

the look of cruelty in the executioner's face. (I thought of him as such.)

Still I was fond of Jennie; her mother was gentle and sweet; I did not want to hurt them. Perhaps I would feel better the next day.

The sun was bright in the morning when I was awakened from a fitful doze by a shout beneath my window: "Almy, Almy! Look here, I've got a surprise for you!"

Still half asleep, I went to the window. The sight that met my eyes in the yard below will remain with me to my dying day. Mr. X stood with both arms held high. In each hand were a dozen lamb tails, with their white wool blood stained, swaying and twisting as if still alive and Mr. X's jeering face above them: "Ain't they pretty, Almy, just lookee!"

At that moment I saw Mr. X in exactly the shape of the Devil as he was luridly portrayed in my highly colored version of Pilgrim's Progress. Horns, long tail, horribly grinning mouth, and sharp claws holding a pitch fork.

The question of spending Sunday on that farm was settled for me then and there. I dressed in a flash, ran down the stairs without a word to anyone, gained the front gate, then the road. I was so filled with the idea of leaving that horrible place that I felt I could walk the five miles to town in as many minutes.

But luck was with me. Where the lane to the barn yard met the main highway, the farm team, attached to the lumber wagon, was hitched, waiting for something. Without any definite plan beyond dire necessity to leave in a hurry, I unhitched the team, sprang into the wagon, lashed the horses with the long whip kept in a