening spoke an instant with her and with Miss Merton upon the porch. On Saturday, however, both girls were once more picking. In fact, they were out earlier than common.

"See how ambitious we are getting!" exclaimed Miss Merton, as Rossiter wished them good-morning.

"Positively grasping!" cried Miss Densmore. "We counted up our tickets last night, and calculated how much money we were likely to have at the end. I've spent mine in my mind a dozen times already," and she gave one of her infectious little laughs.

That day was one of delight to Rossiter. Both of the girls were as blithe as birds, and he caught something of their gayety. Only once was there any reference to the occurrence which had in a measure marred the pleasure of the hop-dance.

Miss Merton had walked across to chat a moment with Mrs. Becraft, to whom she had taken a fancy, and whom she recalled from the preceding year, and Rossiter chanced to be stripping a pole near the box of the two girls.

"I wanted to ask you a question," said Miss Densmore, when she saw he had finished. "Miriam is not inclined to talk about it for fear, I suppose, of disturbing me. But wasn't that man the other night the same one who——"

"Yes," interrupted Rossiter, not waiting for her to complete the sentence. There seemed to be no other way but to be perfectly frank with her. "But he'll not come 'snoopin' 'round again, as Mr. Parmelee says."

"I heard what Jack did. I wonder if it was the wisest course to take? Anyhow, I should be afraid to turn such a creature loose after it."

The same thought had occurred to Rossiter, but he did not acknowledge it. "Whiskers'" bitter vindictiveness he did not doubt. Fear of being caught was the only thing that would deter him from attempting some sort of revenge. Indeed, that had already occurred, had Rossiter but known it, which went far towards disproving his assertion in regard to Dawson's reappearance.

As the pole-puller and Joe Becraft were walking towards the sleeping quarters of the men that night they fancied they detected a figure in the shadow of a tree near the lower rear corner of the hop-kiln.

"We'd better see who that is," said Rossiter; "there may be some mischief going on here."

As they advanced the figure emerged from the gloom and came to meet them.

"It's me," said Parmelee's jolly voice, "just havin' a look round. Come into the kiln a minute." Thus bidden, they went along with him.

"You go out back there," Parmelee said to a farm hand whom they found within, "and keep your eyes open."

The pungent smell of the drying hops permeated the air. Parmelee opened the door which led down into the floorless space where the huge stove stood to see that the draughts were right and the fire hot. Sulphur fumes from two pans upon the stove-top were rising thickly, and a little blue streamer floated out into the baling room of the kiln. Parmelee slammed the door and turned towards Rossiter and Becraft.

"I was lyin' here last night, on the bunk yonder," said he, with a jerk of his thumb. "'long about two o'clock. I'd just got a fresh kiln on, an' the fire all fixed, an' had told Dick Whittlesey to watch it an' was thinkin' that mebbe I'd have a little snooze, when I happened to glance over to the window there—the same one where that hairy devil poked his head in t'other night—an' I swear there was a pair of eyes borin' into me. They were gone

"THERE WAS A PAIR OF EYES BORIN' INTO ME."

quicker than a pole-cat, but I can tell you it didn't take me long to get out there after 'em. There wasn't a sign of anybody, however, out as I stood peerin' into the dark I thought I heard a queer sort o' cracklin', an' then there was a little gleam of light behind the kiln."

"Fire?" cried Rossiter.

"Fire! yes, siree," said Parmelee. "Well, I let out a yell for Dick Whittlesey, and he came boundin' to the door, scart as a rabbit. 'Water!' I shouted to him. 'Bring that bucket!' We always keep a bucket handy, you know, in case anythin' should happen inside. He was pretty quick, I s'pose, but it seemed just all eternity to me. However, when he did come we weren't many seconds gittin' round to the other side, and there was as pretty a little blaze as you'd care to see just beginnin' to eat into the boards of the kiln. If we'd been five minutes later, you wouldn't be standin' where you are now."

"By Jove," exclaimed Rossiter, "that's a mighty serious matter! You think——"

"Think!" broke in Parmelee; "you don't have to think long to spot the pair o' hands that tried that trick. It's that develish ape I thrashed the other night, though there's nothin' to prove it. Very considerate, I call it, of those Waterbury people to fix up that stockade, or whatever it is, for hoboes over there, and bring all the offscourings in creation into this part of the country."

"Is that what they've done?" asked Rossiter.

"Yes," said Parmelee. "They 'jug' a tramp if he's found in town, but outside the corporation they've got this place, where all the vagrants under God's heaven can sleep and feed. We're reapin' the benefit of their little scheme."

"I don't believe this fellow'll try it on again here," said Becraft, as he and Rossiter turned to go.

"Guess you're right," answered Parmelee. "Of course, he saw that we nipped his fine little flame in the bud, and knows we're pretty sure to be on the lookout. If you should go over to Waterbury to-morrow, like as not you'd find him there with some of his handsome pals as innocent as you please."

As Rossiter and Becraft sallied forth on their excursion to Blue Creek on the following morning, Sunday, they encountered Jack Parmelee and Mr. Merton in earnest talk at the gate-way.

"Goin' for a tramp?" Parmelee asked as the two passed.

"Yes," answered Rossiter, "over to Blue Creek."

"It's quite a place," said Parmelee. "I'll tell you what you might do," he continued, "if you care to walk as far."

"What's that?"

"Well, if you follow the creek down for three-quarters of a mile, mebbe, you'll come to a little branch that leads up through a side gully. Strike into that for a score of rods, cross the Blue Creek road, which makes a big dip just there, and after you've gone, oh, say twice as far again, take a bee-line through the woods and you'll hit our loggin'-road that'll fetch you out at the meadow below the orchard."

"Much obliged," said Rossiter.

"And say," added Parmelee, "you might just have your eyes open and watch out for any traces of that hairy hobo."

"We'll do it!" and the two swung off in the direction of the gulf.

It was one of those vital September mornings. The artist Frost had begun work upon his autumn picture, giving little touches here and there which later he would amplify until the whole country-side from horizon to horizon would show the result of his glowing skill.

"You're not sorry you came hop-pickin', are you?" demanded Becraft, as the two stopped for a moment at the spot where Rossiter had encountered "Whiskers."

The valley of the Blue Creek was at their feet, peaceful and beautiful in the September sunlight.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Rossiter; "very far from it. And I've you to thank for it all. I feel that I'm a different man from the vagabond you met that day at Ilica."

"There's no doubt o' that. Nobody'd take you for the same chap. But as for thanks, I don't want to hear anythin' about that sort o' thing. You don't suppose I've forgotten what you did for me, do you?"

"Well, we'll call its quits, and say no more about it. But why did you set on to your mother in regard to that business in the river? She made it mighty uncomfortable for me the t'ther day."

Becraft grinned.

"Did she?" said he. "She always thought you was just about right, but, by jinks, now you're the whole thing, an' no mistake!"

"What does she think about a certain son of hers? Eh, Joe?"

Becraft tried to look unconcerned, but his effort proved a flat failure, and so, in the best of humor, they descended into the valley. Along the bank of the singing, cyrstal stream they wandered, now through open pastures, now beneath the shade of great forest trees, and now through a dense undergrowth of beech and maple. On both sides rose lofty wooded bank, sometimes 100 yards or more from the bed of the stream, sometimes close at hand, so that they could see, in moist clefts far above their heads, great sprays of maiden-hair and beds of the rare walking fern. They surprised speckled trout in dark pools, hollowed by the action of the water upon the blue slate which gave the stream its name; and they encountered curious fungus-growth, strange even to Rossiter, who had picked up considerable wood-lore in his wayfarings. By and by they noted the branch glen, of which Parmelee had spoken, and turned into it. It was contracted and thickly wooded before they emerged upon the Blue Creek road, a highway which ran for some distance parallel to the stream and then bent away towards the Merton farm, but above the road it expanded, and in places the forest was less dense.

The road crossed the ravine by an embankment, and yet there was a sharp dip, so deep was the depression.

"Golly!" said Becraft, gazing about, "if this ain't a wild place!"

"It certainly is," responded Rossiter. "We might be miles from a house, and yet I presume there are farms quite near."

They did not pause to see, however, but continued on their way up the glen.

"I think we'd better climb the bank and strike into the woods here," announced Rossiter, as they reached a spot where the ravine widened and its bottom was dotted with dense clumps of scrub hemlock.

They were making for the thicket-covered slope, when, on passing between two close set hemlock clumps, they discovered the still smouldering ashes of a fire. Charred potato skins and cobs from which the corn had been eaten were strewn upon the ground.

"We're too late for breakfast," said Rossiter, looking about him as if in search of further traces of those who had kindled the fire. "It might be interesting to know who feasted here. More than one, evidently, judging the workmen by their chips, or if but one he'd been indulging in

(Continued on 4th page)

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