

## STILLMAN GOTT

ply heaped up. Then taking an old seythe hanging up on the side of the house, he mowed the weeds in the "dooryard," raked them up and threw them into the pig pen.

As he finished clearing up the space in front of the house, the woman came out, and with tears in her eyes, said: "Still Gott, you ain't no angel, because you're er human bein', but you're as nigh to one ez they make on this earth."

"Shaw, Mandy," said Still with a smile, "what yer talkin' erbout? Ain't no job ter eut up er little wood, an' ez fer them things I fetched over, they cluttered up my house so I didn't want 'em. Ez fer not bein' an angel, I guess yer right. I hain't got pinfeathers, say nothin' uv wings."

"Well, now, Still Gott, it's ther fust time I ever knew flour an' sugar an' tea an' butter cluttered er house up. I know why you brought 'em, an' while Joe ought ter be ashamed ter hev me obliged ter take things frum neighbors, I'm jest ez thankful ez I can be."

"'Tain't neccessary, Mandy, ter thank me at all. Ef I've got more'n I need uv anythin', it's my duty ter give it ter somebuddy else, an' so, ez I sed, I brought it over here ter git red uv it.