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A BREACH OF FAITH

By EJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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CHAPTER I.

There was a prayer meeting at Lars Solvesen's farm. The sitting room was crowded with people, and all around the open windows eager faces were standing, straining their ears to catch the words that fell from the preacher's lips. A current of foul, moist air, laden with the odor of human exhalations, poured out into the hallway where men and women stood packed together like herring in a barrel. Outside in the farm yard some small boys, now and then forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, fell to punching and teasing each other, and were sternly rebuked by their elders as soon as their altercations became audible. Half a dozen young girls in calico gowns and colored kerchiefs on their heads made a feint of listening to the fervid discourse of which a phrase now and then reached them, but watched furtively the unregenerate behavior of the boys, and snickered whenever one got the better of the other.

"Oh, ye generation of vipers," shouted the preacher in a terrific voice of warning and menace, "who shall teach you to flee from the wrath to come?"

The boys, supposing the admonition was addressed to them, grew quite alarmed; and seating themselves on a log in front of the wood shed, in various awkward attitudes, glanced at each other with a half cowed and shame faced bravado. But they presently forgot their scare, and then commenced anew the same punching and pinching and challenging brag which led to fresh quarrels.

"I know where there is a skunk," said Thorsten Sletten, a tow headed, freckled and chunky lad of 13.

"I saw a drunk man yesterday," observed Gunnar Matson, promptly accepting the challenge.

He was a tall, handsome youth of 14, whose coat sleeves and trousers were much too short for him.

"My father has a cousin who is in jail," retorted Thorsten, determined not to be beaten.

"But my father killed a man in Norway," cried Gunnar triumphantly.

"That's a lie in your throat."

"It is no such thing."

In a flash they had both tumbled down from the log, grappled, and, swaying to and fro, fought like tigers. The other boys, wholly oblivious of the prayer meeting, yelled with delight and shouted encouragement to the combatants, while the girls on the steps faced about quickly and strove no more to disguise their interest. Even the devout people about the windows began to gravitate slowly toward the scene of the conflict, and a vague sense of the disturbance communicated itself within the sitting room, where the penitents began to look back over their shoulders and ceased to follow the discourse.

This flattering attention spurred the boys to do their best. They pulled each other's hair and ears, planted blow upon blow in each other's foreheads, tried to "hook" each other's legs, and resorted to all the dodges recognized in the art of self defense. But they were pretty evenly matched, Thorsten making up in brawn what he lacked in size. They were yet in the midst of the fierce struggle, and both heroically determined not to give up when suddenly a tall, matronly woman was seen pushing her way through the crowd. Without undignified excitement, but with a stern, set face which was much more awful, she swooped down upon the unsuspecting Gunnar, grabbed him by the collar of his coat, shook him as if he had been a bag of straw and carried him off in disgrace. He strove in a half hearted way to exhibit a hilarity which he was far from feeling, and the forced grin of mocking jollity which he turned toward the disappointed spectators was rather pathetic than cheerful. It did not occur to him to make any resistance, however. He allowed himself to be dragged meekly as a lamb through the crowd in the hall into the stuffy sitting room, where the foul air soon sobered his combative zeal.

"Now," whispered his mother, giving him a little admonitory shake, "listen to the word of God and repent of your wickedness."

The boy tried hard to listen and still harder to repent, but strive as he might his thought would revert to the fight. He regretted bitterly that it had been interrupted before he had triumphed over his enemy. He saw plainly now where he had neglected an opportunity to trip Thorsten up, and he wished he could have had the chance over again.

The parson in the meanwhile was thundering away, threatening his parishioners with eternal damnation if they departed from the pure Lutheran faith or sent their children to the "godless" American schools. He was a young man of somewhat squatty figure, inclined to stoutness, with a fat flushed face and short stubby hands, covered on the backs with coarse brown hair. His head too had a dense growth of the same adornment, parted on the left side, but a few tufts of rebellious hair stood straight up on the crown and at the parting. Though he had shaved in the morning the brown beard root was more than visible on his chin. His nose and mouth too had a touch of coarseness, and his whole appearance made the impression of a man in whom the old Adam was strong, though probably kept in proper discipline.

"No doctrine has plunged more souls into hell, my brethren"—thus ran his impassioned discourse—"than that seductive saying, invented by the devil himself, that every man is saved by his own faith—that is, that any faith, whether false or true, has the power to save. Why then have ye called ministers of the true faith—the pure and undiluted Lutheran faith—to instruct you here in your Babylonic exile, if Methodist or Baptist or Unitarian doctrines perhaps might do just as well? I declare unto you, brethren in the Lord, you are a little faithful band of the elect in the midst of this land of Egyptian darkness, and unless you hold together, stand by each other and the pure Lutheran faith, and hold aloof from all intercourse with the pestiferous sectories who infest the region round about us, ye will imperil your soul's salvation. Ye can no longer plead ignorance, for I have forewarned you in the name of the Lord. And beware lest, though you yourselves remain faithful, your children go astray. Siren voices of temptation besiege their hearts from all sides. Remember, you will be called to account for them on the last day. The prospect of wealth, political office and influence and a high seat in the synagogues may lure them away from the simple faith and simple virtues of their fathers. But I tell you ye have to choose between the kingdom of God and the kingdom of Mammon. What will it profit you on the last day to have been American legislators or sheriffs or county clerks, or to have learned the English language, of which some are so foolishly proud? What will it profit you, I ask, in the sight of him who demandeth not foreign languages, but truth in the inmost parts."

The pastor continued for another half hour in this strain, warning his hearers in the most impressive language that they could not learn the English language or hold intercourse with Americans without running a grave risk of eternal damnation. He elaborated his theme with great ingenuity and ended with an appeal for the endowment of a parochial school under the direct supervision and control of the Norwegian Lutheran synod. He finished this appeal with a long and fervid prayer, in which he besought God to save his people from the abominations of desolation—from the unhallowed and soul destroying dance around the Golden Calf, which was, forsooth, the god of the heretical, mammon worshiping nation wherewith it had pleased him to surround them.

The meeting was then at an end, and the pastor devoted himself for another hour to private solicitation, buttonholing one by one the well to do members of the church, and refusing to let them go until they had pledged themselves in writing for an amount which he thought fair. If any one, knowing that his turn would come next, tried to steal away unobserved the zealous clergyman dexterously intercepted him, and shamed him with appeals to his pride and his fear until he had contributed his quota.

When he approached the Widow Matson, who had made no attempt to escape, Gunnar thought with fear and trembling that now "he was in for it." He was therefore astonished when the pastor grasped his hard and cracked fist in his soft, moist hand, and asked with a kind of harsh friendliness how he was getting on. The boy was afraid to commit himself on so ticklish a subject and looked up into his mother's face, as if expecting her to answer.

"Oh, God help us, Mr. Pastor," the widow replied, "he isn't getting on at all. The spirit of the world, the flesh and the devil is strong in him. He does not think of God, Mr. Pastor, but only of quarreling and sinful fooling and deviltry."

"I am sorry to hear such bad reports of you, Gunnar," observed the pastor with a warning shake of the head.

"He actually fought during the meeting," the mother continued; "fought with fists till blood flowed."

She made an effort to get hold of the boy's left hand, which he now discovered was quite bloody. But the delinquent thrust it guiltily into his pocket and made an effort to retire behind his mother's back. She talked on for some minutes, lamenting his wickedness, not, however, in the usual whining voice of a complaining woman, but in a tone of stern accusation. She scarcely observed that the pastor's replies showed but a faint interest in the subject, and that he was more than once on the point of interrupting her.

"Well, well, my good woman," he broke in impatiently, "we'll talk more about that another time. What I want to ask you about concerns, however, your boy very closely. How much are you willing to contribute to the school which we are about to found, where youths of our church can be brought up in accordance with the true Lutheran faith?"

"I am a widow, pastor, and earn in the sweat of my brow the pittance which we require to keep body and soul together."

"The widow's mite, you remember, was particularly acceptable in the eyes of our Lord," said the pastor with unction.

There was no gainsaying such an argument, and after a moment's hesitation the widow pledged herself for $5. But she could not be persuaded to promise to send her boy to the school; first, because he was not to be trusted away from her, and secondly, because she needed his help on the farm.

CHAPTER II.

It was true that Gunnar's father had killed a man in Norway, and that had been the prime cause of his emigrating to the United States. He had scarcely been to blame, however, for the homicide, for Osmund Galt had attacked him first, and he had to kill him in self defense. So the judge declared, though he was by no means favorably disposed toward the defendant, and Hans Mattson was acquitted. It was, as usual, a girl that was at the bottom of the trouble, for Hans and Osmund had been aspirants for the hand of Martha Vik, and she had preferred Hans. This was the harder to bear for Osmund, because his rival was a harum-scarum sort of fellow who was not even born in the valley, and had therefore no right to carry off one of the prettiest girls before the noses of a dozen eligible natives. Well, the end of it, as I have said, was sad, and it seemed the sadder because Osmund, who was a widower, left two small children to lament his death.

After his acquittal Hans bought a ticket for New York, and the story was told (though some pretended to doubt it) that Martha followed him to Christiania and met him on board the steamer when land was out of sight. She was desperately in love with him, people said. However that may be, sure it was that they were married by a Lutheran missionary in New York, and during the same spring took homestead land in Minnesota. But somehow Hans did not turn out as good a farmer as his wife had expected. He worked by fits and starts, but was more interested in learning English than in burning stumps. Nearly every cent he had brought with him went for live stock and agricultural implements, and when, after a miserable summer in a dugout, a simple log house was completed and sheds were built for the cattle they had to mortgage the farm in order to meet expenses. Then Gunnar was born, and things went straight for awhile. Hans took hold of the farm work in good earnest and met the first payment on the mortgage, but then he lapsed into meditation again, and his old restlessness got the upper hand.

He had an idea that if he could break away from his countrymen and all Norse associations he had a fair chance of winning fame and fortune among the Americans. He broached the idea cautiously to his wife, who was so terrified at it that he repeated of having spoken. She tried to make him promise never to entertain such a preposterous plan. That he refused to do, however, but he grew moody and silent, tinkered at a model for an improved threshing machine which he had invented, and lost all interest in the farm. When this had gone on for a couple of years Martha concluded that his case was hopeless, and she changed her tactics and began to urge him to go. If that was the only way to secure his happiness she would no longer stand in his way. And so one day he took the model to pieces, and packed it, with some clean shirts and socks which Martha had made for him, into his knapsack, and started off for the nearest railway station, which was forty miles distant. That was the last Martha or her son had seen of him. Half a dozen letters arrived, to be sure, at long intervals during the first year of his absence, but they told only of mishaps, disappointments and privations. Martha wrote urging him to return, but there was always something new to try, always some tempting prospect which bade him take heart and not give up the battle. If this proved delusive he would acknowledge himself a failure, return to the Norse settlement, and hide his head in the chimney corner.

It was now twelve years since the last letter was received, and Martha took it for granted that her husband was dead. She had tried to institute inquiries, advertised for him in the Scandinavian papers, etc., but with no results. Several settlers had proposed for her hand during this time, but though she regarded herself as a widow she had refused all offers. Her neighbors had grown about her, and in a circuit of twenty or thirty miles the country was largely in possession of Norwegians. They did all in their power to keep out other nationalities from their immediate neighborhood, and vented particularly their hostility on the Irish if a representative of that race dug a hole in the ground, and staked out a homestead on land which they had reserved for the occupation of their brethren in the faith. German Protestants they tolerated, though they were far from liking them, but the community of religion restrained them from active hostilities. And, moreover, the Germans were no less clannish than the Norsemen themselves—congregating in communities of their own, and rarely from choice encroaching upon Scandinavian precincts.

In the meanwhile a church had been built—a simple frame structure, and about as ugly as could have been devised—and a clergyman had been called over from Norway. An ex-theological student named Salveson, formerly addicted to drink, but now ostensibly reformed, roamed about the country, giving instruction of an antiquated sort in reading, writing, arithmetic and Bible history. He was an odd stick—a typical wreck of the kind the old world is continually contributing to the new, but for all his failings he was well received wherever he went, and had free board and lodging ad libitum on any Norse farm he chose to visit. When he retired with a black bottle or two to some remote spot people let him alone, and received him on his return after two or three days with undiminished cordiality. He was not in the best condition for teaching Bible history on such occasions; but then, in a new country where scholars were scarce, no one could afford to be exacting.

Widow Matson, who was anxious to have her son profit by Salveson's accomplishments, induced him to stay for months at a time at her farm, and kindly overlooked his periodical disappearances and his demoralized aspect when he crawled forth again to resume his labors. It was enough for her that the pastor indorsed Salveson, who in spite of his unhappy proclivities was perfectly orthodox, and truly and purely Lutheran. Gunnar, on the other hand, was inclined to take a critical view of him, but found his instruction, on the whole, amusing. Salveson always smoked a long pipe when he taught, and his rubicund nose gleamed through the smoke while he spoke of Norway's past glory and the great deeds of the Vikings. Often he grew quite excited, scratched his tousled head and wiped away the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"Thank God on your knees that you were born a Norseman, boy," he would say, "for he might just as well have made you a miserable Deutschman or Englishman or American. We are the proudest nation on earth, or we ought to be, if we would read our history aright. There wasn't anybody could lick those old Vikings. They conquered Normandy, a mere handful of them, and when the king of France wanted Duke Rollo to kiss his confounded toe—think of it, he, a Norseman, kiss a Frenchman's toe—Rollo simply took him by the foot and quietly turned him upside down. Served him right, the fool! And when they had gobbled up France these very same fellows—or I think it was their grandchildren—sailed over and put England in their pockets. Ho! ho! That was a neat job, wasn't it?"

And thus the poor drunken sot, with his bad teeth, frowsy head and dirty hands, would sit by the hour and with hysterical eloquence glory in the deeds of his ancestors. He was so proud of being a Norseman, though a drunk one, that he forgot all present misery in the sense of his historical grandeur. A Norseman drunk, he once declared, was a better fellow than a Deutschman or an Englishman or an American sober.

Gunnar accepted this and other similar declarations in good faith, and never questioned his own superiority by virtue of his Norse blood to all the foreign babel that surrounded him. He heard continually the same story from the pastor and all the neighbors. Anecdotes were told at every social gathering illustrating the money greed of the Americans and their unscrupulous attempts to cheat the guileless immigrants. The settlement, which was now large and prosperous, had a sense of comfortable solidarity and compactness as a snug little Norway, safely hedged in and diked against the wild ocean of infidelity, strife and vice, which roared in vain against its defences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Virtue is better than reputation.

Fame is a glorious thing to achieve, but a small salary is much more negotiable.

A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages from twenty to thirty.

Wife (to her husband)—When you go down town, John, step into the store and buy me some scouring soap; there is not a bit in the house.

Little Johnnie (looking up from a newspaper he is reading)—Wouldn't a posse be good in place of soap?

"Posse! What do you mean?"

"Well, the paper tells about a train robbery, and says a posse is scouring the woods for the robbers."

Did you ever:
No, I never:
See'd a feller:
Half as yeller:
How's your liver?

Why, all upset, of course. Then take the remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you won't go around looking the color of a yellow fever victim. It means good bye to biliousness, headache, lost appetite, sour stomach, indigestion, impurities of the blood, and countless miseries of suffering humanity. It is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Children Easily Made Easy.

Children dearly love to imitate; in that respect they should not be offended at hearing themselves called very nearly the equals of monkeys. Boy Blue lives in a family where botany furnishes one of the occupations and pastimes of the hour. Scarcely a day passes without some learned exposition at the table or the display of a leafy wonder.

It is not strange that the little lad has caught the prevailing mania to the extent of dabbling in science on his own account. One day he was overheard by his elders, as he gave the following learned exposition to a little cousin.

Boy Blue held an apple tree branch in his hand, and began enlarging upon its peculiarities.

"Now, Tommy," said he, "see how very curious this is. There isn't often so many pistils in the middle, but this is a rare specimen, and it's got, I should think, as many as fifty! The petals, you notice, are pinkish. It isn't often you find one yellow or blue, but if you should you'd send it to some professor and he'd name it after you. Perhaps he'd call it the Tommy-ania.

"Then here are the leaves. You'd say, if you didn't know anything about botany, that they were netted veined; but look a little closer."——

Here Boy Blue himself looked a little closer, and found that he was not stating a fact.

"I do b'lieve this is netted," he exclaimed, recovering his self possession with the coolness of a true scientist. "I shall have to press this specimen and label it 'rare, very rare indeed.' Now, observe how few leaves is on this stem. Only six or seven, you'll find; never more than seven. One, two"——

As the young lecturer proceeded he found his prophecy was to be belied. That, however, did not daunt him. Calmly stripping off the superfluous leaves he went on counting and announced in triumph: "Seven! I told you so. Oh, Tommy, it's a great comfort to be a real botanist!"—Youth's Companion.

Repaying a Joke.

An incident occurred recently at the Roosevelt street ferry office which illustrates how one man can make another's life miserable with little exertion. One evening the collector shoved out to a passenger thirty-two three cent pieces and one cent in exchange for a dollar, after deducting the fare, which was three cents. The collector grinned and thought he had played a good joke on the passenger, who took the money without a protest, but made up his mind to get even with the joker if possible. He thought hard for three days, and at last hit on a scheme. Sharpening the end of a file he nicked one side of each three cents.

Every morning and evening in going to and from his work he placed a three cent piece in the palm of his hand and slapped it firmly down in front of the collector. At these times there was always a rush. In his hurry the collector tried to slide the money along with the tips of his fingers, but it stuck fast. Then he resorted to his finger nails, muttering blessings on the head of the man who annoyed him. This was kept up for thirty-two days until the nickel pieces were all exhausted. But even to this day the collector always picks up a three cent piece with his finger nails, so strong has the habit become.—Ernest Jarrold in New York Journal.

Repartee.

A man who returned from a yachting trip, which for some part of the time included Edwin Booth as a guest, tells the following good story of professional repartee between Mr. Booth and Mr. La Montagne, the well known amateur. No sooner had Mr. Booth come aboard the yacht than he was seized with a violent attack of attention to the waves at the side of the vessel. Mr. Booth's attention was engrossed here for a long time, and when he returned to the party with, as one of them said, everything lost save honor Mr. La Montagne said in mild reproof, "Why, Mr. Booth, is that the way you are given to gagging your parts?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Booth, seating himself in his best tragedy style, "not at all. I simply didn't like the reception that these swells gave me, and so I threw up the part."—New York Evening Sun.

Beauty in Business.

One thousand women in Galesburg, Ills., earn their own living. It doesn't appear why. There are plenty of men, and they seem to be clever. But these one thousand women come down town every morning to teach school, to sell goods, to run typewriters, to ask your number when you ring up the central, to send messages, to keep books, to work in factories, and so on.

Most of these women have not only earned their own bread here, but they have built homes. Perhaps if some of the young men here had done likewise there might not have been so many women bread winners.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A New Way to Get Old Debts.

First Florist—Young De Pink is a slow payer, isn't he?

Second Florist—Last week he paid up the big bill he owed me, and made all sorts of apologies—said he'd forgotten all about it.

"Eh? Did you send him a writ?"

"No; the last time he ordered a bouquet to be sent to his girl I made out a bill for the past three years, giving the address each bouquet went to."

"Yes."

"Well, the boy made a mistake, and delivered the bouquet to De Pink and the bill to the girl."—London Tit-Bits.

Big Cranberry Growers.

Some of the largest growers of cranberries are Mr. Makepeace, whose plantations on Cape Cod produce about 50,000 barrels annually; Mr. Small, of Harwich, who puts about 12,000 bushels on the market; Fitch & Co., near Berlin, Wis., whose annual crop has reached 10,000 barrels, and Joseph Hinchman, of Trenton, N. J., about 8,000 bushels.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

When you have found a poor girl who is said to be pretty you have found a really pretty girl.

Miss Artiste—I am so fond of painting! Indeed, I may say that I am wedded to my art.

Jack (her admirer)—Would it be any use to inquire whether you have any conscientious scruples against bigamy?

Do you suffer with chilblains?—I certify to the prompt relief obtained from the use of Salvation Oil for chilblains, and do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cure I ever tried. H. HOOD, 749 W. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

"What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?" and yet a hard vexing cough is cut all to bits with one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the favorite.

CORRINA'S WEDDING.

When Jabez Chow came courtin' Corianna Dowly, Granther Peeks was just as mad as hops. You see, Corianna she had kept house for grandther quite a spell. She wasn't overly young, and he didn't want to spare her, she made such nice griddle cakes.

He was very fond of griddle cakes. He hadn't teeth to eat nothing hard, and she made 'em for him for breakfast, dinner and supper. Sometimes she made 'em plain, sometimes sweet. Sometimes she rolled jell up into 'em. Sometimes she put hash into 'em. They was a great variety, and they was always good. So when Jabez Chow purposed, and Corianna accepted him, granther said "No," and said how he'd cuse her if she disobeyed him.

Now, Corianna could have done what she was a minter for all Granther Peeks; for, as I said, she was risen thirty. But she was a pious gal, and she felt as if her granther's cuss would sort of blight her, so she told Jabez she couldn't marry him nohow until granther either died or giv' in, only she wasn't able to help herself from meetin' him after granther had gone to bed—just where the punkin patch lined onter the blueberry medder, and the old popler grew. Well, some mean sneak or other went and told granther about it, and he got up out of his bed and followed her one night, and found 'em kissin' each other.

He was a real bad tempered old gentleman, Granther Peeks was, and when he seen that he just up and cussed her any way and drove her home with his stick like she was a pig, after hitting Jabez Chow over the head with it. Jabez didn't durst hit back on account of his age, and granther knew he wouldn't. Home he drove Corianna, and when he got her to hum there was the old boy to pay, you may be sure. Corianna was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"You cussed me, granther," she kept a-sayin'; "and now it don't make no matter what I do. Seein' I'm cussed, I'll jest marry Jabez Chow any way. What's the use of not doing it now?"

Well, Granther Peeks he felt he'd made a mistake and he kinder coaxed her up a while, and said he'd take the cuss back, and got her to go to bed quiet. But when she waked up next day, meaning to run away and marry Jabez, she found granther had been before her. He'd nailed and locked and barred the whole house up as if it was a prison, and left just a little hole in the kitchen shutter for her to see to cook by. The front door he kept the key of in his pocket, and he was grinning like a monkey to see how smart he'd been.

"I guess we won't have any more meetin's by moonlight, my dear," says he, sardonic and unpleasant as ever could be. "When stores is needed I'll go out, and you've got a pump in the kitchen."

"You don't mean to lock me up this way for good, granther?" says Corianna. "I shall die of want of air and exercise. Be will you?"

"I guess I kin stand it," says granther. "When you want fresh air you kin stick your head out of that there appychure in the shutter and draw it in, and today I want pancakes with rawsberry jell into um and lots of coffee. I worked real hard last night puttin' up them fastenin's and I want strenthenin', Corianna." She jest looked at him when he said that. She didn't durst trust herself to say nothin'. She had ideas that she was skeerful of puttin' into language, seein' she was speakin' to her ma's pa, and he risin' eighty. But all she got by that was these here cruel words:

"Don't goggle at me, Corianna. It's worse than sassin'."

So while she was a-fryin' the cakes she kept sayin' over and over to herself: "Now I lay me," and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," to keep back her nat'ral wickedness. She'd slaved for that old man and she'd been fond of him, and this is what had come of it. She told us all this through the hole in the shutter. We got kinder scared, you know, seein' the house shut up, and went to call, but didn't get in; but arter a while, when we'd knocked and knocked a spell to the front door and the side door, we went round to the back, and there was poor Corianna's face a-stickin' out of the hole in the shutter. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she told us the story, and we had to cry, too, me and Miss Pinney, and Miss Peters and Maria Brown. Maria Brown she was just proposin' breakin' down the door and carryin' poor Corianna off when a upstairs shutter opened and Granther Peeks poked his head out.

"See here, folkses," said he, "a man has a right to keep his house shet or open as he pleases, and to order his wimmin folks as he sees fittin'. You tech bolt, or bar, or lock, or hook on my premises, and I'll shoot you down fust and have you took up for burglars afterward, and I'd hev the law on my side, tu." Then he showed us a big hoss pistol, and says he, "It's loaded," and we scattered. But I wrote on a piece of paper, "I'll tell Jabez," and gave it up to Corianna, pretendin' to kiss her good-by. And never was I so thankful that I ollers carried a pencil in my pocket for new recipes. For she needed comfort, and I guess them words gave her a little. I kept my promise, and that night Jabez pranced about the house, but couldn't get a peep at her. No more he couldn't for a couple of days. But at last he thought of tootin' through a fish horn. If there was anything Granther Peeks lijed it was fish. So he says to Corianna, "Peek out, Corry, and see if that's shad; shad's in season."

So Corry poked her head out of the hole and saw Jabez blowin' the horn, and as soon as he saw her he up and kissed her at the shutter hole.

"Keep up courage, Corianna," he said, "this thing can't last long."

"I sha'n't," says Corianna; "that I know. Granther says the law can't make a man open his doors, and I don't reckon it can; and nobody has a right to demand my freedom, as far as I know."

"Your husband would," says Jabez.

"I ain't got none," says Corianna.

"Have one," says Jabez.

"How be I to go to my wedding?" says Corianna.

"Corianna," says Jabez, "let your wedding come to you."

"Corry, how's the fish?" says Granther from inside.

"It isn't shad," says Corry, "and I guess it's stale."

"Oh," says Granther, "don't buy none if it's stale?"

"I sha'n't," says Corry; "I'll look keerful."

Out of the winder she sticks her head again.

"When your granther is at tea, Corianna," says Jabez, "you come to the hole. It's 6 o'clock, I suppose?"

"About 6," says Corianna.

"Things will be fixed all right after that," says Jabez. "Keep up your spirits."

"How's the fish" asks Granther Peeks.

"Awful!" says Corianna, giving Jabez a kiss and drawing her head in.

She felt lots happier, for she had confidence in Jabez, though she didn't know how he was going to fix it.

That evening she came down to tea all dressed up