

STILLMAN GOTT

mies, and away to the south one could see the lighthouse of Mussel Bay Point, white as a sheeted ghost against the bright blue of the sky beyond.

Allan Carter had just walked out from his house and seated himself on the front porch after his dinner. Having lighted his pipe he was taking a short rest before resuming the endless toil of a farmer's life, and, with his chair tipped back against the side of the house, was enjoying the solace that tobacco brings to a tired man, when the rattle of wheels caused him to look up the road. An old bay mare was coming toward him, dragging behind her a worn out open buggy in which was seated a man of about fifty-five years of age, tall and thin, with a shock of red hair showing from under an old straw hat. The farmer pulled himself up out of his chair and walked slowly down across the grass to the road.

"Hello, Still," he said. "How are you?"

"Tolerable, Allan, tolerable. How are yer? What's ther news?"

"Haven't heard any, Still. What do you hear? Anything going on?"

"No; hain't heard nothin' nor seen nothin'