

"Well, it was a remark she didn't pay much attention to, because she was busy watching the Scalawag sign the pledge, and otherwise purge himself of Satan—and she didn't care about the Devil, anyhow. Not then, she didn't. What followed later was some different in a way. But when she an' the Scalawag got home that night and the Scalawag held her in his arms—she lettin' him, tellin' her he was goin' to be good—she lifts up her face solemn-like—so the Scalawag says—an' she says:

"Scalawag," she says, "I'm as homely as a brush fence, an' you know it, an' there ain't nobody ever liked me for myself but you. And I like you because you like me—an' because you're Scalawag. But I'll never marry you until you're good. Show me," she says, "for one year, what you can be. An' then I'll go with you, I don't care what Father Mitcheltree says—I'll go with you to the ends of the earth."

"Was she really homely?" I queried.

My friend snorted. "Ain't I tellin' you," he exclaimed, "that she's the prettiest little thing that ever was. Well, that's neither here nor there. It seems as though Scalawag couldn't help lovin' her—nobody could, except the Devil, who never loved her in his life, notwithstanding he was her husband——"

I started. "The Devil her husband," I protested, "What—didn't Scalawag get her after all?"

THE man alongside of me drew a long breath. "The Scalawag went through perdition before he got her, stranger," he went on, "and so did she. Well, let me tell you—the Scalawag was good, most awful good, for months and months. And in the middle of it old man Mitcheltree died, without a will, and left her everything he had—a couple of fertile farms, worth a mint o' money about here, and then she was rich in her own right. Well, no sooner was the old man buried decent, than the Devil—Angel-man—showed up. The Devil had been courtin' a widow with three children over the other side of the mountain—she had money, too. But now he come right to the front—give the widow the go-by. An', by the way, it was that same widow who first called him the Devil—though plenty did it afterward. Well, he wouldn't leave Evangeline Mitcheltree alone—he pestered her all the time. And let me tell you, stranger, that persistency is a mighty dangerous thing for them that's pestered. Well, did he have a show? Not a ghost of a show—not yet.

"But here's where his cloven hoof showed itself. That year that Evangeline Mitcheltree had set for this here Scalawag was a mite long. Maybe he could have stuck it out if she'd married him in the middle of it. But he wanted to marry her mighty bad, and like all scalawags, he wanted to do it right off, and the delay was eatin' into him like fire. You understand? And this here Devil, he just watched his chance.

"I don't know that a surgeon could've diagnosed the case any better—the Devil was a-studyin' his patient, the Scalawag, to beat the band. He knew what everybody else knew, too, that the Scalawag didn't have a collar but what he earned—and he couldn't earn much, because his record was agin him. And he figured on what would happen under certain conditions, and he made the conditions.

"Don't see that it's necessary to the welfare of the community," answers Scalawag, pert-like, 'we've got along so far without bein'. Let's keep the good work up.'

"But the Devil wouldn't have it. 'I got an idee,' he confided to the Scalawag, 'of raisin' sheep up here, an' I may want you to take charge of it.' He puts his hand in his pocket. 'I wish, Scalawag,' he says, 'that you'd go down to Donaldson,' he says, 'an' buy me a couple or so of likely sheep—as far as this'll go, at any rate.'

"With that he puts a fifty dollar bill into the Scalawag's hands.

"Why don't you go yourself?" asks the Scalawag, kind o' backin' off.

"But the Devil keeps on. 'You know sheep, an' I don't,' he says, which was quite true.

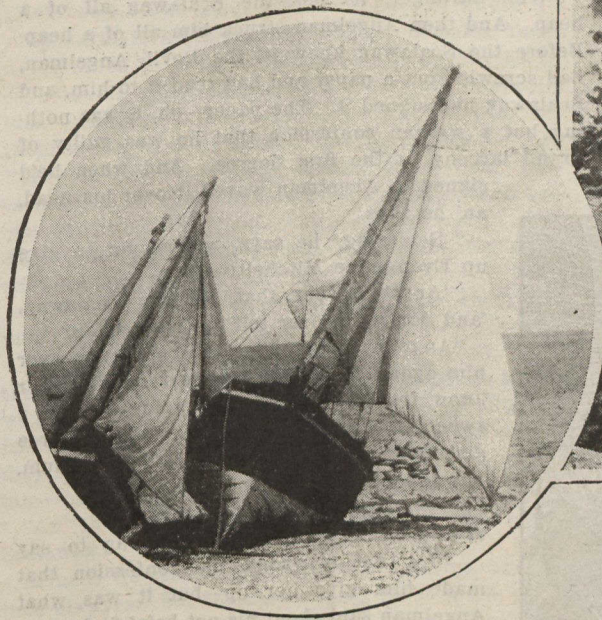
"Well, the Scalawag takes the fifty an' he goes to Donaldson. He goes to Donaldson, alone. An' the

fire was eatin' out his insides. And there wasn't no little warm hand to show him the right way—an'—

the Scalawag was alone—alone—you understand—
down at Donaldson.

"I ain't going to tell you what he did at Donaldson
-for I don't know all he did. All I know is, that four

DISCOVERED! A man who is able to get away from his job without running into a farmer, and can sit on the edge of a northern lake, not apparently caring a continental whether school keeps or not; where, when, who—not for publication. It may have been in 1917.

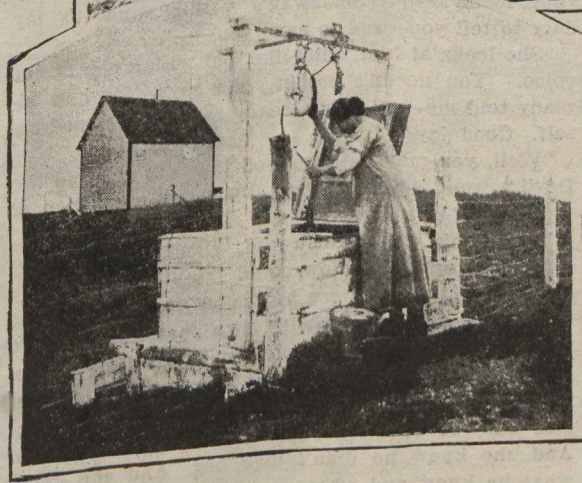


But the snapshot of the sleepy little wind-blown sails was taken down in New Brunswick by Edith M. Watson this summer.

OLD WELLS IN THREE PROVINCES



FARMERETTES who used to go trolloping up street to an ice-cream parlor soon discover that the really nicest part of the farm, the most popular resort, the easiest way, is the old wooden pump by the big barn. It's a spring well. The cattle are in the pasture.



THE old windlass well in P. E. I. is a little different from the same thing in Quebec—both photographed by Edith Watson. This is one of the originals of the old oaken bucket that hung on the well; the well too deep for a well-hook; winding up with a creak by a rope on a roller.

