

CHAPTER TWO

By the time that Allan Carter had again taken up the toil and burden of the day, Stillman Gott had driven along the road about a quarter of a mile and turned into the dooryard of his little home. It was a small story and a half house that had once been painted brown, but the hot sun of the summer and the fierce storms of the winter had softened and mellowed the glaring color of the original paint so that the sides of the house were in harmony with the gray moss growing on the shingles of the roof. A hen scuttled across the path, calling anxiously to her brood of chickens, and an old dog arose from the sunny spot where he had been lying and, walking down to the side of the buggy, looked up with loving look and a friendly wag of the tail.

"'Home ergin frum er forin' shore,' ez ther feller sed," murmured Still, as he led the old