

say I was very much disappointed at not receiving some acknowledgment, however slight, of my efforts. I changed my tune to the more lively one of "Old Dan Tucker." There I stood on the puncheon—first on one foot and then on the other, keeping time to the music with the sole of the unoccupied boot beating a single tattoo on the barrel head. I was just getting myself worked into the spirit of the thing, though once or twice I confess I *did* lose heart, when suddenly the air seemed alive with ferocious yells and savage cries, and simultaneously the upper window opened and the back door was flung outwards. A wrinkled visage and a scraggy pair of shoulders enveloped in a tight-fitting red cap and dingy yellow night-gown jerked themselves half-way out of the window, and the yellow night-gown shrieked out:

"What do you mean you villain, waking everybody up with your confounded cater-wauling. Aint you ashamed of yourself? Go way with you, sir," and the terrific red cap vanished. I stood motionless as a statue. Here was all my fine serenade going for naught. The eccentric female with the sadly deficient organ of music had hardly disappeared from sight when there issued from the open doorway the elder Manglethrope armed with a flint-lock blunderbuss in one hand and a Queen Bess rifle in the other. I cried out:

"I am a friend, Sir, and not a constable, my name is Pellidee, I—," but it was too late. He had covered me with his rifle and before I could recover sufficiently to make my escape the shrill report of the rifle broke the night air. I was struck. With a howl I sprang in the air, clapped both hands upon my hips and came down again crashing and splashing through the head of the puncheon into a perfect sea of rain-water. In vain I endeavoured to scramble out. Already I felt the death-rattle in my throat. *I was crowning*, when the troupe of village lads, who were attracted by the noise and confusion, and old Manglethrope hooted a long bean pole to my coat tails, and then all combined, they dragged me out as wet and shivering a piece of humanity as could be found in a day's journey. Weak and faint I was landed on some brushwood, and weak and faint I lay for some time unconscious of everything around me, till my speedy recovery brought me pain enough to comprehend just precisely in what light matters stood. I had been shot with a charge of powder and rock-salt, and I was soon in the most violent agony possible. The huge lumps of the saline mineral had to be picked out of my flesh piece by piece and as some of the smaller ones dissolved slowly and mixed with the blood the intense pain and suffering I endured I can assure you was something really awful. If I ever moaned in my life I believe I fairly yelled long and loud on this occasion. As soon as I had strength enough left me to walk I gathered up my bruised limbs and started for home on a jog-trot, the eager crowd of men and boys headed by old Manglethrope himself, followed hooting and rearing behind me. On, on I ran, over rough stones and tangled mosses and cruel boughs, till at length tired and footsore and wounded I sank down at my own doorway helpless and sore, and in such a condition! My once unapproachable garments were covered with mud and drenched with water, my father's beaver