

gittin' peakeder and paler every day. At last he says:

"I'm afraid I'm over-exercisin', boys. If I ain't careful I'll be gittin' athlete's heart. I guess I better go easy for a spell."

We encouraged him in the idear, and he cut down his exercisin' a lot, but it didn't seem to give him no relief. He got scared he was goin' into consumption.

"No wonder," Dan says, "sittin' humped over a book all the time, instead of bein' out workin' up an appetite in the fresh air. You can't get healthy by readin' a book about it. You got to git out and do somethin'."

"I believe you're right, Dan," Joe says, solemn as an owl, "I ain't bin gittin' enough of the play spirit into my exercise. I was readin' an article the other day—"

"Fergit that stuff!" Dan says.

Well, it turns out, after Joe has done some more readin', that this here sport called skeein' is probably the best exercise out for rejuvenatin' the human frame and drivin' away the blues, so he sent for a pair of the weapons; and if you ever seen a kid with a new toy, it's him when he unpacks them skees.

The next day was Sunday, and all hands turned out to see Joe launch himself, as you might say, on the skees.

There was a big hill back of the camp, and Joe gits up on top and spends about half an hour gittin' the

contraptions tied on solid, accordin' to printed instructions accompanyin' same, and then down he comes lickity scoot, about sixty miles an hour, and just as he gits to the bottom of the hill and is wavin' his hand to us in a graceful manner, what does them fool skees do but git ketched in some grass and stand up on end and git stuck in the snow solid, leavin' Joe hangin' there by the feet so he can't neither git up or down.

It nearly broke his neck, but we wasn't in no hurry to turn him loose.

We come around and ast if there was anythin' we could do for him, and if he would like us to make sure that the skees was tied on good and solid, and what he would take and repeat the performance, with full details, the followin' Sabbath. We offered him syrup for a stimulant, and bran for a laxative, and remarked that it looked to us like he was neglectin' his exercise.

He laid still for a while in that position, and then started slowly workin' himself up and down with his arms.

"What do you think you're doin'?" Dan says.

"Oh, just exercisin' my triceps," he says; "in case there happens to be any long-eared jackass of a bush-whacker hangin' around here when I git loose."

"The triceps," he says, "is sometimes called the hitting muscle."

He was the dangdest feller.

