

and this is what we've done. You see, everybody was a-movin' from the old buryin'-ground, and our folks was most about left to theirselves, as you may say. They were crowded, too, as you know; lot wa'n't big enough in the first place; and last year, when Seth's wife died, we couldn't hardly tuck her in. She sort o' overlaid Deacon Shorb's lot, and he soured on her, so to speak, and on the rest of us, too. So we talked it over, and I was for a lay-out in the new simitery on the hill. They wa'n't unwilling, if it was cheap. Well, the two best and biggest plots was No. 8 and No. 9—both of a size; nice comfortable room for twenty-six,—twenty-six full-grown that is; but you reckon in children and other shorts, and strike an average, and I should say you might lay in thirty, or may be thirty-two or three, pretty genteel,—no crowdin' to signify.'

'That's a plenty, William. Which one did you buy?'

'Well, I'm a comin' to that, John. You see No. 8 was thirteen dollars, No. 9 fourteen'—

'I see. So's't you took No. 8.'

'You wait. I took No. 9; and I'll tell you for why. In the first place, Deacon Shorb wanted it. Well, after the way he'd gone on about Seth's wife overlappin' his prem'ses, I'd a beat him out o' that No. 9 if I'd 'a' had to stand two dollars extra, let alone one. That's the way I felt about it. Says I, what's a dollar, any way? Life's on'y a pilgrimage, says I; we ain't here for good, and we can't take it with us, says I. So I just dumped it down, knowin' the Lord don't suffer a good deed to go for nothin', and cal'latin to take it out o' somebody in the course o' trade. Then there was another reason, John. No. 9's