

a long way the handiest lot in the simitery, and the likeliest for situation. It lies right on top of a knoll in the dead centre of the buryin'-ground; and you can see Millport from there, and Tracy's, and Hopper Mount, and a raft o' farms, and so on. There a'int no better outlook from a buryin'-plot in the State. Si Higgins says so, and I reckon he ought to know. Well, and that ain't all. Course Shorb had to take No. 8; wa'n't no help for't. Now, No. 8 joins on to No. 9, but it's on the slope of the hill, and every time it rains it'll soak right down on to the Shorbs. Si Higgins says't when the deacon's time comes, he'd better take out fire and marine insurance both on his remains.'

Here there was the sound of a low, placid, duplicate chuckle of appreciation and satisfaction.

'Now, John, here's a little rough draft of the ground, that I've made on a piece of paper. Up here, in the left hand corner, we've bunched the departed; took them from the old grave-yard and stowed them one alongside o' t'other, on a first-come-first-served plan, no partialities, with gran'ther Jones for a starter on'y because it happened so, and windin' up indiscriminate with Seth's twins. A little crowded towards the end of the lay-out, may be, but we reckoned't, wa'n't best to scatter the twins. Well, next comes the livin'. Here, where it's marked A, we're goin' to put Mariar and her family, when they're called; B, that's for brother Hosea and his'n; C, Calvin and tribe. What's left is these two lots here,—just the gem of the whole patch for general style and outlook; they're for me and my folks and you and yourn. Which of them would you rather be buried in?'