

STILLMAN GOTT

"No, an' judgin' from the backwardness uv ther season, nothin' else will, either. I often wonder what on earth folks ever settled round here fer anyway. May hev been that they wuz kind uv wild when they wuz young an' wanted ter punish themselves. Well, I guess I'll be joggin' down ther road toward home. Goin' ter plant a little more, an' as terday will be er good day fer that kind uv er job, guess I'll hump myself, ez ther camel sed; want ter raise somethin' 'sides rocks this spring. Why, do yer know, Allan, there's er piece uv land up back uv my hous where I hev ter whittle pertaters down to er sharp p'int ter git 'em inter ther ground 'tween ther rocks, an' yet they keep on er teachin' ther scholars in ther school ter sing 'er farmer's life is ther life fer me.' Git up."

The old mare came out of her drowse and started down the road at a slow trot, the old buggy creaking and wailing behind her.

"Who was that?" inquired Mrs. Carter, as she came out to the front porch with the dish towel in her hands.

"Stillman Gott, Mary. Do you know that I never see him that I don't stop and think what