

Dawes place the day of the quarrel. He says he saw Dawes climb up to a shed, on the roof of which rested his shotgun. That was after Mr. Porter had struck him and the half intoxicated man evidently was not seriously injured by the blow of the club. In a revengeful mood he was after the gun, to return and wreak his hatred on your husband. The tinker saw him fall from the roof, gun and all. That fall, I am convinced, brought about his loss of reason and not the blow given him by Mr. Porter."

"Oh, if you can only prove that!" flattered Mrs. Porter.

"I am going to try to," explained Earle—"to the governor of the state. I am going at once to seek a pardon for him."

The state capital was less than fifty miles from Millville. Four hours later Earle boarded an electric car to make a quick run for his destination. He was so immersed in the burden on his mind that he only casually noticed that there were only two other passengers.

One was a fine looking, dignified gentleman, smoking a cigar on the front platform and conversing with the motorman. The other was a little girl of about seven, who occupied one whole side seat of the car. She evidently was the daughter of the passenger outside. As Earle entered the car, the doll the little maid carried fell from her grasp. He restored it to her with a pleasant smile and she chattered away about her papa outside, and how they had missed a train and had to take the trolley line, and how she had four other dolls at home and two sisters.

Suddenly a rough jerk of the car caused Earle to glance quickly ahead and then leap to his feet.

"Jump!" he heard the motorman fairly scream.

As the man spoke he gave the brake a violent pull, fairly pushed the passenger beside him clear free of the car and followed him into the ditch at the side of the rails.

"No—no—my child!" shouted the passenger, but vainly.

The conductor had also left the car. Earle with horror saw that, just entering a curve, not fifty feet ahead a great mass of rock had fallen from an overhanging ledge.

"Quick!" he cried, seizing the little child and speeding to the rear platform with her in his arms.

He strove to save her from injury in that wild leap and did so, but at the cost of a bruised and sprained arm. He carried her back to where her father lay insensible, lingered about the spot until a relief wagon arrived and walked ahead of the wreck to get on his way.

The motorman told him that the father of the child was only stunned and that the little one was telling everybody of the brave man who had saved her life.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when Earle ascended the steps of the governor's mansion. The servant was explaining to him that his excellency had received a bad shaking up that day and would see visitors only at the capitol, when a prettily dressed little girl crossed the hall. She paused and ran towards Earle and seized his hand.

"Oh, papa!" she cried excitedly—"come, come quick!"

"What is it, my child?" inquired a man emerging from a room near by.

"The man who saved me. Oh, papa, it's him!"

"I could not find you when I recovered my senses," said the governor, as he grasped Earle's hand in a warm clasp. "I left word to have you located that I might thank you for your noble deed. Oh, sir, to you we owe the life of little Eunice!"

When Norman Earle left the governor's mansion that night he carried the promise of a pardon for the father of the girl he loved.

The wisdom of the kind-hearted official was made manifest when later Rufus Dawes recovered and verified the story of the traveling tinker