

man can do so much. A horse, or a dog, never could make that mud swim. It's kind of funny."

George moulded the mud into a boat, made three cows, and shipped them across to Jim.

And Jim, in truth, needed the cows. He did not make them very successfully himself. All that he turned out were deformed. But he was a good hog manufacturer. He could make anything in the way of swine from the round Poland China to the thin-flanked shoat of Arkansas. When the boat reached him he hallooed to George, "How many hogs do you want for them three cows?"

"Oh, about ten."

Jim dried the boat a little and started it out with its cargo of hogs. When it was half across it broke into two pieces and foundered.

"Well it's sunk, Jim, and the sharks have got the hogs; you'll have to send me some more."

All this time John had been making rails, improving his farm, and had no live stock at all. He had a hundred or two rails left over, however, which he offered to trade to George for fifteen cows.

George made him an offer of ten and it was accepted.

So they played on until they grew tired and drowsy. Then each one laid down on his respective farm and went to sleep.

About this time the guests were arriving pretty fast at home. Some came in wagons, some on horseback, and those living closest on foot. They all came decently and in order. Pleasant Valley community made no pretensions. It eschewed fashion, nevertheless, it had its own idea of what was circumspect and proper. So when Henry Null drove up and saw the other fellows with white handkerchiefs around their collars he began to feel uneasy about the neck and told his mother he hated to wear that blue handkerchief for it wasn't stylish. "Oh, don't worry, son," his mother said, "it's clean."

Certainly Will had no reason to be ashamed of his clothes. He had on a brand new suit. His shoes were five or six Sundays old, but were transformed by polish into regular looking glasses. His collar was high and as to material was