

THE LAND OF LONG AGO

'There's nothin' the matter with my ears. It's my opinion some o' those rascally boys have been foolin' with the clock jest to play a trick on us. They've had a mighty good chance at it, sprawlin' around here on the floor and the clock out o' sight behind the pulpit.' Little Sam Amos and the Crawford boys they spoke up and says they, 'We never touched the clock,' and Milly says: 'You can't lay it on little Sam. He's been fast asleep for the last two hours.' And somebody says, 'Where's Martin Luther?' and we all looked around, and Parson Page says, 'Why, he must be here; he was sound asleep on the floor when I stepped up here to examine the clock.' And Sam Amos says, 'Look a-yonder, will you?' and he p'inted toward the winder, and there was Martin Luther up on the winder-sill outside, with his face right up against the glass and his nose all flattened out, and grinnin' like a Cheshire cat. And as soon as he saw us lookin' at him, he dropped down to the ground and give a whoop like a wild Indian and went tearin' down the road as hard as he could foot it in the direction of Schuyler Hall.

"Well, honey, it was right aggravatin'. You know country folks have to work hard and git up early, and

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