

your neighbors, I wish you would tell me what was done there last night?" replied Mose.

"Well, sir, they had —— Mike, I wish you would stop sawing on that old gourd when I am talking. I'd as lief hear a splinter on a rail in a windy day, any time, as to hear that old fiddle. I was sayin' they had a bustin' time, one of the regular downeasters—one of the *roarinest* times ever come over," said Fleming; after which he put his short pipe into his mouth, and very mechanically commenced puffing and blowing off his smoke, with an air of confidence that he had imparted all the information Whipple could desire.

"'Ts a-thinkin' that 'ar del'cate wife o' his'n won't feel quite so crank arter this spree. Every dog must have his day—she's had hern. She'll have somethin' else to do hereafter besides sittin' at the peana all day and te—tu—ri—la—lo—tum—tum—tum," said Alf Ingraham sitting on the bunk.

"Well, come," said Whipple, "I have heard enough of your generalities. What terrible thing was done there last night?"

"Holyday went home drunk last night, mauled his wife terribly, and kicked his children out doors," said Jenks.

"Where did he get his liquor?" asked Whipple.

"I don't know. He didn't get it here. I never sell him but two drinks. As soon as I begin to see the effects of the liquor, I don't