

“Oh, I hope not,” said Mrs. Pruett; “the Lord knows I do. Fer ef he ain’t a-botherin’ you, I know mighty well he ain’t a-botherin’ Loorany. Ef you could ’a’ seed ’em a-swingin’ in the bullace vine, as I did yistiddy, you would n’t ’a thought Loorany was bothered much. Well, not much!” Mrs. Pruett added, sarcastically.

“I seed ’em,” remarked John Wesley, chuckling.

“You did?” cried Mrs. Pruett. She was both surprised and indignant.

“Lor’, yassum! I thess sot up an’ laughed. S’ I: ‘The feller thinks bekaze he’s got his arm ’roun’ Loorany that she’s done his’n!’ I laughed so I was afeared they ’d hear me.”

Mrs. Pruett said afterwards that her heart jumped into her throat when she heard John Wesley talking in such a strain, for the idea flashed in her mind that he was distracted — and it so impressed her that for one brief moment she was overtaken by fear.

“Well,” she said, trying to turn the matter off lightly, “when you see a feller wi’ his arm aroun’ a gal an’ she not doin’ any squealin’ to speak of, you may know it’s not so mighty long tell the weddin’.”