



"Musha! Musha! Wirrasthru! An' fwat 'll I do at all, at all, I don' know." "Why what's the matter with you Mrs. McInerny?" "Och! Misther Cootyer! the blayard, the thafe of the worruld alongside ye, there!" "What's he been doing?" "Sure didn't I have me pail of honey sitting up there on the wagin' safe an' the *omadhaun* driv' his horses up agin me wagin' an' upot the honey, an' d'ye mind the state me butther's in, all covered with honey?" "I b'leeve he's done you a good turn, missus. All you have to do is to get a loaf of bread and cut it in slices, and sell it buttered and honeyed for ten cents aslice. You'll make more that way than you would by selling them separately. Just try it!" "Be me sowkins, Misther Cootyer, I b'lave yer right; I'll just thry it. I'll be off now an' get a loaf." "Wull! I swan, Peter, you did that kind of slick now, I tell yer, an' I'm derved if I don't think there's money in it too. Now I'm goin' to patronize the old lady myself. I'd jest as soon have a good hunk of bread and butter and honey, with a glass of beer to wash it down, as to go up to Fred's and pay a quarter for dinner. I'll tell some of the other boys, an' you jest see if the old gal don't unload mighty quick about noon-time, an' more than that she'll be able to salt down twice as much money to-night as she would if the honey hadn't been upset. Say, pard, I guess she orter gin you a slice for nothin', to pay you for upsettin' her honey. Any how, she orter do it to pay for the names she called you. Derved if I'd like to be called a "pay sooper," afore folks. But 'tain't no use talkin'. That ain't a goin' to sell my chickens. Yes, warm, they're for sale, 'ceptin' them two 'at I'm keepin' for Lew Smith. Lew says he's tired eatin' fish, 'cause he ketches so many an' he don't like to throw 'em away. Looky here, Missis! Ef you'll take half a dozen of them 'ere chickens, I'll let you have them for forty cents a piece, and I'll bet they'll weigh four pounds each. Why that's cheaper than Ames' steak, an' they're a good deal tenderer. Much obleeged, Missis. Two forty, that's right! You'll enjoy the eatin' of them there chickens.

For if you want life to enjoy, you'll buy of chickens tew
An' with yer chicken fixins' then, just make a chicken stew.

"Bigosh! M'sieu Merrill, me'll don' know dat you'll mek de song afore, *Lous chantez bien bon, all-a-sam comme une merle*. wot you call him, one night on-a-big-storm, eh? "You mean a night-in-gale I reckon." "Oui! Oui! *Tous le meme chose*. One night on a pooty big wind-blow-hard. You call heem gale, hey? Me

don' know no gale honly M'sieu Gale on Waterville. He'll don' chanter. M'sieu Merrill? "I didn't say he shantied, Narcisse. I know he gets his lumber out through jobbers." "Non! Non! M'sieu Merrill, me don' mean dat. Me mean M'sieu Gale she'll don' chanter. She'll don' sing him song. *Comprenez vous?*" "Oh you beshot. Nobody couldn't onderstan' you anyfway. You don't know nothin' an' allus did. You'd better sell them taters o' yourn, an' git back to Brompton afore the owls comes roun' or you'll want to stop and talk to 'em, a thinkin' they're talkin' French to you. A feller can onderstan' one 'bouts' well as tother."

"Hello! Riches. Have you got any bear meat this time?" "No, but I shouldn't wonder if I had some within a week or two. There's an all-fired big one round the Key Brook, and I guess he's got an eye on my oat-patch, and some of the lambs in the pasture along side. He hain't bothered me yet, but I guess he'll do so or get bothered. He's been through Duncan Haggart's oats, but Duncan swears that it's one of them big mascalonge that went up during the wet weather, and when I showed him the prints of his tce nails, Duncan said that was the marks of the mascalonge's teeth when he'd been pullin' himself up the bank. You know I ain't much mistaken about bears. I've catched quite a few of them between my place and Brompton Lake, and I guess you've helped to eat some of them. I believe I could furnish you the material for some pretty good bear stories for your paper. I haint seen any bear stories lately." "I'd rather you furnish me the material for bear steak and I'll get up a story out of that. In writing for the press you want to chaw your subject well and I'm waiting for a chance to do so in connection with a bear story." "Well if you'll promise to get up the story, I'll get up the steak, see if I don't, and I'll tell you some of the experience that Dan Ball and I had trapping bears at Brompton Lake. You know that ridge that runs across from the Blueberry Hill at the foot of the lake, to Key pond? Well that's the greatest place for bear I ever struck. I'm goin' to leave these eggs at your place and you can pay me for them when I bring up the bear meat. They're as fresh as them you used to get from Miss Smith." "Well its a fact that Bill Riches has awful luck catching bears. I mind me of one time when he was hid in a corn patch one night watching for bears, and he got into a kind of a doze, and a bear came along and commenced chawin' on the hill o' corn alongside of him. Bill out with his jack-knife and cut off the stalks near the roots and he kept that corn 'twixt him and the bear and kep' a backin' out of the patch, the bear chawin' away all the time—until he backed into the corn stable when he just chucked the armful of corn stalks onto the bear, jumped out of the door way shut the door and trapped the bear. There isn't one man out of a hundred could have done it."

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