

Friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self preservation being the first law of nature."

"And get hung!"

"I don't think they'll hang thee," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all alone by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he's dead I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer? I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!"

"Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" said the Quaker, mildly.

"Why, you!"

"Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood!"

"But you meant it. You suggested murder."

"No, friend Levering; I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee."

"Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering.

"There are more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker.

"I've killed a great many in my time and no stain of blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them friends. Kill neighbour Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed. A new way to kill people.

"The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find, if thee'll only try."

"Let me see. How shall we go about it?" said Paul Levering, taken at once with the idea.

"If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way."

And so it proved. Not two hours afterwards, as Mr. Levering was driving into the village he found Dick Hardy with a stalled cart-load of stone. He was whipping his horse and swearing at him passionately, but to no purpose. The cart wheels were buried half way to the axles in stiff mud, and defied the strength of one horse to move them. On seeing Mr. Levering, Dick stopped pulling and swearing, and getting on the cart, commenced pitching the stones off on the side of the road.

"Hold on a bit, friend Hardy," said Levering, in a pleasant voice, as he dismounted and unhitched his horse. But Dick pretended not to hear, and kept on pitching off the stones. "Hold on, I say, and don't put yourself to all that trouble," added Mr. Levering, speaking in a louder voice, but in kind and cheerful tones. "Two horses are better than one, and with Charlie's help we'll soon have the wheels on solid ground again."

Understanding now what was meant, Dick's hands fell almost nerveless by his side.

"There," said Levering, as he put his horse in front of Dick's, making the traces fast, "one pull and the thing is done," and before Dick could get down from the cart it was out of the mud-hole, and without saying a word more Levering unfastened his horse, and hitching him up again, drove on. On the next day Mr. Levering saw Dick Hardy in the act of strengthening a weak fence through which Levering's cattle had broken