

added, "We ain't like the Yanks. We're still under the rule of King Garge."

"What do you mean?" There was a sternness in the traveller's manner which made the other step back.

"Oh, nothin', he's main friendly when he ain't otherwise; but he's got a tidy lot of King's land, most as large as the State I come from. But I hain't got nothin' agin him. Fact is I'm bound for his place myself soon. I've got my eye sot on some of his land."

"Why? Does he sell it?"

"Naw! Don't you know the Colonel? He jest gives it away. But you hev to be on his soft side to get it. But you hain't after land then?" he added slyly.

The stranger started at his mistake; and with a cleverness not to be expected, parried the question with another.

"Then you are from the States, are you not?"

"Ya'as, but sometime back," replied the man suspiciously, taken aback in his turn; "since the war. My folks was Britishers, they was—not that they was any too well treated and got their desarts. Now, as for me, I was well edicated, I was, and made a school teacher down to the States. But here there ain't no show for book larnin', except for those 'Piscopalians and Presbyters, and Romans. They have the hull gol darn show."

"Ah, the Government hasn't appreciated your scholarship," observed the young man, with a sense of the ludicrous aspect of this New World doctor of learning.

"That they didn't; though I say it, I'm as clever at figures, and parsin', and spellin' as any one in these here