

FOLKS AROUND SUNSHINE-SHADDER

"Thet's where I was born 'n' raised."

"Indeed," he feebly articulated, as he glanced witheringly from the osprey to the social spirit beside him.

"Ever been there?" she queried, after a few minutes of unexpected silence.

"Never," came the curt reply, as he yielded to a suppressed yawn and settled back in the seat, determined to make the best of the situation in a crowded car of excursionists who were on their way, many of them, to celebrate the glorious twelfth at Kinglyville.

"Thet's wheer I'm bound fer neow, my ole home," she remarked, anticipatngly.

"Really."

"Yees, 'n' the ole homestead is still a-stan'in', 'n' clos' beside it Willie John Burr and Cousin Tom marked farms, 'n' from that it kinder sprouted roun' the hill."

"Very interesting," he drawled laboriously, conscious that her spectacted observers were turned somewhat searchingly upon him.

"Yes, 'tis, but theer has been a mighty lot o' change sin' then, for theer ain't half the folks theer neow theer ust ter be, 'ceptin' sech ole reliables like Limpy Beggs an' Billy Batterson."

"Many Orangemen down there?" he ventured sarcastically, as a number in full regalia sauntered down the aisle.

"Wall, yees, Orangemen thick as fleas down home. My brother Andra' builded the ferst Orange hall ter Sunshine-Shadder, 'n' it wus the last, fer it wus burnt