

His face was clean shaved and thin, his nose absurdly prominent, his mouth a mere slit with the ends turned up, his eyes slate-colored, small and wonderfully long-sighted. At a distance Mr. Honeywell appeared to be grinning, but as one came nearer to him it might be perceived that this was his habitual expression. His lips turned toward his ears under any emotion; they extended thither even though his eyes might be flaming with passion.

Farmer Honeywell went his way in absolute independence. He did many evil actions and made many enemies, but until the present time he had never been cited to appear in a court of law.

Sympathy was with the plaintiff; yet none could believe that Mr. Honeywell would ever come second best from a struggle with mere justices of the peace.