

red working shirt were tucked up to the elbow, disclosing his brawny bare arm, while each tuft of his yellow hair, dripping from its recent ablutions, stood out in proud defiance to every passing breeze. The children were just coming from school, and they soon made the welkin ring with cries of "See the crazy man! see the crazy man!" Some of the more adventurous ones followed shouting at his heels, while the rest, keeping at a safe distance, pelted him with apple-cores and such other missiles as were near at hand.

By the time he arrived at the village store, though followed by a numerous train of men, women, and barking dogs, he was not like the conquering hero, covered with glory, but with great drops of perspiration and layers of dust,

From the crowd that gathered at the door, singling out his victim, a stout, red-haired fellow, he rushed up to him and seized him by the collar.

"Oh! Jeminy! Jerusalem!" Peter bawled out.

John was too breathless to speak, but he kept up a vigorous shaking, as he struggled for words.

"O Lord! can't some one take this lunatic off?" cried the unhappy Peter.

"Oats, oats!" at last John managed to articulate.

"Well, I declare to gracious, if that ain't you John Bolton," said Peter, as the true state of affairs suddenly dawned upon his mind. "If that don't beat all nater, to be makin' in here like mad, and skeering a fellow out of his eye-teeth for a lot of oats."

The by-standers, who began now to recognize their neighbor, joined in a hearty laugh; but Peter was not so easily pacified, and not till John had offered a considerable advance on the price he paid for the oats, would he consent to return them.

John did not sleep much that night, trying to think of some place in which to put the gold. At last he remembered a closet in the garret that was never used; so hurrying on his clothes as quietly as possible, he went to the barn, and having found the bag, deposited it in the closet. In spite of his efforts to keep quiet, a little night-capped head started up from the pillow before he could again disrobe.

"In the name of common sense, John, what are you doing up at this time of night?"

"L—e—the touch of the stomach-ache," said John, "that's all. Where's the peppermint?"

"Well, I do believe you are gone crazy," said Betsey, "to be running up stairs, when there it is, right before your face and eyes."

John slept the rest of the night, but Betsey did not. She began to