

“Yassum,” responded John Wesley, still chuckling, “it may be so wi’ some folks, but not when the gal is Loorany Parmalee. No, ma’am! You thess wait.”

“Oh, it hain’t no trouble to me to wait,” said Mrs. Pruett; “but what’d I do ef I was a-standin’ in your shoes?”

“You’d make yourse’f comfotuble, thess like I’m a-doin’,” remarked John Wesley.

Mrs. Pruett was so much disturbed that she told her husband about it, and suggested that he look into the matter to the extent of making such inquiries as a man can make. But Jerd shook his head and snapped his big fingers.

“Oh, come now, mother,” he said, “it’s uther too soon er it’s too late. An’ that hain’t all, mother; by the time I git done tendin’ to my own business an’ yourn, I feel like drappin’ off ter sleep.”

Matters went on in this way until late in 1863, and then there came a time when Hildreth of Hall ceased to visit Hatch’s Clearing. Some said he had been “conscripted into the war,” as they called it, and some said he had been appointed to another office that took up his time and attention. But, whatever the