

STILLMAN GOTT

Sun's gettin' down, an' I guess I'll be headin' fer home," and, getting into the old buggy, Still turned the aged mare around, and in a few moments was lost to the view of the grateful woman and wondering child.

"Seems kinder queer how things turn out," mused Still, as he jogged along over the grassy road. "Ther good book says ther ways uv ther Lord are parst andin' out, an' so I better not spend much time guessin', but what in thunderation she married thet man fer, I dunno. I s'pose it might er been er good deal worse, ez ther feller said when he buried his mother-in-law, but Joe always wuz er lazy cuss frum ther time he wuz big ernuff ter walk, an' she knew it if she'd ever stopped ter think. Come uv er poor crowd, an' his mother an' father were just like him. Poor run-out stock, ez fer back as I kin remember, an' Mandy grew up on er farm an' ought ter hev known that yer can't raise trottin' hosses frum crowbaits. Nothin' an' nothin' make nothin', jest ez much in human bein's ez in figgers. Thank ther Lord, that child takes after her folks an' not after his, an' mebbe she'll amount ter somethin', ef only she can git er lift out uv