

6 The Wood-carver of 'Lympus

of tobacco from his right cheek to his left and, turning to the passenger, pointed with his whipstock upwards to the church.

"Ther ain't ben er weddin' thar sence I was knee high t'er grasshopper, 'n' the las' bur'al but one wuz er double one." He slowly gathered up the slack of the reins to give the man a chance to put a question. He had not miscalculated.

"When was that?" said the stranger, but indifferently.

"Twenty-two year ago come Chris'mus — two on 'em ter onct! Beat ail how Si Prindle's fam'ly petered out! Jest ez nice er set er boys 'n' gals ez er man could raise, 'n' all on 'em, 'cept one, layin' five foot under ground. Ain't but two young uns left, 'n' they're kinder collat'als; one's er grandson, 'n' t' other's his youngest gal's niece-in-law, or, I guess, out-er-the-law."

Again he jerked his whipstock, but backwards to the slope below them, for the horses were pulling up a steep rise to an upper mountain terrace.

"Jule was Si's oldest gal, smarter'n er steel trap, 'n' harnsome too. She married er feller over 'n York state — city chap I heerd, 'n' lived in Troy; wuz studyin' ter be er minister, 'n' went inter er decline arter they'd ben married nigh onter two year. Jule hed ter do the supportin' — likely 'nough she wuz willin'; fer I heerd 'em tell down ter Scawsville, thet she said she warn't goin' ter marry nobody but er perfessional ef she hed ter work fer her livin' ter do it." He paused for another question, but it was not forthcoming.