

but Josiah Allen didn't seem to notice us. His boots wuz off, and his stockin's, and even in that first look I could see the agony that wuz a-rendin' them toes almost to burstin'. Oh, how sorry I felt for them toes! He wuz a-restin' in a most dejected and melancholy manner on his hand, as if it wuz more than sufferin' that ailed him—he looked a sufferer from remorse and regret, and also had the air of one whom mortification has stricken.

He never seemed to sense a thing that wuz passin' by him, till the driver pulled up his horses clost by him, and then he looked up and see us. And fur be it from me to describe the way he looked in his lowly place on the grass. There wuz a good stun by him on which he might have sat, but no, he seemed to feel too mean to get up onto that stun; grass, lowly, unassumin' grass, wuz what seemed to suit him best, and on it he sot with one of his feet stretched out in front of him.

Oh, the pitifulness of that look he gin us! oh, the meakiness of it! And even, when his eye fell on the Deacon a-settin' by my side, oh, the wild gleam of hatred, and sullen anger that glowed within his orb, and revenge! He looked at the Deacon

and then at his boots, and I see the wild thought wuz a-enterin' his sole to throw that boot at him. But I sez out of that buggy the very first thing the words I have so oft spoke to him in hours of danger, "Josiah, be-calm!"

His eye fell onto the peaceful grass ag'in, and he sez, "Who hain't a-bein' calm? I should say I wuz calm enough, if that is what you want."

But oh, the sullenness of that love!

Sez Ezra, good man—he see right through it all in a minute, and so did Druzilla and the Deacon—sez Ezra, "Get up on the seat with the driver, Josiah Allen, and drive back with us."



ON IT HE SOT WITH ONE OF HIS FEET STRETCHED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM.

"No," sez Josiah, "I have no occasion, I am a-settin' here" (lookin' round in perfect agony), "I am a-settin' here to admire the scenery."

Then I leaned over the side of the buggy, and sez I, "Josiah Allen, do you get in and ride, it will kill you to walk back; put on your boots if you can, and ride, seein' Ezra is so perlite as to ask you."

"Yes, I see he is very perlite, I see you have set amongst very perlite folks, Samantha," sez he, a-glarin' at Deacon Balch as if he would rend him from lim' to lim'. "But as I said, I have no occasion to ride, I took off my boots and stockin's merely—merely to pass away time. You know at fashionable resorts," sez he, "it is sometimes hard for men to pass away time."

Sez I, in low, deep axents, "Do put on your stockin's, and your boots, if you can get 'em on, which I doubt, but put your stockin's on this minute, and get in and ride."

"Yes," sez Ezra, "hurry up and get in, Josiah Allen, it must be dretful oncomfortable a-settin' down there in the grass."

"Oh, no!" sez Josiah, and he kinder whistled a few bars of no tune that wuz ever heard on, or ever will be heard on ag'in, so wild and meloncholy it wuz, "I sot down here kind o' careless. I thought seein' I hadn't much on hand to do at this time a' year, I thought I would like to look at my feet—we hain't got a very big lookin'-glass in our room."

Oh, how incoherent and overcrazed he wuz a-becomin'! Who ever heard of seein' anybody's feet in a lookin'-glass—of dependin' on a lookin'-glass for a sight on 'em? Oh, how I pitied that man! and I bent down and sez to him in soothin' axents: "Josiah Allen, to please your pardner you put on your stockin's and get into this buggy. Take your boots in your hand, Josiah, I know you can't get 'em on, you have walked too fur for them corns. Corns that are tramped on, Josiah Allen, rise up and rends you, or me, or anybody else who owns 'em or tramples on 'em. It hain't your fault, nobody blames you. Now get right in."

"Yes, do," sez the Deacon.

Oh, the look that Josiah Allen gin him! I see the voyalence of that look, that rested first on the Deacon, and then on that boot.