

poultry. The captain swallowed a hasty breakfast, swearing between bites, then put on his hat and went up the road in his shirt-sleeves.

Miss Ann saw him coming, pulled down the blinds, locked the door, and retreated to the kitchen. But he went around the back way and came suddenly upon her as she was softly closing the woodshed door.

"Oh, you needn't be tryin' to hide. I see you."

"Why, good-mornin', Cap'n Hale, is it you?" cried Miss Ann, pinching her hand behind her back in vexation at being caught.

"It's me. I come over to ask you a few questions an' I don't want no foolin', Ann Henny!"

The captain's shaggy brows were twisted into such a menacing frown that Miss Henny was alarmed at once.

"Was your dog loose last night?" he demanded, sailing straight before the wind.

"He—was in his kennel," faltered Miss Ann.

There was no need to ask where he was just then, for he was tugging to get loose from the leg of the kitchen table, and his growls of disappointment could have been heard clear out to the road. The captain strode over to the dog-kennel and came back fuming with some small, downy feathers in his hand.

"I thought so, I thought so! D'you see them feathers?" he shouted. "Bring that dang dog o' yours out here, will you? Fer just one minute," he pleaded.

"I'll do no sech thing," said Miss Ann.

"You won't, won't you!" cried the captain, dancing up and down in his rage, and shaking his big fist in the air. "By Jimminy! d'you know that them feathers is out o' my two dead hens? D'you know that? Eh? Do you?"

Miss Ann's ire was rising in jumps.

"Well, I ain't a-mindin' your hens fer you, am I? You git out o' here fast as you kin!"

"*What!* Look ud here, old wumman, I didn't come here to be sassed, 'member that. I kin hev you up in court fer this ef I want an' by Jing! I'm goin' to shoot that dang dog

o' yours first time I catch him out o' his own yard!"

"Jest you try it!" blazed Miss Ann. "Jest you try it, Cap'n Hale, an' I'll shoot *you* ef I hev to be hung fer it! Jest—you—*try it!*" and with this challenge she slammed the door in his face and went into the parlor to watch him out of sight down the road. When she had calmed down somewhat, she went back to the kitchen and gave her dog the worst whipping he had ever got in his life. But the captain did not know that.

There was, however, something he was to know before the end of the week, and Miss Henny walked over in the middle of the afternoon heat to tell him about it. He was lying out under an apple-tree in the orchard, contentedly smoking a little black pipe and gazing at the snowy, puffy clouds afloat far up in the blue sky, when he was startled by a swishing in the grass and sat up to be confronted by an angry woman in a blue sun-bonnet and checkered apron. She was undoing something wrapped in a newspaper, and presently laid out on the grass two turkey legs, one turkey head, two turkey wings and some turkey feathers.

"Cap'n Solomon Peter Hale," began Miss Ann, in a hollow voice, "you see them bits?"

The captain's pipe had fallen out of his fingers, and he was staring at the array with his mouth open.

"You see them bits?" queried Miss Henny with ominous persistence.

He nodded slowly.

"Well, sir, that's all as is left o' what was onct a vally'ble turkey, an' that vally'ble turkey belonged to me. I jest come over to ask ef your dog was loose las' night, an' what's more, I beant a-goin' to stand fer no foolin', Solomon Hale!"

She paused. He ran his fingers through his whiskers and swallowed several times.

"I wanta ask," cried Miss Henny, with sudden vehemence, "I wanta ask whose dog needs shootin' now. I wanta tell you, Solomon Hale, that ef you don't shoot that there dog o' yours to onct, I'll get a lawyer an' hev the law on you, that's what I'll do."

"Git your lawyer," said the captain, serenely, relighting his pipe.