

KIAH'S IDEE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AUNTY'S PARSON'S STORY.

When a man wants "an evenin' with his family" and then spends the hull time behind his newspaper, the fam'ly doesn't get much good of it; but when a man gits a figgerin', it's ten times wuss; and when Kiah has one o' his figgerin' spells, I allus feel as ef we was all away from hum! I hate figgers. The biggest jobs I ever hed in school was the cipherin' jobs; an' they used to catch me on the "herrin' an' a half" that cost a "penny and a half" every quarter. I reckon it the one new mark o' grace in me, therefore, that I can stan' all Kiah's figgerin', and jist sit down, when he gits done, an' let him go over it all to me, an' maintain a right sperrit.

Well he's jist got through once more. He's been at it a week or so; every evenin' with that slate an' pencil, an' at last he's done. "I've worked it all out," says he, "this mornin';" and I said "Well I'm glad. Glad to see you to hum once more," says I. "How've you been this long time," says I; "an' now, ef you'll jist take a little," says I, "we'll git out o' this deaf an' dumb asylum," says I, "an' we'll try an' git acquainted once more."

I dropped all my work an' sot right down, an' he took up his slate, all ciphered over; an' says he, speakin' solemn-like, "Amariah," says he, "I've got an idee!"

"Hev you?" says I "Massy on us," says I. "A'nt y' afraid it'll hurt you," says I. An' he, good man! never payin' no attention to what I sed jist went on, an' said "I've got an idee about them boards!"

"Them boards," says I. "Is that what you've been cipherin' on?" says I. "Why the hull pile on 'em isn't wo'th ten dollars, an' if we can jist git that back built, I don't care whether it's pine or hemlock."

"Amariah," says he, lookin' awful solemn, "I ain't in no mood for triflin'. I wasn't talkin' about no pine boards, nor no hemlock boards; I was talkin' about the Boards of the Church."

I never was so 'shamed in my life. To think how that good man hed been workin' there for a week, tryin' to see how things could be brought round right for the church, an' I a frettin' over it in my own mind all the time, an' now that his

mention o' them boards should jist set me thinkin' of nothin' but that back kitchen. "Oh, Massy?" says I, "I didn't mean no triflin'," says I. "An' then I jist set up an' give attention, an' says, "Well what is your idee, Kiah. What is your idee?"

An' he said "Them Boards jist worry me. 'They're doin' a gre't work; but they du hev sech hard times. It's like sleddin in March; an' fust its one on 'em comes to a bare spot in the road, an gits stuck, an' then its another, an' then its all on 'em together; an' then the's sech a hawin' an' geein' an' a lickin' up of the cattle to make 'em draw, it jist makes me sick. An' the trouble isn't that the cattle doesn't want to draw; that team is jist the willinest team on airth; but it aint hitched up right, an' them drivers does'nt understand their business."

"I'm jist discouraged Amariah," he continued, "I go to Presbytery, an' its all about the gre't distress o' them Boards; and I go to Synod, and in comes a Seckerterry or two, an' gives it to us because we don't give more for them Boards. An' even at our Missionary Prayer Meetin' the old General never lets us off without wollop'in' us about them Boards. I try to control my carnal nater, Amariah, but I git mad about it. I'm ashamed to confess it, but it puts me out o' temper; an' I believe the's a good many's feelin' jist about the same. An' now if this feelin' gits to be common, what's them Boards goin' to du?"

"Suthin's the matter, Amariah; an' it jist makes me think o' them sorrel colts. I could drive 'em all day an' no trouble; but John could never git the hang on 'em. It was fust one would jirk, an' then they'd both jirk, an' John couldn't make 'em pull stiddy an' turn 'em both together. An' at last they both got balky, an' we had to sell 'em for most nothing'. An' now, in my 'pinion, if suthin' ain't done, this old Presbyterian team is goin' to git balky, fust you know; an if it does, what's goin' to come of them Boards?"

Kiah he aint no grumbler; an' he is jist the patientest man since Job, an' he aint stingy nuther, 'cept he doesn't give his wife quite so much spendin' money sometimes as he orte, which that however is a common infirmity among men, I believe. But when he was younger and was in business, he used to be gr-at on system; an' to this day if anything isn't quite right he