

I told ye about glidin' down hill easy-like—d'ye ye mind? A man ought to die in the harness—that's where he ought to die, with the straps all buckled 'n' the check up! . . . Dear, dear, Peg, will I ever git old enough to ha' learned things right, 'n' not be tellin' ye wrong all the time? It's enough to make me keep me old mouth shut tight, like old Ben Peters beyond, who believes that every word ye say more 'n' 'Yea' 'n' 'Nay' 's a sin. . . . I kin tell ye, Peg, a man never gits too old to need wakin' up, 'n' that fellow over at the meetin' house jist got here in time to pick me, fer one, up off me slope and turn me round, 'n' set me climbin' up the other way to the hill-top, where the air is bracin' like, 'n' the big river 'll jist creep up 'n' up afore one knows it, 'n' take a fellow off afore he kin shuffle his harness aside, collar 'n' hames 'n' all!"

Yet I had always had a prejudice against "revival" meetings, and to the last held out against going, with my mother, who refused to go because "Robert Mallory, who was elder o' the church fer fifteen years," had never thought it necessary to go to "them riotous things."

Indeed, I think we should not have gone at all had it not been for a rather peculiar incident which happened at the time of the meetings, although, ostensibly, not because of them.

About Oroway Centre, to which the mail arrived from Saintsbury only three times a week, we had established a sort of rural-mail delivery system of our own. Each farmer had erected at his gate a substantial mail box, fitted with door and key, and with a slit for placing the letters; and whoever happened to have business at the "Centre" acted voluntarily as postman, distributing the mail on his way home as far as he went. Among others, we Mallorys had been induced to erect a box, and, considering the fact that, to reach it meant a drive through the wood-lane to the Clearing, the frequency with which we found our letters therein was no small testimony to the obligingness of our neighbors.

Going down to the box one bright morning in January, not long after the New Year, I found, along with a parcel of letters all bearing the Oroway Centre postmark, a bulky envelope bearing neither postmark nor postage stamp, and addressed to my mother in a thin, scrawling hand.

"Now who kin this be from?" said my mother, putting on her glasses and scanning the writing. "I'll bet ye it's that new neckscarf Amanda Might was makin' fer me fer a Christmas box, 'n' clean forgot because of that fuss over Gay Torrance. Open it, Peggie, fer it's time my hands was in the bread."

So saying she handed me the package, and began beating the bread sponge vigorously with a big iron spoon, while I, at my leisure, tore off the end of the envelope.

"Why, it's—money!" I exclaimed.

"Money?"

"Yes, money," I repeated, mystified, yet jumping at the conclusion that Dick might have sent it in consideration of our loss at his father's hands long ago. Yet the writing was not Dick's. And the sickening dread came upon me that Dick was ill—perhaps dead.

As I drew out the roll of green bills, however, a paper came out with them. Opening it, I read, written in the same scrawling hand, the words, "Conscience Money. I pay back fourfold." Nothing else, neither mark nor signature to show who the sender might be; but I could have shouted with relief, for this was not Dick's way of doing things.

My mother had come close to me, and as I handed money and paper to her, I saw that she was trembling violently, with her face in the contortion of agitation which only the strongest emotion could have caused.

"It's Carmichael!" she almost shrieked as the bills touched her

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