

took his gun upon his shoulder and struck eastward as though meaning to make the Kinsman forests. Reaching a convenient point, he changed his course, and an hour before sunset threw down a half dozen squirrels upon the doorstep of the man whose slumbers he had disturbed the previous night. There was a little good-natured parleying as to who should dress the game, then busy hands were at work, and as the sun sank behind the western woodlands the family and hunter-guest sat down to a feast that would have tempted the appetite of a king.

Supper over, the guest challenged the host to take him to an appointment he had a few miles north, which was acceded to, and whilst the latter was getting ready the former went on the way a little to look after a *trap* he had set sometime before. An hour later and a vehicle with two men in the seat and a straw-covered bundle beneath was driven rapidly towards Jefferson. Arrived within a mile of the town, a halt was called under cover of a little clump of trees, one of the men alighted and stirred up the straw from which emerged a human figure. These two took a field path to the village, whilst the driver turned a little out of the public highway to await returns.

Twenty minutes later there was a rap at the side door of bluff Ben Wade's home.

"Who the d—l is there?" said a gruff voice from an upper window.

"'Thribble X' from 'A Thousand and One,'" was the quick response.