

My friend's last will and testament had been verbal and had got somewhat disadjusted before it reached type. However, I found that it really did not matter in the least. The rest of the paper was less interesting, though it may have been just as accurate. There was an able editorial which expressed the withering contempt which respectable people (including the editor) felt for individuals who did not subscribe, but went into the houses of their neighbors and there revelled inexpensively in their copies of the *Weekly Vociferator*. But I liked the local page. There I learned that Sarah Geboo had two bouncing boys (all doing as well as could be expected), that Nathan Fooze had commenced work on his new "root house," that Abner Reeze had dropped three dollars (bills or silver not stated) before a discriminating pig whose repast he had just provided, and that the animal had instantaneously devoured the money, and that Abner was going to raise on the price of the pig to cover the three dollars (no editorial reference to pearls before swine, though a pig like that, I thought, would probably eat pearls, and even diamonds). I also learned that Mrs. Lydia Dowler had been staying a few days with her sister-in-law; that the Seminole Hardware Company had failed for the seventh time in eighteen months, and the financial magnate who ruled the destinies of that concern bought a "buck-board" on the strength of it; that the neighboring (and rival) village of Antrium was contemplating remodelling the Hotel Antrium, which had not been a financial success, into an opera house, but that the people of Antrium (who, in spite of their operatic leanings, had no newspaper of their own) would do better to subscribe to the *Vociferator*, and find their permanent entertainment in its enlivening pages; that—

Here the editor himself, a tall, coy, delightful fellow, made his appearance, so it was impossible to read any further. I was to learn to like both the paper and the man very much before I was done with them, and looking back just now I must add that the newspaper was the right thing for Seminole, and that the editor would be the right thing any place. He had come to show me over to dinner, so, putting a long straw in my mouth, and chewing it contemplatively, I crossed the road to the hotel where I was to put up, keeping strict watch over myself upon my first public appearance. This hostelry is kept by Major Coyote, a fierce, hot-eyed man, who, in his purer moments, is capable of the softer feelings. The tables were heavily loaded with an inexhaustible supply of peaches, grapes, and melons, and it is a little custom of the Major's who is lean and small in stature, to go about during the meals puffing a large cigar, and to lean with a sort of stern benevolence over the guests while they are eating and ask them if they are getting plenty and if it is right good. The guests, in