Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1902. NO 6.

Professional Cards.

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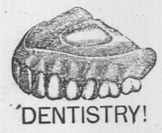

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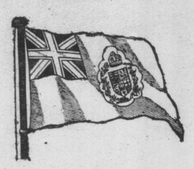

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Poetry.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the rest shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadpress—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails;
Yes; he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
And who stops in his journey now and then,
Ah, he is the man who wins.
To help some failure to rise again,

And the man who wins is the man who hears
The curse of the envious in his ears,
But who goes his way with his head held high
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—
For he is the man who wins.

Select Literature.

A Knight of the Highway.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

(Continued.)

With the recollection of the college song came the thought of the college and he decided that on the morrow he would make a pilgrimage to the scene of his student days. Accordingly Sunday morning, soon after he had breakfasted, he slipped away and set out. The autumn term had not yet opened, and he knew he should have the campus practically to himself. Reaching Hintonville, he left the village square behind, and turned westward along the extensive maple-shaded street that led to the base of the hill on the crest of which the college buildings were situated. Upon the old stone bridge spanned the swiftly flowing Ockenomoto he paused, as he had so often done before, to watch the dancing water, the swaying willows, and the changing lights and shadows. Then he went on up the long, steep slope.

Now he saw changes on every hand. Buildings belonging to the various college fraternities were dotted along the hill-side where, in his day, there had been open fields. He looked for a grape vineyard that an injudicious husbandman had persisted in cultivating to the vast delight of the students, but it had disappeared. The little wooden arbor half way up the hill had been replaced by a more imposing structure built in part of hewn stone. He saw the venerable form of his favorite professor, apparently untouched by the lapse of years, sitting beneath the tree-embowered porch, and the desire was strong in Rossiter's heart to go in and take him by the hand, but a glance at his own attire threadbare and weather-stained, even though he had succeeded in freshening it somewhat, restrained him.

It was with a thrill of pleasure that he came, just before reaching the hill-crest, to the row of ancient Lombardy poplars, stately trees that had defied the winter winds for well-nigh a century. They had a greeting for him. "Here we are," they seemed to say, "just as we were when you used to tramp up and down beneath us, and we're glad to see you back." They at least, did not notice the altered appearance of the erstwhile spruce young man.

A flood of recollections swept upon him as he turned into the campus. Here there were new buildings and a more prosperous air than of old, but the general effect was the same, and struck Rossiter more than ever before as beautiful and impressive. The hall in which he had roomed was locked, so he roamed on, wandering about at will and meeting no one, better pleased to have it so, finding ample companionship in the talking trees and his own memories. By and by he strayed down into the college graveyard, a little hedge-girdled, God's-acre just under the brow of the hill, where some of the college worthies and a few students who had gone from life while yet undergraduates, slept their long sleep. It was an ideal spot, full of the deepest peace. In the lower corner, where the trees opened and revealed a vast sweep of country as far away as the Deerbrook Hills beyond the Monondaga Valley, Rossiter cast himself upon the sward. Here he lingered for more than an hour, and when he rose to leave there was a sense of contentment in his heart that was strange to him, and the light of a firmer resolve shone upon his face.

VII.

THE SPRING AT THE WOOD-EDGE.

"Where in the deuce did you slope to?" inquired Joe Becraft as Rossiter took his seat at the dinner table when the meal was more than half through.

"I went for a walk," replied Rossiter. "I didn't see you anywhere and didn't know anyhow that you would care to go after our long tramp of yesterday."

"I wish you'd waited an' come along with Jim an' me," said Becraft "instead o' pokin' off by yourself."

"Where did you go?"

"Over to Blue Creek."

"Blue Creek! Where's that?"

"You follow the road that passes the house for half a mile or so, an' it brings you out above a big gulf through which the creek flows. It's a fine stream. Trout in it too, they say."

"I'll go over with you next Sunday if you like," said Rossiter, recognizing from the description the place where he had met Hart Dawson on Thursday night.

Joe had seemed rather hurt by Rossiter's desertion, but was appeased by his promise for the coming Sunday and when they rose from the dinner-table they went out into the upper orchard for a smoke. They found a comfortable spot in the long grass, and stretched at full length their pipes drawing just to suit them, the leaves rustling softly above them, a catbird in an adjacent thorn-bush scolding and singing alternately, they enjoyed in a brimming measure the lassitude of simply existing. By and by Becraft sought his cot for a nap and Rossiter was left alone. Presently he caught sight of Jack Parmelee near the hop-kiln, and, hailing him, asked for the loan of something to read. Parmelee procured a paper and a cheap magazine, and with these in hand he strolled to the bottom of the large orchard. Not seeing any nook here that struck his fancy, and being attracted by the woodland beyond the meadow, he loitered toward it along a clearly defined path that led along for some distance and then swerved obliquely to meet an opening in the forest. As he neared the wood he discovered that the ground fell away quite abruptly, and at the base of the declivity near the gap in the trees (this proved to be the entrance to an old logging-road) was the most crystal of springs shaded by a gigantic willow. Beneath this had been placed a rustic seat.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I've hit upon it this time."

There was a glass upon a flat stone at the brink of the spring, and Rossiter refreshed himself with a deep draught from the cool well-head. Then he took possession of the seat, tried several positions, and finally leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been days since he had read a line of print, and of reading he had always been passionately fond (indeed in his rovings, he had missed books more than any other luxury) yet he was now in no hurry to open either magazine or paper. The spot appealed to him as so idyllic he preferred to enjoy its sylvan beauty. Just before him was a short vista where the logging road penetrated the forest. Soon the woodman's highway curved, however, so that he had no glimpse of the heart of the wood. The overflow from the spring, with its small, timbrel-like voice, followed the bend of the road and on its edge, a few yards distant among the trees, late Cardinal flower displayed its scarlet robe. A woodpecker struck up a loud tattoo a squirrel suddenly grew garrulous and then lapsed into silence, and far away from remote swampy recesses came a faint wailing as though a plover cried.

Having brooded to his satisfaction on his wild environment, Rossiter turned first to paper and then to magazine. He was glancing with idle curiosity at the faces of some of the people of the day prominent in public view when he fancied he caught the sound of voices. Half rising, he listened with intentness. Yes, that was Miss Merton's merry chatter and Miss Dunsmore's answering laugh. He was not able to see them, for the ridge behind hid them from view. They were doubtless coming to the very place where he was reclining, and would be disappointed if they discovered the seat had an occupant. He could not retreat along the logging road without being discovered and he did not wish that they should observe him. Just at his left, however, was a hazel copse that offered concealment. It occurred to him that he could slip into this, and then, by making a little detour, strike the woodman's path below where it curved. A stroll of exploration appealed to his humor and he was quick to put his idea into execution, so when the two girls arrived at the spring, they found the possession of its seclusion undisputed. After they had esconsed themselves comfortably upon the seat, Miss Merton opened the book which she had brought with her, uttering an instant later a cry of chagrin.

"How utterly stupid of me!" she said, showing the page to her cousin, "Oh, never mind," said Miss Dunsmore.

"But I do mind," said Miriam. "It was so perfectly foolish of me not to look. I knew the two novels had exactly the same covers. I'm going back for the other. You'll not be afraid to stop for a few minutes alone?"

"Why do you go back through all the heat? It isn't worth while. Not that I care"—glancing about her a little doubtfully—"because I shall be left alone."

"It was so absolutely silly of me that I'm going," said Miss Merton and she hurried up the slope.

Rossiter, in the meanwhile, had picked his way with much caution through the thicket, gained the more open wood, though everywhere there was considerable undergrowth, and came out upon the logging-road. He walked on for perhaps a hundred paces, when he emerged into a little glade where the rillet from the spring joined a larger brook. Here a fallen tree made so inviting a resting-place that he seated himself, intending to resume his wanderings after a few moments. As he glanced aimlessly about him he spied a small hickory sapling of arrowy straightness which he fancied he would like for a staff; accordingly he took from his pocket the large knife with which Parmelee had supplied him for cutting hop-vines, when he heard a woman's scream—unmistakably cry of terror—penetrating with startling clearness the forest quietude, and it came from the direction of the spring.

So quickly did Rossiter leap back that the bough of the released sapling had no chance to whip his face. Into his pocket went the knife—he was sorry afterwards he had not kept it in his hand—and he raced up the wood-road with the speed of the runner who overcame Atlanta. When he had compassed half the distance between the glade and the bend another scream rang out, more full of fright, it seemed to him, than the first. In vain he strove to quicken his pace. He was already sprinting at the top of his bent. Just before he reached the turn he was conscious that someone was running towards him, but who it was he could not see, owing to the undergrowth. He heard gasps of labored breathing, and then Miss Dunsmore appeared before him, her hair half unbound, her face, despite her exertions, as pale as bleached linen. Behind her, not more than ten feet distant, his repellant countenance exultant, rushed a man—Whiskers."

The girl did not on the instant recognize Rossiter, and a moan of despair escaped her. She slackened her speed for just a breath in her uncertainty, and Dawson's outstretched hand almost gripped her shoulder. Then it flashed upon her who this was before her and with a glad cry she sprang toward him. Intent upon the girl, her pursuer had given Rossiter no heed, and suddenly found himself in that young man's grip and was hurled backward with such force that he stumbled and fell upon the sward.

"You damnable hound!" the pole-puller cried, standing over him with clenched fists.

"Whiskers" made no response, but returned Rossiter's infuriated gaze with a disgusting leer.

"Get up!" commanded the young man.

The vagrant rose slowly to his feet let his eyes rove furtively first to one side and then the other, as though it were his intention to take to his heels, and then suddenly sprang with an enraged snarl at Miss Dunsmore's rescuer.

"Want her yourself, do you Charlie? By God, ye sha'n't have her!"

So sudden was the onslaught that Rossiter would have been overborne had he not exnected some such movement on Dawson's part and been in a measure prepared. He shifted his position slightly to meet the attack and swung out with a blow, which, had it landed fairly would have given the ruffian his quietus there and then. It was turned aside, however, by an uplifted arm, and the next moment Rossiter felt a hard steely grip at his throat. He tore away his assailant's hand by a desperate effort, but he had cause to remember those terrible fingers for days afterwards. The two men now stood eveing each other, and as Rossiter moved a step to gain a firmer foothold, for the ground was uneven and spongy, he was conscious of Miss Dunsmore crouching not far distant against a tree.

"Run for God's sake!"

"Don't stand there!" he cried to her.

He had come to realize that, strong as he knew himself to be, the strength of the man confronting him was something greater. The searing grip on his throat told its startling tale. And, moreover, he had not to deal with a creature moved by the ordinary human emotions, but with a roused and infuriated beast, terrible with a beast's unrestrained passions.

The sound of Miss Dunsmore's footsteps was the signal for Dawson to renew his attack. His hairy face was lowered, and seemed to sink between his shoulders. With powerful arms outstretched he hurled himself towards Rossiter like a hideous ourang-outang. There was no mistaking the gleam in his eyes. In his present mood to come within the grasp of those arms meant a speedy closing to life's chapter.

He would at least so manage the encounter that Miss Densmore would have an opportunity to get beyond the clutches of this monster, provided she would avail herself of the brief respite he could offer her. Had the reaction from the fright rendered her incapable of fleeing? He did not dare look about as he leaped agilely now this way and now that, eluding the raging creature who pursued him, but the thought that she might still be crouching not far away, too exhausted to fly, gave him intense agony of mind.

Suddenly Dawson turned from him with an oath, leaped the adjacent rivulet, and plunged into the wood. But little more than fifty yards distant Rossiter was aware of Miss Densmore's retreating figure. He too crossed the little stream at a bound. Dawson flung a look back over his shoulder. In the race he had perhaps fifteen feet the advantage, but Rossiter was the more nimble, and the gap between them speedily narrowed. Soon the two men were not more than five feet apart, and then Dawson tripped and sprawled headlong. The root upon which he caught his foot, like a wary wrestler, flung him sideways. His crown crashed against a tree-trunk, and he collapsed into an inert mass. The pole-puller thinking him dead, bent over him, to discover that he was only stunned.

Stooping above the recursive and evil face, an itching crept into Rossiter's fingers to seize the hairy neck and choke out the foul life, once for all. Then a question smote him and he started back. Would the path he had followed a short time previous ever have led him to become such a loathsome thing? He shuddered With this later thought that which had cried "murder" in his ears slipped from him. Now he recalled Miss Dunsmore and glanced quickly about. A score of yards away stood the girl, her figure tense, her eyes burning upon him in the gloom. He hastened towards her.

"Is he dead?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"No," he returned, "and more's the pity!—though perhaps I shouldn't say it—he's only stunned!"

She made no reply, but began walking forward by his side unsteadily. He saw that she was shaking from head to foot, and he did not know what to do or say. Would she bear up? He wondered. It was sheer grit that was keeping her from giving way that was evident. Why didn't her cousin appear? Where was she all the time? If she had returned to the house for any reason, it was taking her unconscionably long to make the trip there and back, it seemed to him.

All at once Miss Dunsmore turned her drawn face, into which the blood now flooded, towards Rossiter.

"Oh, I can't thank you," she began, "there are no words—"

He cut her short.

"I did nothing," he said. "Fate or whatever you like to call it, protected you. But how did you chance to be alone?"

"Miriam—Miss Merton—went up to the house for a book. We had come down to the spring by the wood-edge to read, and by mistake she brought the wrong novel. She insisted on going to change it."

"Sylvia! Sylvia!" a voice, in which there was a note of alarm, cried at this juncture.

"Yes, here I am," responded Miss Dunsmore, and an instant later she and Rossiter stepped into the logging road a short distance from the spring and its shielding willow-tree beneath which Miss Merton was standing.

VIII

THE HOP-DANCE

That Miss Merton should regard her cousin and Rossiter with amazement was but natural. On both their faces something unusual was written, on Miss Dunsmore's exhaustion and the lingering traces of fear, on Rossiter's a mingled sternness and solicitude.

"What has happened?" asked Miss Merton.

"Your cousin has had a terrible fright," said Rossiter quickly.

He paused and glanced at Miss Dunsmore. He had spoken thus that she might be saved an explanation if she did not feel that she could make one just then.

She gave him a grateful look as she sank on the seat before the spring. For a moment she gazed at the welling water, then she put her hands to her face and began to sob softly. In an instant Miss Merton's arms were about her cousin, and Rossiter, turning his back upon them, moved a few paces away. If the ghost of a long-for the distraught girl came into his heart, he put it quickly from him. ing that he might be his right to com She was not for such as he to soothe with any endearing or assuring word. Though he had no fear that the motionless form in the woods would recover to molest them, he fell to watching every bough-sway and every leaf-stir intently.

"Mr. Rossiter!" called Miss Merton presently.

"Yes," he replied, swinging about and facing her.

"Will you walk back with hs?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"It would be so good of you," said Miss Dunsmore, who looked as if the least jar might snatch her from consciousness. "I am not quite sure of myself."

Miss Merton upon one side of Miss Dunsmore and Rossiter upon the other they slowly climbed the slope toward the orchard. For some moments nothing was said. Gradually, however, Miss Dunsmore regained her self-control, and at length she turned to Rossiter.

"Will you tell me how you chanced to be in the wood?" she asked.

"I had strolled down from the house with a newspaper and magazine that Mr. Parmelee had given me," he said short distance down the logging-road when I heard you cry."

"I must explain to you," she began.

"Don't Sylvia, non't now!" interrupted Miss Merton, and Rossiter added a gentle remonstrance.

"Yes," said Miss Dunsmore, "I must then we'll not refer to it again. I was watching the water ripple away into the wood when I fancied I heard a footstep. I was so startled that I sprang up, and there was that man He could not have been more than thirty feet from me, he had crept up so noiselessly. I have no idea from what direction he approached, but when I first saw him he was standing behind me in the path by which we came. He began to move towards me, and I cried out to him to go on about his business. He gave no heed to this, so I ran to the other side of the spring, putting the depression and the water between us. He was grinning at me, and oh, his face!—I am afraid I shall dream about it and if I do, I shall go mad!"

She seemed about losing her power of restraining her feelings, and both Miss Merton and Rossiter again begged her to say no more, but she did not heed them.

"No," she exclaimed, "let me tell you and have it done with! He began manoeuvring now so that I should not run towards the house, and he succeeded, for my foot slipped as I was leaping the outlet to the spring, and he would have seized me had I not fled down the logging-road."

She paused, and Rossiter caught at the opportunity to end all talk on so distressing a theme.

"I chanced to be in the logging-road as you heard me say," he put in quickly, addressing Miss Merton; "a scuffle took place between myself and Miss Dunsmote's pursuer, who finally stumbled and struck his head against a tree, where I left him unconscious."

They had reached the orchard by this time, and paused a brief space to let Miss Dunsmore rest. A few hop-pickers were lounging beneath the trees, munching the yellow fruit. They stared at Rossiter curiously, seeing him with the two girls, and idly exchanged speculative comments.

"Well, if that chap ain't a slick one!" one remarked. "I wonder how he worked it."

"Give it up," said another. "I wish he'd tell us."

"He won't, never you fear. It's too good a thing."

"Suppose you ask him how it's done."

"An' git a 'smash' in the mug? Not much!"

The three were now walking on, and the observant pickers noted that they paused as they came to the hop-kiln.

"You'll hardly need me farther," Rossiter was saying, with a smile, for all had been making an attempt at gayety.

Miss Dunsmore extended her hand.

"Don't thank me!" he exclaimed, fearing she might try to frame some expression of gratitude.

Her lips quivered, and though she did not speak, he read in her eyes her unuttered feeling.

"Father and mother will have to know, but it will be better, I think, that no one else should," said Miss Merton.

"I should not dream of mentioning the matter unless you wished it," Rossiter said, and with a grave salutation he left them.

As he had walked by Miss Dunsmore's side he had determined that as soon as he saw the girls in safety to the house he would tell Jack Parmelee what had happened, and with him, and perhaps Joe Becraft or some other, return to the wood and secure Dawson, if he were still unconscious, or give pursuit in case the vagrant had recovered and taken himself off. But he now recognized Miss Merton's wisdom in desiring that the affair be kept quiet. The publicity which would of necessity be given to it all in case Dawson were caught and haled back to the farm would only serve to keep what had occurred fresh in Miss Densmore's mind, and that she might speedily recover from the shock, it was best that nothing in connection with the scene in the wood be reverted to.

Towards evening Mr. Merton sought him out, and poured upon him a stream of grateful and, to Rossiter, embarrassing praise for his conduct. It was only when he launched upon a perhaps excusably profane denunciation of Dawson that the late wanderer began to feel comfortable in his presence. Gratitude in any form, as has been previously indicated, Rossiter was very far from being accustomed to. Whenever he was in order a service it was his nature to do so free-heartedly, and neither to ask nor to desire a recompense of any sort. He knew, generally speaking, that he had little to give, but to that little anyone in need was wholly welcome. This was one of the man's most attractive characteristics. Yet in time gone by it was this very quixotic open-handedness that was in a measure responsible for his downfall.

During the next two days neither Miss Merton nor her cousin appeared in the hop-yard. On Tuesday, as he was coming from dinner, Rossiter chanced to see the former standing upon the porch, and ventured to inquire for Miss Dunsmore.

"She's feeling much better today," Miss Merton said. "Sunday night we were very anxious about her, fearing a return of the fever from which she recetly recovered, but I'm sure there's no danger now. We shall be out shouting 'Hop-pole' to you again soon."

(To be continued)

A BATTLE FOR THE SABBATH IN CAPE BRETON.

The following graphic story of the interesting campaign in defense of the Lord's Day against its desecration by the "Inverness & Richmond (Cape Breton) Railway Company" will be read with keen interest by all lovers of the Christian Sabbath.

The story is best told in the words of the Rev. D. McDonald, B. D., of Strathlorne, N. S. It was not written for publication, but Mr. McDonald has kindly consented that it should be in the hope that others may be cheered with the news of victory.

"Sunday work was carried on to a limited extent between Port Hastings and Mabou. The head men were evidently feeling their way. This summer 1901, in order to have the railway completed by the specified time and to have the clearest right to the company bonus of $10000 a mile, and in order to make money faster, work was carried on night and day and a few men were working on Sundays for a while in May and June. Freight was brought from Hastings to Broad Cove Mines on Sunday. Gravel trains went from the gravel-pit behind the Strathlorne Hill to Mabou and Port Hood. Construction material of different kinds was carried hither and thither. The people were shocked by such bold transgressions of law. I went two or three times to see the General Manager, but failed to find him. I preached repeatedly on Sabbath observance. Some of the railway men ridiculed the idea of insisting on no Sunday labor in railway construction. The work went defiantly on. I put up a notice between the Manager's office and the line of railway pointing out that Sunday labor was contrary to the laws of God and of this country, tended to lower the physical, moral and spiritual standing of all concerned, and was at best but a form of Mammon worship, and that all Sunday workers might expect to be taken to account by God and man, and dealt with according to law. That was on Saturday. Next day work went on again. A day or so later papers were served on the section foreman at the gravel-pit, on the walking boss of the whole line, and on the General Manager. The two latter did not appear at the first Court, but the section foreman was fined $3 and costs—about $6 in all. He paid without delay. As the others were reported to be away from home when the papers were served, and would be away on the day of trial, we appointed another trial two days later. At this trial the General Manager appeared, and evidently intended to brow-beat the Court. He told the magistrates that he was going to appeal to the higher courts, for the foreman, the walking boss and himself. Our lawyer, Mr. John L. McDougall,—a Roman Catholic—replied, "You cannot appeal for the foreman. He must appeal for himself, if appeal be made. Your own case must take its course here before you can appeal." The General Manager wanted to appeal before the trial. Then he wanted time—two weeks—to get counsel. We gave him one week or six days, but gave no time to the walking boss, as he did not come to court either day, although at home. The General Manager undertook to defend the walking boss. We, however, made him give evidence as a witness in the case, and his own evidence was enough to convict his client, who was fined $10 and costs. The General manager paid the amount and got a receipt. He also signed a bond of $100 that he would appear either personally or by counsel in his own trial next week. He fumed considerably, and claimed the right under our Dominion Railway Laws to do on Sundays just as he had done, whatever our provincial law might be; remarking that street cars were running on Sunday in Toronto in spite of opposition. Mr. McDougall pointed out that these cars were run under a local law and not under Railway legislation by the Dominion Government. This was too much to be taken calmly, hence the retort, "I know more law than you do." Then, after a little more parleying,—"I don't know anything about your laws down here."

"Foiled by the lawyer, he turned the attention of the Court to me by stating that this was the first time a clergyman had interfered with railway work in Canada. I replied at once that the statement was not correct.

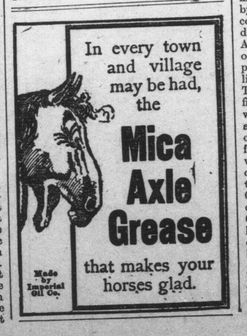
"Well," said he, "it's the first I ever heard of." I thought it was time to remind him that his knowledge was limited. He then wanted to know why the company had not been prosecuted directly, and a good test case made out. We simply informed him that we were not trying "a test case" that the law was plain; that every transgressor was amenable, and that we would deal with them one by one. To show how lively things were, I may say that the lawyer won some hand-clapping from the audience when he sharply rebuked the Manager for attempting to brow-beat the court, and added, "I will show you that the law has a long arm and a strong arm stronger than any individual or company or any corporation or any individual, however cheeky he may be, who will dare to lift a hand against it." This, however, did not close the scene. The Manager once more turned attention to me by remarking that "The Reverend gentleman himself earned his living by working on Sunday"—to which I replied, "My Master preached on the Sabbath, and my orders are to do the same; my work is a work of mercy, and I wish the Manager could say that of his Sunday work. I preach the gospel on the Sabbath, and he, an official, I believe of a church in Toronto the Good, should have been present to hear, instead of descrating the Lord's Day behind the hill, and violating the laws of the country on that subject, as I am prepared to prove he has done."

"When the next trial came off, the Manager was fined. He was not present but his counsel was there, and er began to feel comfortable in his presence. Gratitude in any form, as has been previously indicated, Rossiter was very far from being accustomed to. Whenever he was in order a service it was his nature to do so free-heartedly, and neither to ask nor to desire a recompense of any sort. He knew, generally speaking, that he had little to give, but to that little anyone in need was wholly welcome. This was one of the man's most attractive characteristics. Yet in time gone by it was this very quixotic open-handedness that was in a measure responsible for his downfall.

During the next two days neither Miss Merton nor her cousin appeared in the hop-yard. On Tuesday, as he was coming from dinner, Rossiter chanced to see the former standing upon the porch, and ventured to inquire for Miss Dunsmore.

"She's feeling much better today," Miss Merton said. "Sunday night we were very anxious about her, fearing a return of the fever from which she recetly recovered, but I'm sure there's no danger now. We shall be out shouting 'Hop-pole' to you again soon."

(To be continued)



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