

parts, and I kept a singin' school one whole winter down to Jersey. Though I'm lyal as sez it, it's only a Scotchman or an Irishman who can keep school here. There's no room for the nateral born genus of the nateral born son of the sile."

"Then why do you not cross the line?" asked the other.

"Because, darn me, as sez it, Silas Fox is lyal, spite of how things is goin'. But say, stranger," he asked quickly, "you wouldn't care to trade that beast of your'n, now would you?"

"No," returned the soldier, "he is not for sale;" and so saying he turned with a contemptuous indifference, and went toward the house.

The other looked after him for a moment, then he slapped his thigh with a sly chuckle of cunning and self-satisfaction.

"Ye don't know me, but I know you," he ejaculated in a spiteful soliloquy, "and Silas Fox can lick tarnation off every darn subject of King Garge, and the day is comin' when King Garge and King Monmouth and Gov'ner Gore, and the whole jam pack will be swept out of this here country and the Stars and Stripes flyin', and then Silas Fox will have his share of a tidy mess of land, and a fine gal for a wife. But I must be off, for I'm goin',"—and he shook his fist in the direction of the inn door,—“my starched friend, to prepare the way for you.”

So saying, or thinking, he lifted a light pack, which lay near, on to his back, and taking up a gun, stole like that beast whose name he bore, into the absorbing deeps of the neighboring forest.