

ing God, I reckoned her oath would blind her fast enough. As for me, I laughed out of sight, for I never believed in nothing but myself—not even when I was a boy under twenty years old. Next I bade her fall out with John James. I put words in her mouth to say to him. 'I know the fashion of man he be—short an' fiery in his temper,' I told her. 'Be hot an' quick with him. Tell him he's not your sort, an' never will be—quarrel with his color, if you like. Tell him he'm too pink an' white for 'e. Say 'tis enough that your own eyes be blue, an' that you'd never wed a blue-eyed man. Make him angry—you han't a woman if you don't know how to do that. Then the rest be easy enough. He'll flare an' flae like a tar-barrel on Guy Fawkes Night. But he'll trouble you no more, for he'm so proud as satin.'

"Nelly Baker took in all I said; an' inside a week she'd dropped my brother. But 'twas what he done after that startled folks, for without a word to any living soul, he vanished, like the dew of the morning, four-an' twenty hours after she'd flinged him over. I was the last that seed him. We were working together out 'pon the land; an' he was sour an' crusty wi' his trouble, an' hadn't a word to fling at me. Dimpsy light fell, an' I went in a tool-shed to don my jacket an' go home. 'Twas autumn, an' us had been spreading manure upon the meadow.

"Be you coming, John James?" I said.

"You go to hell," he answered. "I'll come when I've a mind to, an' maybe I won't come at all!"

"So home I walked without another word; an' he never comed; an' nobody ever heard a whisper about him again from that day to this. For a soldier he went, 'twas thought; but the after history of un never reached nobody at Postbridge; an' whether he was shot or whether he gathered glory in foreign parts none 'pon Dartmoor can tell you.

"A nine days' wonder it was, an' it killed my mother; for John James was the apple of her eye. Her never cared a button for me, 'cause I was the living likeness of her brother—my uncle, Silas Bond. They sent him to Botany Bay for burning down wheat stacks. A bad lot he was, no doubt; an' a fool to boot, which is worse. For he got caught an' punished. An' he deserved all he got—ror letting 'em catch him.

"With John James out of the way, I comed to be a bit more important in the house, an' when my mother died, father got to trust me with his money. I was old for my years, you see. As for Nelly, she kept so true to me as the bird to her nest—for five years; an' then I'd got to be twenty, an' had saved over three hundred pound for her; an' she was twenty-two. A good many chaps wanted to marry her; but she kept our secret close, an' said 'nay' to some very snug men, an' just waited for me an' Aller Bottom Farm.

"Then, when I'd reckoned to name the day an' take her so soon as I comed of age, Oliver Honeywell turned



Mobilizing for the War

Your Uncle Sam is getting ready to fight.

All over the country, hundreds of thousands of artisans are busy with war preparations. Great warships are sliding off the ways; navy yards and arsenals are working night and day; great mobilization camps are springing up as if by magic; everywhere the vast resources of the Nation are being gathered together for war.

All over the Bell telephone system, thousands of employes are busily engaged in all branches of telephone activity, to keep pace with the extraordinary telephone needs of the Nation. Everywhere poles are being set and wires strung, central office equipment increased, new long distance lines constructed between important points and telephone facilities increased.

The greater and more varied the Government's war activities become, the greater will be the demands upon the Bell system for service. With the increased Government requirements, there will be greater demands for commercial service.

The scarcity of material and labor have set definite limits to the amount of new construction, and the needs of the individual must be subordinated to those of the Nation.

It is going to be harder to supply new telephones, extension telephones and to put up wire to new telephone stations, because of the vast amount of telephone equipment devoted to the service of the Government, and because the Bell organization has contributed heavily to the draft, and many of our technically trained men have voluntarily joined the colors.

When you use the telephone, we ask you to remember the patriotic service we are rendering the Government, the extraordinary conditions we are facing, and to help us maintain good service by a conservative use of your telephone and equipment.

Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company

up from down country an' rented that old tenement farm what be called Merripit. So good land as any 'pon all Dartmoor goes with it. An' he comed wi' a flourish of trumpets an' plenty of money. He was going to larn us all how to farm, an' how to make money 'pon weekdays, an' how to get to heaven Sundays.

"Rot the devil! I see him now—a smug, sleek, fat, handsome, prosperous man, with the insolence of a spoiled cat! He'd preach in the open air of a Sunday, for there was no parson nor church here in them days. Strong as a horse—a very practical man—always right. Did plenty of good, as the saying goes, an' went about like a procession, as if he expected angels from Heaven to be waiting for him at every street corner with a golden crown. His right hand was generous, but he took very good care his left hand knowed it. He didn't do his good in secret, nor yet hide his light under a bushel.

"He was a black-haired man, wi' scholarship an' money behind him. He know the better-most folk. They called

upon him, I believe, an' axed him to their houses, it was said. He hunted and paid money to help three different packs o' hounds. An old mother kept louse for him. He tried to patronize the whole of Postbridge an' play the squire an' vicar rolled into one. Men as owed him nought an' thanked him for nought pulled their hair to him. But there be some fools who will always touch their hats to a pair o' horses. There comed to be an idea in people's minds that Honeywell was a God-send, though if you axed them why, they generally couldn't tell you.

"An' my Nelly falled in love with him.

"At least she said so; though heaven knows that the pompous fool, for all his fine linen, weren't a patch on what I was at twenty-one. Anyway, he comed courting her, for 'twas not known yet that me an' Nelly was wore'n friends; an' then when he heard how we had been secretly tokened for no less than six years, he comed to see me with a long-winded lie in his mouth. An' the lie was

larded wi' texts from scripture. Nelly Baker had misunderstood her feelings about me, he said; her had never knowed what true love was till she met him; an' he hoped I'd behave as honestly as he had—an' all the rest of it. In fact, she'd throwed me over for him an' his money an' his high position; an' he comed to let me down gently with bits from the Bible. As for her, she always lusted after money and property.

"Us fought hand to hand, for I flew at him, man, like a dog, an' I'd have strangled him an' tored the liver out of him, but some chaps heard him howling an' runned along, an' pulled me off his throat in time.

"He didn't have the law for me; but Nelly Baker kept out of my way afterwards, like as if I was the plague; an' then six months passed an' they was axed out in marriage so grand as you please at Widecombe church.

"I only seed her one more; but an' lying in wait for her, weeks an' weeks, like a fox for a rabbit, it chanced at last that I met her one evening going