

LACONICS

FOURTH EDITION

HANFORD L. GORDON

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Hanford Lemox Gordon

October 1st, 1914

LACONICS

(FOURTH REVISED EDITION)

HANFORD LENNOX GORDON



HANFORD L. GORDON

Los Angeles, California

1914

With the Compliments of the Author,

Hanford Lennox Gordon
(and Bronco Bill)

Los Angeles, California

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PREFACE

For years I have kept notes of such thoughts and laconic expressions as I deemed worth preserving. Out of the mass I have sifted and arranged the contents of this volume, with additions.

There are not many thoughts in this book that have not been expressed by others in some form. I have aimed to prune and improve, and in many cases to make new clothes out of old cloth. I have perhaps produced a few hybrids.

“Though old the thought and oft expressed,
’Tis his at last who says it best.”—*Lowell*.

I have followed the advice of Horace—

Misce stultiam consiliis brevem

I have quoted often—perhaps too freely—from my *Indian Legends and Other Poems*.

In this edition I have added many apt quotations, for which I have given credit.

Hanford Lennox Gordon.

Los Angeles, Cal.
October 1, 1914.

LACONICS

A

- Ability.** Ef it ain't in 'im, it cain't come out.
—*Bronco Bill.*
- Absence-absent.** Absence makes the heart grow fonder.—*T. Haynes Bayley.*
Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it.—*James Howell.*
Conspicuous by his absence.—*After Tacitus, Annals, Book 3.*
I dote on his very absence.—*Shakespeare.*
Absence is to love what wind is to fire; it puts out the little and kindles the great.—*Bussy.*
He wuz allus conspicuerus by his absence when the bullets war playin' jewsharps; but he wuz allus the most conspicuerus man in the fight—in the newspapers.—*Bronco Bill.*
The absent party is always at fault.
He is absent-minded; he fergits tu pay his debts.
—*Bronco Bill.*
- Abuse.** Our appetites are for use, not for abuse.
Everything has its use and abuse.
- Accept.** We must accept things as they are.
—*Napoleon.*
- Accident.** The accident of an accident.—*Mirabeau on Robespierre.*
He did the right thing—by accident.
- Acknowledgment.** If you have done a wrong thing, do a manly thing—acknowledge it.

Adjectives. He is loaded with adjectives—mostly superlatives.

Admiration. We always like those who admire us; we do not always like those whom we admire.
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Where none admires, 'tis useless to excel.
—*George Lyttleton.*

Adversity. Only in adversity do we come to know ourselves.

Adversity leads the wise to prosperity.

The winds of adversity blow egotism out of us.

Adversity winnows out the chaff and the chaff; the wheat remains.

In adversity—calm; in prosperity—calm.

They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

The courage of the brave grows in adversity.

In prosperity beware of your friends; in adversity they will beware of you.

Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity a greater.
—*Hazlitt.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity.—*Shakespeare.*

Adversity always overtakes the idle and improvident.

Don't call it adversity, it's nuthin' but pore whisky an' durn laziness.—*Bronco Bill.*

Advertise. Ef yer a lawyer, advertise; jine the Y. W. C. A. an' advertise.

Ef yer a doctor, advertise; put placards on the graves uf yer patients an' advertise.

Ef yer a preacher, put yer purtiest "split-skirts" in the choir, an' git yer sermons printed in the papers,

ef yer hev tu pay fer it, an' advertise ; pass the contribution box, an' advertise—advertise!

—*Bronco Bill.*

Advice. Be careful whom you advise, lest he pursue the adviser instead of the advice.

All can give advice ; few profit by it.

“It is more blessed to receive” advice than to give advice.

Seek advice rather than praise.

It is easy to give advice after it is done.

Take a few drops of your own advice.

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor ; and the less you buy of them the better.

Don't feed advice to a fool ; he can't digest it.

Good but rarely came from good advice.—*Byron.*

Affectation. We had better appear to be what we are than affect to be what we are not.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Affliction. Strength is born in the silence of affliction.

A proud man, like a generous vine, runs wild and fruitless, unless propped by wisdom and pruned by affliction.

The gem is polished by friction, man by affliction.

The crushed rose gives the sweetest perfume.

The bitters of affliction are a good tonic.

It is not hard to bear the afflictions of others, but we grumble at our own.

The worst affliction most men have is a “swelled head.”

Job's wife thought affliction wuz good fer biles, but I hed tu set on a piller an' a poultice uf axle-dope.—*Bronco Bill.*

After. It is easy to give advice after the event.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

“It wuz bad whusky Oi drunk,” said Pat; “it didn’t taste half ez good comin’ up this mornin’ ez it did goin’ doon lasht night.”*

After-thought His head is full of after-thought.

Every old hat is full of after-thought.

Age. That man never grows old who keeps youth in his heart.

That man is already too old who has lost confidence in himself.

Time consecrates; and what is grey with age becomes religion.—*Coleridge.*

We are in the Golden Age of Iron.

Age considers; youth leaps in.

When I git old I’m goin’ tu quit workin’ an’ go tu talkin’ like a ole woman an’ Billy Bryan.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Don’t put on airs, you will only air your littleness.

Virtue hez tu turn tu old age fer her friend and defender.—*Bronco Bill.*

Agnostic. A kind uf uth-wum without eyes or ears, diskivered by Dr. Huxley.—*Bronco Bill.*

Agriculture—is the chief foundation of nations.

—*Napoleon.*

I druther hoe pertaters thun be a flunkey.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Ahead. Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

Put your face to the front, and go ahead.

When it's dark and Injuns air about, I allus let
some ether feller go ahead an' git the glory.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Aim. Take aim or you will waste your ammunition.
He's kinder cross-eyed; he aimed at a cyote an' hit
a calf.—*Bronco Bill.*

Air—airs. Fresh air, free from care, a walk in the
sun, and a little fun, are better than pills for
you, my son.

Thet prodigal heir is airin' the hul family.

—*Bronco Bill.*

She's a Chicago gal; when she's on the lake front
she allus puls up 'er petticoats tu air her red
stockin's.—*Bronco Bill.*

All. One thing is a part of all things.

If we knew everything of one thing, we would
know all things.

All for each and each for all.

Trust me not at all, or all in all.—*Tennyson.*

He hath nothing done that doth not all.

—*Samuel Daniel.*

I am become all things to all men.—*First Epistle to
the Corinthians. 9-22, R. V.*

All the speed is in the spurs.

All will come out in the washing.—*Spanish—(Todo
saldrá en la colada.)*

All's well that begins well and ends well.

All is "suckers" (fish) that comes to his net.

All the winning is in the buying.—*Proverb.*

All keys hang not on one girdle.—*Proverb.*

All is not lost while life remains.—*Proverb.*

All flesh is not venison.—*Proverb.*

All are not saints that go to church.—*Proverb.*

All are not hunters that blow their horns.—*Proverb.*

All are not friends that speak us fair.

All bread is not baked in one oven.—*Proverb.*

All are not brave that bluster; all are not brave that brag.

All lay loads on a willing horse.—*Proverb.*

All the time you have is *now*.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

All things are parts of all things.

It'll be a long time before we an' the rest of us knows it all.—*Bronco Bill.*

Alms. The best alms you can give a "hobo" is a sledge-hammer and a rock-pile.

Alone. I was never less alone than when alone.
—*After Gibbon.*

Alter. The case is altered; that alters the case.

Ambition. Ambition is the germ of noble deeds.

Ambition may sour, but never satisfy us.

Ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds.

—*Milton.*

Ambition can creep as well as soar.—*Burke.*

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.—*Shakespeare.*

Amend. If you would amend men, begin with yourself, and stay with it.

If you have wronged yourself, make amends.

The Legislature cannot amend or repeal the laws of Nature.

We orter amend a lot more men with a rope.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Amusements. Innocent amusements are blessings.

Amusement is as necessary to man as labor.

Unstring the bow or else the bow will break.

No man is wise who is not all his life, betimes, a
boy.

Anarchy. Anarchy was born in Hell.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

The hundred-headed monster Cerberus,

Mothered of hell and fathered of all fiends.

See Liberty run mad and Anarchy,

Bearing the torch, the dagger and the bomb,

Red-mouthed run riot in her sacred name:

Men lapse to savagery and turn to beasts.

Hell-broth—hag-boiled.

Maelstrom of madness, lazar-howled, hag-shrilled.

Discord, demented, flaps her ruffled wings,

And shrieks delirium to her screeching brood.

—*Men.*

A rattlesnake bit an anarchist's hide;

It was the rattlesnake, not the man, that died.

Mad Murder raves and Horror holds her hell.

—*Men.*

****Men murder-mad

Slay for the love of murder.—*Men.*

Government by the multitude is anarchy.

In time of anarchy a dictator is a savior.

Where law ends anarchy begins.

Democracy breeds demagogues, thieves and pov-
erty, and ends in anarchy.

Anarchy is a cancer on the body politic.

The best way tu cure the *arnicists* is tu give 'em a dose uf blue lead.—*Bronco Bill*.

Ancestry—ancestors.

The further back you trace your ancestors the nearer you get to the brutes.

He has degenerated through a long pedigree from noble brutes.

He apes his ancestor-apes.

The noblest line in Europe runs back to a robber. Your forefather was Adam.

The son of an illustrious man stands in the shadow of his father.

Praise your noble ancestors less and imitate them more.

The family tree of nobility is like a potato-top—its roots bear all the fruit.

After all, birth is much. “Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?”—*Jesus*.

From a noble breed a noble steed.

From good seed a good breed.

A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.—*Jesus*.

The virtues of our ancestors are good, but virtues of our own are better.

Our ancestors were fine fellows, but they fought like Kilkenny cats.

He is more deserving than any of his ancestors, and most of them were hanged.

Here is a little man strutting over the bones of his ancestors—turn 'im out in the pasture; green feed is short and the cows need him.

“I can't boasht av me ancestors,” said Pat to the English lord, “but I kin boasht av me posterity, fer Biddy an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em.”*

If you take pride in your ancestors read back to the baboon.

I am my own ancestor.—*Junot, Duc d'Abrantes.*

"Whut a pity it be thet life's but a span;

Fer me grandfayther wuz a mosht woonderful mon."—*The Harp of Erin.*

Angel. A man may look like an angel and act like a devil.

The on'y time I iver got badly "done up" wuz playin' poker with a feller with a angel-face on 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Half angel and half devil.

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Thomas Campbell.

She may be a angel, but she gobbles salt pork an' sasage like them belles uf Chicago.—*Bronco Bill.*

Women are angels, wooing.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

—*Shakespeare.*

Some men are angels when they woo, and devils when they've won.

She might a-bin a angel, but she didn't hev no wings, an' the tail-feathers war all on 'er hat.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Anger. Anger begets anger.

Furious rage is for beasts, not for men.

Life is too short for revenge.

Anger costs too much.

The wise man's anger is like fire from a flint—a flash and no more.

Anger is a noble infirmity.—*Tupper.*

Carries anger as the flint bears fire.—*Shakespeare.*

The end of anger is the beginning of repentance.

—*Bidenstedt*.

Like woman's anger, impotent and loud.—*Dryden*.

Let anger's fire be slow to burn.—*Proverb*.

Be slow to anger; be not slow to quench the fire.

Anger is the last argument of a fool.

Temper anger in "sweet oil."

Never go to bed angry: you had better sit up all night.

An angry man "stirreth up strife," and wounds himself.

An angry man is like one who attempts to quench fire with kerosene.

There is an anger that is just—the anger of truth betrayed.

Anger is the match that kindles a fire that burns a city.

Don't git mad an' swar; whistle a sam till yer git over it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Ef yer rael mad don't say nuthin' till the next mornin'.—*Bronco Bill*.

Antagonist. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke*.

Anticipation. Anticipation is sweeter than enjoyment.

Why add the burden of to-morrow to the shoulders of to-day?

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

He anticipates in dreams and dines on a crust.

He hez a "briler" fer breakfast ez soon ez the hen cackles.—*Bronco Bill*.

Antiquity. How many fetters we willingly wear because they were forged by our forefathers!

Go back to antiquity—to the chimpanzee and the gorilla.

If you take pride in your ancestry read back to the cave-dwellers.

Veneration of antiquity is congenial to the human mind.—*Burke*.

To look back to antiquity is one thing; to go back to it is another.—*C. C. Colton*.

Antiquity is not always proof of verity.

All things which are now regarded as of great antiquity were once new.—*Tacitus*.

The precedents of antiquity are often stumbling-blocks.

We praise things which are ancient, careless of those which are modern.—*Tacitus*.

Old things are always in good repute, present things in disfavor.—*Tacitus*.

I'm fond of antiquity,—I like ole "flapjacks" an' ole fish.—*Bronco Bill*.

Anxiety. Anxiety is the canker of life.

Reasonable apprehension is safer than too confident security.

No shoulders are broad enough to carry the anxieties of to-morrow on top of the burdens of to-day.

Don't borrow trouble of to-morrow.

A cartload of anxiety will not pay an ounce of debt.—(*un carro di inquietudine non pagaranno un' oncia di debito.*)—*Italian Proverb*.

Aphorism—apothegm. Aphorisms are distilled thoughts.

Proverbs are the gold dust of ages.

Diamonds from the drift of ages.

Appendix. "Doctor, I suffer with headache after a hearty dinner." "Clear case of appendicitis. Madam: I will call in the surgeon"—(his silent partner).

The author recently received a letter from which I quote: "He was taken to the hospital yesterday P. M., and operated on for appendicitis. The doctors say the operation was a perfect success. P. S.—He died this morning at 6 o'clock." He is an appendix to a blank volume.

Applause. *Vox Populi vox Stultorum.*

It is better to deserve applause than to receive it. The applause of fools is dispraise.

When men applaud you, ask yourself what you have done.

If you hanker for applause go to the newspapers and buy it.

The echo of his bellow is his only applause.

Applause is the spur of noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones.—*Colton.*

Apple. You shake the tree in vain: the apples are gathered.

The Irish apple—the potato—la pomme de terre.

There is small choice in rotten apples.—*Shakespeare*

April. April, April,

Laugh thy girlish laughter:

Then, the moment after,

Weep thy girlish tears.—*William Watson.*

Architecture—architect. In a cottage let use be preferred to beauty, in a mansion let use and beauty be combined.

The architecture of a nation is an index of its civilization.

Architecture is art.

It is a long road from the wigwam to the Congressional Library.

Architecture is frozen music.—*Schelling*.

He wuz his own architeck an' he built himself like a goose-aigg 'thout head er tail.—*Bronco Bill*.

Ardor. He is a strong man who in a long struggle can hold his ardor to the end.

Warm up, but don't get hot.

Ardor is good, but don't let it git hot enuff tu burn yer har.—*Bronco Bill*.

Argument. Be calm in argument. Anger makes even truth a fault.

The more noise the less reason.

The truth can always be told in few words.

Winnow the wheat from the chaff.

A clear statement is half the argument.

The last argument of a fool is anger.

—Hear the demagogues,

With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,

Out-bellow the bulls of Bashan.—*Men*.

He has a strong argument—he carries a "big stick."

It is hard arguing against hunger.

An Irish argument—the shellalah.

The point of his argument is so fine that it requires a microscope to discover it.

The argument of the orthodox is based on faith.

His argyment limps like a hoss on three legs.

—*Bronco Bill*.

A knock-down argument—a word and a blow.

—*After Dryden.*

Aristocracy. Princes and parasites compose mankind;

The herd are parasites of parasites.

God never made two men exactly equal;

A few men are born lords and many, underlings

The mindless herd are but the cunning's tools;

For ages have the learned of the schools

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

He wuz one of them English aristocracy: he wuz born in a brewery.—*Bronco Bill.*

Het is een aristocraat in folio—he is an aristocrat in folio.—*Dutch Proverb.*

Armor. Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
And Truth your weapon—weapon sharp and strong,
And deadly to all error and all wrong.

Armed, cap-a-piè, with God's almighty truth.

How happy is he born and taught,

That serveth not another's will;

Whose armour is his honest thought,

And simple truth his utmost skill.

—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

Arms. In America a coat-of-arms counts less than a pair of strong arms in a coat.

Arrogance. None so arrogant as the beggar suddenly rich.

Ignorance and arrogance are twins.

Art—artist. Artless art is the highest art.

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.

Look not for faultless men or faultless art;
 Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;
 As in a picture shadows show the lights,
 So human foibles show the human heart.—*Poetry.*

Nature the only perfect artist is:
 Who studies nature may approach her skill;
 Perfection hers, but never can be his,
 Though her sweet voice his very marrow thrill:
 The finest works of art are Nature's shadows still.
 —*Poetry.*

Reveal art, but conceal the labor.—“*Ars est celare artem.*”

Nature is the art of God.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

A great artist can paint a great picture on a small canvas.—*C. D. Warner.*

Aspiration. See Man the picture of perpetual want;
 Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;
 Give him the land, and he demands the sea;
 Give him the earth—he reaches for the stars.
 —*Men.*

Is there no higher aim than cent pro cent?
 Are all our holier aspirations spent?
 Most preachers preach from aspiration not from
 inspiration.

Ass. None but an ass will bray.

“Hurry, for I have a horse to shoe,” said the
 blacksmith to the cobbler mending his shoe;
 “And I have an *ass* to shoe,” said the cobbler.
 An ass is known by his bray.
 The bray of a jackass is music to the whole herd
 of asses.

When I see a feller's name scratched on a winder-glass,

I know he hed a diamond, an' his mother hed a ass.—*Bronco Bill*.

Ef yer make a ass uf yerself everybody'll ride yer
—*Bronco Bill*.

The ass deserves his load.

A lion never wears the ears of an ass.

You bray me an ass?—am I your brother?

To a man, reason; to an ass, a goad.

An ass looks wise to an ass.

He was brought up on ass-milk.

A sorry ass is better than no horse.

Better an ass that carries us than a horse that
throws us.—*J. G. Holland*.

John: "It pains me, sir, to see an ass."

Bill: "Well, then, go break your looking-glass."

He's a Samson: in the Dimecrat Convention in
1912 he slew the Philistines with the jaw-bone
uf an ass.—*Bronco Bill*.

Association. "All alone" is better than bad company.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from
the company they keep.

Two brave men pulling together are a four-horse
team.

Association develops men.

It is idle to declaim against great corporations;
civilization, the welfare of the human race, demand
them; they have come to stay.

Atheism. If miracles will convince the atheist, let
him look about. All God's works are miracles.

Miracles?—Yes, God performs miracles by the immutable laws of nature.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. (God)—*Bacon*.

Atom. No atom lost and not one atom gained,
Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,
Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.

—*Beyond*.

The Universe is made of atoms.

The earth is but a grain of sand,
An atom in a shoreless sea;
A million worlds lie in God's hand,—
Yea, myriad millions!—What are we?

—*Fame*.

Is man merely “a fortuitous concourse of atoms?”

Audacity. Audacity often wins where merit fails.
Temper audacity with reason.

Audacity and a fool started for the North Pole in a balloon some years ago; they haven't reported yet.

Audacity is the last refuge of guilt.—*Dr. Johnson*.

De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!—*Danton*.

Authority. Men always worshiped the rising sun.
“Give unto Caesar that which belongs to Caesar,”
but if it belongs to you, keep it yourself.

Power is authority.

“You have no authority to arrest me,” said a greenhorn to a New York policeman.

“I hain't, sor?—shmell av me stick,” replied the “cop.”

How often the *ipse dixit* of a little judge becomes authority.

Drest in a little brief authority.—*Shakespeare*.

Authority forgets a dying king.—*Tennyson*.

Autocrat. One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.—*Tennyson*.

B

Babble. Care little for the babble of Babylon, care
for what Truth can say.

Let the babbler babble.

Every fool is in love with his own babble.

Fame is but the babble of men.

Babies. The “deadly sin” is—to bring into the world
a child mentally, morally or physically tainted
by heredity.

The public is just a great baby.—*Ruskin*.

Quality not quantity—breed children as wise
breeders breed horses, cattle and pigs, and our
prisons and asylums would soon be empty.

Jackrabbits breed in litters, Bob,

An’ the niggers an’ Chinees,

An’ the lazy, lousy “Greasers,” Bob,

An’, by gosh, why shudn’t we?—*Bronco Bill*.

Back. He turns his back on the enemy and slashes
the wind with his sword.

Don’t turn your back on the truth, and always
face a lie.

He hangs back like a cow's tail.—*Bronco Bill*.

Good by, pard; yer goin' over the "Divide," an' thar ain't no come-back.—*Bronco Bill*.

He hez a crook in his back, but his head an' his heart air straight ez a bee line.—*Bronco Bill*.

Back-biters. Back-biters bite themselves.

Face-flatterers are back-biters.

Backbone. Backbone is the best bone in your body.

Ef he on'y hed a little backbone he wudn't be sich a jelly-fish.—*Bronco Bill*.

Backward. Don't be backward in coming forward in your own cause.

A man cannot stand still; he must go forward or backward.

He is never backward in coming forward when the dinner-bell rings.

It is sometimes necessary to take a step backward to get a foothold.

Evolution never goes backward?—It may.

Bad. Nothing so bad as it seems.

Take the most of the best and least of the bad.

Nothing so bad that there is no good in it.

Bait. It is rare to find a fish that will bite a bare hook.

A golden hook needs no bait.

There is a bait for every fish.

A bullhead will take the bait that a trout will shy at.

Have your hook always baited;—gudgeons are plenty in every pond.

He allus hez his mouth open fer hooks baited with promises.—*Bronco Bill*.

The silver dollar is a bait that even the oldest sucker in the pond'll bite at.

Bare—barefoot. If you are barefoot look well to your path.

Don't bare your breast to a blizzard.

Gals like tu go bar-headed, but yer niver see a ole woman in a orto bar-headed with a wig on.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Bard. Better be a good blacksmith than a driveling bard.

My ole pard's a bard er a bunkum, an' I dunno which.—*Bronco Bill*.

Bargain. Necessity never makes a good bargain.
—*Benj. Franklin*.

A bargain-counter is a pick-pocket.

Bark. Let the little dogs bark: did you ever hear the moon bark back at the cur?

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite;

But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Bashful. Don't be bashful,—it don't pay.

She's so bashful!—pore thing!—yer cain't open her mouth with a can-cutter, onless yer buy a mug uf beer fer it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Battle of San Juan. Cunnel's staff of press reporters
Split the ar with whoop an' cheer:

Yer bet yer they war snorters!

Way back behind Headquarters,

With tew bar-rels uf Schlitz beer,

They fit thet bloody battle in the rear.

—*Bronco Bill—Cowboy Ballads*.

Bear. Bear and forbear, I counsel thee;
Forgive and be forgiven;
For charity is the golden key
That opens the gate of heaven.
If you kick 'em you will discover the difference
between a skunk and a bear.
Ketch yer bar before yer sell his skin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Beauty. Beauty needs no letter of introduction.
Beauty is a welcome guest everywhere.—*Goethe.*
Beauty is of itself a power.—*Lew Wallace.*
The fatal gift of beauty.—*Byron.*
No blemish, no beauty.
Beauty intoxicates a woman and makes a fool of
a man.
The most beautiful thing is Truth.
Beauty without virtue is a rose with a bad smell.
Beauty—a beautiful soul in a beautiful body.
What good is beauty to the blind?

Beer. The more beer the less bread.

Before. Look before or you will fall behind.
Every old hat is full of regret.
When you are before, look behind; when you are
behind, look before.

Beg—beggar. The highest price you can pay for
anything is to beg for it.
It is a sin against charity to give to every beggar.
Bid the beggar come to-morrow; give to the
needy now.
Put a beggar on a hoss an' he'll beat an ortermo-
bile.—*Bronco Bill.*

Beginning. Begin well and then keep at it.

It is easier to begin than to finish.

Better begin at the bottom and work up, than
begin at the top and work down.

In the beginning a bucket of water will put out a
fire and save a whole city.

Few men know when to begin and when to stop.
The beginnings of great things are little things.
"In the beginning God created the heaven and the
earth." Thar must a-bin a little suthin' thar
fer the Lord tu begin on.—*Bronco Bill.*

Behind. When you are behind, look before;

When you are before, look behind.

Look ahead or you will fall behind.

On the wrong road the faster you go the farther
you fall behind.

He's allus behind like a yaller dog's tail.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Behind time. If you are behind time you can't
catch the "Limited" by running.

The wise man is seldom behind time.

Better five minutes ahead than five seconds be-
hind.

I owe all my success in life to having been always
a quarter of an hour before my time.

—*Lord Nelson.*

Belief. "I dinna ken which end o' 'im to believe,"
said a Scotchman of a dog that wagged his tail
and growled.

Blind belief, what is it but superstition?

Each man's belief is right in his own eyes.

—*Cowper.*

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not
know, because they have never deceived us.

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Bell. Like sweet bells jangling out of tune and harsh.—*Shakespeare.*

Belle. She's a sage-hen frum the sage-brush uf Laramie; but she's the belle uf Wyomin'.—
Bronco Bill.

Bellwether. He's the bellwether uf a flock uf nanny goats.—*Bronco Bill.*

Bend. Better bend than break.

Benevolence. I relish the dinner I give to a hungry man.

I never gave a poor boy a nickel that it didn't do me more good than it did him.

Best. The best is always the best.

If a man is ignorant of what he is, how can he know what is best for him?

The best is the cheapest.

Good is good, better is better, best is best.

In all things there is a bad way, a good way, and a best way.

If you can't have the best, make the best of what you have.

Take the most of the best and the least of the bad. Do your best.

Betray. When a base man means to betray you, he will be your best friend.

There is an anger that is just, the anger of truth betrayed.

We betray ourselves oftener than others betray us.

Better. Better a skillful blacksmith than a driveling poetaster.

Better go fishing than do nothing.

Better fight than lie down and be run over.
Better a poor bone than no meat.

Beware. Beware of der snare—look a leetel ouet,
und don't put yer fuss in it—bis it go off already.
—*Hans.*

Beware of the man who comes to you highly recommended by himself.

If he speaks too fair, beware, beware.

Beware of the man you have forgiven; he will never forgive you.

Beware of the man who blows a big mouth and a brass band for the "dear people."

Beyond. The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched sand,
What knows he of the huge, round, rolling Earth?
Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond,
Or ever wilt. Content thee: let it be.
Know only this—there is a power unknown—
Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond.*
That which is manifestly beyond our reach is beyond our desire.
If the grapes are beyond your reach, try a step-ladder.

Bible. The traditions and superstitions of a people are the Bible of that people.

Bigotry. Bigotry is blind in one eye and near-sighted in the other.

Ignorance is ever bigoted.

A bigot and a mule are twin brothers; but the mule is the better man.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.—*Colton.*

"Big Stick."—An Irish policeman.

A strong argument, a "big stick."

Big things. It is not profitable to run afar after big things and neglect the little things that lie all around you.

Bill. His name wuz Bill, an' he "filled the bill," fer Bill an' his wife "presented" thirteen little Bills.—*Bronco Bill.*

Biography. True biography is the best history.

He is writing his own biography. The "outlook" is bad for the printer. He has got only to his fourteenth year and he has already exhausted all the capital I's in the print-shop.

Bird. An old bird is ware of a little boy with a gun.

It is only a "dodo" that runs twice into the same net after chaff.

A bird in hand is worth two in the sky.

You can tell an old bird by her feathers.

He's a bird; his head is ful o' feathers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Bitterness—bitter. Weak men chew the cud of bitterness; strong men eschew it.

Without a taste of the bitter we have little relish for the sweet.

Stolen fruit is always bitter-sweet.

The bitters of affliction are a good tonic if you don't take too big a dose.

Take yer bitters like a man, Jo, an' they'll taste better by an' by.—*Bronco Bill.*

Blame. In every quarrel both sides are to blame.
It don't take two to have a quarrel; a man can quarrel with himself, and often he ought to.

Blather. Blather and brains don't lodge in the same cockloft.

That barrister has more blather than Blackstone.
If he had more Coke in his cocoanut he would blather less.

Blemish. No beauty without blemish.

I never seen a woman yit 'thout no spots on 'er.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Blind. Who takes a blind man for a guide?

Blind courage is dangerous.

No feller is so blind ez the feller thet don't wanter see.—*Bronco Bill.*

We are blind with our eyes wide open.

What good is beauty to the blind?

Blood. Mother England, Mother England, through the ages blood will tell,

From the spears that baffled Caesar to the field where Symons fell;

And from rugged Gael and Saxon, brawny Norsk and stalwart Danes,

Still the blood of Bruce and Cromwell tingles in our Yankee veins.—*Mother England.*

Blood will tell even in a Hottentot.

His blood is like the juice of a cucumber.

Nothing like blood, sir, in horses, dawgs and men.
—*Thackeray.*

Blood-hound. Blood-hounds behind and the devil before.

A blood-hound is a harmless pup if he gets his nose full of red pepper.

Blossom—blossomed. The blossom withers when the fruit appears.

He blossomed out in the newspapers.

He hed a peach-blussom on the nub of his nose.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Bluff. Bluff is a good dog; bulldog is better.
The Cunnel cain't be beat; he's a bluffer an' a four-flusher.—*Bronco Bill.*

Blunder. Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

The mistakes of a wise man are more instructive than the blunders of a fool.

The man that never made a blunder lacks education. It is more than a crime; it is a blunder.—*Fouché.*

Blunderbuss. He was a crack shot with a blunderbuss.

Blush. She blushes like a Hottentot.
Better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart.
—*Cervantes.*

Boast—boaster. Never boast of what you will do till you have done it.

Don't blow your bugle till the battle is won.

He that boasts of what he will do seldom does it.

Boat. Fair boats that flutter in the sun your sails,
Piping anon to gay and tented shores
Sweet music and low laughter, it is well
Ye hug the haven when the tempest roars;
For only stalwart ships of oak or steel
May dare the deep and breast the billowy sea,

When sweeps the thunder-voiced, dark hurricane,
 And the mad ocean shakes his shaggy mane,
 And roars through all his grim and vast immensity.
—*Poetry.*

You are in the boat and the devil is at the helm.
 Sink or swim, I am in the same boat with you.
 "Paddle your own canoe," my boy, and remember
 —your boat won't float up-stream without a
 paddle.

Body. The body will rest if the mind will let it.
 Take good care of the body—it's your work-
 machine.
 Give me a body with spirits in it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Bold. All gates open to the bold.
 Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere, be bolde.
—*Spencer—Faerie Queene.*
 Be bold, but don't butt your head against a stone
 wall.
 He wuz ez bold ez a sheep in the fight, an' ez bold
 ez a lion after it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Bone. What is bred in the bone will stay there.
 How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
 Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
—*The Reign of Reason.*
 Backbone is the best bone in your body.
 A dog and his bone—let 'em alone.
 Go—crack Earth's bones and heave the granite
 hills.—*Men.*

I've got it in my bones; I thought it was inspira-
 tion, but I guess it's rummytics.—*Bronco Bill.*

Books. The best thoughts of the best minds of the
 Ages are embalmed in books.

Good books are the best counselors.

A book that inspires no thought in the reader is not worth reading.

Give me good books, baked potatoes and a log-cabin and I will be content—for a day.

A book that is not worth reading twice is not worth reading at all.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

—*Bacon.*

The books which help you most are those that make you think the most.—*Theo. Parker.*

A good book is good company.

Good books are legacies left to mankind.

A good book is a garden full of fruit and flowers.

A good book is good medicine for the "blues."

There be books and books and books, and not one in a hundred is worth reading.

Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

—*Milton.*

A good book is the best of friends.—*Tupper.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,

With loads of learned lumber in his head.—*Pope.*

The university of these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

—*Byron.*

Borrow. Who borrows money borrows trouble.

Who pays with honor borrows with ease.

Many are ready to lend to the man who has no need to borrow.

Borrow trouble and pay double.

Who loans much to a friend loses a friend.

Don't borrow trouble, you have enough of your own.

He borrowed ten dollars from you?—He'll pay that debt the day arfter Eternity.—*Bronco Bill*.

Boston. Boston is no longer boss-town.

Boston is no longer the "Hub," it's only the tail-board.

Bottom. Begin at the bottom and climb to the top.

We sink or swim as we deserve; most of us go to the bottom.

Boy. The boy is the father of the man.

He that is a boy at fifty

Was never very wise or thrifty.

Many a poor boy is ruined by his father's money.

I wish I war a little boy—

A little boy agin,

Ful uf frolic an' the colic,

Ful uf soda-pop an' sin.—*Bronco Bill*.

When does a boy not take after his father? When his father "takes after" him.

Brains. Brain and brawn make a giant indeed.

You can give a man advice, but you can't give him brains to profit by it.

Brains don't grow on bushes; they often grow under a straw hat.

He wars a number seven hat—mostly filled with har.—*Bronco Bill*.

Brass—brazen. He was born in Brassland and bred in Brazen College.

Is this the golden age, or the age of gold?

The Muses whisper—" 'Tis the age of brass."

—*Poetry*.

“Willyum Jinks” is a great arketek; he’s buildin’ a money-ment fer his-self outer brass.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Brass glitters; gold glimmers.

He is as brazen as a brass kettle.

Brave—bravery. A brave leader makes brave men. Be brave, but don’t be a bravo.

There are several degrees Fahrenheit between bravery and bravado.

It is fool bravery to butt your head against a stone wall.

He is brave—in the newspapers.

Oi wuz brave enough, sor, but Oi cudn’t kape me dom legs from runnin’ away wid me.—*Pat.*†

(†Attributed, but erroneously to Abraham Lincoln).

None but the brave deserve the fair.—*Dryden.*

Bravery never goes out of fashion.—*Thackeray.*

The Cunnel wuz ez brave ez a lion—arfter the battle wuz over an’ the enemy hed run outer sight.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Bread. Seven cities strove for Homer’s bones, ’tis said,

Through which the living Homer begged for bread.—*Poetry.*

“I can’t find bread for my family,” said a loafer.

“Neither can I,” said a worker, “I have to work for it.”

Here mouths without bread, there bread without mouths.

The less beer the more bread.

“Jim Hill is a robber,” said the Governor of Minnesota. “While I am giving bread to tens of

thousands, you are doing your level best to pull down the bakery," said Hill.

Breeches. When the wife wears the breeches, let the husband wear petticoats.

Without a pair of breeches what is man?

Diogenes' two-legged animal without feathers.

Any man is liable to have a breach in his breeches.

Them darn suffragettes air bound tu make a breach in Uncle Sam's breeches.—*Bronco Bill.*

Breed—breeding—bred. Breeding in and in, and out

Will breed a mongrel without doubt.

Why not be as careful of the breed of children as of the breed of dogs?

Wisdom and virtue are the gems, good breeding the setting.

She would breed a fever in the blood of a fish.

We are all of the same breed—our forefathers were gorillas.

Good breed, good seed; good seed, good breed.

Bridge. Make a bridge for your adversary to retreat over.

It is a safe bridge that falls before you get onto it.

If you burn the bridge behind you, your pursuers will have to wait or wade.

Be sure you are over before you burn the bridge.

Britain. Be Britain still to Britain true,

Amang oursels, united;

For never but by British hands

Maun British wrangs be righted.—*Burns.*

Broth. Hell-broth, hag-boiled.

Cold clam-juice is better than no broth.

He put poison in his enemy's broth, and drank it himself.

Scotch broth—barley-broth wie a bit o' the bluid wie it.

Brother. For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.—*Burns.*

And Jehovah said unto Cain: Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?—*Genesis 3-9.*

My friend is a brother of my own choosing.

"There is a friend (in Hebrew *lover*) that sticketh closer than a brother."—*Proverbs 18-24.*

Brute. The further back we trace our ancestors, the nearer we get to the brutes.

He who is cruel to brutes is himself a brute.

"*Et tu, Brute!*" exclaimed Caesar when Brutus, the brute, stabbed him.

The following is not mine. It was written by my dear friend, Hon. Henry C. Waite (of St. Cloud, Minnesota—now dead) and ought to be embalmed and preserved:

"Ransack creation—in and out—
Through all its crooks and crannies,
You'll never find another brute
As big a brute as man is."

It will take a long time to eradicate the brute in the human.

Bud. Many a budding genius is nipped in the bud.

If every bud blossomed what a lot of spring poets
we would have!

He would have made a man, but he was blasted in
the bud.

Building. Pride builds a mansion and the loan-
man lives in it.

Don't build a castle till you can pay for it, and then
build it on your own land.

Build for your own eyes and not for the eyes of
others.

Don't try to build the top story first.

He builded better than he knew.—*Emerson.*

Bull Run. "Oi wuz in the batthle av Bul Run, Sor:
Oi wuz behint at the Bul, but Oi wuz before at
the Run, Sor," said Pat.*

Burden. He sighed for the burden, now let him
carry it.

A man without a burden is a burden to himself.

You need a burden for ballast.

A ship without ballast is apt to "turn turtle."

The heaviest burden most men carry is their own
folly.

We can carry other people's burdens better than
our own.

You will never complain of your burden if you
like it.

Pad your shoulders with patience and you will
carry your burden easier.

Show me the boy that shirks his burden and I will
show you a failure.

'Tain't fair tu pile a cord uf wood on a pore
donkey, like the "Greasers," an' then hev an ass
climb on top uf it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Burglar. Every artisan to his trade, said the burglar.

The beggar may laugh at a burglar.

The man who leaves his safe open is an accomplice of the burglar.

Keep your money in the bank and the burglar won't burgle it.

He blew the safe open an' found nuthin'. He repented an' prayed a pra'r ful uf "damits" an' donnerwetter.—*Bronco Bill*.

Burn. It is better to turn than to burn.

If you haven't any wood to burn, burn chips.

If you put your finger in the fire, don't complain of the burn.

We don't burn heretics no more; we skin 'em, an' tan ther hides.—*Bronco Bill*.

Bush. He beats the bush to frighten a boggy.

Some men are eternally beating the bush after the bird has "fled away."

Money grows on bushes—in "Green"-land.

Business. Know your own business, and attend to it.

The golden rule of business is *quid pro quo*.

Your business won't run itself and pay a profit.

Be busy in your business.

Let your principal business be to mind your own business.

When everyone minds his own business, business is good.

Mind your own business and others will mind you.

Men make business and business makes men.

Don't poke your nose into other people's business: poke it into your own.

He minds everybody's business but his own.
He who minds other people's business neglects his own.

He hez got more business thun he kin handle: most uf it is other people's business.—*Bronco Bill*.

Busy. He is so busy he has no time to do anything.

Busy—busy all day long—doing nothing.

But—butt. Don't butt in with your "buts."

Cut out your "buts" and butt into it.

He would have caught the hare, but he stumbled over a "but."

Don't butt your head against a stone wall.

He fights like a skunk—butt-end first.

Butterfly. She looks like a buttered butterfly.

Butterflies air jist wums thev hev sprouted wings.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Buying. Don't buy a stray pig in the brush.

Don't buy what you don't need—it is dear at any price.

Buzzard. Follow the buzzards and you will find the carrion.

By-way. He is on the by-way to ruin.

C

Cackle. She cackles before she lays her egg.

She is always cackling and never lays an egg.

It is a sorry coop where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world.—*Tennyson.*

Caesar.—One Caesar lives, a thousand are forgot.
—*Young*

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
—*Shakespeare.*

Calf. Veal should be cheap; calves are plenty.
He worships the golden calf—himself.
He bellows like a bull-calf at the butcher-block.
She wars a skirt split tu her hip tu show the calf
in it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Calm. Better a tempest now and then than con-
tinual calm.
Better a little breeze than a dead calm.
He is a good pilot in a calm sea.
In prosperity, calm; in adversity, calm.
Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
An other chafe may warm him at his fire.
—*George Herbert.*

A good pilot in a storm may carelessly wreck his
craft in a calm.

Calumny. He that escapes the tongue of calumny
May count himself an angel or a naught.—*Poetry.*
Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.—*Shakespeare.*
To persevere in one's duty and be silent, is the
best answer to calumny.—*Geo. Washington.*
Calumny is a wasp-nest; don't punch it.

Camp—camp-meeting. It's a cold ride tu camp,
Jim, when the jug's run dry.—*Bronco Bill.*

They orter hold culled camp-meetin's in the winter
tu warm up the weather.—*Bronco Bill*.

Candor. Candor gives wings to truth.

Cannon. He fires a cannon at a fly.

Can't. He is afflicted with the *If's*, the *But's* and
the *Can't's*.

Cant. Them ole witch-hangers war ful uf cant an'
canticles.—*Bronco Bill*.

Care. Don't cultivate care; it will grow without it.
Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat.—*Ben Jonson*.

Then top and main-top crowd the sail;
Heave Care owre side,
And large before enjoyment's gale
Let's tak the tide.—*Burns*.

Careful. Be careful when you tread on another
man's toes.

Be kearful when yer kick the hind-eend uf a mool.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Careless. He who is careless in small things will
fail in great ones.

The careless man spends half his time in hunting
for things mislaid.

Cask. Every cask has a bung-hole.

Tap his cask and let the froth out.

A rusty cask may contain good wine.

They are fast turning the wine-casks into water-
wagons.

You may fill the cask at the bung-hole and let it
leak out at the spigot.

Let every cask stand on its own staves.

Castle. He that builds castles in the air will seldom build one on land.

A man's house is his castle if it's only a wigwam.

Cat. Don't mew pussy cat to me.

Beware of a black cat and a grey-eyed woman.

Better live with a yawling cat than a brawling woman.

Bewar uf women with cat-eyes an' pussy-cat tongues.—*Bronco Bill.*

Caught. He set a trap for his adversary and put his own foot in it.

"Oi've cotched a Tartar," yelled Pat from the picket-line. "Bring him in," replied his captain.

"Oi can't," said Pat. "Then come in yourself, Pat." But the dom hathen won't let me," said Pat. This is the origin of "Caught a Tartar."

Cause. In a bad cause it is better to lose than to win.

Every effect is due to an unbroken chain of causes.
—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Caution. Caution may be carried to timidity.

An over-cautious general seldom wins a battle.

Caution is good if you don't take too big a dose of it.

Be a leetle cautious when yer kick a ole mool.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Centenarian. A 100th mile-post on the road to Wisdom.

Chaff. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

Don't spend your time looking for a grain of wheat in a stack of chaff.

Out of a bushel of chaff one little grain of wheat!
 The popular breeze catches the chaff.
 Chaff me no chaff: I am hungry for bread.
 A pint of wheat will feed more hens than ten sacks
 of chaff.

Chance. He who invests in a lottery takes a slim
 chance for his money.

In the scheme of Nature there is no chance for
 chance

Chance favors the prudent.

In the sea of chance one fishes for cod and catches
 a herring; another fishes for herring and catches
 a devil-fish; another fishes for suckers and is
 caught on his own hook.

Don't take a little chance without a big chance.

Chancery. Chancery is the court of chance.

He is taking a chance in chancery.

Don't take a chance in chancery if you can help
 it; it costs fifty dollars to get in, and all you have
 to get out.

Change. Change is the order of the universe.

The voices of the hoar and hurrying years
 Cry from the silence — "Change! — perpetual
 Change."

The sweetest harp of heaven

Were hateful if it played the self-same tune
 Forever.—*Change.*

Dust of the desert are thy walls

And temple towers, O Babylon!

O'er crumbled halls the lizard crawls,
 And serpents bask in blaze of sun.—*Fame.*

Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change.—*Burns.*

Change lays not her hand upon truth.—*Swinburne*.
Nothing was born, Nothing will die; All things
will change.—*Tennyson*.

“Can the Ethiopian change his skin?”

Bet your small change and hold onto the eagle.

Change is a good thing in your pocket.

The main difference between an “old foggy” and a
mule is this—the mule can change his mind, but
the “old foggy” can’t.

A sudden change of climate is good for a defaulter.

Character. Every good character has four corner-
stones: Truth, Charity, Self-denial, Fortitude.

We build our own characters. From the same ma-
terials one man builds a palace, another a prison.
Our reputation is what people say of us, our
character is what we are.

If character be rooted in truth, the flower and fruit
thereof will be beautiful.

Character may make a reputation, but reputation
don’t make a character.

To have a right estimate of a man’s character, you
must see him in adversity.—*Napoleon*.

Charity. Let your charity begin with your wife.

Our Christian charity has broadened into crime.

The ultimate result of modern Christian Charity
continued will be to fill the world with weaklings,
lunatics and criminals.

“God help you” is cheap charity.

Most men are charitable—to themselves.

It is a sin against charity to give to every beggar.

Have a little charity for the sane, the industrious
and the frugal.

Let charity begin with yerself; you need it the wust.—*Bronco Bill*.

He skims his milk fer cream, makes cheese outer the milk, an' gives the whey tu the pore.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Charity for the criminal encourages crime.

Bear and forbear, I counsel thee,
 Forgive and be forgiven;
 For charity is the golden key
 That opens the gate of heaven.

The only word written by Jesus
 Was Charity—writ in the sand.—*Charity*.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman.

Though they may gang a-kennin wrang
 To step aside is human.—*Burns*.

His charity begun with himself an' allus staid thar.
 —*Bronco Bill*.

Chase. He chases three hares at once—all running in different directions.

He chased a phantom all his life and never caught it till the Devil caught him.

Chase the Devil around a stump and he will catch you by your coat-tail.

In Yankee-doodle-dom the "dear peepul" air allus chasin' suthin'—a circus er a dimagogue with a big mouth an' a brass band. Under Republikin rule they chase the eagle on "the almighty dollar," an' when the Dimecrats git in they chase ground hogs fer suthin' tu eat.—*Bronco Bill*.

Chatter. She chatters like a bluejay on a corn-crib. I had rather listen to a chatterer than a flatterer. Chatter-boxes hold nothing but noise.

- Cheap.** What seems cheap may prove dear.
Nothing is cheap that you do not need.
A bargain-counter is a pick-pocket.
Most women would buy butterflies and go hungry
if somebody said they were cheap.
Cheap is a great cheat.
Cheap is a dear shop to trade in.
The cheapest way tu git rid uf yer pore relashin is
tu turn 'em over tu God's mercy.—*Bronco Bill.*
- Cheerfulness.** 'Tain't easy to be cherful with the
toothache.—*Bronco Bill.*
Cheerfulness is the child of good health and good
heart.
He's as cheerful as a corpse.
- Chicago.** Turrible changable weather in Chicago.
I 'spose that's why the Chicago gals air sweet-
hearts today an' sour-crops tomorrer.
—*Bronco Bill.*
- Chickens.** Stray chickens come home with few
feathers.
He counts his chickens as soon as the hen cackles.
Mrs. Meloney's spring-chicken was a goose.
She is just featherin' out, but she cackles like an
old hen.
"I'm no spring-chicken," said the "grass-wider."
- Child—children.** The child is pleased with a rattle,
and so is the man.
Little children—little babies;
Men are only bigger babies.
Sweet is the lute to him who hath not heard
The prattle of his children at his knees.—*Men.*
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—*Shakespeare.*

Suffer the little children to come unto me.—*Jesus*.
Why not be as careful of the breed of children as
of the breed of dogs?

Jack-rabbits breed in litters, Bob,
An' the Niggers an' Chinee,
An' the lazy, lousy "Greasers," Bob,
An', by Gosh, why shudn't we!—*Bronco Bill*.

Children milk ther mothers when they're babies, an'
when they git old enuff they milk the "ole man."
—*Bronco Bill*.

Children sweeten labours; but they make misfor-
tunes more bitter.—*Bacon*.

Christianity—Christian. In some things the teach-
ings of Christianity conflict with the laws of
Nature:

Christianity would save the imbecile, the idiot,
the hopelessly insane and the criminal. Nature
decrees the survival of the fittest.

The doctrines of Jesus cannot repeal or amend the
laws of Nature.

The ultimate result of modern Christian Charity
continued will be to fill the world with weak-
lings, lunatics and criminals.

His christianity was muscular.—*Disraeli*.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
—*Byron*.

Church. The modern church is a good social club.
Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
And some upo' their claes.—*Burns*.

We build churches to honor ourselves.
The choir sing psalms to praise themselves.
Most preachers preach for themselves.

A great preacher is a great teacher.
 Jesus was a great teacher, so was Confucius.

Whenever God erects a house of prayer,
 The Devil always builds a chapel there;
 And 'twill be found, upon examination,
 The latter has the largest congregation.

—*De Foe.*

Circle. Eternity is a circle without circumference.
 The universe is a circle without diameter or circumference.
 He talks in a circle and never reaches the end.

Circumstances. Napoleon made circumstances?
 Circumstances made and unmade Napoleon.
 Men think to mend their condition by change of
 circumstances. They might as well hope to escape
 their shadows.—*Froude.*

Man is not the creature of circumstances,
 Circumstances are the creatures of men.—*Disraeli.*

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
 The circumstances seem the sport of men.—*Byron.*

Man is a creature of a thousand whims,
 The slave of hope and fear and circumstance.—*Men.*

“I’m broke, pard: I’m the victim uf circumstances.”
 “But yer made ’em yerself, Jo.”—*Bronco Bill.*

City. In the city we long for the country; in the
 country we pine for the city.
 The devil is in the country; more’s the pity,
 For the devil’s surely in the city.
 Cain—the slayer of his brother—built the first city.
 Great cities are hot-beds of crime and corruption.
 Great cities are full of little men.

The country feeds the city—with “garden-sass” and greenhorns.

Civility. Nothing costs less and pays better than civility.

Civility costs nothing and buys much.

Civilization. What is civilization? A coat of varnish on the hide of the brute.

Climax. He deals in superlatives and always caps the climax.

In all things truth is the climax.

Climb. You must climb as you crept—on your hands and knees.

The higher he climbs the further he has to fall.

Who never climbs never falls.

The higher he climbs the plainer yer kin see the biggest part uf 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Clinch. He clinches his argument with his fist.

Cloak. If you would see men as they are, look under their cloaks.

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

Hypocrisy always wears a cloak.

We patch the cloak of truth with many a lie.

Yer most allus find a bad man under a fine cloak.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Clothes. An' ez fer clo'es, Mynherr, he chose

A cow-skin fer his “kleid,” Bob;

The women wore knee-petticoats,

An' bare skin underside, Bob.—*Bronco Bill.*

A tailor can make a coat, but only God can make a man to wear it.

Thar goes a suit uf clo'es struttin' down the street.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Clouds. There will be some cloudy days. Don't worry.

If there were no clouds we would tire of the sunshine.

Truth, like the sun, is often under a cloud.

Coach. In a coach at twenty; on foot at forty.

Coals. Don't waste your wind blowing cold coals.

Coat. Have your coat cut according to your pants. If your tongue is sour coat it with honey.

Look out for vice in a swallow-tail coat.

He wore a swaller-tail coat an' tew patches under it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cobbler. He gave his awl, 'twas all he had to give
Better be a good cobbler than a poor lawyer.

Cock—cock-sure. It is a poor coop where the cock cackles and the hen crows.

He is one of those cock-sure fellows whose cock-lofts want tenants.

Cocoanut. That lawyer has no Coke in his cocoanut.

There is no milk in your cocoanut.

Coffin. M. Caillaux stands on a coffin and makes a pedestal of it.—*Henri Bernstein*, (at the trial of Mme Caillaux for the murder of Gaston Calmette).

He's coffin' himself intu a coffin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cold. Cold as ice—cruel as a tigress.

You have caught a cold, Sambo. No, sah; de cold cotch me.

Cold water. A scalded cur is afraid of cold water.

College. 'Tain't no use tu send a brayin' ass
Tu any cullege-school,
Fer the less he knows the more he knows,
Like any ether fool.—*Bronco Bill.*

When the "Kid" came home from College he fired Latin at the flock, and *forte dux fel flat in guttur.*
Abraham Lincoln went through college in a log-cabin.

I wonder whar all them cullege-bred fellers thet air ridin' brake-beams an' sleepin' in hay-stacks cum frum.—*Bronco Bill.*

Them bong tong culleges air turnin' out a lot uf sports an' molly-cuddles.

Thet "whoop" went thro' cullege: he entered Yale at the front door on Monday, an' they kicked 'im out uf the back door on Tuesday.—*Bronco Bill.*

Colt. He prances like a colt in clover.

Every old hoss was a colt once.

Let the colt prance—he'll feel the straps soon enough.

Thet colt was born an "old hoss."—*Bronco Bill.*

Combine. Thar ain't no show fer a pore mortal no more: the doctors, the druggists, the surgeons an' the undertakers hev all combined, an' the preachers hev applied tu git into the "Trust."
—*Bronco Bill.*

Combustion. He is in a chronic state of spontaneous combustion.

Command. Keep cool and command.

He who commands himself will command others.

I always commanded myself.—*Napoleon.*

Common law. Common law is based on common-sense.

Common sense. The most uncommon thing is common-sense.

Common-sense is wisdom.

Fill the basement with common-sense, and the upper floors with learning.

Communism. Civilization is founded upon the right of the individual to acquire and enjoy property.

Communism would send us back to barbarism.

Communism prevails in the lowest barbarism—among the natives of the Cannibal Islands and the Hottentots of Africa.

Communists demand the equal division of unequal earnings.

Communism is Socialism, and Socialism leads to Anarchy.

Socialism would destroy the right of property, the family relations and the aspirations of men.

Socialism would pull down the highest to the level of the lowest.

Men are not created equal any more than the beasts of the field or the trees of the forest.

The survival of the fittest is the law of Nature.

Communism destroys ambition and without ambition man becomes a brute.

Communism would make the minority slaves of the majority.

Company. The man who is tired of himself seeks worse company.

Better alone than in bad company.

Suit your conversation to your company.

A good book is good company.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from the company they keep.

Compensation. If the poor man sometimes lacks a dinner, the rich man often lacks a stomach for it.

If you are proud of your acquirements, look up to those above you; if dissatisfied with your lot, look down on those below you.

Nature compensates; she gives every man his due.

Complaint. When we stop to complain fortune forsakes us.

Complaint cures nothing.

Conceal. He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

The revealed is concealed and the concealed is revealed.

Conceit. The more one boasts of himself, the less others boast of him.

Self-conceit is a cheat; it cheats itself.

Self-conceit is first cousin to a fool.

Self-conceit is nursed in small brains.

Concentrate. Concentrate on one thing at a time.

Concentration is power.

Condemn. The vicious are swift to condemn the faults of others.

Hear before you condemn.

Every tale an' true his-story
Allus hez tew sides ontu it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Confessor. We like to be confessor to others, but
not to ourselves.

Confession. He is a wise man who confesses to
himself and makes amends.

Confident. It is well to be confident, best to be
sure.

Conflict. There is an "irrepressible conflict" be-
tween science and superstition.
Don't let your will conflict with your duty.

Conjecture. Feed me not on conjecture; give me a
spoonful of fact.

Conquer—conqueror. If your enemy is noble, con-
quer by kindness; if brutal, by force.
The wise conqueror shields the conquered.
To conquer the conquered is a coward's victory.
He is a strong man who conquers himself.

Conscience. Conscience is a constant witness, but
rarely comes into court.
Most men fit their conscience to their acts.
He should send his conscience to the laundry.
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.
—*Shakespeare.*

Consent. Silence gives consent.

Consistency. It is better to be right than con-
sistent.
He was born an ass, and continues consistent.

Conspicuous. I niver like tu make myself conspic-
erous, aspecially in a Injun fight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Constancy. Constancy in the right is one of the cardinal virtues.

Content. When we are content with ourselves we are content with our neighbors.

Ef yer ain't content with biled beans an' bacon, yer wudn't be content with fried fish an' "flapjacks."
—*Bronco Bill.*

Contentment. Men seek for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

O man, thy wisdom is but folly still;

Wiser the brute and full of sweet content.—*Men.*

Contentment is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches to gold.

Ah, sweet content, the blessing of the blest,

Upon thy cheerful table, east or west,

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

Contentment is the wisdom of the wise.

Contrast. We judge by contrast: all things go by pairs.

Convention. They allus open a Dimecrat convention with a corkscrew.—*Bronco Bill.*

Conversation. Say the right thing at the right time.

If you would be a good conversationalist, be a good listener.

Suit your conversation to your company.

Conversion. Sudden conversions are shams.

Cooks. God sends meat and the devil sends cooks.
—*John Taylor.*

Coquette. A coquette is a woman without heart who makes fools of men without brains.

Cork. He wuz frum Cork, an' we cudn't cork 'im up.—*Bronco Bill.*

Corn. Where weeds grow corn will grow.
The farmer grows corn on his field; the dude grows corn on his toe.

“How's the corn-crop?” asked Bronco Bill of a corn-doctor.

Corporation. It is idle to declaim against great corporations. Civilization and the welfare of man demand them. They have come to stay.

The state is a great corporation; we are all stockholders in it; but we better “look a little out” or the directors will get away with the dividends.

Counsel—counsellor. Take counsel of the night.
If you counsel others, follow it yourself.
Fear is a bad counsellor.
Don't give counsel to a fool—he knows more than you do.
Take good counsel and keep it.

Count. Counts don't count in America.
Counts are of little account, and most of the barons are barren.
When you are angry count sixty and hold your tongue.

Country. The large city is the maelstrom of vice into which the country pours its youth.
The country feeds the city—with “garden-sass” and greenhorns.

My religion is to do good; my country is the world.

—*Thomas Paine.*

The pollyticians air allus tryin' tu save the country
by promotin' therselves.—*Bronco Bill.*

Courage. The brave man is never a blusterer.

Men admire courage and despise a coward.

Courage and caution win the battle.

Courage is a better man with his fist than a coward
with a cudgel.

Fortify courage with patience.

The courage of the brave grows in adversity.

Blind courage is dangerous.

I dare do all that may become a man;

Who dares do more is none.—*Shakespeare.*

Courtesy. The greater man, the greater courtesy.

—*Tennyson.*

Courts of Justice. I know a little squint-eyed judge
just big enough to wiggle on the bench.

How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss!

The brass-band demagogue advises "the dear people"
to appeal from the courts to the mob.

Cousin. A poor man has few cousins.

I niver wanted tu git rich, Jo, fer

I'd hev tu many cuzzens.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cover. Truth drives the liar under cover.

When it rains split shakes are better than no cover.

Coward. None but a coward kicks a man that is
down.

To conquer the conquered is a coward's victory.

Fate likes to stab a coward in the back.

A tyrant is always a coward.

A coward has the courage of a rat: a rat will fight when cornered.

Fortune hates a coward.

Cowards invite defeat, the brave command victory.

Cow-girl. She wants tu jine us, an' be a cow-gal? She's a suffragette frum Chicago? Yer never kin tell whut a Chicago gal kin du till yer try 'er. Let 'er straddle ole buckin' Black-foot bare-back. Ef she kin stay on ten minits, I'll take 'er in an' give 'er a lariat an' a par uf "Colts." Let's try 'er, Jo; yer never kin tell whut a Chicago gal kin du, er will du, till yer try 'er.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Crab—crab-tree. The timid man walks backward like a crab.

The crab-tree may bear pippins if well grafted.

He allus wore a crab-apple face on 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Craft. Craft and cruelty are twins.

Craft often puts his own foot in it.

Crank. Full of isms and schisms, he has humors in his blood and tumors in his brain.

The best place fer a crank is hitched ontu a grindstone.—*Bronco Bill.*

Wal, the machinery uf our government hez now got tu many "cranks" ontu it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Creation. In the perfect circle of creation not an atom is lost.

Credulity—credulous. Credulity is as natural to a fool as milk to a calf.

Promises are pitfalls to the credulous.

Creed. I believe in the creed of Nature.

Men make the creeds, but God ordains the law.

Aye, all the creeds of politics or priests

Can't make one error truth, one truth a lie.

Above all cant, all arguments of men,

Above all superstitions, old or new,

Above all creeds of every age and clime,

Stands the eternal Truth—the creed of creeds.

—*Men.*

From the death of the old the new proceeds,

And the life of truth from the rot of creeds.

—*Whittier.*

Men fit their creeds to their interests.

Creep. Under the cloak of virtue vices creep.

Cowards creep—men walk upright.

You must creep till you can walk.

Crime. Crime begets crime, as good begets good.

Fear is the constant shadow of crime.

For the same crime one man goes to the gallows,
another to a throne.

Vice leads to crime, yet we wink at vice and abhor
crime.

He that defends a crime commits a crime.

Punish crime to protect the innocent.

Criticism—critics. He who looks only for faults
will never find beauty in anything.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

—*B. Disraeli.*

A man must serve his time to every trade,

Save censure—critics all are ready-made.—*Byron.*

Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame!
 —*Burns.*

A critic: nay, a night-watch constable.
 —*Shakespeare*

Critics are cleaners of other men's clothes.
 Critics are divided into bees and spiders: where the
 bee finds honey, the spider gathers venom.
 Fair criticism is like a fanning mill that separates the
 wheat from the chaff.
 Average literary criticism is like stale beer.
 Every slop-wash on a newspaper considers himself
 a critic.

A critic is a literary detective.
 "You know who the critics are? The men who have
 failed in literature and art."—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

Crisis. "What will we fire at?" asked the sergeant.
 "Didn't you har Cunnel say that the Crisis hez cum?
 Fire at the Crisis!" Capt. Bragg at the battle of
 Buena Vista.—*Bronco Bill.*

"Hev we come tu the cry, Sis?" said the cow-boy
 to his half-breed sweetheart.

Cross. He's hankerin' for a "Cross of Gold" and
 would wear a "Crown of Thorns" to get it.

Crow. The bantam ruster does the most crowin'.
 —*Bronco Bill.*

Every old crow thinks her chicks are the whitest.
Crowd. If you are in the crowd, crowd ahead.
 Don't wear corns in a crowd.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery
 of pictures.—*Bacon.*

Cruelty. Cruelty is born of cowardice.

He who is cruel to dumb brutes is himself a brute.
 The cruelty of Nature is kindness.
 Human kindness is sometimes cruelty.
 I must be cruel only to be kind.—*Shakespeare.*

Culture—cultivation. Culture is to the man what cultivation and pruning are to the vine.

Cunning. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

The mindless herd are but the cunning's tools,
 For ages have the learned of the schools
 Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The cunning man always gets cheated.

Cunning sets a trap for others, and puts his own foot in it.

Cup. He quaffs the cup of bitterness and smiles.
 Yer can't git more'n tew drinks out uf an empty cup.
 —*Bronco Bill.*

Cur. To a yelping cur a bone or a bat.

A scalded cur is afraid of cold water.

Be a mastiff if you will—a cur—never.

When the old dog barks the curs begin to yelp.

Thet shyster Kerr didn't spell his name right: he
 orter spelt it C-u-r.—*Bronco Bill.*

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,

But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cure. Complaint cures nothing.

There is no cure for the follies of youth but age.

When nature cures the doctor sends in his bill.

One doctor may cure—three kill.

The milk of human kindness is a cure for most
 everythin' but the mulligrubs an' "mugwumps."

—*Bronco Bill.*

Curses. Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.
 Yer cain't make friends by cussin' anybody but yer-
 self.—*Bronco Bill.*

Custom. We march to the music of the times.
 All men are slaves; yea, some are slaves to wine,
 And some to women, some to sordid gold,
 But all to habit and to customs old.
 —*The Reign of Reason.*

A custom more honored in the breach than the
 observance.—*Shakespeare.*

When tyrant custom had not shackled men.
 —*Thomson.*

Custom reconciles us to everything.
 —*Edmund Burke.*

Custom rules men; fashion, women.

Custom is a tyrant.

I notice, Jim, that in pollytics an' religion it's gittin'
 tu be the custom tu cuss.—*Bronco Bill.*

Cycle. All things move in cycles.

Cypher. In the column of units most men are
 cyphers.

It takes more than a million cyphers to make one
 unit.

D

Dainties. Unbought dainties are the best.

Dally. Don't dally with danger.

His name wuz Dally, but he didn't dally when the dinner-bell dung.—*Bronco Bill*.

Danger. Meet unavoidable danger half-way.

Take danger by the horns.

In danger, valor; in peace, charity.

Fear danger afar off; when it approaches, face it.

In dodging one danger don't run into another.

In safety beware of danger.

When the danger is past the praying is over.

Fear doubles the danger.

Don't dally with danger.

A little danger looks big tu a little man.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Dark. Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the vast orbit of Eternity.—*The Reign of Reason*.

If you are in the dark, hark.

Day—to-day. To-day is ours; to-morrow?—to-morrow?—there is no to-morrow.

"I have lost a day," mourned a great Roman:

Most of us lose half our days.

Every day in your life is worth saving.

He spends his money to-day and makes it to-morrow.

Dead. He that waits for dead men's shoes will have cold feet.

Don't embalm a dead jackass.

Truth is due to the living and the dead.

Pity not the dead, but the living.

It is only the dead that never come back.—*Napoleon*.

I think he is dead, said the doctor; I'll cut him open and find out.

“Whin Oi’m dead,” said Mike, “Oi don’t want te be buried alive.”*

Thet long-hared literary “cuss” is peradin’ in dead men’s clo’es.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dear. He paid dear—very dear for his whistle.

—*Franklin*.

What you have no good use for is dear at any price.

Death. We know not what life is; how may we know

Death—what it is, or what may lie beyond?

And is there life beyond this life below?

Aye, is death *death*?—or but a happy change

From night to light—on angel wings to range,

And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

Matter to matter, mind to mind returns.

“One of the few”—the noble few—

That never ought to die.—*From a letter of the Author to Mrs. Baker on the death of General James H. Baker, 1913.*

Death passes the brave and catches the coward.

This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

—*Young—Night Thoughts*.

Death joins us to the great majority.—*Young*.

Debt. The highest price you pay for anything is to run in debt for it.

You can’t pay your debts by borrowing.

If you are in debt you don’t need an alarm clock.

If you would sleep sound keep out of debt.

Better go to bed without your supper than rise in debt.

Keep outer debt ef yer hev tu borry the money tu du it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Pay your debts first and give presents afterwards.

From a bad debtor take what you can get.

Keep outer debt an' keep outer jail.—*Bronco Bill*.

Pay the debt uf Natur? I don't owe Natur nothin'; she never done nothin' fer me.—*Bronco Bill*.

Deceit. I had rather be cheated now and then, than to believe all men rascals.

He who begins by deceiving others will end in deceiving himself.

If one attempts to deceive you let him believe you are deceived.

Who deceives others deceives himself.

Deception deals in generalities.

Deceit is the weapon of the weak.

Little minds deal in deceit.

It is easier to deceive ourselves than to deceive others.

Decency. Virtue and decency are close kin.

Deception. We deceive ourselves oftener than we deceive others.

If you deceive others you will deceive yourself.

Self-deception is a pitfall dug by yourself.

O what a tangled web we weave,

When first we practice to deceive.—*Scott*.

Decimals. It takes more than a million decimals to make one unit.

Decision. The man who does not learn to say "No" will be a Nobody.

It is easier to say "No" than to say "Yes" and suffer for it.

When you are in doubt it is safe to refuse.
Take pride in saying "No" when you ought to
say it.
Don't sit a-straddle the fence—decide.
In a doubtful case defer decision.

Deeds. I care little for words: show me his deeds.
One good deed is a stepping-stone to another.
What we have done makes us what we are.
Great deeds are the stepping-stones to fame.
Good deeds are good seeds.
Let your deeds praise you, your tongue, never.
Words are cheap; deeds are dear.
A bad deed is seed sown for bad weeds.
Virtue without deed is gone to seed.
Deeds are more eloquent than words.
One evil deed opens the door for many.
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed.

—Byron.

A man is the heir of his own deeds.
Fer the edyficashin uf posterity, an' his self, he writ
up his deeds, ez he wanted 'em, in his *auto-*
biography.

—Bronco Bill.

Deep. He dived deep and brought up mud.
His reasoning is so deep that he can't fathom it
himself.

Defeat. In every great cause defeat is the first
step on the road to victory.

Grim in disaster, bravest in defeat.—*Pauline.*

To a brave man defeat is only a halt.

Defects. All great men have defects; you have a
few yourself.

Defense—defend—defender. He that defends his own rights defends mine.

Defend what you have fairly won.

“To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other,”—if he smites that, smite him.

Delay. To-morrow is the first day in the fool’s calendar.

While you delay the opportunity slips.

To delay is to forget.

Delay is dangerous—with a pack of wolves in the rear.

If you are angry—delay.

If you are in serious doubt—delay.

The cat caught the rat by delay.

Deliberation. Consider deliberately; act promptly.

Deliberate promptly when occasion is urgent.

He was always deliberating and never did anything else.

The woman that deliberates is lost.—*Addison.*

Deluge. After us the deluge. —*Mme de Pompadour.*

A deluge of words and a drop of sense.

Delusion. The phantom Delusion flits ever before us and beckons us on.

When a little man gets a delusion he hangs to it like a dog to a bone.

Fools feed on delusions, wise men on facts.

Demagogue. In a republic demagogues spring up like toadstools.

The prime object of the demagogue is to gain the applause of the mob; he will fit his conscience to the applause.

The demagogue is always with us.

Hear the demagogues
 Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd;
 With brazen faces full of empty noise
 Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

Demand. Yield to the demand of your own conscience.

He demands double pay for being honest.
 Every hour makes a demand on us.

Democracy. In a democracy, as in a caldron, the scum rises to the top.

In all history Democracy has proved a tyrant.
 The mob is a many-headed brute.

Democracy is a failure—the masses must be led and controlled by strong and wise leaders.

A perfect democracy is the most shameless thing in the world.—*Edmund Burke.*

It is as natural for men to follow a leader as it is for sheep to follow a bell-wether.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

—*Men.*

In Yankee-doodle-dom the “dear peepul” air allus chasin’ suthin’—a circus er a dimagogue with a big mouth an’ a brass band. Under Republikin rule they chase the eagle on “the almighty dollar,” an’ when the Dimecrats git in they chase ground-hogs fer suthin’ tu eat.—*Bronco Bill.*

Descent. The gardener Adam and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.—*Tennyson.*

Desert. Even in the desert of Sahara there are wells and garden-spots.

There is water in “Death Valley” if you dig for it.

Dust of the desert are thy walls
 And temple-towers, O Babylon;
 O'er crumbled halls the lizard crawls
 And serpents bask in blaze of sun.—*Fame.*

Use every man after his desert, and who should
 escape whipping?—*Shakespeare.*

Desire. That which is manifestly beyond our reach
 is beyond our desire.

Man often desires that which he ought to dread,
 and dreads that which he ought to desire.
 Our ardent desires spring from our passions.
 We easily imagine what we earnestly desire.

Despair. Despair comes to the coward, never to
 the brave.

Come foul or fair, come trouble and care,
 No—never a sigh or a thought of despair.

—*Chickadee.*

Despatch. Despatch is the soul of business.

—*Chesterfield.*

Despise. If you despise your neighbors, your
 neighbors will despise you.

If we despise the world, the world will despise us.
 Despise not trifles; there are no trifles in this world.

Despotism. The rule of the majority is often the
 worst of despotism.

There is no despotism like that of the many-headed
 monster—the mob.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy
 and ensigns of Freedom.—*Landor.*

What wise men call “law and order” an Anarch-
 Socialist calls “despotism.”

Detraction. Detraction crushes the weak, but braces the brave.

Devil. The devil is always in a hurry.

There is a devil in every kernel of corn.

There is no devil like a she-devil.

“The devil be damned,” is what we preach, you know it—

At mass and vespers, holy-bread and dinner :

From priest to pope, from pedagogue to poet,

We sanctify the sin and damn the sinner.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

“He’s ez bad ez the divil made ’im, an’ a dom sight worser,” said Pat.

When the devil is taking a nap, go softly.

If the devil were dead who would feed the priest?

The devil is dead, but the poor still pay Peter-pence.

The devil is still abroad in the world; his other name is *Ignorance*.

Men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them.—*Lord Byron (letter to his mother, Jan. 14, 1811).*

Don’t damn the devil, Jim; ef thar war no devil thar wudn’t be no religin an’ no priests.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Thar uster be on’y one “devil” in printin’ shops, an’ now they air ful uv “devils.”—*Bronco Bill.*

“Where are ye goin’, Pat?”

Pat: “Me boy Tim hez rooned away and gone te the divil, an Oi’m goin’ afther ’im.”*

’Tis too much proved,—that with devotion’s visage
And pious action, we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.—*Shakespeare.*

Diamond. He will read and range and rhyme in
vain

Who hath no dust of diamonds in his brain.

Truth sparkles in his song and like a diamond
gleams.—*Poetry.*

He polishes a pebble and imagines it a diamond.

Diamonds are only stones; 'tis the glitter we prize.

When I see a feller's name scratched on a winder-
glass,

I know he hed a diamond, and his mother hed an
ass.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dice. Don't shake dice with the devil twice.

Diet. To a hungry man a fish is as good as a fowl.

Don't let the doctor diet you into the dump-hole.

What is good for the stomach is good for the liver.

He fed on the Diet of Worms.

Dictator. In times of anarchy a dictator is a savior.

Nature is the dictator and we have to "fall in."

Difficulty. Difficulties are spurs to a brave soul.

Difficulties surmounted become pleasures.

Difficulties surmounted prove the man.

Many things difficult to design prove easy to per-
form.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Diffidence. Be modest, but don't be diffident.

Self-respect and self-reliance are cardinal virtues.

Diligence—diligent. If the weaver is diligent For-
tune will furnish the thread.

Don't be diligent in doing nothing.

Don't be diligent in a bad cause.

Be diligent in good works and others will help you.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

—*Samuel Smiles.*

Dime. A dime saved is a dollar earned.
 Ten cents make a dime—ten dimes make a dollar—
 put the dollar in the Savings-Bank.

Dinner. The best hour for dinner is when you are
 hungry.

He lived on faith and dined on moonshine.
 A dinner lubricates business.—*Lord Stowell.*

Dinners kill more men than doctors.
 Dinner was made for eatin', not for talkin'.
—*Thackeray.*

Dirt—dirty. He that flings dirt fouls his own face.
 He is a dirty dog that slanders a woman.
 Never cast dirt into the well from which thou hast
 drank.—*Hebrew Prov.*

Send your dirty shirt to the wash-tub.
 He wuz a great polytician; he cud eat a peck uf
 puddin' with his friends an' a peck uf dirt with
 his enemies.—*Bronco Bill.*

Disappointment. Our lost hopes are stepping-
 stones to peace.

Disappointment is the lot of every one,—try it again.
 Disappointment weakens the weak, and braces the
 brave.

Discontent. God never intended men to be con-
 tent; discontent spurs us forward.

The improvements of man are caused by discontent.

Discretion—discrete. Discretion is a safe guide.

Zeal without discretion is an ass without a bridle.

A discrete man says less than he knows.

A discrete woman wears cotton in her ears.

I hain't got no part uf valor but disreshin: I met a ole grizzly up in the Black Hills an', like the Cunnel, I clim' a tree.—*Bronco Bill*.

Disease. Vanity is a disease—most people catch it. If health were only “catching,” instead of disease!

Disgrace. The fear of disgrace, more than the love of virtue, deters men and women from vice.

Dishonesty. The apparent success of the dishonest is a temptation to fools.

Disparagement. He who disparages himself to others expects praise.

Dispraise. The applause of fools is dispraise.

Dispute. In a hot dispute he argues best who says the least.

Distance. Men seek for silver in the distant hills,
While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.—*Men*.
Distant danger is too often despised.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

—*Thos. Campbell*.

Yer niver see ginewine happiness an' content, axcept in the distance.—*Bronco Bill*.

Distrust. To think and feel we are able is usually to be able.

Don't distrust yourself.

Distrust the “sweet oil” fellow, and the woman with virtue on her tongue.

Divinity. There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.—*Shakespeare*.

Do. Do it yourself.

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well, he is done for.—*B. R. Haydon.*

The insupportable labor of doing nothing.

—*Richard Steele.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,

Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

—*Young.*

Do better today, or you will do worse tomorrow.

Make at least an ear of corn grow where none grew before.

Do and it will soon be done.

Do something worth doing.

Whatever you do do wisely.

It is not enough to will, we must also do.—*Goethe.*

Nothing is done in which there yet remains something to be done.—*Napoleon.*

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

—*Chesterfield.*

Half-done is un-done.

Your undone work will undo you.

Wha does the utmost that he can,

Will whiles do mair.—*Burns.*

Doctor. If you send for a doctor you will be ill;

If you send for two, better make your will.

Keep your heart warm, your head cool, and defy the doctors.

“I am waiting for a patient like Patience on a monument,” said a young doctor to his Irish servant.

“An’ whin ye gits ’im,” said Pat, “it won’t be long afore the monument be on the patient.”*

Death is the only doctor that cures all.

The dose that cured the sailor killed the tailor.

Beware uf the new doctor jist let loose: he'll turn yer inside out, huntin' fer micrabs an' yer money.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Nature cures the disease and the doctor sends in his bill.

The doctor's bills are as bad as his pills.

"Plaze give me a dose av yer midicin' dochter."

"What kind, Pat?" Ony kind ye carry, dochter."

"What is the matter with you, Pat?" "Oi'm weary o' fightin' wid Biddy, Sor, an' Oi'm dyin' te be kilt."*

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor, and the less you buy of them the better.

The best doctors in the world are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.—*Swift.*

The ole-fashioned country doctor's all right: he don't du no good, but he don't du no harm.

—*Bronco Bill.*

The doctor found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

The doctor cured the disease—he killed the patient.
Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

"I have a dangerous case," said the doctor. "Sure ye hev thot, dochter, an' it's yer midicin-case," said Mrs. Maloney. *

"What is your practice?" asked a young doctor of an old one. "I practice on my patients," replied the honest old doctor. *

"Doctor, I have a sore toe." "Sure sign of appendicitis, sir: I will call in a surgeon." (*His silent partner.*)

It is the latest fad fer every doctor tu hev his head ful uf serums an' micrabs.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dog. Don't kick a mad dog.

Let a barking dog sleep on the back porch.

If you must be a dog, be a bull-dog.

When the dogs bark hold your tongue.

Poor people keep dogs to eat the bread of their children.

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,

The first to welcome, foremost to defend!

—Byron.

'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

—Byron.

"I dinna ken which end o' 'im to believe," said a Scotchman, of a dog that wagged his tail and growled.

When pleased a dog wags his tail; a man, wags his head.

While two small dogs are fighting over a bone a big dog grabs it.

A barking dog scares the game.

Every dog needs a master.

A dog at his bone, let him alone.

When an old dog growls, beware.

When the old dog barks the curs begin to yelp.

"Cavey, cane 'em," yelled the "Soph," when the dogs barked at the Latin professor.

("Cave canem"—beware of the dog.)

Seekest thou a faithful friend?—get thee a dog.

Ilka dog hez his day, an' some dogs hae twa.

Let the wee bit doggie bark an' wiggle his wee bit wiggle; he canna bite.

Yer goin' tu tan my hide, mister? Yer cain't tan my hide with the bark uf a dog.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dog-fight. It's a dog-fight: I bet on the bull-dog. It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite, But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dollar. Better a dollar to-day than a promise of two to-morrow.

Yer cain't git more'n tew dollars outer a man thet hain't got a cent.—*Bronco Bill.*

We still worship an idol—"the Almighty Dollar."

A man ain't allus pore ef he hain't got a dollar, but ef he hain't got no sense he's poverty-struck shore.
—*Bronco Bill.*

He hez the dollar-mark stamped on his stomick an' on the seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill.*

Done. Nothing is done until it is finished.

What is done is done, and be done with it.

Better be done right than half-done in a hurry.

What is not well done is not done at all.

Better undone than half-done.

Door. A wasteful cook will throw food out of the back door as fast as you can bring it in at the front.

Don't open the door of your heart to everybody.

When suspicion creeps in at the back door confidence walks out at the front.

Doubt. Doubt is the mother of truth.

Who never doubted, never half believed.

—*Philip J. Bailey.*

In doubt, delay.

Some people are always in doubt and never get out.

“It’s true, indade, Mike, but Oi don’t belave it,”
said Pat.*

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.—*Tennyson*.

Down. Lie down and the world will run over you.
It is easier to get down than to get up.
Only a coward will kick a man who is down.
The man who goes down and rises again is made of
good stuff.

Three times down, an’ three times up:
Yer better tackle sum ether pup.—*Bronco Bill*.

If we could slip up-hill as easily as we slip down-
hill we would all be at the top.

Doxy. Keep your “doxy;” I have a “doxy” of my
own.

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man’s
doxy.—*Bishop Warburton*.

Every preacher hez his “doxy,” an’ some on ’em
hez three er four.—*Bronco Bill*.

Dream. Oh, let me dream the dreams of long ago.
And still a phantom haunted all my dreams,
Awake or sleeping, for awake I dreamed.
A change came o’er the spirit of my dream.—*Byron*.

I dreamed a dream, and in my dream I dreamed
That all my dreams are dreams—mere idle dreams.
Dreamed!—O my soul, and was it all dream?

Dreams will do for a midnight “lunch,” but give me
eggs on toast for breakfast.

Dregs. As with poor wine so with the populace—
agitation brings the dregs to the top.

He draws off the "grape-juice," and leaves the dregs for his followers.

Dress. The Hottentot is in full dress—Nature was his tailor.

A dress-suit on a donkey.

Jist think of that!—a stove-pipe hat,

Ez slick ez greased with lard, Bob:

Kid gloves, silk tie, and sich ez that

Stuck ontu our ole pard, Bob.—*Bronco Bill*.

If it were fashionable to go naked women would appear in public in the full-dress of Nature.

He wore a swoller-tail coat an' tew patches under the tails.—*Bronco Bill*.

Drift. It is easier to drift than to stem the current. Politicians are mostly drift-wood.

Drone. We work one day for ourselves and two for the drones.

Drive the drones out of the hive.

Ship the drones to the Utopia of Liberia or the jungles of the Amazon. Make them "fish or cut bait."

Send yer "hobos" out tu Montaner: the grizzlies like 'em.—*Bronco Bill*.

Drunkenness—drunkard. Fools marry drunkards to reform them.

Drunkenness is voluntary madness.—*Seneca*.

A man can get drunk on vanity.

Men often get drunk on success.

Dude. When the dude came home from Harvard it rained Latin and *forte dux fel flat in guttur*.

Dudes will dawdle and girls will giggle.

He's a young dude—a dandy in diapers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Due. Render unto all men their due, but remember that thou art also a man.—*Tupper.*

Dupe. A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a woman.

He is duped by himself.

Duplicity. No man can stay long on both sides of the fence.

Ole pard Teddy, don't fergit it;

An' don't yer take the chance:

Carry worter on both shoulders,

An' yer bound tu wet yer pants.—*Bronco Bill.*

Duty. Daily duties are as wholesome as daily bread.

There is no path of safety but the path of duty.

There is strength in every duty done.

Duty and happiness are linked together.

Do the duty which lies nearest.

Not religion as a duty, but duty as a religion.

—*Adler.*

There is the plow of duty: put your hands to it.

On the rock of duty stand steadfast.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty; I woke,
and found that life is Duty.—*E. S. Hooper.*

“Thank God, I have done my duty.”

—*Last words of Lord Nelson.*

The boy that shirks his duty will prove a failure.

In dreary camp, on weary tramp,

With “forty rounds” and blistered feet,

Through thicket, flood and fever-fen,

On picket in the rain and sleet,

In bloody fight, in sore defeat,
 You did your duty:—ye were men.—*Message, etc.*
 He wuz allus ready tu du his duty when he cudn't
 shirk it.—*Bronco Bill.*

E

Ear. All ears and eyes and no tongue.
 "If any man have ears to hear, let him hear."—*Jesus.*
 She cocks her ears for scandal.
 Against gossip stuff your ears.

Early Rising. Better to rise late and be wide awake,
 than to rise early and be half asleep.

"The early bird catches the worm," but it's the early
 worm that's caught.

Mein sohn Johannis steht spät auf im morgen, aber
 wenn er hinaus springt ist er alle Hölle auf.

—*Schnickerfritz.*

Earn. Earn what you eat, and eat what you earn.
 It is easier to wear a title than to earn it.
 Don't wear what you haven't earned.

Earth. The earth is but a grain of sand,
 An atom in a shoreless sea;
 A million worlds lie in God's hand,
 Yea, myriad millions: what are we?—*Fame.*
 Let us possess the earth before we reach out for the
 stars.
 We draw our mother-milk from Mother Earth.
 The Earth is the mother of us all:
 We are born from her womb, and sleep in her bosom.

The Earth is the mother and the Sun the father
of life.—*Dakota*.

Easy. An easy trot goes far in a day.
You can't be easy doing nothing.
It's easy enough if you have the tools and know how.
Ef yez can't be aisy, be aisy ez ye kin.

Eating. You can reach most men's hearts through
their stomachs.
The poor man toils to get food for his stomach; the
rich man to get a stomach for his food.
A good eater, a good worker.
Don't eat your own heart—try a hen's gizzard.
Don't live to eat, but eat to live.

Eccentricity. Eccentricity in dress or manners is
vanity or insanity.
A monkey's tail is no prettier for being painted red.
Long-haired poets are out of fashion.
Genius and eccentricity are not twins.
He wuz an eccentric "cuss;" he writ poetry an' wore
long har an' kid gloves, an' tew patches on the
seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill*.

Echo. His grandfather was a great man; he is an
echo of an echo.
She warbles to the echo—her only applause.
Where are we?—Echo answers *Where!*

Ebb. Every flow has an ebb.
When the tide is in catch fish, when it ebbs dig clams

Economy. If your out-go exceeds your income, you
will soon touch bottom.
Economy and industry turn iron into gold.
Economy and industry are the philosopher's stone.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—*Jesus (St. John. Chap. 6, v. 12.)*

He wuz an economic cuss; he lived on pollytics an' grape-juice.—*Bronco Bill.*

Education. Our education begins when we are born and ends when we die.

Education is our salvation.

Study Nature and get educated.

No man ever finished his education.

Mistakes educate us.

The man who never made a mistake lacks education.

The only way to get education is to educate yourself.

Observation and experience are the best educators.

Let mental and physical training keep even pace.

Don't stuff your mind; pack it carefully.

Fill the bag with wheat and there will be no room for tares.

Abraham Lincoln went through college in a log cabin.

Just-out-of-college—"I have finished my education."

Young man, you have finished before you begun.

True education teaches the useful and the good.

Eel. You have an eel by the tail; hold him if you can.

Effect. He doctors the symptoms, not the disease.

Few reason from effect to cause, or from cause to effect.

Every effect is due to an unbroken chain of causes.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Effort. What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry*

Nothing done without effort.

Let your efforts be directed by reason.

Effort will not turn a donkey into a race-horse or a mud-hen into an eagle.

Mis-directed effort is time and money wasted.

He said he cud du it without a effort; an' he did, an' when it wuz done it wuzn't wuth duin'.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Eggs. "They are egging him on," said a wag, when they rotten-egged a stump-speaker.

Don't sit on stale eggs,—let the old hen do that.

It takes a long time to hatch stale eggs.

He wuz allus lookin' fer aigs in last year's bird-nests.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He makes *his* chicken ranch pay. His high-cock-alorum rusters lay gold aigs.—*Bronco Bill.*

Said Pat to Mike at a lunch-counter: "Thim dom biled eggs hez checkins in 'em."

"Spake aisy," said Mike, "er they'll charge ye extra fer the checkins." *

Egotism. Egotism is near-sighted.

Self-praise stinks in the mouth.

Let thy deeds, and not thy tongue, praise thee.

Better overrate than underrate your own worth.

Why shouldn't a man admire himself—if he is "the noblest work of God"?

Don't imagine yourself the center of gravity.

He is so ful uf himself that he hain't got no room fer common-sense.—*Bronco Bill.*

Eloquence. True eloquence consists in saying the right thing in the right way, at the right time, and the right place.

When the heart speaks the tongue is eloquent. ✓

Truth is always eloquent.

Emancipation. The will was the will of God, the hand was the hand of Lincoln.

Emergency. Be prepared for emergencies.

Look out for the unexpected.

He emerged from his emergencies.

Empire. Westward the course of empire takes its way.—*George Berkley*, Bishop of Cloyne.

Employment. A life of employment is a life of enjoyment.

Be employed at something if it is only in kicking yourself.

The feller thet don't wanten work cain't find a job nowhar.—*Bronco Bill*.

Empty. When his belly is full his head is empty.

Don't drop your bucket into an empty well.

It is hard drawing wine out of an empty cask.

It takes too long to get a drink out of an empty jug.

An empty sack won't stand up, onless yer hold it er hitch it ontu suthin.—*Bronco Bill*.

End. In the beginning look to the end.

Let the means and the end justify each other.

Don't monkey with the tail-end of a wasp.

It takes him too long to get to the tail-end of his tale.

Bronco Bill's dog, Tiger, had his tail bitten off by a bear. "Never mind it, Tiger," said Bill, "Thar's a divinity thet shapes our ends."

Enemy. Conquer your enemies, but do not humiliate them.

Fight your enemies to make them your friends.

Study your enemies.

Men are often our enemies because they do not know us.

When you lose an enemy you gain a friend.

If you are wise you will learn more of yourself from your enemies than from your friends.

You are bound to love your enemy, but you are not bound to put your nose in his mouth.

He makes a rope of sand to bind his enemy.

He that dallies with a cunning enemy puts his foot in a trap.

Friends and enemies are both useful to a wise man.

He who can do you no good as a friend, can do you harm as an enemy.

If your enemy is a man, make a friend of him, if he is a dog, kick him and he will be your servant.

An enemy in front—an enemy in the rear,—go ahead.

Divide your enemies; unite your friends.

Among enemies sleep with your eyes open.

Your worst enemy wears your hat.

One enemy is one too many.

Enjoyment. Moderate enjoyment is real enjoyment.

Joy to see others enjoy.

What you enjoy is yours and that is all.

Enjoy the plenty you have while fools are hunting for more.

Ennui. Ennui is the mother of many vices.

Enough. He will have enough to do who tries to please everybody.

Enough is a plenty, too much is a pride.

—*Thomas Tusser.*

Enough is enough; more is too much.
 Happy is he, as wise Horatius sung,
 To whom God gives enough with sparing hand.
—Men

You have talked enough, now go at it.
 Enough is often too much.

Enterprise. Plan with care; execute with vigor.
 The highest mountain lessens as we climb.
 Enterprise bridges the rivers, tunnels the mountain,
 and spans the continent.
 Enterprise and energy know few failures.
 They called the town "*Enterprise*"—cuz it needed it.
—Bronco Bill.

Enthusiasm. How can he kindle others who him-
 self is a dead cinder?
 Enthusiasm has done wonders.
 Enthusiasm without sense is a lunatic.
 Yer orter see the enthoosiasm uf thet ole Dimecrat
 when he gits ontu a dry-goods box tu save the
 country with four fingers uf whisky.—*Bronco Bill.*

Envy. The envious are always inferior.
 Envy will find faults where there are none.
 Envy, like the moth, seeks the fairest fruit.
 Envy is a witch that bewitches herself.
 Envy is the thorn of little minds.
 Better be envied than pitied.—*Herodotus.*
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates the excellence it cannot reach.
—James Thomson.
 Who ever envied a man with a brawling wife or a
 boil on his nose?

Epicure. The epicure empties his purse into his belly.

Equality. Hear mobs of idlers cry—"Equality! Let all men share alike; divide, divide!" Pull down the toiler, lift the idler up? Despoil the frugal, crown the negligent? Offer rewards for idleness and crime? And pay a premium for improvidence?—*Men.* There is no equality,—no two men, or women, are just alike. Equality? No two grains of sand are exactly alike.

Equal suffrage. When Lycurgus proposed to reform the State of Sparta, a "reformer" said: "Give everybody an equal voice in the government." "Try it in your own house," replied Lycurgus.

Equity. Equity is measured by the mind of the judge; and the little judge takes technicality for equity.

Error. Wise men err, but fools persevere in error. Error is temporal; Truth, eternal. The errors of a wise man are more instructive than the blunders of a fool. To detect error start with the truth.

Escape. "At the battle av the B'yne not a mon av me company escaped alive, except four that wuz drowned in the river.—*Captain Connor.*

We cannot escape our shadows.

A snake kin escape frum his ole skin, but yer cain't escape frum your'n.—*Bronco Bill.*

Eternity—eternal. Eternity is represented in a moment of time.

Lo, in the midst we stand; we cannot see
 Either the dark beginning or the end,
 Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
 In the vast orbit of Eternity.
 Measure eternity by the town clock!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Eternity will not give back the hours you squander.
 Eternity is the eternal *Now*.

The next day after eternity.

Eternity's tu long; thar ain't no stoppin'-place on
 the road.—*Bronco Bill.*

Eulogy. In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored
 to build a monument for himself.

Events. In the events of today behold the hand of
 yesterday.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess
 plainly that events have controlled me.

—*Abraham Lincoln (speech, 1864).*

Coming events cast their shadows before.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

By time and counsel do the best we can,

Th' event is never in the power of man.

—*Robert Herrick.*

So often do the spirits
 Of great events stride on before the events,
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

—*Coleridge.*

Do right; be just; fear not—events will take care of
 themselves.

If you cannot control events, you can profit by them.

Keep your eye to windward; get on the right side
 of events.

I'd a-bet ten dollars I cud ride thet ole mustang, but
I wudn't a-bet ten cents arfter the event.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Everybody. Don't try to please everybody; the Al-
mighty couldn't do that.

Better be a kicking mule than everybody's ass.

Everybody says what nobody knows.

Everybody's business is nobody's business.

Everybody likes to shake hands with a hand full of
money.

Don't make your business everybody's business.

I don't wanter live in "Podunk," whar everybody
knows everybody's business but his own.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Jo hain't got no use fer nobody, an' nobody hain't
got no use fer Jo.—*Bronco Bill.*

Everything. Everything has its use and its abuse.
Everything is a part of everything.

"Everything comes to him who waits." So?—I
know a lot of men who are waiting yet—in the
grave-yard.

He looks into everything and sees nothing.

"Everything is my cousin," even tu thet ole "hoss"
thet whinnies fer his feed every time he gits his
one eye on me.—*Bronco Bill.*

He knows a little uf everythin', but he don't know
nuthin'.—*Bronco Bill.*

Everywhere. He who is everywhere is nowhere.

Ma-ry hed a little "purp"; —*Seneca.*

The "purp" wuz white ez snow,
An' everywhar thet Ma-ry went

Thet "purp" wuz sure tu go.—*Bronco Bill.*

(On Wordsworth's "little lamb").

(Happiness)—“ ’Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.”—*Pope*.

Evidence. Before you decide hear both sides.
Compare statements with probabilities.

Men will color; men will distort; men will conceal;
men will lie; look for the ear-marks of truth.

Truth is plain-spoken, falsehood, evasive and fulsome.

Strong circumstantial evidence rarely deceives the wary.

I b’leve in the eternal life uf men an’ dogs, but I hain’t got enuff evidence uf it tu hang a hoss-thief on.—*Bronco Bill*.

Evil. Commingled the good and the evil;

Sown together the wheat and the tares;

In the heart of the wheat is the weevil;

There is joy in the midst of our cares.

—*Night Thoughts*.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones.

—*Shakespeare*.

Wisdom will find good in evil.

An imagined evil is a real evil.

One evil deed opens the door for another.

Good and evil are born from the same womb and rocked in the same cradle.

A small evil is often a great good.

On evil days though fall’n, and evil tongues.

—*Milton*.

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,

And loves to disappoint the Devil.—*Coleridge*.

That evil is half-cured whose cause we know.

—*Churchill*.

Evil is only good perverted.—*Longfellow*.

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water.—*Shakespeare*.

Nothing itself is good or evil, But only in its use.
—*Southey*.

None is altogether evil.—*Tupper*.

Evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart.—*Thomas Hood*.

The timid are full of imaginary evils.

Evil-speaking. He who speaks evil will do evil.

Evolution. Evolution never goes backward.
We have "evoluted" from an atom to an ape.
Evolution is a law of Nature.

Exaggeration. Some men's jackrabbits are always
antelopes.

Blowhard's badger is a bear.

Exaggeration weakens the tale.

The minnow he failed to land was the biggest bass
in the lake.

He allus ketched the biggest fish thet never wuz in
the pond.—*Bronco Bill*.

He killed tew bars at one shot becuz he's cross-
eyed, an' both uf 'em is magyfyers.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Example. We echo what we hear and ape what we
see.

When one goose gabbles the whole flock follows.

Example is a lesson that all men can read.

—*Gilbert West*.

A good example is the best sermon.

From one example of their crime, judge them all.
—*Vigil* (*Æneid* 2-65).

Examples draw when precept fails.—*Prior*.
 History is Philosophy teaching by example.
 —*Thucydides*.

Excellence. Excellence is the reward of patient work.

Excuse. His excuse is lame; it needs crutches.
 His excuse accuses him.—*From the French*.
 A lying excuse makes a fault twice a fault.

Execution—execute. The best of plans may be spoiled in execution.

Plan deliberately—execute promptly.

“Jist in time,” said the sheriff, when the pardon arriv ten minits arfter the execution.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Expectation. The pheasant flies from where you least expect it.

“Great expectations,”—an’ on’y an empty bottle!

—*Bronco Bill*.

Expediency. The lawful is not always expedient, the wrongful never.

Expense. The thriftless boor keeps three dogs and one pig.

Figure the expense and count your pence.

Experience. Fools call their folly experience.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed.

—*Coleridge*.

Experience is the true wisdom of nations.

—*Napoleon*.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.—*Franklin*.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad.—*Shakespeare.*

Personal experience is the fool's schoolmaster.

The wise are taught by reason, most men by experience, fools by nothing.

Weigh it in the scales of experience.

He got tew black eyes an' a battered mug, but he gained experience.—*Bronco Bill.*

Explanation. He is trying to explain his explanation.

Extremes. Oppose extremes; don't let the tail wag the dog.

Extremes beget extremes.

In all extremes there lies between

The middle way—the "golden mean."

Avoid extremes—especially the extreme end of a wasp.

Eye. The eye is the index of the soul.

Having eyes, see ye not?—*Mark 8-18.*

He that hath eyes, let him see.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.—*Shakespeare.*

The eye is the mirror of the soul.

The eyes believe themselves, the ears believe others.

He hez on'y one eye an' thet's allus on himself.

—*Bronco Bill.*

One eye for the seller, two for the buyer.

He hez tew eyes, but he cain't see nobody but his self.—*Bronco Bill.*

In het land der blinden is een-oog koning.—*Dutch.*

(In the land of the blind the one-eyed is king).

One eye-witness is better than ten hear-says.

—*Plautus.*

One eye of the master is better than two of the servant.—*Proverb.*

The tongue can keep a secret better than the eye.
You can see a coward in his eye.

Seek ye the fairest lily of the field,
The fairest lotus that in the lakelet lies,
The fairest rose that ever morn revealed,
And Love will find—from other eyes concealed,
A fairer flower in some fair woman's eyes.

—*Love Will Find*

We are blind with our eyes wide open.
Remember that other people have eyes too.
Other people's eyes cost us more than our own.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Most things are magnified, diminished, discolored
or distorted by the eyes we see them through.

F

Face. Keep your face to the front.

Face the devil and he will flunk.

Our faces, like mirrors, reflect ourselves.

God writes us on our faces.

His face, the tablet of unutterable thoughts.—*Byron.*

Fact. One fact discovered is a lamp to light the way
to others.

An ounce of fact is worth a ton of fiction.

We mold facts in our own molds.

A new fact is a new revelation.

Every fact fits in with all other facts.

Facts are tools for the wise.

Facts! facts! we are all looking for facts, but not
with the same eyes.

Let your mind feed on facts.

His imagination furnishes his facts.

His fancy fabricates his facts.

Every fact in Nature is a Revelation and a miracle.

But facts are chieils that winna ding,

And daurna be disputed.—*Burns*.

We are more often afflicted by fancy than by fact.

—*Seneca*.

Fail. He who is careless in small things will fail in
great ones.

Failure. It is only the fool that never fails.

He was born a failure.

Remember your failures are your stepping-stones
to success.

If you fail don't flunk: "Pick the flint and try it
again."

Fair. He plays fair and picks your pocket.

He speaks too fair and I'll beware.

The fairest flowers are without fruit.

Faith. Faith is the foundation of society.

Blind faith is strongest in the weakest.

Blind faith is the religion of fools.

Have faith in yourself.

He lived on faith and dined on moonshine.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast

To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

—*Thomas Moore*.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for.

—*Epistle to the Hebrews 11-1*.

I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.—*Second Epistle to Timothy 4-7, R. V.*

How many things served us yesterday for articles of faith, which are fables to us today!

—*Montaigne.*

Fall. Fall and the world will laugh; rise and it will applaud.

A wise man will never fall twice in the same ditch. He that is down needs fear no fall.—*Bunyan.*

Fain would I climb, and yet I fear to fall.

—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

(written on a pane of glass, and under it Queen Elizabeth wrote—"If thy heart fails thee, climb thou not at all.")

False. Although true, be cautious about stating that which appears to be false.

Falsus in uno falsus in omnibus.—*Legal Maxim.*

Falsehood. It is easier to detect falsehood than to find the truth.

When falsehood baits her hook with bits of truth she catches gudgeons.

Truth can afford to go naked; falsehood needs fine feathers.

In most falsehoods there are grains of truth.

Fame. Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis said,

Through which the living Homer begged for bread.

—*Poetry.*

Fame is a coy goddess that rarely bestows her favors on him who seeks her—a phantom that many pursue and but few overtake.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—

Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?
Heap o'er their heads fair praise or calumny;
Think ye their moldering ashes hear or care?

—*Poetry.*

For fame men piled the Pyramids;

Their names have perished with their bones;

For fame men wrote their boasted deeds

On Babel bricks and Runic stones,

On Tyrian temples, gates of brass,

On Roman arch and Damask blades,

And perished like the desert grass

That springs to-day—to-morrow fades.—*Fame.*

Alas, alas, for all things pass, and we shall vanish,
too, as they:

We build our monuments of brass and granite, but
they waste away.—*Minnetonka.*

The Pyramids themselves have forgotten the names
of their founders.—*Thos. Fuller.*

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

—*Shakespeare.*

Napoleon, yes! where is he? The champion and the
child

Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
thrones;

Whose table,—earth—whose dice were human
bones?—*Byron.*

The cornet of a season.—*Byron.*

The Glory and the Nothing of a name.—*Byron.*

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—*Socrates.*

Fame is as fickle as the babble of men.

Fame is but the breath of the populace, and often
smells of garlic.

Fame never lisped his name.

I'd ruther be a live tom-cat thun tew dead lions.

—*Bronco Bill*

I'm gittin' kinder tired huntin' fer fame on an empty
stumick.—*Bronco Bill*.

He was famous—immortal for a day.

There is but a step between fame and infamy.

He wrote a book despising fame and put his full
name on the title page.

And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.—*Byron*.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio? Why
may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alex-
ander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

—*Shakespeare*

He went huntin' fer fame an' got intu jail.

—*Bronco Bill*.

He fit fer fame, an' thar ain't a echo uf his name.

—*Bronco Bill*.

I'm gittin' kinder tired uf fame an' famine, an' I'm
huntin' fer "sow-belly an' flap-jacks."

—*Bronco Bill*.

Familiar. Be civil to all, sociable to many, familiar
with few.—*Franklin*.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

—*Shakespeare*.

Family. A family should be "*unica velut arx*"—one
like a citadel.

Don't pickle me in a family jar.

If there is ferment in the family jar add "sweet
oil" and clap on the cover.

It's a poor coop where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Every family-tree bears some bad fruit.

Fancy. We are more often afflicted by fancy than by fact.—*Seneca*.

Fancy kills, and fancy cures.

Chewing the cud (food) of sweet and bitter fancy.
—*Shakespeare*.

His fancy runs away with his reason.

Her morbid fancy, tickled with a tear.

In the spring a cow-boy's fancy lightly turns tu calves an' colts.—*Bronco Bill*.

He fancied he wuz in a feather bed in Boston, an' he woke up in a hay-stack.—*Bronco Bill*.

Far-away—far. Far-away is the happy land,

Where hares come leaping to your hand,

And ducks drop ready roasted.

Fine are the fields that are far away.

It is only in a far-away land that lemons and sugar and ice grow on the same tree.

When a fool goes fur fer a wife he most allus gits anether.—*Bronco Bill*.

How far is your son going, Pat? He's going' te the divil, an' Oi dunno how funder it is.*

Farce. When the farce is played out, let the curtain drop.

It is only one step from farce to tragedy.

Fashion. We dance to the music of the times.

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,

And fickle fashion follows like an ape.

When Nero's wife put on her auburn wig,
 And at the *Saturnalia* showed her head,
 The hair of every dame in Rome turned red;
 When Nero fiddled all Rome danced a jig.

—*Poetry.*

Fashion wears out more clothes than work.
 If it were the fashion to go naked, women would
 follow the fashion.

Bread is cheap, fashion is dear.

Nature requires little, fashion much.

Fashion and custom are the biggest items in our
 family expenses.

Fate. Fight not against fate; it is better to bend
 than to break.

There is no armor against fate.

Between the cup and the lip stand fate.

He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts are small,

That dares not put it to the touch

To gain or lose it all.

—*James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.—*Thomas Campbell.*

Here's a sigh for those who love me,

And a smile for those who hate:

And whatever sky's above me,

Here's a heart for every fate.—*Byron.*

There is no "Court of Appeals" from the decrees
 of Fate.

Don't clutch the wheel-spokes of fate; try the rear
 end of the "Limited Express."

Father. A hard father, a hardy son.

He worked hard all his life to make his sons sports
 and spendthrifts.

He that honoreth his father shall have a long life.
—Eccles. 3-6.

Like father like son.—*Proverb.*

Father of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

—*Pope. (The Universal Prayer.)*

Who would be a father?—*Shakespeare. (Othello)*

Our fathers, who were wondrous wise,
 Did wash their throats before they washed their
 eyes.—*Ray's Collection of Proverbs.*

Never strike a jackass, Jo; yer might hit yer own
 father.—*Bronco Bill.*

Fault. Look not for faultless men or faultless art;
 Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;
 As in a picture shadows show the lights,
 So human foibles show the human heart.

—*Poetry.*

If we had no faults we wouldn't be hunting for
 faults in others.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

—*Carlyle.*

His faults are such that one loves him still the
 better for them.—*Goldsmith.*

Small faults are little thieves.

The faultless man was born tomorrow.

They that do nothing spend their time finding fault
 with others.

We remember the faults of others and forget our
 own.

Men are prone to remember your faults and forget
 your virtues.

We can hide our faults from ourselves easier than from others.

The man without faults is in the cemetery.

He's a critic—hunting for faultless faults.

The best way to see the faults of a pretty woman is to shut your eyes.

Faultless to a fault.—*Robert Browning.*

Faultily faultless.—*Tennyson.*

Great men too often have greater faults than little men have room for.—*Landor.*

They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.—*Shakespeare.*

Where love is scarce faults are plenty.

If the best men's faults were written on their foreheads, it wad mak 'em pull their bonnets owre ther eyes.—*Scotch Proverb.*

He is all fault that hath no fault at all.—*Tennyson.*

Favor. If you cannot grant a favor asked,—refuse graciously and without delay.

A handsome woman finds favor among men, and but little among her own sex.

He is out of favor with himself and everybody else.

Fawning. And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.

That thrift may follow fawning.—*Shakespeare.*

Thet little she-faun is allus a-fawin'.—*Brónco Bill.*

Fear. Brave Red Cloud is only afraid of fear.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Fear turns the black sheep into a bear.

Fear multiplies the enemy ten-fold.
When fear enters wisdom departs.
Fear makes a wolf out of a jack-rabbit.
Conceal your fear under a bold front.
Fear is a bad counselor.
Fear doubles the danger.
He wuzn't afeard uf nuthin', he cud run faster
nur ary Injun on the plains.—*Bronco Bill.*

Feast. He who comes after the feast must be content with the bones.

Baked potatoes and salt make a feast for a hungry man.

Too late to the feast,—the dogs have the bones.

'After the feast, bones—bones.

Fools make feasts and shrewd men eat them.

He that comes unca'd sits unsair'd.—*Scotch Proverb.*

Ah, sweet content—the blessing of the blest—

Upon thy cheerful table—East or West—

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

Feather. He fans with a feather and imagines he has started a hurricane.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

She is all fads and feathers.

His cockloft is full of feathers.

Federation. In the parliament of men, the federation of the world.—*Tennyson.*

Fetter. Even golden fetters become hateful.

He who forges fetters for others may wear them himself.

We all wear fetters—some of iron, some of gold.

Fiber. Don't refine too fine; save the fiber.
I like his fiber; he will wear.

Fickle. The wife that is fickle is soon in a pickle.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream;
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle.

—*Shakespeare.*

Her fickle fancy, tickled at a touch.

Fiddler. Every fiddler thinks his own fiddling the finest.

When Nero fiddled all Rome danced a jig.
He fiddled—and fiddled—his fiddle-de-de.

Fight. A Frenchman fights before he reasons;
A Scotchman reasons before he fights;
An Irishman fights for the fun of it;
And an Englishman fights when he thinks he can
whip his enemy.

Fightin' like divils for conciliation,
An' hatin' each other for the love of God.

—*Charles Lever.*

It is better to fall fighting than to be shot in the back.

Said Pat: "Oi'm niver so much at pace as whin
Oi'm in a foight."*

The main thing in this world is to fight a good
fight and win.

Men are prone to fight; even wolves agree among themselves.

"Were you in the battle of Bull Run, Pat?"

"Sure Oi wuz, sor."

"An' where were you, Pat?"

"Oi wuz behint at the Bul, but Oi wuz before at the Run, sor."*

Figure-head. How often the head figure is a mere figure-head.

Fine—finery. A foolish woman is known by her finery.

He's tu fine—put 'im in a candy-box fer Sweet Marie's bedwar.—*Bronco Bill.*

He makes a point so fine that nobody can see it but himself.

That's finest that's fit.

Finite. In the finite find the infinite.

Fire. Fight fire with fire.

There is no fire in the flint till steel strikes it.

An angry man is like one who attempts to quench a fire with kerosene.

Under ashes fire.

Fire in the heart, smoke in the head.

Fire won't burn without fuel.

A little hot-head may kindle a big fire.

Look out for fire in the rear.

He fired in the air, and the little dogs barked.

A little fool can start a big fire.

A Injun makes a little fire an' warms his-self; a Whiteman makes a big fire an' burns his boots.

—*Bronco Bill.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

—*Shakespeare.*

One fire burns out another's burning.—*Shakespeare.*

Where there is smoke there is fire.

He kindled a fire under himself.

From woman's eyes.....

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

—*Shakespeare.*

First Families. He's one of them F. F. V's. that
kim over in a prison-ship with the John Smiths
an' the Bill Joneses.—*Bronco Bill.*

Fish. The fish the fisherman fails to land is the
biggest fish in the pond.

Fish with a silver hook.

Don't try to catch a trout with a chunk of pork
on a pot-hook.

The easiest fish to catch is a "sucker."

Keep your net set and you'll catch fish while you
sleep.

"Thar's a fish between tew cats," said Bronco Bill,
when he saw Jo Fish sitting between two lawyers.

Master, I marvel how fishes live in the sea?

Why, as men do on land—the great ones eat up the
little ones.—*Shakespeare.*

Don't fish whar thar ain't no fish.—*Bronco Bill.*

Fits. He works by fits an' starts, but he niver starts
till he gits "fits."—*Bronco Bill.*

Flag. Every man for the flag and the flag for us all.

Brave Captain Bragg war ez witty a wag

Ez iver smelt gun-powder under the flag.

—*Bronco Bill—War with Japan.*

"Oi'm flaggin' the inemy," said Pat, as he ran to the rear with the colors.*

Flattery—flatterer. We dislike those who flatter us too much, and hate those who don't flatter us at all.

There is no such flatterer as a man's self.—*Bacon.*

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver.
—*Burke.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.—*Colton.*

A flattering mouth worketh ruin.—*Solomon.*

A man that flattereth his neighbor, spreadeth a net for his feet.—*Solomon.*

'Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Dean Swift.*

Face-flatterer and back-biter are the same.

—*Tennyson.*

He that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself.

A man who is too deaf to hear good counsel will hear flattery a mile off.

The only flatterer I fear is myself.

Shrewd men flatter us to our friends, that it may come to our ears.

Flatterers are the parasites of the powerful.

Flattery is fit pap for fools.

We can flatter no one so easily as ourselves.

The worst flatterer is he who flatters the masses.

Flattery will not hurt us if we don't flatter ourselves.

When Nature changes her nature you may trust a flatterer.

He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.
Of all tame beasts preserve me from a flatterer.

—*Ben Jonson.*

Flea. "I not like ze fleas," said Yacob's "best girl" on the sand at Long Beach. "Ich auch," said Yacob, "ze bite not bodder me mooch, aber I not can sleeb mit zat leedle tam valk—valk—valk—on mein beins und belly all ze night." * "Uncle Isaac," of Los Angeles, went fishing at Redondo on Sunday. He returned with only one little smelt. "Ach, Ikey," said his wife, "du bin hev cotch nur ein leedel fisch? You not cotch no more bites?" "Ach, Gott—yah," said Isaac, "I cotch more als ein tousant flea-bites."*

A flea

Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed ad infinitum.—*Jonathan Swift.*

Flee from the fleas, an' the fleas'll foller.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Flee. Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee.
—*Francis Quarles.*

One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one.

—*Isaiah 30-17.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth.

—*Proverbs 28-1.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but I'm
ez bold ez a jack-rabbit.—*Bronco Bill.*

Flies. If you would catch flies sugar your sauce.
Flies can annoy a lion.

He's alive—thar ain't no flies on 'im.—*Bronco Bill.*

Keep yer mouth shet,—it's fly time.—*Bronco Bill.*

Flinch. Never flinch, however much you fear.

It's a "cinch,"—inch by inch—
Win your way and never flinch.
Never flinch, Jim; especially ef yer got a gun an'
the ether man hain't.—*Bronco Bill.*

Flock. When one duck flies the flock follows.
If you want to control the flock catch the bell-
wether.
Any feather-head can follow the flock.
In pollytics fools allus fly in flocks.—*Bronco Bill.*

Flower. The flower must fade before the fruit ap-
pears.
The fairest flowers are rarely the sweetest.
The fairest flowers are fruitless.

Foe. We are sharpened by the files of our foes.
Fight a foe to make him a friend.
He makes no friends who never made a foe.
—*Tennyson.*

Follow. Follow the bees and you will find the hive.
Follow the crows and you will find the carrion.
Men, like geese, follow the flock.

Folly. When we laugh at the follies of others let
us look at our own.
One man's folly is another man's fortune.—*Bacon.*
My only books were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
—*Thomas Moore.*

He who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture,
hath pounds of much worse matter.
—*Charles Lamb.*

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin?—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Folly grows without watering.—*George Herbert*.
Answer not a fool according to his folly.

—*Proverbs 26-4*.

Shoot folly as it flies.—*Pope*.

Folly is the disease that has no cure.—*Spanish*.
(*El mal que non tiene cura es locura.*)

Folly is a crankous doggie fu' o' flaes an' flit.

Thar's no folly in Molly, by Golly!

She's allus ful uf fun an' jolly.—*Bronco Bill*.

Food. Feed neither mind nor body continually on the same food.

It is better to discover a new food for man on earth than a new star in the sky.

Fœd a vain man on flattery—it's plum-puddin' to him.

Fool. Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread.

For ages have the learned of the schools,
Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

The fool acts first and asks advice afterwards.

A fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave.

Don't send a fool on an errand.

Fools follow the opinion of others, wise men think for themselves.

Only fools are born wise.

There is one crop that never fails—the crop of fools.

A fool walks with his mouth open and his eyes shut.

He who discovers that he is a fool has found the right road to wisdom.

Some men talk like philosophers and live like fools.

Even a wise man may sometimes make a fool of himself.

When nature gave him a long tongue she meant him for a fool.

There is no cure for a fool.

The fool finds a stone wall in his way by bumping his head against it.

God bless the damphools, Jim; they're road-signs fer ether folks.—*Bronco Bill*.

Every fool has a goose that lays a golden egg to-morrow.

A fool blames others for his faults; a wise man blames himself.

The land of fools is the paradise of knaves.

He is a fool who gets two black eyes to blacken one of his enemy.

The young fools call their elders the old fools.

A fool friend is often more dangerous than an enemy.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—*Pope*.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.—*Pope*.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.—*Shakespeare*.

The wust failin' uf a damphool is he don't know enuff tu know it.—*Bronco Bill*.

A fool may ask questions that a wise man cannot answer.

Nae man can play the fule sae weel as the wise man.—*Scotch Prov*.

When Carlyle was asked the population of England, he replied—"Thirty millions—mostly fools."

I'll tell ye the differ atween a wise man an' a fule, said the Scot; the fule knows it all an' the wise mon don't.

When a wise man plays the fool he plays it "with a vengeance."

Fools hold their hearts in their mouths.

A fool's paradise is better than a wise man's purgatory.—*G. Coleman*. (senior).

Thar's no fool like a ole fool when a she fool gits ontu 'im.—*Bronco Bill*.

Foolish. It is a foolish chicken that runs to the fox for protection.

Forbearance. Bear and forbear, I counsel thee;
 Forgive and be forgiven,
 For Charity is the golden key
 That opens the gate of heaven.—*Charity*.

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—*Burke*.

If he calls you a fool, forbear; if he calls you a liar, hit 'im.

Forefathers. "Oi can't boasht av me forefathers," said Pat, "fer Oi dunno who the divil they wuz, but Oi kin boasht av me posterity fer Biddie an' me hez twinty-wan av 'em." *

"My forefathers were noblemen," said the Englishman.

"An' ef yer mither hed been a 'onesht 'oman yez wudn't a hed but wan av 'em," said Pat.*

I'm in fer reform: let's begin on our forefathers; they need it the wust.—*Bronco Bill*.

Foremost. In politics the foremost is soon the hindmost.

The hindmost in the fight is the foremost in the retreat.

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.—*Tennyson*.

The foremost leads the flock.—*Wer der Vordeste ist, führt die Herde.—Schiller*.

Facile princeps—easily foremost.

Either I am the foremost horse in the team, or I am none.—*Fletcher and Beaumont—Two Noble Kinsmen. Act 1-2*.

“The foremost hoss in the team” wuz a mool.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Fore-sight. File your fore-sight; your hind-sight is good enough.

If our fore-sight were as good as our hind-sight we would seldom miss the mark.

Most men have hind-sight, some fore-sight, and a rare few circum-sight.

Yer cain't see half ez fur with yer foresight ez yer kin with yer hind-sight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Ef yer wanter make a hit keep yer eye on both sights—fore-sight an' hind-sight.—*Bronco Bill*.

Fore-thought. Patch the roof before it rains.

The fore-thought of a fool is always behind.

A little fore-thought is better than a sore head.

Forewarned. Forewarned, forearmed.

Forgetfulness—forget. His forgetery is better than his memory.

To delay is to forget.

We cannot always forget what we do not wish to remember.

It is best, at times, to forget what you know.

—*Publius Syrus.*

Forgive. Let there be no room in thy heart for the memory of a wrong.

Never does the human heart appear so strong and noble as when it foregoes revenge.

It is easier to forgive those who have injured us than those whom we have injured.

The offender seldom forgives.

Forgiveness is commendable, but some men need licking.

Forgive, but don't forget.

If you would be forgiven, forgive.

Forgive everybody but yourself.

Bear and forbear, I counsel thee,

Forgive and be forgiven,

For Charity is the golden key

That opens the gate of Heaven.—*Charity.*

Fortitude. Fortify yourself with fortitude and Fortune will favor you.

Fortune. A fortune is often a misfortune.

When fortune blows, hoist your sails.

He is a shrewd man who knows how to make a fortune; a wise man who knows how to keep it; but he is wisest who knows how to enjoy it.

The way to court fortune is to meet her half-way.

Fortune rarely smiles on him who complains of her.

Friends and fortune fly together.

Fortune often knocks at our door, but most of us are out or asleep.

Industry is fortune's right hand, frugality her left.
In losing fortune, many a lucky elf

Has found himself.—*Horace Smith.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

—*Shakespeare.*

Fortune makes him fool whom she makes her darling.—*Bacon.*

The way to gain the favor of fortune is to fight for it.

When you are at the top of the hill all roads lead downward.

A small fortune is safer than a big one.

How often fortune plays the coquette—smiling at first, and mocking afterwards.

Weave diligently and Fortune will furnish the thread.

When fortune knocks at the door be ready to let her in.

Fortune sells what she seems to give.

He is waiting for a fortune—with a hole in his hat and a patch on his pants.

Don't idle away time waiting for a fortune to fall on you.

Fortune sometimes comes to the unfortunate; rarely to the indolent.

Forward. A man cannot stand still; he must go forward or backward.

Forward!—Forward!—That is the word that wins the victory.

Don't be backward in coming forward in your own cause.

Foul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's
eyes.—*Shakespeare.*

Fountain. If you want pure water go to the fountain-head.
He starts his fountain with a cork-screw.

Fowl. Be thou neither fish nor fowl, nor kippered herring.

Fox. The fox never gets caught twice in the same trap.
Under the bait the old fox smells the hidden trap.
He's the same ole fox—in a new hole.—*Bronco Bill.*

Foxy. He was so foxy that he outwitted himself.

Freak. A truly wise man is a freak of nature.

Freedom. The word Freedom has covered a multitude of wrongs.
True Freedom is the right to do right.
The roots of the sturdy oak of Freedom have ever been watered with blood.

French. "Do you understand French, Pat?"
"Sure Oi duz ef ye spake it in Oirish."

Friction. Men of mettle are polished by friction.
Pour a little "sweet oil" on the friction-point.

Friend—friendship. A true friend divides our sorrows and doubles our joys.
A friend that frowns is better than a smiling enemy.
How many friends are like the swallows that make their nests under your roof in summer and in autumn fly away.

We never know the value of a true friend till we lose him.

I have one friend I can depend on—he is in my pocket.

Friendship is Love without his arrows.

Friendship is Love with his eyes open.

Most of our friends are like the hairs on our heads,—they fall away when we get old.

He is my friend who trades at my shop.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

—Tennyson.

In your old age and poverty your dead friends will remain your true friends.

Be your friend's friend, but not the friend of his faults.

He has a hundred friends of his fortune to one of himself.

A summer friend is a friend to feed;

A winter friend is a friend indeed.

Fear your friends and face your enemies.

Friendship is a plant that needs watering.

Friendship can't stand long on one leg.

The golden rule of friendship—*quid pro quo*.

Friendship is a rose without thorns.

True friendship is like pure wine; the older it grows the stronger it grows.

The man who has no need of friends will have many.

A fool friend is more dangerous than an open enemy.

Friends and enemies are both useful to a wise man.

My friend is my brother of my own choosing.

A friend's face is a good mirror.

In prosperity beware of your friends, in adversity
they will beware of you.

Between true friends, truth.

You will never find a friend without a fault.

The friendship you have to buy is seldom worth
the price.

The friend who tells you your faults is the friend
to tie to.

Friendship is but a name. I know well that I
have not one true friend. As long as I continue
in power, I may have as many friends as I
please.—*Napoleon.*

Be slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.
—*Franklin.*

There are three faithful friends—an old wife, an
old dog, and ready money.—*Franklin.*

Friendship is Love without wings.

—*“L’Amité est l’Amour sans ailes.”*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth.

—*Geo. Washington.*

A man should keep his friendship in constant re-
pair.—*Dr. Johnson.*

I would not enter on my list of friends the man that
needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—*Cowper.*

Faithful are the rebukes of a friend.—*Solomon.*

He who merits friends will find friends.

Everybody’s friend is nobody’s friend.

Seekest thou a faithful friend?—get thee a dog.

A true friend “sticketh closer than a brother.”

The friends thou hast, and their adoption proved,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

—*Shakespeare.*

(I think Shakespeare wrote the word “hooks”

instead of "*hoops*." Shakespeare was a careful chooser of words—a master of pure "English undefiled." It is difficult to imagine how one could "grapple with hoops." Hooks of steel were in use in his day; hoops of steel were not.—*H. L. G.*)

Frog. Better be a big frog in a little puddle, than a little frog in a big puddle.

Froth. When the pot boils the froth comes to the top.

The mob is like lager beer—the froth on top.

All froth and no beer.

Full of froth and fury, he rants before the jury.

Frugality. He is the least in want who wants the least.

Save your pennies and your pennies will save you.

Monie wee bits mak a muckle.

Fruit. The blossom withers when the fruit appears.

The fairest fruit may have a worm in it.

The best fruit ripens late.

Don't pluck the apple till it is ripe.

The fig-tree that fails to bear—root it out,—plant potatoes.

Every family tree bears some bad fruit.

Each tree is known by its fruit; of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.—*Jesus*.

By their fruits ye shall know them.—*Jesus*.

Fury. Let rage waste itself in idle fury.

Fury is fit for wild beasts, not for men.

Full of froth and idle fury.

Future. The future grows out of the present and the past.

An old man's future is in the past.

He that would judge the future must know the past.

It is well that the future is concealed.

Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see
 Either the dark beginning or the end,
 Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
 In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The Future is written in the past.

We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

Take care of the present and the future will take care of itself.

With his eyes on the future he stumbles through the present.

Let futurity shift for itself.—*T. G. Smollett.*

Learn the future by the past of man.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

For I dipt into the Future, far as human eye could see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—*Tennyson.*

Men must pursue things which are just in present, and leave the future to Divine Providence.

—*Bacon.*

She knew the future, for the past she knew.

—*John Langhorne.*

The present interests me more than the past, and the future more than the present."

—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

G

Gain. In a bad cause it is better to lose than to gain.

Dust to Dust:

What is gained when all is lost?

What have you gained if you strive and struggle all your life to gain a fortune for prodigals to squander?

He takes time to gain time.

Gambler. A gambler is a pickpocket; in the end he picks his own.

Garment. She'll assume a garment of virtue, if it is only a fig-leaf.

Garden—gardener. God made the first garden and Cain built the first city.

Every man and woman ought to be a gardener.

We are all in God's garden; let us root out the weeds and plant potatoes.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.—*Bacon.*

Gather. The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.—*Thomas Tusser.*

General—generalship. Napoleon showed his greatest generalship in selecting his marshals.

A good general commands himself.

"What makes a good general?" asked Lincoln.

"Bull-dog," said General Grant.

Generation. A generation is like a swarm of gnats
—born in June—dead in October.

Generous. He who gives to every beggar beggars
himself.

Vanity is the well-spring of much generosity.

He who gives publicly likes to see his name in the
newspapers.

Men who have made millions generously give a
fraction to universities and libraries to write their
names over the doors.

Be generous to your true friends and don't be stingy
with yourself.

Genius. Genius is patience, labor and good sense.

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art

In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same:

What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;

What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry.*

Genius does what it must and talent does what it
can.—*Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton.*

An eagle egg may be hatched in a hen-coop.

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf

To finest silk: the lapidary's skill

Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will,

And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.—*Poetry.*

Genius is always impatient of its harness.—*Holmes.*

Genius begins great works, labor finishes them.

—*Joubert.*

Talent repeats; genius creates.—*E. P. Whipple.*

Genius is a bundle of nerves bent to hard work.

Poverty is the mother of genius.

He wuz a genus; he wore long har an' writ skim-milk poetry fer the Atlantic Maggiezeen.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Gentleman. I can make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman.

—*James I. of England.*

Once a gentleman, always a gentleman.

—*After Dickens.*

The grand old name of gentleman.—*Tennyson.*

“When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?”

When you have said a *gentleman*, you have said all.—*John Crowne.*

Get. It is easier to get than to keep.

It is hard to get to the top: you can slide to the bottom.

Geology. Geology traces the foot-prints of Time.
Geology teaches us how God built the Earth.

Giant. O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

—*Shakespeare.*

Giddy. A giddy girl makes a fool of her mother
at twelve, at twenty she makes a fool of herself.

Gift—give—giver. Give and take, but don't “give
in.”

It is better to give than to take.

Don't insult the worthy giver by refusing the gift
he can afford.

Giggle. Miss Giggles wuz allus a-gigglin'; she'd
giggle at a funeral.—*Bronco Bill.*

Girl. Hear the old mother talk! You would think she never was a girl herself.

Some women are always girls and die giggling.
A giddy girl makes a fool of her mother at twelve,
at twenty she makes a fool of herself.

Glitter. Diamonds are only stones; 'tis the glitter we prize.

Glove. If you handle nettles put on gloves.
Strike your friend gently with a gloved hand.
You can tell a sloven by the fit of her glove.

Gluttony. Where one dies of hunger a thousand die of gluttony.

A glutton ought to be a scavenger.
A glutton's guts are the principal part of him.

God. Know only this—there is a Power unknown, Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond.*

Does God speak? The four seasons hold on their course and all things continue to live and increase.

Yet, tell me, does God speak?—*Confucius* (Kung the philosopher.)

Everything in this world proclaims the existence of God.—*Napoleon.*

Put your trust in God, but be sure to keep your powder dry.—*Oliver Cromwell* (to his soldiers on crossing a river.)

All things in nature bear God's signature
So plainly writ that he who runs may read.—*Men.*

From thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires and the fall of kings.

—*Samuel Boyse.*

A God alone can comprehend a God.—*Young.*

I know not where His islands lift
 Their froned palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.—*Whittier.*

God's perfect order rules the Universe.

Hope and Trust.

All life springs from out the dust:
 Ah, we measure God by man,
 Looking forward but a span
 On his wondrous, boundless plan;
 All his ways are wise and just:

Hope and Trust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Lo all pervading Unity is His;
 Lo all pervading Unity is He:
 One mighty heart throbs in the earth and sea,
 In every star through heaven's immensity;
 And God in all things breathes, in all things is.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Measure for measure, measure God by man?
 God gives us nothing but life, all else he sells to
 us at a fair price.

God pays us what we earn—in the coin of His
 realm.

To every bud and blade of grass Heaven gives its
 drop of dew.—*Chinese.*

Thou are the god of thine idolatry.

The fool fashions God after himself.

The years of God are one.

Time hath not touched the great All-father's
 Throne.—*Byond.*

Gold—golden. The golden age is the age of gold.

Fish with a golden hook.

Men seek for silver in the distant hills

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men.*

Confucius preached the "Golden Rule" five hundred years before Jesus was born—"Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you."

—*Kung, the philosopher.*

"And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—*Jesus.*

This is surely the "Golden Age"—we worship the "Golden Calf."

The golden rule—*quid pro quo.*

It takes a gold-mine to operate an iron-mine.

Don't try "to gild refined gold" with brass,

Or "to paint the lily" with a paint-pot.

Men'll worship a ass ef he carries a sack uf gold.

—*Bronco Bill.*

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.—*Shakespeare.*

Gold is tried with touchstone, and man with gold.

—*Chilon.*

Gone. Gone is gone and you needn't chase it.

Good. There is good in all things for him who knows how to find it.

Every creature of God is good.—*First Ep. Tim.*

If good is within good will come out.

There is good in all things and evil in all things.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good

Will be the final goal of ill.—*Tennyson.*

Learn the luxury of doing good.—*Goldsmith.*

Good is good, but the best is better.

Good and evil are born from the same womb and rocked in the same cradle.

He is one uf them goody-goody good-fer-nothins.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Your over-good, pretentious people are thieves and hypocrites.—*Confucius (Kung, the philosopher.)*

Good-bye. Her low "good-bye" and tender eye
Implored him to return again.

Good-breeding. Good seed—good breed.
Wisdom and virtue are gems—good-breeding the
setting.
That thorough-bred was born in Berkshire.

Good humor. Good humor is better than a dress
suit.

Good-night. Say not "Good-night," but in some
brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."—*Anna L. Barbauld.*

Good times. All times are good times if you know
what to do and how to do it.
He never ventured: he was always waiting for
"Good Times."
A blacksmith can make "good times" with his ham-
mer on his anvil.
The "good old times"—all times when old are good.
—*Byron.*

Goose. Hear the fox preach to the geese!
Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape.
When the coyote yelps corral your geese.

Gospel. The gospel of God is written on every
blade of grass.

Gossip. Gossip and Liar are twins.
Her-say is hear-say.
One tongue is enough for gossip, but she wags it
in all tongues.

She sugars her tea with gossip and peppers her chops with scandal.

Govern—government. A wise government should lead the people.

We are all stock-holders in the government—watch the directors.

Government by the mob is anarchy.

Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

The people *en masse* are no more capable of making their laws than making their watches.

To govern well one should first learn to obey.

Grain. The earth is but a grain of sand,
An atom in a shoreless sea.—*Fame.*

A grist of words and a grain of sense.

Don't rub a man against the grain.

Grandfather. He is but an echo of an echo; his grandfather was a man.

His grandfather's name was Gorilla.

We know more than our grandfathers and our grand-children will know more than we.

Grapes. The best grapes hang highest.

If you can't reach the grapes don't cry *sour*; try a step-ladder.

Sweet grapes make sour wine.

Gratitude. The gratitude of the selfish is only a bid for further favors.

If you do a "hog" a favor he will only grunt his gratitude.

The still small voice of Gratitude.—*Gray.*

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.—*Robert Walpole.*

Gravity. Gravity may be the robe of wisdom or the cloak of a dunce.

Don't imagine yourself the center of gravity.

Great—greatness. The great are great only because we are little.

Better be great among the little than little among the great.

It is better to be great in little things than little in great things.

He is greatest who has done most for his fellow men.

The beginnings of great things are little things.

Greek. Priests, versed in dead rituals, in dead language deep,

Talk Greek to the *grex* and Latin to their sheep,
And feed their flocks a flood of cant and college
For every drop of sense or useful knowledge.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Grief. Pent up grief rots the bones.

Great grief cures little griefs.

Don't grieve over what you can't help, or what you can help.

Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.

—*Shakespeare.*

Grief was petrified in her face.

She wears weeds for her dead husband and grieves for a live one.

Ground-floor. He got in "on the ground-floor"—and staid there.

Grumble. He's got thet itch called the "grumbles."—*Bronco Bill.*

Grumblin' don't put no sugar in the coffee when thar
ain't none.—*Bronco Bill*.

Guest. Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
—*Shakespeare*.
He is the guest of Greed and Grind.
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.—*Pope*.
The poet is the guest of Solitude.
Like some poor nigh-related guest.—*Coleridge*.

Guilt—guilty. Guilt fears its own shadow.
“How say you, guilty or not guilty,” said the judge
to Pat, indicted for larceny. “Bless yer sowl, how
the divil can Oi tell till Oi hear the ividence?”
said Pat.
To spare the guilty is to punish the innocent.
—*After Lord Coke*.
The guiltiest often looks the most innocent.

Gunpowder. Gunpowder is a great civilizer.
Gunpowder hez made more “good Injuns” thun all
the missionaries.—*Bronco Bill*.
He's tryin' tu make a brave man uf hisself by
chawin' gunpowder.—*Bronco Bill*.

H

Habit. Habit is as powerful as a pair of mules.
All men are slaves, yea, some are slaves to wine,
And some to women, some to sordid gold,
But all to habit and to customs old.
—*The Reign of Reason*.

How use doth breed a habit in a man.

—*Shakespeare.*

Man is a bundle of habits.—*Paley.*

The best way to cure a bad habit is never to acquire it.

Bad habits are at first cobwebs, at last, fetters.

Hair. He whose sinewy arms
Might break through bars of steel like bands of
straw,
Caught in the net of her unloosened hair,
A helpless prisoner lies and loves his chains.

—*Change.*

The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,
For I know just where she bought it.—*Martial.*

Ah, the best of men are tangled—
Sometimes tangled in the tresses
Of a fair and crafty woman.—*The Sea Gull.*

They war ten fut tall, an' over all
A bar-skin tu the thighs, sar;
Ther legs war bar axcept the har
Frum ther toe-nails tu ther eyes, sar.

—*Bronco Bill (The Vikings.)*

Half. A half truth is a whole lie.
Don't be half and half in anything.
She's his better-half?—No, sar; she's his better
forequarters.—*Bronco Bill.*

Hammer. Men of mettle are made between the
hammer and the anvil.
Hammer away till the job is done.

Hand. The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

—*William Ross Wallace.*

The most wonderful tool is the human hand.

Hand-saw—buck-saw. He lathers you with a
scrub-broom and shaves you with a hand-saw.
He's a buck-saw carpenter.

Handsome. Most women would rather be hand-
some than good.

A handsome woman is a pit-fall for herself.

Handsome is as handsome does.—*Old English Prov.*

Hang. We must all hang together, or assuredly we
shall all hang separately—*Benjamin Franklin* at the
signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Happiness—happy. Happy is he who thinks him-
self happy.

Had man the blessed wisdom of content

Happy were he, as wise Horatius sung,

To whom God gives enough with sparing hand.

—*Men.*

How bitter a thing it is, to look into happiness
through another man's eyes!—*Shakespeare.*

You cannot weigh happiness with scales or measure
it with a yard-stick.

Fools travel in search of happiness; a wise man finds
it at home.

All who joy would win must share it—Happiness
was born a twin.—*Byron.*

Happiness depends more on health than wealth.

Count yourself happy if God gives you health and
work.

Hard. It is hard sledding where there is no snow.
A hard father, a hardy son.
It is hard to break an old horse.
Hard to teach an old dog new tricks.
He who bites the bars of fate needs hard teeth.

Hardship. Power is developed by hardship.
What our forefathers considered comfort we would
call hardship.

Hare. The little dogs start the hare, the big dogs
catch it.

Harp. The sweetest harp of heaven
Were hateful if it played the selfsame tune
Forever.—*Change.*
The only harp he plays on is a Jew's harp.
He is always harping on one string.
Thar's Uncle Isaac standin' in front uf his pile uf
ole clo'es, playin' the Lord's Pra'r on a Jew's harp.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Harvest. "What will the harvest be?"—What was
the seed, the soil and the cultivation?

Haste—hasty. Be always in haste, but never in a
hurry.
Hurry and worry, fluster and flurry.
Who judges others hastily, condemns himself.

Hat. A silk hat is a fine cover for a cracked pot.
Hats are made to make bald heads.
The price uf thet woman's ombrella hat wud buy'er
ten suits of clean under-war.—*Bronco Bill.*

Hatch. It takes a long time to hatch stale eggs.
He is always brooding, but never hatches a
"chick."

When the "Lords in Council" sat, and came to King James for advice, he said: "Well, my Lords, you have set, but what have you hatched?"

Hate—hatred. Hatred is a hard burden for him who carries it.

His face is petrified Hate.

I hate a woman in pants and a man in petticoats.

Hay. Make hay while the sun shines and when it rains get under the rick.

Head. Let head and heart go hand in hand,

Nor one behind the other;

Then where the head may find a man

The heart will find a brother.

A good head will nae be in want of a hat.

Carry a level head and a close mouth or you will spill yourself.

His head will never fill his pocket.

There can be but one head to a happy family.

It is better to have a good head for a hat, than a fine hat for the head.

Yer'll git nuthin frum his head; yer might ez well try tu git wool shearin' a hydraulic ram.

—*Bronco Bill.*

His head is too big for his pocket.

God gave you one head to handle two hands.

"Two heads are better than one"—unless they are at loggerheads.

It is better to be the head of the Commons than the tail of the Lords.

The head is rare that conquers the heart.

A woman's head is in her heart.

You can't get to the head without a head.

Let your head save your heels.

Ef yer head is clar an' yer heart is stout, yer'll win out.—*Bronco Bill*.

Head-quarters. When General McClellan took command of the army of the Potomac he announced that his head-quarters would be "in the saddle." When he retreated from Virginia, Lincoln said: "Well, General McClellan's head-quarters and his hind-quarters have both escaped from Virginia in the same old saddle." When Lincoln was asked after the fall of Vicksburg, where Grant's head-quarters were, he replied: "General Grant's head-quarters are in his hat."

Health. Good health is better than a gold mine.
It is only the sick that know the value of health.
Health is happiness.
He is a fool who would sacrifice health for wealth.
He travels for health: he could find it in his own field.
Har's tu yer health, pard: I guess yer got the mumps.—*Bronco Bill*.

Hear. Hear both sides and say nothing.
Who talks much hears little.

Hearsay. Hearsay is mostly her-say.
Hearsay is a peddler of lies.
Hearsay may become common report and condemn the innocent.

Heart. What cometh from the heart goes to the heart.
The well-spring of our best thoughts is in the heart.
The heart of a minister should be nowhere but in his head.—*Napoleon*.

Nor reason rules the head, but aye the heart:
 The head is weak, the throbbing heart is strong;
 But when the heart is right the head is not far
 wrong.—*The Reign of Reason*.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speak-
 eth.—*Luke 6-45*.

Where there is nothing in the heart, the head must
 be bad.—*Napoleon*.

A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.
—*Shelley*.

I will pluck it from my bosom, through my heart be
 at the root.—*Tennyson*.

The head is ever the dupe of the heart.
—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts.—*Hood*.

A pure heart has a clean tongue.

The heart speaks all tongues.

Everybody understands the language of the heart.

Human hearts beat in pairs.

The heart of a woman will out-reason the head of
 a philosopher.

A willing heart finds time.

Pray for a stout heart and a strong arm.

Heaven. As much of heaven is visible as we have
 eyes to see.—*Winter*.

Hedge. Where the hedge is lowest rogues leap
 over.

Heed. Take heed of a silent man lest you stir up
 a lion.

Take heed or you'll come to need.

Take heed of a mule behind, and a fool all around.

Heir. Man is the heir of his own deeds.

The prodigal heir of a millionaire.

A young lady walking on the Steyne at Brighton, met Wilkes, the wit, to whom she remarked: "I am come out for a little sun and air."

"You had better get a little husband first," said Wilkes.

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.—*Tennyson*.

Hell. Harrow hell and rake up devils.

There is Hell enough on earth, what need of a Hell hereafter?

Help. A man is his own best helper.

Help is a hindrance to him who does not try to help himself.

You can't help a man who will not help himself.

Hen. It is a sorry coop where the hen crows and the cock cackles.

Heresy. Better heresy of doctrine than heresy of heart.—*Whittier*.

Hero—heroism. Fortune and fortitude make heroes.

As wheat is winnowed out in the wind, so are heroes winnowed out in war.

A moral hero is the greatest of heroes.

Don't mistake a boaster for a hero.

Heroes are ever modest.

Men who were moral cowards have been writ into heroes in history.

History (his-story) has made heroes out of brag-garts.

It takes a brass-band an' a staff uf press-reporters tu make a hero nowadays.—*Bronco Bill*.

A mere brute can never be a hero.

A real hero doesn't need a megaphone or a staff of press-reporters.

The true hero has a kind heart.

Hew. His name wuz Hugh, an' he hewed tu the line.—*Bronco Bill.*

No matter where the chips fall,—hew to the line.

High-bred. He's one of them hybred fellers with high brows an' low brains.—*Bronco Bill.*

Highway. He left the highway for a by-way and fell into a fen.

He is on the highway to fortune.

He is on the highway to ruin.

Himself. He who serves himself has a good servant and a kind master.

He who disparages himself to others expects praise.

The man who is tired of himself seeks worse company.

However rich, he who lives for himself alone is poor indeed.

A man can bridle a wild bronco easier than he can bridle himself.

He knows much who knows himself.

In his eulogy of the dead he endeavored to build a monument for himself.

There are only two luminaries in his sky—himself and the sun.

Who has not known ill fortune never knew himself.

—*Thomson.*

He is near-sighted; he can see nobody but himself.

History. History should be spelled H-i-s-s-t-o-r-y.
All history is the register, we find,
Of the crimes and lusts and miseries of mankind.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

History is, after all, a crystallization of popular beliefs.—*Donn Piatt.*

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.—*Voltaire.*

History is philosophy teaching by example.

—*Bolingbroke.*

Most history is a mixed mess of fact and fiction.

Poetry is licensed to invent history.

History, a distillation of Rumor.—*Carlyle.*

Hit. How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss!

—*Men.*

If you would hit, take aim.

Hobby—hobby-horse. Every man has his hobby if it's only a goat.

Don't waste time trying to put a bridle on a man's hobby-horse.

Get thee a hobby-horse, be it only a he-goat.

Fast horses are expensive, but hobby-horses cost more.

Astraddle his hobby he rides like a Don.

He rides a hobby-horse and thinks it a Pegasus.

When he was a little boy he rode a hobby-horse; he still rides a hobby.

Holiday. There is no holiday in the calendar of Nature—every day is a work-day.

Holiday was at first a Holy-day. It is now a jolly-day.

Holy. Make not a jest of that which is holy.

- Home.** A home is home if it is only a hut.
"Home, sweet home"—is the song of the bees.
The homes of the nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety.—*J. G. Holland.*
- Homer.** But for Homer we would have no Hector, no Achilles.
Seven cities strove for Homer's bones, 'tis said,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread.
- Honesty.** No honest man has need of a rogue.
It is hard to be hungry and honest.
Diogenes went with a lantern in search of an honest man. If he had been honest himself he needn't have gone beyond his tub.
Honesty always proceeds on a straight line.
An honest man is not hurt by the bark of curs.
None so much resembles an honest man as a shrewd rascal.
He demands double pay for being honest.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—*Burns* (quoting from Pope's *Essay on Man*.)
"Honesty is the best policy," said a Scotchman;
"I know it, mon, for I have tried baith."
Ef he hez a honest har on his head it'll be the fust tu fall out.—*Bronco Bill.*
- Honey.** Honey on the tongue—money in the purse.
Honey is easily turned into vinegar.
Flattery is honey-tongued.
My "honey" is over in Honey-loo-loo.—*Bronco Bill.*
- Honor.** Honors may do for small change, but they won't pay the grocer.
The path to honor is up-hill.

Great honors are great burdens, but most men think
their shoulders broad enough to bear them.

Deserve honor and you will honor yourself.

Guard your honor as you guard your life.

Honor cannot long outlive honesty.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels.—*Tennyson*.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip

To haud the wretch in order ;

But where ye feel your honor grip,

Let that aye be your border.—*Burns*.

“Honors are aisy,” said Pat when he kicked a jack-
ass and the jack kicked him.

Hope. Lose hope, lose all.

Hope: don't mope.

The star of hope lights the shadow of death.

For aye since the morning of man—

Since the human rose up from the brute

Hath Hope, like a beacon of light,

Like a star in the rift of the storm,

Been writ by the finger of God

On the longing hearts of men.—*Lines, etc.*

Hope stays with those who have nothing else.

—*Thales*.

He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.

—*Franklin*.

The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope.—*Shakespeare*.

Hope is the dream of a man awake.—*Aristotle*.

Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Hope is eggs on toast for breakfast, meat for dinner
and bones for supper.

Pity the man who has outlived his hopes.

Spring follows winter and the day the night.

Hornet—**hornets'-nest.** Attack a hornets' nest with fire.

Poke a hornets'-nest with another man's nose.

As well poke your nose into a hornets'-nest as in a war among women.

Horse. Don't buy a raw-boned horse; you might as well try to fatten a fanning-mill by running oats through it.

A he-goat is better than no horse.

Allus trade a ole hoss fer a young hoss an' git suthin' tu boot.—*Bronco Bill.*

Hot. A little pot with little in it
Will get red-hot in about a minute.

A soldier who had been stationed at Yuma for a year died and was sent to Hell; in less than a week he sent back for his blankets.

—*Phil. Sheridan.*

A hot head soon gets bumped against cold facts.

Hour. If an hour escapes you in the morning you won't catch it before midnight.

When the hour strikes—*strike.*

House. A house should be built for yourself—not for the eyes of others.

Two small rooms and lots of love make a palace for a pair.

The man that builds and wants wherewith to pay Provides a home from which to run away.—*Young.*

Houses are built to live in, and not to look on.

—*Bacon.*

He'd burn his house to get rid of the rats.

Human—humanity. If you would learn human nature study all manner of men.

We—all of us—are human, except the other brutes. Humanity embraces a few wise men, many good men, and a lot of brutes.

He is hardly human who has merely shed his gorilla teeth and his monkey tail.

It takes ages to evolve the human from the brute.

Humbug. Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug.
—*George Eliot.*

The American people like to be humbugged.

—*P. T. Barnum.*

Thou little thinkest what foolery governs the world.
—*Selden.*

Humor. Thet feller cain't see a pint er feel a joke; he hain't got no "funny-bone."—*Bronco Bill.*

Hunger. Hunger will make a watch-dog a thief.

Hungry. A hungry man dreams of a feast.

Hungry for hope, they gulp a moldy creed
And dine on faith.—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Hungry men are always radicals.

Hungry for the sapless husks of fame.

Hunt—hunter. Plenty of hunting, but no game.

Don't hunt for trouble—you'll find enough without.

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.—*Pope.*

She's like a ole crow huntin' fer carrion in a graveyard.—*Bronco Bill on Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

He wuz huntin' fer trouble, an' he didn't hev tu go fur.—*Bronco Bill.*

He wuz a mighty hunter—with his pen an' his maggiephone.—*Bronco Bill.*

He is always hunting for a "soft job" while his wife and children are hunting for bread.

Hurry. Hurry and worry cost much and accomplish little.

In a hurry, in a flurry.

Hurry and worry.—in any weather—go together.

Hurt. Nae man is sae soon healt as hurt.

—*Scotch Prov.*

Husband. Where the husband is fire and the wife is tow,

A wee little match and a wee little scratch

Will start a big blaze and a deil of a row.

The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.

Honor the woman who mends her husband's stockings and sews on his shirt buttons.

It's a poor coop where the cock cackles and the hen crows.

He wuz a husband and she wuz a wife ;

She hed a mop-stick an' he hed a fist ;

An' they kissed an' they fit, an' they fit an' they kissed,

An' ground out a litter uf "brats" at a grist—

All the days uf ther life.—*Bronco Bill.*

Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is the mother of knaves.

The hypocrite steals with one hand and gives alms in public with the other.

A hypocrite prays in public that he may prey upon his fellow men.

He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,

And preys on the people the rest of the week.

His words were softer than oil, yet they were drawn swords.—*King David.*

The hypocrite hae meikle prayer an' sma' devotion.
—*Scotch Proverb.*

And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
—*Shakespeare.*

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to
virtue.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Your over-good, pretentious people are thieves and
hypocrites.—*Kung, the Philosopher (Confucius).*

I

But what am I?

An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.—*Tennyson.*

The first and last letter in his alphabet is *I*.

He's writin' his orte-biography: he hez jist got tu
his sixteenth year an' he hez used up all the big
I's in the print shop.—*Bronco Bill.*

I can't. "I can't" never can.

Ice. Cold as ice, cruel as a tigress.

Idea. The most frightful idea that has ever corroded
human nature, the idea of eternal punishment.

—*Vauvenargues.*

He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the
sum of his works, the greatest number of the
greatest ideas.—*Ruskin.*

Early ideas are not usually true ideas.

—*Herbert Spencer.*

Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind;

But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.—*James Thomson.*

“She’s got an idee!—jist think uf it!—the very idee uf it!”—*Bronco Bill.*

Yer hev got an idee in yer head, Jo?—Hang ontu it, ef it don’t hurt yer tu much; yer’ll never git anether.—*Bronco Bill.*

He’s a poet, (er thinks he is); he lives on skim-milk an’ sweet ideas.—*Bronco Bill.*

Ideals. Dreamed—O my soul, and was it all a dream?

We chase the ideal and miss the real.

How often the ideal has become the real.

The ideal precedes the real.

The “ideal” led Columbus to the discovery of America.

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl.—*Tennyson.*

Idle—idleness.

Idleness is full of envy.

The indolent man waits for something to turn up;
the diligent man turns it up himself.

Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.—*Isaac Watts.*

Idol—idolatry. In this age men no longer worship idols in brass or stone, but they still have an idol—“the Almighty Dollar.”

Thou art the god of thine idolatry.

Idolatry began in the garden of Eden and will end only with the end of man.

’Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god.

—*Shakespeare.*

His idol is idleness.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore.

—*John Pomfret.*

If. Drop your "ifs" and your "buts" and butt into it.

He would have caught the hare, but he stumbled over an "if."

He butts you with his "buts" and ifs you with his "ifs."

Ignorance. Ignorance is the mother of superstition.

The only victories that leave no regret are those which are gained over ignorance.—*Napoleon.*

There is no obstinacy like ignorance.

The ignorant carry burdens for the wise.

The devil is still abroad in the world; his other name is *Ignorance.*

To be ignorant of your ignorance is the worst ignorance.

Behold the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And stubborn Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stolid Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ignorance and Fear go hand in hand.

Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see
Either the dark beginning or the end,
Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend
In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ignorance and arrogance are twins.

Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness;—
Could we but see one another, 'twere well!

Knowledge is sympathy, charity, kindness,
Ignorance only is maker of hell.

—*William Watson.*

Ignorance is not innocence, but sin.

—*Robert Browning.*

Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

—*Shakespeare.*

Ignis Fatuus. Don't chase an *ignis fatuus*,—hoe
your potatoes.

He chased an *ignis fatuus* till he fell into the fen.
That *ignis fatuus*, the real devil.

Imagine. We easily imagine what we earnestly
desire.

He imagined he had a gold mine, but found it only
a hole in the ground.

Imitation. The monkey imitates man and man
imitates the monkey.

Imitation is as good as gold till some "hard-head"
rings it on the counter.

Immodesty. Immodesty is become fashionable.

What is modesty?—it is one thing among the
Hottentots, and quite another among white
women.

Immortal—Immortality. And is there life beyond
this life below?

Aye, in death *death?* or but a happy change
From night to light, on angel wings to range
And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?

Alas, the more we know the less we know we know

—*The Reign of Reason.*

What is the soul and whither will it fly?
 We only know that matter cannot die,
 But lives and lived through all eternity,
 And ever turns from hoary age to youth:
 And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Plato, thou reasonest well!—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?—*Joseph Addison.*

If I err in this, that I believe the souls of men to be
 immortal, I err of my own free will.—*Cicero.*

Pars tui melior immortalis est,—the better part of
 you is immortal.—*Seneca.*

Immortal for a day.

My dog Tiger hez jist ez good a right tu immor-
 tality ez I hev: he's the better dog uf the tew.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Ef men air immortal, I wud believe thet every livin'
 cratur is immortal tu, ef it wuzn't fer the fleas an'
 skeeters.—*Bronco Bill.*

He caught the tail of Immortality and flew flaming
 through imaginary heavens.

Impatience. A little impatience pricked into some
 men with a hair-pin might be good medicine.

I like to see a man a little impatient; "he means
 business."

Imperfection. Look not for faultless men or fault-
 less art;

Small faults are ever virtue's parasites;

As in a picture shadows shows the lights,

So human foibles show the human heart.—*Poetry.*

Impossible—impossibility. Everything is impossible to him who is afflicted with the *Cant's*.

“Impossible?” said Napoleon, “that word is not in my dictionary.” He found it at Waterloo.

Improvvidence. Go to poverty and improvvidence for dogs and children.

Waste, idleness and improvvidence are the banes of the poor.

Impulse—Impulsive. Do it on the impulse of a week.

Impulsive people make most mistakes.

A man or woman without a generous impulse is a relic of the “Ice Age.”

In. Ef it ain't in 'im, it cain't come out.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Income. See that your out-go is less than your income.

He lives on the out-come.

Inconsistency. Our opponents set our inconsistency before us as a stumbling block.

It is better to be inconsistent than to be wrong.

The man who is never inconsistent is not made of bones, blood and brains,—he is hewn out of granite, and stands a dumb monument.

Inconstancy. Constantly inconstant and fickle as a fly.

Incredulity. Wise men there be—for owls are counted wise—

Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,
And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.

"It's true indade," said Pat, "but Oi don't belave it."*

Indigestion. Better have little food for your stomach than little stomach for your food.

That little judge with squint eyes has a wonderful digestion; he has digested all the digests; no wonder he squirms on the bench.

Indirection. By indirection find direction out.

—*Shakespeare.*

Individuality. As an individual, you are an individual; but you're only a little pollywog in the big frog-pond.

Indolence. Indolence is the dry-rot of body and mind.

Indolence hatches a brood of evils.

Indolence grows on people. The less one does the less he can do.

Indolence is a dog's life.

Industry. Industry is the alchemy that turns all things into gold.

The slave, the idler are alike unblessed:

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

Poets are born, not made, some scribbler said,

And every rhymster thinks the saying true:

Better unborn than wanting labor's aid;

Aye, all great poets, all great men, are made

Between the hammer and the anvil.—*Poetry.*

Infidel. Thet ole mool is a infidel: yer kin lead 'im up tu "the Fountin uf Life," but yer cain't make 'im drink.—*Bronco Bill.*

Infinite. We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

In the finite find the infinite.

Information. "I need reliable information," said a member of Congress.

"Nobody needs it more," said his opponent.

Ingratitude. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that no man will acknowledge himself guilty of it.

The hog munching acorns under the bountiful oak may grunt, but he never looks up.

Inherit—inheritance. Leave your son education, honesty and industry: they are the best inheritance.

We inherit "way back" to the monkey, the crocodile and the devil-fish.

He inherits his follies from himself.

Injury. He who does you an injury will never forgive you for it.

If you have done an injury, go like a man, acknowledge and repair it.

An injury to the state is an injury to every citizen.

You cannot wrongfully injure another without injuring yourself.

Injustice. He that defends injustice commits it.

Inn. Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,

Where'er his stages may have been,

May sigh to think he still has found

The warmest welcome at an inn.—*Shenstone.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

—*Shakespeare.*

Innuendo. Innuendo is the argument of a coward.

Inquiry. If you would know your faults inquire of your enemies.

"Ins." In pollytics the "ins" allus hev tu fight fer it tu stay in an' keep the "outs" out.—*Bronco Bill*.

Insanity. The marrow-maddening canker-worm of love.

Feeds on the brains of wise men as on fools'.—*Men*.

He is insane? Of course he is; everybody is insane.

There are different degrees of insanity—from Plato and Cato down to the driveling idiots that write "spring poetry" for the magazines.

Insight. Insight is the sixth sense; all the other senses contribute to it.

Insignificant. Even the low hum of the little mosquito is significant.

In his own conscious insignificance he trusts.

Thar ain't no nothin' insignificant in this world—not even a durn little corn on yer toe.—*Bronco Bill*.

Instinct. Instinct is inherited reason.

Behold the brutes' unerring instinct guides

True as the pole-star, while man's reason leads

How oft to quicksands and the hidden reefs.—*Men*.

Intention. They say Hell is paved with good intentions; that kind of pavement would wear out in a week on Wall Street.

Interest. Most men carry their hearts in their pockets.

Little Hebrew—"Vater, dies book say dot de monish don't bring de happiness."

Father—"Dot ish drue, mein sohn; it ish not de

monish vat bring de happiness, it ish de *interest*
on de monish vat bring de happiness."

Intolerable. Intolerable—a talkative man who has
nothing to say.

Intoxication. The best of life is but intoxication.

—*Byron.*

Irish. Yer kin tame most Irishmen ef yer ketch
'em early an' put a halter on 'em.—*Bronco Bill.*

With big bar-traps and Danemark dogs

They ketched wild Irish in ther bogs.

They skinned an' tuck ther hairy pelts

Fer bench-rugs in ther Æger-Sal:

They biled the hams with cod an' clams,

An' held Gut-fest with song an' brawl.

—*Bronco Bill (The Vikings).*

J

Jackass. The bray of a jackass is music to the
whole herd of asses.

If he won't kick when he's kicked, he is only a
donkey.

Never strike a jackass, Jo, yer might hit yer own
father.—*Bronco Bill.*

Jealousy. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.—*Shakespeare.*

Jealousy—'tis the green-eyed monster.

—*Shakespeare.*

Jest. Jests are jests, but wasps are wasps.

That jest is a good one, it has stood the test of time. The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.—*Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

Jew. Yer kin see 'im all day long, in front uf his clothin' shop, harpin' on a Jews-harp.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Jewfish. Ef yer wanter ketch a jewfish, Jo,—
An' a devil-fish yer don't want'er—
Jist bait yer hook with a nickel er tew,
Er a few ole clo'es, an' he'll run his nose
On thet thar bait ez 'twas a plate
Uf mountin oysters on a free-lunch counter.
—*Bronco Bill—Cowboy Ballads.*

Jewels. "These are my jewels."—*Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi*, presenting her sons.

Jilted. Better be courted and jilted
Than never be courted at all.—*Thos. Campbell*
(1824).

('Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson, In Memoriam*, published in 1850. (XXVII 4— repeated LXXXV—1).

—*See Arthur H. Clough's Peschiera.*

"'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."—Published in
1849.

See *Congreve*—(1670-1728)—*The Way of the World*, Act 2—1—

"Say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been loved."

Jim Hill. / "Jim Hill is a robber" said the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands, you are doing your 'level best' to pull down the bakery." replied Hill.

Job. In the cities men are hunting for jobs; in the country the fields are crying for men.

He is hunting for a "soft job" while his wife is hunting for bread.

"Be ye wantin' a job?" said the section boss to a tramp. "Ef it be an aisy wan," said the hobo. "Gwon; ye'll find it in the jail," said the boss. *

"Is our old pard Mac out of a job?" asked Sam. "No; sure he hev a good long wan," said Ryan. "Where?" asked Sam. "In the pinetintinary," replied Ryan. *

Joke. He that laughs at his own joke makes stale beer of it.

A joke without wit is a joke on the joker.

He's ful uf jokes, but yer cudn't make a dab uf butter frum the cream uf all on 'em.—

—*Bronco Bill.*

Joy. No joy without annoy; no gold without alloy.

Judge. You can't judge the inside by the outside. If you would justly judge the conduct of another, get into his shoes.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.—*Jesus, Luke 6-37, R. V.*

A just judge will have two ears open; a narrow judge, but one.

He is a little judge—just big enough to wiggle on the bench.

Thar's a little squint-eyed jedge in Los Angeles who kin see a knot-hole whar thar ain't none, an crawl thro' it himself.—*Bronco Bill*.

A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a woman. The rogue judges everybody by himself.

Judgment. Wit and good judgment make a strong man.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none Go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope*.

Jury. The aim of our laws and the practice of our courts is to get twelve "damphools" into a jury-box.

And wretches hang that jury men may dine.—*Pope*.

Instead of hanging the felon they "hung" the jury.

A few drops of salt water from a woman's eyes often win the verdict of a jury.

Just. O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall,
Like rain, upon the just and the unjust.—*Pauline*.

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—*J. Shirley*.

Be just, and fear not.—*Shakespeare*.

Justice. Justice is blind in one eye and cross-eyed in the other.

Justice is blind, 'tis said, and deaf and old!
But in her scales can hear the clink of gold.

—*The Devil and the Monk*.

How often cross-eyed Justice hits amiss.—*Men*.

If you ask justice, do justice.

Justice is the noblest virtue of all.

Justice is true mercy: who spares the guilty punishes the innocent.

Who judges others hastily condemns himself.
 Justice is blind, 'tis said, and deaf and old!
 Oft with her poise shrewd villains play their tricks;
 They sometimes touch her sacred scales with gold,
 And soil her sandaled feet in politics.
 Someone asked Confucius, "How do you regard the
 principle of doing good for evil? Kung replied,
 "What then is to be the return for good? Rather
 should you return justice for justice and good for
 good."

K

- Kick.** If you kick all the stones in your path you
 will have sore toes.
 Ef he won't kick when he's kicked he's only a
 donkey,—*Bronco Bill.*
- Kill.** To kill time is to kill yourself.
 In war both sides kill men for God's sake.
 It is easier to kill than to cure.
 He cured the disease: he killed the patient.
- Kind.** Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*
- Kindness.** Goats' milk is good for invalids, but the
 milk of human kindness is good for everybody.
 Kill your enemies with kindness.
 Human kindness is sometimes cruelty.
 The cruelty of Nature is kindness.
 "He gives ye the milk av human kindness widout ony
 crame on it," said Pat.*
 A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
 —*David Garrick.*

"A feller feelin' makes one wondrous kind,"
Said the grass-wider—when she changed her mind.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Kindle. The heart is kindled by the lips of love.
One little boy with a fire-cracker can kindle a fire
that the whole "Department" can't put out.

Kingdom. An acre of earth is worth more than a
kingdom in the clouds.

Kinsman—kin. The rich man has many cousins.
You are nearest kin to yourself.
We are akin to all mankind and second cousins to
the apes.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
—*Shakespeare*.
My kin are the kin of the world.

Kiss. Kiss a Chicago suffragette? I'd ez soon kiss
a tom-cat.—*Bronco Bill*.
Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.—*Burns*.
Jesus wuzn't the on'y man thet hez bin betrayed by a
kiss.—*Bronco Bill*.

Kitchen. The nation lives on the kitchen.
The kitchen is the most important room in the house.
The kitchen costs less than the parlor.
A fat kitchen makes a pleasant home.
Don't scrimp the kitchen to put pictures in the front
hall.
A slut in the kitchen, a sloven everywhere.
The woman who looks often in her mirror seldom
looks in her kitchen.

I don't care how many girls a woman has in her kitchen, she ought to be there often herself.

—*Hetty Green* (richest woman in the world).

Knave. Where fools are scarce knaves go hungry.
He can tell a knave by his own looks in the glass.
The biggest knaves often wear angel faces.

Know. The more we learn the less we know we know.

What you know is a drop; what you don't know is an ocean.

What man knows is but a grain of sand in the whole universe.

It is easier to know what should be done than how to do it.

When a man knows that he knows but little he knows something worth knowing.

He knows everybody but himself.

The man who knows the least talks the most.

She knows but little, but she knows too much.

'Tain't no use tu send a brayin' ass

Tu eny cullege-school,

Fer the less he knows the more he knows,

Like eny ether fool.—*Bronco Bill*.

Knowledge. Great knowledge is great doubt.

To acquire knowledge and not use it is to gather seed and never sow.

Boil your knowledge down into practical common-sense.

We can at most know but little; let us know that little well.

Knowledge is power.—*Bacon*.

Knowledge comes but Wisdom Lingers.

—*Tennyson.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—*Cowper.*

If he knew more he would know less.

The feller that don't know nothin' allus knows it all.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Knowledge begins with doubt.

He who knows but little is a long time telling it.

Virtue is safe only when armed with knowledge.

Zeal without knowledge runs into ditches in broad
daylight.

If you would know how much any man knows, find
out what use he makes of it.

Knowledge sometimes comes too early—often too
late.

There are plenty of stumbling blocks in the path of
knowledge.

I niver went tu cullege, but I know the hoof-eend uf
a mool's hind-leg.—*Bronco Bill.*

L

Labor. The slave, the idler are alike unbleded;

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*

The cheapest labor is the dearest.

Labor is light when your heart is in it.

Labor is the law of happiness.—*Mme de Stael.*

The fruit of labor is sweeter than a stolen peach.

A sacred right of man is the right to work.

Lackey. Better be a gentleman's lackey than a beg-
gar's dog.

Ladder. "Heaven is not reached by a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to the summit round by round."
 —*J. G. Holland.*

The heights by great men reached and kept,
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.—*Longfellow.*
 Who will mount the ladder must begin at the low-
 est step.—*German Proverb.*

Most men, ef they git part way up the ladder, kick
 it out frum under 'em.—*Bronco Bill.*

Lady. She only is a lady who is kind to everybody.
 It don't take silks and satins to make a lady :
 Nature makes ladies, fashion makes fools.

Lamb. When the leopard lies down with the lamb,
 look for the lamb inside the leopard.
 "Mary hed a little lamb": it's a pore ole sheep now,
 an' allus wuz.—*Bronco Bill.*

Lame. Walk with the lame and you will learn to
 limp.
 His excuse is lame ; it needs crutches.
 His argyment limps like a hoss on three legs.
 —*Bronco Bill.*

Land. He who owns an acre of land owns to the
 center of the earth and up to heaven.
 Don't divide your lands till you fold your hands.
 Your land will not plow and plant itself and harvest
 the crop.
 I have not yet found the land where lemons and
 sugar and ice grow on the same tree.

Language. He can speak ten languages, but he can't talk common-sense in one.

He can smatter in ten tongues.

He handles the English language with kid gloves.

Carlyle handled English with bare fists, Shakespeare with bare hands.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.—*Shakespeare.*

The universal language is a cry and a moan.

Lark. A leg of a lark is better than the breast of a buzzard.

Up from the dewy meadow wheels the lark,

And trills his welcome to the rising sun,

And lo another day of labor is begun.—*Poetry.*

She went out fer a "lark," an' kim home without her feathers.—*Bronco Bill.*

Lass. The wisest man the worl' e'er saw

He dearly loved the lasses, O.—*Burns.*

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes, O;

Her prentice han' she tried on man,

And then she made the lasses, O.—*Burns.*

Last—laster. "I have pegged my last," sighed the dying cobbler.

He spoiled at last a skillful laster,

To make a durn poor poetaster.

Late. "Better late than never," said the priest when the pardon arrived just after the execution.

Never too late to mend;

Never too stout to bend.

Too late to the feast; the dogs have the bones.

Laugh—laughter. If you laugh at others, others will laugh at you.

He laughs with one eye and winks with the other.

Loud laughter fits the mouth of a fool.

She is so full of laughter that she giggles at a funeral.

He who is laughed at by fools is praised by the wise.

Laughter is catching.

A good laugh is sunshine in a home.—*Thackeray.*

The laughing animals are man, the owl and the ass.

Laurel. For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows.
—*Thomson.*

Law. The laws of man must not conflict with the laws of Nature.

Laws grind the poor and rich men grind the laws.

(From Goldsmith's line: "Laws grind the poor and rich men rule the laws.")

Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice.—*Terence.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins.—*Pitt.*

The more laws the more law-breakers.

The more laws the more lawyers; the more lawyers, the more law-suits.

What power hath the law without public opinion behind it?

The multitudinous meshes of the laws strangle our liberties.

We suffer alike from too much law and too much liberty.

"The law is a stately tree," said Lord Coke.

"But it has many bad "limbs," remarked a barrister.

Laws ketch the little bugs; the "big bugs" slip thru.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Law-suit. Success in a law-suit requires a big purse, a sharp lawyer, good witnesses and twelve of your friends on the jury.

A bottle of beer is cheaper than a law-suit.

Never buy a law-suit ; better buy a suit of clothes.

Lawyer. The more lawyers the less justice.

The more lawyers the less murderers, and the more juries, are hung.

He warms up with Coke and mouths his Bacon.

Nobody charges for advice but the lawyer and the doctor ; and the less you buy of them the better.

If you want to get into trouble consult a lawyer.

Bill Green bet ten dollars thet tew an' tew make four. Lawyer Quirks tuck the bet, an' won the money.—*Bronco Bill.*

Says Tom to Harry, "Can you tell
How lawyers do to dress so well?"

Says Harry: "Yes, you may rely on't,
They get a suit, and strip a client."

The lawyer is a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies—and keeps it himself.

—*Lord Brougham.*

Lawyers'll swar *at* each other ; but ef yer dispute ther fees, they'll all swar *fer* each other.

—*Bronco Bill.*

A lawyer afflicted with indigestion, consulting a physician, asked :

"Which side will I lie on, Doctor?"

"You will lie on either side," replied the doctor.

Don't employ a lawyer thet belongs in the penitentiary, er in a junk-shop, er a grave-yard.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Laziness—lazy. Laziness is a disease that requires a prod to cure it.

A lazy man is rarely lazy at the dinner table.

A lazy man likes to fish.

A lazy man keeps three dogs and one pig.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin*.

Most lazy men have the “rumytics.”

A lazy farmer is the last to plow his field and sow his seed.

A lazy man is always waiting for something to turn up.

A lazy man sits on a log and waits for the rabbit.

A lazy man waits for a ride in another man’s wagon.

Lead—leader. If you would be a leader take the lead.

A flock of geese always has a leader.

The gander leads the geese.

A good soldier will follow his leader.

When we think we lead we are only following.

In harvest let the farmer lead his harvesters and his grain will be garnered.

When the fox leads the geese there will be plenty of quacking.

The captain: “Boys, you are going into hell; remember your country and follow the flag.”

“Plaze take the lead yerself,” said Private Pat, “an’ we’ll folly ye te the gate, sor.”*

Learn. Never too late to learn; never too old to get burnt.

Live to learn and learn to live.

Learn to study and study to learn.

A wise man keeps on learning all his life.
He who studies in the school of time may learn much.

Learning. Learn alike from the follies of the foolish and the wisdom of the wise.

Learning, like gold coin, passes current in all countries.

Fill the basement with common-sense, and the upper floors with learning.

He who likes to show his learning to the ignorant shows his ignorance to the wise.

Leisure. Leisure is time for doing something useful.—*Franklin*.

I am never less at leisure than when at leisure.

—*Scipio Africanus*. (Quoted by *Cicero*.)

Liberality. Don't be liberal with other men's money.

Be liberal, but don't forget to be liberal with yourself.

Liberty. Liberty and Justice are Siamese twins; when one dies the other dies.

He that roars for liberty

Faster binds a tyrant's power.—*Tennyson*.

License they mean when they cry Liberty.—*Milton*.

Liberty must be limited, in order to be possessed.

—*Burke*.

The true pedestal of liberty is justice.

When liberty slashes the scales of justice she is fit for a mad-house.

The worst tyranny is Liberty run mad.

True liberty is the right to do right.

Give the ignorant liberty and watch the cat-fight.

Liberty is no boon to the ignorant.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed
in thy name!—*Madame Roland.*

The seeds of Liberty have ever been sown in blood.

Lie—Liars. The liar is always a coward and the
coward is always a liar.

He calls everybody a liar but himself.

He lies in metaphors.

Liars begin by deceiving others, and end in deceiving
themselves.

Out of the womb of one lie are hatched a whole litter.

He patches his lies with bits of truth.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

A lie that is half a truth is the hardest thing to
combat.

Never tell a lie, but do not always tell the truth.

The most dangerous lie is a half-truth.

In war-time truth is filtered through a lot of liars
before we git it.—*Bronco Bill.*

A lie is a lie, no matter who utters it.

He propped the truth with a lie, and lost his case.

He that does one fault at first,

And lies to hide it, makes it two.—*Isaac Watts.*

In pollytics ef yer lie an' stick tu it, some uf it'll
stick.—*Bronco Bill.*

Lying is weakness; truth is health.—*Arabian.*

He wuz fiddlin'; she wuz twinglin' her sweet liar
(lyre?)—*Bronco Bill.*

A lie cannot stand long on one leg.

He that spins yarns like a spider will get caught in
his own meshes.

It is hard enough to maintain the truth, but harder
to maintain a lie.

“Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies.”

—*Carlyle*.

And still man is the only liar.

A lie runs fast, but truth overtakes it at last.

“They say” is a liar.

O timid Truth, that quails before the fire,

Thy face assumes the likeness of a liar.

One truth will fit in with any other truth; no lie
will fit another lie.

Never turn your back on the truth and always face
a lie.

Thet feller don't need no bed: he kin lie anywhar.

—*Bronco Bill*.

He ain't egzactly a liar, but he intentionally misquotes
the truth.—*Bronco Bill*.

He don't mean tu be a liar, but his tongue is loose
an' his eyes is maggyfyin' glasses.—*Bronco Bill*.

Life. Life is the mystery of mysteries.

He that learns most lives longest.

A little gleam of time between two eternities.

—*Carlyle*.

Only those live who do good.—*Tolstoi*.

Life is not merely to breathe, it is to act.—*Rousseau*.

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.—*Addison*.

The web of our lives is of mingled yarn—good and
evil together.—*Shakespeare*.

Is life worth living? That depends on the liver.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

Life is more than half spent before we know how
to live.

All life grows out of death.

Life is a work-day; at sunset, rest.

We can all see how we ought to have lived in the past, and how we should live in the future, but few see how to live *now*.

We have life from the womb to the grave, yet we know not what or whence it is.

Life is a watch or a vision

Between a sleep and a sleep.—*Swinburne*.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

—*Shakespeare*

Most men live behind a curtain.

Life is about what we make it.

Life is made up of trifles—take heed of the trifles.

Life is a lesson in hind-sight.

Life is tragedy and comedy mixed.

The golden rule of life is *Quid pro quo*.

Light. Men lift their foreheads to the rising sun,
And lo the reign of reason is begun.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

Earth wheeled her million circuits round the sun,

While man from bestial dens and savagedom

Slowly uprose and groping into light,

Stood face to face with *Facts*.—*Columbus*.

Light!—more light! (Licht!—mehr licht!)—The
last words of Goethe.

Excessive light is total darkness.

Great light makes great shadows.

We stand in the shadow of a great light.

Light and darkness are all one to a blind man.

It is idle to hold a light for a blind man.

And God said: "Let there be light;" and the stars
were lit.

Lightning. The thunder threatens, but the lightning strikes.

Lincoln. From the fetters of the slave he forged the weapons of the free.

When the time is ripe God sends the man.

—*Columbus.*

The hand was the hand of Lincoln, but the will was the will of God.

Link. A broken link, a broken chain.

We are but links in an endless chain.

Through us the infinite past is linked to the infinite future.

The marriage ring is the first link in the chain of servitude

The weakest link breaks the chain.

Lion. A lion in war, a lamb in peace.

A lion at a distance is often a pussy-cat when you meet him.

Yer cain't make a lion outer a nanny-goat.

—*Bronco Bill.*

A lion never wears the ears of an ass.

I'd ruther be a live tom-cat thun tew dead lions.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Literature. What stacks of chaff to every ounce of wheat the literary machines of the day thresh out!

The classic is always modern.—*Lytton.*

Don't spoil our mother English with puff-balls and "punkin-sauce."

You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much.—*Schopenhauer.*

Most modern literature is plagiarism.

Look in thy heart and write.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Little—little things. Don't be little in great things,
nor great in little things.

It is not profitable to run afar after the shadows of
big things and neglect the little things that lie all
around you.

A single step starts the journey.

A little spark may start a big fire.

A watch ticks one little tick at a time, yet it ticks
away a day before you know it.

Little by little—drop by drop—the cask is drained.

Little dogs start the hare; the big dogs catch it.

It is a big thing to do a little thing right.

He that contemneth small things shall fail by little
and little.—*Ecclesiastes, O. T.*

Vessels large may venture more,

But little boats should keep near shore.

—*Benj. Franklin.*

Too much is as bad as too little.

The beginnings of all great things are little things.

Little men allus think they're ten times bigger thun
they air.—*Bronco Bill.*

Load. A man never knows his strength till he has
carried a load.

No man walks steadily unless he carries a load.

Multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a load of
bullion.

Log-cabin. A log-cabin is a palace if inhabited by
happiness.

Lincoln went through college in a log-cabin.

The American nation was born in a log-cabin.

Every great man in America wuz born in a log-cabin
but me; I wuz born in a dug-out; an' I dug out
intu a blizzard uf fame an' famine an' frost-bites.

I'm gittin' kinder tired uf fame an' famine, an' I
 hev a hanker fer fried "sow-belly an' flap-jacks."
 —*Bronco Bill.*

Lone. Never so much alone as when alone in a
 great city.

I have the best company when alone with good books.
 I am never alone when all alone.

"It's a gra-at comfort te be all alone by yerself,"
 said Pat, "ef ye hev yer swateheart wid ye."

Look—looks. Yon' Cassius has a lean and hungry
 look;

Such men are dangerous.—*Shakespeare.*

His looks do not belie him; he is as green as a
 cucumber.

He looks ez green ez a goslin' jist hatched.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Look ahead: don't be etarnally lookin' behind.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Loquacity. They talk most who have the least to
 say.

Lord. What devilish crimes have been committed
 in the name of the Lord.

He lords it like an ass in uniform.

He lords it with a brass band and a big stick.

He lords it like a grizzly bear in a drove of donkeys.

He's the monarch of all he surveys;

His right there is none to dispute;

From the center all round to the seas

He's the lord and the fowl and the brute.

—*Parody on Cowper's Alex. Selkirk.*

Lose. Better lose a leg than your life.

Loss. A loss is often a gain.

A great loss is sometimes a great gain.
Ef yer hain't got nuthin' yer cain't lose much.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Lost. Where you lost it is the place to find it.
Don't waste a dollar's worth of time looking for
a lost penny.

Lot. Be content with your lot—especially if it's a
corner lot.

Lottery. In the lottery of life the best draw for a
poor devil is his last.

If you have a hankerin' to play the lottery the best
prize you can draw is a blank.

Love. The sweeter the moments the swifter they
fly;

Love takes no account of the fleeting hours;
He walks in a dream 'mid the blooming of flowers,
And never awakes till the blossoms die.

—*The Feast of the Virgins.*

Baked potatoes and salt are a feast when love sits
at the table.

Love and fear rule the world.

Love makes fools of the wise.

Love does more mischief than good.—*Napoleon.*

Let no man think he is loved when he loves nobody.

—*Epicetus.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover;

In all the others all she loves is love.—*Byron.*

Man's love is of man's life a part;

'Tis woman's whole existence.—*Byron.*

Soon or late Love is his own avenger.—*Byron.*

Love is a despot.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.

—*Shakespeare.*

She fell intu love at fust sight, an' when the judge
pulled 'er out she looked like a drouned gopher.

—*Bronco Bill.*

The mind has a thousand eyes ;

The heart but one :

The light of a whole life dies,

When Love is done.—*F. W. Bourdillon.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a
stalled ox and hatred therewith.—*Solomon.*

Love is both credulous and jealous.

Love covers many faults.

The golden rule of love—*Quid pro quo.*

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?—*Pope.*

Love forgives many sins.

—*First Ep. Peter (R. V.), 4-8.*

Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,

Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.—*Congreve.*

Calf love soon becomes sour milk.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for

I am sick of love.—*King Solomon.*

Love, like the measles, is "ketchin."

Love at first sight? Yer better look twice.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Love-sick. For love-sickness time and another
"dear" are the best medicine.

I confess on my knees I have had the disease ;

It is worse than the bites of a thousand fleas,

And the only cure I have found for these ills

Is—a double dose of "Purgative Pills."

—*Mrs. McNair.*

Lubricate. Lubricate! lubricate! oil prevents friction.

Luck. Luck comes to him who works for it.

Pluck is better than luck.

Luck follows pluck.

“Pitch a lucky man into the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth,” says the Arabian proverb. They tried it recently and the poor fellow went down in the jaws of a crocodile.

Jim Hill—Jim Hill, yer ful uf skill,
Hard work, an’ pluck, an’ luck, Jim:
I niver know’d yer duin’ ill,
Er quackin’ like a duck, Jim.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow Boy Ballads.*

In hard luck hold out, in good luck hold in.

Just like my luck!—If I had been a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.—*Edward George Bulwer Lytton.*

Lust. Lust ends in disgust.

Blind with pride and mad with lust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Luxury. Luxury breeds lechery.

Luxury and the arts flourish together.

Luxury!—Luxury!—What is luxury?

Baked potatoes and salt to a hungry man, a raw fish to a starving Indian.

Luxury breeds cowards.

Republics breed thieves, luxury and poverty.

M

Mad—madness. All men were mad but Burton and he died of “Melancholy.”

Wisdom and madness are near akin.
There is only a thin line between a great genius and
a lunatic.

It is madness to live poor to die rich.

The worst of madness is a saint run mad.—*Pope*.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.
The one that fust gits mad 's most allus wrong.

—*Lowell*.

He acts the mad-man with motive and method.

He's gone mad, he's writin' verses.—*Bronco Bill*.

Don't never go mad an' try tu write poetry, onless
yer've bin eatin' green cucumbers an' got the
belly-ache.—*Bronco Bill*.

Magnanimity—magnanimous. Be magnanimous to
your friends and—yourself.

Magnanimity is wasted on a jackass.

He wuz a magnannemus "cuss"; a ole mool kicked
'im in the stumick an' he went down on his knees
—an' prayed fer the mool.—*Bronco Bill*.

Main Chance. The main chance is the best chance.

Majority. The wise are seldom in the majority.

Where *Grex* is *Rex*, God help the hapless land.

—*Men*.

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;

Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar:

As full of freaks as curs are full of fleas,

Like flies they swarm, like flies they buzz and
breed.—*Men*.

Hurray!—Hurray!—Hurray!—for "Liberty"!

Flaunt the red flag and flutter the petticoat;

Ran-tan the drums and let the bugles bray,

The eagle scream, and ninety million throats

Yell Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle-doo!—*Men*.
The rule of the majority is often rank tyranny.
In the United States the majority is authority.
The minority has no rights which the majority feels
bound to respect.

Malice. Malice strikes with venom'd fang.
He is a little man that harbors malice.
The feet of malice find many thorns.

Man. Man is a creature of a thousand whims;
The slave of hope and fear and circumstance;
Through toil and martyrdom a million years
Struggling and groping upward from the brute,
And ever dragging still the brutish chains.—*Men*.
Princes and parasites comprise mankind.—*Men*.
Where one man is born to lead, ten thousand are
born to follow.
What is a mountain to one man, is a mole-hill to
another.
He who berates mankind should remember that he
is one of them.
A man must be something to do something.
“Gentlemen,” cried a stump speaker, “is not one
man as good as another?”
“Av coorse 'e is,” shouted an excited Irishman,
“an' a dom sight bettther.”
In all nature man's worst enemy is man.
Man is midway between an angel and a brute.
Man concentrates in himself the whole animal king-
dom—from jelly-fish to jackass.
Man cannot dispense with woman; he couldn't be
born without her.
Man is a miracle. He had not a hatchet to begin
with.—Behold what he has made!

Man considers himself the cause and aim of Creation; so does the mosquito.

A man is either good, or good for nothing.

They say a mule can't change his mind—mule-men are numerous.

Man is at bottom a brute.

“Ransack creation—in and out—

Through all its crooks and crannies,

You'll never find another brute

As big a brute as man is.”—*Henry C. Waite.*

Man is as free as a chained dog.

Every man is good for something, if only to laugh at.

It is not fair to measure all men by one man.

Man cannot cancel a word that Nature has written.

The proper study of mankind is man.—*Pope.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope.*

O what a miracle to man is man!—*Young.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful, is man!—*Young.*

Man is what he eats (Der mensch ist, was er isst.)

—*L. Feuerbach.*

The great man never loses his child-heart.

—*Mencius.*

The great man has to look out for the little men.

Man—the aristocrat among the animals.—*Heine.*

We must laugh at man to avoid crying for him.

—*Napoleon.*

There are two levers by which men are moved—fear and interest.—*Napoleon.*

I have thought that some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitate humanity so abominably.—*Shakespeare.*

He is monarch of all he surveys,

His right there is none to dispute;
 On the land, in the sky, on the seas,
 He's the lord and the fowl and the brute.

—*Parody on Cowper's Alex. Selkirk.*

I hold it true with one who sings
 To one clear harp, in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.—*Tennyson.*

He was the mildest-mannered man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.—*Byron.*

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.—*Burns.*

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
 —*Shakespeare.*

The world smiles sweetly on the best of men but
 twice, when he lies a babe in his mother's lap, and
 when he lies dead in his coffin.

Management—manager. Management is the main
 thing.

Good management achieves success.

He wanted a manager fer his business, an' he dug
 one up outer a grave-yard.—*Bronco Bill.*

Manhood. There is a spark of manhood in the
 meanest man.

Manners. Nothing pays better than good manners.

Fortune waits on good manners.

Nothing soils fine clothes like bad manners.

Good manners are kindness and consideration for
 others.

Good manners, good morals.

Men catch their manners, like the measles, from the
 company they keep.

Marriage. Choose your wife as you would your coat, for qualities that will wear.

By the time a man really knows enough to marry he knows enough not to.

Of all social institutions marriage is the most important.—*Napoleon.*

Before yer hitched in double harness look well tu the ole mare.—*Bronco Bill.*

Not every couple make a pair.

When "two are made one"—which is the *one*?

She eloped when she got married, an' she 'loped with anether feller a year arfter.—*Bronco Bill.*

Nine times out of ten the wife is what the husband makes her.

The marriage ring is the first link in the chain of servitude.

Marriage is like a bird-cage. The birds outside are anxious to get in, and the "ins" are anxious to get out.

When the man is fire and the woman is tow

A wee little match and a wee little scratch

Will start a big flame and a deil of a row.

It is too early to marry at twenty-one, at one hundred it is a little too late.

"I believe in marrying early—and often," said the "grass-vider."

Martyr—martyrdom. If you will be a martyr provide for your family beforehand.

Every man is willing to be a martyr in a good cause—if he can see money in it.

The fourteen poor women the Puritans hanged for witches at Salem were martyrs to cruel superstition.

Mask. The world is a masked ball, and you are one of the dancers.

The mask falls off and behold—the lion is a donkey. Nature never intended man to wear a mask—she writes him on his face.

Masses. Politicians pander to the masses.

The masses follow the bray of the jackasses.

The masses love flattery and whoop and hurrah.

Master. Whatever good work you undertake, master it.

If you would be master of men, master yourself.

We cannot all be masters.—*Shakespeare.*

Matches. “Matches are made in heaven”?

Mistake, my dear, they go off at a scratch and you soon smell brimstone.

Lord Chesterfield was told that a certain termigant had married a gambler. He replied—“Well mated; cards and brimstone make good matches.”

Matrimony. His pulse beats matrimony.

Try matrimony, my dear little sonny,

At twenty-five with a frugal wife,

And lots of love and a little money.

The “outs” want in and the “ins” want out.

Matter. We are three—

Known, yet unknown—unfathomable to man—

Time, Space, and Matter pregnant with all life,

Immortals older than the oldest orb.

We were and are forever: out of us

Are all things—suns and satellites, midge and man.

—*Beyond.*

We only know that matter cannot die:
And is the soul not worthier than the dust?

—*The Reign of Reason*

No atom lost and not one atom gained,
Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,
Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.—*Beyond*
Worlds wax and wane, suns crumble into dust,
But matter pregnant with immortal life,
Hath, since the white-haired centuries wheeled the
vast,
Nor lost nor gained. Who made it, and who made
The Maker?—out of nothing—nothing.—*Beyond*.

Maxim. Maxims are the wisdom of the world
boiled down.

Don't fire maxims at us with a Maxim gun.

May-be. Ten may-be's don't make one is.

May-be's fly all the year round.

May-be's and "ifs" fly together.

He expects his honey from may-be's.

Mayor. If you would reform a city, start in on the
mayor and the dog-catcher.

Mean. The meanest man on earth is he who be-
trays a friend.

Means. If "the end justifies the means" burn your
barn to get rid of the rats.

Measure. Don't measure every man by yourself.

Measure the ocean with a drinking-cup!

Measure eternity by the town-clock!

Nay, with a yard-stick measure the universe!

Measure for measure, measure God by man!—*Men*.

Don't measure to another a half bushel in a peck-measure, "For with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Meddle. Meddle and muddle.—*Lord Derby.*

Medicine. A contented mind is the best medicine. Take your "medicine" like a man.

The medicine that cured the cobbler killed the tailor. The best medicine fer a hoss-thief is a dose uf hemp.
—*Bronco Bill.*

A little forethought is good medicine for a "sore-head."

They called in three doctors, an' now they're hevin' a "medicine-dance" at his funeral.—*Bronco Bill.*

Meat. What is one man's meat is another man's poison.—*Bacon.*

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wa'd eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.—*Burns.*

Medium. There is a medium between a fool and philosopher.

He struck a "happy medium," an' she "spirited" fifty dollars out uf his pocket.—*Bronco Bill.*

Meet. Meet danger half-way.

Meet a coward face to face and he will flunk.
Meet the liar face to face, an' make 'im swoller it.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Melancholy. The melon-colic days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When bad boys jump the melon-patch
With a bull-dog in the rear.—*Parody.*

Melancholy ain't no good: take a dose uf "spirits"
and git rid uf it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Memory. It is not easy to forget what we do not
wish to remember.

His forgetery is better than his memory.

Our memories are too long or too short.

Let memory be your monitor.

He has a long tongue and a short memory.

"Old and a mine of memories."—*Tennyson*.

What yer don't wanter remember allus come bobbin'
up.—*Bronco Bill*.

Men. Men are prone to remember your faults and
forget your virtues.

Man is a creature of a thousand whims,

The slave of hope and fear and circumstance.—*Men*.

Men seek for silver in the distant hills.

While in the sand gold glimmers at their feet.

—*Men*.

Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;

Give him the land and he demands the sea;

Give him the earth, he reaches for the stars.—*Men*.

I had rather be a great man in a little house, than
a little man in a great house.

A man must be something to do something.

Men have been learning error age on age,

And superstition is their heritage,

Bequeathed from age to age and sire to son

Since the dim history of the world begun.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

There are three kinds of men—the man that falls
back, the man that sits on a stool and grumbles,
and the man that strides forward with doubters
hanging to his coat-tail.

Men do not lack strength; they lack courage.

The nearer you get to a great man the smaller he is.
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.
—*Tennyson.*

Men are measured by what they accomplish.

Men are led by their desires.

Men admire in themselves what they carp at in others.

If nature can't make men equal, how can men do it?

Men are rare,—there are millions of “two-legged animals without feathers.”

Men mold their creeds to suit their interests.

Men are only grown-up babies.

Not all are men that wear the human form.

Men three parts made by tailors and by barbers.

—*Burns.*

Everybody likes to shake hands with a hand full of money.

Men are mixtures of good and evil.

By their fruits ye shall know them.—*Jesus.*

It is not fair to measure all men by one man.

Most men have hind-sight, some fore-sight, and a rare few circum-sight.

Hungry men are always radicals.

Little men allus think they're ten times bigger thun they air.—*Bronco Bill.*

Menagerie. Pa, our family is a menagerie. We're all animals. Mother's a dear, her mother is an elephant, baby sister's a little lamb, brother Joe's an ass, I'm the “kid,” and, Pa, you're the goat.

Mend. “Never too late to mend,” said the cobbler,

when there was nothing left of the shoe but the string.

“Never too late to mend,” never too stout to bend.
It takes him half his time to mend his “breaks.”

Mercy. Nature knows no mercy; her laws are inflexible.

The quality of mercy is not strained.—*Shakespeare.*

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

—*Shakespeare.*

Where there is doubt let mercy decide.

Can the merciless expect mercy?

Turn the pore hungry “cuss” over tu God’s mercy;
that won’t cost yer nuthin’.—*Bronco Bill.*

Merit. Audacity often wins where merit fails.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

—*G. Coleman, (the younger).*

Merit is worthier than fame.—*Bacon.*

He hez got a merit-mark on his neck, said Bronco Bill, when they hung the horse-thief.

Metaphor. He splits his metaphors.

He mixes his metaphors; he hitches an eagle to a jack rabbit.

Metaphorically speakin’, he’s a durn liar.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Metaphysics. What neither speaker nor listener understands they call “Metaphysics.”

Don’t physic us with metaphysics.

He knew what’s what, and that’s as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.—*Butler.*

Method. Method is a time-saver.

A man without method spends half his time hunting for things mislaid.

Nothing contributes more to despatch than method.
—*Chesterfield.*

Though this be madness, yet there is a method in it.—*Shakespeare.*

She done a cold-blooded murder, an' the jury let her go free, 'cuz she showed a lot uf method an' salt water, an' plead insanitary.—*Bronco Bill.*

Mettle—metal. Let men know what metal you are made of.

He has too much mettle for a blind "hoss."

Midst. Lo in the midst we stand; we cannot see
Either the dark beginning or the end,
Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend,
In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Blind in the midst we grope and wait:
We only know this midget, man,
May never trace the mighty plan
From Chaos to the Ultimate.—*A Message.*

Might. In war might is the measure of right.
Right makes might and might makes right.

Milk. Goat's milk is good for invalids, but the milk
of human kindness is good for everybody.
For they sucked the milk of Freedom in their
English mother-milk.—*Mother England.*

Don't be a ole cow, an' let everybody milk yer.
—*Bronco Bill.*

He skims the milk on both sides—top and bottom.

Millennium. "The Millennium hez cum, Jo:
See thar—the wolf lyin' down with the lamb."
"I see the wolf, Bill, but whar's the lamb?"
"He's on the inside, Jo."—*Bronco Bill.*

Millionaire. One bottle of wine will make him a millionaire.

A millionaire—a profligate heir.

Multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a load of bullion.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chieles are whiles in want
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And kenna how to wair 't.—*Burns.*

Mind. Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;

In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*

The mind needs a change of food as well as the body.

A contented mind is the best medicine.

Mind your business and your business will mind you.

When a man has no mind of his own, his wife usually gives him a piece of hers.

It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore.

—*Spencer*

Mine. Mine is mine and thine is thine.

He has a hole in the ground and he calls it a mine.

A mining deal is like the Bismarck Gardens in Chicago where it costs you "two bits" to get in and "four bits" to get out.

Minority. Wise men are always in the minority.

In politics when the minority has the chairman the minority has the majority.

"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker," cried a member of Congress when Tom Reed was in the chair, "I doubt if this resolution has the majority."

"It has, sir," said Tom Reed, "I am the majority."

The minority is always on the wrong side.

Wise men air allus in the minority; look at *me*.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Miracle. God's works are all miracles.

The miracle of miracles is Man.

A fact is itself a miracle.

Miracles are performed by mother Nature.

Truth does not need the aid of miracles.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll*.

He stands thar with his mouth open, hopin' a miracle 'll fall intu it.—*Bronco Bill*.

I don't believe in miracles; yer cain't feed a multitude with five "hard-tacks" an' tew suckers.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Mirror. There is no better mirror than an old friend.

Your mirror will tell you what few of your friends will.

Miser. The miser does not own his gold; his gold owns him.

Epitaph on a miser: "Here lies the worst of thieves —he robbed himself."

Miserable. Don't make yourself miserable today because you may hear bad news tomorrow.

Misery. Misery is in the mind. Who thinks himself miserable is miserable.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

—*Shakespeare*.

Mis-fit. The wust fit any feller ever fell intu is a mis-fit with a "grass-vider."—*Bronco Bill.*

His fit is always a mis-fit.

Misfortune. Our best lessons are learned in misfortune.

He is fortunate who can bear misfortune nobly.
How patiently we endure the misfortune of others.
Meet misfortune with fortitude.

He who can bear prosperity wisely can bear misfortune patiently.

It is noble to rise above misfortune.—*Napoleon.*

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear others' misfortunes perfectly like a gentleman.
—*Pope.*

When misfortunes come in flocks, fire a battery of maxims at 'em.

We spend half our lives bewailing misfortunes that never come.

In misfortune repentance begins.

Mistake. Mistakes and suffering give us keen eyes and sharp ears.

The man that never made a mistake never made anything worth making.

No man ever made a mistake by doing his duty.

Learn from the mistakes of others.

We proclaim our triumphs and hide our mistakes.

The only sensible thing he ever did was done by mistake.

Make your mistake a stepping-stone to success.

Our mistakes educate us.

Mistrust. Mistrust, distrust.

Moan. The song of songs is a moan.

Mob. The mob—a many-headed brute.

A mob is a monster with many heads and no brains.
The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar.—*Men.*

See jealous labor strike the hand that feeds,
And burn the mills that grind their daily bread.
—*Men.*

The mob is like blind Samson in the temple of
Dagon.

The fickle mob turns to every breeze.
Where the mad mob rules Liberty runs mad,
And justice dies. * * * * —*Men.*

O was the blood of patriot fathers shed
To found an empire governed by the mob—
Where Freedom falls and Anarchy, instead,
Teaches her hungry wolves to rape and rob?
—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

Mockery. Mockery is the fume of little hearts.
—*Tennyson.*

Modesty. True modesty avoids a remote sugges-
tion of evil.

Modesty wears modest clothes.
The belle of Wyomin'—Shy Ann—is naturly
modest, but she likes tu show her red petticoat.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Modesty does not long survive innocence.—*Burke.*

Moments. Moments are the atoms of Eternity.

Money. Make money your God and it will become
your Devil.

Many a poor boy is ruined by his father's money.
Time coins our money.
Earned money is never cheap.
Money saved is money made.

Yes, ready money is Aladdin's lamp.—*Byron*.

Nothing talks louder than money.

She who marries money sells herself.

He who loses his money loses his best friend.

Money is the life-blood of nations.

In the game of Life money is trumps.

He that has honey on his tongue will put money in his purse.

He is a wise man who knows how to spend his money.

Be the master of money, not its slave.

He can find money to bet on a prize-fight when he can't find money to buy bread for his children.

Money is worth what it will buy.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.—*Benj. Franklin*.

It is an empty purse that is full of other men's money.

It takes less brains to make money, than to keep it.

"Money makes the mare go"—kicking her heels, and jumping over the fence.

Monkey. The monkey is second cousin to all men, and closer kin to many.

We have descended (a long way) from the monkey.

Don't monkey with a buzz-saw.

If we are no longer monkeys let us act like men.

He appears to be a cross between a monkey and a pole-cat.

Although in silk the monkey dress,

She's still a monkey nevertheless.—*Spanish*—

Aunque se vista de seda

La mona mona se queda.

Monopoly. Monopolies fatten a few and beggar a multitude.

Throttle the "Trusts" and crush the coils combined.
That crack our bones and fatten on our fields.

—*Men.*

I hain't found no man yit that hez a monopoly of
common-sense.—*Bronco Bill.*

Monument. In his eulogy of the dead he eudeavored to build a monument for himself.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—

Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?

Heap o'er their heads fair praise or calumny—

Think ye their moldering ashes hear or care?

—*Poetry.*

Moon—moonshine. Did you ever hear the moon bark back at the dogs?

Moonshine is a thin diet.

He dined on faith and supped on moonshine.

He's moon-eyed an' moon-struck an' thar ain't
nuthin' in 'im but moonshine.—*Bronco Bill.*

Mortality. Dead in the prime of his years,
And laid in the lap of the dust;

Only a handful of ashes

Moldering down into dust.—*Lines, etc.*

Mother. Poverty is the mother of genius.

The earth is the mother of all.

Wherever yet was found a mother

Who'd give her booby for another.—*Gay.*

Who takes her child by the hand, takes the mother
by the heart.

Take a cutting of a good vine and a daughter of a
good mother.—*Spanish Prov.*

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

—*William Ross Wallace*

Mother-in-law. Philosophy is a cure for everything
but a mother-in-law.

When the mother-in-law rules the roost the ruster
cackles er runs tu anether.—*Bronco Bill.*

Mother-wit. Mother-wit and daddy-grit
Will never harm a boy a bit.

Mother-land. Living for your mother-land is bet-
ter than dying for it.

Motive. Men are moved by motive.
There is a motive in his madness.

Mouth. His mouth is a megaphone.
His mouth hez bin open so long he cain't shet it.
His mouth is so big he cud swaller himself.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Our ole pard Ted wuz a great hunter. He cud
shute more bars with his mouth thun all the rest
uf us cud with our Winchesters.—*Bronco Bill.*

Keep yer mouth shet—aspecially in fly-time.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Much—too much. Make much of the little you
have.

Enough is often too much.

Mule. I've bin tryin' tu teach thet ole mool a little
hoss-sense ever sence he wuz born, but he don't
know nothin' yit but the feed-box an' how tu
bray an' kick. He's a Dimecrat.—*Bronco Bill.*

Multitude. Government by the multitude is mob-
ocracy.

Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.

—*Edmund Burke.*

He serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude.—*Philip Massinger.*

The multitude is the most unstable of all things,
and the most senseless.—*Demosthenes.*

That great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion—
the Multitude, that numerous piece of monstrosity.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The unstable multitude is cleft into opposite courses.
—*Virgil.*

Music. Music is the universal language.—*London.*

There's music in all things, if men had ears.—*Byron.*

Har the Bull Moose bray! He's brayin' music tu the little "mooses."—*Bronco Bill.*

The sweetest music to most men is the jingle of the dollars.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast.

—*Congreve.*

Rugged the beast that music cannot tame.

—*J. C. Bamfylde.*

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.

—*Shakespeare.*

Music—The only universal tongue.—*Samuel Rogers.*

Moosic won't cure the bite uf a mad-dog er a rattle-snake:

The moosic uf the bagpipe'll skear a mustang an' drive a prairie-dog intu his hole.—*Bronco Bill.*

I like moosic. I cain't say I'm "stuck on" a Jew's harp er a hoss-fiddle; but I like tu see a Chicago "gal" play her feet (feat?) on a pee-annie, an' I'm allus charmed with the moosic uf the dinner-bell: it "soothes my savage breast."—*Bronco Bill*.

Her sweetest notes wud skear a ole screech-owl,
An' drive a yelpin' cyote tu his hole.—*Bronco Bill*.

Must. "Must" will drive "Can't" over a mountain.
When Nature commands we must.

Myself. The best friend I have is myself.
Nature commands me to defend myself.
I always commanded myself.—*Napoleon*.

Mystery. I dreamed a dream all mist and mystery.
—*Pauline*.
There is no mystery—only mist in our eyes.

N

Nagging. Nagging is a bad habit; better be a bore

Name. What's in a name?—Honor or shame.
Where is Cæsar?—All that is left is a name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

—*Shakespeare*

"Whut's in a name?" kick a skunk an' call it cologne.
—*Bronco Bill*.

They tarred him with a nickname.
A nickname sticks worse than a sticking-plaster.

Napoleon. What thousands died to make Napoleon
great!
Napoleon was a great statesman, as well as a great
general.

France had fallen into brutal anarchy:
She needed a Napoleon to give her a surfeit of her
own blood.

Even the great Napoleon was intoxicated with suc-
cess: his two gravest mistakes were his divorce of
Josephine and his campaign in Russia.

Narrow. He is chief engineer of a narrow-gage
road.

Avoid the "narrow way": take the "broad-gage."

Nations. The American nation was born in a log-
cabin.

All nations are kin and will some day be one.

All nations will some day be one; but thet'll be
when the uth is knocked intu etarnity by a comet
er a uthquake, an' thar ain't nobody left but the
heathen Chinee.—*Bronco Bill*.

Nature. There is no mercy in the laws of Nature.

Nature demands a fair price for everything.

Nature the only perfect artist is:

Who studies Nature may approach her skill:

Perfection hers, but never can be his,

Though her sweet voice his very marrow thrill:

The finest works of art are Nature's shadows still.

—*Poetry*.

Yea, in the womb of Nature slumber still

Wonders undreamed and forms beyond compare.

—*Beyond*.

The wise man studies Nature.

It is folly to fight against the laws of Nature.

Nature commands us to be moderate in all things.

In the scheme of Nature there is no chance for
chance.

The facts of Nature are arguments indisputable.
Nature makes no mistake; everything is good for something.

Evolution is a law of Nature.

Drive Nature out at the front door and she'll come in at the back.

Nature holds a mortgage on all of us.

Nature is always busy doing her best.

Nature is not governed except by obeying her.

—*Bacon.*

Nature is frugal and her wants are few.—*Young.*

Accuse not Nature; she has done her part;

Do thou but thine.—*Milton.*

Nature is the best sculptor, the best poet, the best painter.

Nature is the "Holy Bible"; every word in her great book is a fact revealed.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.

—*Pope.*

Nature never tells a lie.

Every word written in the great book of Nature is in the handwriting of God.

Nature creates in pairs.

Nature will not adjust herself to us; we must adjust ourselves to Nature.

Nature never pardons.

Man cannot cancel a word that Nature has written.

Ole Mother Natur works every day in the week:
she don't stop tu pray pra'rs an' sing sams on Sunday.—*Bronco Bill.*

Necessity. Necessity is a hard master, but a good teacher.

Yield to necessity with good grace.

There is no law for necessity but the law of necessity.

Make a virtue of necessity.—*Chaucer.*

There is no virtue like necessity.—*Shakespeare.*

Need—needy. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
Bid the beggar come tomorrow; give to the needy now.

Neglect. A little neglect may breed great mischief.
—*Franklin.*

Don't neglect tu kiss yer best gal, er some other feller'll du it fer ye.—*Bronco Bill.*

Neighbor. Prosperous neighbors make good customers.

He prays on his knees on the Sabbath,

And preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.

When we are content with ourselves we are content with our neighbors.

Self-denial is a great virtue—especially in your neighbor.

Love yer neighbor, but don't pul down yer barb-wire fence.—*Bronco Bill.*

Nettle. The best way to handle a nettle is to grasp it—with a glove on.

Don't git nettled an' swar ef yer fail tu stick on a mustang: "cinch up" an' try it agin'.—*Bronco Bill.*

Don't set down in a bunch uf nettles 'thout no pants on.—*Bronco Bill.*

New. 'Tis but a new toot on the same old horn That brayed in ancient Greece and Babylon.—*Men*

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,

And fickle fashion follows like an ape.—*Poetry.*

We pull down the old monuments to build new ones for ourselves out of the material.

As the new comes in at the front door the old slips out at the back.

The old is new and the new is old.

Ole Solomon said thar wuz nuthin' new under the sun; but they didn't hev no yeller newspapers in his day.—*Bronco Bill*.

New England. New England has become New Ireland.

New England!—thar's whar they take a sheep by the tail an' poke 'im down between the rocks tu git a nibble uf grass.—*Bronco Bill*.

New England!—Thar's whar the "Pure-in-spirit" landed, prayin' God fer mercy on themselves, while they preyed on the Injins an' hung pore women fer witches.—*Bronco Bill*.

News. If you would hear the news, ask the gossip; she carries the news in her hat.

If you wish to hear the news of the city go into the country.

Most of the news nowadays is manufacturd in the top-story uf the newspaper office.—*Bronco Bill*.

Newspaper. The newspaper hez becum the American Bible; but the most uf the facts yer read in 'em needs filterin'.—*Bronco Bill*.

I tuk the *Weekly Try-bune* an' the weakly *Dribblets*.
—*Bronco Bill*.

No. "No" is shorter than "Yes."

You can say "no" so meekly that it is half a "yes."
Learn to say "No" and save time and trouble.

The man that is afraid to say "No" soon becomes
a nobody.

Noble. Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.—*Tennyson*.
From noble seed a noble breed.

Noise. The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar.—*Men*.
Hear the demagogues
Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,
With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men*.
Great noise and good sense soon part company.
A great reputation is a great noise.—*Napoleon*.

Nose. A man with a long nose rarely pokes it into
other people's affairs.
The long-nosed pig is a whole hog.
Poke a hornet's nest with another man's nose.
Ef yer want yer nose scratched stick it intu a wim-
min's-rights meetin'.—*Bronco Bill*.
He hez a nose on 'm fer She-talk-away plums,
"Mexican tamales," White House let-us, an' grape-
juice.—*Bronco Bill*.

Nothing—nothingness. Out of nothing, nothing.
—*Beyond*.
Where nothing is lost something is gained.
Nothing is good for nothing.
Nothing for nothing.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the
uth"?—God Almighty his self cudn't make
somethin' outer nothin'. The uth wusn't created:
it jist "growed"—like "Topsy."—*Bronco Bill*.

Novelty. Thar's a honest polly-tician; he's a nov-
elty; he won't war.—*Bronco Bill*.

Novelty sets the gabbling geese agape,
And fickle fashion follows like an ape.—*Poetry*.
Novelties cost more than bread.

Now. All the time you are sure of is *now*.

The nick o' time is *now*.

Now's the time tu "pop the question"; ef yer wait a
week some ether fool 'll pop it, an' yer'll be left
out in the snow.—*Bronco Bill*.

Nut. Don't eat your nut before you crack it.

A man can find plenty of nuts to crack without
cracking his own "cocoanut."

Don't club the tree: the nuts have fallen.

O

Oak. Hearts of oak and arms of steel.

Up grew in silence through a thousand years
The Titan-armed, gnarl-jointed, rugged oak,
Rock-rooted.—*An Old English Oak*.

For only stalwart ships of oak or steel
May dare the deep and breast the billowy sea,
When sweeps the thunder-voiced, dark hurricane,
And the mad ocean shakes his shaggy mane,
And roars through all his grim and vast immensity.
—*Poetry*.

Oar. The lazy lubber lays on his oars and waits
for the wind.

Oath. Oaths are but words, and words but wind.

It takes two oaths to break one.—*Samuel Butler*.

Obedience. Obedience to the laws of nature is
health and wealth.

My feet obey; my heart rebels,

He who cannot command must obey.

Oblivion. Immortal Fame! O dust and death!
The centuries as they pass proclaim
That fame is but a mortal breath,
And man must perish, name and fame.—*Fame.*

Dust to dust:
What is gained when all is lost?
Gaily for a day we tread—
Proudly with averted head—
O'er the ashes of the dead—
Blind with pride and mad with lust:
Dust to dust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Obscurity. He reasons from obscurity to obscurity.

Like the cuttle fish he seeks safety in obscurity.
What matter if the dust of ages drift
Five fathoms deep above my grave unknown.

—*Poetry.*

Observation—observer. Observe closely; think closely.

The observer who studies in the school of Time
learns much.

The observer often sees clearer than the actor.

Obstinacy. No ass so obstinate as ignorance.—*Men.*
Perseverance in a good cause is obstinacy in a
bad one.

Yer kin lead a ole mool up tu "the fountin' uf
life," but yer cain't make 'im drink onless he
wants tu.—*Bronco Bill.*

Occasion. An occasion lost is lost forever.
Catch occasion by the fore-lock, she is bald behind.

- Occupation.** Idleness is the mother of mischief.
Do something worth doing.
Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust.—*Poetry*.
The slave, the idler are alike unblessed.
Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry*.
Daily duties are as wholesome as daily bread.
Du suthin' wuth duin' ef it's on'y kickin' yerself.
—*Bronco Bill*.
- Ocean.** Measure the ocean with your drinking-cup?
What we know is a few drops of an infinite ocean.
- Office.** He who desires office most deserves it least.
Public office is a public trust.—*Grover Cleveland*.
- Office-seeker.** When President Lincoln was told he had the small-pox, he said: "Send up the office-seekers, and tell them I have something I can give each of them."
- Oil.** Lubricate: oil prevents friction.
Pour oil on troubled waters.
There is no medicine so good for anger, as a little sweet-oil.
He's ole Sweet-oil; he allus "greases" his way.
—*Bronco Bill*.
- Old.** The old live in graveyards.
Give me an old head and a young heart.
As the new comes in at the front door the old slips out at the back.
The old is new and the new is old.
We pull down the old to build up the new.
Ring out the old, ring in the new.—*Tennyson*.

Here's to the old days, the old joys, and the old sorrows, as we view them through the rosy mist of memory.—*John D. Fredericks*, in response to the toast—"Any Old Thing," at a banquet of the Merchants and Manufacturers of Los Angeles, Jan. 19, 1914.

Old age. Some men are born old, some never grow old.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

Old age crowned with folly is pitiful.

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

—*Shakespeare.*

Old bird. An old bird is ware of a gun.

You can tell an old bird by her feathers.

Old story. That is an old story: it was told first by Ananias who lied to the Holy Ghost.

Old Women. The nonsense of the old women of both sexes.—*Laurence Sterne.*

Onion. The *E Pluribus Onion.*—*Bronco Bill.*

Liberty and Onions, one and inseparable, now and forever!—*Bronco Bill*, (quoting at Daniel Webster).

Opinion. When a man asks your opinion he wants you to confirm his.

We like the man who is of our own opinion.

Opinions begin at the top and work down.

Weigh the opinions of others; decide by your own.

Take the opinions of others and sift them through your own sieve.

He who would be right must sometimes change his opinion.

I have always marched with the opinion of five or six millions of men.—*Napoleon*.

“A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.”

Ev’ry damphool hez a constitootional right tu his opinion.—*Bronco Bill*.

Opportunity. A wise man will make more opportunities than a fool can find.

Know your opportunity.—*Pittacus*.—(one of the seven wise men of Greece).

James J. Hill saw the opportunity coming and went to meet it.

If opportunities were flying in flocks he couldn’t tell an opportunity from a black-bird.

A wise man makes opportunities while others are waiting for them.

Opportunity may slip by while you deliberate.

A big opportunity rarely comes to a little man.

When the opportunity comes, come to the opportunity.

If you can’t find an opportunity, make one.

Opposition. Opposition is a whetstone to the fanatic.

The “outs” are always the opposition.

Oppression. For ages have the learned of the schools.

Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

He’s oppressed with an idea.

He’s oppressed with the notion that he’s a wonderful man.

Orator—oratory. Truth is the greatest orator.

His tongue has got in the habit of talking and he can't hold it.

His mouth has been open so long he can't shut it.

He has less oratory and more noise than a brass band.

He's a "spread-eagle" orator—all wings and tail-feathers and squawk.

Order. Order is the daughter of wisdom and the mother of success.

Order is heaven's first law.—*Pope.*

Nature hath order in variety.

Method is good in all things. Order governs the world.—*Swift.*

Perpetual change is the order of the Universe.

Order yourself and keep yourself in order.

Originality. I had rather write one word upon the rock.

Of ages than ten thousand in the sand.—*Poetry.*

Many authors are full of original nonsense.

Original?—what is original?—original ignorance.

Ostentation. The higher he soars the more he flutters his feathers.

Other—others. The "Golden Rule" applies to your neighbors and not to yourself?

Confucius preached the "Golden Rule" five hundred years before Jesus was born.

If you are right let others flunk,—"stand pat."

Do your duty by others if they fail to do their duty by you,—it pays.

Remember that other people have eyes, too.

Ourselves. We are too easily reconciled to ourselves.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel as ithers see us!—*Burns*.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—*Shakespeare*.

We easily pardon in ourselves what we condemn
in others.

We build churches for ourselves.

We like to be confessor to others, but not to ourselves.

When we are content with ourselves we are
content with our neighbors.

We own nothing; we have but a short lease—
even of ourselves.

Out-come. He lives on his out-come.

Dot hot-air machine ish all right mebbe; I tink
so nieder; aber ich stay a leetel, und not put
mein monish in bis ze come-out.—*Johannis*.

In figuring his income, he adds on the outcome.

Overdo—overdone. Do, but don't overdo: overdone is as bad as underdone.

Owls. Wise men there be, for owls are counted
wise,

Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,
And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.

These have one argument, and only one,

For good or evil, earth or jeweled heaven—

The olden, owlsh argument of Doubt.—*Men*.

He blinks like a wise old owl and says nothing.
Her singin' sounds like the song uf a screech-owl.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Own—ownership. The man who minds his own business is well employed.

We own nothing; we have but a short lease of our own selves.

Ox. Begrudge not the patient ox his corn.
The ox pulls the cart and the monkey rides.

Oyster. It was a long road from protoplasm to the oyster, and a long time before the oyster shed his shell and walked on two legs.

He was a bold man that first ate an oyster.

—*Dean Swift.*

Why, then the world's mine oyster.—*Shakespeare.*

P

Pain. Who sows in passion reaps in pain.

Pains. No gains without pains.

Take pains and make gains.

Paint. Paint and putty hide the cracks.

Painting. Bierstadt was asked how he mixed his colors to produce such fine effects. "I mix them with brains," was his reply.

Pair. Nature makes all things in pairs.

Proverbs should be writ in pairs.

A ole mool an' a ole mare

Hitched together'll make a pair.—*Bronco Bill.*

Thar's a par!—He's a she-he an' she's a he-she.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Parasite. Men are divided into princes and parasites.

The herd are parasites of parasites.

Paradise. A paradise for the rich and a hell for the poor.—*Anarchist*.

Paradise of fools.—*Milton*.

And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise.

—*Tennyson*.

Jo got religin at a squaw camp-meetin' in Shoshone one winter, an' he swore he wuz going' straight tu Paradise ef he hed tu go on a bob-sled; but he finally concluded tu take anether drink, an' wait till spring.—*Bronco Bill*.

Pardon. Who pardons the guilty punishes the innocent.

It is easy for a man to pardon himself.

We easily pardon in another the offence of which we ourselves have been guilty.

Nature never pardons; her laws are immutable.

Pardon crowns the victor.

“Better late than never,” said the priest, when the pardon arrived just after the execution.

Parsimony. Parsimony and poverty are rarely bed-fellows.

Parsimony is the worst poverty.

He's so stingy he'd skin a skunk fer the perfume.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Partizans. Patriots first, partizans last.

Party. His party has seven cardinal principles—five loaves and two fishes.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—*Pope*.

He serves his party best who serves the country best.—*President Hayes.*

Passion. Control your passions, or your passions will control you.

Passion, like fire, under control is beneficial.

Temper passion with reason.

Every passion is written on the face.

Passion is the wild steed, reason the rider.

Put a bridle on your passions or they will put a halter on you.

Who sows in passion reaps in pain.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still.—*Pope.*

Past. An old man's future is in the past.

Don't keep on hurraing after the procession has gone past.

Don't spend your time bemoaning the past—look ahead.

We live in the shadow of the past.

We may misread the present by the light of the past.

We are linked to the infinite past and the infinite future.

We stand upon the shoulders of the past.

Only the past is certain.

Path. It is easy to follow a beaten path, not so easy to blaze a new trail through a wilderness.

Watch out for pitfalls, and step over the stumbling-blocks in your path.

If you kick every stone in your path you will soon have sore toes.

Patient, Patience. If you wait for the mountain to come to you, will patience bring it?

He who is equipped with patience and perseverance is equipped for work.

Whoever hath not patience, neither doth he possess philosophy.—*Sadi*.

Patience is out of place in a hornet's-nest.

He is over-patient who can sit calmly on a hot stove.

It is idle to preach patience to a drowning man.

Patience is twin brother of fortitude.

It is not hard to practise Christian patience when your mother-in-law has the toothache.

Be patient, but not pusillanimous.

Patience lightens burdens, but if you are too patient they will pile on more than you can carry.

On an up-hill road with a big load the patient mule will beat a thoroughbred.

Patience and shuffle the cards.—*Cervantes*.

Shakespur says "we must be patient," but I reckon he didn't hev no bile on the nub uf his nose.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Patience is the virtue of an ass.—*George Granville*.

Patience is a plaister for a' sairs.—*Scotch Proverb*.

Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cured must be endured.—*Charles Churchill*.

How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

—*Shakespeare*.

Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.

—*Shakespeare*.

Patience abused too often becomes fury.

—*Publilius Syrus*.

Fortify courage with patience.
 Patience lightens the burden.
 Patience is power.
 He's as patient as Job's wife.

Patriot—patriotism. "It's patriotism," said T. R.

"It's politics," said Harriman.

Patriots first—partizans second.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

—*Samuel John. n.*

True patriots we; for be it understood,

We left our country for our country's good.

—*G. Barrington (Waldron)*

Pawn. Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.

Pay. Pay as you go; if you can't pay don't go.

We all have to pay our way some way.

Who buys on credit pays a dear price.

Who buys what he doesn't need pays too much
 for it.

Virtue is its own reward?—Durn pore pay.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Pay-day. Every day in the week is pay-day.

Pay-day comes to every man—good or bad.

Pay-master. A well-tilled field is a good pay-master.

Nature is a punctual pay-master.

God pays us what we earn.

Peace. War is just only when we fight for peace.

He makes a solitude, and calls it *Peace*.—*Byron.*

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual
 means of preserving peace.—*George Washington.*

You must ask yourself if you shall live in peace.

We'll hev peace ef we hev tu fight fer it.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Pat said "Oi'm niver at pace on'y whin Oi'm in a foight."*

"The Bible says there is no piece for the wicked," said the mother when her bad boy begged for a piece of pie.

Pearls. He casts his pearls before swine; the pigs are busy rooting for peanuts.

Peculiarity. Peculiarity marks the man.

Pedantry. He who likes to show his learning to the ignorant shows his ignorance to the learned.

Pegasus. Don't mistake a ass for Pegasus; asses don't hev wings.—*Bronco Bill.*

Pen. The lance of chivalry was shivered by the goose-quill of Cervantes.

I can give you a pen, but I can't give you brains to use it.

It gin 'im the "blues," an' he tackled the Muse, An' he tuk a pen an' writ.—*Bronco Bill.*

Pens are most dangerous tools.—*John Taylor.*

His nose was as sharp as his pen.

"The pen is mightier than the sword"; but a Winchester rifle'll beat 'em both.—*Bronco Bill.*

She plucked "a quill from an angel's wing", an' made a pen, an' writ—"dope."—*Bronco Bill.*

His pen is putty an' his sword is pewter; but he hez a maggiephone.—*Bronco Bill.*

Penitent. Beware of a public penitent.
The prisons are full of penitents.

Penny. It is a good penny that saves the pound.
Don't spend a dollar's worth of time hunting for
a lost penny.

Penny-wise and pound foolish.

An ill-wan penny'll nae mak a pun.

Nae freen like a penny.

Pfennig ist pfennig's bruder.—*German Prov.*

Penny and penny in pouch'll mak monie.

Save your pennies and your pennies will save you.

People. The world may be divided into people who
think and people who let others think for them.
Give the people perfect liberty and watch the Kil-
kenny cat-fight.

The "dear people" like to be deceived; they suck
flattery as calves suck milk.

Remember that other people have eyes too.

"I am fighting for my dear people," said a candi-
date for congress. "How mony av 'em hev
yez in yer family?" asked Pat.*

Perfection. Perfection can only be approximated,
not attained.

Nothing is invented and perfected at the same
time.—*Bacon.*

Perfume. Kick a skunk and catch the perfume.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—*Socrates.*

She wuz so fond uf perfume thet she bathed in
"Skunk-water"—(the Chicago river).

—*Bronco Bill.*

Perpetual motion. He has solved the problem of
perpetual motion—with his tongue.

Perseverance. Prudence, patience, perseverance!

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf
To shining silk; the lapidary's skill
Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will,
And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.—*Poetry*.
“Stick-to-it” will do it.

Patience and perseverance are better than brilliant
parts.

Perseverance in a good cause is obstinancy in a
bad one.

Persistence. Persistence is power; the tender
mushroom will break through hard clay.

Persistent courage wins the smile of fate.

—*Pauline*.

Men lack purpose and persistence more than tal-
ent.

On an up-hill road with a big load the little don-
key will beat a thoroughbred.

Perverse. Man has a natural taste for forbidden
fruit.

There are more balky men than balky mules.

Some men are so perverse they will spend their
lives trying to make water run up hill by
gravity.

Petticoat. Beware of vice in rouge and red petti-
coats.

When the wife wears the pants who wears the
petticoats?

He is a sneak who hides under his wife's petti-
coats.

An' he rid on a side-saddle

In petticoats—half a-straddle.—*Bronco Bill*.

Philanthropy. Nine parts of self-interest gilt-over with one part of Philanthropy.—

—*Herbert Spencer.*

Philosophy—philosopher. Philosophy won't ease a bile under the seat uf yer pants.—*Bronco Bill.*

Philosophy may do for breakfast, but it's a poor dinner.

When your friend has the toothache give him a dose of philosophy and watch the effect.

To discover and practice good is true philosophy. A man may talk like a philosopher and live like a fool.

Philosophy!—philosophy!—Diogenes starved in a tubful of philosophy.

The philosopher can patiently endure his mother-in-law's toothache.

Rocky-feller found the philosopher's stone in an oil-well.

The man who is content is a true philosopher.

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—*Goldsmith.*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

—*Shakespeare.*

He wuz ful uf philosophy, it oozed outer every hole in his hat.—*Bronco Bill.*

Physic—physician. The more physic the worse for the patient.

Physicked with metaphysics.—*Men.*

Call one doctor and you may live; call two and—make your will.

Any doctor can tell what ails you after you are dead.

He physicked us with a hunderd an' ten cann'd toes
uf his poetry.—*Bronco Bill.*

Pig. Every pig to his own pen.
The biggest pig I ever saw walked on two legs.
The runt pig of a litter of pig-mies.

Pilot. Who takes a blind man for a pilot?
He's a good pilot in a mill-pond.
Pilot your own life-boat.

Pit. Who digs a pit for others may fall into it
himself.

Pity. Pity not the dead, but the living.
He pities the pore, but he makes 'em pay fer it.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Place. Have a place for everything, and everything
in its place.

Plagiarism. If plagiarism were a capital crime few
modern authors would escape the hangman.
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.
—*Byron.*

Our modern writers have got into the habit of
quoting without quotation-marks.

“Your poem I have read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfered best:
I'm sure the poem you might mend;
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.”
He cleans old clothes and calls them new.
Most writers steal a good thing when they can.
—*“Barry Cornwall.”*

Plans. The best of plans may be spoiled in execu-
tion.
Plan deliberately—execute promptly.

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.—*Burns*.

Play. Play the lion with lions and the fox with
foxes.

If you want to play into the hearts of the "dear
people", play a brass band.

Please—pleasure. Our greatest pleasure is in pleas-
ing others.

Everything goes by pairs—pleasure and pain,
good and evil.

A life of pleasure is the most unpleasing life in
the world.—*Goldsmith*.

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.—*Pope*.

The sweetest harp of heaven
Were hateful if it played the self same tune
Forever.—*Change*.

The most delicious fruits
Pall on the palate if we taste too oft,
And Hyblan honey turns to bitter gall.—*Change*.

Pleasure and pain grow on one stem.

Short pleasure, long sorrow.

Did ever anybody please everybody?

There are few men who can please even them-
selves.

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.—*Byron*.

There is more pleasure in a good deed done than
in the applause of the million.

Pledge. The streets are paved with broken pledges.
A bad pledge is better broken.

Plow—plowman. He plows with a pencil and reaps
with a pen.

His plow handles are too long, he lives in the
city and his farm is fifty miles away.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive,

Ah blithesome plowmen whistling on the glebe,
Ah merry mowers singing in the swaths,
Sweet, simple souls contented not to know,
Wiser are ye and ye may teach the wise.

—*O let me Dream the Dreams of Long Ago.*

Pluck. Pluck is better than luck.

Pluck and luck make a strong team.

When the peach is ripe is the time to pluck it.

Plum. He goes to the plum tree for pears and the
pear tree for plums.

'Tain't every plum that's wuth pickin'.—*Bronco Bill.*

He likes them She-talk-away plums; they air plum-
puddin' tu him.—*Bronco Bill.*

Plunder. He who plunders thousands thinks he
does a generous deed when he doles out pennies
to the poor.

Pocket. I put my hand in my pocket and find a
friend.

Keep your best friend in your pocket.

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,

But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket.

—*Byron.*

Poet—poetry. The grandest poem is God's uni-
verse:

In measured rhythm the planets whirl their
course;

Rhythm swells and throbs in every sun and star,
In mighty ocean's organ-peals and roar,

In billows bounding on the harbor-bar,
 In the blue surf that rolls upon the shore,
 In the low zephyr's sigh, the tempest's sob,
 In the rain's patter and the thunder's roar;
 Aye, in the awful earthquake's shuddering throb,
 When old Earth cracks her bones and trembles
 to her core.—*Poetry.*

All poetry must be, if it be true,
 Like the keen arrows of the Grecian God
 Apollo, that caught fire as they flew.—*Poetry.*

Poets are born, not made, some scribbler said,
 And every rhymester thinks the saying true;
 Better unborn than wanting labor's aid:
 Aye, all great poets, all great men, are made
 Between the hammer and the anvil. Few
 Have the true metal, many have the fire.—*Poetry.*

No slave or savage ever proved a bard;
 Men have their bent, but labor its reward.
—*Poetry.*

The poet's brain with spirit-vision teems;
 The voice of nature warbles in his heart;
 A sage, a seer, he moves from men apart,
 And walks among the shadows of his dreams.
—*Poetry.*

Poetry is an art, and the chief of the fine arts.
—*Steadman.*

The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into
 folly and vice.—*Tennyson.*

Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all, of
 the great and feeling souls.—*Voltaire.*

De lid ze smel af ole gaas-grease,
 De lid ze smel af slet whiskee,
 De lid ze smel af Limburg-cheese,

Men, not ze smel af poetree.—*Broder Knute*
(in Cow-Boy Ballads).

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art
In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same:
What cometh from the heart goes to the heart;
What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry.*

Poetry is truth set to music.
Pipers are plenty but the masters few.
He will read and range and rhyme in vain
Who hath no dust of diamonds in his brain.
—*Poetry.*

Long-haired poets are out of fashion.
Jim, I am a poet, an' I want yer tu know it:
When I git ful uf "spirits" I git up an' go it!
But I niver kin du ginewine maggiezeen poetry,
accept in mushmelon time.—*Bronco Bill.*

Poetaster. "*Poeta nacitur non fit.*" Such a poet is
a born misfit.

See dapper poets hurrying for their dimes
With maudlin verses tinsel-tipped with rhymes.
—*Poetry.*

He climbs a tree to catch moonshine.
I hear loud voices and a clamorous throng
With braying bugles and with bragging drums—
Bards and bardies laboring at a song.
One lifts his locks above the rest preferred,
And to the buzzing flies of fashion thrums
A banjo. Lo, him follow all the herd.—*Poetry.*
Better a skillful cobbler at his last
Than unlearned poet twangling on the lyre,
Who sails on land and gallops on the blast,
And mounts the welkin on a braying ass,
Clattering a shattered cymbal bright with brass,

And slips his girth and tumbles in the mire.

—*Poetry.*

He caught the tail of Immortality, and flew flaming
through imaginary heavens.

Policy. Lubricate the tongue; it takes oil to run the
machine.

“My policy” is himself.

Politeness. Over-politeness is hypocrisy.

Studied politeness is boorish.

Kindness is politeness everywhere.

Politeness is the flower of humanity.—*Joubert.*

He is the very pineapple of politeness.—*Sheridan.*

Politics—politicians. In the game of politics money
is trumps.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows.

* * * Hear the demagogues

Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,
With brazen foreheads full of empty noise,
Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

Hear the old bandogs of the Daily Press,
Chained to their party posts, or fetter free
And running amuck against old party creeds,
On-howl their packs and glory in the fight.

See mangy curs whose editorial ears
Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze,
Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily bread.—*Men.*

I sings mein leetel song—“Reform”;

Dot shakes ze goundry like a sdorm;

Und makes die peobles all belief

I eats mein dinner on a tief.—*C. S. (Ms.)*

Politics makes men cowards.

I am not a politician, and my other habits air good.

—*Artemus Ward* (Charles F. Brown)

Politicians play and the people pay the piper.

Politicians pander to the weak side of the masses.

The women hev gone intu pollytics, an' the pore men'll hev tu nuss the babies.—*Bronco Bill*.

Them she-pollyticians put on the breeches hind side before.—*Bronco Bill*.

Why these parades, brass-bands and braying drums,
These frantic howls from pulpit, stage and slums?

What is the matter? What's it all about?

One side is in and t'other side is out.

For he

Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe
and sue—

And watch all time—pry into all place—

And be a living lie—who would become

A mighty thing amongst the mean.—*Byron*.

An' how they promise nugget gold,

An' give us—gilded bricks.—*Bronco Bill*.

Poor. A poor man has few cousins.

A pore man cain't afford tu du nothin' an' board
himself.—*Bronco Bill*.

Plenty makes us poor.—*Dryden*.

And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said:

Blessed are ye poor: for yours is the Kingdom
of God.—*St. Luke, 6-20, R. V.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.

—*Psalms 41-1.*

The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is
the maker of them all.—*Proverbs, 22-2.*

He feels fer the pore, but he niver feels in his pocket.—*Bronco Bill.*

Populace. Where *Grex* is *Rex* God help the hapless land.

The yelping curs that bay the rising moon
Are not more clamorous and the fitful winds
Not more inconstant.—*Men.*

The headless herd are but a noise of wind;
Sometimes, alas, the wild tornado's roar;
As full of freaks as curs are full of fleas;
Like flies they swarm, like flies they buzz and
breed.—*Men.*

The populace are either tooting tin horns or
crawling on their bellies.

The populace judge from passion, fashion and
prejudice.

As with poor wine so with the populace, agita-
tion brings the dregs to the top.

Popular—popularity. Popular opinion is like a pen-
dulum—always seesawing.

Popular praise is a puff of wind.

A popular man makes everything he advocates
popular.

A popular man, right or wrong, has many fol-
lowers.

If you want to be popular hire a brass band and
swing a "big stick."

Posterity. "Gentlemin, Oi can't boasht av me an-
cestors," said Pat, "but Oi kin boasht av me
posterity, fer Bidy an' me hez twinty wan av
'em." *

“What has posterity done for us?”

—*Sir Boyle Roche.*

Potatoes. Buttered baked potatoes grow in the garden of fools.

Ah, sweet content,—the blessing of the blest—
Upon thy cheerful table—east or west—

Corn-cakes and baked potatoes make a feast.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

Poverty. If you would keep out of poverty keep out of debt.

Poverty rocked the cradle of most great men.

Republics breed both luxury and poverty.

Poverty may laugh at a burglar.

Poverty is the mother of genius.

The wust kind uf poverty ain't the lack of dollars;
it's the lack uf sence; ef yer hain't got no sence,
yer skin-pore.—*Bronco Bill.*

Power. Patience, pluck and perseverance are power.

Knowledge is power.—*Bacon.*

Practice. Many preach, few practice.

Practice what you preach.

The doctor practices on his patients.

Practice will approximate perfection.

Praise. Praise him and he will praise you.

He who listens for praise will hear dispraise.

Rear monuments of fame or flattery—

Think ye their sleeping souls are made aware?

Heap o'er their heads fair praise or calumny—

Think ye their moldering ashes hear or care?

—*Poetry.*

Praise God by righteous deeds and brother-love

—*Men.*

Let your deeds praise you, your tongue never.
 Virtue starves on hollow praise.
 Seek advice rather than praise.
 He who disparages himself to others expects
 praise.
 Let your praise come from the mouth of a friend.
 The rebuke of the wise is better than the praise
 of a fool.
 There are reproaches which praise, and praises
 which reproach.—*La Rochefoucauld*.
 It is easier to buy praise than to earn it.
 Praise don't put no beans in the pot.—*Bronco Bill*.

Prayer. The same immutable laws that govern the
 sun and his planets govern all things.
 Can prayer reverse the seasons or turn night into
 day?
 Pray devoutly, but hammer stoutly.—*Prov*.
 Prayer is the plea of ignorance.
 Prayer presumes that God is variable.
 All my prayers are one—
 Father, thy will be done.
 Prayer presumes that God is human.
 Pray for a stout heart and a strong arm.
 Storm over, prayers over.
 Prayer is a complaint against Providence.
 Pray, pray—but don't prey on your friends.

Precedent. The olden precedents—
 Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong.
—*Pauline*.
 Precedents are not proofs.
 Precedents are often stumbling-blocks.
 One precedent creates another. They soon accu-
 mulate and become law.—“*Junius*.”

Better make a good precedent than follow a bad one.

Progress, not precedent.

“To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.”

—*Cowper.*

Precept. The entire New Testament may be boiled down into one precept, (adapted from Confucius)—*500 years before Jesus.*

“As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.”—*Jesus—Luke 6-31.*

Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you.—*Confucius—Kung the philosopher.*

Let your practice precede your precepts.

Precipice. A precipice before and fire in the rear.
He hangs on the verge of a precipice.

Precipitate. He is too precipitate who goes off
“half-cocked.”

Prejudice. When we cast off an old prejudice we are apt to take on a new one.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—*Hazlett.*

It is easy to catch a prejudice, and hard to cure it.

Prepare. Be always prepared.

Be prepared both for your friends and your enemies.

Prepare your ground before you plant.

Prepare for the storm ere it cometh.

Prepare to be disappointed.

He is prepared who is always on guard.

Prepare for the worst, and hope for the best.

If you are prepared to be disappointed, you will hardly be disappointed.

The grizzly wuz prepard fer him, but he wuzn't
prepard fer the bar.—*Bronco Bill.*

Precious. The things alone are precious
That cost us toil or tears.

Present—presents. Make good use of the present
and the future will be provided for.

We sometimes misread the present by the light of
the past.

The present is the necessary product of all the
past.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

The present is the living sum-total of the past.
—*Carlyle.*

Pay your debts first and make presents afterwards.
“Beware of the Greeks bearing presents.”

Press. A newspaper is simply the mouth-piece of
the man behind it.

The newspaper is “a power in the land” for good
or evil.

People have quit reading the Bible and gone to
reading newspapers.

Is this the golden age or the age of gold?

Lo by the page or column fame is sold.

Hear the big journal braying like an ass;

Behold the brazen statesmen as they pass.

—*Poetry.*

See mangy curs whose editorial ears

Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze

Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and
snarl,

And sniff the gutters for their daily bread.—*Men.*

If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it;

A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!—*Burns*.

The press is the mill that grinds the grist the
boss-miller wants ground.

The greatest danger to the American Republic lies
in the venal and licentious press.

Presume—presumption. Don't presume too much
on the weakness of your enemy or the strength
of your friend.

Presumption leaps, knowledge creeps.

President. He wuz a great president—ful uf capi-
tal *I's* an' cullege-yells.—*Bronco Bill*.

Pretense. Loud crowing and flapping of wings,
but he never gets above his dung-hill.

Prevention. It is better to prevent than to punish.
Punish to prevent.

Price. A "cut" price is a pick-pocket.

If you "go the pace" you must pay the price.

Not every man has his price; the weak man has
his price, if it's only ten cents' worth of
flattery.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy—up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

—*Thomas Moore*.

Pride. Ignorance is the mother of pride.

The littler the man the greater his pride.

Pride pays two per cent. per month to conceal
his poverty.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.—*Franklin*.

Pride never listens to the voice of reason.

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.—*Pope*.

Pride will na leave its master till he gets a fa'.
—*Scotch Prov.*

The vile are only vain; the great are proud.

—*Byron*.

Pride is a weed that grows rankest on a dung-hill.

Pride leads; shame follows.

He wore a diamond on his busom an' tew patches on the seat uf his pants.—*Bronco Bill*.

Prince. Every prince has his parasites.

Princes and parasites comprise mankind:

To one wise prince a million parasites.—*Men*.

The jack-ass is a prince among donkeys.

Principal. His principal business is poking his nose into other people's business.

His principal business is killing time.

Mein sohn, be a man of principal, and git goot interest on it.—*Onkel Isaac*.

Principle. His principle is to add compound interest to his principal.

Men of principle should be the principal men.

Probability. Two probabilities don't make one fact.

Procrastination. Better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

The procrastinator dies deliberating.

Precipitancy and procrastination are equal faults.

Prodigal—prodigality. Pinching economy saves for prodigality, and prodigality runs down hill to penury.

When the prodigal returns to the family fold,
Take the poor hungry sinner in out of the cold;
Kill a hen or a calf, put a bottle on ice,
And call him to dinner and give him a slice.

Profanity. Profanity is a brutal vice and a sure sign of bad breeding.

Don't swar out loud.—*Bronco Bill.*

Ef yer hev tu swar, don't say "durn it," say "Damit"
—like a Dutchman.—*Bronco Bill.*

Profess. Profess nothing you are unable to do.
Better possess than profess.

Profit. Profit by the mistakes of others.

You can't afford to work for nothing and board yourself.

A prophet is without profit unless he makes a good guess.

Profuse. He that is profuse is never profound.

Progress. Behold the serried ranks of truth advance,

And conquering Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stubborn Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

If you are content with your progress you will
cease to progress.

Progress, not precedent.

We hev got tu the pint in pollytics whar we're
progressin' back'ards.—*Bronco Bill.*

Promise. Slow to promise, prompt to perform.

Hooks baited with promises catch gudgeons.
He that promises too much means nothing.
Promise may make a friend, performance will
keep him.

Promises are cheap, performance dear.

Perform first, promise afterwards.

A promise is poor payment.

Swift to promise, slow to perform.

He lives in the land of promise and eats roast
chickens before they are hatched.

A promise is a debt.

Better a dollar today than a promise of two
tomorrow.

A fool's mouth is open for hooks baited with
promises.

In pollytics don't promise nuthin' till arfter yer
beat.—*Bronco Bill*.

Prompt—promptness. Better be ten minutes ahead
than ten seconds behind.

Be slow to promise, prompt to fulfill.

Property. Property has its duties as well as its
rights.

The individual ownership of property is the foun-
dation of civilization.

Prophet. Prophets seldom profit by their prophe-
cies.

The best prophet of the future is the past.—*Byron*.

The woods are full of prophets.

Thar ain't no profit in a prophet whose prophecies
air—"I told yer so."—*Bronco Bill*.

We are often prophets for others, and fools for
ourselves.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house.—*Luke 13-57.*

Propitious. Watch for the propitious time.

Prosperity. They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.

Beware of the prosperity that loads you with debt.

In prosperity, economy; in adversity, fortitude.

He who is insolent in prosperity will be a coward in adversity.

In prosperity friends flock to you; in adversity they scatter.

Hard work is still the road to prosperity.

Prosperity is a touchstone; it will prove the metal a man is made of.

All classes are benefited by the prosperity of one.

What prosperity conceals adversity reveals.

A lamb in prosperity, a lion in adversity.

In adversity calm; in prosperity calm.

In prosperity beware of your friends, in adversity they will beware of you.

Protect. Protect the toiling millions by just laws.

—*Men.*

Protection. Put up the bars; bar out the pauper hordes;

Bar out their products that compete with ours:

Give honest toil at home an honest chance;

Build up our own and keep our coin at home.

In vain our mines pour forth their tons of gold
And silver, if by every ship they sail

For London, Paris, Birmingham and Berlin.

—*Men.*

Protection shears our sheep; free-trade skins them.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

—*Sheridan*—(*Pizzaro*).

Proverb. Proverbs are the distilled wisdom of ages.

Proverbs, wisdom boiled down.

Proverbs should be writ in pairs.

Patch poverty with proverbs.

The wit of one man, the wisdom of many.

—*Lord John Russell*.

Shakespur wuzn't no poet like me, Jo; he picked all the best bones outer the proverbs, an' biled 'em with Bacon.—*Bronco Bill*.

Providence. God tempers the shorn lamb to the winds.

Hope and trust;

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan:

All his ways are wise and just;

Hope and trust.—*Dust to Dust*.

The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched sand,

What knows he of the huge, round, rolling earth?

Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond,

Or ever wilt. Content thee; let it be:

Know only this—there is a Power unknown,

Master of life and builder of the worlds.—*Beyond*.

Lo in the midst we stand: we cannot see

Either the dark beginning or the end,

Or where our tottering footsteps turn or trend

In the vast orbit of Eternity.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Stretch forth thy hand, O man,
To the winds and the quaking earth—

To the heaving and falling sea—

To the ultimate stars—and feel

The throb of the spirit of God—

The pulse of the Universe.—*Lines, etc.*

Plant and till your garden well and Providence
will give you a crop.

If you leap into the sea, Providence is not bound
to fish you out.

Rev. Mr.—“Trust in Providence, sister.”

Deaf old Lady: “I kin du better fer cash.”

Prudence. Prudence is the pivot on which a wise
man turns.

Fortitude and prudence make a good span.

Fortune is the friend of prudence.

Presumption leaps, prudence creeps.

Psalm. All the grub that war left fer them pore
shorn lambs.

War a ferkin uf pickled herrin’ an’ clams,

One ole black Bible an’ a Book uf Sams,

An’ forty bar’ls uf Holland gin.—*Bronco Bill.*

An’ the fust thing he did—thet Puritan kid—

Arfter singin’ a sam an’ prayin’ a pra’r,

War tu shute a Injun an’ skelp his har;

An’ Captin Standish an’ Elder Brewster

They patted thet kid an’ called ’im “The Ruster.”

—*Bronco Bill.*

They sing ole Sams an’ Sagas,

An’ raise hell an’ ruta-bagas,

—*Bronco Bill, Cow Boy Ballads.*

The choir sang a psalm of praise—for themselves.

Public. Who serves the public serves a fickle master.

Who serves the public serves a poor paymaster.

Yer kin “dam’ the people,” but yer cain’t dam ’em up.—*Bronco Bill.*

“The public be dam’d!”—Mr. Vander, how high hev yer “bilt” yer dam?—*Bronco Bill.*

Public Opinion. In a republic public opinion is boss.

Nothing is more capricious than public opinion.

Men will face shot and shell rather than face public opinion.

Pudding. Keep your fingers out of my pudding.

He’s a puddin’-head without plums.

Pull down. Pull down the toiler; lift the idler up?
—*Men.*

The play is over; pull down the curtain.

Pull down the hawk’s nest before the eggs are hatched.

Pull down the hornet’s nest with a long pole.

A fool can pull down faster than a wise man can build up.

Pull up. It is easier to pull down than to pull up.
It is hard pulling up hill.

Pun. There’s a bit of fun in a witty pun.

He is full of pickled puns.

Thet feller is ful uf criminal instinks,— he’s allus perpetratin’ puns.—*Bronco Bill.*

Don’t pun-ish us with old puns;

Hev mercy on us; thet ole pun is pun-ishment enuff.—*Bronco Bill.*

Punctual—punctuality. If you would catch the train, better be ten minutes ahead than ten seconds behind.

I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.

—*Lord Nelson.*

Make punctuality a cardinal rule.

He wuz allus punctooal at “grub-time.”

—*Bronco Bill.*

Punishment. To pardon the guilty is to punish the innocent.

He who sins inflicts his own punishment.

Nature never pardons; she punishes.

Punish crime to prevent crime.

Pure—purity. The finest diamonds have flaws.

There are spots on the sun.

She is pure as snow, and—as cold.

If you want pure water go to the fountain-head.

Puritan. The old Puritans tried to get to Heaven on a bridge of sighs and psalms.

The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.—*Macaulay.*

They muffled all the bells of gladness.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Our Puritan fathers believed in witchcraft, and at

Salem hanged fourteen poor women to prove it.

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

—*Byron.*

He kim over, a kid, in the Mayflower flock;

In a blizzard they landed on Plymouth Rock.

They war out at the toes an’ jist about froze,

An’ hed a cant-tankerous twang in the nose.

All the grub thet war left fer them pore, shorn
lamb

War a ferkin uf pickled herrin' an' clams,
One ole black Bible an' a Book uf Sams,
An' forty bar'ls uf Holland gin.—*Bronco Bill*.

Purpose. Work steadily to a worthy purpose and
you will win.

Men lack purpose and persistence more than
talent.

Puppet. We are puppets, Man in his pride, and
Beauty fair in her flower;

Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen
hand at a game.—*Tennyson*.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.—*Tennyson*.

Pursuit. It don't pay to pursue an express train
with a hand-car.

Half the pleasure is in the pursuit.

Push. Push your way—strike the iron till it is hot.
When yer agin a barb-wire fence, don't push.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Pygmy. We only know that we are men—

Midge-midgets on this grain of sand

That rolls around our lesser sun

Where myriad suns obey His hand.—*Message*.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on alps;

And pyramids are pyramids in vales.—*Young*.

Most men are pigs; all men are pygmies.

He wuz the runt pig uf a littler uf pig-mies.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Q

Quack. Quack quackles quack when doctors disagree.

The quack is full of remedies for imaginary ills.

Ef thar wuzn't so many fools yer wudn't har so many quacks quackin'.—*Bronco Bill*.

Every quack quacks and the biggest quack quacks the loudest.

Thet quack's quack won't kill yer ef yer don't take his pills.—*Bronco Bill*.

Quarrel. When steel strikes flint the fire flies.

It takes two to quarrel.

He who quarrels with a skunk likes perfume.

In every quarrel both sides are to blame.

It don't always take two to have a quarrel, a man can quarrel with himself, and often he ought to.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.

—*Shakespeare*

If yer don't want a bloody nose don't poke it intu ether men's quarrels.—*Bronco Bill*.

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter.—*Swift*.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.

—*Shakespeare*.

The best way tu git out uf a quarrel is never tu git intu it.—*Bronco Bill*.

The second bad word makes the quarrel.

Ef yer bound tu quarrl, pick some ether feller, er kick the hindeend uf a mool.—*Bronco Bill*.

He wuz allus quarrelin' with his stumick an' the Lord.—*Bronco Bill*.

Question. The quibbler quirks the question.

A prudent question is a proof of wisdom.

Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.

—*Goldsmith.*

Don't "pop the question" tu loud.—*Bronco Bill.*

Quotation. An apt quotation is always short.

How glibly the devil quotes Scripture!

Better not quote than misquote.

He quotes Scriptur like a pulpit polytician.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He misquotes the truth.

He has a habit of quoting without quotation-marks.

With just enough of learning to misquote.

—*Byron.*

He wuz ole "Quotation marks," he cud quote anythin' from Cunnel Moses up tu Cunnel

Roosevelt.—*Bronco Bill.*

R

Rabid—rabies. The very babes barked rabies.

—*Men.*

Thet "reformer" rants like he hed the rabies.

—*Bronco Bill*

Rage. Let rage waste itself in idle fury.

Rage is for beasts, not for men.

Rain. Let it rain, we are water-proof.

O fickle Fortune, how thy favors fall—

Like rain, upon the just and the unjust.—*Pauline*

No atom lost and not one atom gained,

Though fire to vapor melt the adamant,

Or feldspar fall in drops of summer rain.

—*Beyond.*

One dumb, lone lark sits shivering in the rain.

—*O Let Me Dream, etc.*

If it rained gold coins he wouldn't be ready to catch them.

If it rained ducks his gun wouldn't be ready.

The rain does not fall "where it listeth," but where the law of gravitation draws it.

It rained pitchforks—tines down.

Let 'er rain; us cowboys ain't made outer sugar

—*Bronco Bill*

Rainbow. Never a rainbow without a cloud.

Ramparts. Thet gran' ole man, brave Brigham Young!

He sweetly thar reposes:

He war a bigger man thun Humer sung,

An' a better man thun Moses.

An' when they sent a army here—

Thet thar ole bump—Buchanan—

He found in thet brave pioneer

That these ram-parts hed a man on.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads*

Ramshackle. In thet thar ole ram-shackle

Them Mormons call "The Tabernacle."

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads*

Rank. Rank goes by favor.

"I out-rank you," said the skunk to the badger.

His offense is rank, it smells of garlic.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;

The man's the gowd for a' that.—*Burns.*

Rascal. No one so much resembles an honest man as a shrewd rascal.

Rash. Be neither rash nor timid.

May you never grow old till the end of Old
Time;
May you never be cursed with an itching for
rhyme,
For in spite of your physic, in spite of your plas-
ter,
The rash will break out till you go to disaster.

—*New Year's Address.*

Rattle. Let 'im rattle his little tin rattle,
An' root on his little tin horn;
He hez allus rattled an' tooted, yer know,
Since the day that he war born.

—*Bronco Bill; Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Thet jedge is jist big enuff tu rattle on the bench.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Reading. It is worse than time wasted to read
yellow novels.

Read good books only, and winnow the wheat
from the chaff.

Wise men there be—wise in the eyes of men—
Who cram their hollow heads with ancient wit
Cackled in Carthage, babbled in Babylon,
Gabbled in Greece, and riddled in old Rome,
And never coin a farthing of their own.—*Men.*

It is thinking makes what we read ours.—*Locke.*

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready
man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon.*

Ready. The wise man is always ready.

Be ready fer the wust, an' du yer best.

—*Bronco Bill.*

“Rough and ready,” strong and steady;
His Yankee mother was his daddy.

Real. We chase the ideal and miss the real.
The Ideal blazes the trail for the Real.

Reap. The seed ye sow another reaps.—*Shelley*.
Sow evil and reap sorrow ;
Sow today and reap tomorrow.
One soweth and another reapeth.—*St. John 4-37*.
Whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap.
—*Galatians 6-7*.
They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the
whirlwind.—*Hosea 8-7*.

Reason. Reason is the lamp-light of man.
Spice reason with wit.
Don't mistake your will for your reason.
Don't talk reason to gabbling geese.
Reason is God's best gift to man.
The most uncommon thing is common-sense.
—*Men*.
If you have no good reason for doing it, don't
do it.
The wise are taught by reason, most men by ex-
perience, fools by nothing.—*After Cicero*.
If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap
your knuckles.—*Franklin*.
I have no other but a woman's reason ;
I think him so because I think him so.
—*Shakespeare*.
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
—*Pope*.

Men lift their foreheads to the rising sun,
And lo the reign of Reason is begun.
Fantastic phantasms fly before the light—
Pale gibbering ghosts and ghouls and goblin fears ;

Man who hath walked in sleep—what thousands
years!

Groping among the shadows of the night,
Moon-struck and in a weird somnambulism,
Mumbling some cunning cant or catechism,
Thrilled by the electric magic of the skies—
Sun-touched by Truth—awakes and rubs his eyes.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Let reason be our light, the only light
That God hath given unto benighted man
Wherewith to get a glimpse of his vast plan
And stars of hope that glimmer on our night.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Yea, superstition, since the world began,
Hath been a magic wand to govern man;
For men were beasts and brutal fear was given
To chain the brute till Reason came from heaven.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Reason was given to man that he might become
a god.

Temper all things with reason.

We are led less by reason than by custom and
habit.

Rebuke. The rebuke of the wise is better than the
praise of a fool.

If thy friend rebuke thee, thank him.

Reckon—reckoning. He reckons without reason.
If you will “flash,” pay the reckoning.

Recommend. Beware of the man who comes to you
highly recommended by himself.

Recreation. Unbend the bow or else the bow will
break.—*Pauline.*

A time for work and a time for play
Will make a man healthy, happy and gay.
The mind needs recreation as well as the body.

Redeem. Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.
If you have made a promise redeem it.

Refinement. Don't refine refinement too fine; save
the fiber.

We're refinin' our cullege-boys intu sports an' molly-
cuddles.—*Bronco Bill.*

Don't try to refine pure gold with brass, or to
paint the lily with a paint pot.

Reflection. He that will not reflect is ruined.

A wise man reflects before he speaks;
A fool speaks first and reflects afterwards.
Our passions are reflected in our faces.

Reform. I sings mein leetel song—"Reform; ;"

Dot shakes der goundry like a sdorm;

Und makes die peobles all pelief

I eats mein dinner on a tief.—*C. S. (Ms.)*

When Lycurgus proposed to reform the state of
Sparta, a wild-eyed "reformer" said to him:
"Give everybody an equal voice in the govern-
ment." "Try it in your own house," replied
Lycurgus.

If you would reform a city, start in on the dog-
catcher.

Loud-mouthed "Reformers" are always hungry—
for office or notoriety.

These red-mouthed "reformers"—demagogues and
pedagogues—are "reforming" the country of
Washington and Lincoln into Anarchy.

The reform mayor wants an army of tax-eaters to reform the city.

These air the days uf *Reform*. They air reformin' ev'rythin', frum petticoats an' hair-pins tu grape-juice an' the constitootion.—*Bronco Bill*.

You can't reform the world in a day if you preach all night.

I'm in fer "Reform"; let's begin on our forefathers; they need it the wust.—*Bronco Bill*.

Regret. Hope, ahead; regret, behind.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

Every old hat is full of regret.

Life is too short for regret,—go ahead, do better.

A month of bliss, a year of hell:

'Twere better if we had not met;

But only weaklings hug regret,

And so we part,—and it is well.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these: "It might have been."

—*Whittier*.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest air these: I might a-hed Ben.

—*Sally Ann*.

Regular. Always regular in his irregularities.

He's allus regular on borryin', but mighty onsartin on the pay.—*Bronco Bill*.

Relax—relaxations. Unbend the bow, or else the bow will break.

Don't relax; keep'er keyed up.—*Bronco Bill*.

Religion. Religion is as natural to man as the air he breathes.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.—*Colton*.

“I have slight touches of it occasionally,” said a deaf and rheumatic old lady, when the minister asked her if she had religion.

Superstition is the religion of the ignorant.

I don't like a hypocrite that's so full of religion that he hasn't got no room for honesty.—*Bronco Bill*.

He carries his religion in his pocket.

Old religious factions are volcanoes burnt out.
—*Edmund Burke*.

There ain't no orthodox religion 'though a Devil in it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Every people make their own religion.

Don't mistake superstition for religion.

The true religion is to do right by your fellowmen.

My religion is to do good.—*Thomas Paine*.

All religions are the children of men; they are the true proofs of morality, principles and manners.—*Napoleon*.

Nothing renders a nation so despicable as religious despotism.—*Napoleon*.

Man has need of something wonderful. It is best for him to seek it in religion.—*Napoleon*.

The moral code of Jesus is the same as that of Plato.—*Napoleon*.

There are many religions, but there is only one morality.—*Ruskin*.

My creed is—he is safe that does his best.

—*Cowper*.

Religion at best is “a great Perhaps.” Men will wrangle for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but live for it.—*Colton*.

My Religion: I believe in the fatherhood of God, the motherhood of Nature, and the brotherhood of man.—*H. L. G.*

Liberty is my religion—liberty of hand and brain—liberty of thought and labor.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

I am the slave of no phantom; I am the serf of no book.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Just to the extent we become civilized ourselves will we improve the religion of our fathers.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Every religion in the world has denounced every other religion as a fraud.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Remember—remembrance. Remember your friends and don't forget your enemies.

The remembrance of one's faults and follies leads to wisdom.

Remembrance of one's good deeds is pleasant to the soul.

Men are prone to remember your faults and forget your virtues.

Remember to forget unkindness.

Remorse. When a good man has done wrong, remorse gnaws him.

The bad man feels remorse when he is caught.

Repentance. The wolf repents that he fails to get the lamb.

The burglar repents because he blew the safe open and found nothing.

"Mother," said Johnie in tears, "I repent." "What have you done, my dear boy?" asked the mother.

“Nuthin,” said Johnie, “on’y Bill Butler called me a liar and I didn’t lick ’im.”

The best repentance is reparation.

Death-bed repentance seldom reaches to restitution.
—“*Junius*.”

Of what good is repentance without reform?

To do it no more is the true repentance.

—*Martin Luther*.

Report. False report goes by fast express; the truth follows on a freight-train.

You uncivil cit—you quote Barbour’s Reports?

That’s barbarous indeed, sir, in civilized courts;
And “Common Reports?” why, you know they’re
all lies, sir,

And just made to order and all of assize, sir.

—*Quips and Quirks*.

Repose. Repose is power.

A flea can break the repose of a giant.

Republic. It takes a good many fools to run a republic.

A republic damns her best men.

Republics breed thieves and demagogues.

The Republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this, it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing.—*Herbert Spencer*.
(The Americans).

Reputation. Take care of your character and your reputation will take care of itself.

A great reputation is a great noise.—*Napoleon*.

Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon’s mouth.—*Shakespeare*.

Your reputation is what men say of you, your character is what you are.

Reputation is rarely proportioned to merit.

“He hed a big reputation cuz he blew a big mouth an’ a brass-band.”—*Bronco Bill*.

Resentment. Resentment is right, but revenge recoils on the revenger.

Respect. Respect yourself if you wish the respect of others.

We air ful uf respect fer the millionaire’s money.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Rest. Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.
—*Poetry*.

The body will rest if the mind will let it.

Only dead men rest.

I have little time to rest now, I have an eternity of rest before me.

In rest we rust.—*Poetry*.

Result. Look to the result.

Pore cuss; he tackled a grizzly with a “big stick”: Jist look at the result!—nuthin’ left but his Boston boots an’ his cullege cap.—*Bronco Bill*.

Return. Her low “good-bye” and tender eye Implored him to return again.

The lost day will never return.

Revelation. Without our reason how can we read “Revelation”?

A new fact discovered in Nature is a new revelation.

Nature is full of Revelations and miracles.

Revenge. Revenge is dear at any price.

Revenge is a much more punctual pay-master
than gratitude.

How often men prefer revenge to their interests.
He who punishes for revenge, himself commits
a crime.

Revenge is the mother of miseries.

Fools think revenge is sweet; it is the bitterest
of bitters.

Resentment is right, but revenge recoils on the
revenger.

Revenge is the weapon of the weak.

The best revenge for a wrong is to forgive it.

Secret revenge is the weapon of the coward.

The big man is above revenge.

Revenge never paid ten cts on the dollar.

The shot that killed Alexander Hamilton killed
Aaron Burr.

Life is too short for revenge, and eternity too
long.

At an anti-England mass-meeting in Dublin it was
unanimously resolved, "To gather up all the
notes of the Bank of England and make a bon-
fire and burn 'em"—for revenge.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

—*Bishop Thomas Wilson.*

Revenge is a kind of wild justice.—*Bacon.*

A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds
green.—*Bacon.*

A bitter heart that bides its times and bites.

—*Robert Browning.*

Nous vous frappons par culotte et manche!—

Revanche!—revanche!—revanche!—revanche!

—*Johnny Crapaud, on the Germans.—Cow-Boy
Ballads.*

Revolution. Revolution defeated is treason; successful, patriotism.

“Revolutions never go backward,” but they often end at the end of a rope.

Reward. God is a prompt pay-master. He pays us what we earn—good or evil.

“Virtue is its own reward”? Durn pore pay, Mister, when a feller is out at the toes, an’ jist about froze, an’ his stumick is turrible gnawin’ an’ thin.—*Bronco Bill*.

“Mother,” said her little cub, “I’ve been good fer ten minutes, an’ I want my reward.”

Rhetoric. Truth is true rhetoric.

Wings and tailfeathers and squawk are the rhetoric of a “spread-eagle” orator.

Rhetoric is reason well dressed.

Rich—riches. To leave a son a fortune is, nine times out of ten, to leave him a misfortune.

How many of his millions did Harriman take with him to invest on the other side?

It is better to live rich than to die rich.

—*Dr. Johnson*.

He is rich who has health, a loaf, and no debts.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

—*Shakespeare*.

“Vat for you vill be poor, wenn zwei glass lager vill mak you reech?”—*Hans*.

He that has enough is as rich as Rockefeller.

It is not what we *take* up but what we *give* up that makes us rich.—*H. W. Beecher*.

And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

—*Goldsmith*

The rich plunder the poor and the poor plunder the rich.

As in a forest tall trees overshadow and dwarf the small one, so in the multitudes of men, the rich and powerful overshadow and dwarf the poor and feeble.

Would'st thou be rich? The earth is full of riches, dig.

Rich men without good sense are but sheep, and everybody is ready to shear them.

Riches are a heavy burden, but most men are anxious to carry it.

It is madness to live poor to die rich.

Ridicule. Who can argue against a horse-laugh?

The lance of chivalry was shivered by the goose-quill of Cervantes.

The "Greeley wave" was turned into soap-suds by the pencil of Thomas Nast.

Ridicule is more often effective than reason.

Ridicule is a weapon that only shrewd men can handle.

Ridiculous. "It is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" and the gentleman took it with both feet.—Letter of Author, St. Paul Globe, 1883.

Riding. Circus ridin' ain't no picnic,

Leastwise double ridin' ain't,

With one foot on the devil

An' the ether on a saint.—*Bronco Bill.*

Dr. Wood, he war the Cunnel, Bob;

But Teddy wuz the boss;

Our Ted he rid his bronco, Bob,

An' Wood—she—he—rid a hoss

Thet niver felt a currycomb
 An' niver smelt uf oats;
 An' he rid on a side-saddle, Bob,
 In pantalets an' petticoats.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

Right. It is better to be right than consistent.
 We measure right by the hand of might.

I would rather be right than be president.

—*Henry Clay.*

Be sure you are right: then go ahead.

—*David Crockett.*

Right wrongs no man.

It is a safe path that always turns to the right.

Let us have faith that right makes might.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Rime. His head is ful uf rimes an' rhythms an'
 ether riggles thet nobody kears a darn fer but
 his-self.—*Bronco Bill.*

He rimes without reason.

Gimme the rimes thet chimes with dollars an'
 dimes.—*Bronco Bill.*

Ripe. When the peach is ripe, pluck it.

When the time is ripe God sends the man.

—*Columbus.*

Sooner ripe, sooner rotten.—*Prov.*

He has ripened and gone to seed.

Rise. This fellow falls from grace every day in
 the week but one: he always rises again on
 Sunday.

He is a strong man who can rise every time he
 falls.

- Risk.** He who risks nothing will win but little.
If you bet on a "sure thing" you are sure to lose.
Don't pull the trigger till you are sure of your aim.
If you are "between the devil and the deep sea," take the risk of "standing pat."
He who has nothing to lose may risk all.
- Road.** On the wrong road the faster you run the farther you fall behind.
It is a bad road that leads to the poor-house.
It is a dangerous road that never turns to the right.
- Rogue.** No honest man has need of a rogue.
The rogue that will steal for you, will steal from you.
A rogue is a roundabout fool.—*Coleridge*.
Where fools are scarce rogues go hungry.
- Rome.** In Rome, a Roman; in Greece, a Greek; in America—all sorts, from a Yankee to a Hottentot.
- Room.** In a log-cabin 12x12 there is room enough for two and happiness.
There is plenty of room on the roof.
There is always room at the top.—*Daniel Webster*.
- Rope.** He is knotting a rope to hang himself.
You can't hold a bull with a "rope of sand."
Loop a rope for your enemy and put your own foot in it.
He went in fer "glory," an' kim out on the end of a rope.—*Bronco Bill*.

Rot—rotten. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.—*Shakespeare.*

Ripe and rotten and soon forgotten.—*Proverb.*

And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

—*Shakespeare.*

There is small choice in rotten apples.

—*Shakespeare.*

He talks like a saint, but he's "all rot."

Rouge. Look out for vice in rouge and red petticoat.

Rudder. The ship without a rudder is bound for the rocks.

Be shore yer got a rudder hitched on before yer sail in.—*Bronco Bill.*

Ruin. His success was his ruin.

Rule. The hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rules the world—

—*William Ross Wallace*

The ole hen rules the roost.—*Bronco Bill.*

Diaz ruled Mexico, for her own good, with an iron hand, a clear head and a warm heart.

"The rule of three"—I—me—and myself.

Rumor. Rumors, like snow-balls, gather as they go: to-day, a mouse; to-morrow, a mule, and next day a mammoth.

Rumor has a hundred mouths, a thousand tongues and a voice like a brass-band.

Russian. Scratch a Russian and you will find the Tartar.—*Napoleon.*

Rust. Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust.—*Poetry.*
Better wear out than rust out.

S

Sacrifice. He would sacrifice his mother-in-law for the sake of peace.

Sabbath. He prays on his knees on the Sabbath, and preys on the public the rest of the week.
The Hebrew word Sabbath means simply a day of rest from labor.

“The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.”—*Jesus. (Mark 2-27.)*

Safety. Best safety lies in fear.—*Shakespeare.*

Sage. A sage is the son of ages.

Senator Jack Rabbit is a sage frum the sage-brush uf Nevada.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sail. Sail boldly when the wind is at your back;
When the wind is in your face, trim sail and tack.

Sailor. More sailors are shipwrecked in port than on the sea.

They both hed the same “medicine-man”; the “dope” thet cured the sailor killed the tailor.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Saint. An artful woman makes a modern saint.

—*Prior.*

He wears the smile of a saint and the hoofs of a devil.

She'll sanctify a saint, an' sin with a pra'r.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Ef yer keep on sinnin', yer'll soon be a saint, Jo

—*Bronco Bill.*

Saloon. Sign over the front door of a Montana saloon—"Short line to Hell,—All aboard."

The best side of a saloon is the outside.

The saloon is the devil's contribution-box.

Salt. Mix a little salt with your pepper.

His wit lacks salt.

That's good to keep—salt it down.

She sobbed an' shed salt worter, an' won the verdict uf the jury.—*Bronco Bill.*

Thet ole squaw salted Cow Creek with her tears.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Samaritan. The world is full of "Good Samaritans without the oil and twopence."

When I'm broke I cain't find no "good Samaritans," but when I've got the "jingles" in my pocket they come a-runnin' with "sweet oil" an' wine.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sanctimonious. He wuz a sanctimoneyus "cuss"; he passed the contribution box an' stole the money.—*Bronco Bill.*

San Diego. He sailed up tu Sandy Ague with Father Juniper Berry. They convarted the Injuns an' the squaws, an' larnt 'em how tu say pra'rs an' salvos, an' sing Te Deliriums an' Sally Marias, an' tu work fer nuthin' an' "eat" themselves.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sarcasm. Sarcasm is a chasm that many smart men fall into.

“Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil.”—*Carlyle*.

Who has written more sarcasm than Carlyle?
He wuz a sarcaustic “cuss”—allus spittin’ pepperness.—*Bronco Bill*.

He lived on sauerkraut an’ sourcasm.—*Bronco Bill*.

Satiety. The sweetest harp of heaven
Were hateful if it played the selfsame tune
Forever, and the fairest flower that gems
The garden, if it bloomed throughout the year,
Would blush unsought. The most delicious fruits
Pall on the palate if we taste too oft,
And Hyblan honey turns to bitter gall.—*Change*.

Satire. Satire is all right on a satyr.
Ridicule and satire are the only pins that will prick
through the hide of some people.

Sauce. “Labor is the best sauce;” it makes raw
turnips taste like fried oysters.
What is sauce for one man is “sass” for another.

Save. The alchemy that turns everything into
gold—*save*.
A single nail may save a ship.
Save your pennies, and your pennies will save you.
Let ’im go: a fool ain’t wuth savin’.—*Bronco Bill*.

Savings-bank. It is like a mine; it is easy to get
your money in, but sometimes hard to get it
out.

A run on the bank: “I wants mein monish,” said
the Dutch depositor. “Here it is,” said the

teller. "You got 'im? Vell, you got 'im I no want 'im—you no got 'im I wants 'im right away guick already."

Say. It is easier to say it than to unsay it.

"They say" is an excuse for a lie.

Ef yer hain't got nuthin' tu say, don't say nuthin'.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Say nuthin', an' write less.—*Bronco Bill.*

Scandal. She sugars her tea with gossip and peppers her chops with scandal.

Scape-goat. There are many scape-goats for our sins, but the most popular is Providence.

—*Mark Twain.*

School. Better build school-rooms for "the boys," Than cells and gibbets for "the man."—*Eliza Cook.*

"He keepit a schule an' ca'd it an academy."

Science—scientist. Science is the knowledge of our ignorance.

Behold, the serried ranks of Truth advance,
And conquering Science shakes her shining lance
Full in the face of stubborn Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How deep have our greatest scientists gone? They have barely scratched the skin of the earth.

The discovery of truth is the aim of science.

Scotch Porrich. Dr. Johnson was dining at the house of a Scotch lady. She gave him a dish of "Scotch porrich," and after he had tasted it, asked him if it was good. "Very good—for hogs," said the Dr. "Then, pray let me help you to more of it," replied the lady.

Scruples. He has too many scruples to his dram.

Sea. He goes to sea in a gig and growls at the weather.

If you swim in the sea, look out for the sharks.

More men are drowned in the bottle than in the sea.

Secret—secrecy. Pat: "Biddy, I've a gra-at sa-cret, an' Oi want a woman te help me kape it." *

Never seek to know your friend's secrets, and never reveal your own.

Secrets are bats—they fly in the night.

There is only one to whom you can safely trust your secrets—yourself.

Keep your secret in the ice-box or it will get you into a hot-box.

Wine spills secrets.

Don't tell yer secrets tu a feller thet wars petticoats.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Secure—security. Reasonable apprehension is safer than confident security.

There is danger in too much security.

Too-sure is never secure.

He is cock-sure: take security.

Self. He knows everybody but himself.

He worships himself.

His worst enemy wears his hat.

Men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them.—*Lord Byron* (letter to his mother, Jan. 14, 1811).

Self-conceit. He who is full of himself is empty of everything else.

He admires his own shadow.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?
There is more hope of a fool than of him.

—*Proverbs—Old Test.*

Self-conscious. Self-conscious like an old cheese full of skippers.

Self-deception. If I am deceived I deceive myself.

Self-denial. Self-denial is a great virtue—in your neighbor.

Self-denial is one corner-stone of a strong character.

Self-improvement. He who is satisfied with himself is past cure.

Self-interest. Our interests are centered in ourselves.

Self-interest and charity are compatible: I know men who give liberally to charity just to get their names in the newspapers.

Selfishness. We hate selfishness in others because we are selfish ourselves.

Fathom every human heart and you will find *self* at the bottom.

Our very sorrow is selfish.—*Byron.*

Selfishness is self-protection, and self-protection is the first law of nature.

We air all of us shell-fish.—*Bronco Bill.*

Self-knowledge. He knows everybody but himself
Study yourself.

Self-love. Self-love is the first law of nature.

Self-made. "I am a self-made man!" roared a member of Congress.

"That fact relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility," replied his opponent.

He is a self-made man and worships the maker.

—*John Bright.*

He is wondering whether he made God, or God made him.—*Rufus Choate.*

Self-praise. Self-praise stinketh in the mouth.

The man praises himself because nobody else will praise him.

Self-reliance—self-respect. Self-respect and self-reliance are cardinal virtues.

If you can't rely on yourself, on whom can you rely?

If you don't respect yourself, who will respect you?

Back-bone is the best bone in your body.

Help yourself and God and men will help you.

Fortune hates *I Can't* and loves *I Will*.

Self-reliance is a firm footing and a stout staff.

Self-will. The difference between self-reliance and self-will is the difference between a wise man and a mule.

Sense—sensible. The most uncommon thing is common-sense.—*Men.*

A pint of sense is worth a peck of learning.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume.—*Young.*

The only sensible thing he ever did was done by mistake.

Fill the basement with common-sense and the upper floors with learning.

Sensitive. He is more sensitive than sensible.

Sensual. Dust to Dust:

What is gained when all is lost?

Gaily for a day we tread—

Proudly with averted head—

O'er the ashes of the dead—

Blind with pride and mad with lust:

Dust to dust.—*Dust to Dust.*

True love is less sensual than sensible.

Sermon. The most effective sermon is to practice what you preach.

Serpent. Beware of the serpent that charms before he strikes.

The serpent in ourselves is the snake that stings us.

Servant—serve. A negligent master, a negligent servant.

He who serves himself has a good servant and a kind master.

Girls and servants are the hardest people to handle.

If you treat them with familiarity they become disrespectful; if you keep them at a distance they resent it.—*Confucius (Kung, the philosopher).*

Don't send a boy to mill: if you want your grist ground go yourself.

A good master, a good servant.

Wealth may be the servant of good or the servant of evil.

Shadow. When the sun in setting the shadows point to sunrise.

Without light there is no shadow.

We fight for the shadow of things.
 He is trying to run away from his own shadow.
 With our poor eyes wide open we see but the
 shadows of shadows.
 There is a substance to every shadow.
 We spend our lives chasing the shadows.
 What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.—*Edmund Burke.*

Shaft. He bends a long bow, but his shaft is a feather.

Shakespeare. I kin quote Shakespur by the yard,
 Jo; 'thout crossin' an "I" er dottin' a "T." Har
 goes a few:

"The fust thing we do, let's kill all the liars."
 (Ye're off, Bill, it's "all the lawyers." Same thing,
 Jo; don't butt in when I'm quotin' Scriptur;
 "An' when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.")
 "Thar's small choice in rotten pertaters."
 "A mool!—a mool!—my kingdom fer a mool!"
 "Thar's a deviltry that shapes our ends."
 "Let the galled jade wince, our widers air unwrung."
 "The devil kin cite Scriptur tu his puppies."
 "Lord, whut fools these moralists be!"
 Whut's the reason, Bill?
 "Ef reasons war ez plenty ez blueberries I'd give
 no man a reason on compulsion."
 "An' tew men ride on a hoss, one must ride on the
 hind-eend."
 "All the world's a stage, an' it needs must go, fer
 the devil drives."
 "Mine enemy's dog, an' tharby hangs a tail."
 "Tu marry, this is the short an' the long uf it."
 Ain't them "A hit—a very pulpable hit," Jo?

“Why, then the world’s mine lobster.”

—*Bronco Bill.*

Sharper. When sharpers pluck each other geese are scarce.

Sheep. If you are a sheep put on a lion-skin; if you are a lion put on a lamb-skin.

Protection shears our sheep, free-trade skins them.

As weel he hangit for an auld sheep as a lammie.

—*Scotch Proverb.*

The lone sheep is in danger of the wolf.

Ae scabbit sheep fyles a’ the flock.—*Scotch Proverb.*

He that makes himself a sheep must expect to be sheared.

Shepherd. Trust paves the way for treachery to tread;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;

Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

He is a good shepherd that keeps the wolves far from the fold.

When the shepherd’s asleep the wolf creeps into the fold.

Ship. An empty ship is least able to breast the storm.

Don’t ship all in one tub.

He’s sailin’ the ole ship with a feather-head at the helm, an’ the ole sailors under the hatches.

—*Bronco Bill.*

The wust ship I ever sailed in wuz a pardner-ship: me an’ Jo got shipwrecked on a bunch uf ole mools.—*Bronco Bill.*

Shoe. But I wot best wher wringeth me my sho.
—*Chaucer.*

Every shoe fits not every foot.
Old shoes are easiest and old friends the best.
He has worn out his shoes chasing dreams.

Shoemaker. "I have pegged my last," said the dying shoemaker.

"You have lost your soul," said the priest to a scoffer. "Bring 'im in and I'll peg on another," said the cobbler.

The shoemaker's boys go barefoot.

Short-cut. Most men go around to find the short-cut.

Sift. You heard the speech: sift it—sift it.

Sift out the cheat and save the wheat.

In vain kings piled the pyramids;
Their tombs were robbed by ruthless hands;
Who now shall sing their fame and deeds,
Or sift their ashes from the sands?—*Fame.*

Sight. If our fore-sight were half as good as our hind-sight we wouldn't miss the mark so often.

Yer cain't see haf ez fur with yer fore-sight ez yer kin with yer hind-sight.—*Bronco Bill.*

A fool's foresight is always behind.

Silence—silent. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise.

Silence is a hard argument to answer.

Nobody will repeat your silence.

A silent sage is like a bell without a clapper.

Beware of the man who is silent when he is angry.

His silence spoke louder than the voice of a multitude.

Keep your mouth shut. A dumb fool is often taken for a wise man.

Lay the finger-tips of silence on the shrivelled lips of time.—*Daniel*.

Keep yer mouth shet, aspecially in fly time.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Silk. Vice is dangerous in silk stockings.

Although in silk the monkey dress

She's still a monkey nevertheless.—*Spanish*.

Silver. Fish with a silver hook.

He seeks for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at his feet.—*Men*.

Flattery is silver-tongued.

Thet Chicago charity gal hez a sweet smile an' a silver lisp thet'll slip the silver outer yer pocket.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Simplicity. Simplicity is true to truth and nature.

Sin. We sin and blame the Devil for it.

Plate sin with gold

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—*Shakespeare*.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

—*Shakespeare*.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

—*Shakespeare*.

If lightning struck every one who sins, there wouldn't be a "two-legged animal without feathers" left on this earth.

The virus of sin is in the blood of all men.

When we sin agin Natur we pay the price.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Sing. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me.—*Artemus Ward* (Charles F. Browne).

She sung a song nigh ten yards long,
An' every verse, ez she screeched her song,
Skeared the geese like a Chinee gong.—*Bronco Bill*.
She wud sing the howl outer a hungry wolf.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Single. He has an eye single to the main chance.
Thet ole mare is like an ole maid: she goes single
fust rate, but she'll kick an' she'll balk ef she's
hitched with a mate.—*Bronco Bill*.

Better go single than be hitched double with a kick-
ing mule.
He has an eye single to the eagle—on the dollar.

Skill—skillful. Skill rides; strength carries.
Better a skillful cobbler at his last
Than unskilled poet twangling on the lyre.
—*Poetry*.

Skin. He wud skin a skunk fer the perfume.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Charity is skin-deep; self goes to the bone.
The doctors an' the undertakers allus skin a dead
man ef he hez any fat on 'im.—*Bronco Bill*.

He'd skin his grandmother an' sell the hide.
—*Bronco Bill*.

Skunk. He likes perfume who kicks a skunk.

Sky. I'd ruther hev one acre uf arth thun a hul
quarter-section in the sky.—*Bronco Bill*.

Sky-lark. She wakened the woods with her mu-
sical words,
And the sky-lark ashamed of his voice forbore.
—*The Feast of the Virgins*.

The silver dawn steals in upon the dark:
 Up from the dewy meadow wheels the lark
 And trills his welcome to the rising sun,
 And lo another day of labor is begun.—*Poetry.*

Slander. And who escapes the tongue of calumny
 May count himself an angel or a naught.—*Poetry.*
 Slander is a Hydra, strike off one of its heads and
 two will grow out in its place.
 Slander has the scent of a hound, the eyes of a cat
 and the tongue of a serpent.
 If you fight slander take it by the throat.
 The best shield against slander is silence.
 Don't blow the coals of slander and they will soon
 die out.

Slang. Avoid slang: the slang-whanger is never a
 gentleman.

Slavery. If we are slaves what matters it whether
 our chains be of iron or of gold.
 All men are slaves: yea, some are slaves to wine,
 And some to women, some to sordid gold,
 But all to habit and to customs old.
 —*The Reign of Reason*
 We are still slaves to custom and fashion.

Sleep. He who riseth late must trot all day.
 —*Benjamin Franklin.*
 Die sonne, he know ven he petter git oop, mebbe;
 aber Ich bin no leetel bird dot poke hees pill
 ouet to be cotch py die vorm. I radder sleeb a
 leetel bis die preakfast pees ready.—*Johannis.*
 Ef yer huntin' Injuns, Jo, yer better sleep with yer
 eyes open.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sloth. Sloth is always waiting and wishing.

Sloth is always waiting for something to turn up.

Sloth, that shameful Siren.—*Horace.*

Sloth is the mother of poverty.—*Proverb.*

Slow. Go slow till you know.

Slow and sure is a good horse;

Swift and sure is a better.

Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast.

—*Shakespeare.*

Be slow to anger; swift to forgive.

At the signal of danger, slow up.

Sluggard. The sluggard takes a hundred steps to-day where two would have sufficed yesterday.

The diligent says "To-day;" the sluggard says "To-morrow."

His to-day is always to-morrow.

Small. Don't despise small things; a flea at midnight is worse than a wolf at midday.

Great things are made out of little things.

Smile. A smiler is often a beguiler.

He smiles with the smilers and weeps with the weepers.

He smiles on one side and frowns on the other.

He smiles to your face and bites at your back.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

—*Shakespeare*

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,

When life flows on like a song;

But the man worth while

Is the man with a smile

When everything goes dead wrong.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The world is a mirror: smile and it smiles; frown and it frowns.

A frozen smile is wus ner a frown.—*Bronco Bill*.

Smudge. The gnats are buzzing: smudge!

Sneak. You can tell a coyote by his sneak.

I kin stand a "hold-up," but a sneak-thief is wus nur a cyote.—*Bronco Bill*.

Sneer. Half-way betwixt a snicker and a sneer.

Sneer-lipped, hawk-eyed, wolf-tongued oraculars.

—*Men*.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer.—*Byron*.

Who can refute a sneer?—*Paley*.

Soap. He's a soap-bubble; he'll soon bust.

—*Bronco Bill*.

It's so durn dirty in Chicago thet yer hev tu wash the soap.—*Bronco Bill*.

Soar. The higher he soars the louder he squawks.

Socialism. Socialism is despotism: it crushes the individual.

Let socialism prevail and the dunce and the wise are on a dead level;

The worker and the sluggard are equal.

Democracy leads to Socialism, Socialism to Anarchy.

There is but a thin line between the "Utopia" of Socialism and the crackling Hell of Anarchy.

If God does not make men equal, can man do it?

Socialism would send us back to barbarism.

Socialism would level *down*, and never level *up*.

Socialists expect to make a yard out of ten inches.

- Society.** Society follows the bell-wether.
Fashionable society is made up of toadies, tattlers
and Tomnoddys.
Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes—the Bores and
Bored.—*Byron.*
- Soil.** The soil that grows nettles will grow corn.
Yer may soil yer hands in thet perairie soil, but
yer'll keep yer conscience clean.—*Bronco Bill.*
The soil of youth is virgin soil; be careful what
you sow in it.
- Soldiers.** Beheld a score of battlefields corpse-
strewn,
Blood-fertilized with ten thousand flattered fools
Who, but to please the vanity of one,
Marched on hurraing to the doom of death.
—*An Old English Oak.*
Lo the blood-spattered bosom, the shot-shattered
limb,
The hand-clutch of fear as the vision grows dim,
The half-uttered prayer, and the blood-fettered
breath,
The cold marble brow and the calm face of death.
O proud were these forms at the dawning of morn,
When they sprang to the call of the shrill bugle-
horn:
There are mothers and wives that await them afar;
God help them!—Is this, then, the glory of war?
—*Charge of "The Black Horse."*
He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again.—*Goldsmith.*

He is a brave soldier—in slippers and pajamas.

Solitude. He who is alone with good books has good company.

I love solitude with a few choice friends, a bottle of wine and a box of cigars.

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.—*Byron*.

A great city is a great solitude.—*Greek Prov.*

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness.—*Cowper*.

“It is a gra-at comfort te be all alone by yerself,” said Pat, “ef ye hev yer swateheart wid ye.”

Something to say. Don't make a speech unless you have something to say.

Son. The son at twenty knows more than his father at fifty.

The best patrimony you can leave to your son is a strong body, a sane mind, and plenty of hard work.

Many a pore boy is ruined by his father's money.

He follows his father a long way behind.

He was not all a father's heart could wish;

But oh, he was my son!—*Joanna Baillie*.

A sage is the son of ages.

Sore. Don't prod an old sore.

Every man has his sore spot.

“Ever man hez his sore spot,” they say;

I hed tew on 'em the fust time I rid a buckin' bronco.—*Bronco Bill*.

Sorrow. Sorrow is the shadow of pleasure.

Sorrows are mile-stones on the road to wisdom.

Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat.—*Ben Jonson*.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.—*Shakespeare.*

Soul. What is the soul and whither will it fly?
We only know that matter cannot die,
But lives and lived through all eternity,
And ever turns from hoary age to youth.
And is the soul not worthier than the dust?
And is there life beyond this life below?
Aye, is death *death?* or but a happy change
From night to light on angel wings to range,
And sing the songs of seraphs as we go?
Alas, the more we know the less we know we know.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Of what good is a soul without a body or a body
without a soul?

Sound. His voice sounds like a steam whistle in a
megaphone.
His arguments are all *sound.*

Sour. He is as sour as a pickled crabapple.
Her sweetest smile would sour fresh milk.
He's so ful uf bile thet sweet milk 'ud sour on his
stumick.—*Bronco Bill.*

The sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.
Thet ole Bony-face that runs the Lone Pine Corral
allus wars a crab-apple face on 'im an' a peach-
blussom on the nub uf his nose.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sow. Sow good words and you will gather friends.
He sows good seed in sterile sand, and trusts in
God.
Nature sows thorns in the path of fools.
Sow cockle, reap cockle; sow wheat, reap wheat.
One sows, another reaps;

And still another—tolls the grain.
They that sow in adversity may reap in prosperity.
It is easier to sow than to reap.—*After Goethe.*

Spare. The mother who has ten children has none to spare.

“Spareribs,” said a pert miss to a lean old maid.
To spare the guilty is to punish the innocent.

—*After Lord Coke.*

Speak—speaker. He’s a wise man who knows when to speak, a wiser that knows when to be silent.

If you your lips would keep from slips,

Five things observe with care:

To whom you speak, of whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where.—*W. E. Norris.*

He’s a “reformer”: when he makes a speech he flops his wings an’ flutters his tail-feathers, like a ole ruster on a dung-hill.—*Bronco Bill.*

Special—specialty. Concentrate all your energies on one line.

Make a specialty of success.

We are in the age of specialties: choose one good line and stick to it.

Some men take special pains to show their ignorance.

Spectator. The spectator often sees better than the actor.

Speech. What goes in at the ear comes out at the mouth.

A soft speech may have a subtle poison.

Speech is the ripple of the rivulet; silence, the voice of the deep.

Clear thought, clear speech.

A soft speech turneth away anger.
He cain't make a speech, but he cain't hold his
tongue.—*Bronco Bill*.

Spend. Don't spend what you haven't got.
He has spent all his money and is now spending
promises to pay.
Life is spent before we know the value of it.
Don't spend your breath blowing cold coals.
Don't spend other men's money.

Spirits. He is full of spirits—his bottle is empty.
He keeps his spirits up by pouring spirits down.

Spots. Spots become a leopard.
He is all right—in spots.
“Can a leopard change his spots?” Sure; he kin
hop out'er one spot int'u anether.—*Bronco Bill*.

Spring. Spring is the seed-time; Autumn the har-
vest.
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love.—*Tennyson*.

Squander. Eternity will not give back the hours
you squander.
He toils all his life to pile up wealth for his prodi-
gals to squander.

Stale eggs. He is like an old hen trying to hatch
stale eggs.
“They are egging him on,” said a wag when they
rotten-egged a stump-speaker.

Stand. You cannot stand still, you must go up or
go down—forward or backward.
Take your stand and stand by it.

Star. "Follow thine own star."—*Dante*. I would,
but I can't tell my star from a jack-o'-lantern.
If you trust in your star you will sup on moon-
shine.

The stars never shine clear till after dark.
Stars of hope that glimmer on our night.

—*The Reign of Reason*.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

—*Shakespeare*.

The stars are the faces of our fathers looking
down from their hunting-grounds.—*Dakota*.

He kicked the hind-eend uf a cayuse, an' he im-
megitly seen stars.—*Bronco Bill*.

State. The state is a great corporation: we are
all stockholders: watch the directors.

I am the state!—what is the Throne?—a bit of
wood gilded and covered with velvet.—*Napoleon*

The state is sick and every fool a quack
Running with pills and plasters and sure-cures,
And every pill and package labelled *Ism*.—*Men*.

Steal. He that steals for you will steal from you.
He stole the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in.
—*After Pollock* (Course of Time, Book 8-616).

Steel. When steel strikes flint the fire flies.
Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;
In rest they rust.—*Poetry*.

Thet Steel Trust is shore a Steal Trust.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Step. Step by step men go upward, or downward.
Step by step men climb the highest peaks.
The dead past offers us safe stepping-stones.

Precedents are "Oft stepping-stones of tyranny
and wrong."—*Pauline*.

Don't allus be takin' half yer steps back'ards.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Stick. Stick-to-it will do it.

Stingy. Don't be stingy: allus take yer Sally Ann a
stick uf candy er a bag uf peanuts.—*Bronco Bill*.

Stink. In Köln, a town of monks and bones
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two and seventy stenches,
All well defined and several stinks!—*Coleridge*.

He shines and he stinks, and he stinks and he shines,
like a rotten mackerel by moonlight.

—*John Randolph "of Roanoke."*

Them Somali lasses—Teddy thinks—

Air kinder purty, but they blinks.

Them fat ole she-Somali's—

They looks lik Cholo tamales—

But they stinks.—*Bronco Bill*—*Cunnel Teddy*
in Africa.

Stoicism. Your bronze statute is your true stoic.

He snatched from the embers a red-hot brand,
And held it aloft in his naked hand.

He stood like a statue in bronze or stone;

Not a muscle moved, and the braves looked on.

—*The Feast of the Virgins*.

Stomach. The stomach is the fire-box of the body
—it runs the machine.

Better have little food for your stomach than little
stomach for your food.

I kin stumick most anythin' but briled Injun and fried sole-leather.—*Bronco Bill*.

Stop. Few men know when to begin or when to stop.

Storm. A storm occasionally is better than a dead calm.

In a storm the tallest trees fall first.

Turn your back to the storm and stand fast.

Story. Don't make a short story long.

History is too often his story.

Every tale an' true his-tory allus hez tew sides ontu it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Stout. Stout legs to a steep hill.
Strong arm and stout heart.

Strength. There is no strength in brawn without brains.

A woman's strength lies in her weakness.

There is strength in "I will."

Let not your strength become your weakness.

Few men are strong enough to lift themselves by their own boot-straps.

Strut. In his own conscious insignificance he struts.

He struts and gabbles like a turkey-cock in a hen-yard.

Thar goes a suit uf clo'es struttin' down the street.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Study. Man's blood and brawn demand a change of food;

His mind as well.—*Change*.

The blush of sunrise found me at my books ;
The midnight cock-crow caught me reading still.

—*Pauline.*

Learn to study and study to learn.
Study what you read—think.

Stumble. He stumbles at a straw.

A careless man stubs his toes on many a stumbling-
block.

Style. There can be no clear expression without
clear thought.

The style is the man himself—(le style est
l'homme même).

Truth is the touchstone of all genius. Art
In poet, painter, sculptor, is the same ;
What cometh from the heart goes to the heart ;
What comes from effort only is but tame.—*Poetry.*

Thought is the body, style the dress.

High heels may be the style, but I don't want to
cultivate no corn on my toes.—*Bronco Bill.*

Sublime. It is but one step from the sublime to
the ridiculous, and the gentleman took it with
both feet. Author's letter: St. Paul Globe,
1883.

Submission. All my prayers are one :
"Father, thy will be done."

Subtlety. Subtlety deceives itself.

Success. Success is often the worst of failures.

Deserve success and then command it.

We estimate men by their success, not by their
deserts.

Prudence, patience, perseverance, command success.
Study When, Where and How.

Everybody is a friend of success.

Success makes treason patriotism.

The man who sits down on the road to success and
waits for a free ride will get left.

The countersign to success is—*Get at it and stay
with it.*

There are two doors to success—marked *Pull* and
Push.

How to succeed:—Catch on and hang on.

One success is a step toward another.

Remember your failures are your stepping-stones
to success.

His success was his ruin.

Sucker. Suckers are plenty in any pond.

In Califunny they ketch suckers right out on dry
land.—*Bronco Bill.*

Suffragette. She uster run a man-a-cure cheer-up-
odist shop in Chicago; now she's one uf them
English catamount suffragettes.—*Bronco Bill.*

An' the suffragette she hollered: "I'm ez good a
cock ez you!"

An' she crowed her "Cock-a-doodle—Whoopla!—
Cock-a-doodle-do!"—*Bronco Bill.*

Suffering. He who suffers learns to pity.

Know how sublime a thing it is

To suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow.*

Sugar. Put sugar in your vinegar.

Sugar on the tongue, money in the till.

Suggestion. Teach by suggestion.

The loud mouth suggests a vacuum above it.

Suicide. The suicide is either a coward or a lunatic.

When all the blandishments of life are gone
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

—*Sewell.*

“Race-suicide!” says Teddy,
An’ it makes his busum bleed,
“We’ll soon be Paree poodles
Ef we don’t brace up an’ breed.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Sun. Midge-midgets on this grain of sand
That rolls around our lesser sun
Where myriad suns obey His hand.—*A Message.*
The sun is the electric light-and-power-plant of our
solar system.

The sun is the father and the earth the mother of
all.—*Dakota.*

Truth, like the sun, is often under a cloud.

Sunday. He prays on his knees, sir, on Sunday,
And preys on his neighbors the rest of the week.
Ole mother Natur works every day in the week:
She don’t stop tu pray pra’rs an’ sing sams on
Sunday.—*Bronco Bill.*

Superlative. He deals in superlatives and always
caps the climax.

Among asses he is the superlative jack.

Superstition. Superstition is the religion of ig-
norance.—*Burke.*

Old Superstition, mother of cruel creeds,
O’er all the earth hath sown her dragon teeth:
Lo centuries on centuries the seeds
Grew rank and from them all the haggard breeds

Of Hate and Fear and Hell and cruel Death.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Ah, ignorance and fear go hand in hand,
Twin-born, and broadcast scatter hate and thorns;
They people earth with ghosts and hell with horns,
And sear the eyes of men with burning brand.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

But superstition is a monster still,
An Hydra we may scotch, but hardly kill;
For if with sword of truth we lop a head,
How soon another groweth in its stead.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Men have been learning error age on age,
And superstition is their heritage,
Bequeathed from age to age and sire to son
Since the dim history of the world begun.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

How hard it is for mortals to unlearn
Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!
How hard it is for mortals to discern
The truth that preaches from the silent stones,
The silent hills, the silent universe,
While error cries in sanctimonious tones
That all the light of life and God is hers!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

But still 'twere wrong to speak but in abuse,
For priests and popes have had and have their use.
Yea, Superstition since the world began
Hath been a magic wand to govern man:
For men were beasts and brutal fear was given
To chain the brute till Reason came from heaven.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Superstructure. The builder who builds the super-

structure is as worthy as he who lays the foundation.

Don't try to build the top story first.

Sure. The slow and sure overtake the swift.

The sure road is the short cut.

Be sure of your aim before you pull the trigger.

He is one of those cock-sure fellows whose cock-lofts need tenants.

Sure-cure. The sure-cure for most ills is work.

The state is sick and every fool a quack

Running with pills and plasters and sure-cures

And every pill and package labeled *Ism—Men.*

Doctor, give us a sure-cure for the "*cant's.*"

Surface. Chaff and straw float on the surface, the wheat is at the bottom.

The froth is on top, the beer at the bottom.

Suspicion. When suspicion creeps in at the back door, Confidence walks out at the front.

A woman who is prone to suspicion is rarely virtuous.

When men speak ill of us we should suspect ourselves, when they praise us we should suspect them.

Suspicion will pierce even the triple mail of wisdom.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

—*Shakespeare.*

Swallow. "One swallow doesn't make it summer"?
—that depends on the liquor.

Sweet—sweetest. He deserves not the sweet who will not sweat for it.

The sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar.
Without a taste of the bitter we have little relish
for the sweet.

What tastes sweet may give yer the bellyache.
—*Bronco Bill*.

How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then how it was sweet.—*Robert Browning*.

Sweet-heart. I don't want no more sweet-hearts;
I've got tew sour-hearts already.—*Bronco Bill*.

Swine. "Cast not thy pearls before swine;" the pigs
prefer swill.

Sword. Yea, into plow-shares may these brothers
beat
Their swords and into pruning-hooks their spears.
—*After the Battle of Gettysburg*.
They first took the sword and they fall by the
sword.—*The Old Flag*.

Sympathy. Sympathy divides sorrow.
Sympathy is next door to love.

Symptoms. In morals, as in medicine, we doctor
the symptoms.
I wudn't say he's a born liar, but he hez all the
symptoms.—*Bronco Bill*.

T

Tact. Talents for a team and tact for a driver.
Tact teaches when to talk, what to say, and when
to be silent.
Tact and talent make a strong team.

Tail. Don't be the tail of any kite.

If you can't be at the head don't be at the tail.

Tale. He paints his tale red.

It takes him tu long tu git tu the tail-end uf his tale.—*Bronco Bill.*

Talent. Men lack purpose and persistence more than talent.

Tact and talent make a strong team.

You can't' hide your lack of talent "under a bushel."

One has a talent for poetry, another for mending shoes, and as a rule, both are cobblers.

Talk—talker. A fool cuts his throat with his tongue.

Talk little,—write less.

A long tongue rattles in an empty head.

There is no music so sweet to an ass as his own bray.

His talk is a synopsis of himself.

He talks all day and says nothing.

He who talks too much maketh himself cheap.

—*After Bacon.*

Ef yer hain't got nuthin' tu say, don't say nuthin'.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He who talks much hears little.

Do-much talks little.

As a rule he who talks most says the least.

Talk less and say more.

Talk don't do the work.

Who talks sows; who listens reaps.

"Talk seems to be necessary to facilitate digestion.

It is good exercise for the diaphragm and the jaw."

—*Ex-President Taft on William J. Bryan.*

Tantalize. She would tantalize a statue.

Taste. "There is good 'taste' for you, Seward," said Lincoln, as they passed an old "darkey" munching a watermelon.

He has a very refined taste—for clabber and garlic.

Everyone has his tate. (German—Jedermann hat sein Geschmack.)

"Jedermann hat sein Geschmack," said the Kaiser when the captain of his yacht took a drink of bilge-water instead of lager.

Tattle—tattler. Who tattles to you will tattle about you.

She's one uf them teatotal tea-tattlers.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Taxes. Let vices and luxuries pay the taxes.

The "single-tax" advocate is a man of a single idea.

Monarchies tax the poor to support the rich; republics tax the rich to support the poor.

Protection shears our sheep; free-trade skins them. These reformers reform the city with an army of tax-eaters.

The politicians "grind their axes" on the taxes.

The "reformer" allus tacks on more taxes.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Teaching. He who teaches himself has the best teacher.

Training is the best teaching.

In teaching others men teach themselves.—*Seneca.*

Tears. A woman's weapon is her tears.

With her tears she vanquished a whole brigade.

A few drops of salt water frum a woman's eyes

'll win the verdict uf a petty jury 'gin law an' evidence.—*Bronco Bill*.

In youth tears without grief; in age grief without tears.—*Father Roux*.

What a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear.

—*Shakespeare*.

Teeth. He conceals his teeth with a mouthful of flattery.

Pull the tiger's teeth and he'll mew as meek as a kitten.

He hain't shed his wolf teeth an' wolf ears yit.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Pull his teeth an' his bite won't hurt yer.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Temper. Cultivate good temper; it is like dew and sunshine in your garden.

Brave men are good tempered.

Put a bridle on your temper lest it put a halter on you.

Temper your temper in sweet-oil.

A bad temper bites the biter.

Temperance—temperate. We're in the dry town uf "Boot-legs," Boys: step up tu the bar, an' take a drink—uf ice-water with yer Uncle Bill.

—*Bronco Bill*.

A man shud be temperate in all things, an' especially in gittin' religin.—*Bronco Bill*.

Temple. The groves were God's first temples.

—*William Cullen Bryant*.

Temptation. Where there is no temptation there is no proof of virtue.

Turn your back on temptation and it will tug at your coat-tail.

A strong man laughs at temptation, a weak man invites it.

The devil tempts the best of men; an idle man tempts the devil.

Tempt not a desperate man.—*Shakespeare*.

“Tenderfoot.” “Don’t kick against the pricks;” let some other “tenderfoot” try it.

He’s a “tenderfoot” from Texas.

Thanks. Thanks are good, but they won’t buy bread.

“Thank yer” ’ll du fer cold lunch, but it’s a durn pore dinner.—*Bronco Bill*.

Theories. It is easier to plan than perform.

Test theory by practice.

A theoretical fact is often mere illusion.

It is a condition that confronts us—not a theory.

—*Grover Cleveland*.

He who follows theories will often bump his head against solid facts.

Theories lead to tests and tests lead to truth.

What theory proves, experience often disproves.

They say. “They-say” is a gabbler.

They-say is her-say.

“They-say” is an excuse for a liar.

Thief. A little thief goes to prison, a big thief goes to Congress.

He that steals for you will steal from you.

Republics breed thieves and demagogues.

He’d steal the pennies off his dead grandmother’s

eyes, an' kick the corpse becuz they wuzn't quarters.—*Bronco Bill*.

Think. Think twice before you speak and thrice before you write.

Think and read and read and think.

Think all you say, but don't say all you think.

With you, Bourrienne, I think aloud.—*Napoleon*.

Thinker. "God let loose a thinker on this planet," when Shakespeare was born.

Let the thinker guide the toiler.

Thorns. Don't tread on thorns barefoot.

If you handle thorns put on gloves.

Wisdom grows on thorns.

Of thorns men do not gather figs.—*Jesus*.

Thought. You may read all your life and never learn anything unless you learn to think.

Our thoughts may be good yet produce no fruit.

"I thought so" is often mistaken.

"Things breed thoughts" — (*Tupper*), — and thoughts breed things.

Most of our "new thoughts" are older than the Pyramids.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

Thorough. Whatever you do—do thoroughly.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

Don't stop half-way: work to the end.

Threat. He who threatens his enemy puts him on his guard.

Bite first and bark afterwards.

The thunder threatens, but the lightning strikes.

It ain't the curs thet bark thet bite,
But curs kin start a dog-fight.—*Bronco Bill.*

Thrift. Thrift beats swift.

Thyself. Be so true to thyself, as thou be not false
to others.—*Bacon.*

Tickle. Tickle me now and I'll tickle you to-mor-
row.

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.—*Pope.*

Tide. When the tide comes in, come in on it:

When the tide goes out, look out.

When the tide comes in catch fish; when the tide
goes out, dig clams.

Tiger. Pull his teeth and clip his claws and the
tiger mews as meek as a kitten.

Don't "buck the tiger" unless yer a lion.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Time. Time is the eternal *Now.*

The sands of time are sands of gold.

Time is the teacher of teachers.

When it is time to strike, strike hard.

You are tethered to one point in Time.

To-day, to-morrow, yesterday are one—

One in the cycle of eternal time

That hath beginning none, nor any end.—*Men.*

Time is the rider that breaks the colt.

Time flies without wings.

Time's glory is.....

To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light;

To wrong the wronger, till he render right.

—*Shakespeare.*

How time gits away with our har, ole Jo!
Jist think uf it—twent—*thutty* years ago.

—*Bronco Bill, Cow-Boy Ballads.*

You can't "kill time"; you can waste it.

Time starts nowhere, stops nowhere, and runs forever at the same pace.

The wings of Time are swifter than the feet of men.

He spends his time whining that he hasn't time.

Time is a great teacher—after you've gone and done it.

The observer who studies in the school of Time learns much.

Every hour of lost time is a chance for future evil.

—*Napoleon.*

To choose time is to save time.—*Bacon.*

Most people spend their time, wise men save it.

If we idle, winter will ask us—"What were you doing all summer?"—*Bohemian Prov.*

"Any time" is no time.

Nae man can tether time or tide.—*Burns.*

They that make good use of their time have none to spare.

"What are you doing there?" said the farmer to the tramp in his hay-stack. "Huntin' fer lost time," said the tramp.

"Times." He is peevish who praises by-gone times and sees no good in our own.

Keep up with the "times"; don't lag behind like a lubber.

"Many times and oft "Nature gives her warning.

Titles. Vanity parts his name in the middle and puts a handle on the front end.

He is descended from the royal house of "Stewards."

She sells herself and her fortune for a title and a puppy.

Titles earned are honors: titles inherited are often a reproach to the forefathers.

If you haven't earned a title don't wear it.

Toad. Better be a big toad in a little puddle than a little toad in a big puddle.

He isn't a toad: he's a toady.

Toady. He wears a pollywog coat and toadies to the "Four Hundred."

Better sit in the smoke of your own cabin than be a toady in the palace of a king.

When you are going uphill Toady is ready to boost, when you are going down Toady will give you a kick.

You know what a toady is—that agreeable animal you meet every day in civilized society.

—*Benj. Disraeli.*

Tobacco. Tobacco is a great blessing; it kills cow-lice, an' ether vermin.—*Bronco Bill.*

Tobacco kills chicken-lice and a lot of "two-legged animals without feathers."

The tobacco habit is best cured by never beginning it.

Tobacco—the Devil planted tobacco on earth.

No gentleman chews tobacco.

Alas, when Columbus discovered America he discovered tobacco.

Sir Walter Raleigh took from America to Ireland a blessing and a curse—the potato and tobacco.

To-day. Ten minutes to-day are worth an hour to-morrow.

Do it to-day.

We lose to-day waiting for to-morrow.

The diligent says, "To-day"; the sluggard says, "To-morrow."

Better a dollar today than a promise of two to-morrow.

"Mañana" (to-morrow) is the Mexican's "To-day."

Toil—toiler. A goodly recompense

Comes from hard toil, but not from its abuse.

—*Poetry.*

Labor is the lot of mortal man,

Ordained by God since human time began.—*Poetry.*

Aye, in loved labor only is there rest.—*Poetry.*

They toil most who do nothing.

Let the thinker guide the toiler.

Tolerance. Tolerance is a gret virtue in t'other feller.—*Bronco Bill.*

To-morrow. To-morrow, to-morrow, is the song of the idle.—(After Weisse.)

"To-morrow I made my fortune," cries the fool,

"To-day I'll spend it."—*Men.*

To-morrow is the first day in the fool's calendar.

One hour to-day is worth ten to-morrow.

To-morrow?—it is always *to-day*.

A mother told her little boy never to put off till tomorrow what he could do today. "Then mother," said the boy, "gimme them three punkin pies; I kin eat 'em all to-day."

Frijoles, tortillas, mescal y bananas:

Los dias de hoy son siempre mañanas.

—*El Peon Mejicano.*

Tongue. There are many men who might govern multitudes if they could only govern their own tongues.

A prudent man is tongue-tied.

You can't control the tongue of others: you can do better—you can control your own.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt learne,
It to restreine and kepen wel thy tonge.—*Chaucer.*

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughters in foreign tongues. He replied, "No, madam; one tongue is sufficient for any woman, and too much for many."

Ef yer held up by a footpad in Chicago, hold yer tongue; dont squeal, onless yer want tu stay all night in the lock-up.—*Bronco Bill.*

If you can't hold your temper, hold your tongue.

Many a man has cut his throat with his tongue.

Put a bridle on your tongue, or it will put a halter on you.

The sting of an evil tongue is worse than the sting of an asp.

I want more head and less tongue.—*Napoleon.*

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—*Quarles.*

Give every man thine ear, but few thy tongue.

Nature has given us one tongue and two ears, that we may hear more than we speak.—*Epictetus.*

Your tongue runs before your wit.—*Swift.*

The tongue is an index to the man.

I don't like raw tongue in a woman's mouth.

—*Bronco Bill*

Too much. Enough is often too much.

Yer kin git tu much uf anythin' but common-sense.
—*Bronco Bill.*

She knows but little, but she knows too much.

Tools. The man who drops his tools where he uses them is the poorest tool on the ranch.

Language is only a tool.

The most wonderful tool is the human hand.

Don't use a fool fer a tool, er yer'll cut yer fingers
—*Bronco Bill.*

Top. It is hard to climb to the top; you can slide to the bottom.

Don't try to build the top-story first.

It is better to begin at the bottom and work up than to begin at the top and work down.

It is easier to get on top than to stay on top.

If it were as easy to slide up-hill as it is to slide down-hill, we would all be at the top.

Trade. Stick to your trade: let the cobbler stick to his last, the farmer to his plow, the preacher to his pulpit, the doctor to his pills, and the devil and the lawyer to all of us.

Buy of the needy and sell to the rich.

He that hath a trade hath an estate.—*Franklin.*

Better a skillful cobbler at his last

Than unlearned poet twangling on the lyre.

—*Poetry.*

Trade the ole hoss fer a young un, an' git suthin' tu boot.—*Bronco Bill.*

Don't trade your honor for office.

A Indiana circuit rider kin beat a "Posey county long-legs" on a hoss-trade.—*Bronco Bill.*

Tragedy. He's a great actor; he tears tragedy to tatters.

Tragedy?—The world is full of it.

Deep tragedy is the school of great men.

—*Napoleon.*

Training. Training is the best teacher.

"Tramp." Where I goes and how I fares

Nobody knows and nobody cares:

I'm here to-day and there to-morrow;

They call me a shirk—I'm tired of work—

And I steal, for I scorn to beg or borrow.

Trap. He sets a trap for others and puts his own foot in it.

You can't fool a fox twice into the same trap.

Don't try to trap a fox with turnips.

Travel—traveller. Travel your own country first.

If you would gain knowledge by travelling, study the country and the people as you go.

Travellers find many hotels and few friends.

He travels for his health: he could find it in his own field.

Treachery. Of all the vices of human nature treachery is the worst.

Trust paves the way for Treachery to tread;

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;

Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,

And wolves become the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

He who betrays a friend is worthy to be hanged.

Tree. Wisdom plants trees: Folly hacks them with his little hatchet.

He that plants trees for the future is a patriot.

Don't transplant an old tree.—*Arab Proverb.*

A family-tree—ape to Adam—Adam to ape.

Neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

—*Jesus.*

When a great tree falls, little men run to hack it
with their little hatchets.

Every family-tree bears some bad fruit.

Trial. Paul, O Paul, forgive and be forgiven;
Earth is all trial; there is peace in heaven.

—*Pauline.*

It is a weak virtue that cannot stand the test of
trial.

Trial is the test of all things.

Try men before you trust them.

Tribute. We all pay tribute to success.

What right has Caesar to demand tribute?

Don't pay tribute to the devil: the saloons are his
contribution boxes.

Tricks—trickster. The trickster tricks himself.

Thar's lots uf tricks in pollytics;

The smooth and slick, he takes the trick.

—*Bronco Bill*

Trifles. There are no trifles in this world.

Two atoms of cosmic dust unite, cohere,

And lo the building of a world begun.—*Change.*

Life is made up of trifles; take heed to the trifles.

When a hound is chasing a stag he doesn't stop to
bite fleas.

Trifles lost the day at Waterloo.

We are all trifles and triflers.

We trifle with Time, but Time doesn't trifle
with us.

Don't trifle with trifles.
 Don't let trifles load the rifles.

Triumph. Through love and labor, triumph.
 We proclaim our triumphs and hide our mistakes.
 Work and wait:
 Ne'er despair and ne'er abate;
 Work will triumph soon or late:
 Work and wait.
 He sings his triumph before the battle begins.

Trouble. Boil and bubble, bubble and boil—
 Toil and trouble, trouble and toil.
 The troubles that never come worry us most.
 It is easy to double your trouble.
 He who has no trouble of his own will borrow
 some
 Behold within thee the long trains of thy troubles.
 —*Sir Thomas Browne*

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
 Two things stand like stone:
 Kindness in another's trouble.
 Courage in our own.—*Adam Lindsay Gordon*.
 Troubles are stumbling blocks to the weak and
 stepping-stones to the strong.
 Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.
 No man gets into trouble without his own help.
 If you are hunting for trouble, make haste slowly.
 There is one thing always best to be put off till
 tomorrow—borrowing trouble.
 But human bodies are sic' fools,
 For a' their colleges an' schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsels to vex them.—*Burns*.

The man thet borrs trouble allus pays tu much fer it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Yer kin allus find trouble enuff 'thout huntin' fer it.—*Bronco Bill.*

Yer kin double yer trouble easier thun yer kin double yer dollars.—*Bronco Bill.*

Double-discount yer troubles an' let the ether feller carry 'em.—*Bronco Bill.*

Trout. Better one trout on the hook than ten in the brook.

Yer cain't ketch trout with dry boots.—*Bronco Bill.*

Ef yer wanter ketch trout, don't skear 'em.

—*Bronco Bill*

True. Behold the brute's unerring instinct guides True as the pole-star.—*Men.*

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

Forget?—and yet—can I forget
That one was false and one was true?
Although true, be cautious about stating what appears to be false.

Ivery cratur is true tu natur.—*Bronco Bill.*

"It is true indade," said Pat, "but Oi don't believe it."*

Trust. He who trusts everybody will cheat himself.

Trust paves the way for treachery to tread.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The greatest trust in America is the U. S. government.

Trust nothing; try everything.

"We trust the people," says the man who sells on the "installment plan."

"But we don't trust you," say prudent people.

Trust in Providence, but push the work.

Shoot straight, men; put your trust in your rifles.

—*General W. T. Sherman.*

Trust Providence, but look to your collaterals.

Trust is a dear shop to trade in.

Trust yourself and others will trust you.—(After Goethe.)

"Trust in Providence," said the Preacher. "I kin du better fer cash," said the deaf old lady.

Truth. Truth is the daughter of time and the mother of science.

Truth always follows a straight line.

Truth is the foundation of all greatness.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.—*Ware.*

Every man seeks for truth. God only knows who has found it.—*Chesterfield.*

The greatest friend of truth is time.—*Colton.*

It is much easier to recognize error, than to find the truth.—*Goethe.*

Tell truth, and shame the devil.—*Shakespeare.*

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer the truth than we do ourselves.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

The truth is always the strongest argument.

—*Sophocles.*

Truth is always an oracle.

To him fiction is a familiar friend, and truth a stranger.

Beware of the truth that covers a lie.

One truth fits all other truths; a lie fits nothing.

The naked truth needs no cloak.

If it is the truth what matter who says it?

Truth always has the ring of the true metal.

Truth can go naked; falsehood needs fine clothes.

There is no religion higher than the truth:

Men make the creeds, but God ordains the law.

Above all cant, all arguments of men,

Above all superstitions, old or new,

Above all creeds of every age and clime,

Stands the etrnal Truth—the creed of creeds.

—*Men.*

Behold the serried ranks of Truth advance,

And stubborn science shakes her shining lance

Full in the face of stolid Ignorance.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Truth, like a diamond, ever loves the light.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

God's right arm of Truth prevails in every field.

How hard it is for mortals to unlearn

Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!

How hard it is for mortals to discern

The truth that preaches from the silent stones,

The silent hills, the silent universe,

While error cries in sanctimonious tones

That all the light of life and God is hers.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Man who hath walked in sleep—what thousands
years!—

Groping among the shadows of the night,

Moon-struck and in a weird somnambulism,

Mumbling some cunning cant or catechism,

Thrilled by the electric magic of the skies—

Sun-touched by Truth, awakes and rubs his eyes.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

'Tis easier to believe

An old-time fiction than to wear a tooth
In gnawing bones to reach the marrow Truth.

—*The Devil and the Monk.*

When wine goes in teetotal truth comes out.

Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
And Truth your weapon, weapon sharp and strong
And deadly to all error and all wrong.

The plainest truths are the prettiest.

Truth never grows old, but a lie soon loses its
teeth.

Let truth be your weapon and virtue your shield.
There is gold in all metals and truth in all creeds.
Don't try to warp the truth to fit you; fit yourself
to the truth.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among his worshippers.—*Bryant.*

A half truth is a whole lie.

A lie is dangerous when it creeps under the cloak
of truth.

You can't help truth with a lie.

It is the truth that hurts.

Truth needs no armor but her naked breast.

Truth is due to the living and the dead.

Truth needs no ornament; she herself is a dia-
mond.

Truth like the sun is sometimes under a cloud.

To detect error start with the truth.

Truth does not need the aid of miracles.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

In most falsehoods there are grains of truth.

Try. If one door is shut, try another.

If one fish won't take the bait another will.

Ef the "suckers" won't bite at a "fly," try a little "sweet-oil" on a wum.—*Bronco Bill.*

"Try" and "Stick-to-it" will bore a hole through a mountain.

I'll pick my flint and try it again.—*Henry Clay.*

Tub. Every tub must stand on its own bottom.

Turkey-cock. He struts and gobbles like a turkey-cock in a hen-yard.

He looked like a turkey-cock on horseback.

Tyranny. The olden precedents.

Oft stepping-stones of tyranny and wrong.

—*Pauline.*

Tyranny is tyranny whether in one man or a mob.

There is no tyranny so despotic as public opinion.

—*Donn Piatt.*

Tyrant. A tyrant is always a coward.

The worst of all tyrants is the mob.

"The little blind boy" is a merciless tyrant.

U

Uncion. Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.—*Shakespeare.*

He's ful uf unction thet smells like whale-ile: prick his bag uf unction an' let out the smell.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Understand. It is folly to approve what you do not understand.

Unexpected. The unexpected often happens: prepare for the unexpected.

Union. All for each—each for all.

A bundle of sticks is stronger than the single sticks unbound.

In union there is safety.

“United we stand—divided we fall.” *“E pluribus unum.”*

Unit. Moments are the units of eternity.

Atoms are the units of the universe.

In the vast universe man is but an infinitesimal unit.

It takes two to make one.

It takes more than a million decimals to make one unit.

Unity. Lo all-pervading Unity is His;

Lo all-pervading Unity is He;

One mighty heart throbs in the earth and sea,

In every star through heaven’s immensity,

And God in all things breathes, in all things is.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Universe. Hope and trust:

All life springs from out the dust:

Ah, we measure God by man,

Looking forward but a span

On his wondrous, boundless plan;

All his ways are wise and just:

Hope and trust.

Hope and trust:

Hope will blossom from the dust;

Love is queen; God’s throne is hers;

His great heart with loving force

Throbs throughout the Universe:

We are His and He is just:

Hope and trust.—*Dust to Dust.*

Measure the ocean in a drinking cup?

Measure Eternity by the town-clock?

Nay, with a yard-stick measure the Universe?

Measure for measure measure God by man?—*Men.*

God's perfect order rules the vast expanse,

And love is queen and all the realms are hers.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

The earth is but a grain of sand—

An atom in a shoreless sea;

A million worlds lie in God's hand—

Yea, myriad millions—what are we?—*Fame.*

Star on star,

System on system, myriad worlds on worlds,

Beyond the utmost reach of mortal ken,

Beyond the utmost flight of mortal dream.

—*Beyond*

What you know is a grain of sand; what you don't
know is the universe.

In the entire universe the least is a part of all.

The universe is a circle without circumference.

Unknown. We always magnify the unknown.

Don't spend your life seeking the unknowable:

make bread out of the known.

Unlearn. How hard it is for mortals to unlearn

Beliefs bred in the marrow of their bones!

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Up-hill. On an up-hill road with a big load the
patient mule will beat a thoroughbred.

If we could slip up-hill as easily as we slip down-
hill we would all be at the top.

Up-stream. It is easier to float down-stream than to paddle up-stream.

Yer canoe won't float up-stream without a paddle, an' a man on the paddle.—*Bronco Bill.*

Up-to-date. Keep up to date and a little ahead.

Use—useful. The useful is always beautiful.

What is not useful to-day may be useful to-morrow.

How use doth breed a habit in a man.

—*Shakespeare*

Everything to its use.

Use almost can change the stamp of nature.

—*Shakespeare.*

No use tryin' tu make a race-hoss outer a donkey.

—*Bronco Bill*

The evil lies not in the use, but in the abuse of the use.

Never use swar-words onless yer kicked by a mool.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He wud never a-got the whisky-habit ef he hedn't got uster it.—*Bronco Bill.*

The Cunnel got so uster swarin' thet he'd swar when he wuz sayin' his pra'rs.—*Bronco Bill.*

In the whole universe there is nothing in vain—nothing without its use.

I hain't got no use fer a man thet hain't got no use fer himself.—*Bronco Bill.*

Usury. Pay usury and buy beggary.

V

Vacant—vacuity. He has a cranium full of vacuity.

His upper story is to let.

He is the picture of a vacuum.

Vain. Vain is the world, but only to the vain.
—*Young.*

The vile are only vain; the great are proud.—*Byron.*

Ignobly vain and impotently great.—*Pope.*

To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.
—*Dryden.*

Valor. He who faces his duty like a man is brave enough.

Valor is a whole battalion.

“The better part of valor is discreeshin,” said the Cunnel when he hid in the bresh.—*Bronco Bill.*

Value. Compel the world to value you at what you are worth.

In the long run most men are reckoned at their true value.

Vanity. Vanity is an expensive luxury.

The sting of vanity is sharper than the sting of want.

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man.—*Robert L. Stevenson.*

He writ his own epitaph.—*Bronco Bill.*

O vanity of vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are:

How very weak the very wise,

How very small the very great are.—*Thackeray.*

Thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice.

—*James Thomson.*

Vanity is a disease: most people catch it.

It is vanity to disclaim vanity.

Vanity is the fool's glory.

Every man has a streak of vanity.
 The vanity of the rich is a blessing to the poor.
 Vanity is the well-spring of much generosity.

Variety. The sweetest harp of heaven
 Were hateful if it played the self-same tune
 Forever.
 Nothing is pleasant that is not spiced with variety
—*Bacon.*
 Change is the order of the Universe.—*Change.*
 “Variety is the spice of life,” they say: Bill Jones
 hez hed seven wives, an’ he’s huntin’ fer anether.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Verbosity. All sound and no sense.
 In the chaff of verbosity you will find few grains
 of sense.
 Full of verbosity he teaches “Theosophy”
 In a muddle of mush and calls it Philosophy.
 He would talk the hind legs off a hobby-horse.

Vice. All vices are relatives.
 No vice, no virtue: no evil, no good.
 Vice is ketchin’: yer kin ketch a vice easier thun
 yer kin cure it.—*Bronco Bill.*
 We carry two burdens—our own vices and the
 vices of our progenitors.
 Vice never yields the fruits of virtue.—*Channing.*
 When our vices leave us we flatter ourselves that
 we have left them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*
 Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.—*Pope.*
 Never open the door to a little vice lest a greater
 sneak in.

Under the cloak of virtue vices creep.
 At the tap-root of every vice is a virtue.
 Vice leads to crime.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.—*Benj. Franklin.*

You can't cure one vice by taking on another.
 Men's vices are virtues run wild.

Vice assumes a garment of virtue if it is only a fig-leaf.

The vicious are swift to condemn the faults of others.

Victory. He has won a great victory who conquers himself.

"To the victors belong the spoils," but the "spoils" spoil the victors.

Another such victory and we are undone.

—*Plutarch—Life of Pyrrhus.*

A Cadmean victory, (where both sides were licked)

Victory, or else a grave.—*Shakespeare.*

Victory! or Westminster Abbey!—*Lord Nelson* (on boarding the *San Carlo.*)

But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.

.....

But 'twas a famous victory.—*Southey.*

Hannibal knows how to gain a victory, but not how to use it.

—*Barca (Plutarch: Life of Fabius Maximus).*

Vigilance. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of success.

That watch-dog is a vigilance-committee of one.

Villain. The cunning villain glitters in his eyes.

My tables—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villian.
—*Shakespeare.*

A hungry, lean-faced villain.—*Shakespeare.*

When rich villains have need of poor ones,
Poor ones may make what price they will.
—*Shakespeare.*

Villainy. And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd ole ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
—*Shakespeare.*

That execrable sum of all villainies, commonly called
A Slave Trade.—*Rev. Charles Wesley.*

Away with all villainies! That you may be loved,
be lovable.—*Ovid—Ars Amat.*

Vinegar. He carries a vinegar visage that would
sour sauerkraut.

His kindest words are "gall and vinegar."

Put a little sugar in your vinegar.

Violence. Where violence begins, reason ends.

Virago. Deliver me from a virago, an' a yawlin'
tom-cat.—*Bronco Bill.*

A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller—*Burns.*

Virtue. Negative virtues are good positive vir-
tues are better.

Trust paves the way for treachery to tread;
Under the cloak of virtue vices creep;
Fools chew the chaff while cunning eats the bread,
And wolves became the shepherds of the sheep.

—*The Reign of Reason.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.—*Shakespeare.*

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plainest set.—*Bacon*.

Virtue will catch by contact as well as vice.—*Burke*.

The virtue that requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.—*Goldsmith*.

Virtue would soon falter if hope did not lead or fear follow her.

Virtue alone is happiness below.—*Pope*.

Let virtue be your helmet and your shield,
And Truth our weapon—weapon sharp and strong,
And deadly to all error and all wrong.

Golden darts will pierce even virtue's shield.

—*The Devil and the Monk*.

Virtue is a safe helmet and a sure shield.

All virtues are of one blood.

Virtue is its own reward:—many people think it's poor pay.

Virtue is safe only when armed with knowledge.

A cracked cup is easily broken.

Virtue once pawned is rarely redeemed.

At the root of every vice is a virtue.

Vice assumes a garment of virtue, if it is only a fig-leaf.

Men are prone to remember your faults and forget your virtues.

Virtue is betrayed by weakness oftener than by vice.

Vixen. The vixen never comes to kiss but she means to bite.

Voice. The voices of the hoar and hurrying years
Cry from the silence—"Change, perpetual Change."
—*Change*.

The hoarse, low voice of the years croaks on forever and aye—

Change! Change! Change!—*Daniel*.

He has a voice like a brass band:
 He can out-bellow the bulls of Bashan.
 Her voice wud skear an ole screech-owl.
 An' send a yelpin' coyote tu her hole.—*Bronco Bill*.
 There is no index of character so sure as the
 voice.—*B. Disraeli*.

Her voice was full of tears.
 He hez got a maggiephone in his throat.
—*Bronco Bill*.
 The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
 An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.—*Byron*.

Vow. A sailor's vow—forgotten as soon as the
 storm is over.

Marriage vows air like "swarin' off" on the fust uf
 January.—*Bronco Bill*.

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself.
—*Tennyson*.

Vulgarity. Ignorance breeds vulgarity, and vul-
 garity breeds contempt.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
—*Shakespeare*.

W

Wag. He's a wag—he wags the wag-end of wit.
 "My fawning dog," the sage satanic said,
 "Wags not his tail for me, but for my bread."
—*The Devil and the Monk*.

Wags wag their tongues in all tongues.
 King Drone, flat fool that weather-cocked all winds,
 Gulped gall and vinegar and smacked it wine,
 Wig-wagged his way from gilded *Œil de Boeuf*
 Through mob and maelstrom to the guillotine.
—*Men*

Wag-jaw is a wise fellow.

Now, brave Cap'n Bragg war ez witty a wag
Ez ever smelt gunpowder under the flag.

—*War with Japan.*

Wager. A wager is a fool's argument.

Wait. He is wise who knows how and when to wait.

Watch and wait.

Don't wait for something to turn up; go at it and turn it up.

"Everything comes to those who wait," so—go tu sleep an' "wait a century fer a reader."

—*Bronco Bill.*

Want. Man's real wants how simple and how few.
—*Men.*

He is the least in want who wants the least.

—*One Hundred Years Ago.*

See man the picture of perpetual want,

The prototype of all disquietude;

Full of trouble, yet ever seeking more.

Give him the gold of Ophir, still he delves;

Give him the land, and he demands the sea;

Give him the earth—he reaches for the stars.

Doomed by his fate to scorn the good he has,

And grasp at fancied good beyond his reach,

He seeks for silver in the distant hills,

While in the sand gold glimmers at his feet.

—*Men.*

The sting of vanity is sharper than the sting of want.

Want less and you'll have more.

Buy what you need—not what you want.

And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear.—*James Beattie.*

Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

—*John Langhorne.*

Not what we wish, but what we want.

—*James Herrick.*

Civilization and science multiply our wants.
She wants a pair of French shoes, and then a
French dress and a French hat to fit them.
We want what we want when we want it.
“We want but little here below, nor want that little
long,” said the monkey when the dog bit his tail
short off.

War. War is a dog-fight; the bull-dog wins.

War is an arena wherein it is easier to find a grave
than a monument.

War is the battle of beasts and the feast of vul-
tures.

War is hell.—*Gen. W. T. Sherman.*

The spectacle of a field of battle, after the combat
is over, is sufficient to inspire princes with the
love of peace and the horror of war.—*Napoleon.*

War never leaves a nation where it found it.

—*Burke.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace.

—*Franklin.*

I have seen enough of war to make me look upon
it as the sum of all evils.—“*Stonewall*” *Jackson.*

Let us have peace.—*Gen. U. S. Grant.*

Nothing but a battle lost can be half as melan-
choly as a battle won.—*The Duke of Wellington.*

War makes thieves and peace hangs a few of them.
It is a shame for any civilized nation to go to war,
or threaten war, over a punctilio.

“C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.”—

It is magnificent, but it is not war.—*Marshal Canrobert* on viewing the charge of the “Light Brigade” at Balaclava.

In all the trade of war no feat

Is nobler than a brave retreat.—*Samuel Butler*.

Waste. Waste nothing; all things have their use;
God has created nothing in vain.

“Dot ish all right, mebbe. I dink so nieder; aber vot for Gott mak dot leetel tam—vot you call 'im?—mit ze long pill und dot leetel puzz?”

—*Max*.

Don't waste your breath blowing cold coals.

Don't waste time on trifles.

The worst waste is the waste of time.

Wilful waste, woeful want.

Waste not, want not.

Loose expense and fashionable waste.—*Cowper*.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—*Gray*.

She wastes pomade on her red, crinkled har;

On wrinkled face she wastes a pot of paste,

An' wastes vermilion on her bosom bar;

But she wastes no soap upon her underwar!

She picks the pimples on her powdered nose;

She wars red ribbons on her sandaled toes,

An' hip-slit skirts tu show—her red silk hose.

She tilts her cock-tail-feathered hat bizairre;

She tilts her amorous eyes, like Egypt's queen,

An' tilts her royal pug-nose in between;

As if tu say—“Now, mortal men, 'bevaré'!”

Thet “vider” wuz not “born to blush unseen,

And waste her sweetness on the desert air.”

—*Bronco Bill*.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time looking for a lost penny.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.—*Jesus. (St. John, 6-12.)*

Watch—watchfulness. Watch and wait.

Watch the watchman.

Set a watch on the watcher.

Watch a silent dog.

Watch out and win out.

Watch-word. The watch-word is "Forward."

Water. He writes on the water and paints on the wind.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake.—*First Epistle to Timothy, 5-13.*

Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.
—*Coleridge—Ancient Mariner.*

In smooth water, God help us.

His name was writ in water.

We know the worth of water when the river runs dry.

Shallow waters make most noise.

Still waters run deep.

Stagnant waters breed worms and mosquitoes.

Don't wade in troubled waters.

It is good fishing in troubled waters.—*Proverb.*

He is trying to blaze a trail on the water.

He plants on the water and fishes on land.

He writes his name on the waters of immortal fame.

Water your fig-trees and your friendships.

Don't sail too far out in a leaky boat.

More sailors are shipwrecked on shore than on the sea.

I cain't stan' a bucketful uf salt-water frum a woman's eyes.—*Bronco Bill*.

I s'pose worter wud du tu drink ef yer cud strain the micrabs outer it.—*Bronco Bill*.

Wax and wane. The law of wax-and-wane pervades the Universe.

Way of the world. It is the way of the world to hang a man first and try him afterwards.

Weak—weakness. Weak men chew the cud of bitterness; strong men eschew it.

The weakest goes to the wall.—*Shakespeare*.

The weakest spot in most men is where they fancy themselves the strongest.

A woman's strength lies in her weakness.

Search out and mend thine infirmities and thy virtues will take care of themselves.

No man is perfect: every man has his weak spot.

The weakest link breaks the chain.

Wealth. Wealth in the hands of the unwise creates more wants than it supplies.

Wealth has always been the first title to consideration.—*Napoleon*.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it. "Get and Save" lead to wealth.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who keeps it.

One little grain of wheat has benefited man more than all the diamonds dug from the earth since the days of Adam.

The multi-millionaire—an ass staggering under a load of bullion.

Wealth unemployed is a useless burden.

Who accumulates wealth accumulates care.

We carp at wealth, like the fox that couldn't reach the grapes.

Diogenes lived in a tub because he couldn't afford a cabin.

We affect to despise wealth and wear our soles (souls) out running after it.

We curse Cræsus, because he won't divide.

"Jim Hill is a robber!" cried the Governor of Minnesota. "While I am giving bread to tens of thousands you are doing your level best to pull down the bakery," replied Hill.

Great wealth is great poverty.

Give me the wealth of a cabin and a clean conscience.

Give me the wealth of good health.

I don't want to be wealthy,—ten millions'll do me.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Wealth may be the servant of good or the servant of evil.

Pat said: "Wan bottle av 'Auld Oirish Tay' 'll make a mon a millionaire."*

Weather-cock. The higher you elevate a weather-cock, the easier he turns to the wind.

Hear the demagogues

Fist-maul the wind and weather-cock the crowd,

With brazen faces full of empty noise

Out-bellowing the bulls of Bashan.—*Men.*

Wed—wedlock. The "outs" want in and the "ins" want out.

We. What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink.—*Young.*

We—all of us—are men, except the other brutes.

Weed. Weeds and flowers grow in the same garden.

All our cultivated vegetables were once weeds.

Weed out your faults and cultivate your virtues.

We can tolerate a few weeds in a good garden.

The rankest weed has some use; nothing is made in vain.

Thet ole moss-back rancher raises hell an' cockle-burs.—*Bronco Bill.*

I guess thar's sum pertaters in thet patch, but yer got tu pull a darn lot uf weeds tu find 'em.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Kill the weeds when young.

It takes a hard frost to kill weeds.

Where weeds grow corn will grow.

Weel. He's a chiel o' the Deil—he's a ne'er-do-weel.

Welcome. Baked potatoes and welcome make a feast.

Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone.—*Shakespeare.*

Well. They say truth lies at the bottom of the well:

Sometimes yer'll hev tu dig a durn sight funder tu find it.—*Bronco Bill.*

We know the worth of water when the well goes dry.

Well-doing. Whatever you do, do it well.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
—*Chesterfield.*

Well-done. If you want it well-done do it yourself.

Whale. I don't believe the whale swollered Jonah:
I believe Jonah swollered the whale. Lots uf
people hev swollered the whale an' Jonah tu.
—*Bronco Bill.*

When. Few men know when to start and when to
stop.

Where. "Where have you been, Pat?" "Oi dunno
whar the divil Oi hev bin, fer Oi didn't git
thar." *

Where you lost it is the place to find it.

Whim. The whim of youth may become the habit
of age.

Whisky. Pluto's tonic. Thet Salt Lake whisky,
Jim, is damnashin distilled by the devil.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Mike and Pat were guzzling whisky in "the wee
sma' hours ayont the twal": "This is ginewine
auld Oirish whusky," said Mike. "Oi kin tell
betther in the mornin'," said Pat. "Ef it do be
tastin' ez good comin' up ez it do goin' down, it
sure be the rael ould Oirish tay."*

Inspiring, bold John Barley-corn!

What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!

Wi tippenny we fear nae evil:

Wi usquabae we'll face the devil.—*Burns.*

Whisper. I hear the whispers of the Universe.
So whispering courage to my timid heart.

—*Pauline.*

I hear the low, hushed whispers of the dead.
His whisper sounds like a megaphone.
Don't let the devil whisper in your ear.

Whistle. He thinks his whistle is a bugle-call.
"Why did you whistle?" asked the teacher. "I
didn't do it," said Johnnie, "it whistled itself."

Why. Wherefore? Look out upon the babbling
world—
Fools clamoring at the heels of clamorous fools!
I hungered for the sapless husks of fame.
—*O Let Me Dream the Dreams of Long Ago*
The eternal *Why*.
What is the why,—and why is the what?

Wickedness. Wickedness breeds wickedness.
He is wicked who is cruel to God's creatures—
man or beast.

Widow. "Bevare of the vider;" she wears weeds
for her dead husband and sighs for a live one.
Yer cain't ketch an ole bird with chaff.

—*Bronco Bill*

Thar ain't no dew-drop kin dry quicker nur a
wider's tears.—*Bronco Bill*.

"Comfort the widow and the fatherless," aspecially,
the wider.—*Bronco Bill*.

Wife. A frugal wife is better than a big income.
The woman that goes far for a husband has need
of a mantle of charity.
A termagant wife is like a horse-fiddle in a sanc-
tuary.
Nine times out of ten the wife is what the husband
makes her.
A wife dutiful is a wife beautiful.

The good wife commands her husband by obeying him.

Men choose a tree for its fruit, a wife for her beauty.

The wife is the key of the house.

The most important thing in a man's whole life is the choice of a wife.

A good wife avoids strife.

Take a good wife and keep her for life.

For a wife, take the daughter of a good mother.

—*Spanish Proverb.*

Here lies my wife: here let her lie;

Now she's at rest, and so am I.—*Dryden, in "Suggested Epitaph."*

Wild. She's a little wild? there's time a-plenty;
She'll be tame enough at ten and twenty.

Gamins—see the animals run wild.

It is not far back to the time when our forefathers were wild animals.

Will. All my prayers are one:

Father, thy will be done.

Will without reason is a balky horse.

He has a forty-horse will-power and no engineer.

If you will, you can.

Be there a will and wisdom finds a way.—*Crabbe.*

Willing. The willing mule balks at last.

Wills. Execute your own will.

Win. Watch out and win out.

When you begin go in to win.

It is sometimes better to lose than to win.

Gamble: Win a penny and lose a pound.

It is the sure foot that wins the race.
Swift and sure win the lure.

Wind. A drop of wisdom in a bag of wind.
He has bellows enough to drive a wind-mill.
"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
I tank not. I tank Gut he demper ze leetel sheep
to ze wind."—*Ole Olson.*

A wind-bag with a tin horn in it.
See mangy curs, whose editorial ears
Prick to all winds to catch the popular breeze
Slang-whanging yelp and froth and snap and snarl,
And sniff the gutters for their daily food.—*Men.*
That feller's wind hez run down: don't wind 'im up.
—*Bronco Bill.*

Wine. Wine is a great tattler.
When wine goes in teetotal truth comes out.
—*The Devil and the Monk.*

"I don't take my wine in pills," said a gentleman
who was offered grapes at the dinner table.
Good wine at night makes a bad head in the morn-
ing.
In water you may see your own face; in wine others
will see your heart.
"Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake."—*First
Epistle to Timothy.*

Wine and wenches bury men in trenches.—*Prov.*
To shake a little Shakespeare in the wine:
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.
—*The Devil and the Monk.*

Wine spills secrets.
Wine wisely used is a friend; to excess, an enemy.
O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to
steal away their brains.—*Shakespeare.*

When wine is in wit is out.

More men have been drowned in the wine-cup than
in the sea.

Wings. Aye, is death *death?* or but a happy change
From night to light—on angel wings to range?

—*The Reign of Reason.*

All wings and no feet.

Buzzards have wings.

He flew "on the wings of the morning," and lit in a
frog-pond.

He's all wings and tail-feathers and squawk.

He flopped his wings an' fluttered his tail-feathers
an' squawked a spread-eagle speech.—*Bronco Bill.*

Winter. A summer friend is a friend to feed;

A winter friend is a friend indeed.

"Lo I blow my breath," said Winter,

"And the laughing brooks are silent:

"Hard as flint becomes the waters,

"And the rabbit runs upon them."—*The Sea-Gull.*

Waziya came down from the north, from the land
of perpetual winter:

From his frost-covered beard issued forth the sharp-
biting, shrill-whistling North-wind;

At the touch of his breath the wide earth turned to
stone and the lakes and the rivers.—*Winona.*

It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf.

Wisdom—wise. Wisdom and goodness go hand in
hand.

Wisdom feeds on folly.

Sorrows are mile-stones on the road to wisdom.

He who discovers that he is a fool has found the
right road to wisdom.

Confession of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom.
Wisdom grows on thorns.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his
follies.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.
—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
paths are peace.—*Solomon.*

He hez a head full uf wisdom, an' a hat full uf holes.
—*Bronco Bill.*

One gathers the nuts, another cracks them.

The wisdom of most men comes too late.

He is a wise man who knows his own ignorance.

A truly wise man is a freak of nature.

The wise man gathers wisdom from all men,
As bees their honey hive from plant and weed:
Yea, from the varied history of the world,
From the experience of all times, all men,
The wise man learneth wisdom.—*Men.*

Wise men there be—wise in the eyes of men—
Who cram their hollow heads with ancient wit
Cackled in Carthage, babbled in Babylon,
Gabbled in Greece and riddled in old Rome,
And never coin a farthing of their own.—*Men.*

Wise men there be—for owls are counted wise—
Who love to leave the lamp-lit paths behind,
And chase the shapeless shadow of a doubt.—*Men.*

Folly sows broadcast: wisdom gathers in.—*Men.*

Alas, the more we know the less we know.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

For ages have the learned of the schools
Furnished pack-saddles for the backs of fools.
—*The Reign of Reason.*

Weak men chew the cud of bitterness, wise men
eschew it.

The mistakes of a wise man are more instructive
than the wisdom of a fool.

He whom wisdom guides walks safely.

Wit and Wisdom—pepper and salt.

You can spin even wisdom too fine for the masses.
A wise man sometimes changes his mind, a fool
never.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

—*George Eliot.*

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

—*Shakespeare.*

A wise man begins at the beginning, a fool at the
end.

The wisest men are sometimes foolish.

A wise man never speaks unless he has something
to say.

A wise man is never ashamed to confess his ignor-
ance.

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today
than he was yesterday.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Be ye as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

—*Jesus.*

The wise head bends like a ripe ear of corn.

A wise man may learn much from a fool.

An ass looks wise to an ass.

A wise man is always a good listener.

He winks and blinks and talks in tropes.

The desire of appearing to be wise often prevents
our becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Zeal is good for the wise and fatal to fools.

The wise seek the help of the wise.

A week with a wise man is better than a year
with a dunce.—*Chinese*.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—*Tennyson*.

Wishes. The wish of to-day is the spur of to-
morrow.

Wishes won't make pertaters grow unless yer plant
'em an' hoe 'em.—*Bronco Bill*.

She sits and wishes and wishes and sets—on stale
eggs.

A wish will never catch a fish.

If wishes were butter-cakes, beggars might eat.—*Pr*.

Wishes never fill the barley-bags.

What the ignorant wish, they believe.

Wit. Let not malice sharpen thy wit.

His tongue runs away with his wit.

Wit is the wine of life.

Wit without wisdom is a dangerous weapon.

All wit and no wisdom is sauce without meat.

Wit is a keen weapon in the hands of a wit, and a
boomerang in the hands of a dullard.

Wit and wisdom are sword and shield.

Wit without wisdom is lime without sand.

He wuz allus peddlin' ether men's wit.—*Bronco Bill*.

When a wit sits at the dinner table the sauce peppers
the meat.

Mix a little salt with your pepper.

Put sugar in your vinegar.

Wit and wisdom combined make a strong man.

As in smoothe oil the razor best is whet,

So wit is by politeness sharpest set:

Their want of edge from their offense is seen;

Both pain us less when exquisitely keen.—*Young*.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.—*Pope*.
Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit.

—*Ben Jonson*.

When wine goes in wit comes out.

Better fore-wit than after-wit.

A joke without wit is a joke on the joker.

Wits. I cain't help yer, Jo; yer'll hev tu sharpen
yer wits on yer own grind-stone.—*Bronco Bill*.

Wolf. Grown fat and arrogant on power and pelf,
The old time shepherd has become a wolf,
And only feeds his flock to feast himself.

—*The Devil and the Monk*.

When you hear a wolf let the dogs loose.

I had rather eat a wolf than have a wolf eat me.

It's a hard winter when wolf eats wolf.

Where the wolf gets one lamb he looks for another.

The wolf cries—Wolf!

He has a wolf by the ears.—*After Terence*

Woman. I like a she-woman and a he-man.
The strength of a woman is in her weakness.
Beauty intoxicates a woman and makes a fool of a
man.

Man cannot dispense with woman: he couldn't be
born without her.

“When lovely woman stoops to folly”

She'll put both feet in willy-nolly.

Woman is the weaker vessel, but she often breaks
her husband.

The society of ladies is the school of good manners.
A woman may lose her diamonds a dozen times, her
honor but once.

Woman in public is an actress on the stage; study
her behind the curtain.

There is no devil like a she-devil.

A prudent woman is, betimes, deaf, dumb and blind
The tenderness of a faithful woman is a refuge: it
is the port after a storm, the rainbow after a
tempest.—*Napoleon*.

Women are always much better, or much worse
than men.—*Napoleon*.

Purity of mind and conduct is the first glory of a
woman.—*Mme de Stael*.

A virago's mouth is full of *I's* and *My's*.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
is woman!—*Byron*.

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

—*Shakespeare*.

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

—*Sir Walter Scott*. (Marmion.)

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;

She is a woman, therefore may be won.

—*Shakespeare*.

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.

—*Euripedes*.

Men make houses, women make homes.

Woman brings to man his greatest blessing and his
greatest plague.—*Euripedes*.

Petticoat-patriots, *sans bas* and *sans culottes*,
Rampant in rags and hunger-toothed, uproar
Paris the proud.—*Men*.

A shrewd judge of men is easily duped by a woman.

There is nobody so intolerable as a woman promoted by sudden wealth from a wash-tub to a drawing-room.

A woman's head is in her heart.

Honor the woman who mends her husband's stockings.

Better live with a yawling cat than a brawling woman.

A woman's weapons is her tears.

Woman take pride in what is on them rather than what is in them.

Don't marry a woman without faults.

I have a poor opinion of a man who does not admire a fine horse or a handsome woman.

—*General U. S. Grant.*

She's one of them "new women" that war slit skirts an' muskeeter-bar underwar; she's a "Progressive," an' she'll soon war muskeeter-bar pants, 'thout no under-war.—*Bronco Bill.*

Then gently scan your brother man,

Still gentler sister woman;

Though they may gang a kennin wrang,

To step aside is human.—*Burns.*

There is a tide in the affairs of woman

Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where!—*Byron.*

A woman who likes to be at the front window is like a bunch of grapes on the highway.

For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth;

But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.

—*Tennyson.*

For half so boldely can ther no man

Sweren and lien as a woman can.—*Chaucer.*

The woman that deliberates is lost.—*Addison.*

A woman's head is in her heart.
 Frailty, thy name is woman!—*Shakespeare*.
 He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
 To turn the current of a woman's will.

—*Samuel Tuke*.

The earthly Paradise and Hell lie in the word
 "Woman."—*Seume*.

Woman suffrage. His wife hez gone intu pollytics,
 an' he hez tu swing the dish-rag an' tend
 the butt-end uf the baby.—*Bronco Bill*.

"Did the women turn out and vote in your precinct,
 Pat?" "Ivery mon av 'em," said Pat.*

Let men put on petticoats; fer women, the witches,
 Hev taken tu pollytics an' put on the breeches.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Political Caucus: Mr. Secretary: *Kutty-kutty-kadaw-cut!*

Mrs. Chairman: *Cock-a-doodle-do!*—*cock-a-doodle-doo!*

Thar goes tew candidates fer president—the she-he
 Sweet William an' the Widy Wilson.

—*Bronco Bill*.

Wonder. The head of Ignorance is full of wonder.

A wonder explained ceases to be a wonder.

When it thunders ignorance wonders.

It's a wonder whar all them cullege-bred fellers
 thet air beggin' beans an' sleepin' in hay-stacks
 cum frum.—*Bronco Bill*.

He hez a head ful uf wonders an' blunders. He's
 a wonder-buss—allus wonderin' what's on the
 ether side uf the moon.—*Bronco Bill*.

Wool. He pulls the wool over his own eyes.

“All Wool”: it uster grow on sheep, but most uf
it grows on cotton-bresh now-a-days.

—*Bronco Bill.*

He went out for wool and came back sheared.

Words. The wise weigh words; fools measure them
by the yard.

Words are flowers, deeds are fruit.

Fair words are pap for fools.

“I am a mon of few words,” said Mike.

“Thru, indade,” said Pat, “but ye spake ’em te
iverybody.”*

Bind an honest man with his word, a knave with a
log-chain.

Weigh thy words: thy words will weigh thee.

Big words, little deeds.

Deeds are more eloquent than words.

Words are clumsy wings for burning thoughts.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,

Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think.—*Byron.*

Word o’ mouth is slippery; let it be writ.

Fair words feed you with an empty spoon.

Soft words are hard arguments.

For words, like nature, half reveal

And half conceal the soul within.—*Tennyson.*

“Kind words and few are woman’s ornaments.”

A moment’s thinking is an hour of words.

—*Thomas Hood.*

Work. Work hard and think harder.

Workmen are plenty, but the masters few.

Genius is patience, labor and good sense.

Steel and the mind grow bright by frequent use;

In rest they rust. A goodly recompense
Comes from hard toil, but not from its abuse.

—*Poetry.*

Time and patience change the mulberry-leaf
To shining silk; the lapidary's skill
Makes the rough diamond sparkle at his will
And cuts a gem from quartz or coral-reef.

—*Poetry.*

Work wins.

Work makes the workman.

Good work requires good tools.

Chase your work: don't let your work chase you.
You can't afford to work for nothing and board
yourself.

Trust in Providence, but push the work.

Work and wait;

Ne'er despair and ne'er abate;

Work will triumph soon or late;

Work and wait.

There is always plenty of work to be done; the
difficulty is to find willing men fit for the work
Everyone is the son of his own works.

—*Cervantes.*

Work is as necessary as eating and sleeping.

—*Baron von Humboldt.*

Work is the true source of human welfare.

—*Tolstoi.*

There is no work so tiresome as doing nothing.

Work strengthens, worry kills.

The sure cure for most ills is work.

Our work is never done till we are done.

It is the duty of society to furnish work for the
willing and needy.

World. The beginning of the world was the union of two atoms of cosmic dust.

The world is entering the twilight of dawn.

We must take the world as we find it, and improve it if we can.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.—*Horace Walpole.*

Let's make the most of this world; no flyin'-machine so far kin take us tu anether.

—*Bronco Bill.*

Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,

And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,

And live and die, make love, and pay our taxes,

And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails.

—*Byron.*

The world is a combination of contraries.

The man who said, "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives," didn't live in a country village.

Yer cain't reform the world in ten minits ef yer preach a week.—*Bronco Bill.*

We view the world through colored glasses.

The world is like a mirror; smile and it smiles, frown and it frowns.

If we despise the world, the world will despise us.

Let the world wag: it will wag anyway.

Worm. The reef that wrecked the battleship was the work of little worms.

The worm that crawls from out the sun-touched sand,

What knows he of the huge, round, rolling Earth?

Yet more than thou, of all the vast Beyond.

—*Beyond.*

He diets on "the Diet of Worms."

Worry. Work strengthens, worry kills.

Worse. No man is the worse for knowing the worst.

"It might a-been worse," said the widow when her husband was hanged.

Worship. He who worships himself worships a wooden calf.

Most men worship the Golden Calf.

Man always worships something.—*Carlyle.*

He boasts that he is a self-made man: everybody can see that he worships his maker.

Wound. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
—*Shakespeare.*

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?

—*Byron.*

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.—*Pope.*

Wrangler. Wranglers are never in want of words.
He'd wrangle over the color of the har on the back
of the whale thet Jonah swollered.—*Bronco Bill.*

Wretched. The way to make yourself wretched
is to fancy that you are wretched.

Write—writing. I had rather write one word upon
the Rock

Of Ages than ten thousand in the sand.—*Poetry.*

Dip thy pen in thine heart's blood, and write.

Say little, write less.

It gin 'im the "blues" an' he tackled the Muse,
An' he tuk a pen an' writ.—*Bronco Bill.*

The world has nothing like a she epistle.—*Byron.*

There is sweeter poetry in the hearts of men
Than ever poet wrote or minstrel sung.—*Poetry*.
The only word written by Jesus
Was *Charity*—writ in the sand.—*Charity*.
Don't sign any writing till you have read it.

Wrong. When we are on the wrong road the further we go the further we fall behind.
He who wrongs you will never forgive you for it.
If you wrong another you wrong yourself.
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.—*Byron*.
Let there be no room in thy heart for the memory
of a wrong.
There is often a wrong way to do right, but never
a right way to do wrong.
A wrong never rights a wrong.

Y

Year. The years of God are one.

Yesterday. The eternal Yesterday is yours; study it.

Young. Be old when you are young, and you will
be young when you are old.
Kill the weeds when the weeds are young.
Man is young: the Earth is old.
An old head and a young heart.

Your own. There is no fruit so sweet as that from
your own planting.

If you don't blow your own horn nobody will blow it for you.

Better baked beans in your own house than roast turkey in another's.

Plant your own field first.

Yoursel. Fear no man but yourself.

Trust yourself first.

Be loyal to yourself and charitable to your neighbor.—*Confucius, (Kung, the philosopher.)*

Never ask your friends to do for you what you can do for yourself.

All great men have defects; you have a few yourself.

Self-deception is a pit-fall dug by yourself.

If you would amend men, begin with yourself.

Trust yourself and others will trust you.

If you want your secret kept, keep it yourself.

If you want it well done, do it yourself.

Don't send a boy to mill: if you want your grist ground go yourself

Say nothing good of yourself: you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself: you will be taken at your word.—*Father Roux.*

If thou be wise thou shalt be wise for thyself.

—*Solomon.*

He is not wise who is not wise for himself.

—*After Franklin.*

Youth. Mold the clay of youth while it is moist.

Youth is full of blunders that old age regrets.

There is no cure for the follies of youth but age.

Youth is a seed-field; beware what you sow in it.

Youth is continual intoxication.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret.—*Benjamin Disraeli.*

Yuma. Wus an' wus!—outer the fryin'-pan intu Yuma.—*Bronco Bill.*

A soldier died in camp at Yuma, and went to Hell: in less than a week he sent back for his blankets.
—*Phil Sheridan.*

A "tenderfoot" set a hen outer doors in Yuma: next mornin' he hed briled hen an' roast aigs fer breakfast.—*Bronco Bill.*

Z

Zeal. Zeal is good for the wise and fatal to fools.

Zeal is a fire that needs watching.

Zeal without discretion is a braying ass.

Zeal without knowledge runs into ditches in the dark.

Zeal without knowledge is a "kid" out of college.

Jim Hill

BY BRONCO BILL

Jim Hill—Jim Hill, yer full uf skill,
Hard work, an' pluck, an' luck, Jim;
I niver know'd yer duin' ill;
I niver know'd yer struck, Jim.

Yer allus won sence yer begun,
And I know yer'll win agin, Jim;
The web yer spun, the good yer done,
Makes this fight on yer a sin, Jim.

Ef they'll jist let Jim Hill alone,
An' let him work his plan, sar,
He'll make the people's good his own,
An' ship ther stuff an' sell enuff
Tu China and Japan, sar.

He'll herrin'-bone the West with steel,
An' speck the seas with ships, sar;
An' work with zeal the nation's weal:
When he's the pilot at the wheel
Thar's nuthin' never slips, sar.

We want world-markets fer our wares,
And Jim's the man tu find 'em;
He'll reach 'em with his ships an' kears,
While them "cy's" ki-yi behind 'im.

In politics thar's lots uf tricks,
An' sum air cussed mean, Jim,
But the rant an' cant uf br'er Van Sant
'S the meanest trick I've seen, Jim.

Wal, niver mind; the kids 'll find
Thet yer air still Jim Hill, sar;
An' br'er "Van Can't" may rant an' pant,
But he'll git an agy-chill, sar.

An' Cunnel Ted 'll find his head
Agin a granite wall, sar:
While brether Knox is changin' socks,
Jim Hill he'll scoop 'em all, sar.

Ye Farmers, hev yer ketched the cant?
Can't yer see beyond yer noses?
Du yer think Van Rant is bigger'n Grant,
Er Teddy is a Moses?

Thet brether Knox, he deals in stocks—
A slick, sam-singin' sharp, sar;
But Deacon, air yer orthodox
A-harpin' on thet harp, sar?

Now mind yer socks, dear brether Knox,
An' mind the bogs an' ditches;
Yer chasin', Knox, a "Canuck" fox,
An' yer'll on'y wet yer briches.

Yer remember, Ted, the fun we hed
When yer humped an' hustled hard,
But cudn't hold thet porker?—
Fer the pig wuz greased with lard.

I hit yer kinder light, Ted,
Fer we rid the range tergether,
An' on thet San Juan fight, Ted,
We bragged fer oneanether.

Jim Hill—Jim Hill, yer full uf skill,
Hard work, an' pluck, an' luck, Jim;
I niver know'd yer duin' ill,
Er quackin' like a duck, Jim.

Jim Hill—Jim Hill, yer fill the bill;
Thar ain't no *can't* about yer;
Yer jist durn stubborn, plain Jim Hill,
An' the West cain't du without yer.

I knowed yer ez a little cuss,
Bar-foot in Montreal, Jim,
An' when yer sawed the wood fer us—
Yer fust winter in St. Paul, Jim.

I've know'd yer more ner fifty year,
An' I niver know'd yer shirk, Jim;
An' I've knowed yer ez a pioneer
In many a honest work, Jim.

Yer done more good fer our Northwest
Ner a million sich ez Van, Jim;
Yer allus done yer "level best,"
An' we'll back yer tu a man, Jim.

Yer've laid a plan thet reaches out
An' kivers the western oceans;
Yer head is clar, yer heart is stout,
An' yer'll win, brave Jim, beyond a doubt,
While them Van Rants they snarl, an' shout
Ther tew-penny peanut notions.

An' dur ther eyes!—they know they lies
When they call Jim Hill a robber:
Wal, Jim he'll niver mind them flies,
But he'll corner thet stock-jobber.

He'll show Van Rant jist how he can't;
He'll play the geese a fox, sar,
An' knock the socks off brether Knox;
So let 'em prey an' pant, sar.

Ho!—har's tu Jim! when they tackles him,
They'll find they've struck a "stayer":
An' fill yer glasses tu the brim,
Fer Jim's a honest player.

Ye Pioneers!—give Jim yer cheers;
We know 'im—an' they *will*, boys;
The man thet niver flunks, er fears,
Er falters—thet's Jim Hill, boys.

May 18, 1903.

Cunnel Teddy
(In Four Canters.)

CANTER I.

When Teddy war a cow-boy, Bob,
Out thar beyond Mandan,
He tried tu break a bronco, Bob,
An' his "strenerous life" began.

Thet bronco bucked, but Teddy stuck
Ontil the cinch it bust,
An' Teddy, 'spiter pluck an' luck,
Struck a-straddle in the dust.

Our Teddy went tu Washin'-town
Tu build our navy up,
An' he tuck along his bronco
An' a half-breed bull-dorg pup.

The Maine she bust her biler, Bob,
An' the Yankee nation swore
The deed war done by Weyler, Bob,
An' they'd pay in Spanish gore.

Then Teddy riz a rigiment
Uf broncos an' cow-boys,
An' we went tu Cuber yellin',
An' we did—a lot uf noise.

Doctor Wood he war the Cunnel, Bob,
But Teddy wuz the boss:
Our Ted he rid his bronco, Bob,
An' Wood—she—he—rid a hoss

Thet niver felt a currycomb
An' niver smelt uf oats;
An' he rid on a side-saddle, Bob,
In pantalets an' petticoats.

We fit an' fit like Injuns
At the battle uf San Juan;*
“Give 'em hell!” cried gallant Teddy—
When them Spanish kids hed run.

Cunnel's staff uf press-reporters
Split the ar with whoop an' cheer:
Yer bet yer they war snorters!
Way back behind Head-quarters,
With tew bar-rels uf Schlitz beer,
They fit thet bloody battle in the rear.

Teddy shot five hunderd Spaniards
With his double-barrel gun,
An' he wud a-killed the rest uf 'em,
Ef they hedn't flunked an' run.

*Pronounced San Waun.

Fer when the Spanish nation
Seed our Teddy pull the bit
On his bronco, an' us cow-boys,
They hed an agy-fit;

An' they cried fer peace tu onct, they did,
An' histed the white rag,
Fer they cudn't stan' us cow-boys—
An' the bluster an' the brag.

Then we yelled fer Cunnel Teddy,
On thet hill uf palms an' pines:
He cudn't break a bronco,
But he skeared the Spanish lines.

Then our Yankee nation hollered
Till ther wind war split an' gone:
“Hurray!—Hurray fer Teddy!—
The hero uf San Juan!”

An' now our gallant Teddy,
By the grim decree uf fate,
Hez becum our glorious President,
An' runs the ship uf state.

Right agin the Trusts an' Mergers, Bob,
He'll run the ship er bust;
(But he's kinder sweet an' tender, Bob,
On the pore ole Sugar Trust.)†

Wal, he's a bustin' Buster, Bob,
An' yer can bet yer “sack,”
On his bronco with his bull-dorg,
He's hot upon ther track.

†See treaty with Cuba, cutting the tariff on sugar to the good for the Sugar Trust, and to the bad for our growing beet-sugar industry.

Teddy'll lasso J. Pierp. Morgan
An' them coal-bulls on the jump,
An' he'll round 'em up in his corral,
An' brand 'em on the rump.

Cunnel Teddy, now git steady;
Don't yet mount the Labor Trust,
Ef yer du, like thet old bronco,
It'll dump yer in the dust.

An', dear Cunnel, don't fergit it,
An' don't yer take the chance—
Carry worter on both shoulders
An' yer bound tu wet yer pants.

Circus-ridin' ain't no picnic,
Leastwise double-ridin' ain't,
With one foot on the devil
An' the ether on a saint.

Yer remember Billy Bryan—
Loudest tooter I hev seen—
Tried tu ride a moole an' mustang,
An'—thar fell an ass between.

CANTER II.

Bold Teddy leads a strenuous life
In peace er bloody war,
So he trailed tu Colorado
Fer tu hunt the grizzly bar.

An' Teddy struck a grizzly, Bob,
An' the grizzly war a she,
An' the grizzly went fer Teddy, Bob,
An' Ted—bobbed up a tree.

Then said the bar tu Teddy thar—
“What yer here fer?—Cain’t yer answer?”
An’ Teddy thar said tu the bar—
“Ill be—doodled ef I can, sir.”

Then he hollered fer his pardner
Till he war out uf wind;
An’ he wud a-shot thet grizzly,
But he’d drapped his gun behind.

Fer the “well-bein’ ” uf our kentry,
An’ the nations nigh an’ far,
His pard’ run tu his rescuer,
An’ he shot thet pesky bar.

But Teddy he’s a Nimrod,
Full uf blood an’ brawn an’ pluck,
An’ he packed away tu Arkansaw
Tu change his hunter-luck.

An’ he strid his Mandan bronco
Thro’ the bresh an’ thro’ the brakes.
A-huntin’ fer a black bar
’Mong the ’possums an’ the snakes.

He hed a “bully” companie
Uf hounds an’ hunters, tu,
An’ they hunted, an’ they hunted,
But the bar war shy an’ few.

Fer the brutes hed hard uf Teddy—
The hero uf San Juan—
An’ afore the Cunnel got thar
They turned ther tails an’ run.

The guides they shot a bar er tew,
Tu fill ther dinner-pot,
But Teddy cudn't find no bar,
Leastwise tu git a shot.

Then Teddy cussed, an' Teddy swore
A oath thet split the ar,
Thet he'd nar go back tu Washin'-town,
Unless he shot a bar.

Then the boys got on the hustle, Bob,
Fer they feared our kentry's ruin,
An' they sicked the hounds a-huntin', Bob,
Thro' the canebrake fer a bruin.

At last they c'ralled a yarlin' cub;
They tied 'im head an' tail;
Then they sent the word tu Teddy
They hed struck a red-hot trail.

Bold Teddy grabbed thet sojer gun
He packed all thro' the war,
An' cum a-humpin' thro' the brakes,
An'—a-woopin'—shot the bar.

An' fust yer know our Ted he'll go
Tu China an' peek in, Bob,
An' then hop on tu ole Japan,
An' take 'em both sleek in, Bob.

CANTER III.

Teddy's a-comin' tu see the Angels,*
An' he soon will heave in view,
An' he'll bust thet durn ole street-car trust,
An' give 'em taffy, tu.

*Citizens of Los Angeles.

Hurrah! Hurrah fer Teddy!
 Raise the peons!† Hip! Hurrah!
 He shot five hunderd Spaniards,
 An'—a bar in Arkansaw!

Teddy's kinder stuck on young-uns,
 An' he says our pressin' need
 Is tu coax our Yankee women
 Tu git down tu biz an' breed.

It's a good ole Holland fashion,
 An'—like good ole Holland gin—
 Which onct yer git the taste uf it,
 Yer wanter taste agin.

“Race-suicide,” says Teddy,
 An' it makes his busum bleed;
 We'll soon be Paree poodles
 Ef we don't brace up an' breed.

CANTER IV.

Teddy cum tu see the Angels,
 An' he's done an' gone again, Bob,
 An' the on'y thing he busted
 War a basket uf champagne, Bob.

He don't look pat in thet silk hat,
 With sich a Injun skin, Bob;
 His face war red, ez ef he fed
 On kraut an' Holland gin, Bob.

An' durn my eyes! I hope they lies—
 But I grabbed his paw up thar, Bob,
 An' ain't it hard? fer our ole pard',
 Hed on kid gloves, I swar, Bob.

†Not pæans, but peons, Mexican laborers. There are hundreds in Los Angeles.

Jist think uf that!—a stove-pipe hat
Ez slick ez greased with lard, Bob;
Kid gloves, silk tie, an' sich ez that
Stuck ontu our ole pard', Bob!

All the mothers brung ther babies,
(The ole maids they tried tu hiss 'em)
An' sum brung tew, an' sum brung ten,
An' Teddy hed tu kiss 'em.

One cullud lady brung her kid,
An', a-smilin', Ted he took 'er,
An' patted her wool head, he did,
An' said she looked like Booker.

An' he said, "Har's one rael rosy-bud;
Ef Book war har tu pack 'er,
I'd take 'em out tu lunch, I wud,"
An' he gin the kid—a cracker.

Teddy blowed about our Navy
An' our great spread-eagle Nation,
An' he talked about the Big Canaul,
An' loud on Irrigation.

Them "Terrors," they war thusty,
An' they didn't look elate,
An' afore he'd ra'ly rounded up
They sneaked uff—tu irrigate.

"Teddy's Terrors" whooped an' hollered
Most the time our Ted war here,
But the on'y thing they swollered
Wuz a schnitt er tew uf beer.

They shoted with ther shooters
All the way frum San Berdoo,*
An' they tooted on ther tooters,
An' they groaned a song er tew,

Frum the curb they seen the banket
An' they gin a hungry yell,
Then they licked ther chops an' hankered,
But they niver got a smell.

They didn't git no dinner,
But they hard the bottles pop,
An' they seen the wine a-fizzin',
But they cudn't ketch a drop.

An' they felt so kinder weary,
When the grub war done an' gone,
Thet they cudn't sing ther *Adios**
Tu our hero uf San Juan.

But yer bet yer bottom dollar, boys,
That Teddy he will win,
Fer we'll all git up an' holler, boys,
An' we'll whoop 'im in agin.

Billy Bryan, he's a-tryin',
An' a-kickin' hard agin it,
An' a-yawpin' an' a-cryin',
But Billy isn't in it.

He hez blowed his silver bugle,
Till the toot is old an' worn,
An' the people allus hanker
Fer a new toot on the horn.

*San Bernardino, where the club met President Roosevelt.

*Spanish—adieu.

An' they seem tu hev a hanker
Fer the cow-boy toot tu-day,
An' they run tu see the Buster,
An' tu har the donkeys bray.

Ho, Buckéros,† don't yer har' em?
Don't yer har the burros bray—
"Hurray!—Hurray fer Teddy!
"Hurray!—Hurray!—Hurray!"

An' yer bet yer bottom dollar, boys,
Thet Teddy he will win,
Fer we'll all git up an' holler, boys,
An' we'll whoop 'im in agin.

—*Los Angeles, May 12, 1903.*

Bronco Bill on the Gallop

FIRST GALLOP

Wal, Jo, let's go an' hev a blow,
Out on the bar perairie;
I'm gittin' long uf mountin snow
An' I'm feelin' kinder dreary.

I'd like tu shute a cyote,
Fer thar aint' no bar about, Jo,
Fer Teddy cum an' skeared the bar—
An' the varmints all lit out, Jo.

My bronco—Moller—looks pore an' holler;
But it takes a good un, Jo, tu foller.
I bought the brute from a Laramie Ute:
I gin my cayuse an' a blanket tu boot,
An' I'm kinder stuck on the lovin' brute,
Fer she allus whinners a kind salute.

†Cow-boy corruption of the Spanish word *vaquero*—cow-boy

Jumpin' Judas! how they hollered
When Ted war in Skoke Ann;
An' down in Butte they follered suit,
An' whooped 'er tu a man.

At Starbuck—it war midnight—
(Thet's a Lubber-Union town)—
They routed Ted up outer bed,
An' done the Cunnel brown.

They hed tu bust the winder
Right over Teddy's nose,
An' the Cunnel wudn't show his-self
Till the mob turned on the hose.

Then they hollered "Irrigation!"
With a wild, onarthly screech,
An' Teddy hed tu mop his face
An' give the mob a speech.

An' fit fer the occasion—
He talked on worter-rights,
An' loud on irrigation,
An' big canauls an' worter-falls
An' ditches, dams and dam-sites.

An' he said thet down along the plains
He'd turn the ole "Big Muddy,"
The Yallerstone, an' Tongue, an' Platte,
The bloody Kaw an' Arkansaw,
An' make the desert blume with grains
An' tater-tops—so wud 'e.

An' he said ef thet wan't wet enuf—
He'd tap ole Hudson Bay, Jo,
An' turn thet pond ontu our land;
An' I guess thet plan 'ud pay, Jo.

Yer cain't make worter run up-hill?
Is thet the way yer view it?
Wal, Jo, yer a durn cow-puncher still:
Ted an' the Lord kin du it.

Ef Teddy cain't I'll bet yer ten—
I'll go yer better still, Jo—
I know a man *kin* du it, sar—
An' thet man is Jim Hill, Jo.

Yer shake yer har ;—now, what's the motter?
Hain't yer niver seen the maps, Jo?
Salt-wotter?—don't yer know salt-wotter
Is jist the thing fer craps, Jo?

An' now I know yer fibbed, ole Jo,
Yer war nar in Califunny;
But thet's the place yer orter go—
It's the land uf wine an' honey,
An' foggy sky an' alkali,
An' the place tu drap yer money.

They hev no use fer worter thar,
Aexcept on rar occasion,
An' they allus use salt worter, sar,
Fer orchard irrigation.

Shzz!—look yer! Thar's a Injun!
Er my ole eyes they blinks an' lies:
Cain't see ez sharp ez I uster—no:
I'm a fightin' ruster still but—whoa!
I swar—look thar—'tis a Injun, Jo;
He's a-sneaking' fer a bronco!

An' yer bet yer he hez got a gun,
 An' a skelpin'-knife hitched on, too;
 I hain't got more ner twenty rounds,
 Ner no lariat on my saddle:
 Yer bet I niver shute fer fun—
 So—git, Moll,—let's skedaddle.

Git!—make a dead run fer the bresh!
 This gallop it won't du, Jo;
 I hain't got eny har tu spar;
 Ner nuther ner hev you, Jo.

—*Squaw Butte, Mount Anner, May 28, 1903.*

SECOND GALLOP

Hello,—Pete! ole boy, how are yer?
 I likes yer, Pete; I allus did
 Sence we fit them durn Piute, Pete.
 Wal, durn it, Pete, I war on'y a kid,
 An' I didn't know how tu shute, Pete,
 But yer saved my har an' Teddy's, tu,
 An' I allus shell think a heap uf you.

Say, ole pardner, hev yer hard frum Jo?
 He's gone tu Manitober:
 Yer'll niver see old Jo no moe;
 Pore cuss, he cain't keep sober.

I 'spose yer hard uf thet thar fight
 Whar me an' Jo war in it,
 With thirteen Injuns on the plains,
 Out thar beyond Ass-in-it?*

Yer didn't har? Wal, that is quar!
 It war a bloody battle,

*Assiniboine.

But me an' Jo we cleaned 'em out
Ez 'twar a bunch uf cattle.

They sneaked on us, the devils did;
But I guess they got a plenty;
Fer old pard Jo—er—he murdered four
An' I shot the ether twenty.

Did I bring the skelps? Nunno, old pard,
Fer I cum along with Teddy,
An' Ted, yer know—(it's a leetle hard)—
Says skelpin' is on-Christian:
He's a-gittin' *orful* steady.

Dog-on it, Pete, yer look so neat,
An' hansum—like a brether!
Now don't yer swat my Greaser* hat;
Cum, Pete, an' take a nether.

Yer playin' faro?—Don't yer yank!
Yer gittin' orful frisky:
Yer durn'd old crank, yer bust the bank,
An' still guzzle rot-gut whisky.

I uster gulp thet stuff meself,
But it's gittin' kinder thin, sar;
Sence I war down tu ole San Juan,
I'm drinkin'—Holland gin, sar!

Say, pardner, did yer see our Ted
While he war in Salt Lick,† Pete?
Yer didn't? Didn't har his speech?
Cudn't ketch his paw, ner git a seat?
Yer lost yer grip, eh? Yer a peach!
Yer bamboozlin' me, yer be, Pete.

*Cow-boy name for Mexican.

†Salt Lake.

It's honest John! Wal, thet's tu bad;
 Fer I know yer love our Teddy:
 An' thet gran' speech, be gad, ole dad,
 I kin say it be heart already.

Tell yer the speech? Yer be a peach!
 Cain't read? I guess yer yarnin':
 I cain't chant Latin, but I kin screech
 Ef I hain't got cullege-larnin'.

So har's a go—but fust "wet up"
 An' make it kinder easy;
 When I'm about tew-thirds "set-up"
 My tongue gits glib an' greasy.

Yer know my weakest pint, ole Pete—
 'Taint ram-lamb fry an' butter;
 But gin'll tangle my ole feet
 An' make me stut-stut-stutter.

Now, listen, Pete, an' don't "but"† in—
 Fer thet will cuz distraction:
 I'll jist take one more drink uv gin—
 An' give thet speech tu a fraction.

'Twar a mighty crowd, an' Ted war proud
 Sich famerous men tu tackle
 Ez Brigham Young an' 'Postle Smoot,
 In ther own Tabernacle.

Thar, now, I'm ready: Fust he said:
 "I'm *orful* glad tu see yer:
 I love these 'ere old pioneers,
 Thet hev fit fer more ner fifty years,

†Not butt.

A-punchin' mules, an'—an'—punchin'—steers :
An' I love these dear old mothers, tu,
Thet hetched this poperlation ;
In many ways they hev proved true
Gran'mothers uf the nation.

I love the spot whar Brigham Young
In Glory's bunk reposes ;
He war a bigger man thun Humer sung,
An' a better man thun Moses.

I wudn't offend, sir, fer me paw,
One voter in all Utaw ;
But I cain't jist—pr-pr-praise polygamy."
An' he kinder tuck a sea-saw.

"But dear ole Polly Gamy,
She built these Peeramids, sir,
An' I bless the dear ole mammy
Fer her bounterous crop uf kids, sir.

Polygamy war in its time
A blessin' tu womankind ;
An' them thet says it war a crime,
Air a *leetle* bit tu refined ;
But now it's gittin' out uf date,
Axcept upon the sly, sir :
Cain't beat Natur,—needn't try—sir—
Sum air tu Pup-Pup-Puritanic !

But thet gran' ole man—brave Brigham Young,
He sweetly thar reposes—
In thet thar gran' Panthee—on
A bunk uf lurels an' roses :

He led the childrun uf Israel
Thro' flood an' fire an' Injun hell,
An' them desert plains whar the blizzards blows
An' the mountins full uf bars an' snows,
An' he niver stopped tu rest his tuh-tuh-toes,
Till he reached this Paradise, sir:

An' he prayed, an' made this desert her—
Tu bar an' blussum ez the roes,
An' he done it in a trice, sir;
An' all he done he done so well,
He niver done it twice, sir.

He war a Moses, sure enuff,
An' a fighter, tu, like Caesar—
Fer he hed in him the royal stuff
Like Kaiser Bill an'—an'—*me*, sir.

An' when they sent a army here—
Thet thar ole bump Buchanan,
He found in thet brave pioneer,
Thet these ram-parts hed a man on.

Brigham crammed an' rammed thet army full
Uf beef, an' pork, an' taters,
At a *bully* price, fer he had a pup-pup—"pull"
On them thar starvin' craters.

An' he didn't shed no blood; instead,
Uncle Samuel shed his sheckels;
Fer Brigham hed no flies on him—
An' hardly any freckles.

He built this yer gran' Tabernacle,
An' he built thet holy Temple,

He made corn tu grow, an' cocks tu crow,
An' hens tu lay an' cackle;
An' he made the women weave the clo'es
Withouter rip er wrinkle.

An' he made the small kids herd the cows
An' sheep an' goats without a whimper,
(Fer Brigham hed a tut-tut-temper)
An' then they hed tu do the cho'es,
An' milk the goats, and kews, an' ewes;—
But thar soon war kids a-plenty,
Fer Brigham hed, hisself, 'tis said,
Seven hunderd an' tew an' twenty.

He hed, uf course, a lot uf wives,
But he war made uf strenerous stuff, sir;
Good men that know'd him all ther lives,
Say he niver hed enuff, sir.

Ef I hed Webster On-a-bridge—
All uf it in my head, sir;
I cudn't find words good enuff
Fer Brigham Young—thet's dead, sir.

An' I'm glad tu see these Pillars her
Uf this gran' ole Mormon Church, sir;
(An' ef they'll pup-pull fer me agin,
I won't leave 'em in the lurch, sir.)

I'm glad yer got a Cannon her,
An' I know it's allus loaded
With shot an' shell tu batter hell,
An' it niver yit exploded.

An' yer women her—they milks an' churns,
An' I think they're *orful* pooty;
I don't mean tu tread on no man's Kearns,
Ner git tu talkin' Smoot-y.

I like yer fields an' flowin' Wells,
I like yer broad-gauge city;
I like yer flocks uf kids an' gells;
An'—an'—them bl-bl-blue-stockins hev—my pity.

This glorious land! This boareous land!
This wondrous state of Utaw,
Wuz built by Brigham's master hand;
It's the best state ever you saw,
Er I saw, er Ole Solomon 'E-saw.

Yer kin irrigate this Umpire State,
Fer yer hev wit an' worter,
An' make the desert vegetate,
An' make this town a garden-gate—
Git at it—every son, an' sire, an' dorter.

Thar's Enoch, Allan an' Wilson Farr,
With six hunderd sons an' dorters,
An' nigh ten thousun' gran'-kids thar—
Trot 'em down, sar—tu the bar;
Set 'em all tu diggin' thet ain't a—pup-pup-pigin',
An' make 'em ditch them worters.

Har's a purty gal called Paradise,
A sister uf Sahara;
She ain't a bit afraid uf mice;
An' she's jist the gal tu marry.

Jist deck 'er out with blumes an' plumes,
An' a new red petticoat, sir,
An' a posy hat, an' sich ez that—
An' thet gal—she'll ride a *gug-gug-goat*, sir.
Er a broncey, er a donkey,
Er a mustang, er a stallion,
An' she'll out-ride our Hoss-Hussars,
An' beat the hull battalion.

But she cain't du it all alone—
With all her wit and worter—
An' kiver all this arid zone,
Tho' she's a spunky dorter,
An' I swar—she hedn't orter!

Put yer miner's pumps on thet Salt Lick;
Whut yer think God put it thar fer?
An' pump thet worter on the land,
An' plant yer taters in the sand—
An' tend the ditch, an' bar a hand,
An' mind the crops yer car fer.

Yer'll make them deserts blum an' hum—
Ef yer'll on'y onct git at 'em:
Yer gone thro' hell an' martyrdom;
But now yer time tu *shout* is cum;
(An' sh-sh-shout fer me, with fife an' drum,
An' I'll help a leetle with my thrum,
An' I'll tip yer—I ain't deaf an' dumb.)

Don't let them canters steal yer plum;
Them blue-stockins—now combat 'em!
Yer kin drap them Yanks a leetle crum;
But mind yer, don't yer let 'em cum

An' stop yer propergation.

Ef yer stop *thet* yer'll soon succumb,
An' yer'll find yerselfs without a hum
In all this hummin' nation.

Now, Start yer pumps on *thet* thar Lake,
An' pump *thet* salty worter,
An' let yer ditches like a snake,
Wind an' run jist whar they orter.

Salt worter!—Mr. Chair-a-man,
'*Tain't* good fer irrigation?
Du yer think *thet* yawp kin scare a man
Thet's the head uf this hull nation?

Salt worter!—Hump!—Salt worter!
Thet yaw-whoop he's a bunny;
Thet's the very thing the ranchers use
Down in Suthun Califunny.

One durn dry time in Anaheim,
When the Dutch set out ther vineyards
They hed a orful dusty time
Thet nigh dried up ther inyards.

Them Dutch war bound tu hev ther wines
Ef they cudn't hev no kraut, sir;
An' I'll tell yer how they saved their vines,
An' knocked *thet* durn'd drou out, sir.

Ther good ole fraus war big an' fat,
(An' they niver wore no cussets,
Ner fangle-fribbs an' gussets)
An' they trotted tu Salt-river,
An' each un drunk all she cud hold,
Frum her gullet tu her liver.

Then they waddled back among the grapes,
Choke ful uf needed worter,
An' thar they squat among the vines,
An'—did jist what they orter.

Now, thet thar ain't no "ole salt's yarn";
'Twar a common Dutch occasion;
An' they du it still, an' call it, sar,
Salt-worter irrigation.

I've seen it with my own eyes, sar;
I tell yer, sar, in thet Salt Lake,
Onless all science lies, sar,
Ef yer wise thar's lots uf money;

Don't give thet "snap" a shake:
Yer kin save the alkali fer soap,
Ez they du in Califunny,
An' give yer droves uf kids a dope,
An' scrub 'em up, me Honey:
Cain't du it? Go an' git a rope
An' hang yerself, ole Bunny.

Hurrah! Hurrah fer Utah!
Now, John, stan' by the Cannon,
An' ring yer Bells, an' pump yer Wells,
An' guh-guh-give me solid backin';
An' yer'll find thet down in Washin'-town
Yer've got a honest man on,
An' yer'll har the Trusts a-cra-cra-crackin'.

I want a few more battle-ships,
An' so does Mr. Moody—
He's kinder fly an' doody,
But he's good ez iver you saw:

Give us tew dozen battle-ships
An' we'll name the best un—*Utah!*

Now, shute the gun—but wait a minit;
Don't yer—fer-fer-fergit the votes—
(Thar's a dam reporter takin' notes,
Jist *take* him, Howell, by the snout,
An' yank the cuss, an' k-k-kick 'im out.)

Now give me, Saints, yer backin'
An' yer'll har all hell a crackin';
Fer yer know how I hev fawt
Out nigh Mandan—an' at San Juan—
In the slums uf the Bowery, an' tharabout.

I fit the Pi-utes in the Hills;
I gin 'em hell an' "blue-mass pills;"
I fit the Sioux out on the Plains;
The cyotes gnawed ther cold remains;
I've fit the grizzly in his den;
I've fit in blizzard,—sleet—an' rain,
An' I'm achin' fer a fight again!

An' yer niver seed my broncer—
Like a skeary, brayin' donker—
With his Cunnel tun an' run!
I've hunted moose an mountin goats,
Jist now I'm huntin' fer yer votes—
Hurrah! Hurrah for Utah!
Now, John, sh-sh-shute uff the gun!"

Ole Pete, that's jist the speech he made—
I gin it *word fer word*, Pete,
Accept I went out onct, I think,
Tu p-p-put—a nickel in the slot—an' git
a drink.

Fighting Bob

(From *Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.*)

I ain't a-braggin'; I hate a bragger—
So I don't like Commodore Sly, sir;
'N' ef I hed ole Shafter I'd hang 'im tu a rafter
Quicker 'en yer'd scat a fly, sir:

I cud—bedad—I wud, sir—
An' Teddy 'ud cry—fer lafter.
I'm gittin' meller, an' meb-meb-mebbe-be I stagger;
But thar's one feller kin fight an' beller,
An' Billy Bronco likes, sir:

With his maggie-phone he fit 'em alone;
He's none uf yer braggin' Mikes, sir:
An' when he says "go"—er "sailor-Ho!"
Them blue pantalets they gits up an' gets,
An' prompersly hollers—"Aye-aye, sir."

He's a "Fightin' Bob," an' he done the job,
While the ethers war lookin' on, sir—
Aexcept ole Sly, an' he war so fly
That he slipped tu the wheel, like a fresh-worter
eel,
An' tunned the rudder an' rur-rur-runned, sir.

An' Cunnel Teddy—I've told yer already—
No, durn it—I told it tu Jow, sir:
This tarnel brandy is sittin' so handy,
I'm like Sittin' Bull in a pow-wow, sir.

Marc Hanna

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

In the ole Pork State—Ohio,
 Step-mother Hanner, she carries the banner;
 That Four-acre can't deny O,
 She's a Billy-goat tanner,
 An'—a-wavin' thet banner—
 She makes her petticoat fly O;
 An' when the thing gits intu a ring
 Agin her calcerlation,
 An' hell's tu pay, ez the cow-boys say
 Way down in the Cherokee nation,

She'll turn her shimmy-shirt inside out,
 An' jine the Salvation Army,
 An' all them buck-eyes 'ull cheer an' shout
 Quicker ner yer er I O,
 Kin ketch a wink an' step up tu drink
 Frum a jug of "the rael Ohio."

1904.

Matt Quay

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

Thar's bull-puncher Quay,—git outer his way!
 Fer he ain't no Sunday-school teacher,
 With sugar on his tongue an' a straw in the bung,
 Ner a durn'd ole hypercrite screecher.

He swings a long whip, an' he don't car a rip
 Fer ary ole Quake thet's agin 'im;
 He'll hit 'im a clip with his black-snake whip,
 That'll make 'im wiggle his starn an' skip;
 Fer ole Matt hez grizzly-bar in 'im.

They tackled 'im twice, but he loaded the dice;
They war done up in a trice, like a lot uf blind mice
In the flour-barl uf a ole Dutch baker:
Then Matt gin the tip, an' he tuck his ole whip,
An' he larruped thet yarn-spinnin' Quaker—
Ole sam-singin' John Wannamaker—
An' they sent fer a doctor an' hed 'im greased;
An' he cum nigh hevin' tu call a priest,
An' tu send fer a undertaker.

Grover Cleveland

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

I allus liked our uncle Grover,
Fer he hed "Ole Hickory" back-bone, sar;
Finance-ally he war sound all over,
An' he'd stan' squar like a grizzly bar,
Ef he hed tu stan' alone, Jo.

Thar war a few mistakes he made,
But he made no blow er brag, Jo:
He war a leetle lunny on Free-trade,
An' over in Honey-loo-loo thar,
He pulled down the American flag, Jo:

An' in thet Ven'zueely bluff
He didn't hit jist right, sar,
An' he cum per'lous nigh enough
Tu startin' a bloody fight, sar.

But I guess in all the moves he made
He meant his kentry's good, Jo:
An' now he's restin' in the shade
Uf "Innocuous Disuetude," Jo.

Horace Greeley

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

Hurace Greeler! Hurace Greeler!

Yer war a speckled trout,
But till yer run fer president
They didn't find it out:

Yer run a durn good "Try-bune"
Aspecially fer the "hay-seeds,"
An' larnt 'em how tu raise pertaters,
An' kids an' ether craters,
An' chuse right kind of hug-breeds.

An' the farmers luv'd yer, Hurace,
An' bet on yer opinions
In polly-tics an' ether tricks
An' frum raisin' colts tu inions.

Up in St. Lurence county
They war bothered lots with elders,
Thet grew round them rail fences
In spiter fire an' bounty.

An' it cost 'em lots uf cuss an' tile,
An' more er less expenses,
Tu root them elders frum the sile;
Fer they hed no hugs tu root 'em.

Some said—tu kill them elders—
Jist tu cut 'em down in August
In the old o' the moon, an' ethers said
Tu cut 'em in the new, but fust
Tu sprinkle salt er saw-dust
All around the pesky elder-bed.

So un ole back-woods preacher—
He war a farmer, tu,
An' a shouter an' a screecher,
An' a ram without a ewe—

Writ a note tu Hurace Greeler,
(His name he signed—Gote Felders)
An' ast 'im ez a "feeler,"
The best time tu cut elders.

An' Greeler printed thet thar note,
An' this answer tu his bleatin'—
"The best time tu cut elders, Goat,
Is jist before Camp-meetin'."

PETE:

Is thet the eend?—it's long an' ruff,
An' I wud say—it's d-d-durn pore stuff,
An' sounds like the grind uf a jew-saw;
But yer bet yer Teddy is glad enuff
They didn't cut elders in Utah.

San Juan

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

I b'lieve in thet doctrine, ez Teddy writ—
Don't git into a fight fer fun, sar;
But ef yer hev tu—swat an' bite,
An' don't git skeery an' hev a fit,
But be shore yer got a gun, sar!

An' ef yer hev, an' t'ether man hain't,
 Yer kin flam 'im, an' dam 'im,
 An' ram 'im, an' jam 'im,
 An' make 'im run er faint, sar;
 An' when yer git thro', let thet ether man know
 Thet thar hez bin a fight, sar—
 Ef yer hev tu git Teddy tu write, sar.

Thet puts me in mind uf whut Teddy said,
 When I outangled 'im frum thet bar-wire fence,
 Arfter the fight at ole San Juan.
 Teddy war puffin' fer a drink uf suthin',
 Fer he war bleedin' frum siveral wounds—
 On his legs—frum them ole barb-wires, sar,
 An' he looked around all over the grounds—
 I'll allus remember thet sight, sar—

Ez he strid tu the rear fer his gun an' gear,
 Fer he straightened up like a Kaiser an' said:
 "Bill Bronco, we've hed a fi-fi-fight, sar!
 Hez the inimy ra-ra-raelly run, Bill?"
 An' when I said "yas," he gin a whoop
 Thet our boys all hard way over the hill,
 An' the salts on the ships frum prow tu poop,
 Ez he yelled: "*Rough Riders—give 'em huh-
 huh-hell!*"

An' thar, on thet Red-Cross stretcher,
 Lay thet durn'd ole General Shafter
 A shakin' with suthin';—yer bet yer
 I thort it war delarium-tremums,
 But our Captin Brodie-ax got ontu the facts,
 An' said it wuz nuthin' but lah-lah-lafter.

Jew Fish

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

BILL:

Har goes: I know'd a jew-fish onct
Ez played upon a Jew's harp,
An' the gals at the leg-show on gay Long Beach,
They wiggled an' giggled—then gin a screech,
Fer they thort it war a mar-maid.
Next Soturday—in the Sinnergog—
I'm off—it wuz the Skinnergog—
They seen thet same fine Jew-fish
A-singin' in the Singergog,
An' each gal gin her mate a jog—
An' giggled—"Thar's thet mar-maid!
Red petticoat on a blue-fish!
Jehoshaphat! She's a bar-maid!"

PETE:

Ef yer wanter ketch a Jew-fish, Bill—
(An' a devil-fish yer don't want 'er;
I druther hev a blue-fish,
Er a bull-pout er a dorg-fish,
Er a durn ole man-eater shark-fish,
Hitched ontu me, thun a she devil-fish).
Ef yer wanter ketch a Jew-fish, Bill,
(An' a devil-fish yer don't want 'er)
Jist bait yer hook with a nickel er tew,
Er a few ole clo'es, an' he'll run his nose
On thet thar bait ez 'twar a plate
Uf mountin eysters on a free lunch counter.

Long Beach

(From Bronco Bill's Cow-Boy Ballads.)

Long Beach—in Suthun Califunny,
Is the place tu git a show fer yer money:

Long Beach, whar the Press-biters gader an' preach;
Whar the Baptists take worter, an' the Methodists
reach

Out an' shout fer the monied sinners;
An' the Holinessers an' Holinesses
Peddle ther sams an' ther clams an' ther kisses:

Whar the ranchers go fer ther Sunday clam-dinners,
An' the long-har'd crankasses gib-gibber an'
screech;

Whar the boys get spoony an' the gals get lunny,
An' gabble an' giggle an' wiggle so funny—
Away from ther pars, with a little pin-money;
An' them mar-ed Angels—they niver peach
On ther bathin' pard's at thet bilin' beach:

Long Beach!—Long Beach!—yer a blumin' peach!
Fer thar, by the par, they pray it an' preach it,
An' shout it an' flout it, an' rout it an' screech it;
An' wiggle, an' giggle, an' hug an' beseech it,
All day an' all night, on the bluffs an' the beaches,
With ther petticoats uff an' ther coats an' ther
breeches.

Long Beach!—Long Beach!—in Califunny!
Yer got the best leg-show on arth—fer the money.

Teddy's Comin' Down the Nile

(*Bronco Bill, Corporal Company Q.—Rough Riders*)

Bang the drums an' blow the bugles!
Let the cataracts roar an' bile;
Beller, Aetna an' Vesuvius,—
Teddy's comin' down the Nile!

The Peeramids they trembles,
An' the slinkin' crocodile,
An' the Sphinx he winks an' wonders,—
Teddy's comin' down the Nile!

The lions they air prancin',
An' the hippopots they smile,
An' the elephants air dancin',—
Teddy's comin' down the Nile!

Cousin Kaiser Bill, git ready;
Blow the bugles, bang the drums:
Hurray!—Hurray!—fer Teddy,
The "mighty hunter," comes.

Hold yer breath, ye list'nin' nations;
Stop the tick uf time a while;
With his staff uf press-reporters
Teddy's comin' down the Nile!
Holy Moses Africanus!—
Teddy's comin' down the Nile!

April 1, 1910.

Cow-Boy Ballads

(*Bronco Bill, Laramie "Round-up" 1913*)

Bronco Bill:

Ole Pete, I'm dry 's a fish agin,
 An' I guess it's up tu you, Pete;
 Wal, pard', I'll take a mug uf gin—
 Yer payin'?—I'll take tew, Pete.

Them hits the spot; it's gittin' hot;
 Now, Sambo thar, start yer catarrh,
 An' diddle yer fiddle, ole Gumbo;
 I hain't felt so good sence the Cuber war,
 An', we'e goin' tu hev a—*Jum—Jum—"Jumbo."*

Thet's it, Gumbo; saw thet ole fiddle,
 An' chip in the tamborino;
 Don't play us a sam: I'm a mountin lamb,
 But, thank yer, I ain't a merino.

Now, Bob, dog-gong, du give us a song,
 Off-hand, axtemporary;
 An' I'll foller suit, but I ain't so cute—
 I'm a jay-bird, an' nary canary.

Coyote Bob:

I wish I war a leetle boy—
 A leetle boy agin;
 Ful of frolic an' the colic,
 Ful of soda-pop an' sin.

I wish I war a boy agin,
 Tudle, dudle, Andy;
 With curly har and blumin' skin;
 Tudle, dudle, dandy.

Then I wud go an' see Shy Ann,
An' dear Miss Ana Conder,
An' tramp agin tu Anaheim
Tu see my granny yonder,
An' play tu them young Deutcher geese
A gay ole mountin gander—
Eat schweitzer-kase an' butter-grease,
An' see ther flocks uf kids increase.
Thet 'ud tickle Ted, by dunder.

"Race-suicide," says Teddy—
An' it makes his busom bleed—
"We'll soon be Paree poodles,
Ef we don't brace up an' breed."

Jackrabbits breed in litters, Bill,
An' the Niggers an' Chinee,
An' the lazy, lousy "Greasers," Bill,
An', by gosh, why shudn't we?

It's a good ole Holland fashion,
An' like good ole Holland gin
Which, onst yer git the taste uf it
Yer'll wanter taste agin.

The brush air ful uf beauties,
All a-waitin' tu be tied;
Go, Pard', an' take Miss Giggles,
But I'll take Sue-aside.

Bronco Bill:

Pass the "lemonade," Jim Dairy-Maid,
An' I'll Sarah-nade the hul brigade.
I'm feelin' like a lark, Boys,
In a clover-field in June, Boys,

Jist arfter it's bin dark, Boys.
 Ef yer wanter har a hummer song,
 Jist shet yer mouth an' hark, Boys:
 Hump-te-dudle, hump-te-dudle,
 Hump-te-dudle-dew-de!
 Thar—now I've ketched the tune, Boys.

Oi'd loike te be a b'y agin;
 Houly Patherick! but Oi wud thot!
 Oi'd drap thot whusky an' thot gin,
 An' dhrink me port an' blume me skin,
 Loike a rael auld Oirish gintlemin.

An' wed Tim's widdy Mariar—
 Wid her five spalpeens—in a minit.
 Mebbe Oi shud—Pat says Oi wud—
 Put me auld fut right in it.

Oi wud nat loike that, te be sure, me dear Pat,
 Te put me fut inty a bear-trap!
 But Oi'd bang me auld hat
 Te see yer tom-cat
 Put his divil fut inty a hare-trap;
 Fer all the night long he be singin' a song,
 Loike the waul av a Kilkenny cryer—
 An' the same auld chune frae October te June—
 Mariar—Mariar—Mariar!

In the mid o' the night Oi awake in a fright,
 An' bang me auld goon at thot cat on the roon,
 A-yellin' Mariar—Mariar!
 Hip a hurrah—Erin-go-bragh!
 The life av a lone mon be sorry;
 An' Oi guess Oi wull gow an' see father MccGraw,
 An' bid te the widdin' temorry.

Ki-yi, me b'y, how's thet fer high?
Now, Teddy Bismarck, git up an' bark,
Er howl us a song a yard er tew long;
Jist gulp a gin-fiz an' git down tu "biz";
Er a stein uf Rhine wine er a bar'l uf beer,
An' we'll stay har—a week—tu har yer squeak.

Teddy Bismarck:

I'll take just ein schnitt
Mit drei steine damit,
Und sing ein leedel goot gesang—
Nicht ganz ein hundert meilen lang.

Yah, ich bin Teddy Roosterbelt!
Ich bin der sohn von Prinz Bismarck!
Aber he keep eet in ze dark—
Und sendt mir, dann und wann, das silbergeld.

I vish I vuz a poy some more;
I vish I var; yah, won't it?
Und ef ich war ein leedle poy,
Ein leedle boob I pees already, don't it?

Meine gute mutter
Gibt me ein stück brod und butter,
Und nennt mich "Lieber Teddy."

So ich bin ze "Bull-mooser" chief,
Und sing mein laut gesang "*Reform*,"
Dot shakes ze goundry like a storm,
Und makes ze peoples all believ
I eats mein dinner on a tief.

An' so I scream ze eagle
Und fight agin mit Siegel—

Or any udder feller—
Darein dem lager Reichs-Rath-keller.

Wo geht das leedel hundschen mein,
Und laszt mich spielen ganz allein,
Wann ich ein kleiner knabe war?
Dann bin ich grimmig ganz und gar.
Der hund er gibt mir nodings rest;
He roon away und stay all day
Dabei dot damphool shootzen-fest.

Und wenn er kommt mir spät zurück
I gibt dat leedel cuss a kick;
Aber wenn er cry und yellt ki-yi—
Mein leedel lieber bube kind—
Dann hab ich sorge on dot pore dorgie,
Und kicks michselbst drei mal behind.

I vish I var ein boob, by gar,
Wie ich war in alt Deutchland dar—
Darum-darauf-darunder!
Toodel, de oodel, de noodel!
Und wenn ich bin I vill ride agin
Auf dot Yankee mool, py dunder.

Wie dann wir rittsen?—donner und blitzen!
Dot Yankee mool go kicken und schlitzen,
Und fall ab Ich, und ketch ein kick
Daran mein hinter rumpf zu guick.

Dann dot ole mool he runs away,
An' sweesh hees sweif, an' kick hees heels;
An' mack 'eem laut a blenty bray,
Und lacht behint on mir und squeals.

Er besser kick mich mit ein brick;
Dot vas I call 'em Yankee trick,
Und eef I komm jemals zurüch,
Dann vill ich kick
Dot ole mool mit ein brick-stein brick.
Yust wie Prinz Bismarck play in ze dark,
An' ketch dem dampfool Polliwogs,
An' lick 'em quick mit hees war-dogs;
An' take Paree an' push 'em hard,
An' mach 'em pay fer all ze fun
Mit Alsace-Lorraine und ein milliard.

Hoch, Kaiser Bill, how's dot fer hoch?
Yust put 'eem in yer pfeif' und smoke.

Bronco Bill:

Now, Johnny Crapaud, gulp yer corbeau
With yer eau-de-vie, an' tip yer chapeau,
Ez yer uster tip it, yer durn'd ole dandy—
Down thar across the Rio Grandè
Con Cuero de pulque, an' a bottle of brandy,
Al fandgo-vaquéros, fiesta de toros,
Juego de gallos, o juegos mas malos
Con las señoritas in Mejico.
Limber yer fingers an' rosin yer bow,
An' fiddle yer song ez yer hobble along.

Johnny Crapaud:

Coq Alleman', crow tantque you can;
Some tam yer hear os yell again
Gloire!—Gloire!—Gloire!—Gloire!
De Nice et Marseille à la Loire—
De Brest et Paree à la Lorraine:
Alors le combat com agin;
Nous vous frappons par culotte et manche;

Revanche!—Revanche—Revanche—Revanche!
 Les braves Français vill knock yer out,
 An' spill yer lager an' sauerkraut
 "Unter den Linden" in Berlin!

Allons—allons, mes cher garçons!
 Mon grand-grand-grand-pere—eh, bein!
 He vas le grand Napoléon
 Et la mère, elle—sa fille de chambre;
 La quelle?—parbleu!—une dans le nombre.

Hélas, mon mauvais violon,
 De trop he sing an' bust hees string
 En cette fandango-Mexicain-quadrille.
 Bientôt je quit cet counteree;
 Eet geet trop tam big hot pour moi.

Avec mon Oncle, pore Jeem Hill,
 Longtemps nous cam de Montreal
 Pour aller pecher en ville Sang Paul.
 Jeem ketch ze sucker an' ketch ze gold;
 Mais je stan' roun' an' ketch ze cold.

A pied je voyage à Winnipeg
 Pour dompter chevaux et—rompre mon leg.
 Mon Oncle Jeem—mon cher ami—
 Il bin toujours si bon to me,
 Et plein de Chretienne charité—
 Si tot it cam le traîneau frost
 He send me dix sous par la poste.

Je pay twelf sous impôts on cette lettre—
 Et tout de suite—mon leg ees better.
 Alors je punch la vache, py gar,
 An' tweest ze ranch steer on ze tail,

Whilst Oncle Jeem, in hees gran' car,
Boss hees own cinq-mille mile de fer,
An' rides ze Nordouest on ze rail.

Pour thirty year, o mas, hèles,
Parfois j'ai monté ze brake-beam bar,
Mais jamais je n'ai pas ketch une "passe."
Un tam I pay mon billet-fare
Du Lac du Diable, en caboose-cair,
Jusqu'à Sang Paul on Jeem Hill's rail,
An' bring heem big bag duck an' quail.
He tank me plenty donc, by gar,
An' gif me un cinq-sou cigar.

Eh bien! pourquoi je bin si pore?
I stan' aroun' tout mes boux jours,
Pendant que Jeem Hill ketch millions more.

Je bin trois ans in Mejico;
Je punch les vaches et les chevres;
An' some tam les autres animaux.
I like I stay in ce pays forevers,
Mais—Crac!—Hell go poppin' in Mexico!

Bronco Bill:

Now, Yaqui Jack, jist take a whack:
Yerk yer serapè overcoat,
Tip yer pig-skin uf ole mescal
Tu clear yer eyes a' wash yer throat,
An' sing yer song uf the mountin-goat.

Yaqui Jack:

Vaquéros galopandos:
No habl Espan',
O Francais Dutch, o Yankee slan';

Yo 'sto un Toltec-Yaqui man.
 Un tan yo march a Mazatlan,
 En Breech-ban, descalzo—ze bes I can;
 Pero no ketch me mucho Espan'.
 Yo 'sto un Toltec-Yaqui man—
 Bastante buen por pobre mi;
 So yo canto Toltec-Quiché.

Quetzalcoatl, Nahuatlacatl—
 Toltecatl log Tolatatl
 Batl Tulatatl og Chula-atl:
 Quiche al Quatematl,
 Con cabraotl log Cochinillotl,
 Wigg1 log wogg1 dan Yucatan.

Chinatchapi, Japatchapi y Chinookachapi,
 Datl com squatl en Tenoclan.
 Bombitl com atl ze Spanish man—
 Cortethatl con fuego y rattl.
 Mochtezuma bog1 an' wogl an' dog1,
 An Corteth ketch ze Aztec lan'.

Porfirio Diaz—gran' Dios de Aztecatl—
 Make Anahuac un gran' Countree—
 Cabras, carneros an' plenty fat cattle,
 Ferrocarriles, minas de oro y de plata:
 Yo ketch plenty wild goat in Sierra Madre,—
 An' paz an' pesos, de pe a pa, en mi countree.

Pero Roosterbelt fight hees tsetse-fly battl,
 An' kill all ze leons en Africo;
 Dotl he cam back con hees big brass-bans,
 An' blood on hees eye, an' hees nose, an' hees
 hans,
 And holler an' rattl an' punch ze cattl,
 An' hell go a-poppin' en Amerigo.

Pronto Popocatepetl bile hees big kittl:
Aquel big snake, Quetzalcoatl,
He cock up hees tail an rattl hees rattl,
An' he an' Mexitl jomp out uf zet kittl,
An' hell com a-poppin en Mejico.

Johnny Crapaud:

Bullee, Yaqui!—ecore—encore!
Je hear ce chant no more before,
Mais j'ai ketch ze Chinachapi en le Tehachepi,
An' see plenty Japachapi dans la ville de Los
Angelee.
Et plus des jackassapi sur tout le counteree.
En Toltac et Aztac, et tout cet la Quiche-quac,
Ce Yaqui Jack, nous tous ve know eet—
Il est le chef—le tete-pop poete.
Bet you dix sous you deedn't know it—
Mon oncle Jeem Hill est un gran' poete.
Il chante son jubilaire Chant du Rail,
Comme un rossignol ou la matin caille.
Eh! je smell mescal en cette pig-skin bottle!
Mais—yimminee kreips—où est cette go-at?

Un tam je clam Popocatepetl,
Pour ketch un condor an' fry mon kettle;
Je no ketch le condor, mais he ketch me;
La poudre no go en mon ole fusil
Longtemps we fight; je bleed plus little;
He smash mon flacon d'eau-de-vie—
Je ketch une plume; bientôt, amis,
Je saute a bas sans fusil an' kittle:
Je sauve une pièce de chemise on mon breast,
Et la front-pièce du mon pantalon—
He ketch ze rest.

Bronco Bill:

Nu, Broder Knute's yer turn tu toot;
 Pul uf yer durn ole dog-skin coat,
 An' sing a song er ride the goat.

Broder Knute:

Min Ko-Boy Brödre—een an' all—
 Jeg takker eder, stor an' smaa;
 Nu, sukkrer op det alkohol;
 Saa synger jeg min god Norsk sang,
 No mer as ti ski-hopper lang.

Naa jeg bin hört fra Nord Dakoter's
 Round-Op af dem Svenske voters—
 Dem sheep-coat, agerkultur pioneers.
 De bin fuld af tricks in politics;
 De malk de ko an' malk de steers.
 De spotte de Nowidgeon;
 De got a slem religion;
 De syng' ole Psalms an' Sagas,
 An 'raise hell an' ruta-bagas.

De lid' ze smell af ole gaas-grease,
 De lid' ze smel af whiskee strang,
 De lid' ze smel af Limburg-cheese,
 Men, not ze smel af Norske sang.

“Don't yer wanter work for Jesus?”
 Said the preacher to Ole Rob.
 “Nay, ay tank nat, meester Priester
 Ay gota better yob;
 Ay eta min pore syster;
 Ay werk fer Badger Bob.”

Nu, brödre Boys, I gif min word;
Jeg bin born ved det samm Norskland Fjord,
Og in det samm ole slot—Bilskirner,
Hvor min stor Stamfader Thor,
Der fight det Midgard-Slang' var born—
Seks tusind aar og mer siden.

He var staerker end fem hundred men;
He slog det big brun bar—Bjorn
Der weigh ti tusind pund og mer;
He crack hans skal med hees big Hammer,
An' tog de skind for hees Sove-kammer.

Jeg ketch ze bars een gang i hjörne
Med hjelpe af min magisk Norn,
An' slog minselv en dusin björne.
Da jeg var netop seks aar old,
An' de vejr det var snappen cold.

Nu, Poys, I toot min Hulder-horn,
An' "bunch" de cattles for de Lord.
Min stamfädre sail fra Noraway
Down til de Zuyder Zee, Min Herr;
De var Vikings old an' fighters bold,
Ez ever sailed de sea, min Herr.

For de var fed on spruce-bark bread,
On stok-fisk an' bar-grease, sar.
Der' haar var red; the life de led
Var rovin' on the seas, sar.

De var ten fut tall, an' over all
A bar-skin til the thighs, sar;
Der' legs var bar, oexcept the haar
Fra der' toe-nails til der' eyes, Min Herr.

De struck a calm at Amsterdam,
An' tog she-Dutch tu wife, sar;
Som af 'em settled Rutterdam,
An' ruttet all der' life, Min Herr.

Med big bar-traps an' Danemark dogs
De ketch vild Irish in der' bogs;
De skind an' tog der' hairy pelts
For bench-rugs in der' Aeger-Sal.

De fit the Briton an' the Gaul,
De robbed the Saxon an' the Celt,
An' det biggest fightin' cock af all—
Hees nom var Tiddig Roosterbelt.

Nu, sukkrer op det alkohol;
Must haf free sukker for det water—
Saa yer vill see de voters all
Run fer det sukker in det water,
An' hör de womens all, an' de babies squall,
For min Onkel Knute in Minnesoter.

Ve'll keep den turiff-on det corn,
On wheat an' meat, turnups an' taters,
On sheepskin coats, on sheeps an' goats,
An "militants" in petticoats,
An' svin an' ko's en ether craturs.

Ellers our pore farmer go forlorn,
An' live on shucks, fer dem "Canucks"
Vill send en army af invaders,
Med vogn-loads af söd pelaters
An' corn, bananas, an' garden-trucks.
An' hens an' geese an' Switzer cheese,
Turkies in flocks an' eider-ducks;

An' pork an' beans, sardines an' greens,
An' dem new harvester machines—
Det "International" ketch-em-all
Det mak de turiff-tinkers squall.

Og logs an' lum'er an' ice all summer,
On skies an' skates, bob-sleds an' vogns;
An' plenty French girls on toboggans,
Med bob-tail cats an' coctail hats,
An' smirks an' smiles an' teats-fer-tats;
Med maple-sukker an' apple-jelly,
An' all god tings for back an' belly.

Saa de pore farmer—what he do
But help hees fro to malk de ko?
Ja, ve skall keep det turiff on,
Eller all our penge soon be gone;
An' saa ve swoller bitter pill.

Ve bedre keep det turiff on;
(Men af det sukker—cut 'eem all,
An' af det Svenske alkohol);
Saa eef ve got som peng' to spill,
It bedre be for charitee,
An' gif it all til pore Jim Hill.

Nu, brödre all, komm till Sankt Powl,
On det nex "Round-Op"—een an' all—
Det bin min "Round-Op"—jeg bin dar;
Det bin, I tenk, nex fall fem arr;
Da vill ve mak os blenty cheer
Med stokfisk, sur-kaal an' bok-beer.
Saa ve round-op dem sheeps agen.
Farvel—Amen!

The Editor

(Bronco Bill)

Thar is a great big little man
Sits on a paper throne;
An' winks, an' blinks, an' thinks he thinks,
An' lords it all alone.

He sits in his sanctorum,
The high cock-cockalorum;
An' he wars a paper crown,
An' a sprig uf sweet marjoram,
An' a suit uf "hand-me-down."

He runs the *Daily Dribblets*,
Er prehaps the *Weakly Times*:
The "devil" writes his "locals,"
An' a shop-wash writes his rhymes.

He prints a lot uf tittle-tat,
An' fakes an' "interviews";
He wars a "wireless" in his hat,—
Thar he gits his "*Latest News*."

In this yer war he's *Chief uf Staff*:
He keeps both sides advancin',
King Albert bravo prancin',
Huntin' his "last ditch" tu die in,
An' bellerin' like a calf.
The Paree *Beau Monde* is dancin'
While "Les Miserables" air cryin',
An' Ole Hingland's 'alf-an"alf.

He keeps the bomb-birds flyin',
An' the wily Japs expansin'
In a flamin' paragraph!
Wider Wilson's daft financin';
Bryan's swillin' She-talky-gaff;
An' ole Petrograb's romancin'
Till it makes der Kaiser laff.

An' thet thar great big little man
With his sizzers an' his pen,
Imagins thet he made the Lord,
An' then the Lord made men.

He's jist a pouch uf greed an' grouch;
He feeds on "puff" an' pelf;
He bites a lot uf ether fools,
An' of'en bites his-self.

When pollytics gits bilin' hot,
Thet great "*I am*" lets loose;
He sicks the curs an' grabs the "pot,"
An' runs the hul "caboose."

Ef yer wud please thet ortercrat,
An' make 'im kinder kind,
Jist tickle his bulk uf wind an' fat,
An' lick his pants—behind.

Er better still—his pockets fill
Ontil they bust the bands:
But still—behind—yer'll allus find
Tew open, itchin' hands.

September 20, 1914.

Pore Little Willie

(Written in reply to a personal attack on the author by the editor of the————— in the Presidential Campaign of 1872.)

What is the matter with Willie?
He's ez fretful ez he kin be;
Look tu his diapers, Hanner,
An' give 'im sum catnip tea.

Let 'im rattle his leetle tin-rattle,
An' toot on his leetle tin-horn;
He'z allus rattled an' tooted, yer know,
Since the day thet he war born.

Pore little Willie is teethin'—
An' I guess he'z got wums in 'im, too;
Give 'im sum vermifuge, Hanner,
An' stop his etarnal boo-hoo.

Don't scold the pore little feller;
Yer'll frighten 'im out uf his wits:
He's so fretful an' colicky, Hanner,
I'm afeard he will fall intu fits.

Run fer sum sweet paregoric,
An' sum wormwood an' sirup an' sich,
An'—don't yer fergit it now, Hanner—
Bring 'im a salve fer the itch.

Pore little, dear little Willie!
He's ez fretful ez he kin be;
Change his diapers, Hanner,
An' give 'im sum catnip tea.

Quips and Quirks

(From the *Minneapolis Tribune*, Jan. 20, 1886.)

At mine host's—Mr. Clark's*—t'other day, in this
 city,
 Two lawyers that think themselves learned and
 witty,
 Came in and sat down at a table to dine,
 With their guests from the bar and the bench—
 number—nine;
 An began to crack jokes with the crack of the wine.

Said John: "Brother Will, it's a terrible pity
 You haven't a mouthful of Bacon or Chitty."
 "You've more blather than Blackstone," said Willie
 to Johnny,
 "But no Coke in your cocoanut;—isn't it funny?"

Said Johnny to Willie: "You're so in a hurry,
 You babble of *murrain* and think it is Murray;
 When you have a case of divorce, you will fish up
 A text from the Parsons instead of the Bishop,
 Or else from a digest you'll make a blind grab o't,
 And forsake your good Bishop and run to the
 Abbott.

If you'll not take the law, here's a bit of advice,
 In very good Lat'n, at a very low price:
Ut canis e Nilo de mensa stultorum;
De tana caprina per morem majorum;
Dum vivimus vivamus de malis malorum."

BROTHER WILL:

"You uncivil cit—you quote Barbour's Reports?
 That's barbarous, indeed, sir, in civilized courts;

*Café.

And 'Common Reports'? why, you know they're all
lies, sir,

And just made to order, and all of Assize, sir.

Brother John, you're a *quaere*; whenever you quote
'Hog-latin,' you grunt and you squeal like a Choate;

You've nothing but wit, sir, that isn't exempt

From a fi-fa'—fe, fo, fum, and that's in contempt.

I'll *quo tu* some Greek, if you'll just hold your
temper:

'In vinoque verba, non veritas semper;

Crede quod habes et habe quod credes—

You will get your meat here—your *desert*, John, in
Hades."

BROTHER JOHN:

"You've a fowl on your plate, and a score in the gaol;

You'll get plum-pudding here and a roast in sheol;

You'll never get out and get up into heaven,

Unless you are *Tooke* with a writ of replevin.

You've a Wait for your practice and a wait for a fee,

And your *briefs* are as brief as the tail of a flea;

The only *complaint* you have writ is—they say—

A complaint that the practice of law doesn't pay."

BROTHER WILL:

"My *answer*, dear John, I will serve, to your *pleas*:

When your *'bettors* take snuff, you are certain to
sneeze;

And your clients, alas! they get always a 'pinch'

From a judge on the bench or his Honor—Judge
Lynch.

BROTHER JOHN:

Your *answer*, dear Will? Why, you never defend it;

You're always *a-mending* and never amend it;

Your prayer for *relief* is remarkably funny;

It's always a prayer for a little more money.
In reply, I deny all the facts in your *answer*,
And then let you prove 'em, bedad, if you can, sir.

BROTHER WILL:

Poor John, you are lacking in Latin and laws,
You *file* a few *pleas* and a lot of old *saws*;
In the court of correction you're ever in *error*,
And your clients are always in jail or *in terror*.
You seldom appeal from the judges' decrees,
But you're always appealing, my boy,—for your
fees.

Your friends shake their heads at your growing
condition:

They'll apply to the court for the writ "*prohibition*."

BROTHER JOHN:

To your quirks and your quibbles I cry *ignoramus*!
(Perhaps that's the reason, my boy, why *men-*
dam-us)

You will certainly go to the gaol of old "Harry,"
And you'll never get out on a *certiorari*.

BROTHER WILL:

Ah, Johnny, you flounder, and puff like a "porpus";
But can't I slip out on a *habeas corpus*?

And you, Brother John, with a few "*imps*" to
rally by,

Would swear yourself clear out of hell—with an
alibi.

Your wife says your clients are thieves. I be-
lieve 'er,

And you are appointed, *ex parte*—receiver.

Your case is a hard one, poor Johnnie, I see;

When Rum is on trial you're aye *referee*.

You're familiar with Jarman on Lager—not Wills;

You stand at the *bar*; but you ne'er pay the bills:
When you rum-sack revolts, John, just for our
delectment,

You swear you have taken a writ of ejectment.
I affirm, Brother John, if you haven't compunction,
We'll apply to the court for a writ of injunction.

BROTHER JOHN:

O, Shaw! † all your jokes are far-fetched and awry,
Bill;

If you don't stop your slander I'll sue you for libel.

BROTHER WILL:

Let's quit this *ad hominem* and come to *ad rem*;
Ex vino fit nil,—ignoramus pro tem.

I won't say a word of your wig or your wench,
But what do you think of the "bulls" on the bench?

BROTHER JOHN:

There's an old one, my boy, but the "sprigs" call
him *young*; ‡

He's sometimes in doubt as the case drags along.
And the pris'ner escapes while the jury is "hung."

At *Nisi* he's often too prone to afflict a
Poor "limb of the law" with his *obiter dicta*;

When he settles a case on appeal from the trial,
He'll "cure" all his errors or file a denial:

But when he takes time to write out a decision,
He seldom leaves flaws for a court of revision.

And there is another I'll name very soon;

He's as quick as a cat and as shrewd as a *coon*;*

If you've got a bad case he will "bust your balloon."

And you might as well talk to the man in the moon.

An' "Lord High Chancellor" ———, with that shock
of red "har"?

† Judge Shaw.

‡ Judge Young.

* Judge Koon.

He thinks he's the Tsar of the Bench and the Bar.

BROTHER WILL:

I agree, but, my boy, if you're down on "bed rock,"
With a case-hardened case for a sledge-hammer
knock,

Waive a jury, my son, and go try the old "lock,"†
He's a terror on stilts when your goose is a gander,
And he knocks all the verdicts for libel and slander,
"De facto," he says, "I'm the judge and *de jure*;
If your verdict is wrong, why, bedad, I will cure 'e.

BROTHER JOHN:

Ah, Will, we forget, but we must not be partial,
Our judges are, none of them, Mansfield or
Marshall;

But remember the court where our vagabonds daily
Get their dose of "ten days" at the coop of "Old
Bailey;"‡

Where Paddy, so full that he's fuddled and funny,
Swears, "Oi jist tuk wan drop, sor, yer Honor, *Me
Honey*";

But he goes to the "coop," or "forks over" the
money.

But it's time we were trotting; our case will be called,
And our clients, as usual, my boy, will be—sold.

BROTHER WILL:

Ah, John, you're a punster; we've had such a junket
If our case is "passed down," why, we'll *munc et
pro tunc* it.

Good day, Mr. Clark; please relieve your peti-
tioners,

And—uh—send in your bill—to the county com-
missioners.

†Judge Lochren, familiarly called "Loch."

‡Judge Bailey of the Municipal Court.

“Belgium’s Capital”

(1914—Byronic)

“There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men.”
 “Music arose with its voluptuous swell,”
 “And all went merry as a marriage-bell;”
 “But hush!—hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!”

“On with the dance!—let joy be unconfined,”
 But—Ah!—Germania’s serried legions come
 With blare of bugles and the bray of drum!
 “On with the dance!”—Britannia is behind!
 “On with the dance!”—the Kaiser is before;
 His iron legions thunder at the door!
 The wine-cups crash upon the wetted floor,—
 “Arm!—arm!—it is—it is—the cannon’s opening
 roar!”

“Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed” with the glow of painted loveliness.

His new pink pants King Albert split and tore:
 They jumped out at the windows—belle and dame,
 Some full of beer,—some full of “Dutch champagne;”
 Some tore their hair,—some tore their petticoats;
 Some prayed, — some puked: bedizened *hoos-vrouws*
 swore

They never would drink British beer again;
 And they all scampered like a flock of goats.

September 1, 1914.

Irish Bulls and Irish Wit.

*He is a bold man who would claim absolute originality of thought in literature to-day. In many of the following I have made new clothes out of old cloth. Such as I claim original, in thought or expression, I have marked with a *.—H. L. G.*

Mrs. Finnegan in Police Court, City of New York

Trial of Patrick O'Donnell for assault and battery on Jimmy O'Neal.

Mrs. Finnegan called by the prosecuting attorney and sworn to "Tell the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth."

Attorney: "What is your name, where do you reside and what is your occupation?"

Witness: "Me ful name do be Mary Maggie Finnegan-Finnegan, sor. Oi wuz barn a Finnegan and Oi married a Finnegan, so me throe name be Finnegan-Finnegan, sor, an' wan av the cilebated Finnegans av His-story. Whin Mистер Lowe, the janitory pefissor av Columbus College, an' wan av the mosht illithery schollards in the wor-ruld, sor, wuz mayor av New Yark, Oi gin' 'im tin dollars te hunt up me family geology in the besht geogramous an' biologus books on the ea-arth, sor, an' Oi hev his raypoort undher his own signatory an' the office sale av Columbus Cullege, sor, an' july attisted be Pident Rosyvelt, the mosht notoribus an' extinguished auto-biogramisht barn in thish land av America, sor, barin' pefissor Pay Tay Barnum an' Widy Wilson. And the raypoort sez thot in France the Finnegans do be called monstoors Finney-gin de Finney-gin. Yez see a few Finnegans wint te France wid King James afther the batthle av the B'yne, sor. In the Naderlands they do be called (the rinnegates) Mynn Herr Finneygin van Flunker-dam, becaze a few Oirishmin flunked over te Prints

Willyum, but they do be bogus, an' tuck the name av Finnegan becaze it wuz notorius, sor, the wor-rld over. In Jarmanee they do be all noblemons, sor, an' be titled Barren Vinnegan Von Vinnegan von Kartoffelen, an' they do be Stadholders on ther fa-arms, an' hev castles an' vineyards on the Rhine, an' anether river notorius in poethry an' song, called Eyesore. In Spain and Port-your-gal an' Ithaly they do be called Señoras del—dello—do—dom it, Oi fergit!—Oi shud ha' brot Prefissor Lowe's jannylog raypoort wid me.

Oi do be hevin' me risidince in the Bowery be farty wan farty wan, sor, an' Oi do be the proprietary an the dispinsary av "*The Ould Bog*" saloon, sor, wid a foine restor-runt in the rear, an' privy rooms fer gintlemin an' la-aydies up stairs, sor, wid illegant picturs av Prize-Foights an' booty-ful gur-ruls in the state av natur, sor; an' all for the binefit av the besht gintlemin an' la-aydies av New Yark an' a free-lunch counter in the saloon, sor, frum twilve te wan o'clock av the day, wid plinty av pickles an' saurkraut an' pippersass an' a schnitt av beer, at foive cints a lunch. Iverybody know me place, sor, fer there be a foine cairved civilated Injun outside wid a pipe in his mout, an' a bottle av Dublin ale in wan hand an' a joog av Ould Oirish Tay in the ether, sor; an' ye can't find a betther place fer aitin' an' dhrinkin' onywhere, sor,—at the Wooldope Ass-story Hotel er Delmonico's er ony ether place in New Yark. Yis, sor, an' Delmonico his-self whin he be hungered, cooms te the "*Ould Bog*" fer a free lunch an' a waltz wid the gur-ruls up-stairs, an' "

The Court (smiling): "That will do, Mrs. Finnegan. Ask her another question."

Attorney: "What do you know about the fight near your saloon between O'Donnell and O'Neal?"

Witness: "Oi knows all av it, sor, frum the firsht bat

te the lasht round whin Jimmy O'Nale wuz knocked clane over the ropes—Oi mane the curb—sor,—an' tin fut inty the gutther, sor, wid a bludy mug an' foor lumps ez big ez geese-aigs on his head, an' his shirt tared aff av 'im intoirely an' hangin' in rags on his back, sor, an' wan av his trousy-laigs remaining' on the walk an' the ether hangin' on his fut, an' etherwise delappydated an' disfiggered fer life, sor, an' all the b'ys in the Bowery, an' mosht av the gur-ruls, hootin' an' laughin' at the pore mon, sor, an' a pelacemon whackin' 'im wid his billy, sor, because he wudn't fer he cudn't git up on his fate an' walk te the jail, sor; an' the rayporters coom a-roonin' wid ther stiruptegons an' tuck photograbs av the scane fer the pa-apers. An' by-by, the "Black Maria" coom an' carted 'im aff, sor, te be put inty jail an' fined fer kapin' the pace wid wan oye an' thray tathe knocked out. Now, sor, Oi do nat casht no implemintations on the pelace foorce, fer me son Tim an' ivery dacent Oirishmon in New Yark, above aytane years an' a Dimecrat, be on the foorce, sor; an' they all do be honesht min the mosht av the toime, sor, an' loyal te the head Snatchem av Harmony Hall, aspecially whin a grane-horn cooms in frum Oyster Bay, er New Jarsey er "up-state," er the "Nutmeg," an' axes a cop where te go te see "the lights av New Yark" an' spind his money. An' me son Tim an' all his frinds on the foorce, brings 'im doon te me place, sor, te spind his money. But ef he "bucks up" an' woon't go they knocks 'im doon wid a billy on the side-walk, sor, an' arrists 'im fer layin' thar an' obstructin' the United States mails an' ether passengers, an' takes 'im aff te the Toombs an' the pelace coort te pay the income tax an' spind his money. Mosht av 'em cooms along peaceful-loike te the "Ould Bog" an' stays all night ef they do be hevin' plinty av money

an' tinder hearts an' the crowd wuz cheerin' O'Donnell an' fillin' 'im up wid stale beer an' Cooney Island rot-gut whusky in a disruptable saloon nixt door te me own reptible "Ould Bog," wid me civil-sarvice Injun in the front, pladin' fer 'em te coom in an' spind ther money in a dacent place, sor, an' "——

Attorney.—"Please stop, Mrs. Finnegan, and allow me to ask you another question: Did you see all this with your own eyes?"

Witness.—"Mishter prostitutin' attorney, de ye mane te insult me, sor, be dootin' me wor-rd whin Oi be swore on the Howly Bible wid a cross on it te tell the Thruth, the hull Thruth an' naythin' but the Thruth? An' ef yez wud incinerate thot Oi wud be tillin' a loi, sor, Oi will let yez know whut la-aydy ye be insultin', sor; fer Oi can retrace be the his-tory av Oirland an' the Howly Bible, sor, me posterity clane back te the grea-at king av Finland who reigned before Moses wuz bornd te Pharaoh's dauther in the bull-rushes, sor, in the grea-at an' fertile valley av the Ufratus, in Agypt, sor, an' raised corn an' swate petates an' bandanas an' pigs, sor; an' wonct, whin the hin-lice an' the locusts an' frogs invagled the country, sor, an' ate up iverythin', sor, he did feed his pore starvin' peoples, sor, wid foive loaves av male an' two fishes thot he cotched in the say, sor, an' he filled the bellies av the multitude wid a mi-ra-cle, an' they gad-dered up the fragmint's thot wuz left, sor, an' they kept his people frum starvin' fer wan year an' sax moonths, an' ontill he extraminated the lice an' the locusts an' the frogs wid the jaw-bone av an ass an' the help o' Saint Patherick. His name wuz King Jonah: it wuz him thot swallied the whale. An' his fayther helped Noah te build the Airk av the Covenant at the toime av the Delooge, sor, thot kivered the hull arth an' part av

Oirland, sor; an' in a foight he killed his brother Cain, sor, an' thin fled inty the airk wid his brethers Jay, Fit, wid a Ham, an' sailed aff wid Noah an' the ether animals, sor; an' they be all saved frum bein' drowned. An' at lasht, they do be landed on the top av Mount Ary-rat, in Switcherland, sor, an' multeplyed an' replin-ished the arth. An' his sons an' gran'-sons, sor, fit a grea-at batthle wid Julius Caesar an' Hannybal, sor, on the top av the Alups, and' on'y the cry av the wild-gase saved 'em frum bein' supprised in ther tints be the inemy an' slaughtered te a mon be the mercy av God an' the mi-racle av the gase. An' thot be why the Oirish in Ould Oirland cheerish the gase fer ther aigs an' ther feather-beds te this day, sor. An' so on doon the loins av me posterity, sor, all me forbears wuz Kings an' Quanes till we coom te Canute, King av Con-naught, in Oirland, sor, who commandered the say not te tech 'im, sor, ez he set on his riyal stule at low tide widin wan fut av the say-wather fer farty eight hours, sor; an' the say niver riz wan inch till he tuck up his stule an' walked away loike the grea-at King thot he wuz. An' whin St. Patherick an' Jasus an' the howly Virgin an' the Poope av Rome coomed over frum Palystein in Ithaly te attind the Donnybrook Fair, an' landed in a snow-sthorm at the mout av the Shannon, an' banished inty England all the shnakes an' toads in Oirland, it wuz me own posterity, sor, thot met 'em an' wilcomed 'em wid open airms, an' led 'em up te Limerick, an' fed 'em wid sannon an' frish-wather a-ales frum the say, an' roasht pig an' ungyons an' turn-ups an' goat milk an' lamb-chops an' cabbage—fer thar wuz no petates in thim days, sor—ontil they wuz all near te busht ther bellies wid foine atin' an' dhrinkin' an' Limerick ale. An'”—

The Court: “Now, Mrs. Finnegan, the court has

heard enough of this blather, and you must stop your harangue, or I will be compelled to fine you for contempt of court, and, in default, commit you to the Toombs."

Witness: "It be blather-harange, be it—ye call me? whin Oi do be tellin' the Thruth on me oath, sor, te tell the Thruth, the hull Thruth an' naythin' but the Thruth, so help me God, sor, an' Oi be tellin' the thruth, an Oi be goin' te tell the *hull* Thruth an' fil-full me oath—so help me, Howly Jasus an' the Virgin Mary, an' ye may put thot in yer pipe an' shmoke it! Oi be not afeard av ony mon. Oi don't belave ony mon iver fales ony compunctures av conscience be tellin' the thruth, onless he hev committed adulthery er some ether onavideable crime. Ef yer Honor an' the prostitutin' attorney hould me in sich contimpt ez Oi hould the both av yez, sind me te the jail, ef ye *da-a-r-re!* Oi warn ye both, thot Oi hev a frind—Charlie Murphy, the head Snatchem av Harmony Hall—an' he wud coom on a roon an busht the dure an' bring me out, an' impache both av yez, ez he done fer thot blatherskite Seltzer—er Shyster—(which be it?)—an' sind ye te Sing-Sing te sing yer song av contimpt behind the bars in a go-cart. De ye hear me? Oi don't take no insults frum nobody widout a foight fer me ripetation ez a onesht woman an', be rights a *quane*. Me ould mon Finnegan—the dhrunken cripple-laigs—thried thot wonst, an' he'll niver thry it agin, fer Oi guv 'im a clout on the head wid a pick-handle, an' he lay shtone-dead fer two days, an' we hild the "wake," an' me frind Murphy—Head Snatchem—wuz at the "wake," and fayther Dooley prayed and singed low mass an' read the Cataclysm, an' we wuz hevin' a foine ould toime at the "wake," an' me an' Murphy an' the praste dhrunk all our stumicks cud hold av Dublin

Ale an' ginewine Ould Oirish Tay, whin in the middle av the dance on the second night—me an' Murphy waltzin' thegither—the ould mon, te our surprize an' shay-grin, riz up in the box, an' axed fer a sup av whusky! Which saved me the expinse av buryin' 'im in the seminary;—but Oi dunno!—Oi dunno! Ez Oi wuz jist on the pint av a remark, yer honor inavartintly intheruptured me ividence. Wan av the grea-atest min av me posterity wuz ginerall Finnegan McFinnegan, nixt above ginerall Antrim in commond av the gallus Oirish Harse at the grea-at Battlle av B'yne Wather. Whin the Frinch flunkies an' King James runned away widout firin' a goon, the brave Oirish Harse fit like devils an' kilt ivery mon thot wuz kilt in thot bludy battlle where tin tousan' min wuz kilt on ache side, an' shot the Prints av Lemons—(er Oranges—which wuz it?)—in the right airm, an' all so in the butt-ind av 'im—his pistol; but me grea-at an' *ge-loreous* kinsman, Ginerall Finnegan McFinnegan, at lasht, whilst coverin' the ratrate av the dom pollytroon Frinch granny-dears an' King James—(a traither at hea-art te the Poope)—wuz kilt in the back be a gattlin' goon er a cannonade in the hands av wan av thim Dutch Gineralls the Prints brung wid 'im frum the say-swamps av Ramsterdam an' Rottendam te murther the pore Oirish Catholics, ez he wuz defindin' the pass av the bogs at Duleck. An' ez he lay cold an' dead on the bog, an' "bleedin' at ivery pore," he guv the Oirish war-cry—"Erin-Go-bragh-feriver!"—an' yilled te Ginerall Tyrconnel at the top av his vice—"Give 'em the divil, Tyr!—give 'em the divil!"—an' rolled over an' wuz drowned in the bog, an' closed his eyes feriver!"

The Court (laughing): "Have you finished, Mrs. Finnegan?"

Witness: "Wull—yis, yer Honor, onless yez be

plazed te accipt me contimpt fer the coort, an' ax me a quistion."

The Court: "Now, Mrs. Finnegan, did you see the fight, or any part of it, between O'Donnell and O'Neal *with your own eyes?*"

Mrs. Finnegan: "On me oath an' the thruth av God, Oi do not, sor. Oi wuz ongaged wid me cush-temers, an' Oi heered naythin' av it till twinty minits afther it wuz all done an' over, sor, an' Willyum Jinks O'Bryan cooms inty me saloon frum wan av his She-talk-away lecturs, an' tells me all about it, sor; an' he wuz a oye-wutness an' a-plaudin' the foight, an' he wudn't dhrink naythin' but foor quart bottles av grape-juice till we puts 'im up-stairs in the besht privy room wid a nurse-bottle, and locked the dure ferninst the rayporthers, thim peepin' tommy-rats, thot be allus thryin' te peep inty the privy rooms av the gur-ruls. Willyum an' Oi be war-rum frins an' kin. His gran-fayther an' me granfayther wuz barn half-brether twins an' grea-at frins in Ould Oirland, sor."

"Now, sor, Oi hev told yez the Thruth, the hull Thruth an' naythin' but the Thruth, so help me God an' howly Saint Patherick!—an' ef yez be done wid me in-toirly Oi wull be takin' me wutness-fees, plaze."*

After a bloody fight with shillalahs between Mike and Tim, Mike declared: "Sure Oi hed the besht av the foight. Oi do be gittin' on'y thray tathe an' wan eye knocked out an' Tim do be afther gittin' *sex loomps* on 'is head an' a bludy nose."*

Te me dear frind Pat Murphy, Dooly Street, Dublin:

It be wid grea-at plisure Oi axtind te yez a cord-di-al invite te attind the wake an' the funeral av me dear fayther who departed his sowl an' his body at foor o' the clock this morning' te be wan av the bearers av the

pall. Be sure te coome te the wake the night. We hev tin joogs av the "cratur," an' plinty av tebaccy, sex roasht pigs an' petates an' foor stone av fresh-wather a-als frum the say. Pat Dolan and Moike Nolan wull be prisint wid ther fiddles. Me sister Ellen wull sing the "Donnybrook Fair" an' play a ragmarole on the Harp av Erin. Fayther O'Connel wull say Hi Mass an' jine in the jigs. It wull be illegint. Coome betimes, an' bring yer hornpipe wid ye an' yer b'y Tim wid his brass-kittle-drum. It be wid grea-at happiness thot Oi superscribe meself yer besht an' on'y frind.—*Finigan O'Tafe.*

Post-Scribe.—Ef yez cud fetch a box av Dublin ale wid ye Oi do be sure thot the gur-rls an' me methers an' the praste wull be plazed.*

Irish barber: Did Oi iver shave a monkey? Niver, sor; but ef yez 'ull take a sate in me chair, Oi wull do me besht, sor.

"An' now me dear b'y," said an Irishman when his son threatened to enlist in the army—"wud ye be lavin' yer pore auld fayther thot looves ye? An' yez the besht av all me tin childer, an' the on'y wan thot niver shtruck me but onst whin Oi wuz drunk an' spacheless?"

"An' yez think ye be a grea-at mon in the eyes av the peepul, sor?" said Pat. "Indade, but it be all in yer own eyes, sor."

An old soldier boasted that he had slain at least twenty men. "Indade," said Pat, "an' ye slew 'em all wid the jaw-bone av an ass."*

An Irish girl asked a music teacher what he charged by the month for lessons. "Five dollars for the first month and three for the second," said the teacher. "Indade, Oi'll take the second month," said the girl.

"Whut de yez sell?" asked Pat of a lawyer sitting

alone in an empty shop. "Asses," said the lawyer. "Ye be nigh sold out," said Pat, "ye hev on'y wan left."*

"I'm in a bad box," said a wag sitting between two Irish tailors. "It be woorse for us," said one of the tailors, "fer we hev on'y wan goose betwane us."

"What wine do you like best, Mr. Sheridan?" "Other people's wine," said Sheridan.

Curran was arguing a point of law before Lord Clare. "If that be law, Mr. Curran, I may as well burn my law-books," said Lord Clare. "Better read them, my lord," said Curran.

A landlord stated his case to an Irish barrister, and asked him if an action would lie against his tenant. "Yes," said the barrister, "the action will lie, if you have plenty of witnesses that will lie, too."

"I have been preaching to a congregation of asses," said a preacher. "An' wuz thot why yez called 'em bretherin'?" said Mike.*

"Pat, is there anything you love better than a glass of old Irish whisky?" "Yis, indade," said Pat, "Oi love a joog av it better."*

"I feel for the poor and needy," said Mr. Bryan in a stump-speech. "But hev yez felt in yer pocket, Mishter Bryan?" asked an Irishman in the audience.*

An Irish bailiff being ordered by the judge to clear the court-room of a roisy crowd, cried out: "All ye noisy blackguards an' blatherskites ez not be lahyers, lave the coort."*

A lawyer discovering a lot of bones in the yard behind his office asked his Irish servant what they were. "Oi think they be the bones av yer clients, sor," said Pat, "they be picked so clane."

An Irishman whose wife fell into a rapid river and was drowned, went up-stream looking for her body.

A man observing it, said, "Look down-stream; she wouldn't go against the current." "Me frind," said Pat, "ef ye hed lived wid Betty ez long ez Oi, ye wod know she allus be goin' agin iverything, in spite av the divil."

Curran, hearing that a certain slovenly and stingy barrister had started for a tour of the continent with one shirt and a guinea, observed, "He'll not change either till he comes back."

Said Pat, "Oi kin till ye why lahyers be sic onaisy sleepers; it be because they lie first on wan side an' thin on the ether."

A lawyer asked Pat if he knew whether Noah took any meat into the ark. "Sure, he did, sor," said Pat, "He took Ham wid 'im."*

An Irish cobbler sitting in his stall offended a man passing by. "If you'll come out, I'll give you a kick," said the man. "Sure Oi wudn't come out ef ye wad give me two av 'em," said Pat.

The only son of a parson said: "If I had a fool for a son, I'd let him go to the devil." "Thot's jusht phot yer fayther did," said Pat.*

"Me fayther hed the small pox twist an' died av it," said Burke. "Which toime did he die av it?" asked Murphy.

"I've changed my mind," said the boss. "How the divil cud ye do thot whin ye niver hed ony?" said Tim.*

Said the pastor to Pat:

"A thief stole my hat."

Pat: "Oi pity yer grafe."

Pastor: "My sermon was in it."

Pat: "Oi pity the thafe."

Coomer, Patsy, me dear, me pictur is here,
It's a foine wan, me love: don't it strike ye?
"No, it do not at prisent," said Patsy, "me dear,
But, Biddy it wull, it's so like ye.

"Plaze, me lord, give me a penny," asked a beggar in Dublin of a landlord, who refused. "Wull, kape yer penny: it 'ull trate all yer frends, an' ye'll have a ha'penny left," said the beggar.*

"Did you present your bill?" asked a lawyer of his client on the witness stand. "Indade, Oi did," said the client. "And what did he say?" asked the lawyer. "He told me te go te the divil." "Then what did you do?" "Sure Oi wint te you, sor," said Pat.

Did you ever see the lady before or after? asked a lawyer of an Irish witness. "Oi niver sah her befoor, an' Oi niver sah her behint," said Pat.*

A poor Irish lad in Dublin, who received a second present of five pounds from his uncle in New York, wrote in reply: "Plaze acsript me sincere thanks for past favors an' expictations av more."*

Mike: "A mon thot is mar-ried musht wape an' bewail,

Loike a dog wid a tay-kittle tied te his tail."

Biddy: "An' Biddy, thot's mar-ried, musht do scrubbin' out,

Te kape the dom whusky-joog ful fer a lout."*

A lawyer questioned Pat on the witness stand: "This lady says she is twenty-five years old: do you know her age, Pat?" "Oi do be not by whin she wuz barn, sor, but Oi know she be tellin' the thruth, fer Oi heard her say that same thing tin years ago, sor."

"The on'y way to shtop suicide," said Pat, "is te punish it wid death."*

An Irishman caught his bad boy by the hair and

said: "Ye spalpeen, Oi belave the divil hez ye in his claw!" "Oi belave it meself," said the boy.

An Irishman inquired at the post office for a letter. "What's your name, please?" asked the clerk. "None av yer dom importinance," said Pat, "Sure, can't ye find it on the letther?"

"Not wan av me ancestors wuz hanged," said Mike, "except me poor boy, Tim."*

An Irishman fishing in the rain on a bridge held his pole and line under it. "Why do you hold your pole under the bridge?" asked a man. "Becase, sor, the fishes do be no fools, they roon under the bridge te kape out av the wet," said Pat.

I have an idea in my head, said a preacher to Pat. "Kape it there," said Pat, "ye'll niver git anether wan."*

"Them two lahyers, foitin' fer two fools over a dog, be loike the blades av a pair av shape-shears," said Mike; "they don't cut achether, but they she-ar the shape betwane 'em."*

"Thot baker," said Pat, "hez invinted a yaste thot makes a pound av bread weigh on'y tin ounces."

A priest finding it difficult to get his surplice on, after he had partly succeeded, petulantly said: "The devil is in it." "Sure he is," said Pat.

"Hev ye on'y loose change in yer pocket, Pat?" asked Mike. "No, indade," said Pat, "Money is very tight, sor."

Said the Miller to Pat, who brought grist to his mill. "Pat, tell me what you know and what you don't know." "Oi knows thot millers' pigs be allus fat, but Oi dunno whose corn they gits fat on," said Pat.

Mike, who was ill, was urged to call a doctor. "No," said Mike, "Oi don't want te die an onnatural death."*

A noted physician was upbraiding an Irish sexton

in the presence of others for being intoxicated: "Ye be onginerous, dochter," said the sexton, "te be tellin' ethers av me wan mishtake, whin Oi hev covered up an' concaled so mony av yer own."

"Win Oi die," said a wealthy Irishman, "Oi want pockets put in me shroud so Oi can take me money along wid me an' not lave it fer the lahyers."

"Ye Scots think ye be betther thun the Oirish," said Pat, "but ye be on'y civilized Oirishmin."*

"How is business?" asked a friend of an Irish tailor in Los Angeles. "It is very good, sor, what little there is of it," replied the tailor.*

"The moon be worth more to us than the sun," said Pat, "fer it do be shinin' in the night whin we made it, but the sun do shine in bra-ad day-light whin we don't made it at all, sor."

"Posthumous works," said an Irish professor, "are the books a mon writes afther he is dead."

When the Dutch Prince of Orange landed with his army in Ireland he issued a proclamation in which he said: "We have come for your goods—for the goods of all of you." "Sure," said Pat, "an' he'll take 'em all, aven te the pigs an' the gase."*

Pat was driving a party of Americans in his car in Ireland. They came upon an old gallows. "Pat," said one of the Americans, "where would you be now if the gallows had its due?" "Widout me passengers," replied Pat.*

"Me belly is full," said Tim. "Too bad it be not yer head," said Mike.*

"Mike," said Pat, "Oi be in loove. "Oi niver knowed Oi hed a hea-art till Oi losht it."

"Wull, Biddy, Oi knows Oi'm an auld bear, but Oi looves ye, me darlint gur-rl," said Tim.

"Nay, Tim, Oi wush ye wuz: ye be no bear, er ye wud be huggin' me," said Biddy.*

"How do you like your new mistress, Biddy?" asked a former mistress.

"Ouch! there be too mony broils in the house ivery day," said Biddy.

"What!—do your mistress and her husband quarrel?"

"O, no; Oi mane too mony broils in the kitchen," said Biddy.

"Marry me, Kate, an' ye will see the ind av all yer troubles," said Tim.

"Which ind av 'em?" asked Kate.*

"Tell me the biggest lie you can and I'll treat you to a glass of whisky," said a "sport" to Pat.

"Indade, yur're a *gintlemon*," said Pat,—“an' Oi'll take the whusky, plaze.”*

"I must raise your rent," said the landlord to his Irish tenant.

"Oi be much obleeged te ye," said the tenant, “fer Oi con't raise it meself.”

An Irish witness admitted that he had married seven wives.

"*Seven wives!*" exclaimed the judge. "Sure," said Pat, "Oi be thryin' te git a good wan."*

A lawyer trying to brow-beat an Irish witness, said, "I can see the rogue in your face."

"Indade," said Pat, "an' so me face be a lookin'-glass."*

A bull-dog attacked an Irishman, who broke the dog's nose with his thorn-stick. "Why didn't you hit him on the other end?" said the angry owner. "Oi wud ef he had coome at me wid his ether-eend," said Pat, "but he didn't."*

"At the battle of Bul Run," said Pat, "Oi made

farty Ribels run loike the divil." "How was that?" asked an old veteran. "Sure, Oi run meself an' they run afther me," said Pat.*

"None of my patients ever accused me of neglect," said a physician. "Dead min tell no tales," said Pat.*

A barrister, attempting to brow-beat an Irish woman on the witness-stand, said to her. "You have brass enough in your face to make a sauce-pan." "An' yez hev sauce enough te fill two av 'em," said Bidddy.

"Don't give me anether emitic, dochtor," said his Irish patient, "fer Oi can't kape 'em doon."

"Do they set a good table at your boarding-house, Pat," asked a friend.

"Ah, yis," said Pat, "they sets a foine table—wid nothin' on it."*

"I think I have seen you somewhere," said a stranger to Pat.

"Oi make no doot av thot, sor," said Pat, "fer Oi hev bin there mony toimes."*

A gentleman remarked to an Irish barrister who had just told a good joke. "I read that joke when I was a boy in some old Latin or Greek book."

"No doot," said the barrister, "them ancients wuz allus stalin' our besht thots."

A gentleman who had stopped with his Irish servant for several days at an inn, called for his bill and found several bottles of port placed to his servant's account. He called his servant and began to read the bill. "One bottle of Port—one *ditto*, one *ditto*, *ditto*, *ditto*"—"Stop," said Pat, "they be chatin' yez; Oi hed a few bottles av port, but not wan dom bottle av *ditto*."

A lady observing in the glass that she had a red nose, said to her Irish maid: "Where did I get such a red nose?" "Out av yer bottle, Missus," said the maid.*

Pat applied to work his passage from Buffalo to

Albany on a canal-boat. He was set to leading the horses on the tow-path. On arriving at Syracuse he quit, saying, "Oi wud sooner walk te Albany than work me passage on the tow-path."

"Did you commit the burglary, Pat?" asked the police captain.

"No, sor—no, sor," said Pat, "but Oi done woorse; Oi let yer dom 'cop' cotch me at it."*

"Oi don't want te be born agin," said Pat, "fer fear Oi wud be born a gur-rul."

"At the woman-suffrage meetin'," said Pat, "there wuz a grea-at gadherin' av ould women av both sexes."*

Pat received an express-package marked "*Patrick Dooly, C. O. D.*" "Sind the dom insult back," said Pat, "Oi be no codfish."

"They're only 'coddin' you," said the agent.*

In the divorce case of Dobin vs. Dobin, tried in Minneapolis before Judge Lochren, who was a cannie Scot with Irish wit, the judge remarked: "This is the case of Dobin 'dobin' Dobin."

Said Pat to the priest: "Father, Oi hope Oi may live te hear ye prache me funeral sermon."

Said Mike to his wife: "Whin Oi married ye, Biddy, ye hedn't a rag te yer back." "True indade, Mike, an' now it's all rags," said Biddy.

"Is your sister's baby a son or a daughter?" asked a friend of Tim. "Faith," replied Tim, "Oi dunno yit wheder Oi'm an uncle er an ant."

"Darlint," said Pat to his sweetheart, "Oi love ye as well ez Oi wud ef Oi hed knowd ye fer siven long years, an' a gra-at dale better."

Mike O'Rourke went to confession and told the priest a lot of his peccadillos. "Have you told me all?" asked the priest. "Barin' wan," said Mike;

"Oi stole Widdy Maloney's pig." "Ah, Mike," said the priest, "you must make restitution; you must return the pig to Mrs. Maloney." "But Oi can't," said Mike, "he's kilt, an' Oi ate 'im." "Then you must pay her double the value of the pig or you'll never get into Heaven," said the priest. "But nobody but me an' yersel knows it, an' ye daren't pache on me," said Mike. "Ah, Mike," said the priest, "when you get up to St. Peter's gate you'll find Widow Maloney an' her pig both there to confront you. "Fayther, be ye shure thot Widdy Maloney an' her pig'll both be there?" "Sure," said the priest, "unless you make restitution." "Thin," said Mike, "Oi'll make reshtitootion: Oi'll tell Widdy Maloney te take her dom pig."*

"Come in ye spalpeen," said Biddy to her drunken husband, "ye must be fatagued, walkin' a long road fer a jug av whuskey." "Arrah!" said Pat, "it wuzn't the long uv the road, but the *broad* av it, thot fatagued me."

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge, when Pat was arraigned on a criminal charge. "How the devil kin Oi tell till Oi hear the ividence?" replied Pat.

"Ah, Mike, ye've gone an' sold thot old pot thot's bin in this family fer three ginerations. What made ye do thot?" said Biddy. "Oi wudn't be afther partin' wid it," said Mike, "on'y fer four 'bits' te buy a bag av patetates te bile in it."

"Pat," said Tim, "don't marry young. Oi wuz on'y twinty-wan whin Oi married, an' Oi'll niver marry so young agin ef I live to be ez old ez Methuselum."

"Ye hev a foine new-barn baby, indade," said Mrs. Patherick to Mrs. Desmond, "an' yer husband hez been away in the army fer two years, an' niver bin

home wonst." "Thrue, Mrs. Patherick, Oi heven't seen me dear Tim fer two long years, but he hez writ fraquently," said Mrs. Desmond. *

Two Irishmen were working at a mine. One of them fell into a deep pit. The other yelled down to him, "Say, Pat, be ye kilt?" "Not intirely," replied Pat, "but Oi'm knocked spacheless."

"I am waiting for a patient like Patience on the monument," said a young doctor to his Irish servant. "An' whin yez gits wan," said Pat, "it won't be long befor the monument be on the patient."*

"I have a very dangerous case here," said the country doctor. "Yis, indade, an' it's yer midicin-case, docthor," replied Mrs. Maloney.*

"Plaze give me a dose av yer midicin, docthor." "What kind?" asked the physician. "Ony kind ye carry, docthor." "What ails you, Pat?" "Oi'm tired o' foightin' wid Biddy, an' Oi'm dyin' to be kilt," said Pat.*

"Me pore brother Mike hez gone te the divil," said Tim. "Indade, is he dead?" asked his friend Flanagan. "No; it's woorse," said Tim, "he's gone te a lahyer."*

"Ah, ye drunken clod," said Biddy to her husband, "spewing-up" on the floor; "can't ye lave off thot rotten whusky? Ye must like it." "Indade Oi duz," said Pat, "an' O'd niver lave it off ef it tasted half ez good comin' up ez it do goin' doon."*

"Whar be ye goin, Pat?" asked a friend who met him on the road. Pat replied: "Me boy, Tim, hez rooned away and gone te the divil, an' Oi'm goin' afther 'im."*

"Thim dom biled eggs hez checkins in 'em," said Mike to his friend at a lunch-counter. "Spake aisy,

Mike," said his friend, "er they'll charge ye extra fer the checkins."*

"Whar hev ye bin, Pat?" "Oi dunno whar the divil Oi hev bin, fer Oi didn't git thar," said Pat.*

"Oi'm a mon av few wor-rds," said McGroarty. "Thru, indade," said Tim, "but ye spake 'em te iverybody."*

"Lind me five shillin', Tim, an' Oi'll make ye a millionaire," said Mike. "Arrah, ye spalpeen, whin will ye make me a millionaire?" "In twinty minits," said Mike,— "wid a bottle av 'Auld Oirish tay.' "*

"What was your uncle's first name?" asked the lawyer. "That puts me in mind av somethin' Oi can't rimimber, sor," replied Pat.*

"Widdy O'Brien," said Pat, "Oi hev a gra-at sacret an' Oi nade a woman te help me kape it."*

Pat, who had just arrived from Erin, and voted the "Dimecratic ticket" in New York, saw for the first time a steam-shovel at work. "Bad luck te yez, ye dom Nager Republikin machane!" growled Pat, "Ye kill the pore wor-rkin' mon an' thin stale the bread out av 'is mout. Ye kin toot-toot, an' poof-poof, an' dig-dig, but—Glory be te God!—yez can't vote."*

Mike wrote from New York to his brother in Dublin: "Come over, Pat. This is the land av Liberty. In New Yark they lets ye vote the Dimecrat ticket nixt day afther ye land; an' phot's betther, they pays ye two dollars a head fer it."*

"Oi've cotched a Tartar," yelled Pat from the picket line. "Bring 'im in," replied his Captain. "Oi can't," said Pat. "Then come in yourself, Pat," said the Captain. "But the dom Hathen won't let me," said Pat.

(This is the origin of "Caught a tartar," and nearly

equivalent to the "*Auribus teneo lupum*" of Terence.)

"It be a long road thot niver raches the ind," said Mike.*

"Avide ony road thot tur-runs te the left," said Tim, "it allus lades te the divil."*

"Yer auld frind Mac hez got a job at lasht," said Pat. "Whar?" asked Sam. "In the pinetinchery," said Pat.*

"I'll give you 'ninety days' and the 'gold cure,' " said the police judge to Pat, arrested for being drunk on the street. "Oi don't nade the ninety days, Joodge," said Pat, "but Oi'm pore an' nady, an' Oi'll take the goold cure, plaze."*

Nol. pros.

District Court: Hennepin County, State of
Minnesota.

The Court: "Patrick O'Brein, you are charged in the indictment with grand larceny—stealing twenty-five geese of the value of twenty-five dollars, the property of one Mike O'Rourke. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Pat: "May it plaze yer Honor, Oi am a honesht, har-rd-worrrkin' mon. Oi don't want te plade eyther way. Oi want te nol-prostitute the case, an' save the ripetation av the Coort. Oi didn't stale O'Rourke's gase. Dom his eyes, he sthole me dog two years foreby; an' thar wuz only twinty wan av his gase onyway; an' Oi hid 'em out in the brush in me back-lot in a wire fence, an' a fox er a wolf sthole thray av 'em, an' Oi hed te give lahyer O'Gorman tin av 'em fer advice how te git clear av the lah in this case. So thar wuz on'y eight gase sthole onyway; an' lahyer O'Gorman told me thot wuz on'y pity-larceny, an' Oi cud throw mesel on

the mercy av the coort, an' nol-prostitute the case, an' pay the costs—about foor bits—er demand a jewry av me peers. So, may it plaze yer Honor, Oi don't wish te put the County av Henny-pen in this pore State av Minnesota te the enormeous expinse av bringin' all the way over frum Limerick twelve av me peers te make a jewry, fer Oi wuz born in the County Limerick in Ould Oirland, an' all me peers still be livin' an' brathin' on the dear auld sod in the counties Limerick an' Tipperary, so help me God. So now may it plaze the coort—bless yer dear owl sowl—me an' all me kin do be allus votin' fer yez, sor—Oi move onto this coort te squash this libilious indictment, an' nol-prostitute the case, an' save enormeous costs te the pore County av Henny-pen; an' Oi'll give half, which is *four*, av O'Rourke's ole gase te the coort fer yer Christmas dinner; an' may God hev mercy on yer sowl."

At the request of the county attorney who had a "tip" that he could get the remaining four geese, the Court "nol-prostituted" the case.*

"Jisht befoore the Battle av the B'yne began" private Pat Murphy was handed an iron "breast-plate" by his Captain and told to strap it on over his vital parts. Pat proceeded immediately to strap it on over the bigger part of him "behint." The Captain laughed and passed on. After the "retrate" Pat pulled off his breast-plate and found the mark of a musket ball on it. "Look o' thot, Captain," said Pat; "the inemy knowed whar me 'vital pairts' be, ez well ez Oi knowed it mesel."*

Champ, an Irishman from Cork, went fishing for cat-fish in the "Missouree." He finally caught one—a forty-pound cat-fish, and for safe-keeping,

lugged it up the steep bank and deposited it in a mud-hole. Then Champ went back and fished till sundown, but "he didn't git nary nuther bite." Meantime a darkey, who had been fishing down below, and caught only one little two-pound "cat," came along. He fished out Champ's forty-pounder, dropped his two-pounder in the mud-hole and skipped. Champ finally crawled up the high bank and poked around in the mud-hole for his big fish. He found the little cat—the only fish in the hole. Champ looked "fatagued," but he braced up "wid a sup av coold tay frum his impty jug," and picked up the little "cat." "It be a cot, sure," said Champ, "an' the only fish in thot hole. It musht be me cot-fish. Beloike thot coold tay maggefoid 'im a bit whin Oi cotched 'im, but, nay-the-less,—loike me frind Tiddy—Gorry moighty—how he be shrunk!"*

At a regimental parade, after the final victory at Ladysmith in the Boer War, the colonel of a "crack" British regiment ordered Corporal Pat Nolan to step two paces to the front. "Corporal Nolan," said the Colonel, "I am ordered by her Majesty, the Queen, to pin this bronze medal on your breast for your gallant conduct in the defense of Ladysmith, and to deposit in the bank, at interest, payable to you annually for life, this ten-pound note of the Bank of England." "Kin Oi spake wan wor-rd?" asked Pat with a salute. "Proceed," said the Colonel. "Ef it be all the same te yerself an' the Quane," said Pat, "plaze pin thot tin-pound note on me breasht, an' put the midal te me credit in the bank."

"It is wid gra-ate pleasure thot Oi extind te ye me hear-rtly sympathy on the death av yer beloved husband," wrote Desmond to Mrs. Parnell.

A young lady at a crowded concert was looking

for a seat. A polite Irishman (who was occupying one himself), said to her: "Oi wud be plazed te give ye a sate, Miss, but ivery wan av the impty sates be all full intirely."

An Irishman got out of a train at a lunch station, and while he was eating his lunch the train pulled out. "Hould on!—stop!" yelled Pat, "thar's wan passenger on boord thot ye've left behind."

"Where is the other end of this rope?" demanded the mate of an Irish sailor. "It's cut off, sor," said the sailor.

"Misther Dobbin, I want ye te make me will," said Mike. "What disposition do you want to make of your property?" asked Lawyer Dobbin. "I want te lave it all te myself entirely," said Mike.*

"Afther he wuz past cure the docthor give 'im a dose av midicin thot cured 'im immadiately," said Mrs. Ryan.*

"Ef ye don't recave this letther, ye may be sure it hez got losht in the post, so plaze answer it immadiately," wrote O'Brien to his wife.

"Oi beg yer pardon; Oi ought te hev answered yer letther two weeks ago, but Oi recaved it on'y this mornin'," wrote McGroarty to Dougherty.

"Hev ye a drop av the 'cratur' wid ye, Pat?" "Oi've on'y an impty bottle filled wid wather," said Pat.*

"Mr. Spaker," said Sir Boyle Roche, in the Irish Parliament (1775), "it is the juty av ivery lover av his country te give his lasht guinea te save the remainder."

"What regiment were you in in the Civil War, Pat?"

"Oi wuz in the farty-foorth Califunny Granny-dears, sor—a corporal, sor, an' commandered me

company, sor, in twinty-wan bloody battles, sor."

"Were you ever wounded, Pat?"

"Sure Oi wuz, sor; farty-five toimes, sor; but only wanst dangerous, sor, an' thot wuz at the battle av Whuskey Run, in Kaintucky, sor. Oi wuz kiverin' me command on the retrate, sor, an' a dom rebel grape-shot, sor, ez big ez a geese aigg, sor, hit me in the back, sor, be the pint av me left shoulder-blade, sor, and went clane through me an' kim out at me left nipple, sor."

"Why, Pat, if you had been shot like that you would have been a dead man in a minute—the shot would have gone through your heart or torn it in pieces."

"Sure it wud, sor, but ye see, me hea-art wuz in me mout at the toime, sor."*

An Irish soldier who ran upon a sleeping Boer in the night, and blew his brains out, remarked: "He'll be surprised whin he wakes up in the mornin'."*

"There wuz nobody in the coach but two passengers on the outside," said Pat.

Pat, who had never seen a railway engine, came over from Ireland. His brother Mike, who was a section boss on the Harlem, just above New York, met him at Castle Garden and took him up the Hudson in a sail boat. After dinner they took a walk up the track over a fill and into a deep cut. Just then the "Albany Flyer" came tooting down the track. "Roon, Pat—roon fer yer life!" yelled Mike as he ran up the slope of the cut. But Pat took the track and he ran for the fill.

The cow-ketcher ketched 'im an' over the grade Tumbled Pat an' a dale av a moanin' he made;

Frightened Mike he ran down where poor Patsy was spilt:

"It be a mi-racle, Patsy, that ye wuzn't kilt; Why didn't ye roon, Pat?" "An' didn't Oi roon? But thot dom snortin' cratur cud bate a balloon."

"Dom it, Patsy, why didn't ye roon up the hill? Yez come nigh a-gittin' a ride te the divil."

"Aw, Mike," stammered Pat, as he limped on the fill,

"Ef Oi cudn't bate the dom baste on the livil, Sure, how cud Oi bate 'im a-roonin' up hill?*

—*Pat and the Flyer.*

"It is a gra-ate comfort te be all alone by yerself," said Pat, "ef ye hev yer swateheart wid ye."

Tim wired from New York to the coroner at Los Angeles: "Oi'm afeard thot unknown mon thot wuz drowned on Dead-man's Island is me long lost brother. Plaze look 'im over wid care an' see ef he be near-sighted an' hev an impidiment in his spache."*

"Thar is not wan man in the House of Commons," roared an Irish member, "thot hez not felt the thruth of me argyment throbbin' in his hearrt fer a thousand years."*

"Oirland," roared an Irish member in the House of Commons, "'ll give England her death-blow, an' she'll niver recoover frum it in a hundered years."*

"It wud be betther, Mr. Spaker, te give up a part av the Constitution, or aven the whole av it, te save the remainder."

—*Sir Boyle Roche in the Irish Parliament.*

"Gentlemen, isn't one man as good as another?" cried a stump-speaker. "Av coorse 'e is—an' a dom sight betther," yelled an excited Irishman.*

At the battle av the B'yne not a mon av me company escaped alive except foor thot wuz drowned in the river.—*Capt. Connor.*

Olives. People fond of salt-pickled Spanish olives can appreciate the following: An Irish judge (justice of the peace) who resided and held court at Boolyglass, County Kilkenny, had many friends who had emigrated from that county to the police force in New York City. On the pressing invitation of the members of the "foorce," including "Croaker," the boss, the "Joodge" came over to New York to meet his Hibernian friends and be hailed and feasted by them. They gave him a royal reception and a banquet at Delmonico's. The "Joodge" had never seen an olive. When the champagne and "auld Irish tay" had taken effect, and "Erin-go-Bragh" got "fast and furious," the "Joodge" discovered a small dish of green pickled olives near his plate, and tried to eat one. He spat it out. He tried another, and with a wry face spat it out vigorously. He looked indignant as he arose: "Gintlemin," said the Joodge, "Oi don't wish te dishturb the hilarity av this gra-at occasion, but Oi feel thot the dignity av the High Coorts av Oireland demond thot Oi make a remark."

"Remark! — Remark! — Remark!" was yelled unanimously by the ge-lorified Sons of Erin; and the Joodge proceeded: "Gintlemin, Oi'm plazed te be compilled te make the remark thot the gintlemon ez pished in the pickles is no gintlemon at all."*

"We Hinglishmen live better than you Hirishmen," said a Briton to Pat in the town of Tipperary; "we 'ave roast beef and potatoes for dinner every day." "A divil a bit kin ye bate us," said Pat, "thot be jisht phwot Oi ate fer me dinner three toims ivery day—barin' the bafe."*

"Dom thim English newspapers!" said Mike;

"they do be allus callin' us 'Irish bulls,' an' we be neyther bulls ner goats, sor."*

"Be ye huntin' a job?" asked the section-boss of a tramp. "Yis, an aisy wan," said the hobo. "Gwan!" said the boss, "ye'll find it in the jail."*

An Irish policeman on Broadway was trying to make a crowd of people standing in front of a shop move on. "Gintlemin, plaze move on," said he. "Ef ivery mon av yez stands blockin' the way, how the divil kin the rest av yez git by?"

It was a Dublin paper that reported in 1890 that "The health of Mr. Parnell has lately taken a bad turn, and serious fears of his recovery are entertained."

"Dochthor," said a very sick Irishman, "whin Oi die, be sure te make a post-mortar examination and find out what ails me, fer Oi'm dyin' te know."

Said Pat on his death-bed: "Don't bury me alive till afther Oi'm crimated"—(cremated).*

In a legal argument before the Court an Irish barrister exclaimed: "Thot hez bin the lah, yer Honor, frum time immemorial fer the lasht tin years!" The "Coort took it under advisement" for the next tin years.*

"An' ye're fayther is dead?" said Mike. "Indade he is," said Tim. "An' it's what we'll all hev to come to if we live long enough."

"I'm fighting for my dear people," cried a candidate for Congress. "How mony av 'em hev yez in yer family?" asked Pat.*

"Gintlemin, Oi can't boasht av me ancestors," said Pat, "but Oi kin boasht av me posterity fer Biddy and me hez twinty-wan av 'em."*

"My *forefathers* were noblemen," said an Englishman.

"An ef yer methur hed bin a 'onisht 'oman yez wodn't a-hed but wan av 'em," said Pat.*

At an anti-England mass-meeting in Dublin, it was vociferously resolved "to gather up all the notes of the Bank of England to be found in Ireland, and make a bonfire and burn 'em"—for revenge.

"We hev two hunderd thousand min' in Dublin, drilled, airmed an' equipped, an' ready te march agin auld England fer Oirish Liberty," said Pat. "Why don't ye march then?" said a man from Belfast. "The dom polace won't let us," said Pat.*

"Do you understand French, Pat?" "Sure Oi duz ef ye spake it in Oirish," said Pat.

"What be yer politics?" asked the Tammany boss of the Bowery, of a "raw recruit" from Erin who wanted a "star on the Foorce." "Oi be agin the goovernmint," said Mike. "Why be ye agin the government?" asked the boss. "Me grandfayther, me fayther an' ivery dom mon in Oirland allus be agin the goovernmint," said Mike.*

"What are you doing there?" yelled the major at Color-seargeant Pat running to the rear with the flag. "O'm flaggin' the inemy te folly ef they dare," said Pat.*

"Boys," said the captain when the battle began, "you're going into hell. Remember your country and follow the flag." "Plaze take the lead wid the flag yerself, Sor, an' we'll folly ye te the gate, Sor," said private Pat.*

An Irishman, who had never seen a canary bird, came over from the land of the "Green" and hired out to a Yankee in Hoboken. The next day Pat discovered a "yellow-jacket" wasp nest in the stable. "Phot be thot?" asked Pat of his employer. "It's a nest of canary birds," said the Yankee wag: "hold

your hand up under the nest and a beautiful little bird will come out and sing ye a song." Pat put the back of his hand up under the hole in the bottom of the nest, and immediately a "yellow-jacket" came out on his hand.

"Ah," said Pat, "ye purthy little cratur, ring-straked an' speckled wid goold! Now, ye darlint little boord, sing me a song—sing 'Erin-go-Bragh' fer me, plaze—Ouch!—howly Moses! how it bur-rns whar she puts doon her little futs!"*

Mike fell in a fit and remained so long unconscious and rigid that all thought he was dead. They put him in a box and held a "wake" over him. Past midnight, in the height of the hilarity, his old chum Pat put a bottle of whiskey at the head of the "corpse." "Take a sup av it, Mike," said Pat. Immediately Mike grabbed the bottle and rose up in the box. The women screamed, but Mike's old chum had nerve: "Howly Gosht! Mike, lie doon: ye be dead ez a salt mackerel, an' we be holdin' a 'wake' over yez, Mike, an' the praste be prayin' ye out av Purgatory," said Pat.

"Arrah," said Mike. "De ye think Oi be sic a dom fule te be dead, wid a bottle av 'Erin-go-bragh' at me head?"*

"Halt," yelled the sergeant to private Pat breaking for the rear in a smart skirmish, "yer no brave man, Pat." "Sure, Oi'm grave enough meself," said Pat, "but Oi can't kape me dom legs frum roonin' away wid me."—(*Attributed to Abraham Lincoln.*)

The following dialogue occurred in Los Angeles between Captain Murphy and Corporal McGroarty: "Wuz ye in the Civil War, Mac?" "Sure, Oi wuz, Murphy, fer six long months an' tin days." "War yez an officer, Mac?" "Indade Oi wuz; Oi hild a

commissary frum the Prisidint ez Corporal in the 'Tammany Tigers.'" "How auld be ye, Corporal, an' hev ye a pinshun?" "Oi be pasht sivinty-wan an' Oi niver axed fer a pinsion." "De ye know," Corporal, ye be intitled te an auld-age pinsion av \$15 ivery month? Ye shud apply fer it immadiately." "Shure Oi knows it, but Oi wouldn't tech an auld-age pinsion wid a tin fut stick: thim auld-age pinsioners be all dyin' aff ivery day," said McGroarty.*

"Bad luck te Auld England!" cried an Irish member of the House of Commons "ye hev took iverything from Oireland but the taxes, an' now ye be thryin' te take away the taxes."

"Gentlemen, I am running again for the presidency," said Bryan on the rear end of his car in his third campaign.

"An' how mony toims moor be ye going' te run on wan leg on the hind ind av the race?" asked "Croaker."*

"My hat is in the ring," said Teddy at Cleveland.

"An the ring be in the 'Steal Trust,'" said "Widdy" Wilson.*

"Me ould grandfayther is dead," said Pat, "an' he's the on'y survivor av the battle av Watherloo."*

"The Irish Bull broke inty the House of Commons," said Redmond, "an' they've been milkin' him ever since."

"What has posterity done for us?" said Sir Boyle Roche in a speech in Parliament. There was much laughter. "Oi don't mane our ancestors—Moses, an' Abraham, an' the loike," said Roche, "but the min thot came immediately afther thim." And then the House roared.

"I'm sorry, Pat. I see that you and your partner

have gone into bankruptcy. "Yis, indade; bad luck te spicelation. We wuz driv inty the bankrupt coort be a foor harse tame av mools."*

"It's true indade, Pat, but Oi don't belave it," said Mike.*

"You need good manners more than money," said an American to an importunate beggar in Dublin.

"Faith, Oi' axed ye fer the on'y thing ye hev te spare," said Pat.*

"Is this the right road to Limerick?" asked an American tourist of Pat. "Indade it is," said Pat; "kape strate ahid till ye coom te the farkes av the road."

"Which road shall I take then," asked the tourist.

"Take the ether wan," said Pat.*

Mrs. McFlanigan called on the judge at Chambers and said: "Judge, Oi want a disvorce from me good-fer-nothin' husband, McFlanigan." "What's the matter?" asked the judge, "does he beat you?" "Bate me!" said Bidy. "Indade, ef he attempted thot Oi'd bate the livers out av 'im." "Is he a steady worker and a good provider for the family?" "Wull, yis," said Bidy, "he buys the petates, an' he swapes the flure an' gits the supper and washes the dishes afther he gits home frum his wurruk." "Does he drink, Mrs. McFlanigan?" "No, Jedge, not fraquently; wonct in a while he stales a sup out av me jug." "You must have good grounds for divorce; what grounds then have you, Mrs. McFlanigan?" "Sure, Oi hev the besht grounds in the wurruld, Jedge—infidelity: McFlanigan is not the fayther av me lasht child."*

An Ether Jasus—Mike was married and lived in St. Paul. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted in the "2nd Minnesota," went south and served

faithfully for three years. His wife, Biddy, remained in St. Paul and supported herself and their two little girls with the help of ten dollars a month sent regularly by Mike out of his "pay." Poor Mike longed for three long years to see his dear Biddy and the "childer." At the end of his enlistment Mike received his "honorable discharge" and hastened back to St. Paul and his family, a happy man.

When Mike entered his little home he found not only Biddy and his two girls, but a "bouncer" of a new-born boy in the old cradle.

"Whose child be thot?" asked Mike.

"Sure it's *ours*, an' ye will be plazed wid 'im and be proud av 'im, Mike," said Biddy.

"Ah, Biddy," said Mike, "how cud ye do thot? an' me away fer three long years, wid me hear-rt in me mout, fightin' fer me country—fightin' wid General Grant an' the whole rebel army—yis, fer three long years—

"Foightin' like divils fer reconciliation,

An' killin' ache ither fer the love av God;"

And yez, Biddy, what have ye done!—Saint Path-erick an' the Howly Ghost!—phwat hev ye done?

"Me dear Mike," said Biddy, "ye hev hit on the thruth av it—the *Howly Ghost*. Kissh the swate little b'y; he's an ether Jasus."*

These stray "chicks" of mine are not at home here. They were hatched after my *Indian Legends and Other Poems* were out, and I want to give them a roosting-place and save them from the wolf—for a time—if I can.—Hanford L. Gordon, Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 1, 1914.

Colonel Wilkin.

(Read at the unveiling of the statue of Colonel Alexander Wilkin at the Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota, September 8, 1910.)

I knew him—that fearless Wilkin—
Bundle of nerves of steel;
I knew him—that gallant Wilkin—
Captain of Company "A"
Of the "North Star's" famous "First."

I saw him—that dauntless Wilkin—
Bundle of nerves of steel—
When the Bull Run rout begun—
Holding his company steady
When hell broke loose on the hill—
Holding his company steady
When most of us broke and run,—
Holding his company steady
With saber and gun and skill:
Nobody thought he could do it,
But Wilkin said "*I will!*"

I heard of him—Colonel Wilkin—
In that bloody fight at Gun-town—
Where the stalwart "Ninth Minnesota"
Breasted the Rebel charge;
Where the color-guards fell by the colors,
And sergeant and colors went down.
The brave ranks faltered a moment,
And a few of them broke—but—*No!*
That Scotch-gristled Sergeant Macdonald,
Sprang to his feet and flaunted
His flag in the face of the foe.

And he—that gallant Wilkin—
 Afire with heroic zeal—
 Covered our flying disaster
 With his iron men of the “Ninth”
 In a blazing wall of steel.

I heard of him—Colonel Wilkin—
 That bundle of nerves of steel—
 When he won the battle of Tupelo,
 And fell, like a Spartan, fighting
 For our country’s cause and weal.
 “Boy,” he said, “I am blinded;
 Everything looks so dark;
 I can’t see the colors, Comrades,
 Everything looks so dark.”

Comrades, we are dropping—
 Only a few of us left;
 The bravest have gone before us—
 Only a few of us left.

But swing your hats and the colors;
 Send up a ringing cheer
 For our hero—the gallant Wilkin—
 Bundle of nerves of steel—
 Who fell like a Spartan, fighting
 For his country’s cause and weal.

Comrades, we are dropping—
 Only a few of us left;
 The bravest have gone before us—
 Only a few of us left.
 Don’t you hear our Comrades cheering
 Over the River?—Hark!
 I can’t see their beaming faces—
 “Everything looks so dark.”

But swing your hats and the colors;
 Send up a ringing cheer
 For our hero—the gallant Wilkin—
 Bundle of nerves of steel—
 Who fell, like a Spartan, fighting
 For his country's cause and weal.

Comrades, we are ready:
 We've had our day of toil and play:
 Gray bugler, toot the "*Taps*":
 But we'll swing our hats before we go,
 And yell once more, as they yelled that day,
 For the hero of Tupelo.

Au Revoir.

(A Dream.)

I'm going out—I'm going out
 Upon a starless sea:
 There is no light to-night—to-night—
 On ship or shore for me.

My bark's adrift; O Lord, I lift
 My craven prayer to Thee:
 I'm going out in mist and doubt
 Upon the shoreless sea.

I'm going out—I'm going out
 Upon a starless sea:
 I see no light to-night—to-night;
 I only hope; I can not doubt
 Thy father-care for me.

Later

Good-night—good-night: I'm going out
 Upon a *star-lit sea*.
 At last to-night I see the light—
 God's beacon-light for me.

I'm going out—I'm going out
 Upon the star-lit sea;
 No more I fear—no more I doubt:
 I see the beaming beacon-light
 An Angel holds for me.

The winds are still: His mighty will
 Hath stilled the stormy sea:
 Good-night—Good-night; I see the light—
 I see the light—I see the light
 An Angel holds for me.

December 30 1911.

A Song for Christmas

A song for this Christmas day, my dear,
 A song in this wintry weather;
 For what does it matter—the time o' the year—
 When you an' I are together?

What matters it, dear, the time o' the year,
 Or the gusts o' the wintry weather?
 For the fire burns bright on the harthe to-night,
 An' we're growin' gray together.

A song for the dear old apple-trees,
 An' that bunch o' bloomin' heather,
 Where we first met that summer day,
 An' stammered an' blushed together.

A song for the love of our love, my love,
 That holdeth our hearts in tether;
 All seasons are summer to me, my love,
 Since we locked arms together.

December, 1912.

The Hermit of the San Gabriel.

Leave me alone with myself to-night:
 Leave me alone:
Under the pines and the stars to-night
 Leave me alone.
Let me dream of the years and the dear ones gone:
 Leave me alone.
Under the pines and the stars to-night
 I am alone—
Alone with my soul and my God to-night;
His stars above are my only light,
The light of the eyes that I loved is gone,
 And I am alone—
 Old and alone. *December 30, 1912.*

Joaquin Miller.

Gray minstrel of the mountain peaks,
 Grim poet of the desert wild,
In whose weird songs Dame Nature speaks
 The language of her chosen child,—
Companion of the honey-bees
 That sipped the dew of Helicon,
Pale harper on the shoreless seas,
 On earth your songs "sail on and on."
Men gather gold from mountain streams,
 From desert sands and flinty quartz;
He gathered gold from golden dreams
 And sunset skies and human hearts.
Men fling their gold to wassail wine,
 To hazard games and magdalen;
In songs of sea and peak and pine
 He gave his gathered gold to men.
February 21, 1913

BUTTERCUP.

(A Baby-Song.)

Sweet little Buttercup,
Sunny-haired Buttercup,
Dear little Buttercup,
Hold up your chin;
Here is a pearly drop,
Dear little Curly-top,
Open your mousie
And I'll drop it in.

Buttercup—Buttercup,
Hold your dear mousie up,—
Buttercup—Buttercup,
Hold up your chin;
Here is a honey-drop,
Dear little Sunny-top;
Hold up your mousie,
And I'll drop it in.

The Pilgrims.

They weighed the anchor from the deep,
They cast the cable from the shore—
While brothers pray and women weep:
The uncharted ocean lay before;
Beyond, the savage wilderness,
And toil and danger and distress.

Before them, o'er the western sea,
A golden cloud arose by day,
By night, a blazing star, and led
The daring Pilgrims on their way.

A storm arose and lashed the seas—
Lashed the mad billows main-mast high;
Grave Brewster fell upon his knees;
A hand of fire flashed in the sky!

“God’s hand is over our heads,” he said;
The roaring seas fell into calm;
Then on the drenched deck Brewster led
In fervent prayer and holy Psalm.

With battered sides and broken rails,
With weakened stays and tattered sails,
The Mayflower braved the icy gales.

O’er wan, wild shore one winter night,
At last they saw that red star stand,
And from the star there spread a light
O’er stormy sea and somber land.

There, on that wild and rugged shore,
They landed, haggard, weak and sore.
Miles Standish drew his brave broadsword,
And good John Carver thanked the Lord,

They builded high a great camp-fire;
Grave Brewster read the Holy Word;
An hundred voices blent in choir,
Around that blazing, cheering fire,
Chanted the praises of the Lord.

And while they sung and the forest rung,
And echoed to the holy hymn,
Peered from the shadowy thicket dim—
A wary savage and adroit—
The gleaming eyes of Massasoit.

Famine and cold and fell disease,
 Long winter-long, brought woe and death;
 With Psalms and prayers on bended knees,
 The Pilgrims held their holy faith:

And westward, like a blazing hand,
 That wondrous star still beamed at night;
 And it hath lit a mighty land,
 From sea to sea, with holy light.

The seed sown on that rugged strand
 Hath grown and spread from shore to shore,—
 O'er grassy plains and desert sand;
 To tropic gulf and ice-bound land;

Beyond the sunset mountain-peaks,
 Far to the islands of the West—
 Wherever son of Pilgrim seeks
 The game of gold or palms of rest.

And still the seed the Mayflower bore
 Spreadeth and sprouteth more and more.

June 5, 1913

“The Night Cometh.”

(Voltaire

On his death-bed to his adopted daughter Reine,
 whom he pet-named *Belle et Bonne*).

Lay your hand on my head, my dear;
 The long day waneth, the night is near.
 The day was chequered, the day was long,
 But I lightened my labors with love and song.

Shed not a tear for me, my dear;
Lay no flowers on my grave or bier:
They will fade and wither and soon be sear,
While I drift and drift on the unknown sea
Whose shores are the shores of Eternity.

List not for a voice from that silent sea;
Look not for me through the mist and fog,
But take kind care of my little dog:
Poor little *Cher*—he will mourn for me.

July 20, 1913

Seventy-Seven.

Seventy-seven—Seventy-seven!
But farther far from the bliss of heaven
Than the dimpled babe in the arms of rest
That finds a heaven on its mother's breast.

Seventy-seven—Seventy-seven!
With no fear of Hell or hope of Heaven;
But nearer the pure eternal rest
Than the babe asleep on its mother's breast.

December 30, 1913.

THE GREAT BRUTE BEAR

England—England, where are ye drifting?
Dazed by the guinea's glare,
Drifting, drifting, blear-eyed drifting—
Into the jaws of the Bear.

Blind?—are ye blind to the bloody past—
To the crafty monster's crawl,
That means with his savage jaws at last
To crush *you*—bones and all?

Will ye strike the sons of the mother-race
 That stand with scarred breasts bare—
 Stand with bronzed and bleeding face—
 Between *you* and the great Brute Bear?

Cunning diplomacy, deep-laid plot—
 Barter—and bully—and bribe—
 To kill an honest rival in trade!
 And if you strike your brother dead,
 Will it profit you, Cain—or not?

Christians are ye—a cultured breed
 That boasts of its charity?
 Of its love of letters and highest art?
 And yet, with foul and hungry greed,
 Would make ten millions brothers bleed
 To stab one brother's heart!

England—England, stay your hand!
 Your cause is a pirate's cause:
 Know ye no law but the law of Might?
 Think ye that Might makes *Right*?
 And if you win, you win—beware!—
 To leave all Europe and your own land
 At last in the paws and the bloody jaws
 Of the ravenous Russian Bear.

“One still strong man in a blatant land”!
 God grant he may make ye think,
 And brother to brother outstretch a hand
 Of love o'er the fatal brink—
 To save our father-and-mother lands,
 Ere brothers, grappled by brother-hands,
 In one wild malström sink.

Sept. 10, 1914.

Swan Song

Think ye I sung in awe of critic-school?

Think ye I sung for praise, or pride, or pelf?
Think ye I sung to please the million fool?

Nay,—nay:—I sung to please mine own dear self.

And what reck I of laud or babble fame?

Dust unto dust:—aye, dust *is* unto dust;
Fame is the fickle flicker of a name:

I sung betimes because I must—I must.

'Twas in me and must out. I care not where,

Or when my songs may tingle other ears,

Or ever or no the Delian bay appears:

The rolling chimes and rhythm of the spheres
Made music in *my* ears,—'tis all I care.

Then wherefore prize and print?—There will be sons

And daughters that mayhap may wish to know

What fevered blood in their own arteries runs

From one who lived and laughed—long—long ago.

October 1, 1914.



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