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CARE OF THE UDDER.

How It Should Be Treated When Caked and Congested.

The following extracts from the address of Dr. A. T. Peters, veterinarian of the Nebraska experiment station, before the Wisconsin dairymen's convention are reprinted from Hoard's Dairyman:

The udder is to be considered some[thing] large. It is very porous, and for that reason it is [illegible] member, and it wants [illegible] that way. I am not [illegible] am told that some [illegible] gentle touch than [illegible] an irritation causes [illegible] will produce serious [illegible] up these little [illegible] that the quarter [illegible] entire udder. [illegible]stion is what to [illegible] they tried a great [illegible] have found this [illegible] it is something [illegible] I have here an [illegible] with a little bulb [illegible] a rubber tube [illegible] ordinary hand bicycle pump. [illegible] insert this tube [illegible] that is affected [illegible] with air. I do not [illegible] sharing needles [illegible] instruments, but I [illegible] gun with air, and [illegible] sponge with water. [illegible] and, you put in as [illegible] Then you massage your hand and [illegible] through the quarter, [illegible] bursting of these [illegible] tubes. You [illegible] in two or three [illegible] and, and you will [illegible] udder. I have [illegible] red very bad cases, [illegible] as all right, and [illegible] easily do it.

[illegible] entire udder soon [illegible] some caked we use [illegible] the compress. We [illegible] cloth and put it [illegible] the entire udder [illegible] We usually use [illegible] we do not chate [illegible] all. That is to [illegible] You will notice [illegible] heavy and that [illegible] be relieved before [illegible]. If you want to [illegible] small five or ten [illegible] them with brass, [illegible] apply them to the [illegible] treatment that we [illegible] very great amount [illegible] those are about [illegible] of treating dis[illegible] that I can explain [illegible] diseased quarter [illegible] the whole udder.

[illegible] Butter Was Made.

[illegible] butermaker who [illegible] tub of butter to [illegible] men's meeting, [illegible] made the butter [illegible] best milk I could; [illegible] I wanted to make [illegible] the contest and [illegible] the milk in in good [illegible] the whole milk at [illegible] down to 58, then [illegible] to 65; put in 20 [illegible] with 6 per cent acid[illegible] cream—40 per cent [illegible] I would use a [illegible] starter had been [illegible] cent cream; ripene[illegible] About 10 o'clock [illegible] it down to 54 at [illegible] churned at 54; used [illegible] ounces salt to the pound [illegible] three times and [illegible] There were 138 [illegible] that churning."

[illegible] Farm Pointers

[illegible] the value of a cow [illegible] by external appearance [illegible] you can tell how [illegible] by his appearance [illegible] must be applied [illegible] dairy.

[illegible] of the Udder.

[illegible] heifers is developing [illegible] udder, massage [illegible] milter daily and no[illegible] says an old dairy[illegible]

[illegible] churning.

[illegible] her our cream be[illegible] churn. It would [illegible] and would not gath[illegible] condient of National [illegible] We nearly failed [illegible] from one or two [illegible] to experiment [illegible] condition powders [illegible] morning and [illegible] to two tablespoon[illegible] in a handful of [illegible] first time we churning [illegible] to use powders [illegible] somewhat better, [illegible] we churned the butter [illegible] one-half hour.

[illegible] a Dairy Cow.

[illegible] always look well [illegible], bright eye; deli[illegible] well developed milk [illegible] supplemented by a [illegible] dity, usually center [illegible] a good milker, says [illegible] and Creamery. Well [illegible] an udder that extends [illegible] other details the dairy [illegible] A little practice will [illegible] the good cows to [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] I will n[illegible] necessarily [illegible] the same [illegible] lity from [illegible] Two cows may be fed [illegible] ration, and one will [illegible] in butter fat, while the [illegible] will contain a com[illegible] per cent of butter fat. [illegible] the decrees of nature to [illegible] submit and which no [illegible] will change.

[illegible] Unlucky Tooth.

[illegible] in the [illegible] mightly [illegible] amusing story of the [illegible] and necessary in [illegible] of the Norwegian theatre. It was in 1846, when [illegible] prison were creating the [illegible] A lady had been en[illegible] part of "second old wo[illegible] Was discovered that her [illegible] owers were impaired by [illegible] she had lost one of her [illegible] impoverished as she was, [illegible] but came to the rescue [illegible] expense of the necessary [illegible] when she retired, however, [illegible] ons, she had to leave the [illegible] er, the example of the [illegible] ing the property of the [illegible] management was too [illegible] ith it!

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GOING WEST.			
9 01 a.m.	5.20 p.m.	7.24 p.m.	9.07 p.m
—SUNDAY—			
West 9.07 a.m.	9.01 p.m.	East 7.05 a.m.	7.59 p.m

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COUNTY HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1904.

Place of Sitting and Addresses of Clerks.	CLERKS.	January.	March.	May.	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1905	Hours Opening
Milton	Wm. Panton	Friday, 8th.	11	13	4	Friday, 9th	11	10	10.30 a.m.
Oakville	Chas. Patterson	Tuesday, 5th.	8	10	6	Wed., 7th	13	12	10.30 a.m.
Georgetown	Lachlan Grant	Wednesday, 6th	9	11	7	Thur., 8th	10	9	10.30 a.m.
Campbellville	R. J. McNabb	do. do.	11	13	11	do. do.	11	11	2.30 p.m.
Burlington	Thos. Bickle, jun.	Saturday, 16th.	12	14	12	Sat., 10th	12	12	2.30 p.m.
	James Robinson	Monday, 18th.			14	Tues., 6th	7	9	11 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 14th June and 8th December on opening days at 1 p.m.
Common Pleas Sittings, with or without Jury, 5th April and 4th October, and so often at other times as may be required.
Surrogate Court, 2nd Tuesday in each month.
Court of Revision and Appeal for Assessment, 2nd Tuesday in January, 2nd Tuesday in April, 4th Tuesday in September and 3rd Tuesday in October.
Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd January, 2nd Tuesday in April and 3rd October.

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Minerva and the Flute.

A recent historian suggests a reason why the flute is not popular with ladies. "Minerva in ancient Greece," he says, "began to play the flute, thinking it such a beautiful instrument she needs must learn it. But one day, looking in a mirror while she was playing, she saw to her horror that the act of blowing the flute communicated a very inelegant distortion to her face, and in a pet she threw the instrument away. Perhaps the feelings of the fair sex toward the flute have been insensibly influenced by a similar consideration."

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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night, and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half past 9, wasn't it, father?" she called in a choked voice. "And—you know—Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes," answered the man on horseback.

"Wiley, he left about half past 9—just before the storm. They think he went west."

"Much obliged. Willetts is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Wiley!" The old man's voice shook. Minnie began to cry aloud. The horseman wheeled about and turned his animal's head toward town. "Wiley!"

"Yes."

"Wiley, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

Said the man on horseback, "Judge, I'm afraid they have."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE courthouse bell ringing in the night! No hesitating stroke of Schofields' Henry, no uncertain touch, was on the rope. A loud, wild, hurried clamor pealing out to wake the countryside, a rapid clang! clang! clang! that struck clear in to the spine. The courthouse bell had tolled for the death of Morton, of Garfield, of Hendricks; had rung joy peals of peace after the war and after political campaigns, but it had rung as it was ringing now only three times—once when Hibbard's mill burned, once when Webb Landis killed Sep Bardlock and intrenched himself in the lumber yard and would not be taken until he was shot through and through, and once when the Rouen accommodation, crowded with children and women and men, was wrecked within twenty yards of the station.

Why was the bell ringing now? Men and women, startled into wide wakefulness, groped to windows. No red mist hung over town or country. What was it? The bell rang on. Its loud alarm beat increasingly into men's hearts and quickened their throbbing to the rapid measure of its own. Vague forms loomed in the gloaming. A horse, madly ridden, splashed through the town. There were shouts; voices called hoarsely; lamps began to gleam in the windows; half clad people emerged from their houses, men slapping their braces on their shoulders as they ran out of doors; questions were shouted into the dimness.

Then the news went over the town.

It was cried from yard to yard, from group to group, from gate to gate, and reached the furthermost confines. Runners shouted it as they sped by, and boys panted it, breathless; women with loosened hair stumbled into darkling chambers and faltered it out to new wakened sleepers, and pale girls, clutching wraps at their throats, whispered it across fences. The sick, tossing on their hard beds, heard it. The bell clamored it far and near; it spread over the countryside, and it flew over the wires to distant cities. The White Caps had got Mr. Harkless!

Lige Willetts had lost track of him out near Briscoe's, it was said, and had come into town at midnight seeking him. He had found Parker, the Herald foreman, and Ross Schofield, the typesetter, and Bud Tipworthy, the devil, at work in the printing office, but no sign of Harkless there or in the cottage. Together these had sought for him and had roused others who had inquired at every house where he might have gone for shelter, and they had heard nothing. They had watched for his coming during the slackening of the storm. He had not come, and there was no place he could have gone. He was missing. Only one thing could have happened.

They had roused up Warren Smith, the prosecutor, and Horner, the sheriff, and Jared Wiley, the deputy. William Todd had rung the alarm. It was agreed that the first thing to do was to find him. After that there would be trouble, if not before. It looked as if there would be trouble before. The men tramping up to the muddy square in their shirt sleeves were bulgy about the right hips, and when Homer Tibbs joined Columbus Landis at the hotel corner and Landis saw that Homer was carrying a shotgun Landis went back for his. A hastily sworn posse galloped out with Main Street. Women and children ran into neighbors' yards and began to cry. Day was coming, and as the light grew men swore and savagely kicked at the palings of fences as they ran by them.

In the foreglow of dawn they gathered in the square and listened to Warren Smith, who made a speech from the courthouse fence and warned them to go slow. They answered him with angry shouts and hootings. But he made his big bass voice heard and bade them do nothing rash. No facts were known, he said. It was far from certain that harm had been done, and no one knew that the Six Crossroads people had done it, even if something had happened to Mr. Harkless. He declared that he spoke in Harkless' name. Nothing could distress him so much as for them to defy the law, to take it out of the proper hands. Justice would be done.

"Yes, it will!" shouted a man below him, brandishing the butt of a rawhide whip above his head. "And while you jaw on about it here he may be tied up like a dog in the woods, shot full of holes by the men you never lifted a finger to hender, because you want

They answered him with angry shouts

their votes when you run for circuit judge. What are we doin' here? What's the good of listening to you?"

There was a yell at this, and those who heard the speaker would probably have started for the Crossroads had not a rumor sprung up which passed rapidly from man to man and in a few moments had reached every person in the crowd. The news came that the two shell gamblers had wrenched a bar out of a window under cover of the storm, had broken jail and were at large. Their threats of the day before were remembered now with convincing vividness. They had sworn repeatedly to Bardlock and to the sheriff and in the hearing of others that they would "do" for the man who had taken their money from them and had them arrested. The prosecuting attorney, quickly perceiving the value of this complication in holding back the mob that was already forming, called Horner from the crowd and made him get up on the fence and confess that his prisoners had escaped, at what time he did not know, probably toward the beginning of the storm, when it was noisiest.

"You see," cried the attorney, "there is nothing as yet of which we can accuse the Crossroads. If our friend has been hurt it is much more likely that these crooks did it. They escaped in time to do it, and we all know they were laying for him. You want to be mighty careful, fellow citizens. Horner is already in telegraphic communication with every town around here, and he'll have those men before night. All you've got to do is to control yourselves a little and go home quietly." He could see that his words (except those in reference to returning home—no one was going home) made an impression. There was a babble of shouting and argument and swearing that grew louder and louder.

Mr. Ephraim Watts, in spite of all confusion, clad as carefully as upon the preceding day, deliberately climbed the fence and stood by the lawyer and made a single steady gesture with his hand. He was listened to at once, as his respect for the law was less notorious than his irreverence for it, and he had been known in Carlow as customarily a reckless man. They wanted illegal and desperate advice and quieted down to hear it. He spoke in his professionally calm voice.

"Gentlemen, it seems to me that Mr Smith and Mr. Ribshaw," nodding to the man with the rawhide whip, "are both right. What good are we doing here? What we want to know is what happened to Mr. Harkless. It looks just now like the shell men might have done it. Let's find out what they done. Scatter and hunt for him. Soon as anything's known for certain Hibbard's mill whistle will blow three times. Keep on looking till it does; then," he finished, with a barely perceptible scornful smile at the attorney—"then we can decide on what had ought be done."

Six Crossroads lay dark and steaming in the sun that morning. The forge was silent, the saloon locked up, the roadway deserted even by the pigs. The broken old buggy stood rotting in the mud without a single lean little old man or woman—such were the children of the Crossroads—to play about it. Once, when the deputy sheriff rode through alone, a tattered black hound, more wolf than dog, half emerged, growling, from beneath one of the tumbledown barns and was jerked back into the darkness by his tail, with a snarl fiercer than his own, while a gun barrel shone for a second as it swung for a stroke on the brute's head. The hound did not yelp or whine when the blow fell. He shut his eyes twice and slunk sullenly back to his place.

The shanties might have received a volley or two from some of the mounted bands, exasperated by futile searching, had not the escape of Horner's prisoners made the guilt of the Crossroads appear doubtful in the minds of many. As the morning waned the advocates of the theory that the gamblers had made away with Harkless grew in number. There came a telegram from the Rouen chief of police that he had a clew to their whereabouts. He thought they had succeeded in reaching Rouen, and it began to be generally believed that they had escaped by the 1 o'clock freight train, which had stopped to take on some empty cars at a side track a mile northwest of town, across the fields from the Briscoe house. Toward noon a party went out to examine the railroad embankment.

Men began to come back into the village for breakfast by twos and threes, but many kept on searching the woods, not feeling the need of food or caring if they did. Every grove and clump of underbrush, every thicket, was ransacked. The waters of the creek, shallow for the most part, but swollen overnight, were dragged at every pool. Nothing was found. There was not a sign.

The bar of the hotel was thronged all morning as the returning citizens rapidly made their way thither, and those who had breakfasted and were going out again paused for internal as well as external re-enforcement. The landlord, himself returned from a long hunt, set out his whisky with a lavish hand.

"He was the best man we had, boys," said Landis as he poured the little glasses full. "We'd ort of sent him to the legislative halls of Washington long ago. He'd of done us honor there. But we never thought of doin' anything fer him. Jest set round and left him build up the town and give him empty thankyes. Drink hearty, gentlemen," he finished gloomily. "I don't grudge no liquor today—except to Lige Willetts."

"He was a good man," said young William Todd, whose nose was red, not from the whisky. "I've about give up."

"It's goin' to seem mighty empty around here," said Ross Schofield. "What's goin' to become o' the Herald and the party in this district? Where's the man to run either of 'em now? Like as not," he continued desperately, "it'll go against us in the fall."

Dibb Zane choked over his four fingers. "We might's well bust up the dab dusted ole town ef he's gone."

"I don't know what's come over that Cynthy Tipworthy," said the landlord. "She's waited table on him last two years, and her brother Bud works at the Herald office. She didn't say a word, only looked and looked and looked, like a crazy woman; then her and Bud went off together to hunt in the woods. They jest tuck hold of each other's hands like"—

"I reckon there ain't many crazier than them two Bowlders, father and son," interrupted a patron, wiping the drops from his beard as he set his glass on the bar. "They rid into town like a couple of wild Indians, the old man beatin' that gray mare o' theirn till she was one big wait, and he ain't natcherly no cruel man either. I expect Lige Willetts better keep out of Hartley's way."

"I keep out of no man's way!" cried a voice behind him. Turning, they saw Lige standing on the threshold of the door that led to the street. In his hand he held the bridle of the horse he had ridden across the sidewalk and that now stood panting, with lowered head half through the doorway, beside his master. Lige was hatless, splashed with mud from head to foot; his jaw was set, his teeth ground together, his eyes burned under red lids, and his hair lay tossed and damp on his brow. "I keep out of no man's way," he repeated hoarsely. "I heard you, Mr. Tibbs, but I've got too much to do, while you loaf and gas and drink over Landis' bar. I've got other business than keepin' out of Hart Bowlder's way. I'm lookin' for John Harkless. He was the best man we had in this ornery hole, and he was too good for us, and so we've maybe let him get killed, and maybe I'm to blame. But I'm goin' to find him, and if he's hurt I'm goin' to have a hand on the rope that lifts the men that did it if I have to go to Rouen to put it there. After that I'll answer for my fault, not before."

He threw himself on his horse and was gone. Soon the room emptied, as the patrons of the bar returned to the search, and only Mr. Wilkerson and the landlord remained, the bar being the professional office, so to speak, of both.

At 11 o'clock Judge Briscoe dropped wearily from his horse at his own gate and said to a wan girl who came running down the walk to meet him: "There is nothing yet. I sent the telegram to your mother—to Mrs. Sherwood."

Helen turned away without answering. Her face was very white and looked pinched about the mouth. She went back to where old Flsbee sat on the porch, his white head held between his two hands. He was rocking himself to and fro. She touched him gently, but he did not look up. She spoke to him. "Father," she said.

He did not seem to hear her.

"There isn't anything yet. He sent the telegram. I shall stay with you now, no matter what you say." She sat beside him and put her head down on his shoulder, and, though for a moment he appeared not to notice it, when Minnie came out on the porch, hearing her father at the door, the old man had put his arm about the girl and was stroking her fair hair softly.

Briscoe glanced at them and raised a warning finger to his daughter, and they went tiptoeing into the house, where the judge dropped heavily upon a sofa. Minnie stood before him with a look of pale inquiry, and he shook his head.

"No use to tell him, but I can't see any hope," he answered her, biting nervously at the end of a cigar. "I expect you better bring me some coffee in here. I couldn't take another step to save me. I'm too old to tear around the country horseback before breakfast, like I have today."

"Did you send her telegram?" Minnie asked as he drank the coffee she brought him. She had interpreted "coffee" liberally and, with the assistance of Milly Upton, whose subdued nose was frankly red and who shed tears on the raspberries, had prepared an appetizing table at his elbow.

"Yes," responded the judge, "and I'm glad she sent it. I talked the other way yesterday, what little I said—it isn't any of our business—but I don't think any too much of those people somehow. She thinks she belongs with Flsbee, and I guess she's right. That young fellow must have got along with her pretty well, and I'm afraid when she gives up she'll be pretty bad over it; but I guess we all will. It's terribly sudden, somehow, though it's only what everybody half expected would come, only we thought it would come from over yonder." He nodded toward the west. "But she's got to stay here with us. Boarding at Tibbs' with that old man won't do, and she's no girl to live in two rooms. You fix it up with her—you make her stay."

"She must," answered his daughter as she knelt beside him and patted his coat and handed him several things to eat at the same time. "Mr. Fisbee will help me persuade her, now that

"Father," she said.

she's bound to stay in spite of him and the Sherwoods too. I've always thought she was grand, ever since she took me under her protection at school, when I"— Minnie was speaking sadly, mechanically, but suddenly she broke off with a quick sob, turned to the window, then turned again to Briscoe and cried: "I don't believe it! He knew how to take care of himself too well. He'd have got away from them."

Her father shook his head. "Then why hasn't he turned up? He'd have gone home after the storm if something bad wasn't the matter."

"But nothing—nothing that bad could have happened. They haven't found—any—anything."

"But why hasn't he come back, child?"

"Well, he's lying hurt somewhere, that's all."

"Then why haven't they found him?"

"I don't care," she cried and choked with the words and tossed her disheveled hair from her temples, "it isn't true! Helen won't believe it. Why should I? It's only a few hours since he was right here in our yard talking to us all. I won't believe it till they've searched every stick and stone of Six Crossroads and found him."

"It wasn't the Crossroads," said the old gentleman, pushing the table away and relaxing his limbs on the sofa. "They probably didn't have anything to do with it. We thought they had at first, but everybody's about come to believe it was those two fellows that he had arrested yesterday."

"It wasn't the Crossroads!" echoed Minnie, and she began to tremble violently. "Haven't they been out there yet?"

"What use? They are out of it, and they can thank God they are."

"They are not!" she cried, very much agitated. "They did it. It was the White Caps. We saw them, Helen and I."

The judge got upon his feet with an oath. He had not sworn for years until that morning. "What's this?" he said sharply.

"I ought to have told you before, but we were so frightened, and—and you went off in such a rush after Mr. Wiley was here. I never dreamed everybody wouldn't know it was the Crossroads; that they would think of any one else. And I looked for the scarecrow as soon as it was light, and it was away off from where we saw them and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of them"—

He interrupted her. "What do you mean? Try to tell me about it quietly, child." He laid his hand on her shoulder.

She told him breathlessly what she and Helen had seen, and he grew more and more visibly perturbed and uneasy, biting his cigar to pieces and groaning at intervals. When she had finished he took a few quick turns about the room, with his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, and then, charging her to repeat the story to no one, left the house and, forgetting his fatigue, rapidly crossed the fields to the point where the bizarre figures of the night had shown themselves to the two girls at the window.

The soft ground had been trampled by many feet. The boot prints pointed to the northeast. He traced them backward to the southwest through the field and saw where they had come from near the road, going northeast; then, returning, he climbed the fence and followed them northward through the next field. From there the next field to the north, lying beyond the road that was a continuation of Main street, stretched to the railroad embankment. The track, ruggedly defined in trampled loam and muddy furrow, bent in a direction which indicated that its terminus might be the switch where the empty cars had stood last night waiting for the 1 o'clock freight. Though the fields had been trampled in many places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Crossroads men, and he perceived that the searchers had mistaken the tracks he followed for those of earlier parties in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men walking west and examining the ground on each side and a long line of people following them out from town. He stopped. He held the fate of Six Crossroads in his hand, and he knew it.

The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over, their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another far down the track repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they passed the signal back to town. There came almost immediately three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station, and the embankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from the fields and woods and underbrush on both sides of the railway.

Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment.

The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both northwest and southeast in the clean washed air like examples of perspective in a child's drawing book. About seventy miles to the vast and north lay Rouen. In the same direction, nearly six miles from where the signal was given, the track was crossed by a road leading directly south to Six Crossroads.

The embankment had been newly ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope near the top. There were smaller stains above and below, none beyond it to left or right, and there were many deep footprints in the sand. Men were examining the place excitedly, talking and gesticulating. It was Lige Willetts who had found it. His horse was tethered to a fence near by at the end of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stain, explaining.

"You see, them two must have knowed about the 1 o'clock freight and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was this way. When they got out the window they beat through the storm straight for this side track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's, goin' west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footin' and strikin' for the deepo for shelter—near place as any, except Briscoe's, where he's said good night already, and prob'ly don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can understand that. He comes along and gets to where we are precisely at the time they do, them comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-cog-nized him and raised up on him and let him have it. What they done it with I don't know. We took everything in that line off of 'em. Prob'ly used railroad iron, and what they done with him afterward we don't know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen when they get 'em."

"I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively.

Jim Bardlock swore a violent oath. "That's the talk!" he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Roowun and first to beat in that jail door I'm not town marshal of Plattville, county of Carlow, state of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

Tom Martin looked at the brown stain and quickly turned away. Then he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith.

"Is it so?" asked the lawyer.

Martin answered with a dry throat. He looked out over the sunlit fields and swallowed once or twice. "Yes, it's so. There's a good deal of it there. Little more than a boy he was." The old fellow passed his seamy hand over his eyes without concealment. "Peter ain't very bright sometimes, it seems to me," he added brokenly; "overlook Bodeffer and Fisbee and me, and all of us old husks, and—and"—he gulped suddenly, then finished—"and act the fool and take a boy that's the best we had. I wish the Almighty would take Peter off the gate. He ain't fit fer it."

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man, Xenophon, approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many of decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. Today as he slowly limped over the ties his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and, though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and, though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some kine gelmun," he asked, "please t' be so good ez t' show de ole main whuh de W'ite Caips is done shot Marse Hawkliss?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whay yo' staind, gelmun. Dass whuh dey laid 'im, an' dass whuh he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain't shot 'im heah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, then knelt groaningly and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might place his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of hearkening.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" He raised his voice as if calling. "Is yo' gone, suh—marse?"

He looked up at the circle about him, and then, still kneeling, not taking his hand from the sand, seeming to wait for a sign to listen for a voice, he said: "Whafo' yo' gelmun think de good Lawd summon Marse Hawkliss? Kase he de mos' fittes'? You know, dat man he ketch me in de cole night, wintuh fo' lais,' stealin' 'is wood. You know whut he done t' de cole? Tek an' buil' up big fiah een ole Zen' shanty. Say: 'He'p yo'sc'f, an' welcome. Reckon you hongry, too, ain' you, Xenophon?' Tek an' feed me, tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de baith full in de mawn', mek 'is bed, pull de weeds out'n de front walk; dass all. He tek me in. When Ah ask 'im ain' he 'fraid keep ole thief he say, Jesso: 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon; ought look you up long 'go; ought know long 'go you be cole dese baid nights. Reckon Ah'm de thievenest one 'us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' up when you got none,' he say, jesso. Tek me in; say he lahk a thief; pay me sala'y; feed me. Dass de main whut de Caps gone shot lais' night." He raised his head sharply, and the mystery in his gloomy eyes intensified as they opened wide and stared at the sky unseelngly.

"Ah's bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaimed loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssuh!"

"It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay; stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkliss lies yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' day. An' him"—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed northwest—"he lies yondeh. You won' find 'im heah. Dey fought 'im in de fiel's, an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ah's bawn wid a cawl!"

There were exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

"An' dass de main." he cried; "dass de main kin tell yo' Ah speak de trufe!"

(To be continued.)

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