

over and trompled on? Hey? You may if you want to, but not while the breath of life lasts will I set down here and be run over and trompled on."

"Why, honey, who's a-trying to run over and tromple on you?" Mrs. Shacklett inquired.

"Hey? Did you ax me who?" cried Mr. Shacklett. "Scores and scores of folks if they was n't afeard. But I dar' 'em to so much as try it. I jest dar' 'em to!"

With that he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and closed his eyes, as if he were willing to give scores and scores of folks all the opportunity they wanted if they had any idea of running over and trampling on him. As Mr. Shacklett said nothing more, Cassy Tatum thought proper to explain her intrusion.

"The Lord knows I'm sorry I come in your door," she said, "an' I'd go right out, but I'd be worried mighty nigh to death ef I went off leavin' you-all believin' that I thess walked in here 'cause you're both ol' an' cripple."

Mr. Shacklett fired up again at this suggestion. "Crippled? Who told you we was