

to me by Mrs. Biggers a few weeks ago. This can be done in the language of Mrs. Biggers, who is a pleasant and fairly well educated young woman.

“I thought Miss Edie done mighty funny when she told me you wanted to see me,” said Mrs. Biggers, striving to hide her embarrassment. She laughed and went on. “I declare, if you had n’t come out there just when you did, I would have been gone—gone. Yes, sir, I would. If I could tell tales like my grandmother did, I could keep you up at night. But nobody can tell tales unless they’re sitting in front of a big wood fire, where the sparks will fly out and spangle right before your eyes. My grandmother always said that what was a good tale at night was mighty weak talk in the daytime. And I reckon it’s so, because she was a mighty old woman. I can tell you what I told Miss Edie, but I know mighty well it won’t sound right.” Whereupon Mrs. Biggers settled herself, and told

THE STORY OF MR. WATKINS

“Maybe you did n’t know much about the Watkinses. Well, they lived in Jasper