

STILLMAN GOTT

"There, that's me all over. Well, this isn't working, and as my pipe is smoked out, I guess I'll go down into the lower field and finish up."

Knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the side of a chair, he walked across the road and went down into the field, the good wife meanwhile going into the house to complete her work while wondering all the time she was working if Allan wasn't getting a little cool in his religion. She still retained a little of the old puritanical idea that whatever happened was the direct act of the Almighty, and that, therefore, all misfortunes should be accepted by the unhappy mortal who received them, in a spirit of meek resignation if not cheerfulness.