

"Did he throw at you?" yelled Hooty.

"Naw, ma's in the last buggy," answered Kirk.

Then us kids hiked. I bet you it didn't take more than a minute to get to Gliten's pond. Kirky was there and had his shirt off when we come up apantin' an' all out of breath—then we heard a splash an' he was comin' up half-way across the pond, out where it was over his head an' hands. He come aswimmin' back to the spring-board, splutterin' an' shakin' the water from his face an' when Hooty asked him if it was cold he said, "Naw, it's warmer'n out on the bank after you once let down."

Then Hooty gave a jump but you bet he didn't come up in the middle of the pond; he come up right where he went down, about a foot from the bank. I couldn't help a'laughin'. Hooty said I couldn't a' done any better. I'd showed him if I hadn't been afraid ma'd see my hair was wet.

"You don't have to go under," says Kirky.

"Oh, that's all right," says I, an' I was pullin' off when I happened to think of my rheumatism. Ma never likes to have me go swimmin' on account of my rheumatism. I tried to tell Kirky that. an' all of a sudden I got a dab of mud on the shoulder that nearly knocked me over. I had to go in then, so I waded in till it was about two feet deep. Lawzee! but it was cold. I thought I'd freeze to the spot.

"Kirky, I thought you said it weren't cold," says I.

He laughed and splashed water over me and says, "It aint, when you once let down."

There was a yell an' a dab of mud an' a handful of water an' I didn't know nothin' for about a minute. Finally I got on my feet an' it wasn't so cold. I told Kirky and Hooty how I'd just been puttin' it on to make them think I was scared.

We monkeyed around in the water till Hooty said playin' Indians would be fun. We covered ourselves with mud and drew pictures on ourselves with sharp sticks. Kirky an' Hooty took two Indian names, Sagwa and Sinbad 'cause it was all we could think of. Then we rushed onto a crowd of sheep. Well you oughter to seen them sheep—they didn't know where was straight up. Kirky thought he saw the feller what owned the sheep so we kids hiked to the other side of the pond and jumped in and swam 'round like we'd been there all the time. When we seen it wasn't the same feller,