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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

By JOHN FOX Jr.

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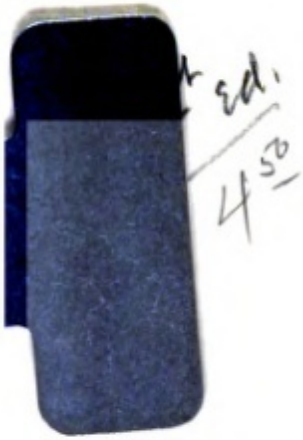

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"Keep it safe, old Pine. . . . And bless him, dear God, and guard him evermore."

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She had never been up there before.

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"Don't, Dad!" shrieked a voice from the bushes. "I know his name."

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set. The old mill creaked in the moonlight below her. Sometimes, when the wind blew up Lonesome Cove, she could hear Uncle Billy's wheel creaking just that way. A sudden pang of homesickness choked her, but she did not cry. Yes, she would go home next day. She blew out the light and undressed in the dark as she did at home and went to bed. And that night the little night-gown lay apart from her in the drawer—unfolded and untouched.

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