

to the stump the Deacon began to emulate the "injury-rubber" man. It was a hard but heroic struggle. The rheumatic joints of sixty are not those of youth, but the Deacon's vanity urged him to persevere.

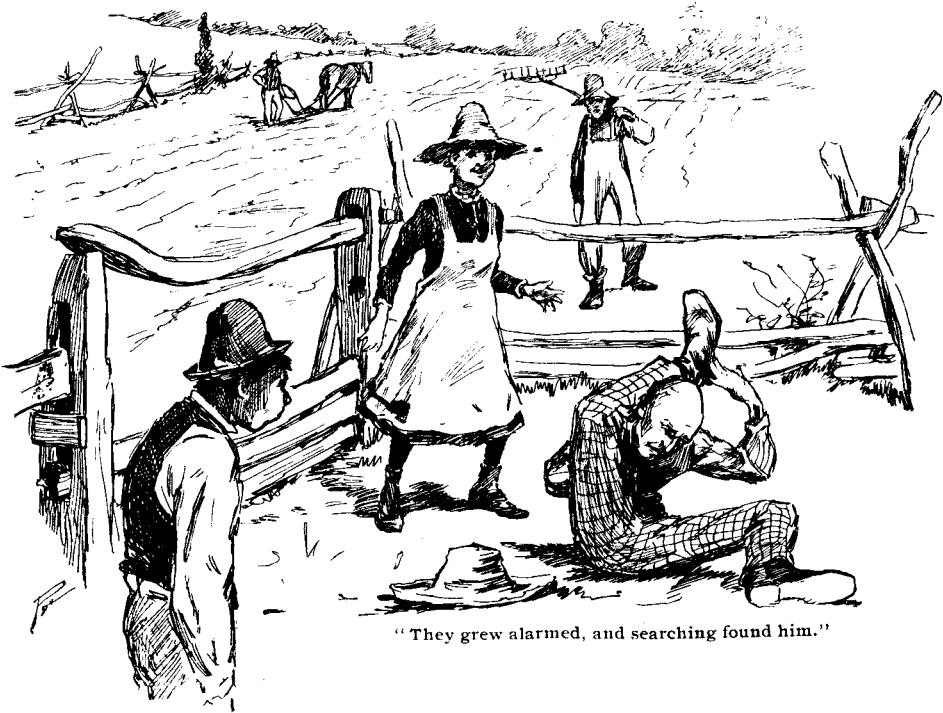
By dint of pulling and craning his neck he succeeded in getting his head under his knee, so that his knee fitted round the back of his neck, but do as he would he could not get it back. He struggled and struggled fruitlessly, but it would not come. Then he waited and thought, then prayed. After that he tried again, and *swore!* Yes, the Deacon actually swore in his madness to disentangle himself. For it was not the danger of his health, and probably his life ;

the stump, held with himself the most realistic little protracted meeting he had ever experienced.

The day dragged on and the horses still stood in the furrow. The girls blew the horn for dinner, and wondered why their father did not make his appearance. The afternoon passed, and when the supper horn did not bring him they grew alarmed, and searching found him as we have described.

They tried to get him straightened out, but had to send to town for a doctor to do it in the end.

There was a nine days' talk and sensation, in which the most speechless was the



"They grew alarmed, and searching found him."

it was not the pain of the enforced unnatural position that was his greatest agony during that terrible, long day, which seemed to have no end, but it was the thought of the horrible disgrace that he, Deacon Snider, should have been conquered by the circus, for he saw now, when too late, that the Devil had "come to South Concession, fer shore," but that he had got the man they had least expected. And probably, under all, the most suffering was caused by the thought that the "limberest man in two counties" had played circus and failed signally.

Taking it all around, there is no doubt but Deacon Snider, there in the hollow by

Deacon himself. No man realized more than he did the disgrace of the ridicule, and that his course as a public man was ended.

He was a mere shadow ever after. He was not a man you could straighten out. His pride and his vanity were gone, and with them his stubbornness, and with men of his class that is about all there is of them.

This is not a place for didactics, but the fact is the poor Deacon had allowed his natural humanity no outlet during the most of his life, and had so dammed it up that, when it broke loose, it carried all before it.

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