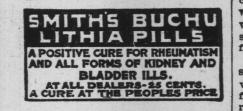
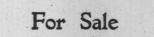
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manty near the forge began to scream. the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent they sped from and kept on screaming. On came the farmers and the men of

the door unnoticed, sprang over the Plattville. They took the saloon at a fence and reached the open lots to the run, battered down the crazy doors west before they were seen by Willetts with a fence rail and swarmed inside from the roof. like busy insects, making the place "Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. hum like a hive, but with the hotter "Look to your left! There they go! adustries of destruction. It was empty Don't let 'em get away!" of life as a tomb, but they beat and The Crossroaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and tore and battered and broke and hammered and shattered like madmen; they his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett reduced the tawdry interior to a mere was badly damaged. He seemed to be chaos and came pouring forth laden bolding his jaw on his face with both with trophies of ruin, and then there /hands. The girl turned and sped after was a charry smell in the air, and a / them. She was over the fence almost

slender feather of smoke floated up as soon as they were, and the three ran from a second story window. in single file, the girl last. She was el-At the same time Watts led an asther magnificently sacrificial and fearsault on the adjoining house, an assault less or she cunningly calculated that which came to a sudden pause, for the regulators would take no chances from cracks in the front wall a squirrel of killing a woman-child, for she kept rifle and a shotgun snapped and between their guns and her two com-

They were comina.

banged, and the crowd fell back in dispanions, trying to cover and shield the order. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown latter with her frail body. away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. "Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we Watts solicitously, examined a small fire from here we'll hit the girl. Shoot!"

Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof at the edge out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn. They kept on running, and they had He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand

less made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Crossroads. This clears Skillett, etc. Come over on 9:15 accommoda-

EVENTS

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a friend." quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning any one would have been confused and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for awhile, and I don't deny but the Crossroads is pretty tough, but you've done a good deal here already today, and we're saved in time from a

mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw him on the Rouen accommodation." A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskily tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath

of dog ferinel daisies. "John Brown's body lies a-moldering the ground, While we go marching on.".

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it-these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes ough the smoky twilight. thr

fulsara. How tall he looks! That doesn't seem to me like a thug's hand." The surgeon nodded. "Of course if there's a mistake to be made you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man. When they found him, what clothes he wore were torn and stained, but they had been good once, especially

the linen." Barrett bent over the recumbent figure. "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want to talk to you a little. Rouse up, will you? I want to talk to you as a

The incoherent muttering continued. "See here, Jerry!" repeated Barrett more sharply. "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry!" He dropped his hand on the man's shoulder and shook him slightly.

The Teller uttered a short, gasping CTT.

"Let me." said Gay and swiftly interposed. Bending over the cot, he said in a pleasant voice: "It's all right, old man; it's all right. Slattery wants to know what you did with that man down at Plattville when you got through with him. He can't remember, and he thinks there was money left on him. Slattery's head was hurt. He can't remember. He'll go shares with you when he gets it. Slattery's going to stand by you if he can get the money." The Teller only tried to move his free hand to the shoulder Barrett had shak-

"Slattery wants to know," repeated the young surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy up when he gets it. He'll stand by you, old man."

"Would you please not mind," whispered the Teller faintly-"would you please not mind if you took care not to brush against my shoulder again?" The surgeon drew back, with an exclamation, but the Teller's whisper gathered strength, and they heard him murmuring oddly to himself. Meredith moved forward, with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said.

"Seems to be trying to sing, or some The Teller swung his arm heavily Thursday, May 25, 1905

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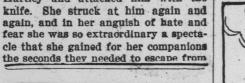
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was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!" In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has got them!" To make himself heard over that

tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsels had so aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. lately been derided, to interest the pur-The house commanded the road, and suers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant. A rickety woodshed which formed was a greater, and by the word and by gestures at once vehencedy importion of the Skillett mansion closely joined the "Last Chance" side of the perious and imploring to the shem was a still greater. But he diant. He family place of business. Scarcely had had come at just the moment before the guns of the defenders sounded the moment that would have been too when, with a loud shout, Lige Willetts late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to leaped from an upper window on that side of the burning saloon and landed save the Crossroads as a matter of on the woodshed and, immediately duty, because he had given that up beclimbing the roof of the mansion itself, fore the mob left Plattville. Indeed. it applied a brand to the dry, time worn clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on was a question if at the last he had the woodshed close behind him, his not tacitly approved, and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It arm lovingly infolding a gallon jug of would do no harm to listen to what he whisky, which he emptied (not without evident regret) upon the clapboards as had to say. The work could wait. It Lige fired them. Flames burst forth would "keep" for five minutes. They almost instantly, and the smoke, unitbegan to gather around him, excited. ing with that now rolling out of every flushed, perspiring and smelling of Engine and Boiler For window of the saloon, went up to heav. smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No As the flames began to spread there

was a rapid fusillade from the rear of one "se was hurt, "What is it?" they clamored impathe house, and a hundred men and more, who had kept on through the tiently. "Speak quick!" There was fields to the north, assailed it from be- another harmless shot from a fugitive, hind. Their shots passed clear through and then the Crossroaders, divining the filmsy partitions, and there was a that the diversion was in their favor. screaming like beasts' howls from with- secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanin. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce eyed girl, with a case while the flames crackled cheerfully knife in her hand, ran out in the face in Plattville ears. No matter what the of the mob. At sound of the shots in prosecutor had to say, at least the Skilthe rear they had begun to advance on lett saloon and homestead were gone, the house a second time, and Hartley and Bob Skillett and one other would Bowlder was the nearest man to the be sick enough to be good for awhile. "Listen!" cried Warren Smith, and, girl. With awful words and shrieking inconceivably she made straight at rising in his stirrups again, read the Hartley and attacked him with the



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NORWAY PINE SYRUP

From afar, faintly through the listen. gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter, over the side of the cot, the fingers nev er ceasing their painful twitching. The "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in surgeon leaned down and gently moved

the ground, John Brown's body the cloths so that the white, scarred John Brown's body lies-mold- *** *** we go march *** on." lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the sem-

fainter:

knew. The whisper grew more distinct. CHAPTER X. It became a rich but broken voice, and the city hospital in Rouen they heard it singing like the sound of A that night a stout young man some far, halting minstrelsy: introduced bimself to Bar-"Wave willows-murmur waters-golden sunbeams smile, Earthly music-cannot waken-lovely-Annie Lisle." rett, superintendent of poe; Warren Smith and Horner, sherif of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Meredith gave an exclamation.

Harkless was an old and-and-" He The bandaged hand waved jauntily paused for a moment. The Plattville over the Teller's head. "Ah, men," he men nodded solemnly. "An old and said, almost clearly, and tried to lift dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty, and Warren Smith took himself on his arm, "I tell you it's a grand eleven we have this year! There him silently by the hand. will be little left of anything that "You can come in and see this man, stands against them. It's our championship. Did you see Jim Romley ride

the Teller, with us if you like, Mr. Merover his man this afternoon?" edith," said the superintendent. "Your As the voice grew clearer the sheriff friend made it very hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. stepped forward, but Tom Meredith, with a loud cry of grief, threw him-He's so shot and hacked up his mother self on his knees beside the cot and wouldn't know him if she wanted to. 'seized the wandering fingers in his At least that's what they say out here. own. "John!" he cried. "John, is it We haven't seen him. He's called Jerry the Teller, and one of my sergeants 30u?" found him in the freight yard. Knew it was the Teller, because he was stowed away in one of the empty cars that came from Plattville last night. And Slattery-that's his running mate, the one we caught with the coat and hatowned up that they beat their way on "Breaking out" is the popular pame that freight. Looks like Slattery-let given to a skin disorder whose techthe Teller do all the fighting. He ain't nical designation is "herpes of the scratched. We've been at Slattery lips." The state is more than usually pretty hard, but he won't open his disagreeable when it occurs in chil-

head, and we hope to get something dren. It may accompany or follow a out of this one. He's delirious, but cold. they say he'll come to before he dies. and of these the simplest for house-Do you want to go in with us?" noid use is boric acid ointment. "Yes," said Meredith simply, and s young surgeon presently appeared and

led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a small, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low, and the dimness was imbued with a thick, confused murmur, incoherent whisperings that came from a cot in the corner. It was the only cot in use in the ward, and Meredith was conscious of a terror that made him dread to look at it, to go near it. Beside it nurse sat silent, and upon it feebly

tossed the racked body of him whom Barrett had called Jerry the Teller. The head was a shapeless bundle, so swathed it was with bandages and

"Somehow I feel a sense of wrong Gay," Meredith whispered to the surgeon, whom he know. "I feel as if I had done the fellow to death myself,

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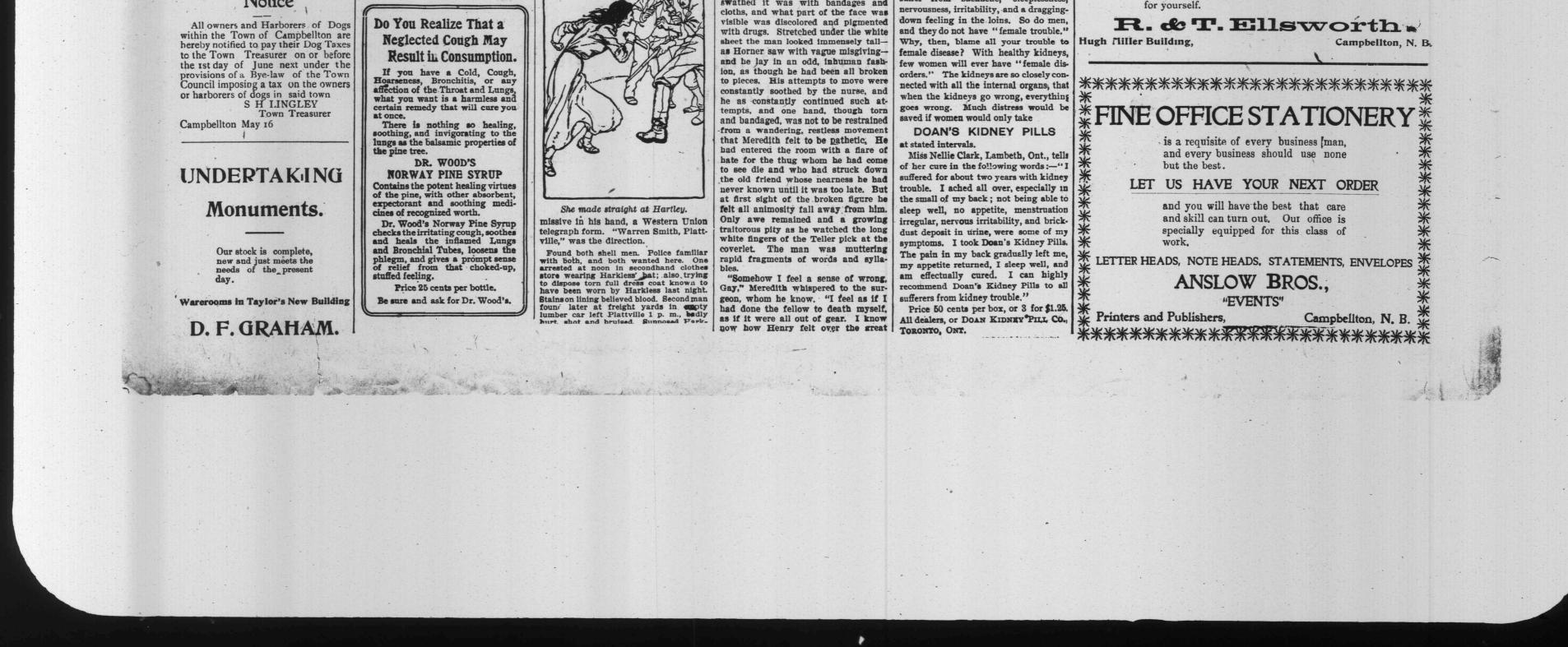
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