

face to face, yes, he threw it in his teeth, that since the Scripture declared "Woe to him if he did not preach the gospel," and a woe to him on the other hand that putteth the bottle to his neighbors lips, "that such being the case, there would inevitably, be a hell! of a difference between the two in the end."

P.S. The doors of that tavern had not been nailed up as yet, the last time that I passed that way.

Among the thousand and one special objects, scenes and incidents, which were then again beheld and experimentally duplicated in the home of my childhood, there was included as well a visit to the antiquated little country schoolhouse, in the distance. There was the hallowed spot where I first toed the chalk line when a mere lad, and when I very forcibly (ouch) learned the use of a long, sharp pointer, aside from that of indicating which of those serawling things upon the blackboard was A, and which was B or C. Apparently my artist's conception as well was to the effect that those had been very knotty problems for me to solve, so much so, that he indicated that it had been a strain on my whole nervous system. Aside from a twisting, and warping, of my normal graceful profile, it appears it had especially affected my squinty eyebrows, threatening fist, and defiant toes. In fact, there had been an evident recruiting and reinforcement of all the reserved confederates of my whole being, to enable me to honorably hold my ground, and master the situation to my credit.

All that I have to say in rebuttal is that whether intentionally or otherwise, the artist permitted me to pose at the wrong end of the line. I am surprised that the rest of the gang did not object, since I have never before stood at the head