"He says I can't ride any more."

"No, it's not!" she cried. "Fil show

"Walt, Poll! You ain't ever goin'

"What's the difference? What's the

difference?" She wrenched her wrist

quickly from him and ran into the

dressing tent, laughing hysterically.

"An' I brung her back to it," mum-

bled Jim as he turned to give orders

Most of the "first half props" were

londed, and some of the men were

asleep under the wagons. The lot was

clear. Suddenly be felt some one an

proaching from the back of the in

closure. He turned and found himself

figure of the pastor, wrapped in his long black cloak. The moonlight

"What made you come here?" was

"I heard that Miss Polly didn't ride

"She isn't ill?" Douglas demanded

"She's al' right," Jim answered

anxiously, oblivious to the gruffness

shortly as he shifted uneastly from

"And she's happy, she's content?"

"I'm glad," said Douglas dully. He

"Us folks don't get much time to

Douglas had walked up and down in

front of the tents again and again,

today. I was afraid she might be ill."

"What's that to you?"

"Sure."

her, you know."

to the property men.

into the ring a-feelin' that way." Her

him, Jim! I'll show him-tomorrow!

"It's not so!" thundered Jim.

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cleared again, and Polly came slowly one month before. Her thin, pensive flowers and jewels. Her slender neck seemed scarcely able to support its cut bodice were ablaze with white and colored stones.

"The 'leap o' death.' You got plenty

These things were a part of the daily routine, part of the strange, vague dream through which she must stum-

ble for the :est of her life. Jim watched her in silence.

ength, dreading to disturb her reverle. "I guess I was, Jim." She turned to him with a little, forced smile. He longed to save her from Barker's threatened rebuke.

"Anything you want?" "Want?" She turned upon him with startled eyes. There was so much that she wanted that the mere men-

tion of the word had opened a well of pain in her heart pered how little any one could do.

cause you didn't want to ride afore folks what knowed you-ride afore him mebbe?"

places like this one. I was only figur-in that you didn't want other folks to see an' to tell him bow you was rid-

"Was it?" "I guese it was," she said after ong time.
"I knowed it!" he cried. "I was

me feel I'm in the way here toof" "Here too?" He looked at her in asont "You wasn't in his way,

elief and continued hurriedly: "Oh, I tried not to be! I tried so hard. He used to read me verses out of a Bible about my way being his way and my people his people, but it isn't so, Jim. Your way is the way you are born, and your people are the people you are born with, and you can't change it, Jim, no matter how hard you try." "You was changin' it," be answere

envagely. "You was gettin' jes' like said you wouldn't?"

She did not answer. Strange thing were going through the mind of the slow witted Jim. He braced himself

be asked. "Why, of course," she

not his gase "Do you love the parson, Poll?"

caught her breath quickly, her lips spart, then looked far into the dis-

"Yes, Jim, I'm afraid that's it." The little figure drooped, and she stood be-fere him with lowered eyes, unarmed.

It seemed such a short time to Jin

watched the tender, avorted face. Things had turned out so differently "An' he don't care about you like

"I gross I'll have a talk with him,"

"If you ever dare to speak to him shout me, you'll never see me again."

"I mean it, Jim. I've made my ther from the direction of the wagons choice, and I've come back to you. If He glanced at her uneasily. "What's you ever try to fix up things between he been a-sayin' to you?" him and me, I'll run away -really and truly away-and you'll never, never get me back."

He shuffled awkwardly to her side and reached apologetically for the lit- and I'm no use here." tle clinched fist. He held it in his big rough hand, toying nervously with the tiny fingers. "I wouldn't do nothin' that you She turned toward the dressing tent.

wasn't a-wantin', Poll. I was just Jim caught her firmly by the wrist. a-tryin' to help you, only I-I never seem to know how." She turned to him with tear dimmed eyes met his defiantly.

eyes and rested her hands on his great. broad shoulders, and he saw the place where he dwelt in her heart. CHAPTER XIV.

HE "leap of death" implements were being carried from the ring, and Jim turned away to superintend their loading. Performers again rushed by each other on their way to and from the

Polly stood in the center of the lot, face to face with the stern, solitary frowning and anxious. The mere mention of the pastor's name had made it seem impossible for her to ride to slipped through a rift in the clouds night. For hours she had been whip- and fell into a circle around them. ping herself up to the point of doing it, and now her courage failed her. | all Jim said. She followed Barker as he came from the ring. "Mr. Barker, please!"

He turned upon her sharply. "Well, what is it now?"

"I want to ask you to let me off again tonight." She spoke in a short, in the big fellow's voice. jerky, desperate way. "What!" he shricked. "Not go into

the ring, with all them people inside one foot to the other and avoided the what's paid their money because they pastor's burning gaze. knowed you?" "That's it!" she cried. "I can't! I can't!" "You're gettin' too tony!" Barker tried to think of some way to prolong

sneered. "That's the trouble with you, their talk. "I've never heard from You ain't been good for nothin' since you was at that parson's house. You didn't stay there, and you're no use write." Jim turned away and began here. First thing you know you'll be tinkering with one of the wagons. out all round." "Out?"

Jim and Douglas had barely left the lot when Deacon Elverson's small, round head slipped cautiously around the corner of the dressing tent. The little deacon glanced exultantly about him. He was monarch of all he surveyed. It was very thrilling to stand here on this forbidden ground smelling

the sawdust, gazing at the big red wagons, studying the unprotected circus properties and listening to the lightening tempo of the band. "Did you see him?" shouted Strong,

who had followed closely upon Elverson's beels. The little dencen started. Strong was

ertainly a disturbing factor at times. "Yes, I-I saw him." "Well?"

"He-he-didn't see her." Her lips closed tightly. She stared straight ahead of her. "He says I was "What did he do?" Strong was be side himself with impatience. no good to the people that took me in "He-he just talked to the big un and went out that way." Elverson

> nodded toward the wagens. "I guess be ain't gone far," s Strong. "He come over to this lot to see her, and he ain't goin' to give up till he does it. You wait here. I'll take a look round." He went quickly

in the direction of the wagons. Elverson needed no second invitation to wait. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune when he all but collided with a flying apparition, vanishing in the direction of the main tent. Sophisticated eyes would have seen only a rather stout acrobat clad in pink tights, but Elverson was not

sophisticated, and he testered after the flitting angel, even unto the forbidden portals of the big top. He was peeping through the curtains which had fallen behind her and was getting his first glimpse of the great

awdust world beyond when one of the clowns dashed from the dressing tent on his way to the ring. The clown was late. He saw the imp coattails of the deacon, who was three-quarters in the test. Here was chance to make a funny entrance.

He grabbed the unsuspecting little man from the rear. The terrified descon struck out blindly in all directions, his black arms and legs moving like a centiped's, but the clown held him firmly by the back and thrust him headforemost into the tent. Strong returned almost immediately

from his unsuccessful search for the pastor. He looked about the lot for Elverson. "Hey, there, Elverson!" he called

lustily. There was no response. "Now, where's he got to?" grumble Strong. He disappeared quickly around the corner of the dressing tent, re-solved to keep a sharp lookout for

Douglas. Elverson was thrust from the tent soon after, spitting sawdust and much discomfited, by the laughing performers who followed him. His kness almost gave way beneath him when Bar-ker came out of the ring, snapping his long black white.

"Get out of here, you bloke?" ronred Barker, and Elverson "got." No one had remembered to tell the groom that Polly was not to ride tonight, so Bingo was brought out as usual when their "turn" approached. "Take him back, Tom," Polly called from the entrance when she learned

Bingo was waiting, "and bring Berberian. "I'm not going on tonight. Eloise is going to ride in my place." This was the second time today that Bingo had been led away without go-ing into the ring. Something in his big, wondering eyes made Polly follow him and apologize. He was very

him and apologize. He was very proud, was Bingo, and very conscientious. He felt uneasy when he saw the other horses going to their work "Never mind, Bingo," she said, patting his great, arched neck; "we'll show 'em tomorrow." He rubbed his eatiny nose against her cheek. "We'll make them alt up again. Barker says our act's no good—that I've let down. But it's not your fault, Bingo. I've

not been fair to you. I'll give you o chance tomorrow. You wait. Ho'll never say it again, Bingo, never

Polly had nothing more to do to-night except to get into her street clothes. The wagons would soon be moving away. For a moment she glanced at the dark church steeple; then she turned to go inside the tent. A deep, familiar voice stopped her. "Polly?"

(TO ME CONTINUED.)

The Starboard Light.

"Twice a day for a week I have been trassed by doubt as to how far a an should go in correcting the glas-ig mistakes of strangers," said the ing mistakes of strangers," and the man who enjoys looking in shop win-dows. "There is an art store down-town where the present window col-lection includes the picture of a ship. It is elaborately framed and has a lighthouse carved on the wooden strip at one side, but the artist should never have tried marine work, for be has go the red side light of that vessel on th starboard side. Two or three times
Fre been on the point of going into
the store and raking the proprietor
either to remove that picture or put a
patch of green paint over that red, and each time my nerve has failed me.
"I am helf hoping that the faise aids light will cause a collision in that witndow which will smash the picture, and then my anxiety will be relieved."—
New York Post.

Where have you been, Sam?" T's been up to me two sars in wo

"Up to your two cars to work?" "Yes, sale."
"What doing, Sum?" Estio' a watsh

A nothingen once instated on his bee galdener taking as an apprentice young lad in when he was intereste The lad was very lazy, and the garden er was not at all pleased at have such a youth throst upon him. Some time after his lordehip, walk! In the garden, came open his garde

"Well, John, how is my young-

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. A. A. Lafferty, the only woman nember of the Colorado legislature, ccupies desk 23 and says she has no aperatitions.

Miss Elizabeth Plankinton has preented the Milwaukee Public Audi orium with a magnificent pipe organ, be installed in the largest of the condary balls, which is to bear the ame of the donor's father, John Plankinton, in consequence of the gift.

Mrs. Corinne Rider Kelsey, who wa ecently appointed soprano soloist is the First Church of Christ, New York, at a salary of \$5,000 a year, the highest ever paid a singer in the history of rhurch music in America, is one of the best known sopranos in the country. Mrs. Grace Whitney Hoff is the friend of the American girl in Paris and has belped many a one to ac complish an art education with small means. Two years ago she belped vard St. Michel, which is now a mode ome for American girls.

Mrs. Nancy C. Bush, postmistress Charlotte, Vi., has just celebrated ber eventy-cighth birthday. She has been in the poetal service for thirty-eight years, beginning as a telegraph oper ator and assistant postmaster. In re-sponse to a petition signed by almost every inhabitant of Charlotte, Presi deut Grant appointed ber postmistres

State Lines.

Marringe licenses are required to all states and territories except Alaska New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), New Mexico and South Caro-

having a public fund for which there bas never been any demand. In 1954 \$600 was bequenthed for the indigen blind, deaf and dumb natives of the state, and as yet no one has put in ar application for any of the money.

Twenty-six different states are rep sented by native sons in the Wash ngton legislature, while there are ten natives of foreign countries and one vho was born at sea. Washington is the birthplace of but six members of its own legislature, five representatives

Household Hints.

Either a little kerosene or a bit of soap will stop the squeaking of the or hinge.

Cut sheets of tin foll and place under the flower vase dollies and you will have no trouble with any dampness affecting the best polished furniture One of the new culinary appliance s a double flour sifter which deposits the flour from the first to the second stove, thus lessening the work of re-sifting it for certain cakes.

To save many steps in the kitche have a small zinc covered shelf near the range, where hot food, when re moved from the oven, may be placed. It also saves the table, and you avoid the danger of being burned while carrying it across a room

Things Theatrical

Miss Consucto Bailey has been engaged for Roy McArdell's play, "The

Alice Fisher is to appear in vaude ville in a condensed version of William Collier is writing the boo

and A. Baldwin Sloane the music of new musical comedy. Clyde Fitch's new comedy, "The helor," was produced recently with

Charles Cherry as the star. William A. Brady and Joseph Gri mer have completed arrangements to star Cyril Scott in a dramatisation of the popular novel "The Bram Bowl,"

Law Points.

A resignation of public office pro-cured by coercion and durens is held in State ex rel. Young versus Ladeen 104 Minn., 256; 116 D. D., 480; 16 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1068, to be voidable and sub-

In making a levy of execution upon s field of standing corn it is held in National Bank of Holton versus Duff (Kan.), 94 Psc., 200; 16 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1047, that the officer need take only such possession as the nature of the property will permit and need not do

English Etchings.

sdon's newest fireboat cost pur tone of water an hour. The roller skating craze has struct ondon. Londoners call the spor

Olving evidence at an inquest at Lambeth, Loudon, a woman said that she had had twenty-one children, six of whom are alive.

The Hank of England has \$31,000 000 in public deposits, \$215,000,000 in private deposits, \$219,000,000 govern ent and other securities and \$120. 10,000 remerve.

Train and Track.

German railway engineers carn an mashy \$675, firemen \$412. The Chicago and Northwestern road is spending \$25,000,000 on a termi station in Chicago.

The city of Warsow, Bussle, share in the profits of its first electric street car line, recently put into operation. Lockswarms is the highest priced militone stock in the world. The par value of its shares is \$50, and the price ranges between \$500 and \$600.

rch door, had recently a very The organist in his haste no doubt set this down as "I. Will Wash—Hopking," and was surprised when next day some was sent him a cake of some "Jo help wash Hopking" — Glasgow

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Department of Agriculture.

The overshadowing feature of

Raleigh Dispatch, 2d.

the first day's session of the State Board of Agriculture, convened in annual meeting here today, was the report of Commissioner of Agriculture W. A. Graham, covering in brief the operations of the department for the past year. This declared that through the operations of the farmers' institutes and the practical work of the employes of the department the whole State has become acquainted with what the department is doing to advance agricultural interests. "The call now is, 'Come and show me what you can do,' or 'Write and tell me what you know about some particular agricultural problem.' " The department has, he declared, de-monstrated that the force is not monstrated that the force is not a set of so-called scientific men in a building at Raleigh, but is a force actually at work in a practical and beneficial way, out among the people.

The report showed the income of the department the past year to have been \$106,342.54, this being just \$311.46 less than the year previous. The items of receipts are: Fertlizer tags, \$91,806.49; cotton seed meal tags, \$11,309.92; feed tags, \$2,881.75; and adjustments \$344.75. The commission er recommends that the board give some effective attention to the danger of the importation of the cotton weevil in baled cotton, and that there be a special meeting of the board here in October in order that the members may show some attention to the National Farmers' Convention which meets in Raleigh at that time.

In treating of the test farms the commissioner reports advances made along many lines that are of great value to the farmers. The feeding of beef cattle, he reports as successfully conducted at the Statesville and Edgecombe farms, the farmers of the section being induced by the demonstrations to go more and more largely into the beef cattle business with fine market conditions developing.

Some notable recommendations made to the board are that each employe of the department receive from the commissioner an appointment stating the date of commencement of service and salary; that each officer of the department notify the commissioner of intended absence of more than 24 hours; that the secretary be made purchasing agent for the department and all supplies needed be issued on requisition and that all circulars and reports from the divisions of the department be approved by the Commissioner of Agriculture.

The Telephone Girl.

The telephone girl sits in her

Armon (Tex) Call.

chair and listens to voices from everywhere. She hears all the gossip she hears all the news, she knows who is happy and who has the blues, she knows all our sorrows, she knows all our joys, she knows every girl who is chasing the boys; she knows of our troubles, she knows of our strife; she knows every man who talks mean to his wife; she knows every time we are out with "the boys," she hears the excuses each fellow employes; she knows every woman who has a dark past; she knows every man who is inclined to be 'fast," in fact, there's a great secret beneath each each saucy curl of that quiet, demure-looking telephone girl. If the telephone girl told all that she knows it would turn half our friends into bitterest foes; she would sow a, small wind that would soon be a gale, engulf us in trouble and land us in jail; she could let go a story which, gaining in force, would cause half our wives to sue for divorce; she could get all our churches mixed up in a fight and turn all our days into sorrowing nights, in fact, she could keep the whole town in a stew if she'd tell a tenth part of the things that she knew, "Oh, brother, now doesn't it make your head whirl, when you think what you owe to the telephone girl.

Wilkesboro has voted an additional tax for schools and a new



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One of the acts came tumbling out of the main tent. There was a moment's confusion as clowns, acrobats and animals passed each other on their my to and from the ring; then the lot from the dressing tent. She looked very different from the little girl whom Jim had led away from the parson's garden in a simple white frock ing attire. Her hair was knotted high on her head and intertwined with burden. Her short full skirt and low

"What's on, Jim?" she asked.

Polly's mind went back to the girl who answered that call a year ago Graham. - - - North Caroline Her spirit seemed very near tonight. The band stopped playing. Barker made his grandiloquent announcement about the wonderful act about to be seen, and her eyes wandered to the distant church steeple. The moonlight seemed to shun it tonight. It looked cold and grim and dark. She wondered whether the solemn bell that once called its flock to worship had me as mute as her own dead heart. She did not hear the whir of the great machine inside the tent as it plunged through space with its girl occupant.

> face was turned from him. She had forgotten his presence. "Star gazin', Poll?" he asked at

"How you feelin' tonight?" "I'm all right," she answered cheerfully.

"I mean can I do anything for you?" "Oh; of course not." She remem-"What is it, Poll?" he begged, but, she only turned away and shook ber head with a sigh. He followed her with anxious eyes. "What made you cut out the show today? Was it be-

"Him?" Her face was white. Jim chared she might swoon. "You don't mean that he was"-"Oh, no," he answered quickly, "of course not. Parsons don't come to

"Was that it, Poll?" he urged. "I don't know." She stared into space

fool to 'a' brung you back! You don't belong with us no more."
"Oh, don't, Jim! Don't! Don't make

"Yes, Jim." She saw his look of un-

them people. It was me what took you sway an' spoiled it all. You oughtn't to 'a' come. What made you after you

for a difficult question. Will you answer me

"Is that it?" Her lids duttered and closed; she

Jim looked at her helple shook his big, stupid bead. "Ain't that h-17" since he had picked her up, a cooing habe, at her dead mother's side. He

"An' be don't care about your that?" he acked after a passe.
"No, not in that way," She was anxious to defend the paster from even the thought of such a thing. "He was good and kind always, but he didn't care that way. He's not like that."

Talk! she criod.

He stopped and looked at her in setonishment. It was the first time that he had ever heard that sharp note. in her voice. Her tiny figure was ed with decision. Her eyes were

"Sure. You don't think I'm goin' to send my bill with a 'dead one,' do "I am not a 'dead one," she answer ed excitedly. "I'm the best rider you've had since mother died. You've

mid so yourself."

STOU TALK ABOUT YOUR MOTHER! WHY, SHE'D BE ASHAMED

That was after you got in with them church cranks. You talk about your mother! Why, she'd be ashamed o own you." "She wouldn't!" cried Polly. Her eyes were flushing; her face was sear-let. The pride of bundreds of years of ancestry was quivering with indigna-tion. "I can ride as well as I ever could, and I'll do it too. I'll do it to-

"Tomorrow?" echoed Barker. do you mean by that?" "I mean that I can't go into that ring tonight," she declared, "and i

She was desperate now and trading

upon a strength beyond ber own,

He looked at her with momentary in Secision. She was a good rider, the best since her mother, as he had often told her. He could see this meant an He felt she would be on her pettle tomorrow, as far as ber "All right," he sold sullenly. "You can stay off tonight. I got the crowd

in there anyway, and I got their money. I'll let Elotse do a turn on Berbarian, but temorrow you'd better show me your old set." "I'll show you?" she cried. "Well, see that you do." He cross into the ring.
Polly stood where Barker had left

her, white and tense, Jim came toward

TO OWN YOU." fighting against a desire to do the very thing that he was doing, but to no purpose, and now that he was here it seemed impossible that he should go away so unsatisfied. He crossed to Jim and came determinedly to the point "Can't I see her, Jim?"
"It's agin the rules." He did not tu

> "Walt a minute," called Jim, as him. The pastor came question in his eyes. "I fied to you."
> "She's not well, then?"

"Then why did she leave me?"

There was another pause; then Bong las started slowly out of the lot.

do it at first. Somethin' must 'a' happened afterwards, somethin' that you are me didn't know about."

"You can't do no good that way." an-

"I don't know. She wasn't gots' to

"You needn't talk, Jim. I'll talk for

"she's not well train?"

"that; it's about her boing happp."

"She isn't?" There was a note of unconscious exuitation in his voice. "No. She ain't happy here, an' she

"We will know about it, Jhn. Wher is she?" His quick eye searched the lot. His voice had regained its old command. He felt that he could con-

be'll be comin' out soon. wait around out here with me. I'll let you know in time." He led the way through a narrow passage between the