Episcopal Church; but the pay for that is small, and he makes most of his money in the summer by working as stableman for one of the large boarding houses in the town. He is not needed there, unluckily, during the winter, and I imagine that it requires quite a good deal of foresight to make both ends fit well together, though he tells me that he never has been pinched very hard. The town is quite a summer resort, and occasionally gives him chances at little jobs. He waits, sometimes, at the dances in the hall, and once he got a temporary place as private coachman, when the K——'s man fell sick.

I like to look at John; it is positively a pleasure. Great, awkward fellow, he has no points of beauty, but he is the mildest appearing of all human creatures; his good nature sticks out all over him. He smiles perpetually, for the pure love of smiling, I think, with a grin that is a trifle inane, but awfully amusing. It sets me smiling myself, even when I am in a bad humor, to catch a glimpse of John's grin. It is perhaps the outward sign of his willingness to talk, a conciliatory signal for a parley. This seems to be a family habit, for each of his children—all of whom, by the way, are of the same mahogany brown as John himself—has the same good-natured, senseless smile. I like it, senseless though it be, for it certainly is good natured. A man with a grin like John's cannot be bad; one who smiles so continually has not much that is wicked in his composition.

John's family is his pride; though he is always ready to talk of himself, he is still more eager to tell you of his children. He has at his tongue's end a catalogue of the young ones,—a catalogue complete in every particular. Their names,—three names to the child, besides the regulation "Smith,"—their ages, dates of birth and baptism, chronicles of sicknesses, everything, are comprised in his list. It seems to be stereotyped in his memory,—or rather impressed upon a phonographic roll situated in his brain, ready for instant use. I love to have him declaim it, or rather to see him as he gives himself full swing, leaving all other work on account of the absorbing interest of his new occupation, and speaking with his soft, voluble utterance.

He is an enormous fellow; he stands over six feet, and is of a very heavy build. Although he is so big he is by no means fat, for I think that his two hundred and forty pounds are all of solid bone and muscle. But being so large physically must react somewhat unfavorably upon his mental organization, for he is very slow in comprehension, especially in seeing a joke, and is, consequently, the butt of the stable; an uncomfortable position for most men, but I am afraid that John looks upon the numerous jokes as redounding to his credit, and thinks himself a greater man in consequence. But upon one or two subjects he is very touchy. He has learned that allusions to the size of his feet are not intended as compliments, and is always displeased at hits upon his laziness. The whole human race has the ambition to have smaller feet. The Chinese ladies set about correcting the fault, but the rest of the world suffer in silence, their ambition unrealized. John is unduly sensitive upon this point, which has become irritated by constant friction. As for his laziness, I must acknowledge that there is truth in the story, though John regards it as a malignant falsehood. He gets excited when the stablemen speak of it; and as he is not pleasant when roused, they generally abstain from referring to the subject. I can, and occasionally do, chaff him about his feet or his indolence; but it distresses the good fellow so much that I generally choose a subject that will give him less annoyance.

John is delightfully credulous, and the men once took advantage of the fact to play a good joke on him. A cousin of one of the stablemen coming in town was incited to call himself the county sheriff, and to arrest John for debt. This he did by means of a letter, which he passed on John as a warrant, and which had perfect success, as John can neither read