

his ragged farm suit trousers tucked in his high boots. His coat was buttoned loosely, and above a bandanna at his neck appeared the tops of something suspiciously like a night robe. On the disheveled hair was a night cap.

"You—you!" The man could not complete his sentence and held a most vindictive finger at the parson. "You are a devil, sir!" he said finally, launching it full at him.

"What?"

"Where's Marget then,—Marget, I say, my daughter. I saw her go with you—I saw her, so—you lying puppy, you cannot deny. If you do I'll tear you to shreds. Now where is she!" The man puffed so that he was unable to say all he intended. His purple face expressed the rest.

"My poor Marget. God, where is she! Give her to me, or I'll kick you down to the river. Then, pray God you can't swim!"

"I haven't Marget," the distraught parson cried.

"I saw you ride away with her. You had on your coat—I know that coat—just now, and Marget on behind your gray mare. Gad—a—mercy I wouldn't have believed there was so much speed in your shack o' bones!"

"I understand!" the parson choked, as he sat upright in bed, clutching the sheets with either hand.

"And Marget," said the father, "she—God help her—kissed you. I leaned out of the window, night cap and all and saw her. Then she laughed and you cried—"

"I cried—I mean he cried "Goodbye dad!" added the parson.

"So you did! Now I'll wring your neck puppy!" He came closer, features tense. The parson shrank back. "You and your ministerial cap! Now where's Marget?"

"Heaven help me sir, I don't know, but I rather guess she's in hell sir!"

"What?" The father sank weakly into a settee.

The parson related the events of the preceding night. He