

Bellefonte, Pa., January 18, 1929.

FAIRIES

There are fairies at the bottom of ourgarden! It's not so very, very far away;

You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead, I do so hope they've really come to stay.

There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles. And a little stream that quietly runs through

You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there-

Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

They often have a dance on summer nights: The butterflies and bees make a lovely

little breeze. And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights. Did you know that they could sit upon

the moonbeams And pick a little star to make a fan. And dance away up there in the middle of the air?

Well, they can. There are fairies at the bottom of our

garden! You cannot think how beautiful they are; They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King

Come gently floating down upon their car. The King is very proud and very hand-

The Queen-now can you guess who that could be

(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away) ?-Well-it's Me!

POISON.

"She's an odd little thing-fey' the Scotch would call her." Preacher Meister flecked Circus, his snow-white horse, who could take an Ozark hill or ford a mountain stream better than any car man ever made.
Alec Graham snorted. "Fey'! Mur-

deress is the word I'd use!" "Faith-healing isn't murder," other reminded him mildly.

"It is." The young doctor was firm. "It is. For it keeps a regular physician from attending the case and making the proper prescription." "But if she cures them-

"When there's nothing the matter they get well and she takes the credit. And she's been darned lucky so far," he added with gloomy wrath.

"What do you mean by 'ummm'?" Alec was nettled, furious. "Why do you say 'ummm'? Do you mean it isn't luck? You don't believe in her, do vou?

"Yes. No." The older man quoted

'And I don't understand. It may be something beyond us, something—"
"I give up!" The young doctor "I give up!" The young doctor threw out his hands. "It's the encouragement- or at least the si- a ship. lence-of people like you that enables this faker, this charlatan, this cheap, top, I'd say: a hilltop with the wind meretricious---"

"She's none of those, Alec. I've known Hetty Babb for nineteen years and she's as fine and sincere as-well as you. And she belives just as strongly in her power and the rightno, duty-to use it as you in your-"

"But it isn't a question of belief! And sincerity's no test of right and wrong. The Hindu mother who throws her child to the Ganges believes It looks hopeless: she can't be arrested for practising medicine without a license, for she uses no drugs; and you can't get out an injunction against praying. And that's all she does-believes and prays, prays and believes!"

"And it wouldn't help if you could, so long as the people believe in her," said the minister quietly. "You can pass all the ordinances in the world and legislate all you please, but Mt. Tabor, Clay County, Missouri, won't budge one inch unless their emotions are aroused. And then—look out!"
"If she'd only lose a case!" the
young jaw clicked and the mouth was set in a straight, hard line.

The preacher darted a swift glance of shocked appraisal. "Do you mean you'd be willing to see someone--

"Willing! Glad!" Alec's tone was avage. "In fact, I'd commit murder myself if it would wake them up to what she's really doing and stop this community. senseless--- I've been here months now"-the preacher smiled to himslef; he had held this charge for thirty years—"and I'll probably spend the rest of my life in this forsaken hole. a thousand miles from anywhere, twenty from even a railroad, trying to keep men from buying patent medicine by the gross and women from feeding tea and salt pork to sixmonths-old babies! Talk about city tenements, they at least have milk-stations and district nurses. But the State Experiment Station will send out a man to tell them how to feed their hogs or assist with a litter of

pigs, while their owners- Look!" They were passing an unpainted shack that hung like a hornet's nest on the yellow clay of the hill.

"All of them just alike, with a wo-man bending over a tub and half- nothin'." dozen children hanging to her skirts day in and day out. It's bad in the cities, but there's change, noise, bustle, movies, dances, while here there's nothing-nothing! It's a wonder they don't go mad!"

"Some of them do," said the preacher quietly—"her mother for one. Then hung herself in a well." "Ah!" Alec's eyes gleamed triumph, no touch of sympathy. "That ac-

sane as you yourself. 'Fey'-that's the only word I can think of .. Here

we are.' Circus slowly rounded the curve, pulled up to the hitching-post and placed the Victory, and picked up the settled himself for a comfortable nap. Bible. "It aint at all—its the faith, And he n

Meister tossed reins over the whip and climbed out. Alec followed. "Won't you talk to her, make her

"I have. But it's no use, Alec." "Then I will."

He strode ahead. Meister followed, shaking his head: two of your fanatics on his hands, one the Apostle of Science, the other, the Disciple of Faith.

A fire was laid on the hard yellow clay that was caked and split in the August sun, and over it swung a huge black kettle from which came the odor of lye and fat. A woman was stirring the mixture—an awkward creature in gray calico.
Soap. Alec sickened. In this year

of our Lord making soap.
Suddenly a guest of wind swept around the shack, whirled a few parched leaves and an eddy of dust, fanned the fire into smoke and flames that licked the black pot fantastically and twined the shapeless figure and wreathed the white face with edusa

locks. Or an angel's halo. For, while Alec Graham thought of Old Salem and the witches his fathers had burned at the stake, Preacher Meister saw the Maid of Domremy. Then the wind ceased and the fire died and it was only an ozark girl with ash-colored hair and thin, pale face and eyes now dull and lifeless. "Pap's down yonder," she volun-

teered. Mournfully there floated up from the bottom-land the rich raucous voice of Billy Babb:

"Will the waters be chilly, Will the waters be chilly, Will the waters be chilly When I am called to die? "Not if Jesus is with me, Not if Jesus is with me-

Giddap, you blankety blank blank."
"You'll have to excuse Pap today,"
the girl explained hurriedly. "He "He ain't quite hisself."

Meister nodded. He had known and gathered it to he Billy Babb for thirty years regularly slowly lifted her head. automatically from mourners' bench his spirit poised midway between religous zeal and drunken carousal, but no one had ever found it.

"This is Doctor Graham, Hetty." Meister turned half-way down the hill

Left alone, they stared at each out the grant of the start of the star and the girl in grave courtesy. "Won't you set?" She led the way

magnificently to the scoured and darkened front room with its fourposter bed covered with crazy-quilt, horsehair chairs, wax lilies, stand-table with cone-shell, Bible, and—to his amazement-a plaster copy of the

Winged Victory.
She noticed his gaze and crossed to the figure with the sure, quick step thought not." of the blind although she could see. thoughtfully: "I do not believe her miracles but I believe her eyes." euryed back till they seemed almost He was back at curled. They caressed the gallant

"Putty, ain't she, standin' high that

way?"
"Yes; they think from the prow of She shook her head: "Oh, no, a hill-

on her face and mebbe the rain lashin' down. Alec was annoyed; he had not come to discuss Greek sculpture but he had no intention of giving in to such ig-

norance. "From the prow of a shp," he repeated firmly. "It's a Winged Vic-

The windows were closed, the air stifling. He sat. So did she-on the floor with the figure in her arms, like a child with a doll.

"Victory." She was talking half to herself, half to the statue, certainly not to him. "The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Faith! The word irritated him-

to these mountains. A word that he dear to Stephen. had thought forgotten, scrapped as outgrown, outworn in this day of could scarcely see. And there pound-science and reason. Faith—ignorance, ed in his ears, like a medieval chant and superstition! Else how could they believe-He stopped his nervous pacing and

looked at her again. "You are younger than I expected," he said abruptly.

Her eyes met his gravely. turned nineteen-last April." "Do you realize what you're doing?" Impatiently he painted for

ing?" Impatiently he painted for her as he had for Meister the conditions that he sought to remedy in the She listened blankly-stupidly, he thought; it was clear she had no vison at all of the freedom and abundance about him.

and glory of the life beyond these hills. Then timidly she tried to answer him, but her words to him meant nothing -archaisms -half forgotten phrases from King James' Bibleemotions and sentiments that belonged to another age, another world; and tears streamed down her face as she

struggled to make him understand. "How can I teach them to live sane, and follow the everyday rules of health and hygiene-exercise, fresh air and diet-when you come along and upset it all by an abracadable and promise of some cheap miracle?" Her color rose, but her voice was low and steady. "I don't promise

"You're ruining their lives-" "But it can't ruin their lives-just believing in the Bible." she protested.

"You're shutting them off from all science could doflared at that as he had at "faith." In these two words alone they had contact—a contact that was tin-

"Science! I'd rather they'd die believin, than live forever by science! But you notice"—her voice rang out lenge to his medical skill but a glit-

"It's luck, not any power of yours!" "It's a power, but it ain't mine." She moved swiftly to the table, re-

The book fell open at the page and she read with throbbing voice:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they

shall recover. "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was re-ceived up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."

The book closed and she looked in triumph. "Ain't it simple? Ain't it clear and plain? "Them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Her slim fingers caressed the covers

as she laid the book back on the table and went on wistfully.

"Parson says it don't mean now, hills yonder?" She pointed through the window to the great mounds of white oak. "Why; you could move them if you just had faith enough—

even so much "as a grain of mustard," she quoted softly. "Why don't you try that?" he asked curtly.
"I ain't testin' my Lord," she an-

swered with dignity, "but doin' His will. "Of all senseless, idotic. criminals

-'Alec broke out in disgust. Hs hand accidentally fell on the floor. Her eyes widened, she gasped and swayed, then slowly sank on her hies she held in her arms till the fev-knees beside it. She shook with sobs er was gone and they slept once and gathered it to her heart, then more.

to blind tiger, then back again to the set and her eyes were black: a lean was no need they were willing to that would have given relief. blessed fount; there must have been some fraction of an instant when his spirit poised midway between reharsh voice of Billy Babb's daughter stay away; and when they'd creep that spoke:

-Bible clasped to her heart with one hand, gun pointed at him with the ished death itself, or so they believed. other; a symbol of the narrow, bigoted intolerence he so despised. He left.

Meister was waiting in the buggy. "Well, any luck?" His tone cheerful. Alec shook his head. The other grinned sympathetically.

The young man paused a moment,

with eyes serene and blue. tory?" He indicated the statute. She turned. "Stephen sent it to

Stephen Meister, the minister's son, his college friend still in the Eastas they called Kentucky. He looked at her with new eyes. Stephen had never mentioned her, and yet he had sent, to be jogged over twenty miles of mountain road, this lovely winged figure.

"Are you—are you in love with Stephen?" he heard a dry voice ask. It was his own-he had to know. She eyed him calmly: "No, I shall never love anyone—ever."

Strange that his question had not been, does Stephen Meister love you? That was what he meant; that was why he was glad-that the friend he cherished most deeply had not been so ensnared. Then, too, it would have he had heard it so often since coming fight, to the very death, a woman

He stumbled back to the road. He could scarcely see. And there pound--the renunciation of a nun, the vow of a religieuse-throughout the long drive and the days and nights that followed:

Why had she said it, this moun- and sent me away. They shouldn't tain girl with ash-colored hair and 'a' done that, should they?" "I shall never-love-anyone ever." eyes now black, now blue? And why had she said it to him?

He did not see her again for several months. And it seemed somehow that he must have dreamed the whole affair; it was too fantastic-what was the word Meister had used?-too fey, for the practical, workaday world

For life in the Ozarks was very practical that fall. First, there had been a drouth. There was always a drouth, or a flood, or hoof-and-mouth disease, or cholera, or rust-always something that sapped the hope and vitality of those who lived on the quent depression, prey for every disease of mind and body. Then the the doorway, white and tired, like a water supply of the little town had nun, with a bandage across her head. become polluted, and typhoid followed. And there were, of course, the usual epidemics of measles, mumps, chicken-pox, and whooping cough, to which each child was deliberately exposed on the theory that "he might as well have it now and git it over with." And always the ever-present

"chills and ager." treating each case with physics and pills and powders, knowing that an all-wise Father sent sickness and pestilence to try the soul of man and that the best he could do was to alleviate the immediate suffering of the lose faith."

invidivual. But to Alec it was not just a chal-"No"—the other shook his head; triumphantly — "they ain't —they're tering opportunity to lay the foundation for a sound. scientific attitude to the same as you yourself. "For' that's tion for a sound, scientific attitude God in His infinite wisdom but from man in his careless ignorance. practiced medicine but he preached

tion became a political issue that clear and solemnly sweet: threatened to split churches, and Alec threw himself into the fight with a zest that won him a place on the county ticket for the spring election; and better still gave him access to the can flame!-editorials in favor of vac- vindicate herself or . . .

best allies—some of them young girls delirous, clasped to her heart. And and their enthusiasm for the removal all around were weeping womenof adenoids and tonsils, Better Health Miss Mattie, his aunt, a plump little Week with its tooth-brush drill, may have been the result of their normalschool enlightenment or a tribute to

Alec's profile. And through it all Hetty went her burden from her arms. way quietly, and believed and prayed

and healed. That was the curious thing-"and

healed." And the maddening thing, for it made him feel his were only paper victories. He tried to tell himself that it was just for those days and His own disciples. But it don't say his activities were on a large plane, that, does it? Them that believe . . . that he was laying the broad founhis activities were on a large plane, and Thy servant-help Thou my un-A mystic quality crept into her tone. dation for a generation that would Finally the struggle ceased; the You or me— Parson—anyone—we're be free from such ignorance and suptired little body relaxed, the head fell all His disciples, ain't we? See them erstition, but in his heart he envied, even as he resented, the intimate personal contact of the girl.

Then suddenly he began to realize that the seed of his propaganda was taking root. Mountain families no longer related eagerly how she had prayed Uncle Mort through pneumonia or told in awe how her coming had stayed the passing of little Ann.

It is true they would still relate some "miracle" they'd "heard tell" she'd performed, but with a superior skepticism that quickened his pride. Except the mothers, who were Bible and in sheer nervous exaspera- steadfastly loyal. For Hetty, it seemtion he gave it a shove. It fell to the ed, had a way with children. Grown people she just prayed over, but ba-

Consquently his baby clinic was a The tears were gone, her face was very hollow affair. So long as there back some two weeks later he'd know "Git out! You don't know our by their expression, either shamefacmountains, you don't know we 'uns ed or defiant, that they had sent for and you don't want to. You've come Hetty. Strange to say, they preferhere to tear down our faith with your red her super-love to his scientific here to tear down our faith with your red her super-towe to his scientific that alone, they stared at each othLeft alone, they stared at each othLeft alone, they stared at each othHell first—git out!"

to recapture their zeal for orange to recapture their zeal for orange juice and no kissing when this girl by the touch of her hand had ban-

> Therefore he centered his attention on the clinic, redoubled his energy, and waited. His chance came with the Tanner

> baby, a wizened six-months-old-mite -the fourth child in five years. (How he longed for the day when he could preach birth control!)

The Tanners were "hers" comof the blind although she tolid set.

Her hands were outstretched, alive then turned abruptly. "There's one pletely except for Rose, the stepdaughter of thirteen. So it was stood, without Bible, without gun, thin, dark-eyed girl caught hold of big and bright. And his heart—I Suddenly the with eyes serene and blue. th eyes serene and blue.

his arm one evening after school and could feel it beatin' faster and faster around from the door. "There's no ewhere did you get it—that Vic- awkwardly said that Mr. would like —fairly fightin' to git out."

Suddenly the younger man swung around from the door. "There's no ether way—she'll have to do it: make for him to look at the baby.

He did, and saw in a second's glance that a very simple operation was all that was needed. He shut the mother from the room but let Rose stay; a swift incision, a quick turn and jerk, a few tiny stitches, and the youngest of the Tanners took up life again with only the natural handicaps of a depleted heredity and depressing environment.

The news spread instantly that the Doc had saved the Tanner baby when Hetty Babb had failed, and, although he was annoyed by their tendency to give him the worship formerly ac-corded the girl, he was glad for such an illustration of the harm in faithhealing. Suppose, it rumbled over the country, the Tanners hadn't called him in. Suppose they had let her been hard to fight, as he meant to go on. Suppose And several citizens came to him to see about stopping "that girl, she means well, but-

at Preacher Meister's to go over a list of the needy poor. As he sat waiting for the parson, in the next room he heard sobs and then a voice he had once thought dull and monotonous: "I could have done it if they'd only

believed. But they doubted, Parson, A quiet, steadying murmur from Meister. A pause. Then a sharp cry from the girl—a cry of physical pain.

Alec leaped to his feet and stood tense as Meister hurried in. motioned to a chair but Alec still

looked toward the door.
"What—what—" He could not fin-"Hetty Babb." The man understood his question. "Just binding a cut or so on her forehead-rocks

thrown at her by some boys." "They need a playground—they're too careless in the street." "This wasn't play." Hetty stood in "This wasn't play. They meant it"she gave a little gasp—"meant for them to hit me. And they shrieked and yelled and called me names-a-

a witch." Meister patted her shoulder. "Don't pay 'em any heed-you know boys, Hetty."

And Doctor Shoemaker, the other physician, jogged comfortably on the way he'd followed for thirty years, in the store yesterday-Nicholas'they all stopped talking and-" She lifted her head and turned to Alec with sudden fire. "You've done this -turned 'em against me, made 'em

Alec thrilled. He was sorry, of course, angry, in fact, that they were using such stupid, childish methods of expression, but still it marked the turn of the tide.

She gathered her cape about her.

"I shall always go alone-always."

The door closed after her softly. Ten days later they met again at the bedside of Jimmie Bassett, a little cripple with curvature of the spine, two local weeklies, which started by and both of them knew this case was carrying statistical items on methods of purifying water and ended whole town and county about were with flaming—as only mountaineers waiting eagerly for Hetty either to open; the two men turned in the shaft

When he entered she was kneeling The teachers, of course, were his in prayer with the child, wild-eyed and seamstress, the hysterical mother, neighbors.

Angry, disgusted, Alec strode swiftly toward her and took the hot

The child stiffened and screamedhysteria, spasms, convulsions. A neighbor rushed in with hot water, another made mustard compress. Miss Mattie paced the floor and Hetty still babbled in prayer.

"O Lord, let Miss Mattie believe,

Finally the struggle ceased; the back on the pillow, and the eyelids were closed in peace. She rose with an eerie: "Give him

to me !" Alec pushed her back. "Go home: to Miss Mattie briefly. "You called

me too late." The neighboring woman stared; it was true-Jimmie was dead-an innocent child-killed. And stole out to whisper it to the town.

Two hours later old Circus had crossed Niangua and clacked his heavy hoofs up the ribbonwhite road. No light in the little shack on the hill - Preacher Meister's anxiety doubled. She must be home, he must see her first, before ... A quick knock at the door an she

came, dull and dry-eyed. She had not been crying. He was sorry, for "Oh, it's you. Come in." She lighted the kerosene lamp. "Won't you set? I reckon you've heard," she went on, hands plumped on her knees like an old woman. "It's gone, all

He pitied her suffering, but was glad for the statement. "Never any more, for my faith is gone. That's what it was this time. They all kept crowdin' around-wondtie-I heard 'em whisperin' about it in the hall before supper, sayin' they'd speak Alec's name-"him. And I thought of all that when I looked at Jimmie-it's hard to think of God

thought come in."
She brushed her eyes to shut out his little peaked face and his eyes all

Meister laid a quiet hand on her arm. "It's better for Jimmie, my dear; God giveth His beloved sleep." "It's all right for Jimmie, yes," she answered bitterly, "but the rest of us-it's gone, Parson, my faith!" He was thankful; she had broken at

last, and he let her exhaust herself in tears before he answered: "You haven't lost faith, Hetty. Maybe you don't believe in yourself as an instrument any longer, but God's still there-you believe in Him.' She stared at him a moment, then caught her breath. "That's true! It ain't God that failed —it was me!"

She gave a little laugh of joy and flung herself on her knees beside him. 'You've give it back to me-God still lives and His promise is true!" Then she stopped in sudden thought. "But the people—they won't understand. They'll think it's God, that He's gone back on His word. But I'll show 'em He stopped in a few nights later next time, prove to 'em-" It had to be done. He dreaded

hated it, feared it, but she must be told before. . . . "There can be no other time, Het-She stared inquiringly and he went on quietly. "I hate to tell you-

don't take it hard; but you've got to promise to quit healing." Her lips repeated the words: "To quit healin'...

He stumbled on: "The town people -vou know how things are, and they

feel-well, you've got to quit, Hetty. Her voice throbbed in answer: "Not "Sorry to've kept you waiting." He as long as I live! Would you have me deny my Master?" "I've come out to get your promise. Otherwise in the morning they're going to the court house and charge you

with-murder." It was done. The Bible dropped from her hands. She heard again Alec's metallic voice: "Go home: you have done enough-you have killed an innocent child."

Murder ... The people she had healed would charge her with murder. They had turned against her because of—him. "I can't stop, Parson," she answered gently. "I've got to give 'em back their faith. You see, if they think God failed 'em in that promise, why, they won't believe, none of 'em."

He reasoned, he argued, he pleaded, and she listened with tears, but her "Children don't say such things of answer was always the same. They were interrupted by

> She waited, Bible in hand, then was suddenly caught by a tone; it washim, the man who had betrayed her. Fragments of the talk floated inhushed, hurried whispers. "They've lost their minds, gone

the believin'-just like it says right forces in his aid. The water ques- smoky haze, but her voice rang out night for beating his wife. She was ed clearly the great purple welts and cuts on his face and body when they brought him home at dawn. And another time Dave Montross, who ran the blind tiger. And Mark Beckley.

But those were long ago and the victims were men. She moved to the door and flung it

of yellow light. "Come in." They entered without a word. "I've heard what you said."
Parson crossed to her in swift pity. 'Now don't you worry, Hetty."

"I'm not afraid." "You needn't be." Alec's face was white with agony, but his voice was hard and determined—the same voice that had turned her away from the deathbed, now used in her defense. "But they musn't do this-thiswhat they're plannin'."

"They won't." "Don't you see,' she went on, weaving her thin fingers in and out in a constant pattern, "it don't matter about me—what they do to me—but them—it's somethin' they'll allus regret when they come to their senses—somethin' that can never be wipd out.

"I'll talk to them," said Meister, "make them see." "Talkin's no good now." Her tone was not bitter, but Alec flushed. "No, you have done enough—you have nor that," she added as his eyees fell killed an innocent child." He turned on the gun. "It's me— I've got to do to Miss Mattic. held."

"But Hetty-what-" "I've thought it all out-it's simple as can be. You know what the Bible

Alec interrupted; there was no time for a religious harangue. He turned to Meister.

"We've got to get her away-hide swayed mystically and opened to the Bible verse: "And these signs shall follow them that believe . . . and if they drink any deadly thing it shall

not hurt them. . . . There was silence a moment Then she eagerly outlined her plan; she would drink "any deadly thing' from Alec's medicine case; then when the crowd came he could tell them the test she had made.

erin', doubtin', just waitin' for me to matter what kind, just so it's deadly fail. Even his mother and Miss Mat-poison. I'll fetch some water to take poison. I'll fetch some water to take it with.

> pump. "I wanted her stopped by law. I never dreamt this." Alec stared down

"It's easy to start changes, but the the picture. "I can see him now, with pendulem don't always stop where Suddenly the younger man swung

> Meister stared. You'd let her-die?' not! I'll substitute something as harmless as sugar or soda. Then I'll tell them she made the test, they'll believe me and-thy'll be right back

> her die!" He swiftly opened his medicine case

contents of the bottle. "Would you mind tellin' me what it's like—what happens - other times?" she asked timidly. Alec hesitated an instant before fabricating. "It isn't painful; a

long sleep."
"Does it take long?" He shook his head impatiently-his mind was intent on the hoof beats that would soon trip-hammer the

She turned earnestly to Meister. "If I succeed they'll believe again. But if I should fail, Parson, you tell them it still is true—His promise to them that believe—but that it was my weakness, some tiny doubt that enter-ed in me." She drained the cup and turned to

them with a look of radiance. Alec stumbled to the door. was more than he could bear. All her life she would face him serenely and in a superior consciousness of her "miracle, and he could never reveal the truth-to her or to anyone. She would go down in history with Saint Elizabeth. He could never discount faith again. With one impulsive gesture he had torn down the structure of months and had, by the same stroke, made it impossible ever to rebuild. He had tossed over his life's work, past and future, for that girl-"fey, the

"Let's walk and meet them." voice was thick. Anything to get out knock. Meister answered and hurried- of that room, to leave that effulgent presence. He hated her, loathed her, for what she had made him do.

Meister followed him and she watched them go, through the pines

hung on the farthest hilltop and a completely mad . . . I tried to stop quiet peace settled upon her. The them ... I never dreamt they would act like this! A whipping!"
—the shocked horror of his tone!—
"and a woman! We've got to do acceptable the shocked horror of his tone!—
"and a woman! We've got to do acceptable they are also acceptable to the shock hor or of his tone!—
"and a woman! We've got to do acceptable they are also acceptable to the shock hor or of their acceptable to the shock hor or of the sh something. And they're on their about her, and closer to God, she felt, than ever before.

"Good-by, Parson.
"You—you can't go alone. The been "ridings" before in the mountains. Once, long ago, they'd taken and he managed to enlist various "Good-by, Parson.

"You—you can't go alone. The been "ridings" before in the mountains. Once, long ago, they'd taken and whipped him all Ned Warfly and whipped him all (Continued on page 7, Col 1.)

The whole county will be shamed.'

next case would show 'em, but it's got to be now."

her some place until—"

"And this'll do more than jest save me or them," she went on thoughtfully. "It will give 'em their faith back, let 'em believe once more." She

"For they'll believe you. It don't

She went to the kitchen, an outer give me one more chance before they door slammed, and a few minutes latcalled"—she hesitated and did not er they heard her priming the rusty

when folks crowd around and other the moonlit road and listened for the beat of hoofs.

> the test." Alec shook his head. "Of course

where they were!" Meister shook his head: "No, they'll never be there again!" Alec went on passionately: "It'll undo everything I've fought for, but I

can't let them take her. I can't let

and took out a bottle with a small red seal. "The only bit of real poison in the lot." He thrust it carefully in his inner pocket and took another from the case. "And this, plain sodium." Hetty returned with a cup of water. He silently dumpped into it the entire-

slight fever, quickening pulse, drowsiness, a little dizzy, perhaps; swollen veins then a damp chill—and a long,

Scotch would call her.'

to the moonlit road. She stared at the pale moon that