

were white and wilted. The captain mopped his hot, red face, for the twentieth time as he came rolling around a turn in the road, bringing a cloud of choking dust with him, then he uttered an exclamation, for he had caught sight of a familiar bonnet not far in advance.

"Walkin', by Jing!" he muttered.

Miss Henny's black lustre skirt was a sight to behold, and she was trudging wearily along as if she had come twenty miles instead of three.

"Hev a ride," called out the captain, cheerily. "I'm goin' your way."

"Oh, thank——" Then she saw who it was, gave her head a toss and quickened her steps.

"Guess probably likely it's mighty hot," he suggested. "Won't you jump in?"

Miss Henny walked right on.

"Say, ef you're so dang pertick'lar, I won't talk to you unless you want," said the defendant, somewhat nettled. "You'll be sun-stroked 'fore you git there!"

Miss Henny looked up and it was easily to be seen she wanted a ride badly.

"Whoa! Now you jump in an' you needn't say boo to me ef you don't want," said the captain in his most persuasive tone. "That's right. Here's the duster. Git ep, Bill."

Silence, except for the rattle of the democrat's wobbling wheels; dust, rising in clouds! The captain sneezed, and a little later on, coughed nervously.

"Purty dang dusty." Miss Henny looked at him severely. "Ain't it, Bill? I'm talkin' to the horse. Plucky dog, that Prinney, Bill. On'y dog ever licked Pansy. Yessir! on'y dog ever licked Pansy, Bill. Goin' to bury the two of 'em together when I git home, an' ef *she* don't cut up any more didoes 'bout it, Bill, I'm goin' to git a nice new tomb-stun. Yessir! a nice, new, white tomb-stun—Bill."

"Oh, Cap'n Hale!" sobbed Miss Ann.

The captain nearly fell off the seat.

"I beant a-holdin' no bad feelin's, but he was the on'y friend I had in the world."

"There, there, don't you go fer to cry—"

"He onct tore the boot clean off a tramp," she sobbed, "an' chased good-fer-nothin's away, an'—an' now I hev no dog to look after me, an'—an'—Ooo—oo—o—!"

"Whoa-oa!" thundered the captain, and his whiskers stuck straight out in front with a sudden and awful determination. "Ann—er—kin I kiss you?"

"Sol—Solomon," gasped Miss Ann, "you—your kin."

And he did.

"Solomon—kin—I kiss you back?"

"Why, Ann, dear, o' course."

And she did.

"Now we'll turn right 'round an' drive straight to the parson's an' git spliced, won't we, Ann?"

"Oh, Solomon, dear, we *will*."

And they did.

