

AN EVENING AT THE STORE

On the evening that the lights gleamed from the windows of the school the lanterns shed their usual lustre at the store. The day had been swelteringly hot and Limpy had early emerged from the stuffy within and taken his position in the door. The toilers of the day had swung in from different directions, and with a number of the villagers reclined upon the crates and boxes lined along the wall, while the overflow barricaded the steps and with hearty abandonment smoked and talked by turns.

"Some extry goin's on at the Son's ter-night, I'll warrant," Limpy remarked as he fixed his eyes upon the stream of light.

"Yees, theer must be shore, fer when I was cuttin' through the medder while ago, I seed a hull load o' fifth liners a-headin' here," exclaimed young Jack Burr, of Plum-hollow farm, as he paused, knife balanced in a game of mumety-peg.

"Theer will be a lot o' guff goin' on the night," chirped old Tommy Stead, as he absently snapped his suspenders.

"Yes, 'n' I be kinky right, fer darter Susan be a-sayin' at supper that Jack Taylor, Tim's eldest, 'n' Spotty Wilson be a-jinin', 'n' I calkilate the visitors 'll be a-doin' the goatin' ack," he concluded as he snapped a button loose.

"They be a interesting lot o' Sons and Darters o' Temperance, fer ter coom down ter the rock-bottom. Theer be few what know what theer a-jinin' fer," Limpy remarked as he struck a match on his wooden peg.