

Captain Chalkley N. Booth Gets Man By Clever Ruse

State Police Turn Coon Hunters To Capture Outlaw Mountaineer

The Coon Hunters

When "C" Troop delivered Israel Drake into the grasp of the District Attorney of Cumberland County, the District Attorney's soul suffused with joy. Then, because it was good, he asked for more—asked for the body of Carey Morrison.

In the interval, however, "C" Troop had been so besought for help from many other quarters, both official and private, that not a single man of the company remained free to aid the District Attorney of Cumberland. So the Superintendent of State Police referred the request to "B" Troop, presiding over the next nearest State Police section, with orders that two Troopers report at once to departmental headquarters at Harrisburg.

In accordance with the command, Sergeant Herbert Smith and Private Chalkley N. Booth forthwith reported at Harrisburg. Here they received first a warrant for the arrest of Carey Morrison, wanted for arson, burglary, felonious assault, and minor offenses; second, a pencil sketch roughly showing the region in which Morrison was supposed to be lurking; and, third, the instruction, bare of detail, to "go get the man."

Sergeant Smith and Private Booth had talked over a possible line of campaign while en route to headquarters. Nothing that they learned there having affected their notion, they now went out, bought themselves canvas hunting suits and borrowed shotguns. Then they took the next train from Harrisburg to Mount Holly Springs Junction. At this junction they transferred to a goat-path railroad heading up into the hills.

Their destiny was a tiny mountain settlement, about fifteen miles, as a crow flies, north of Gettysburg. The two Troopers, as the little engine labored up the heavy grades, gossiped carelessly with the train-hands concerning it. It was a place of about ninety inhabitants, they learned—twenty houses; a general store and postoffice; poor mountain people; had a hard life of it, generally. Carey Morrison, one of Israel Drake's gang, had worked it over pretty thoroughly; with no light hand. Now, since Drake's capture by the Troopers, folks did say Carey was hiding out, but—better not count on that!

Philadelphia Sportsmen?

At the General Store and Post-office the two officers asked where they could find board. They let it be understood that they were Philadelphia sportsmen, friends of Mr. Cameron, owner of much forest thereabout, and they would like to do a little hunting by themselves while waiting the arrival of their host with the dogs.

Only one house in the settlement could accommodate boarders, they were told. So they applied and were received at that little farm. For a day or two they tramped the woods with their guns, stopping hither and yon at mountain cabins for a light for their pipes, for a drink of water, for a bit of casual talk, striving always to pick up news.

But news of Carey Morrison was very hard to get. The entire mountain population was literally afraid to mention his name. In this his peculiar haunt he was greatly dreaded as was his leader, Israel Drake, in a wider field. Three times he had robbed the store and rifled the postoffice safe. Twice he had burned the mountain-side. He had committed innumerable robberies and assaults. Once he had walked up to a farmer as he stood in his shed chopping wood, with the pre-emptory demand: "I want five dollars of ye!"

And when the farmer ventured to demur, Carey snatching the axe out of the man's grasp, chopped off his right hand.

Almost every Constable in the County held a copy of the warrant for Carey's arrest, but, small blame to them, Carey still went free. Very recently the local Constable had "hired out" to a farmer to pick the apples in an orchard high on the mountain-side. Perhaps the orchard lay too high, too near his own eyrie, to please Carey Morrison. At all events, when Carey, moving over his domain, espied the village officer so engaged, he descended at once to the orchard owner's house.

Towering in the doorway, shutting out the sunlight with the terror of his big and sinewy bulk, he issued his edict:

"Constable is picking apples up in your orchard. Tell him if I ever see him here again I am going to kill him!"

The farmer tremblingly obeyed. The Constable tremblingly conformed. And no one would willingly pronounce the name of Carey Morrison for fear the very shadows might be his messengers.

Yet through their silence pierced once and again some little rays of light. Brought all together these showed the general direction and area in which the man should be sought. Unfortunately, that area lay in a territory obviously bad for hunting, while the good game grounds started from the opposite quarter.

RIVERSIDE PRESS GRANTS PERMISSION TO PUBLISH STORY ABOUT CAPT. BOOTH

One of the original members of the Pennsylvania Constabulary when that body of men was organized at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War, the late Capt. Chalkley N. Booth of Dallas had many thrilling experiences with criminals who soon learned to respect the new "State Wild Cats." The late Katherine Mayo, author of "Mother India," included many of Captain Booth's exploits with other members of the force in articles contributed to The Saturday Evening Post and in her book, "The Standard Bearers." The editors of The Post are grateful to the Houghton-Mifflin Company, the Riverside Press, Boston, for their kind permission to reprint the chapter on the "Coon Hunters" from "The Standard Bearers." It is a tribute to a fine police officer who brought lasting honors to the "force" during his more than forty years of active police work in Pennsylvania.

The Decoy Letters

Meantime, in the boarding house, the strongly developed native curiosity of their host and hostess increased apace. On the very day of their arrival the Troopers had seen the necessity of satisfying it with food fit for their ends. Private Booth, therefore, had written two decoy letters—one to an imaginary friend in Boston, another to a creature of his brain elsewhere addressed, dealing with hunting dogs and discussing plans for a trip. These letters he had left on his bureau carelessly unsealed; and he had found with satisfaction, when next he returned to his room, that the two missives had met with their intended fate.

But the soporific did not long suffice, and, to make matters vastly worse, it chanced that a series of burglaries, begun in the region just previous to their arrival now continued nightly. The spinster teacher of the district school, resident in the house, conceived the pestilential idea that the two "hunters" were no other than the burglars in disguise. Harping on that string she so imbued the rest of the household with her own belief and fear that several persons sat up each night to spy upon the possible goings and comings of the "Philadelphia sportsmen."

This was hampering enough, but when at last the village Constable, who he dared not displease Carey Morrison, began stealthily trailing them about in the woods, the two officers were more amused than vexed.

Coon Dogs

Nevertheless, the diurnal routine of losing the Constable came soon to be rather a handicap. For now the trail was growing warm. The "hunters" had discovered in a mountaineer named Cox, a brother-in-law of Morrison, Cox, lank and idle, butternut-jauned, lived high among the ledges, far above the settlement and alone. Constitutionally suspicious of strangers, he too, was prone to curiosity in the wildwood way of his kind. Like wily snarlers of a light winged bird, the Troopers at first played for his interest by hunting around his perch, without visible remark of his existence beyond a passing nod. Next day they drew a little closer. Later, they ventured a word, and so by increasingly rapid degrees, became friends.

Some odds and ends of dogs were hanging about the shack. "These look like promising coon-dogs," hazarded Private Booth, "Good coon-dogs them be," rejoined the mountaineer with warmth.

"If there's anything I do love, it's coon-hunting," cried Booth. "Good coon-hunting back yonder," vouchsafed Butternut-Jeans, with a jerk of the thumb toward the woods, "but them dogs belong to a brother-in-law of mine. They won't do their best work for me."

"I'll give you ten dollars if you'll take us out with 'em anyway," Booth pursued, with growing enthusiasm.

"Nothin' agin that," assented the mountaineer. "When d'yer want to go?"

"Well, let's see," Booth pondered, looking interrogatively at Smith. "Not before tomorrow night, I reckon." "Make it tomorrow night," responded Smith, with decision.

And so, having arranged to meet again at Cox's cabin on the following noon they parted for the day.

As the two Troopers dropped down the mountain-side toward supper and their distrustful house-mates, Sergeant Herbert Smith divulged his plan. The details of that plan are his secret—the fruit of his own wily brain. But his statement to his comrade ended thus: "And so you see, Cox will be called away. He'll leave tomorrow

afternoon. And we two will manage the rest very easily.

True to their appointment the two reappeared at Cox's shack at the hour agreed. The mountaineer sat on his door-step, his hat pushed back on his head, whittling a stick without purpose. Plainly, his state of mind was mixed. "Reckon I can't take you fellers out tonight, arter all," he remarked without looking up.

"Oh, come now!" remonstrated Booth, "what's come over you, man?"

"Got a call to go away for a couple o' days," answered the whittler, gruff with embarrassing pride. "Business. Got to leave before sundown, sure."

"Well, now," ejaculated Sergeant Smith, "if that isn't the meanest yet! Why, we've got to get back home in a couple of days ourselves, and I did want a night's coon-hunting the worst way."

"I kinda hate to lose that ten dollars, too," reflected Cox.

"Oh, look here," protested Smith. "We can't let it go like this. Say if you'll find some one to take us out with the dogs tonight, we'll give you that ten dollars, anyway, and square it with the other man besides."

Cox meditated, brightening. "Maybe I might fix that," he conceded. "But there's only one other man could work them dogs. That's my brother-in-law, he owns 'em. And I ain't sure he'd do it. You see you don't know who my brother-in-law is, yet. Well, I'll tell ye: He's Carey Morrison."

Cox paused with patient satisfaction to see the bomb fall. "You don't mean it," gasped the coon-hunters, looking askance over their shoulders as though the woods had suddenly rustled with ghosts.

"Thought I'd scare ye," chuckled Cox. "But you don't need to be scared of him just now, not so much as usual. Fact is, he's hidin' out these days. You see, he's done what he pleased in these here mountains so long that he didn't ever reckon no other way. He'd got all the folks trained to give him his own will, peaceably. They never interfere with him. But here, the other day, after a little sport that Israel Drake had with a couple of old misers, what does the District Attorney do but up and hand out a warrant to the State Wild Cats!"

"And I'm damned if them crazy Wild Cats didn't go in and nab Israel Drake the very first jumb!" Him that had laughed at the whole County for years and years! You most couldn't believe it!

"So now, that's why Carey's a little skeered. He doesn't mind nobody else on God's green earth, but he sure does fear them as got Israel Drake.

"Of course, there's a lot of us that's his brothers and cousins, kin and kind, round the mountain, that will stand by him 'til hell freezes shet. But it seems like he'd got these State's men on his mind. I reckon he's hipped about it. They ain't never been seen 'round these woods. And none of 'em ain't goin' to dare show themselves here neither. But since they got Israel Drake, Carey's like he's plumb locoed. He's looking for 'em behind every bush not knowing what shape they'll come in. But you fellers wait for me here and I'll go over to Carey's place and ask him. Reckon he might like a little money himself, just now, to skip away out of this."

Looking For Carey

The two Troopers let Cox get out of sight. Then with their trained woodsman's skill they trailed him, soundless as Indians. As he reached his destination—a little barn-like slab shack buried in thick brush by the edge of an abandoned slate quarry—they had him well in view. "Carey!" Cox called within the door and again in a suppressed voice around the place, "Carey!"

No answer. Cox sought a little further, as though his man might be sleeping in the cover of some rock or bush. Then he turned, evidently convinced that the search was useless.

When he regained his own cabin in the two coon-hunters were lying on their backs in the shade of the wall, half asleep, smoking their pipes.

"Well," asked Smith, rearing up on one elbow with a yawn, "Did you find him?"

"He ain't there. But I reckon to find him on my way out. I'll start now so's to have time to hunt him and I'll send him here to ye. Will that do?"

"First rate," answered Smith heartily. "Where shall I leave the money for you, if he comes up?"

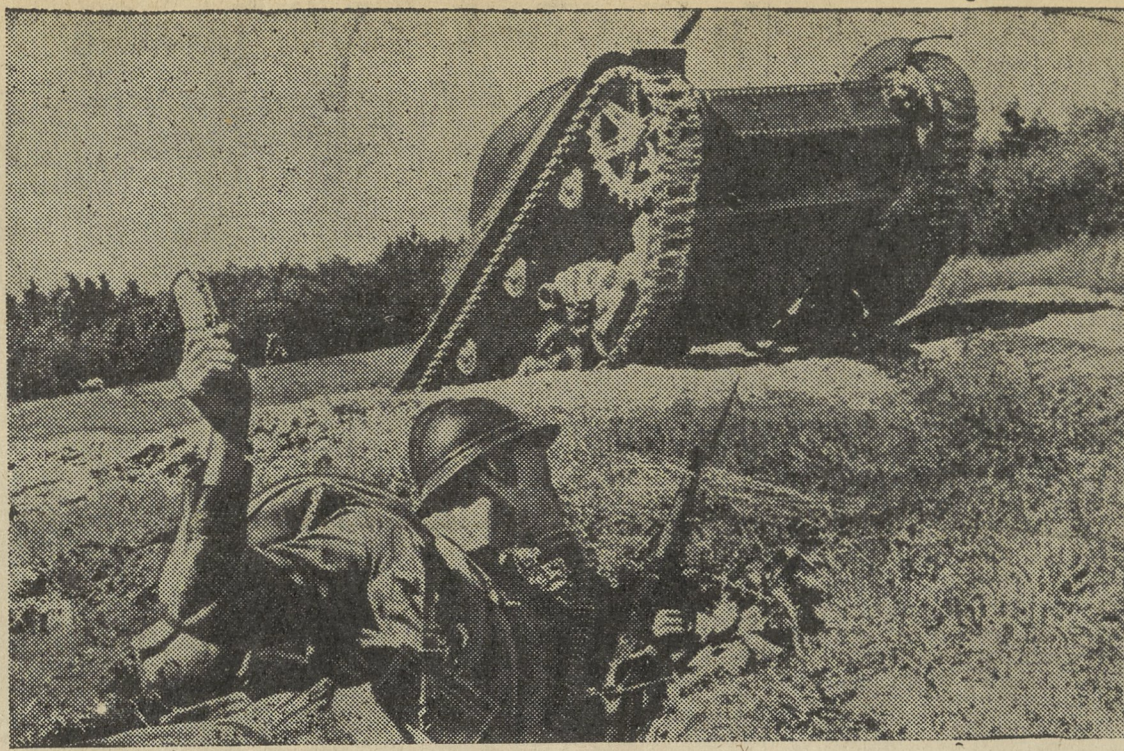
"Oh, leave it in yonder coffeacan, inside on the shelf under the beans. I'll tell Carey about it."

And the mountaineer, with a good-bye nod, vanished in the forests.

Hours passed, while the pair conscientiously enacted the role of care-free idlers, dozing and loafing about the empty cabin. Well aware that the wary eyes of the outlaw might be scanning their every move from behind some nearby screen of leaves, they gave their best thought to the behavior natural to coon-hunters under such circumstances, and they conducted themselves accordingly to a hair's breadth.

But though chipmunks, rabbits, and blue jays came to gaze upon

How The Reds Hope To Halt Panzers



A Russian infantryman is shown about to hurl a hand grenade at the tracks of a tank in an effort to halt the juggernaut. This photo was made during recent Red army maneuvers, but Soviet troops probably are performing similarly today as they seek to halt the invading Germans. (Central Press)

them with impartial interest, no human being appeared—no Carey Morrison.

"No use," murmured Smith, at last, as twilight began to fall, "either Cox didn't find him, or else he's too scary and won't come."

"My idea," said Booth, "would be to go back to the settlement and get a fresh start in the morning."

That night, as Sergeant Smith blew out his candle, he was distinctly aware of an eye withdrawn from his keyhole, of a rustle retreating down the hall.

"If we don't provide some excitement for her soon, it will be a cruel and unusual punishment," he said to himself as he dropped into his first sleep.

Bearding The Lion

Next dawn as the Troopers sat over their cornbread and bacon, their host's face was full of puzzled distrust. As he left the table he crossed the room and took his gun from its nail on the wall.

"They were another house-breaking on the Mountain last night," said he casually examining the lock of the weapon. "If we could lay hands on them fellers once—" And he looked up sharply at his two stranger guests as though he expected to find them wearing faces of guilt.

That morning the village Constable, cheerfully unconscious that he was himself observed, kept up his forest watch with the tenacity of a dragging bramble, so that it cost the Troopers a half hour of patient doubling to lose him effectually.

"This sort of thing would get to be a nuisance," growled Smith, as they finally cast off their pursuer.

"Now let's get down to the job." Cutting across buttresses and ravines that they had come to know as well as they knew the insides of their own pockets, they made for the old slate quarry smothered in the brush.

As they neared the spot, they separated with the agreement that Sergeant Smith should come up upon the rear of the shack, while Private Booth approached from the other direction.

Gliding noiselessly, Smith had already attained his chosen position—the cover of a stone wall close at the back of the cabin, while Booth had advanced to within two hundred feet of the front door,—when that door opened and a man came out, a big man, heavy and tall. His manner was unconcerned and free. Clearly, he thought himself alone.

"Hello, Cox," called Booth.

No answer, but the man, looking up, instantly averted his head. The glimpse had been enough. In that full, heavy, visage, in those black eyes, Booth recognized beyond a doubt the description of Carey Morrison.

"Morrison," he commanded, "throw up your hands. You are under arrest." As he spoke, he cocked one barrel of his shotgun.

Morrison, swinging like a flash, drew a heavy revolver, an Army Colt—fired twice and missed. In the same instant Booth fired also.

Morrison flinched as though lead had touched him, and jumped for the cover of a tree at the side of the house. But this move brought him unawares within range of Sergeant Smith. And so, as Private Booth, standing in the open, coolly waited his chance at a shot at Morrison, and as Morrison, behind the tree, as coolly debated the deadliest moment for Private Booth, Sergeant Herbert Smith, congratulating himself on the unusual ammunition that he had persuaded his duck gun to hold, shot the bandit with exact calculation just above the knee.

"Don't shoot! Oh, don't shoot any more. 'I give up!' implored Morrison, crumpling down in a heap, then writhing his full length on the ground.

Booth was running in,—had almost reached him—when the outlaw, with a snarl, jerked himself to his elbow and threw up his gun to fire.

But before he could drop the hammer something as sudden as a thunderbolt happened to that aiming arm, and Morrison found himself again sprawling on his back, gazing with amazement into the dis-

concerting eyes of Sergeant Herbert Smith.

"Here!" said the Sergeant reproachfully, "don't you know you're under arrest? Now be still till we put a tourniquet on you, or you'll bleed to death."

As the two officers worked over the body of the prostrate man, the pain of the wound, the fear of punishment, the dread of prison, so worked upon his mind that before then his nerve disappeared utterly. "Shoot me! Shoot me now!" he entreated. "Just shoot me through the head and be done with it. I can't live in prison, I can't stand this pain. Oh, shoot me now! Do! Do!"

Soon the practiced skill of the officers had stopped the flow of blood from the wounded leg. So much achieved, Trooper Booth started off to find a conveyance, while the Sergeant remained with the prisoner. Nothing was more probable than an attempt at rescue should Morrison's friends learn of his plight. So the Sergeant, after looking to his own weapons, reloaded the outlaw's gun and laid that, too, ready at hand, while with eye and ear he kept lynx's watch upon the encompassing circle of brush.

Meantime Trooper Booth was cutting down and across the forest, seeking a man with a cart. Finally, by happy chance, he found that very phenomenon. Near a mud-clinked cabin, in a clearing, backed up to a pile of freshly-dug potatoes, was a cart. A horse stood between the shafts and a big, rawboned, thick whiskered mountaineer was just preparing to load the crop.

"How do you do," said the Trooper.

"Howdy," rejoined the other civilly enough.

"I'd like to hire your horse and wagon to go to Benderville. A man has been shot up in the woods. We have to take him to the nearest doctor."

"Well—'tain't very convenient. I was just getting ready to load. But if the man is bad hurt, I suppose you can have the rig."

And then idly, "Who's the man?" "Carey Morrison."

"You can't have this wagon," he exclaimed roughly.

"Will you get into the wagon and come along peaceably?"

"I'll tell ye, I won't come at all!" Booth drew his service Colt's. "Get on that wagon," he said.

The mountaineer did as he was bid.

Booth guided his gloomy captive back toward the quarry. They hitched the horse at the point of road nearest the quarry trail. Then they went in, and all three aiding, carried the helpless prisoner out in their arms.

The mountaineer's bearded visage was a moving map of contradictory emotions as he looked from the Terror of the Mountain, now so incredibly abject in his whimpering defeat, to the two who were so unconcernedly bearing him away.

Carey must have given them a fight; so much sure, no matter how craven he seemed now. And yet they were handling him as gently, and yet they were as careful to spare him pain, as if he had been their comrade and their friend.

And again, this whining mass of flesh and fear, this inconsiderable carcass that could no longer hurt a mouse, this was the very being that for years had imposed his bloody will upon the country-side and whom all the country-side had obeyed with panic in its heart.

How had it happened. What could it mean?

"Stranger," he broke out at last, "askin' your pardon, who might ye be?"

"Officers of the State Police."

"Them the bad niggers calls State Wild Cats?" he ventured further, breathlessly daring.

"Yes."

The mountaineer looked to right and left, and behind, as if to reassure himself of the place, of his auditors.

"Them"—and he whispered as gingerly as if the words might burn his lips—them as got Israel Drake?"

"No," rejoined the Sergeant. "They were comrades of ours, of the State Police, but they didn't have time for a little job like this."

and with a depreciative gesture of the chin he indicated the inert figure they were now loading into the cart.

With dropped jaw the mountaineer drank in each word.

In the whole Borough of Benderville there are about three hundred and fifty inhabitants. On the main street of the town are the doctor's house, the "hotel," a few shops and a few dwellings. Into the doctor's door the Troopers now bore Morrison.

"Will you be so good as to look him over, doctor, and give him first aid?" requested the Sergeant. "We'll take him to the nearest hospital when you've fixed him up for the trip."

The doctor examined the wounded man with some care. "I suppose I might bandage him up fresh," he said, as he finished. "But the fact is you boys have applied first aid as well as I could myself and—In Heaven's name, what's happening outside?"

The street outside was filled with people—with strange, wild-looking men, gaunt-faced, fierce-eyed, lean-framed, rifles in hand and revolvers at belt—with women as strange, wild-eyed, and fierce. By twos and threes, in carts and on horseback, they had been descending into the village from the mountain roads and trails ever since the advent of Carey Morrison in his captors' hands. By what telegraphy they had learned, in their widely scattered eyries, of the mischance befallen their kinsman and chief, who shall guess? But here they were on the very heels of disaster, pressing hard around the doctors' door.

Their sympathies lay all with the prisoner—that was clear. Loud and louder rose their curses of the unknown who had dared to intrude his domain. Loud and louder rose their threats of attack and rescue, as their numbers grew. And then, with a rumor of climax running before it, came a movement down the center of the crowd, a tossing to right and left like the tossing spray by the prow of the ship, as a tall, savage woman clove her way through.

She burst open the door and stood on the threshold of the little office. She was hard of feature, arrow-eyed, with straight, coarse, true-black hair; a half-breed Indian.

"Where is my man?" she demanded, in a terrible voice.

Then her glance fell on the figure collapsed on the doctor's lounge. She paused as if fascinated, eyes riveted to Carey's white, whimpering face, while her magnificent fury slowly faded into a flat contempt.

"And two strangers could bring YOU to THAT!" she said as if to herself.

She wheeled to leave the room. From the doorway she flung back a barb:—

"Why if I'd been there I'd have killed them both myself!"

If Carey Morrison should ever seek to the world, he must seek a new mate.

But another, who had pressed into the room in the wake of the wife, remained to gaze with wonder and incredulity upon the prisoner's face.

"Who done it to ye, Carey?" he burst out at last.

It was as if the tone and words gave the wreck on the couch the one spur that could arouse him to speech. Slowly he opened his eyes and gazed his interlocutor full in the face.

"Cox, IT WAS YOUR COON-HUNTERS DONE IT TO ME," retorted he and gasped into silence.

Angry faces, threatening faces, came thrusting over Cox's shoulder. The place was filling up.

"Doctor," said the Sergeant, "with your permission we will clear the office. After that we will clear the town."

"Go ahead," whispered the doctor, "but don't say I said so—and good luck to you."

Trooper Booth pulled out his watch. "If any of you wish to say goody-bye to Carey Morrison, say it now," said he. "In just two minutes you will have vacated this room."

He stood watch in hand, while the crowd, lowering and muttering, backed into the street.

SWEET VALLEY

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Post observed their 37th wedding anniversary Sunday and spent the day with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long.

Mrs. Ira Button is spending the week with her daughter and son-in-law and family, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Stewart, at Stroudsburg.

Mrs. Otis Allen of Harvey's Lake spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Corey Allen.

Boy Scouts from here together with their scout master, Mr. Machell, spent the week-end at Camp Achahela.

Mrs. Charles Allen called on Mrs. Glen Morris Thursday afternoon.

Miss Verna Edwards has returned after assisting with work at the parsonage for several weeks.

D. E. Davenport is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Melkanic and daughter of Loyville called on Mr. and Mrs. Joe Natt Saturday evening.

Edna and Esther Englehard visited Lillian Baer Monday afternoon.

Dayton Long is spending the week-end with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Richards at Vestal, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bredbenner of New York are spending some time with Mrs. Hattie Edwards.

Revel services will begin at Lew Smith's farm at Lehman Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and will continue for a week each evening at 8. There will be special music and singing. Every one welcome.

Entertain For Son

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Long entertained at supper and later at a party in honor of their son, Jay, Wednesday evening. Rev. and Mrs. Ira Button, Janet and Philip Stewart, Lewis Button, Alice Fine, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Long, Jay, Dalton, Doris and June Long, Bill Ferry.

Services

Christ of Christ—Rev. E. J. Watserstripe, pastor: S. S., 10; Communion, 11; C. E., 7:15; Evening Worship, 8.

Christian—Rev. Ira Button, pastor: S. S., 10; Worship, 11; C. E., 7:15; Evening Worship, 8.

Orange 4-H Sewing Club Takes In New Members

The first meeting of the Orange 4-H Sewing Club was organized June 10, under the supervision of Miss E. Nitzkowski and Mrs. Joseph Perry. The following officers were elected: President, Doris Perry; vice-president, Emily Motichka; secretary-treasurer, Betty Bryant.

There were twenty members present, three mothers, and a visitor. The second meeting was held June 17, with eighteen members present, three mothers and a visitor. Two new members who joined this week are Eudora Berlew and Mildred Bell.

Then Sergeant Smith addressed the mob outside.

"We are officers of the State Police," said he, slowly, clearly, with exceeding directness, and showing his badge. "We have arrested Carey Morrison, in the name of the law. He is wounded because he unlawfully resisted arrest. We shall now take him to jail. Meantime you will all quietly disperse to your own homes. I give you just ten minutes to get out of town."

For a moment the crowd stared at the officer as though weighing the echo of his words—testing the judgment of its own ears. Then it began to move, to split apart. On the outskirts arose the rattle of wheels diminishing—the lessening clatter of hoofs. In ten minutes' time the streets were clear. Not one of the recent visitors remained.

How did it happen? How did they do it? Perhaps they scarcely could have told themselves. They cared not a whit for any law or peace officer within ken—would have thought nothing of taking his life—and they had never before seen the State Police.

But there lay Carey Morrison. And they knew the fate of Israel Drake. And this strange man, who issued his orders so sternly, whose eyes were terrible, like blue lightning, and who knew no fear at all—this strange man EXPECTED TO BE OBEYED.

Somehow they dared not hesitate. Since that day there had been a saying in those mountains—a saying with a sound basis of truth:—

"When the State Police want a man from here, they don't have to fetch him. They send a post card and he comes in."

The doctor got out his two-horse wagon to convey the wounded outlaw to the hospital at Carlisle. On the road they stopped at the boarding-house for the Troopers' effects. Like magic the entire settlement assembled to gaze upon its late guests as men with a feeling utterly new.

"Why didn't you say who you were?"

"So you are the State Troopers! I never guessed!"

"Well, you'll always be welcome in THIS town! That's ONE thing sure."

"I'd like to shake hands with you boys," "Me, too!" "And me!" came greetings from every side.

But the school-teacher beamed happiest of all. "I knew they were something remarkable all along," said she. "Didn't I tell you so?"