

'I swan you've took me mighty unexpected, William ! It sort of started the shivers. Fact is, I was thinkin' so busy about makin' things comfortable for the others, I hadn't thought about being buried myself.'

'Life's on'y a fleeting show, John, as the sayin' is. We've all got to go, sooner or later. To go with a clean record 's the main thing. Fact is, it's the on'y way worth strivin' for, John.'

'Yes, that's so, William, that's so ; there ain't no gettin' round it. Which of these lots would you recommend ?'

'Well, it depends, John. Are you particular about outlook ?'

'I don't say I am, William ; I don't say I ain't. Reely, I don't know. But mainly, I reckon, I'd set store by a south exposure.'

'That's easy fixed, John ; they're both south exposure. They take the sun and the Shorbs get the shade.'

'How about sile, William ?'

'D's a sandy sile, E's mostly loom.'

'You may gimme E, then, William ; a sandy sile caves in more or less, and costs for repairs.'

'All right ; set your name down here, John, under E. Now, if you don't mind payin' me your share of the fourteen dollars, John, while we're on the business, everything's fixed.'

After some higgling and sharp bargaining the money was paid, and John bade his brother good-night and took his leave. There was a silence for some moments, then a soft chuckle welled up from the lonely William, and he muttered : 'I declare for't if I haven't made a mistake !