

Jim killed it. Then he delivered the funeral sermon which was an informal remark, "I guess you wont gnaw any more of our fruit trees soon."

From here they went to the pond and took a two hours swim. Coming out they wandered about and after a while found themselves in their water-melon patch. While John was sitting down squeezing juice into the rind of his second melon a big brown lizard came up. It stopped within three feet of him and began panting. "Come here, George," he said, "I've found a new kind of lizard."

George came up. "Why John, that's a Mr. Cated lizard."

"No it aint," John insisted. "A Mr. Cated lizard is paler than him and aint so big—Is this a Mr. Cated lizard, Jim?"

"Of course it aint. Me and George found one like him Wednesday. I told George it was a new one. He said no it was only a fat Mr. Cated that had always had lots to eat. I asked what made it look so black and he said that was because it was sun burnt."

George observed the lizard more closely and finally concluded that he guessed it was a new kind. "But what are we goin' to call him, John?"

"Aint Mr. Cated got a pa living in the other district? I guess Grandpa Cated lizard would be about as good a name for him as any."

Across from the melon patch was a pool which had plentiful quantities of red mud. Besides there were iron weeds and shade trees. It was a nice place to play farmer in.

John took a "claim" under one tree, George under one close by, and Jim under one on the other side of the pool.

John cut down iron weeds and began to fence his farm with a good "worm fence."

George went down to the edge of the water and got a handful of mud, dividing it he threw one part into the water. "See there John," he said, "that mud sunk. Now this mud that I've got in my hands, which is every bit as heavy—I can make it swim."

"That's nothin', I can, too," John replied.

"But John," George went on, "it's kind o' funny how a