

Amy and then the other on Eileen, until he made them nervous, wondering whether he had an affliction or whether it was fright. His eyes had the same effect a monocle has to a man's appearance.

"Say, jest play that there Yellow Coon again," said Mr. Truckle. "Humph, thet's a corker, thet it." And I complied. I got quite a musical reputation on the island. When I came to the ludicrous part, the hired man snorted and chuckled, and poking his head out from behind the door convulsed the girls with the oddity of the absent tooth.

The old man's pucker worked faster than ever, and Amy said the neighbor's eyes tried to dance a jig.

At nine o'clock the old man got up and said good-night, and dragged his slippers off to bed. He said a fellow had to "up and dust" pretty early when there was so much to do.

"Guess yew feel a bit streaked after yew're time in the water," he said as he got to the door, and a naughty, roughish twinkle overspread his face. We knew he was laughing at us. The old lady fussed about and then said:

"Wilt ta coom and I'll show thee Aaron's room. He can sleep wi his feyther."

"But where will you sleep then, Mrs. Truckle?"

"Oh, we and Liza can sleep the 'gether," she said. "We've oft done it."

"But Mr. Truckle won't like that. He won't like your being turned out of your own bed," we argued.

"Eh—bless thee," she said, "he never knows who's abed wi' him."