

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

then he allers made a p'int ter cater ter them fools o' lumber-jacks, dopin' 'em fer the almighty dollar every spring, 'n' I ain't 'stonished he has twenty thousan', which is a fortune ter us poor critters."

"Wall, it's a queer warl, 'n' if we air poor, we have the less ter answer, 'n' thet's mech ter be thankful fer, sometimes," Limpy remarked as he leaned his arms on the web of gingham before him.

"An' neow's I cum ter think, ye can't guess who was buried ter-day?" Billy mysteriously inquired.

"It wus no mor'n 'n' no less than ole Bill Hastin's; jes' seed the tail end o' the procession as I driv' on ter Main Street—"

"Wall, o' all thet's onnateral, who'd thought Bill would hev got his subpoena so soon," Tommy reflectively remarked.

"Heart kinked two days ago," Billy added, by way of explanation.

"Yer don't say?" Limpy ejaculated; "'n' theer be one thing, fellers, though be gone ter kingdom come, or jedgment hall, if he wus ter run ag'in fer this here ridin' he wouldn't get my vote, 'n' I know I speak fer the heft o' the countryside."

"Nor mine, either," seconded Tommy; "fer arter the way he used Zildy Yale, 'n' hitched hisself so soon arter ter ole Sol Timmon's darter, I sed ter Joe Blyth, who wus doin' the missionair ack that run, 'No, ye doan' cum over Tommy Stead with yer dirty money. I hain't got no eddicatin' ter speak o', but I'm a man fer a' that,' 'n' I sez ter Joe, 'put them dirty green-backs in yer pocket, fer no son o' Nick