

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

the hillside a number of the settlers on whom a showing of prosperity had smiled flitted nearer the front. The few whose worldly possessions or inclinations would not permit removal clung to their holdings, and through time's softening influence they gradually settled down to the fact that they had at least their bread and butter and a weekly mail to bolster up their fallen hopes.

The latter was the chief event in their mundane existence, and very few missed mail night in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the one hillside store, from the verandah of which swung a weather-beaten sign bearing the significant fact that Limpold Beggs, postmaster and general merchant, waited within.

Sunshine-Shadder for brevity sake had stigmatized him "Limpy," an appellation which could easily apply to his unfortunate possession of a peg-leg, an incumbrance which did not, however, hinder him in the race of local enterprise.

As postmaster his position was far from being onerous, for mail left but once during the week, the round trip being made to Kinglyville in one day by Billy Batterson, a citizen who ranked next to Limpy in acknowledged good fellowship. His return signalized a red-letter night on the hill and heralded a rush to the general store, where its proprietor stumped energetically to and fro, as he sorted the letters and papers, which he dealt out carefully to the expectant crowd.

The budget was seldom heavy, and many who rounded up for mail often found the anticipation