

men which jes' wa'nt bohn to run no autymobile. This mawnin' I gits a telyphone call fum him. He says he's out on the Potterville road — him an' what's lef' of the flivver. I got the wreckin' car an' driv out. They was jes' 'bout as much lef' of his clothes as they was of the car — an' he was most nekkid. I prized him up an' driv him in.

“If'n yo'd ever wukked 'round a gyrage, 'Rias, yo'd know they is two kin's of men whut owns autymobiles. One kin' loves 'em an' t'other kin' hates 'em. They ain't no inbetwix'. I is seen 'em all but I ain't nev' saw no man so sick of autymobiles as whut Cap'n Zacharias Foster was this mawnin'.

“‘I'd sell that ol' junkpile for sevumty-five dollars,’ he said.

“‘Huh! Cap'n,’ I comes back. ‘You is the jok-ines' man!’

“With that he swears the mos' elegant I ev' did heah. ‘I mean it,’ he growls.

“‘Bet'n you woul'n't put that in writin',’ I says.

“I knowed he was a pow'ful sot feller an' sho nuff he pulls out a notebook an' writ out a 'gree-ment to sell me that car for sevumty-five dollars if'n I perduced the cash in fohty-eight hours. An',” as Urias showed symptoms of interrupting, “that ain't noways the all of it, neither. 'Rias — I is got that car sol' for th'ee hund'ed dollars soon's I fix it up a bit.”

Urias turned toward Cass Driggers a face wreathed in superlative contempt. “What is I got to do with all this?”

“You is the feller,” explained Cass blandly,