

THE WAY—THE PLACE—THE PEOPLE

more pleasant than the realization. Yet the excitement produced was something in itself, and they either wended their way home or lounged from the wicket to the seatable commodities scattered about.

Once the little wicket shutter was drawn, Limpy stumped towards the group and added a very necessary spice to the remarks and discussions which arose once the pros and cons of weekly topics were introduced for consideration.

Billy Batterson usually joined the circle and, perched upon a keg or box, related between puffs from his corn-cob the "doin's up ter Kinglyville."

The store had long been the rendezvous of Sunshine-Shadder; in fact, ever since prohibition had swayed the population, sweeping away all evidence of John Barleycorn, who had demonstrated for years at the wayside inn which stood directly opposite the general store. Disappointed and disgruntled, it still continued to offer a better, but few in Sunshine-Shadder contributed their presence, preferring to shake the dust off their boots on Limpy's floor.

In addition to the store and inn, the hillside boasted a popular Sunday resort. It towered half-way up the hillside, and on the seventh day rhythmic waves of sound floated from its belfry over the hillside and valley. Within its red-brick walls, Rev. Doctor Peter Paul drilled his hearers upon the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church. Near and far loved this man, who had given the best of his years to Sunshine-Shadder, laughing with them in their joys and comforting or relieving them in sorrow or pain.