

that you may well believe he was neither gay nor good-humored when, after passing several houses, he came to Millirons', where he had been in the habit of making himself free and familiar.

Everything was as grim and silent as the grave, and John Wesley sat on the fence as grim and as silent as any of the surroundings.

"There's one man, anyway," remarked one of Hildreth's companions. "Be blanked if I don't feel like going up and shaking hands with him — that is, if he's alive." For John Wesley neither turned his head nor stirred.

"How are you, Millirons?" said Hildreth of Hall curtly.

"Purty well," replied John Wesley, without moving.

"We are going to put our horses under the shed yonder and give them a handful of fodder," Hildreth of Hall declared. John Wesley made no reply to this. "Did you hear what I said?" asked the young man, somewhat petulantly.

"I hyearn you," answered John Wesley.

Whereupon Hildreth of Hall spurred his horse through the open lot gate, followed by