

on the road at night and disturbing peaceable citizens?"

The driver pulled up, and the two eyed each other with that air of severity which men affect when they are afraid of displaying the fact that their love for each other is deep and tender.

"And what do you mean by holdin' up a peaceable citizen on the Queen's highway like this?" demanded the younger man, threateningly.

"You seem to be mighty gay about something. Another letter from Annie Laurie?"

"Aw, go an' choke yourself! No, siree. It'd be more like it if I was weepin' instead o' singin'. I bet you'd have been, if you'd heard the news I did to-day. Who d'ye suppose is to be your next-door neighbor?"

"I don't know."

"Satan Symonds—no less!"

John McIntyre's fine, gentle face expressed only surprised interest. "Well, let him come. He won't eat us."

"Won't he, though?" cried the young wagoner, vigorously. "He's got his eye on your farm, John McIntyre; yes, and one claw, don't forget that! I'd rather have the devil himself runnin' the next farm to me."