

THE LAND OF LONG AGO

Uncle Jim Mathews dropped off to sleep and got to snorin', and that set the young folks to laughin', and everybody got tired leanin' their heads over so long, and every now and then somebody would straighten up, till at last everybody was settin' up straight except two or three that was fast asleep. And still the clock didn't strike, and I reckon we'd 'a' stayed there till daylight if it hadn't been for Sam Amos. Everybody knew there was something wrong, but nobody had the courage to git up and say so except Sam. He rose up in his pew and says he, 'Neighbors, I don't want to disturb this watch-meetin', but it looks to me like one of two things has happened: either the new year's got lost on the way or the old year's took a notion to stay with us a little longer, and,' says he, 'I move that somebody goes behind the pulpit and sees if there ain't somethin' wrong with the clock.'

"Well, Parson Page he got up and went up the pulpit steps — I ricollect he had to step over Martin Luther's legs; Martin Luther was lyin' over on his face sound asleep — and he stooped down and looked at the clock, and then he threw up his hands and says he: 'Why, bless my soul! It's nearly one o'clock.'

"Well, with that the young folks begun to laugh