

Apr. 4, 1935.

Royal Burial  
~~Yes~~ Lo! These Many Years.

At the top of the hill they stopped to breathe the horse, which lay panting <sup>dumbly</sup> into its collar.

Far below them, <sup>spread</sup> ~~lay~~ Lake Superior in <sup>the young</sup> April sunlight. Ice lay dying on the shores.

<sup>The jealous</sup> Gulls, <sup>and gulls</sup> guarded the dying ice which lay along the shore.

Pine trees swept <sup>away and up,</sup> ~~North and South,~~ with occasional <sup>bare gaps</sup> of ~~base~~, ancient, patient sandstone.

<sup>Far down</sup> ~~On~~ the <sup>distant</sup> point, <sup>alone</sup> and <sup>abandoned</sup> ~~garmit~~, and proud, stood the lighthouse which had known no light for <sup>many</sup> years.

Crouper straining, <sup>the wheels slowly sifting the sand,</sup> sand sifting, the buckboard wagon crept down and down toward the lighthouse.

The driver tied the horse to a ~~tree~~ tree, unhooked the check-rein, and walked down to the lake for a pail of water. The lawyer walked up to the lighthouse, crept <sup>of an old woman</sup> she lay on an old tasselled couch, watchful and beady as a bird. Her head was propped on

"Did my son come in and get you?" — McLean's Landing —

"Yes. We drove as far as we could, in my cuts. Then we drove here — <sup>your son</sup> ~~he~~ borrowed Old McLean's <sup>horse and</sup> buckboard — and I am here.

"I want you to draw my will."

"Yes."

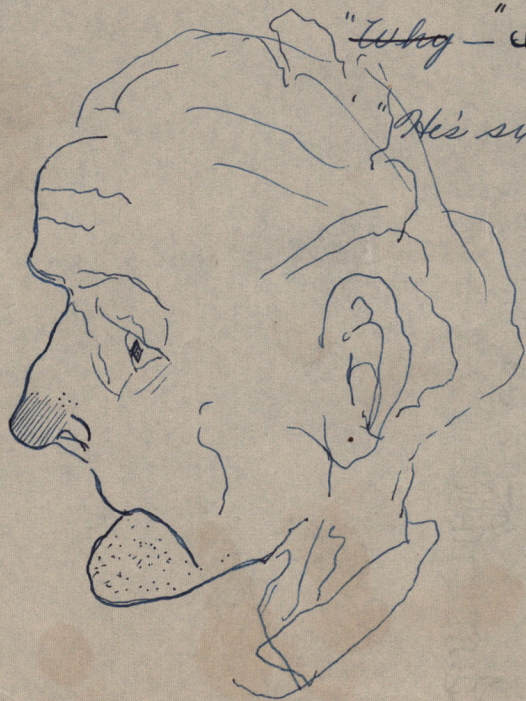
"How much will it be?"

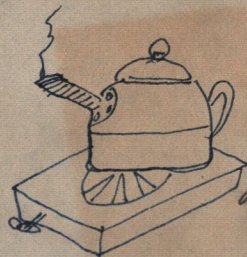
"Why — I don't know. It <sup>all</sup> depends, you see."

"I suppose you noticed he was crazy? — my son."

"Why — I didn't — I didn't think he was so bad."

"He's sixty years old. I'm almost ninety."





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Assault on spiritualist.

Peop. v. Hughes, 116 Mich. 80

See: Peop v Swift, 172/473.

171/249