THE CITIZEN.

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BEREA, ... KENTUCKY.

RIDING A LA MODE.

When Lady Betty took the air
In old-time London town,
They tucked her in a quilted chair—
Self, pompadour and gown;
And swinging on its gilded staves
In silken pomp and pride,
Betwixt two sturdy, liveried knaves
My lady had her ride.

Across the seas her daughter went,
'Mid mingled doubts and fears;
And in Virginia she spent
Some fifty happy years.
But when she rode, with bow and smile,
Along Colonial ways,
'T was in a coach of massive style,
Behind two ambling bays.

In turn her daughter left the nest,
The chroniclers aver,
And out into the rugged West
A husband fared with her.
Now raging vale and mountain o'er
The dauntless pair we find
Together jogging—he before,
She, pillion-perched, behind.

To-day her daughter's daughter needs
Not coach nor horse nor man;
She hath no use for ambling steeds,
Nor pillion nor sedan;
But o'er the pave she smoothly glides,
With whirl of silent wheel,
As here and there she deftly guides
Her nimble, swift 'mobile.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.

A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD,

Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son of a Tory," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Parmelee! Parmelee!" he shouted.

There was a faint cry in answer. "Whiskers" renewed his attack upon Mr. Merton, but Simpson stopped short, and the man who was gripping the horse's head glanced about in apprehension.

"The game's up, 'Whiskers,'" said Simpson, "we'd better make tracks!"

"Not if hell splits!" cried the furious tramp, and he caught from the roadside a bludgeon which he had evidently dropped in order the better to use his hands, and menaced the now defenceless Mr. Merton.

"That bag o' money, or I'll brain ye!" he shouted.

Rossiter made a rush at Simpson. The man was powerful but awkward, while Rossiter had never lost the agility of his college days. There was no grappling, though the farm-hand made a clutch at his antagonist, a second afterwards to reel blindly backward under a fierce blow that landed upon his jaw. Then Rossiter was past him. The bludgeon was poised in "Whiskers'" hand, and Mr. Merton was fumbling in his pocket, when Parmelee's shout from the crest of the dip caused the tramp to turn. He knew that their dastardly attempt had failed. Even at that instant his confederate released the struggling horse, and the frightened animal plunged forward. "Whiskers'" eyes were murderous. The young man's impetuous leap past Simpson to Mr. Merton's assistance had brought him and the enraged vagabond face to face. The long run and the violent efforts he had since made seemed suddenly to tell upon his strength. He felt his breath weaken. He was aware of the swinging bludgeon and of trying to dodge the blow, and then it was as though the earth had gaped and swallowed him.

He returned to a consciousness of existence through a variety of painful sensations, most of them in his head.

He opened his eyes.

"Are they gone?" he asked weakly.

"Yes," someone said.

He knew the voice, and gained suddenly a clearer realization of his surroundings. Parmelee, Mr. Merton and Dick Whittlesey were standing about him, while over him Miss Densmore was bending with a look which he many, many times afterward questioned himself, wondering if he had seen it in a dream.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ARRIVAL.

In the light wagon, propped up between Jack Parmelee and Dick Whittlesey, Rossiter rode back to the Merton farm. At first everything was a daze to him, but soon the air revived him somewhat, and before the house was reached, save for a giddiness and dull throbbing in his head, he fancied he was quite himself. He was glad of the aid of Parmelee's stout arm, however, when he came to descend to the ground.

"I'll be all right after a bit," he said, as he steadied himself, "if you'll help me down to my cot."

Mr. Merton and Miss Densmore had hastened on in advance, and they, with Miss Merton and her mother, gathered about the injured man.

"You're to come right in here," Mrs. Merton declared, and, though Rossiter protested, he was led into the family living-room, where, stretched upon a couch, he was made as comfortable as might be with cool compresses that after a time allayed the painful feeling in his head. The blow from the bludgeon had been a glancing one, but above his ear a lump had formed that was exceedingly tender to the touch.

By and by Jack Parmelee looked in from an outer door, and, noting the improvement in Rossiter's appearance, exclaimed:

"That was a pretty ugly little slip you got. It keeled you half way down the embankment, an' if it had been a couple o' inches the other way your head an' a squashed puffball'd have passed for twins."

"How can you, Jack?" cried Miss Merton, who, with her mother, chanced to be in the room.

"What's the use o' gloomin' about it? He'll be fit enough in the mornin'. A trifle sore in the upper story mebbe, but that won't last long."

"You were just in time," said Rossiter, smiling. "I was about done for."

"You put up a great fight, Sylvia says, and Merton allows you've got the darndest grit he ever saw. They'd all skeedaddled by the time I got down into the dip. They must have thought I had an army behind me by the way they lit out. Well, Dick Whittlesey was close by, and he's a whole regiment in a scrap."

Rossiter had a brief nap late in the afternoon, and woke to find himself alone and much refreshed. The rattling of dishes indicated the nearness of the supper-hour, and outside there was a suggestion of approaching dusk. He rose to his feet without difficulty, and was walking towards the outer door, which opened upon the porch, with no definite intention, when Miss Densmore appeared from the adjoining room bearing a daintily arranged tray, upon which was a steaming cup of tea, some toast, and a few other tempting edibles.

She exclaimed in protest on seeing Rossiter.

"You're to sit down at once, sir!" she said. "We're not going to have you running off in that fashion."

He succumbed very willingly, and she bustled about making him comfortable.

"Miriam and my aunt are busy," she exclaimed, "so I said I'd look after you."

"You needn't have been to all this trouble," he answered. "I'm fully recovered now." But he was glad to eat with her sitting by chatting cheerily to him.

"I'm afraid," he remarked presently, "that you will find it difficult to keep to yourself your promise of the other night."

"What was that?"

"Don't you recall? You were going to hold in recollection from your hop-picking life only its pleasant phases. Aren't the disagreeables, so to speak, likely far to outweigh the happy experiences?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, with a little shake of her head. "It's like a play. Unless the end is tragic, however much the actors pass through, the effect is not darksome, quite the contrary. The bright scenes stand out and the gloomy ones recede."

"The end!" thought Rossiter. Yes, the end of this small episode in life's drama was certainly near at hand. It was delicate ground these two were treading upon—the girl more and more conscious of something in her heart which she would not admit to herself was there, fearful of all it might involve, her sensitive nature shrinking from the speech of family, of friends, and of the world; the man now wholly mastered by the love he had so sternly struggled against, realizing its apparent folly and hopelessness, and yet grasping at straws, and buoyed up by the frailer fabric of dreams.

"Though you would not let me try to tell you, Mr. Rossiter," Miss Densmore broke out suddenly, "of my gratitude to you for all you did for me, I must, I will speak of your nobleness, your generosity, your bravery in coming to uncle's aid. Why, if it hadn't been for you——"

Her words were as spark to powder. All the pent-up emotion within him rushed to his lips. She should know, whatever might be the consequences, that it was her presence with Mr. Merton that had moved him to strive so mightily, that there was nothing he would not do, aye, to risking life and limb a thousand times to win her favor. Whatever his past might have been, and she should read the open page of it without reserve, the future, and she might put him to the proof, should be like the life-moulding of another man, if he might but wear her gage.

"Do you think, Miss Densmore," he began, and there was that in his voice and in his eyes that caused her to turn away, "do you think I would have gone so eagerly to your uncle's aid——"

His impassioned words were cut short by Miss Merton's entrance.

"How cosey you are!" she cried, seating herself. "And is the hero quite recovered?"

"He's likely to faint dead away if you apply that title to him again, Miss Merton," Rossiter had wit enough to answer.

What had he been about to say? Miss Densmore wondered. Inference clearly pointed but in one direction, and yet——. She was in a tremor of doubt, not sure of herself, marvelling at Rossiter's sudden exhibition of feeling when hitherto he had held himself in such close restraint. As for Rossiter, he had resolved that he would not turn his back on the Merton farm and the hop-fields without putting his fortune once more to the test.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton came in shortly, a lamp was lighted, and then, though they urged upon him to rest for a while longer, Rossiter declared that he would go down to the men's sleeping-quarters, and bade them all "good-night."

"You'll not hesitate to rouse some of us if you should feel ill?" said Mrs. Merton.

Rossiter assured her that she need have no further anxiety in regard to him, and went out to find Joe Becraft lounging about watching for him. He would have much preferred to be alone, but he would not hurt Becraft's feelings, so the two walked towards the men's sleeping-quarters together.

The next morning Rossiter was at his work as usual. He did not feel strong, but in response to all inquiries replied that he needed only another night's rest to be ready for further adventures. The girls came into the yard long enough to pick one more box each, chatted gleefully over the amount of money they had earned, talked of the departure of the pickers and how lonely the farm would seem after they had gone, inquired as to Rossiter's plans, and said, as they were leaving, that they would reserve their good-byes until later, he having stated that he should probably ride into Illica with the Becrafts on the following morning, although some were planning to take the evening train for Hintonville.

By four o'clock the last box had been emptied, the last pole stripped and stacked. It was announced that Mr. Merton was to be found in his little room in the barn, and thither all the pickers flocked for their pay. When the grateful farmer came to settle with Rossiter he endeavored to make him accept a much larger sum than that due him, saying he wished in some way to show his appreciation of his many services, and knew no other manner of making clear such appreciation. It was frankly yet by no means indelicately put, and though the pole-puller would not listen to the proposal, he was gratified rather than offended. Mr. Merton then asked him if he would not like to remain in his employment upon the farm, saying that Jack Parmelee had suggested it. For this further mark of kindness Rossiter expressed his thanks, but replied in the negative, whereat Mr. Merton's regret was apparently genuine.

As Rossiter emerged from his interview with Mr. Merton, and was standing in the door of the barn pondering upon how he should effect his interview with Miss Densmore, a young man, trimly clad and neatly gloved, drove briskly into the yard in a smart dog-cart. He pulled up in in front of the porch and Miss Densmore and Miss Merton came out to meet him.

"Hullo! There's young Wolffe, a friend of Sylvia's from Illica," said Jack Parmelee, who was sitting upon the barn threshold whittling energetically at a splinter of pine. "Hey, Dick Whittlesey! Run and take that horse!"

"I came down from the woods day before yesterday," the newcomer was saying to Miss Densmore, "and yesterday I met your father, who told me you were up here, so I thought I'd drive out."

As Rossiter viewed the greeting between the two, the lovely girl and this fine-looking, handsomely dressed young man, the little fabric of dream which he had allowed to grow gradually since his struggle in the dip crumbled into dismal ruin. He strode away into the orchard cursing himself for his mad presumption. Yet hope died hard, and by the time the sound of the supper bell rang out he made up his mind that the presence of this unexpected arrival should not deter him from pleading his cause. Curiously, in all his thoughts of Miss Densmore the probability that her affections were engaged was not a thing that had received from him much consideration. Now he wondered why.

The evening meal was earlier than usual, that those of the pickers who desired might catch the train at Hintonville. After he had eaten Rossiter again sought the orchard. He had decided that he would wait and watch to see when Mr. Wolffe took his departure, and then perhaps the opportunity he sought would offer itself. Eagerly he marked the shadows gather, and saw the evening star begin to glisten beyond the purple outline of the distant hills. He was just upon the point of returning to the proximity of the house when he caught the faint murmur of voices. He had found a seat upon a wide rail in a corner of the snake fence where tall elderberry-bushes formed a partial screen, and fancying it was some of the pickers wandering by the path, half a dozen yards away, to the edge of the orchard, he concluded he would let them pass before making a move. He sat there inattentive and passive until suddenly he was conscious that one of those speaking was Miss Densmore. Without looking he knew who her companion must be. What should he do? As yet he had heard no word of their conversation, and he had no desire to play the unwilling eavesdropper. As noiselessly as possible he tried to shift his position so that he might slip into the bushes on the other side of the fence and thus steal away unnoticed. He had half accomplished his purpose when what Wolffe was saying became clear to him.

"It isn't a matter of one hour in the day, Sylvia, but of every hour," his words ran. "Indeed, it seems to me that you are never absent from my thoughts. I can't put you away from me. Why, up there in the woods I heard your name in the song of every bird, in every breeze that cried in the pine-tops, in every brook murmuring over the rocks. Your face was always before me, even when I woke in the great darkness of the forest night."

Rossiter could not know that it was the third time this young man had declared his love to Miss Densmore; that he was now breaking his promise not to speak of it to her again; that a moment before, when he had ventured on forbidden ground, she had endeavored to silence him. To the tortured man it seemed like a first declaration, and to all appearances the girl was a willing listener. In his agony of mind his caution was forgotten, and he allowed one of the branches which he had bent back to slip from his hand and strike against the fence. Miss Densmore glanced towards him, recognized his disappearing figure, and gave a little, suppressed cry. He supposed it to be one of fright, and, hastily parting the bushes among which he now found himself, sped, crushed at heart, swiftly away in the thickening shades.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOOD-BY TO THE HOP-FIELDS.

When Miss Densmore stepped upon the porch of the house she was alone. Mr. Wolffe had gone to the barn to look after the harnessing of his horse. His interview had had in it an unmistakable element of finality, and at last he realized the utter hopelessness of further pleadings and protestations. He could not understand Miss Densmore's strange agitation and fright at the noise in the bushes, but why, he questioned, should he now trouble his head about that? His horse was shortly ready, he sprang into the cart, gathered up the reins, and started, in no very amiable mood, on his 12-mile drive to Illica.

As Miss Densmore entered a narrow side hallway she encountered Jack Parmelee.

"Your pole-puller left his good-byes," he said. "He changed his mind, I guess, about waitin' until morning; thought mebbe he could catch the train at Hintonville; wanted me to give you this," and he held out a small slip of folded note-paper.

"Thank you," said Miss Densmore, taking it and passing into the room where Rossiter had been brought the previous afternoon, and where her cousin and aunt were now sitting. It was, then, even as she had feared: Rossiter had heard a portion of Mr. Wolffe's untimely declaration.

"Mr. Wolffe wished me to say good-night," she remarked to Miriam and her aunt. "It's so late that he felt he must hasten back."

"Mr. Rossiter's gone. Did Jack tell you?" exclaimed Miriam. "Wasn't it queer he should start off so, and never come in to say good-by? I can't understand it. Really, I feel quite hurt."

"Oh, I suppose he thought if he waited to say good-by to everyone he wouldn't catch the train," returned Miss Densmore with assumed indifference.

This attitude on her cousin's part seemed so unnatural that Miss Merton fell to wondering what could be

AND THEN THE SIGNATURE.

back of it, but she did not think it wise to question her. There was Mr. Wolffe's sudden departure too. Could there be any connection between the abrupt leave-taking of the two men? The enigma was quite beyond her solving, and there appeared to be no inclination on Miss Densmore's part to solve it for her. The latter lingered for a moment, and then passed leisurely from the room. She ascended the stairs, entered her chamber, and closed the door. She did not strike a light at once, but sat down upon the edge of the bed and gazed wide-eyed at the wall.

She recalled what she had said on the night of the hop-dance, and also her talk with Rossiter on the preceding evening. "Her promise to herself," he had called it, her assertion in regard to her after-thought of her hop-picking life. Tears started into her eyes. Had he come to say good-by to her, as she surely expected that he would, she had meant to extend to him a cordial invitation to call upon her in Illica, and something in her heart told her he would have come. Now she felt that in all likelihood she should never see him again. He had not revealed to her his home—or the place that he had once called home; she had gathered that it was one of the large eastern cities, and that he was returning thither to begin life anew, that was all. The chapter seemed to her irrevocably closed.

At length she rose, lighted a candle and unfolded the crumpled scrap of paper. "Good-by. God bless you," she read, and then his signature—"Philip Rossiter." She extinguished the candle, and going to the window looked long at the sky and the fast-thickening stars. Then she walked to the bureau, opened one of the drawers and taking therefrom a little box of Venetian glass which held some treasured trinkets, snapped back the lid and laid the paper caressingly among them.

[To Be Continued.]

Philosophic Maunderings.

It takes a woman to discover that it takes a woman to discover a woman.

A woman with her hair falling off would be in a Dickens of a fix if she should lose Oliver Twist.

Some people leave the latchstring hanging out because latchstrings are cheaper than doorknobs.

The automobile may be a sign of material progress, but it hasn't struck us that way.—Baltimore News.