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only one who
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He says that a
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found there'll
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leep Lost Man,
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on's advice on
' you, Maurice,
same's you are
Thomas to our
mewhere else."
-mouthed, Billy

stained oaks. The whistle of quail sounded from a ridge of brown sumachs. Up the hill, across the deep valley, where wintergreen berries gleamed like drops of blood among the mosses, he passed slowly and on to the beech-crowned ridge.

Here he paused and his searching eyes sought the lower sweep of woodland. A clump of tall poplars gleamed silvery-white against the dark green of the beeches; far down at the end of the sweep the yellow tops of hardy willows stood silhouetted against the undying green of massed cedars and pines. Billy gazed down upon it all and his heart swelled with the deep joy of life, his nerves tingled to the tang of the woodland scents. Something deep, stirring, mysterious, had come to him. He did not know what that something was—it was too vague and incomprehensible for definition just yet.

His arm about the trunk of a tree, he laughed softly, as his eyes, sweeping the checker-board of autumn's glories, rested at last on the grove of coniferous trees. So that was the haunted grove? That dark, silent, spicy bit of isolated loneliness far below was the spot he had so feared! But he feared it no longer. *She* had cured him of that. *She* had said that fear of the supernatural was foolish, and of course *she* was right.

A fat red-squirrel frisked down a tree close beside him and halted, pop-eyed, to gaze upon him. "I tell you," Billy addressed it gravely, "it takes a good woman to steady a man." The statement was not of his own creation. He had heard it somewhere but he had never understood its meaning before. It seemed the fitting thing to say now and there was nobody to say it to except the squirrel.

A blue-jay and a yellow-hammer flashed by him, side by