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"I'm writing this neck. I'm as much as I can to keep from saying words of mine," he ordered as they filed into the church. I never was so mad in my life. I'm lathering with rage; and he says I'm a thief, and he's no dunder! I'll steal you if I can; and so I will!"

"I'll jest this, Berthilda—your comeliness shall make me sore, and get Pansy and me to marry you, or there's an end of it. It's all up between us. You of it, you choose him, why I ain't underdine if you choose him, go no longer, and no obligations to me, and I'll make a jolly him in three shakes of a sheep's tail."

At those words Berthilda trembled more than ever. The fountains that were in her head overflowed and ran over her eyes down her cheeks.

"I'm no obligation to me, and I'll make a poor woman in such trouble to me. Oh, oh!"

"Choose!" cried Hoskins; "and I'll read if I ain't so mad I don't care much which way you choose. I'd make you a million of times, go for me, I'd make him and mash him—by jings, I'd find!"

"Why don't you!" sobbed Berthilda. "But, oh, Silas, I can't leave a poor Flint like that. It wouldn't be like Flint like that."

"Then here goes," said Silas Hoskins, taking off his cuffs.

At this moment a loud, gath-like figure strode past them and began to take the floor.

The crowd rose up, and Peter Perkins' voice inquired for Mr. Flint. Mr. Flint at once appeared in the entry.

"Well, what do you want here?" was the salutation.

"What, what, what," said Peter Perkins, "seen you was so 'bigin' and neighborly about that gray mare, and kinder reckoned I'd jest step in and

ou like the man yourself:

"I'm here to-morrow, and there's a rain coming up along the end of the week, or I'm no prophet."

"That's all right, but what for?"

"Mr. Plint. 'I've seen impudence before, but this caps all.'"

"Kinda guess you've forgot what I said," said Peter Perkins. "Don't you remember I said 'I'm no prophet'?"

"I'm Mr. Perkins, Mr. Plint."

"I know you well enough," said Mr. Plint. "Do you think I'm in your debtage? You're the man that killed my brown horse last summer, and you're the man that used to do the thought by this. And I told you what I thought of you in my note. You must have been drinking, Mr. Perkins! You must be drunk, sir, to ask me for my gray mare after what I wrote you!"

"I'm drinking! I never touch anything but beer. I'm a Son of Temperance, sir!" shouted Mr. Perkins, as that his voice reached the ears of the gray couple at the gate.

"Drunk!"

"Then if you are sober, you can read!" said Mr. Plint.

"You wrote me a note telling me to come over, saying there was nothing in the way of my having the gray mare," said Mr. Perkins.

"That's all right," said Mr. Plint.

"You're a lying, sir!" said Mr. Perkins. "Hanged if I'll stand it!"

And now Miss Berthilda saw her uncle mocked by a boy and fast.

she was a nice little thing

"You abominable rascal!" cried Mr. Flint. "That was I! We drank and a liar, sir," cried Perkins to Hoskins. "Asked him nice questions to lend me money, and he would not. He wrote he would and now calls me all the names he can lay his tongue to."

"I don't doubt it, sir!" said Mr. Hoskins. "He's insulted me, sir! He's called me a poor, idle, lying, Abigail Araminy to death, sworn that he would, and was scared of him. Write that to me, sir! Hang him!"

"That's false!" said old Flint.

"No, you are a liar, an IP!" cried Hoskins.

"You are both liars," said Flint.

"You never write that to me!" cried Hoskins.

"No doubt it's true, but I didn't, cried Hoskins.

"He is crazy," said Hoskins.

"Mad as March hare," said Perkins.

"You are a couple of fanatics. I'll be protected against you. Help help! Some one go for the constable!"

"You're a liar!" cried Hoskins.

"Why, there's the letter you sent me! If you were a younger man I'd not stop to argue; but you're old enough to be my father—"

"That's another lie," said Flint.

"You're a liar!" cried Hoskins.

"Well, that's the letter you wrote me, anyway," said Perkins, holding out a crumpled sheet of paper.

Flint took it in his hand, glanced at it, and said: "It isn't; but his face is pale."

"Contradicts anything," said Perkins.

"I suppose you'll deny you