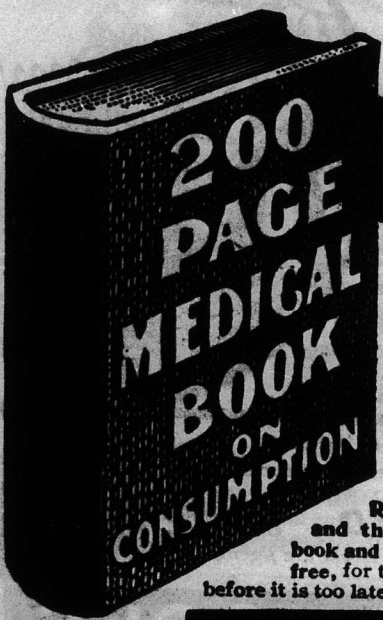


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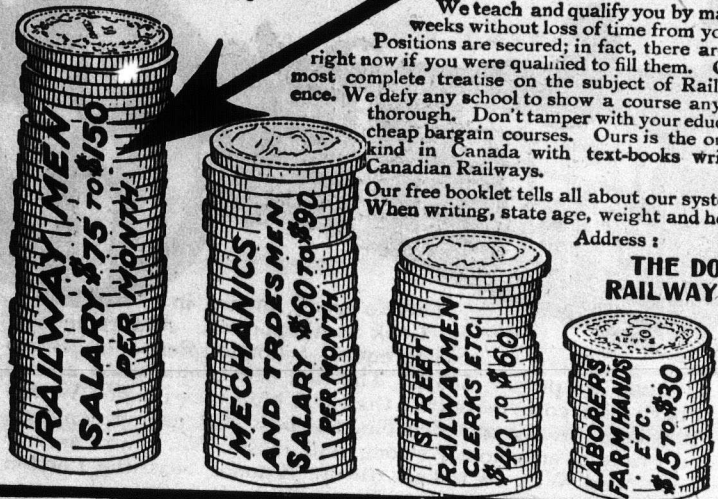
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STRATHCONA

ALBERTA

"Nor Sam Long?" says she. "Nor Sam Long," says Bab's Andy. "Nor it surely wasn't Rabbe Walk-er?"

"No, it wasn't," says Bab's Andy. "Then," says she, still smillin' bewitchin' at him, "then it must 'a' been big Tammas McJunkin?"

"No, no, no," says Andy, says he movin, mighty onaisy in his seat, "none of them—none of them."

"Then in wondher's name," says Liza Jane, says she, turnin' to him, an' lookin' him square, "in wondher's name," says she, "who do ye mean that I was going to marry?"

An' when she put it to him plank this way, an' tuk him at the hop, poor Andy' poor sowl, saw it was do or die—maybe do an' die—with him. On the spur of the moment then he made up his mind anyhow to do—let him live or die afther.

"An' I thought," says he, "Liza Jane, it was myself ye were goin' to marry."

Liza Jane she got a face on her that would freeze a lough, an' drew herself up, an' says she, "I beg your pardon, Mither McClarnin"—she wouldn't consent to know Andy McClarnin just then—"I beg yer pardon, Mither McClarnin," says she—an' poor Andy when he seen the sight of her an' heard the words of her, went as weak as a dish-clout—"I beg yer pardon, Mither Mc-

thing to you than I would cut my head off. Sure ye know, an' know, that if I didn't ax ye in words it wasn't for want of the wish, but the will, for four years gone. Ye know, an' know, that it was only fear kep' me from sayin' the words to ye—I mean to say ye should know. I wanted ter ax yer, an' I come to ax ye three times, an' the fright overtuk me, an' I run home like a hare. I'm a dunce, Liza Jane, an' a amadan, an' a blatherskite, an' gomerel, all rowled up in one. An' there I am now," says he, givin' up for want of breath, "an' do what ye like with me."

But as Bab's Andy had gone on, Liza Jane's look ye know an' changin' an' changin', an' when he finished, her look was as mild an' gentle as a lamb's.

An' then she hung her head a wee bit, an' sthrove her level best to blush, an' says she, "Oh, Andy, Andy! An' ye never breathed a word of this to me afore! An' I never suspected it! No, no, it's me is the dunce—it's me is the dunce, Andy!"

Poor Andy's heart, when he saw the change in her, come up again from the bottom of his boots, an' was thumpin' against the crown of his skull, wantin' room to rise. "An," says he, "Liza Jane Bohunnan, then ye don't take it ill—me thinkin' of ye?"

"Andy McClarnin," says she, "ye know this is suddint—very suddint. An'



"I beg yer pardon, Mither McClarnin," says she, "but I hope in my heart, an' sincerely thrust, that ye didn't mean to insinuate . . . that I meant to offer to marry you—you, Mither McClarnin, or any other man that steps in shoe-leather this day?"

F. RICHARDSON

Clarnin," says she, "but I hope in my heart an' sincerely thrust, that ye didn't mean to insinuate—even in the inside of yourself—that I meant to offer to marry you—you, Mither McClarnin, or any other man that steps in shoe-leather this day—to offer myself to marry you without your first axin' me, Mither McClarnin? I say I hope an' thrust that it wasn't your intention to make any such an insinuation against my reputation? I hope it, I hope it, I say!"

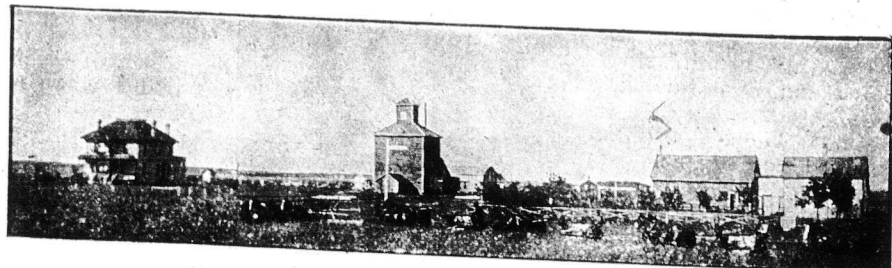
"Och, och, I ask an' beg," says poor Andy, says he, an' him in such a state of distress as might melt the heart of a millstone, "I ask an' beg," says he, "an' implore of ye a hundred thousand pardons for my ignorance in puttin' the thing as I did. But sure ye know, an' know in the inside of yer heart an' sowl, that I would no more even such a

myself is flustered, an'—an' narvous a bit, an'— But if ye insist on an answer on the spur of the moment," says she, "I don't believe I do take it ill, at all, at all."

"An' Liza Jane Bohunnan," says Andy, says he, gettin' the narve as Liza Jane lost it. "Liza Jane Bohunnan," says he, "will ye consent from this time forr'd to wet yer wee grain of tay in my tay-pot?"

"Andy McClarnin," says she, "ye're a daicent, in dustrious boy, an' come of daicent, industrious people, an'—an' myself doesn't know but—but—maybe I could do worse."

I danced at the weddin' of Bab's Andy an' Liza Jane myself; an' I will say it that a bigger or better night's divers'on wasn't in that quarter of the country either afore or since.



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