Out of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow that was resplendent in spring time gree. Farther away, the old , disal belfry of the village church loome d over the pines. A horse, meditatin in the shade of one the hickories, lazily swished his tail. The warm sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the flor of the grocery.

“could you see the whites of their eyes?” said the man, who was seated on a soap box.

“nothing of the kind”, replied old henryu warmly “. Just a lot of flitting figures, and a let go at where the peared to tbe the the thickest. Bang”

“mr. fleming”, said the grocer—his dferentialk voice expressed somehow the old man’s exact social “weightMr Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battle, was you?”

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing his manner, the entire group tittered. We, I guess I was