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"Why couldn't he wait three days to migrate?"

"He wouldn't wait, any more than the blackbirds. He's been croaking like 'em, too, ever since he saw the inside of that black hole."

"Well, I hope we'll never clap our peepers on the little duffer again. He deserves better luck, if only for bein' so everlastingly obligin'."

But they did see the Kid once more, inside the Streeter jail. It was in the midst of a driving sleet, on Thanksgiving night, that the outer hall door was rattled in the wind, and then the bell rang. Mrs. Harlan herself went to the door, and her knees weakened when she saw the boy.

"Got a berth ready for me?" he asked, in a rasping voice that hurt, worse than the cough that came with it, to hear.

"Come to the fire," was all the sheriff's wife could say. She would have unwrapped his old blue scarf, for the Kid wore no cap or overcoat, but he twisted it off, and thrust it into a hole in the skirt of his coat.

"My tailor made an original design for this—" then the cough choked him.

They put him into the office bedroom and the sheriff's wife left a mother's kiss on his hot forehead when she tucked him in. Then she went to her room, and Tom did not even pretend not to see that she was crying.

"We've got to find out the youngster's folks, Mollie."

"Oh, Tom, I know it. But the jail sounds so. And he's no more a criminal than a canary bird. Oh, we must, but it's such a thankless thing."

In the night, Mrs. Harlan went to the office door, and listened to the fearful breathing of the lad.

"He can't live a week," she whispered, and listened to his troubled muttering—"Quicklime?"—What can the child be thinking of?

In the morning, he was gone. The mother hunger that had sent him to her, had given place to some vagary of his feverish brain. They looked, quietly, for three days, before the blue scarf was found at the morgue. There was no written message, no address, nothing to tell the seeker who came from the House of the Grottoes.

The Little Lady rests in Ardendale and an unmarked stone in the Streeter cemetery lies over a place where pansies and violets grow, all summer long, and meadow larks come, in April days, to sing.

American Ancestry.

What Mr. Hanna has done for the Ohio valley, particularly for Harrison county and for the western counties of Pennsylvania, should be done for other states further west. Mr. Hanna shows the origin of the early settlers in the

places covered by his book with as much care as writers of New England genealogies have displayed in their subjects, but Mr. Hanna's researches were conducted amid obstructions which can hardly be comprehended by New England antiquarians. Mr. Hanna fully appreciates the importance of the subject upon which he embarks when he says that "probably there is no other part of that subject concerning which American people are more in ignorance than the part relating to their own racial origin."

Mr. Hanna's excuse for the Scotch-Irish pioneers as a non-literary class is not new. It is, however, not so much owing to the fact that these people were too busy making history to find time to write it, but because, in many cases, they were unable to write it, and their distance from colonial centers of publication were so great that they were beyond the range of literary inspiration. And the indifference thus rooted was handed down through their descendants even when these descendants became college men. It is an exaggeration to imply that the pioneers in the Ohio valley and in Western Pennsylvania had a harder time than the early settlers in Massachusetts Bay. But the latter wrote books and kept records because it was in their life to do so. Incidentally, they fought Indians about as well as did their cousins in the Middle West.

Mr. Hanna's book on "Historical Collections of Harrison County" without doubt contains more information and data relating to the family history of this section than has ever been published. These data consist of a complete list of the original land patentees of the county, including 1,800 names taken from the records of the General Land Office in Washington; a list of early marriages of the county, including 7,500 names; the early burials of the county, 5,000 names; and will records from 1813 to 1861, to the number of several thousand. Besides these features there are genealogies, more or less complete, of the families of Harrison, with a map of Harrison county, all of which show the result of tireless research on the part of Mr. Hanna which should be appreciated by persons who are proud of their Ohioan ancestry, if not by the general public.—New York Times Sat'd Review.

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