

## AMARILLY IN LOVE

then Mithter Derry told me to ride with the doctor ath far ath I could."

"What I can't understand," said Mrs. Jenkins, "is how it wasn't you as got shot, Iry. Your luck may be changin'. Lily Rose, what did you want to skeer us that way about Mr. Derry for and make us think he was shot serious?"

"You ain't hearn the worst yet," said Lily Rose loftily. "Go on with the rest, Iry."

"I come out of the houth ahead of doc, and then Dumplingth run out and went down by the barn and begun to holler hith head off. I follered and athked him what wath the matter, and he thed the houthkeeper hed told him ath how Mithter Derry's hand hed got to be cut off, and Dumplingth knew he done it, tho he felt bad."

"And," interpolated the first narrator in tragic climax, "it's his right hand, the one he paints with!"

"Well," said the Boarder placidly, "can't he learn to be a southpaw?"

Amarilly was very pale now.

"I will go right over to the Corners," she said.