

STILLMAN GOTT

ther muck she's in now. Why, er Berkshire hog with any bringin' up wouldn't be satisfied with ther way they live. Ez fer Joe himself, he ain't fit ter live with horned cattle. Well, ther Lord's will be done, ef it wuz His, but it don't seem ez though it could er been. Ef matches are made in heaven, I swanny that one of Joe's and Mandy's wuz made one day when nobuddy wuz tendin' ter bizness. G'long, Nellie."

The only romance in Still's life had been when he was a young man of about twenty-five. Joe, Mandy and Still had all attended the district school together as children, and as young people had met frequently at church and at the little social gatherings in the town. Still, as well as Joe, had fallen in love with the girl, and for a short time there had been a sharp rivalry between them for her favor. But the quick tongue and skyrocket ways of Joe had attracted the girl more than the quiet, thoughtful manner of Still, and so she had made her choice, as many a woman had done before her, and as many more will do as long as the world lasts.

Joe had started well enough, owning a good farm left him by his uncle, but too constant