

he laid the bag of cherries on the bench and put one in his mouth, its sweetness aroused vividly within him the treatment of the landlady even with additional force, and her words seemed so to 'stick in his throat,' that as he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to give birth to the landlady's words, 'Buy your own cherries.'

'Yes,' said John, 'and this is the way you serve a fellow, is it, after spending many a pound with you? and now to begrudge even a paltry cherry!' and striking his hammer on the nail as he muttered the words—itsecho seemed to answer back to him, yes, 'Buy your own cherries.'

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him, and do what he would even the saw and plane echoed