He said, he was riding bassackwards on a jass-ack, through a Patton-cotch, on a pair of paddle-sags stuffing full of longer gear, when the animal steered at a scump, and the lumpy-sleather broke, and threw him in the corner of the fence and broke his fishing pole. He said, he wonder not he have minded it much, but felt right in a great tow-end, in fact, he sold it give him a right smart pick of fitness—he had the Moleria costus pretty bad. He ran, about the bray drake he come to himself, ran home, seizes up a stick of wood and split the one to make a float, rushed into the house, and found the door pick down, and his wife standing open. But thank goodness she is getting right hat and fifty again—