

Don't involve me in it at all. Peddler of
Peddlers of nightshade! Peddler of
Canada thistles! Peddler of *rosa venetica*!
Sometimes they get you in a corner where
you cannot very well escape without being
rude, and then they tell you all about this
one, and all about that one, and all about
the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk,
talk, talk. After a while they go away,
leaving the place looking like a barnyard
after the foxes and the weasels have been
around—here a wing, and there a claw, and
yonder an eye, and there a crop. How they
do make the feathers fly!—*Success.*