

of a personal nature he was on the whole a very fair-looking and certainly an exceedingly honest and good-natured young man and somehow we thought well of him.

Of course he had some mental peculiarities; I believe it is expected that no hero should be without them, and our Napoleon's special claim to be unlike other people was shown in his practice when excited. In moments of great agitation he would shoulder a favorite scrub broom, rush to his father's barn and begin to sweep with great animation, and to see Napoleon hurrying out to the barn with his broom, dragging those funny feet after him, and begin his attack on the barn-floor was a sight to edify all beholders. The neighbors came to understand the spiritual weather in the mind of Napoleon merely by a survey of the barn.

At length there came a day in which our Napoleon seemed to be the victim of an unusual degree of excitement. It was a Sunday, too, and this circumstance contributed to render the event all the more worthy of note. He had entered the barn as usual when afflicted with mental unrest, and for some time the vigorous strokes of his broom proved how severe was the strain upon his spirit. At last he suddenly stopped in the midst of his labors and executed something that seemed to be intended for a dance round about his broom, which he had set on end for the purpose. This fact, of course, requires to be explained a little in detail.

The cause of Napoleon's disturbed feelings is to be found in a certain Theo Brown, whose father, Deacon Brown, lived across the hollow and up a hill at the distance of about a mile from the Smith farm. The complete name of this young lady was Theodora Angelina, but this had been shortened simply to Theo. She was an attractive country maiden, whose bright complexion, laughing, mischievous eyes, and wealth of wavy-red hair standing out from her round face like a halo, made her the despair and object of irresistible fascination for the youth of the neighborhood. It was one of the most exciting things in nature to see the boys of the village getting themselves ready on a Sunday morning to vanquish this mischievous foe to their peace of mind. The way they studied the latitude of shirt colors, the most resistless shade in neckties, and grew red in the face with efforts to put a ferocious gloss on their best shoes was remarked by the entire village. And then to see the anxious glances that during the hours of church service they cast towards the Brown family pew was calculated to interest everyone. It is scarcely necessary to