

wants to go to a protracted meeting, yet he can't keep away. He's like a drunkard and the corner tavern. He can't pass it, and he knows if he goes in he will fall. Macdonald's always the first one to go up to the penitent bench. They rake him in every time. He has religion real bad for a couple of weeks, and then he backslides. He doesn't seem able to stand either the converting or the backsliding. I suppose some time they will gather him in finally, and he will stick and become a class leader, but he hasn't stuck up to date."

"Then he doesn't like to hear the subject spoken of?"

"You bet he don't. It isn't safe to twit him about it either. To tell the truth, I was pleased when I heard him swear at Sandy; then I knew it was all right, and Sandy can stand it. Macdonald is a bad man to tackle when he's mad. There's nobody in this district can handle him. I'd sooner get a blow from a sledge hammer than meet Mac's fist when his dander is up. But so long as he swears it's all right. Say, you'll stay down for the meeting, won't you?"

"I think I will. I'll see what young Bartlett intends to do. It isn't very far to walk, in any case."

"There will be lots of nice girls going your way to-night after the meeting. I don't know but I'll jog along in that direction myself when it's over. That's the principal use I have for the meetings, anyhow."

The whittler and Yates got down from the bench, and joined the crowd outside. Young Bartlett sat on one of the horses, loath to leave while the tire setting was going on.

"Are you coming, Yates?" he shouted, as his comrade appeared.

"I think I'll stay for the meeting," said Yates, approaching him and patting the horse.