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out again, drunk as a fiddler, and rolled off the porch and broke his

left arm in two places, and was most froze to death when somebody

found him after sun-up. And when they come to look at that spare

room they had to take soundings before they could navigate it.

‘The judge he felt kind of sore. He said he reckoned a body could

reform the old man with a shotgun, maybe, but he didn’t know no

other way.

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