hollered that he'd give ther hoss ter anybody what would git him out, an' in Jim went agin."

"But Clipper's mane an' tail wuz all in a light blaze, an' ef Jim hadn't a throwed a hoss blanket over ther critter, he'd a been burnt up show 'nuff!"

"As 'twuz, all ther hair wuz burnt off his tail, an' so ther poor critter looked right pitiful, ef he hadn't a looked curious, with nothin' but that long stump settin' up in ther air. But Jim 'lowed as how his trottin' qualities didn't hinge on that tail, an' he greased an' doctored ther critter till he got him all right agin, barrin' his tail. An he could trot, too. But Jim changed his name ter' Phœnix, seein' as how ther critter come up out o' his own ashes, fer Jim said them hairs burnt off that tail wuz ashese nuff ter give him a right ter ther name o' Phœnix."

"Long 'bout June there wuz a big race comin' off, an' Jim entered Phœnix, an' 'lowed ter win ther whole pile. I want you ter know, M'lissy, ther critter would score up ter ther jedges' stand, an' there he'd stop as still as a wooden hoss, an' all ther whippin' an' spurrin' wouldn't make him budge. They jest had ter go an' leave him; an' when Jim druv off ther track, I never see a boy so clean mortified in all my days, he wuz plum' ashamed o' hisself an' Phœnix throwed in. That night he wuz settin' out in ther woodshed, a grievin' ter hisself, when Tim come in, an' says in that long, preacherfied way he's got o' talkin':"

"'Say, Jim, what you reckon wuz ther matter with ole Phœnix?'"

"Jim he looked at Tim fer a minit or two, an' then he says, 'Tim, you allus *wuz* a fool! Ef I'd a *knowed* what wuz ther matter with ther critter, don't you reckon I'd a *done* somethin' ter help him along?'"

"'I ain't a knowin' who's ther *fool* around here, but I know what wuz ther matter with that hoss.'"

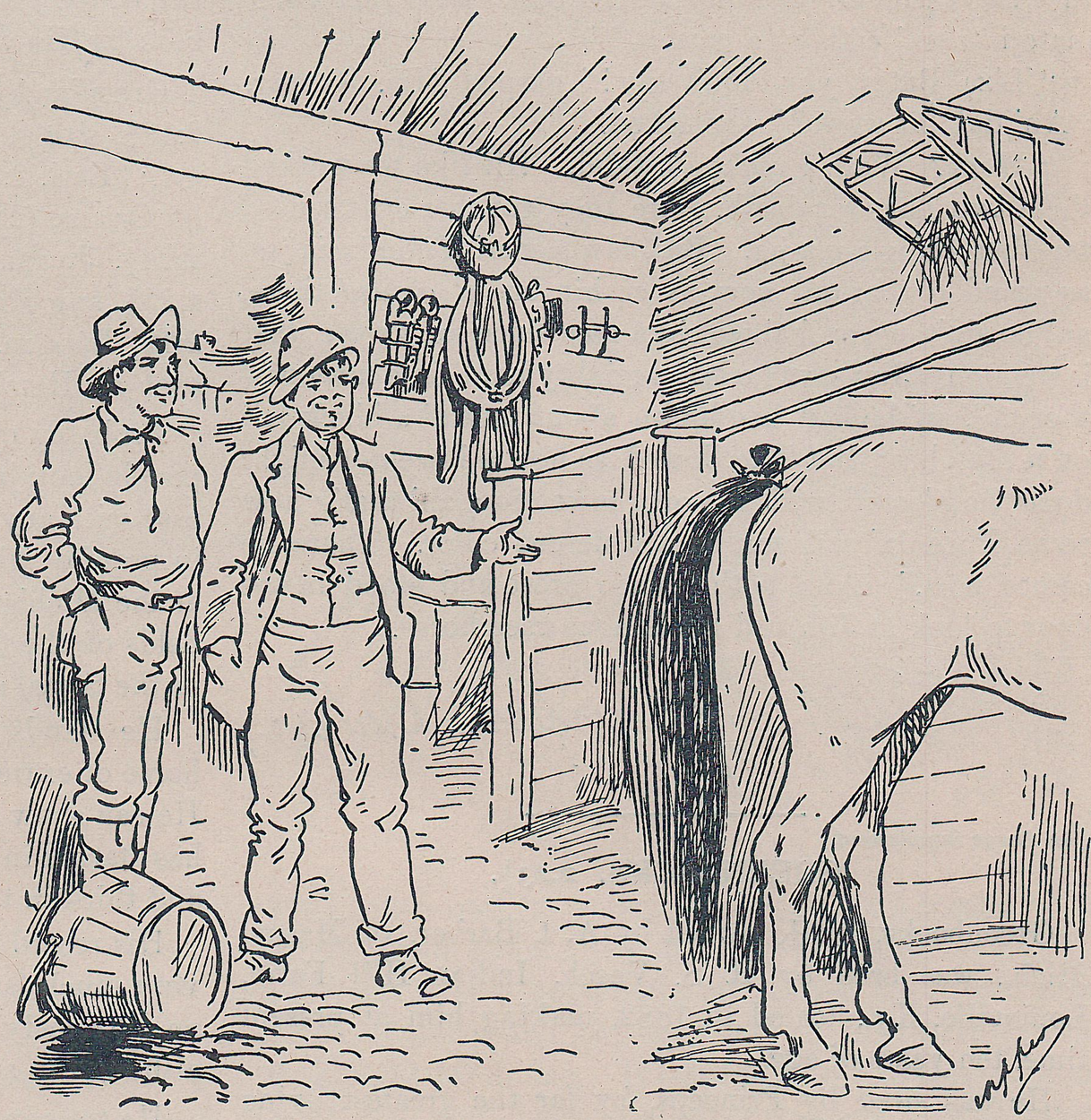
"Jim he begun ter peartin' right up, an' he says, says he, 'Tim, what *wuz* hit?'"

"'Why, he wuz jest natchully ashamed afore all them hosses, with their tails a techin' ther ground, an' him with nothin' but a ole stump. I 'low I'd be ashamed ter go afore a whole passel o' people with as much o' me missin' as Phœnix' got o' him. That hoss' got more sense than them what owns him.'"

"M'lissy, that's ther first time Tim ever showed he had a *little* bit o' sense, an' ter think he beat Jim ter hit,—I wouldn't a believed hit, ef I hadn't a knowed hit."

"I told you that boy wuz all right," Mrs. Turner replied. "But what did Jim say ter that, Lize?"

"Jim kinder stedied a minute, an' then he says, 'Tim, what *air* we agoin ter do?'"



"Jim, the Lord Hisself couldn't a done better with the same materials, and without a pattern."

"'Ole Wakum's black mare died last night, an' she's got a monstrous fine tail, an' ——,'"

"'Stop right where you air, Tim, I've heerd enuff.'"

"Tim he says, 'Jim, air you inwentin'?'"

"'I air,' says Jim, an' Tim he come on ter ther house, an' left him a settin' there."

"Long to'ards sundown, I heerd ther wagon come inter ther yard, an' there wuz Jim drivin' Phœnix, an' ef you'll believe me, M'lissy, Wakum's dead mare wuz a layin' up in that wagon."

"Law sakes! Lize, what did ther boy want with a *dead* hoss?"

"You see, M'lissy, I never pester Jim when he's tradin' or inwentin', an' I knowed hit wuz one o' ther other, an' maybe both, so I jest let that dead hoss come on inter ther woodshed, much as my stomache turned agin hit. Jest about dark Jim druv down to'ards the river with ther dead mare, an' that's the last I knowed about hit fer more'n a week. One day I wuz goin' by ther woodshed, when I heerd sich a racket that I peeped through ther crack ter see what wuz ther matter, an' there stood ole Phœnix