

wife added to her multifarious occupations that of postmistress.

'Anything for me this evening, Mrs. Callaghan?' asked the silver-headed squire, in his stately way, coming up to the counter.

'I guess thar's the newspaper,' answered Liberia, pushing it across, while the other hand held a yard measure upon some calico, whence she was serving a customer. A new face Mr. Wynn saw in a moment: probably one of the fresh emigrants who sometimes halted at the Creek proceeding up country.

Mrs. Callaghan looked doubtfully at the piece of English silver produced by the woman, and turned it round between her finger and thumb. 'I say, squire, stop a minute: what sort o' money's this?'

'A crown-piece sterling; you'll give six shillings and a penny currency for it,' answered Mr. Wynn.

'Now I guess that's what I don't understand,' said Liberia. 'Why ain't five shillin's the same every-whar?'

That Mr. Wynn could not answer. He had been indulging some thoughts of a pamphlet on currency reformation, and went out of the store revolving them again.

For it is to be noted that the squire felt somewhat like Lycurgus, or Codrus, or some of those old law-givers and state-founders in this new settlement of the Creek. He knew himself for the greatest authority therein, the one whose word bore greatest weight, the referee and arbitrator in all cases. Plenty of interests had sprung up in his life such as he could not have dreamed of nine years before, when rooted at Dunore. His thoughts of the latter had changed since he learned