

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

"That's been my 'pinion from the first," declared Billy Parker, the blacksmith; "they do a good sight more talkin' than ackin', leastways on this here hill, 'n' when they do pick up a poor crittur from the highways and byways they kill their charity ack by waggin' their tongues so hard ever arter."

"Some truth ter that, Bill," remarked Sam Jones, the rival smith; "fer, fellers, the winter I shoed fer Jim Blink, ter Kinglyville, theer be a feller called Johnson, carpenter by trade, pretty fast-goin' chap; but as he was smart 'n' a singer, some of the girls got him in the temperance saccity, 'n' fer awhile everythin' went fine till one night they driv' to visit another lodge, 'n' theer my brave boy got mixed up with a frisky bunch 'n' hit the bottle so hard he wus nowheer in sight when they started back again. Nex' day he showed up in town, 'n' when they got wind o' it, the head mucky-muck sent him a summons to 'pear 'n' answer the hen'us charge o' bein' drunk. Course he didn't, fer nat'lly he felt sort o' shamed, 'n' 'stead o' takin' him back fer another try, they's expelled him from the saccity 'n' made him go it all the faster. A few nights arter that he got drunk 'n' went lickety-spat inter the coup. But jes' as it hapened along cum the Salvation Army 'n' fished him out, took him to their home, 'n' started him afresh on the high 'n' narrer path. 'N' fellers, las' time I seed Jim Blink he wus tellin' me that Johnson was down ter work in earnest a-poundin' nails be day 'n' beatin' the army drum be night."

"Neow, that's the kind o' temperance I hev' in