

I caught him in the very fact of shooting a deer on my side of the river, I'll be goy blamed if I didn't, colonel. Well, what would you have a man do? I challenged him to take a shot at from a hundred yards to meeting muzzles. But he's as mean as *gar-broth*. He said he'd bought the land of Uncle Sam, and had as good a right to shoot there as the old man himself. This was more than a dead 'possum could stand. I wish I may be shot if I didn't lick him as slick as a whistle in less than no time. Well, by George!—would you believe it?—he took the law of me! Only think of the feller's impudence, colonel, to take the law of a gentleman! I paid him fifty dollars for licking him; but if I don't give him a hundred dollars' worth the next time we meet, I'm a coward, anyhow.'

"The colonel condoled with him, but at the same time advised him to submit to the laws.

" 'Laws! none of your laws for me, colonel. I can't live where there's law or lawyers, and a feller don't know whether he's right or wrong without looking into a law-book. They don't seem to know any more about conscience than I do about law. Now, for my part, I do just what I think right, and that's what I call going according to my conscience. But colonel,' continued he, with a queer chuckle, 'I've got into a worse scrape than that business with the squatter.'

" 'No! I'am sorry for that; what is it?'

" 'Why, you must know, not long after you went away there came a man riding along here that I calculate had just thrown off his moccasins, with another feller behind him in a laced hat, and for all the world dressed like a militia officer. Well, I hailed him in here, for you know I like to do as you would in your own house; and he came to like a good feller. But the captain, as I took him to be, hung fire, and staid out with the horses. So I went and took hold of him like a snapping-turtle, and says I, "Captain, one would think you had never been inside of a gentleman's house before." But he held back like all wrath, and