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(Continued from last week)

wouldn't say that.". "Well, I would, an' do," said Abner,

in the full tone of decision. "I know he's got it!"

"Well, yo're wrong thar, Uncle Ab," said Pole, striding forward and sinking into a chair. "You've got as good judgment as any man I ever run across. I thought like you do once. I'd 'a' tuck my oath that he had it about two ed a mocking impossibility. hours by sun this evenin', but I kin swear he hain't a cent of it now." "Do you mean that, Pole?" Abner

fixedly. "He hain't got it, Uncle Ab." Pole pictur'!"

stared across the wide hearth at him

"Yes. I made up my mind he had it, an' it deviled me so much that I determined to have it by hook or crook ef it killed me or put me in hock the rest o' my life." Pole rose and took a packet wrapped in brown paper from under his rough coat and laid it on the table near Alan. "God bless you, old boy," he said, "thar's yore money! It's an' hundreds."

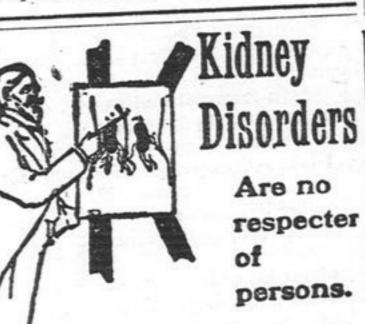
Breathlessly and with expanded eyes Alan broke the string about the packet and opened it.

"Great God!" he muttered. Miller sprang up and looked at the stack of bills, but said nothing. Abner, leaning forward, uttered a little, low

"You-you didn't kill 'im, did you, Pole, old boy-you didn't, did you?" he asked.

"Didn't harm a hair of his head," said Pole. "All I wanted was Alan's money, an' thar it is!"

"Well," grunted Daniel, "I'm glad you spared his life. And I thank God



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	From Toronto, igt	5.00	1
:			-
	From Hairburge	. 9.10 a.m.	
	From Port Hope	10.50 a.m.	1
	From Port Hope -	10.10 a.m.	1
	From Coboconk	2 00 p.m.	1
	From Port Hope	5 20 p.m.	1
	From I. B. & O. Jet	6 23 p.m.	1
	From Port Hope	7 30 a.m.	į,
	From Port Hope	8 05 p.m.	
	From Toronco	9 45 p.m.	
	From Whitby	3 10 p.m.	1
	From middle	5 50 p.m.	
	From Belleville	10.20 p.m.	
	The same MOII POVILING -		
	DEPARTO	6 25 a.m.	١
1	For Belleville	6 30 a.m.	I
	For Whitby	9 15 a.m.	١
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2	For Port Hop	11 00 a.m.	1
3	For 1.D. au.	11 05 a.m.	ч
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you got the money."

Miller was now hurriedly running over the bills.

"You say you counted it, Baker?" he said, pale with pleased excitement. "Three times-fust when it was turned over to me an' twice on the way out heer from town."

Mrs. Bishop had not snoken until now, standing in the shadows of the others, as if bewildered by what seem-

"Is it our money-is it our'n?" she finally found voice to say. "Oh, is it, Pole?"

"Yes'm," replied Pole; "It's yo'rn." He produced a crumpled piece of paper and handed it to Miller. "Heer's was beginning to smile mysteriously. Craig's order on his wife fer it, an' in "He did have it, but he hain't got it it he acknowledges it's the cash deposnow. I got it from 'im, blast his ugly | ited by Mr. Bishop. He won't give me no trouble. I've got 'im fixed. He'll "You got it?" gasped Daniel. "You?" leave Darley in the mornin'. He's afeerd this 'll git out an' he'll be lynched."

Alan was profoundly moved. He transferred his gaze from the money to Pole's face and leaned toward him. "You did it out of friendship for me," he said, his voice shaking.

"That's what I did it fer, Alan, an' I wish I could do it over ag'in. When all thar. I counted it. It's in fifties I laid hold o' that wad an' knowed it was the thing you wanted more'n anything else, I felt like flyin'." "Tell us all about it, Baker," said

Miller, wrapping up the stack of bills. "All right," said Pole, but Mrs. Bishop interrupted him. "Wait fer Alfred," she said, her voice

rising and cracking in delight. "Wait; I'll run find 'im." She went out through the dining room, toward the stables, calling her husband at every step. "Alfred! Oh, Al-

fred!" "Heer!" she heard him call out from one of the stables. She leaned over the fence opposite

the closed door, behind which she had heard his voice. "Oh, Alfred!" she called. "Come out, quick! I've got news fer you-

big, big news!" She heard him grumbling as he emptied some ears of corn into the trough of the stall containing Alan's favorite horse, and then with a growl he emerged into the starlight.

"That fool nigger only give Alan's hoss six ears o' corn," he fumed. "I know, beca'se I counted the cobs. The hoss had licked the trough clean an' gnawed the ends o' the cobs. The idea o' starvin' my stock right before my"-"Oh, Alfred, what do you think has happened?" his wife broke in. "We've got the bank money back! Pole Baker managed somehow to get it. He's goin' to tell about it now. Come on in!" Bishop closed the door behind him. He fumbled with the chain and padlock for an instant, then he moved toward her, his lips hanging, his eyes | was in the front yard making a fire of

protruding. "I'll believe my part o' that when"-"But," she cried, opening the gate for him to pass through, "the money's thar in the house on the table; it's been counted. I say it's thar! Don't you

believe it?" The old man moved through the gate mechanically. He paused to fasten it with the iron ring over the two posts. But after that he seemed to lose the power of locomotion. He stood facing her, his features working. "I'll believe my part o' that cat-an'-

bull story when I see"-"Well, come in the house, then," she cried. "You kin lay yore hands on it an' count it. It's an awful big pile, an'

nothin' less than fifty dollar bills." Grasping his arm, she half dragged, half led him into the house. Entering the sitting room, he strode to the table and, without a word, picked up the package and opened it. He made an effort to count the money, but his

fingers seemed to have lost their cunning and he gave it up. "It's all there," Miller assured him, "and it's your money. You needn't bother about that."

Bishop sat down in his place in the chimney corner, the packet on his knees, while Pole Baker modestly and not without touches of humor recounted his experiences.

"The toughest job I had was managin' the woman," Pole laughed. "You kin always count on a woman to be contrary. I believe ef you was tryin' to git some women out of a burnin' house they'd want to have the'r way about it. She read the order an' got white about the gills an' screamed, low, so nobody wouldn't heer 'er, an' then wanted to ax questions. That's the female of it. She knowed in reason that Craig was dead fixed an' couldn't git out until she complied with the instructions, but she wanted to know all about it. Then I told 'er she'd be arrested fer holdin' the money, an' that got her in a trot. She fetched it out Brug Store, corner Kent and William-sta.

Reduction In Prices got her in a trot. She fetched it out purty quick, a-cryin' an' abusin' me purty quick, a soon as the money left by turns. As soon as the money left me to ride fast. I wanted to come heer fust, but I felt sorter sorry fer Craig, Guaranteed best workmanship, best an' went an' let 'im out. He was the teeth and rubber. Plates guaran- gladdest man to see me you ever looked extraction when plates are order- im thar. He looked like he wanted to reckon, Pole, said the old man, "exhug me. He says Winship wasn't much to blame. They both got in deep water speculatin', an' Craig was tempted to cabbage on the \$25,000."

When Pole and concluded, the group sat in silence for a long time. It looked as if Bishop wanted to openly thank Pole for what he had done, but he had never done such a thing in the presence of others, and he could not pull himself He sat crouched up in his tilted chair as if burning up with the joy of

The silence was broken by Abner Daniel as he filled his pipe anew and stood over the fireplace.

"They say money's a cuss an' the root of all evil," he said dryly, "but in this case it's give Pole Baker than a chance to show what's in 'im. I'd 'a' give the last cent I have to 'a' done what he did today. I grant you he used deception, but it was the fust water sort that that Bible king resorted to when he made out he was goin' to divide that baby by cuttin' it in halves. He fetched out the good an' squelched the bad." Abner glanced at Pole and gave one of his impulsive inward laughs. "My boy, when I reach t'other whore I expect to see whole strings o'



"Well, it's pores," he said.

sech lawbreakers as you a-playin' leapfrog on the golden sands. You don't sing an' pray a whole lot, nur keep yore religion in sight, but when thar's work to be done you shuck off yore shirt an' do it like a wildcat a-scratch-

No one spoke after this outburst for several minutes, though the glances cast in his direction showed the embarrassed ex-moonshiner that one and all had sanctioned Abner Daniel's opin-

Bishop leaned forward and looked at the clock, and, seeing that it was 9, he put the money in a bureau drawer and turned the key. Then he took down the big family Bible from its shelf and sat down near the lamp. They all knew what the action portended.

CHAPTER XXIV. BOUT a week after the events recorded in the preceding chapter old man Bishop, just

at dusk one evening, rode up to Pole Baker's humble domicile. Pole "What's that fer?" the old man questioned as he dismounted and hitched

his horse to the worm fence. "To drive off mosquitoes," said Pole, wiping his eyes, which were red from the effects of the smoke. "I'll never pass another night like the last un ef Oakwood, I kin he'p it. I 'lowed my hide was thick, but they bored fer oil all over me from dark till sun-up. I never 've tried smoke, but Hank Watts says it's

ahead o' pennyr'yal." "Shucks!" grunted the planter. "You ain't workin' it right. A few rags burnin' in a pan nigh yore bed may drive 'em out, but a smoke out heer in

the yard 'll jest drive 'em in." "What?" said Pole in high disgust. "Do you expect me to sleep sech hot weather as this is with a fire nigh my bed? The durn things may eat me raw, but I'll be blamed ef I barbecue

myse'f to please 'em." Mrs. Baker appeared in the cabin door holding two of the youngest children by their hands. "He won't take my advice, Mr. Bishop," she said. "I jest rub a little lamp oil on my face an' hands, an' they don't tetch me." Pole grunted and looked with laugh-

ing eyes at the old man. "She axed me t'other night why I'd quit kissin' 'er," he said. "An' I told 'er I didn't keer any more fer kerosene

than the mosquitoes did." Mrs. Baker laughed pleasantly as she brought out a chair for Bishop and invited him to sit down. He complied, twirling his riding whip in his hand. From his position, almost on a level with the floor, he could see the interior of one of the rooms. It was almost bare of furniture. Two opposite corners were occupied by crude bedsteads; Highest Market Price Paid in the center of the room was a cradle made from a soapbox on rockers sawed from rough poplar boards. It had the appearance of having been in use through several generations. Near it stood a spinning wheel and a three legged stool. The sharp steel spindle gleamed in the firelight from the big

struck, him that Bishop had called to talk with him about some business and was reluctant to introduce it. "Nothin' that interests any of us, I

"That's good," said Pole, in the tone of anybody but a man who had never

invested a donar in anything. "It's all hunkey, an' my opinion is that it 'll

never be wuth less." "I did heer, too," added Bishop, "that it was reported that Craig had set up a little grocery store out in Texas, nigh the Indian Territory. Some thinks that Winship 'll turn up thar an' jine 'im, but a body never knows what to believe these days."

"That shore is a fact," opined Pole. "Sally, that corn bread's a-burnin'. Ef you'd use less lamp oil, you'd smell bet-

Mrs. Baker darted to the fireplace, raked the live coals from beneath the cast iron oven and jerked off the lid in a cloud of steam and smoke. She turned over the pone with the aid of a case knife and then came back to the

"Fer the last month I've had my eye on the Bascome farm," Bishop was saying. "There's a hundred acres even, some good bottom land and upland an' in the neighborhood o' thirty acres o' good wood. Then thar's a five room house, well made an' tight, an' a barn, cowhouse an' stable."

"Lord! I know the place like book," said Pole, "an' it's a dandy investment, Mr. Bishop. They say he offered it fer fifteen hundred. It's wuth two thousand. You won't drap any money by buyin' that property, Mr. Bishop. I'd hate to contract to build jest the house an' well an' outhouses fer a thousand."

"I bought it," Bishop told him. let me have it fer a good deal less 'u fifteen hundred, cash down."

"Well, you made a dandy trade, Mr. Bishop. Ah, that's what ready money will do! When you got the cash, things seem to come at bottom figures." Old Bishop drew a folded paper from his pocket and slapped it on his knee. "Yes, I closed the deal this evenin', an' I was jest a-thinkin' that as you hain't rented fer next yeer-I mean"-Bishop was ordinarily direct of speech, but somehow his words became tangled and he delivered himself awkwardly on this occasion. "You see, Alan thinks that you 'n Sally ort to live in a better house than jest this heer log cabin, an"-

The wan face of the tired woman was aglow with expectation. She sank down on the doorstep and sat still and mute, her hands clasping each other in her lap. She had always disliked that cabin and its sordid surroundings, and there was something in Bishop's talk that made her think he was about to propose renting the new farm, house and all, to her husband. Her mouth fell open; she scarcely allowed herself to breathe. Then, as Bishop paused, her husband's voice struck dumb dismay to her heart. It was as if she was falling from glowing hope back to tasted despair.

"Thar's more land in that farm 'an I could do jestice to, Mr. Bishop, but ef thar's a good cabin on it an' you see fit to cut off enough fer me an' one hoss I'd jest as soon tend that as this heer. I want to do what you an' Alan

think is best all round." "Oh, Pole, Pole!" The woman was crying it to herself, her face lowered to her hands that the two men might not see the agony written in her eyes. A house like that to live in, with all those rooms and fireplaces and windows with panes of glass in them! She fancied she saw her children playing

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on the tight, smooth floors and honeysuckled porch. For one minute these things had been hers, to be snatched away by the callous indifference of her husband, who, alas, had never cared a straw for appearances!

"Oh, I wasn't thinkin' about renting it to you!" said Bishop. And the woman's dream was over. She raised her head, awake again. "You see," went on Bishop, still struggling for proper expression, "Alan thinks - well, he thinks you are sech a born fool about not acceptin' help from them that feels nigh to you an', I may as well say, grateful, exceedingly grateful, fer what you've done, things that no other living man could 'a' done-Alan thinks you ort to have the farm fer yore own property, an' so the deeds has been made out to"-

Pole drew himself up to his full height. His big face was flushed, haif with anger, half with a strong emotion of a tenderer kind. He stood towering over the old man like a giant swayed by the warring winds of good and evil. "I won't heer a word more of that, Mr. Bishop," he said, with a quivering lip-"not a word more. By golly, I mean what I say! I don't want to heer another word of it. This heer place is good enough fer me an' my family. It's done eight yeer, an' it kin do an-

other eight." "Oh, Pole, Pole, Pole!" The woman's cry was now audible. It came straight from her pent up, starving soul and went right to Bishop's heart.

"You want the place, don't you, Sally?" he said, calling her by her given name for the first time, as if he had just discovered their kinship. He could not have used a tenderer tone to child of his own.

"Mind, mind what you say, Sally!" ordered Pole from the depths of his fighting emotion. "Mind what you The woman looked at Bishop. Her

glance was on fire. "Yes, I want it-I want it!" she cried. "I ain't goin' to lie. I want it more right now than I do the kingdom of heaven. I want it ef we have a right

to it. Oh, I don't know!" She dropped

her head in her lap and began to sob. Bishop stood up. He moved toward her in a jerky fashion and laid his hand on the pitifully tight knot of hair at the back of her head. "Well, it's yores," he said. "Alan thought Pole would raise a kick about

it, an' me an' him had it made out in yore name, so he couldn't tetch it. It's yores, Saily Ann Baker. That's the way it reads." The weman's sobs increased, but

they were sobs of unbridled joy. With her apron to her eyes she rose and hurried into the house. The eyes of the two men met. Bishop

spoke first: "You've got to give in, Pole," he said. "You'd not be a man to stand betwixt yore wife an' a thing she wants as bad as she does that place, an' by all that's good an' holy, you sha'n't!"

"What's the use o' me tryin' to git even with Alan," Pole exclaimed, "ef he's eternally a-goin' to git up some'n? I've been tickled to death ever since I cornered old Craig till now, but you an' him has sp'iled it all by this heer

trick. It ain't fair to me." "Well, it's done," smiled the old man as he went to his horse, "an' ef you don't live thar with Sally I'll make 'er git a divorce."

Bishop had reached a little pigpen in a fence corner farther along on his way home when Mrs. Baker suddenly emerged from a patch of high corn in "Is he a-goin' to take it, Mr. Bishop?" she asked, panting from her hurried

walk through the corn that hid her from the view of the cabin. "Yes," Bishop told her. "I'm a-goin" to send two wagons over in the mornin' to move yore things. I wish it was ten times as good a place as it is, but it will insure you an' the children a

livin' an' a comfortable home." After the manner of many of her kind, the woman uttered no words of thanks, but simply turned back into the corn, and, occupied with her own vision of prosperity and choking with gratitude, she hurried back to the cabin.

CHAPTER XXV. HE summer ended, the autumn passed and Christmas approached. Nothing of much importance had taken place among the characters of this little history. The Southern Land and Timber company, and Wilson in particular, had disappointed Miller and Alan by their reticence in regard to the progress of the railroad scheme. At every meeting with Wilson they found him either really or pretendedly indifferent about the matter. His concern, he told them, was busy in other quarters, and he really did not know what they would

finally do about it. "He can't pull the wool over my eyes," Miller told his friend after one of these interviews. "He simply thinks he can freeze you out by holding off till you have to raise money."

"He may have inquired into my father's financial condition," suggested Alan, with a long face. "Most likely," replied the lawyer.

"And discovered exactly where we stand." "Perhaps, but we must not believe that till we know it. I'm going to try to checkmate him. I don't know how, but I'll think of something. He feels

that he has the upper hand now, but I'll interest him some of these days," "What's the news from town, Mr. Bishop?" Pole asked awkwardly, for it Bishop?" Pole asked awkwardly, for it Alan's love affair had also been drageyes had been opened to the seriousness of offending Colonel Barclay. She now knew that her marriage against his will would cause her immediate disinheritance, and she was too sensible a girl to want to go to Alan with-

out a dollar and with the doors of hem (Continued on Page 4)

DSAY, ONT.