

about it.'—'Do,' said I, 'and she'll tell you they fell on a bed of glory.'—'Mother,' says Polly, 'Sargeant Slick says there were twenty thousand galls at Bunker's Hill; did you ever heer tell of it afore?'—'Men,' says I.—'No, galls,' said she.—'No, men,' says I.—'Twenty thousand galls,' they all repeated; and then they laughed ready to kill themselves, and said, what onder the sun could put such a crotchit as that into your head?—'Miss,' says I, 'if I did say so——'—'Oh! you did,' said she, 'and you know it.'—'If I did say so, it was a mistake; but *that* put it into my head that put everything else out.'—'And what was that?' said she.—'Why, as pretty a gall,' said I, 'as——'—'Oh! then,' said she, 'they was all galls in the trenches, after all? I won't hear no more about them at no rate. Good-by'e!'—Well, there I stood lookin' like a fool, and feelin' a proper sight bigger fool than I looked.'—'Dear heart!' says mother, gittin' up and goin' behind him, and patten' him on the cheek,—'did she make a fool of him then?'—and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and then filling up his tumbler, said—'go on, dear.'—'Well, it was some time,' said father, 'afore I recovered that misstep; and whenever I looked at her afterwards she larked, and that confused me more: so that I began to think at last it would be jist about as well for me to give it up as a bad bargain, when one Sabbath-day I observed all the Styles's a-comin' to meetin' except Polly, who staid to home; so I waits till they all goes in, and then cuts off hot foot for the river, and knocks at the door of the house, tho' I actilly believe

my heart beat the hardest of the two. Well, when I goes in, there sot Polly Styles that was, your mother that is, by the fire a-readin' of a book. 'Goin' to meetin'?' says I.—'I guess not,' said she; 'are you?'—'I guess not,' said I. Then there was a pause. We both looked into the fire. I don't know what she was a-thinkin' on; but I know what I was, and that was what to say next. 'Polly,' said I.—'Did you speak?' said she.—'I—I—I'—it stuck in my throat.—'Oh!' said she, 'I thought you spoke.'—Then we sot and looked into the coals ag'in. At last she said, —'What couple was that was called last Lord's day?'—'I don't mind,' said I; 'but I know who I wish it was.'—'Who?' said she.—'Why me and somebody else.'—'Then why don't you and somebody else get called then?' said she.—'I—I—I'—it stuck again in my throat. If I hadn't a-been so bothered advisin' of myself, I could have got it out, I do suppose; but jist as I was a-goin' to speak, I couldn't think of any words; but now's your time, it's a grand chance. Arter a while, says she,—'Father will be to home soon, I am a-thinkin'; meetin' must be near out now.'—'Likes as not,' says I. Presently up jumps Polly, and says, 'Entertainin' this, ain't it? s'posen' you read me a sarmon, it will give us somethin' to talk about.'—And afore I could say a word ag'in it, she put a book into my hand, and said,—'Begin,' and threw herself down on the settle.—Well, I hadn't read a page hardly afore she was asleep, and then I laid down the book, and says I to myself, says I, 'what shall I do next?' and I had jist got a speech ready for her, when she woke up, and rub-

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