

SOME LOCAL NEWS

his share the minutes had flown round to nine. But Limpy was seldom known to close up with the distribution of mail, and as they adjourned from the wicket that night to the seatable commodities scattered about each looked eagerly forward to the few minutes' chat "after mail."

Billy Batterson's appearance was hailed with delight, and he had hardly touched a match to his corn-cob before conversation was centred upon him.

"Seems ter me, some o' ye fellers will be tenderin' for mail drawin' nex' season, fer I'll be blest if them durn cord'roys won't be the death o' me yet," he growled dejectedly as he straddled a vinegar keg.

"I see there be a article in the *Advocate* on good roads," remarked Billy Parker, "but it's one thing to siggest 'n' another thing to ack."

"Right ye be," commented Billy. "Why, if that ole Snip o' mine had decent roads ter leg it on, we would be ter Kinglyville 'n' back in no time; but as 'tis, the nag's either a stumlin' or cloggin' her hoofs the hull way theer 'n' back."

"Mech doin' up theer ter-day?" inquired Jack Lane from the region of the spool cabinet.

"Jes' same usual, save that they've started vineer in' the big hotel, 'n' some of the folks air talkin' local option; 'n' neow as I cum ter think on it, Jack, I seed Albert Edaard's Danny, sittin' 'crost from me in the res'tiran' at noon. He was astin' fer ye all, 'n' sed ter tell yous folks he'd a good job in the shingle mill; spec's his ma will be up the ferst cheap trip ter Kinglyville; 'n' drive out ter your place."