

"Thank you," said the man, stooping over to turn up his trousers at each ankle, "but I am determined to reach there tonight."

"We have had considerable rain and the roads, I hear, are far from good. I shouldn't advise you to try it," and the agent shook his head dissuasively, "for it wouldn't be any fun losing the road a night like this."

"I can quite believe it. Nevertheless, I shall make the attempt," and wishing the agent goodnight the man walked off into the darkness and lonesomeness of a country road.

When visiting the shack he rarely ever used the station of Peterstown, but got off at Woodside, a station two miles the opposite direction and a mile nearer the shack, and his only reason tonight for continuing on to Peterstown was to avoid the possible meeting of friends. However, he was sure he would have little trouble in keeping to the road, which, if he remembered rightly, after turning the corner, was straight and level for, perhaps, a mile, when it turned to the left and led over two long, steep hills, and then went off to the right into the woods. This part of the road, he recalled, was rough and little used excepting by those wishing to shorten their journey by a mile to the next town.

After an hour of stumbling and groping in the dark, he turned in at what was called the Woods' Road, and