The Years of the Wicked

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her side. Quick tears filled her eyes as she broke the string around a cardboard box and lifted out a layer cake. *Jim* that!

"'I baked it the other day, sir,'" she explained tremulously, "'an' I just thought I'd be a-bringin' it along so 't you jail folks could be a-givin' it to Danny, come next Friday. It'll be his birthday, an' I didn't want poor Danny thinkin' I'd forgot him. It's his fav'rite kind—with lemon filling.'"

Be it said to his credit Warden Chadwick did not laugh. Instead, he escorted her to her patient old horse with every respect. As she drove off he bowed again.

Miss Hepzibah headed for a livery barn she knew of in the city close by and while Old Bill was enjoying a well-earned rest and feed, she spent several hours in the shopping district. It was nearly noon before she was on her way home and the sun was dipping behind the hill when her own gate at last came in sight.

Her face was haggard and drawn and tear-stained, her eyes dull and sunken in dark hollows from fatigue; her clothing was white with dust; her whole figure drooped in utter dejection. Old Bill slouched along, pink tongue hanging again, with just enough interest in the familiar landmarks to cock one ear forward. The faithful Prinsey dozed, woke, dozed.

As they turned into the lane the dog came to life suddenly. He stood with his forepaws on the dashboard, sniffing the air. He began to bark—excitedly, furiously. Miss Hepzibah chided him in vain. She had him tied to the whip socket and when they were nearing the house the dog leaped from the rig, taking the socket with him.

In some alarm Miss Hepzibah stood up and watched the excited animal making for the house as hard as he could go. Not till then did she notice that someone was sitting on the verandah—a man—a stranger.

At the top of her voice she called quick warning.

But the dog was upon him—leaping upward at him, thumping around at his feet, wagging his tail and barking as if—

The man was standing up now where she could get a better look at him—a tall figure in a wide felt hat. For one moment Miss Hepzibah stared in palpitation. Then, throwing the lines out of her hands, she too jumped out of the rig and went running for the house.

In a tireless circle, round and round, the dog was tearing with yelps of delight.

Just an instant she hesitated at the picket gate. But it was no mistake. He was coming to meet her—with outstretched arms.

"Ed!" she cried. "Oh, Brother Ed!" she sobbed.

Breeders' Notes

Dr. H. M. Brown, of Hillsboro, Ohio, U.S.A., formerly president of the American Aberdeen-Angus Breeders' Association, sailed early this month for Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he will officiate as judge of Angus cattle at the show of the rural society at Palermo.

At a sale of Red Polled cattle held at Sandhoime, Scotland, last month, 120 head brought over $18,000; 36 cows and heifers brought an average of $187, four of the heifers realizing $5,250. A five-year-old cow sold for $2,265, and 16 bulls averaged $511 a head.

Clydesdale geldings in Scotland are bringing high prices, $600 to $1,000 being about the mark for good stuff. The editor of the "Scottish Farm" remarks in a recent issue: "There is no fear of the Clydesdale breed if judges will only remember that the Clydesdale is a draft horse, not a toy like a tumbler pigeon."

Messrs. Thorburn and Ruddle, DeWinton, Alta., have had the misfortune to lose their valuable prize-winning Clydesdale mare, "Rosie Echo." This mare was one of the well-known string which made the recent summer fair circuit. She contracted pneumonia and died shortly after landing at Okotoks.

"I have often stood in a slaughter-house," observed the man, "while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the tender-hearted girl, "wern't you dreadfully afraid?"