

Professional Cards.
GILLIS & HARRIS, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public.
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE IN ANNAPOLIS, OPPOSITE GARRISON GATE.
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, NEXT DOOR TO J. P. McLEOD'S JEWELRY STORE.
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.
MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS BANK OF HALIFAX.
LAND SURVEYING!
C. F. ARMSTRONG, QUEEN'S SURVEYOR.
MISS MANNING, Pianoforte, Organ and Voice.
F. L. MILNER, Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.
O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
H. F. WILLIAMS & CO., COMMISSION - MERCHANTS.
J. B. WHITMAN, Land Surveyor, ROUND HILL, N. S.
A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
A. A. SCHAFFNER, M. D., LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S.
JAMES PRIMROSE, D. D. S.
JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate Agent, etc.
CANADA ASSURANCE LIFE COMPANY.

Weekly
SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1897.
NO. 16.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
St. John, N. B.
14th-24th Sept. '97
OVER \$12,000 IN PRIZES
FOR LIVE STOCK AND FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS.
Competition open to the world.
Very Cheap Excursion Rates on all Railway and Steamship Lines and Dates announced later.
Special arrangements are made for the Cheap Transport of Exhibits.
The P. F. Railway will carry Exhibits from New Brunswick stations at regular rates and stock from all points on the P. F. Railway to St. John, N. B., at a special rate. Exhibits returned to their respective points at the same rate.
A splendid new Postery Building is in course of erection, and Amusement Hall will be completed in a few days.
In addition to Industrial, Agricultural and Livestock Exhibits, five or more nights of Grand & Co.'s Magnificent Fire Works, and an hour's performance of the High Class Dramatic Effect will be given in Amusement Hall, making together the best and most complete special attractions ever brought before the people of the Maritime Provinces.
A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the famous and beautiful city of Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very low rate to be later advertised.
Arrange now to come to St. John.
Entry Forms will be forwarded to every one who applies personally or by letter.
CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, ST. JOHN, N. B.
W. C. PITFIELD, PRESIDENT—1015.

No Element of Uncertainty about this Premium Offer
HOW DOES \$38.50 CASH
and the Wrappers from 8 boxes of "Welcome" Soap for a high-grade Guaranteed Bicycle strike you?
The only thing cheap about it is the price we are selling at, to increase the sales of our famous "WELCOME" Soap.
It is one of the best known and largest makes of the Standard Bicycles, and guaranteed to stand up, with any wheel sold in Canada.
We can get no more this season, our limited quantity is going rapidly, and if you want to get the benefit of this great offer, must speak quick.
Write us for full particulars.

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.
CURRY BROS. & BENT,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Contractors and Builders.
A WORD IN THE EAR OF THE WISE MAN SUFFICETH.
There are many wise men in Annapolis Valley, and some of them have had others have not. We have had the opportunity of building those who have entrusted their work to our care, and we would ask for a confirmation of their favor.
We take this opportunity of thanking those who have entrusted their work to our care, and we would ask for a confirmation of their favor.
We take this opportunity of thanking those who have entrusted their work to our care, and we would ask for a confirmation of their favor.
We take this opportunity of thanking those who have entrusted their work to our care, and we would ask for a confirmation of their favor.

GO TO J. E. BURNS' FOR BARGAINS
in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Dry Goods, Groceries, HARDWARE, GLASSWARE, PATENT MEDICINES, Etc.
J. E. BURNS, - BRIDGETOWN.

Grand Spring Opening
GENTS' WEAR!
The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at **Extremely Low Prices.**
WE HAVE JUST OPENED
A. J. MORRISON & CO. MIDDLETON, N. S.
Before . . . Your '97 Wheel . . . Correspond with Us.
OUR LINE COMPRISES THE
"Hamilton," "Kenwood," "Wellington," "808."
Gents', Ladies', Juveniles and Tandems.
\$100, - \$85, - \$70, - \$55.
We are territorial agents and can offer customers many advantages.
No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and prompt attention paid to purchasers.
We also carry a full line of sundries, and have a well equipped repair shop.
ANNAPOLIS MACHINE & CYCLE CO.
Important Notice!
I have completed arrangements with the celebrated cutter,
MR. A. McPHEE,
who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.
FISHER, the Tailor.
Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Somebody.
Sometimes, somewhere, in the eternal plan, Will come a good to offset evil.
A nature's look, in balance, on to come, A balance perfect comes there most and will!
This, then, our solace when the way is dark And only sorrows we are called to share; As come God's sunshine to the storm tossed 'Twill come to us sometime, somewhere.
Sometimes, somewhere, in this world or the next, Will come a perfect equiptoe Will come to souls by troubles now perplexed, And all our griefs find compensating joys; Go on, brave heart! if doing what you can Life's burdens, as they come, to fully bear! Not the justice that is due a man Will all be yours sometime, somewhere.
The Vanished Hand.
There comes to us all in the twilight dim The beautiful part of a long lost hymn, The delicate notes of some song we sang When love was merry and life was young; There comes from the past the vision of a day And all the mist of a vanished hand.
Again we gather with laughter and glee The pearls that glitter by memory's sea, And over the breakers and through the foam Gallantly sailing, our ship comes home, Freight with gems that outline the spray From love's best port in the heart's Cathay; And there we dream in life's twilight land, Of argosies fair and vanished hand.
The world recedes like a shifting scene, But the old song clings like the ivy green To the heart's wall, and fills with music long, In the beautiful mystical "long ago." And ever we see the fingers white That scathed the keys so cherished night, When, soothed by their music soft and true, We had no thoughts of a vanished hand.
Enter our lives our twilight sweet Into the musical patter of feet, Aye, at our bidding they gleefully come, Creeping and rustling, and softly and true, Bringing to us in the glowing again, The multiplied echoes of childhood's strain, The multiplied echoes of childhood's strain, The multiplied echoes of childhood's strain, Respond to the touch of the vanished hand.
Select Literature.
An Outlaw.
The porch of Bishop's store—the heart, so hard, of the Jim-Neel Creek settlement—was deserted, for the November day was bleak and raw. Half a score of men lounged over the counters within, or sat silent and rambling around the smouldering fire. Gideon Bishop, half hidden by his tall desk, was busy with his papers, but he glanced furtively and frowningly now and again at his guests.
The outlaw came up the blue at leisurely pace. She was a small, neat, blue girl in color and a flowing mane and a tall of fine glossy black, much matted with cockle-burrs. She tossed her small head coquettishly in response to the neigh of welcome from the horses hitched to the splines about the porch, and picked her way daintily to the very edge of the porch, where she stood anxiously expectant.
"Hallo! There's that blue mustang of yours!" exclaimed Sam Leggett, jumping down from the counter. "It's been a long time to two years since he's vanished, ain't it, Uncle Jid? Where he's been he's a hidden herself."
Bishop picked up a wagon whip, took a look at it from its nail on the wall, and stepped out upon the porch.
"So! You've come back, have you, Lady?" he said, with a grim smile. He reached forward and attempted to slip the reins over the mare's neck. She shook her mane gently, and dipping her pretty head, nipped his forearm with her strong white teeth.
"At another time old Jid, stern and harsh as he was, might not have resented this playful salute, for the skin on his brown wrist was barely grazed, but he was in no mood for such fooling now. He started back with a look of anger, his brow reddened angrily, and he leaped to his deep seat eyes. He lifted the whip, the long keen lash curled through the air, and descending with a ringing sound upon the runaway's shining flank.
She reared violently, uttering a cry almost human in its indignant protest; then she wheeled about and galloped away in the direction whence she had come.
The men who had trooped out upon the porch at Mr. Bishop's heels gazed after her until she disappeared in the creek bottom; then they slouched back to their seats.
"Jack broke that mustang loose!" Joe Trimble peevishly remarked. "I mind the first time he ever broke her. Jig! how she bucked!"
"Speak up, Jack," New Pison ventured in an off hand way, but not daring to look at Jack's father—"Speak up, Jack, 'pears to me it's right about time we was back with that boy up."
"Gentlemen, said Mr. Bishop, in a loud angry voice, "you tend to your own business, if you please. Jack Bishop is nineteen years old, and full able to take of himself."
These words penetrated through a half open door into the family living-room back of the store. On hearing them, Jack's mother burst into a fresh fit of weeping, which the shifty neighbors hovering about her tried vainly to soothe.
"It's just as easy as Jack as I am," she sobbed. "This oldest child of ours is the apple of his father's eye. But it's Gid's pride as won't let him give up that a Bishop can get lost. And everybody's plumb afraid of him. Oh, my boy, my boy!"
"Don't you worry yourself into a spasm, Susy Bishop," said Granny Carmo. "I ain't afraid of Gid Bishop, nor no other male cretin. An I've got my orders to the boys to take care of him." If Jack Bishop wishes to stand her voice to its highest and shrillest pitch—"of Jack Bishop's inside this house be'se' candle lightin' to-night, then boys have got to tramp out and find him, and fetch him home, or not darsen to show their faces again the leath' an' bed 'o' Jim-Neel."
"Amen!" said Mrs. Leggett and Mrs. Trimble together.
"Doubtless and chippie Amen!" added Mrs. Pison, solemnly.
There was indeed no small cause for anxiety. Early on a Tuesday morning young Bishop had started out alone with dog and gun, for a few hours' hunting in the Rough and level of the woods which stretched away westward, with wide solitary prairie on either side, to the chain of hills some fifty

some miles distant. It was now Friday, past noon, and he had not returned. New Pison had met him at the crossing of Jim-Neel Creek half an hour after he had left home. He had seen some one else about the place. He had gone on alone, for the dog, a half-grown puppy, had turned and trotted back, unattended, behind Mr. Pison.
"Oh, if I was only with him!" moaned Mrs. Bishop, already alarmed, at the close of the first day.
"And Jid, the intelligent old board, rubbed his head against her knee and whined softly.
The lad—anywhere a favorite—had never absented himself from home before, and when Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday came and went without tidings of him, the neighbors from up and down the creek began to look at the store.
They looked at the heavy sky, unless and misty three days past, and shook their heads ominously, whispering among themselves. The poor mother was well to do, and with alarm. Uncle Jid alone maintained an air of abstruse confidence, in the face of which no one dared venture a move.
"Jack Bishop is full as fit as care 'o' his own," he repeated, proudly, in answer to Mr. Pison's timid suggestion. "Jack Bishop knows every inch of ground betwixt Jim-Neel and Battlemans Gap."
"All the same," said Mrs. Bishop's ear. "I've give my orders for candle-lighting, honey."
"But before candle-lighting Mr. Bishop's assumed confidence gave way. About sunset he arose and took his rifle from the rack above the door. "Come on, boys," he said, with a catch in his throat. "And a moment later they were hurrying down the rusty road.
At the Jim-Neel crossing the old man passed. "You go back, Susy," he said, with rough kindness, to the frail little woman following—pace or two behind him. You ain't nowise fit for this sort 'o' thing." Jack's mother patted the red knitting shawl about her head, and moved slowly forward. "No, Gid," she said, "I ain't going back—not without my boy."
He put an arm about her without another word, and husband and wife presently disappeared together the mysterious gloom of the Rough.
An hour or two later Jack Bishop was lying on the open prairie, where he had thrown himself in a sort of dull despair. His loaded gun lay beside him; his empty rifle, though, he had thrown away. He had looked phlegm and was in the vapory moonlight.
"I crossed Jim-Neel," he was saying to himself, mechanically, for the thousandth time; "I crossed the creek and came into the Rough. I left home Tuesday at sun-up—that puppy ain't worth a cent; I wish I had brought old Jid! I killed three jack rabbits in Buck Store Gully. By the big cotton-wool! Oh, I ate my corn pone. Gosh how hungry I am!—Then I followed a deep and got into the prairie. Why, I know this prairie almost as well as I know Jim-Neel. I crossed the creek and came into the Rough—And before I knew it, it was plumb dark—I went back into the Rough, and tramped and tramped; and the first thing I knew I was out on the prairie again—I've been doing the same thing ever since, over and over—I haven't seen a soul—If I could just glimpse the sun! But seems like the sun will never shine again—'reckon I'm in the Rough's Battlemans Gap, and yonder's the Rough."
He got up and staggered a few steps, then sank down again. He was a manly lad, and he had borne with hopeful courage the hunger, cold, and loneliness of the long days and nights. But he was exhausted with fatigue, and weakened by want of food; and, finally overcome by a sense of terror and desolation, he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.
The painful throbbing in his ears sounded suddenly like the rhythm of advancing footsteps. Something cold and moist touched his cheek; a warm breath mingled with his own.
"Why, Lady?" he cried, springing to his feet. Weariness and hunger and cold had vanished in a trice.
Laughing and crying by turns, he clasped his arms about the neck of the little mustang which he had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, stooping, for his rifle. But the outlaw apparently did not dream of flight. He stood quite still and looked at the man who had fed and petted as a colt—the willful outlaw who had disappeared into the Rough two years before.
"Frustrated! The mare should desert him again, he held her long mane with one hand, while with the other he groped, sto