

STILLMAN GOTT

and their general appearance as well as that of the house and surroundings indicated either poverty and neglect or extreme meanness.

"Mornin', Mrs. Gould, mornin'; where's Joe?"

"He's gone fishin'," said the woman in a tone of half despair, half resignation. "Been gone two days now, but I'm expectin' him back Saturday night or Sunday."

"Huh; well, he'll probably be here. 'Tween you an' me, such fellers allers turn up. Ther Lord hain't no use fer 'em in heaven, an' so they keep on livin' here. Guess ef Joe's wishes wuz ter be consulted, he'd like nothin' better than ter be in heaven with nothin' ter do but walk ther golden streets an' play er harp. Ther only thing I ever knew Joe ter do middlin' decent wuz ter play er fiddle, so I guess he'd take to er harp reel easy. 'Seuse me fer talkin' so right out in meetin', but I ain't tellin' yer no news. You know ez well ez I do that Joe hed er good start an' might hev been half decent, but bein' ez his mother hez allers been, 'what is home without er jug,' it's landed him jest where he is, high an' dry, an' come ter think uv it, most allers dry. It's er long lane that hezn't got er demijohn on