

exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. The hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place the grocer sat down.

"Seth," said he, "we will have a little warm Santa Cruz; without it you would freeze going home such a night as this." At the same time he opened the stove door, and shoved in as many sticks as he could get in.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I have a story to tell you." And Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"But I have the cow to feed and the wood to split, and I must be going," said Seth.

"Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool. You appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The hot drink was no sooner swallowed than things got worse with poor Seth. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow.

Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept poking up the fire in the stove. "Cold night this," said he. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take off your hat. Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth at last. "No, I must go; let me out. I ain't well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was pouring down his face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots.

"Well, good night, Seth, if you will go," and as he darted out of the door, he added, "I say Seth, I reckon