

a refractory bureau drawer, she furtively placed a small roll of bills in the bottom of the grip—the butter and egg money of the preceding months.

Out in the barn Denton angrily flung the harness on "Bess," talking to himself as was his custom when especially disturbed. As he finished hitching the mare in the buggy, he noticed Bert come out on the kitchen verandah. He glanced up sharply, walked into the house and up the back stairs into the empty room.

"I believe the boy does mean it," he declared, as he noticed the grip.

He drove his gnarled hand into his pocket and brought out a thick roll of bills, which he placed in the grip.

"I won't give in," he mused, as he went down the stairs; "but he'll be back in a couple of weeks, and the trip'll do him good," and he jumped into the buggy and started off.

Eva and Harry hoped that he would make some overtures before he left; but he drove by "straight as a crowbar," as Harry said, and took the "Fort road."

"I told you he wouldn't give in an inch," declared Bert, "and I want to be out of here before he comes back."

"But you'll come back to the wedding," pleaded Eva.

"By the sound of father's conversation

I don't think there'll be much of a wedding," answered Bert grimly.

"We'll see about that," declared Harry positively, and Eva gave him an admiring glance.

"Well, I wish you luck," said Bert, running down the steps with the light grip in his hand and a heavy lump in his throat.

"Let me drive you to Stevens' Siding," suggested Harry.

"No," said Bert, "you needn't do that; but if you'd go with me we could walk out through the Nevers woods; you could row me across the river there and come back, and then it's just a step through the woods and Turner's back field down to the Siding."

"All right," said Harry, "get your grip."

Five minutes later, in spite of tearful feminine protests, they started out. A mile took them to the end of the "clearing," and another half mile into the woods brought them to the steep gravel bank on the south side of the river, at the foot of which an unwieldy "catamaran" was tied to the shore.

Bert had hardly spoken during the walk. He had never been away from the farm for longer than a week at a time, and the lump in his throat was still threatening.

"You can set me over," he said as he stepped on a boulder on the edge of the bank, "and in ten minutes I'll be at the railroad."

"All right," replied Harry. "There's a big run of water for the time of year, isn't there?"

Bert turned for a last look in the direction of his home.

"Poor old dad," he muttered. "I'm sorry—"

"Look out!" screamed Harry.

Too late. The boulder tipped over, and in the midst of a slide of gravel and rocks Bert went into the rapid current.

Three hours later after a frantic search, Harry burst into the Denton kitchen with the news, and before dark a hundred men or more were beating the woods in every direction, and searching every foot of the river bed for miles.

Four days later even the most sanguine gave up all hope. The body must have been carried down to the lake, ten miles below.

As the weary and dejected searchers drew together at the close of the last day and discussed the situation, Denton stood apart, engaged in an earnest discussion with John Armour, the Deputy Sheriff from Wilmot, who had been assisting the search.

"What do you think, Sheriff?" asked one of the men.

"I think the whole thing is settled now," replied the officer, pompously.

"How so?"

"Because," said Armour, placing his hand on Harry's shoulder, "I arrest this man for the murder of Bert Denton."

"Arrest me?" exclaimed Harry. "Why, he was my best friend. What possible reason could I have?"

"Because there was \$2000 in his grip," roared Denton, "and that's disappeared, too."

The next morning Denton, who was decidedly averse to scenes not of his own making, did not mention to his wife the interesting fact that Harry had already been taken to Woodville jail, and strolled out into the "back field."

As he came to the "cant of the land" and looked down into the hollow beyond, he saw Ramsdell, his southern neighbor, building a short piece of "toggle" fence.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Denton, as soon as he came within speaking distance.

"Putting this fence on the line," replied Ramsdell.

"No such thing," declared Denton stoutly. "It's nearly a rod over on me, and I'll throw the whole cussed thing back on your land."

"I've got a granta this land, and if you do I'll law you to h— and back," fumed Ramsdell.

"Me or my lawyer'll be there," roared Denton, "and if you want to settle it any quicker just pull off your coat and come over here."

"Stack your dud," accepted Ramsdell; but young Allan Ramsdell interposed.

"You both ought to be ashamed of yourselves," he declared. "Men of your age fighting this way, and right after the trouble Mr. Denton's had. If you can't agree on the line get a surveyor to run it out and settle the thing for good."

"I never thought of that," admitted Ramsdell; "but I'm agreed."

"Me too," from Denton.

The preliminaries thus arranged, they soon agreed on a surveyor, and the next morning the surveyor, Denton, Ramsdell and a number of chain bearers and axemen started on the "base" and ran the line back towards the "rear."

The work through the cleared land proved easy enough, and about two o'clock they came to the wooded portion of the two farms, which crossed the river and extended a couple of miles beyond into the unbroken forest.

As they progressed into the woods the work became more difficult, and the axemen were frequently called upon to clear out a path so the surveyor could "sight" without hindrance.

"We must be fairly close to the river now," he said, as he set up his compass on the top of a small knoll.

"Yes, and there's an old camp down in the hollow," exclaimed one of the chain men, glancing ahead.

"And the line goes right through it, too," said the surveyor squinting along the compass.

"Some fellows from Caribou cut pulp over this ground year before last," explained Ramsdell. "Likely that's onea their shacks."

The man who was going ahead and spotting the trees to indicate the line paused in front of the cabin, glanced inside, and the next moment his cry of alarm brought the whole crowd scurrying down.

"Tell me about it," he said gently.

"There's not much to tell," explained Bert. "I went into the river with the gravel slide and was partly stunned. I must have floated nearly a mile, when I managed to pull myself out and get to this cabin, and here I am."

"Fix up a stretcher of some sort to carry him on," ordered Denton.

"Where's Harry?" queried Bert.

"Oh, he's in jail for stealing your money," blurted one of the men, "\$2000 that was in your grip."

"I hung onto the grip, and it's back under a big tree by the river," explained Bert. "I didn't know until now that there was any money in it."

"Money be hanged," exclaimed Denton impulsively, as he turned to Ramsdell and held out his hand.

"If we wasn't the two hot-headest old fools in Lecarnot County, we wouldn't have found Bert, would we?" he declared genially.

"That's right," agreed Ramsdell heartily, as he grasped the olive palm of peace.



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