

**SEVEN ON  
THE HIGHWAY**

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Seven on the highway by Blanche Willis Howard

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**BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD**

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THE HIGHWAY**



# SEVEN ON THE HIGHWAY

BY

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD

AUTHOR OF "GUENN," "THE OPEN DOOR"  
"ONE SUMMER," ETC.



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*You try to set yourself apart from the vulgar. It is in vain. In that instant vulgarity attaches itself to you.*

CARPENTER'S *TOWARDS DEMOCRACY.*





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## SEVEN ON THE HIGHWAY

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### MARIGOLD-MICHEL

#### I

**M**ARIGOLD - MICHEL strode down the mountain. It was five o'clock in the morning, and the world was fresh. From his broad-brimmed rush hat wreathed with marsh marigolds, streamed long stems of oak leaves dancing and nodding like a cavalier's plumes. His face was brown, gay, and clean-shaved except for a big mustache rather yellower than his faded hat, or even the straggling ends of fair hair curling loosely on his shoulders. On his arm he carried a large basket covered with plantain leaves; strapped upon his back, a canister; thrust through his belt, a peasant's knife sheathed and a solid