

*Stony-
Lonesome*

"Where is he?" she gasped, clutching at Job's arm.

"Back along the road somewheres, likely," said Job. "I thought as how I might need help to lift him."

Lydia tried to question further, but the voice died in her aching throat, and she hurried on beside the man in stunned silence. A succession of dreadful forebodings flashed through her mind. She kept repeating to herself that she had killed her grandfather. Then they came to the wagon. Job turned the horse. She climbed to the wagon-seat, and sat with her fingers twisting and untwisting, as Job drove rapidly back along the road to the Corners.

The moon was higher and whiter now, and every object along the roadside stood out sharply. They came to the little bridge. They stopped, and cried out as with one voice when they saw John Cassidy's whip lying in the road. Then they