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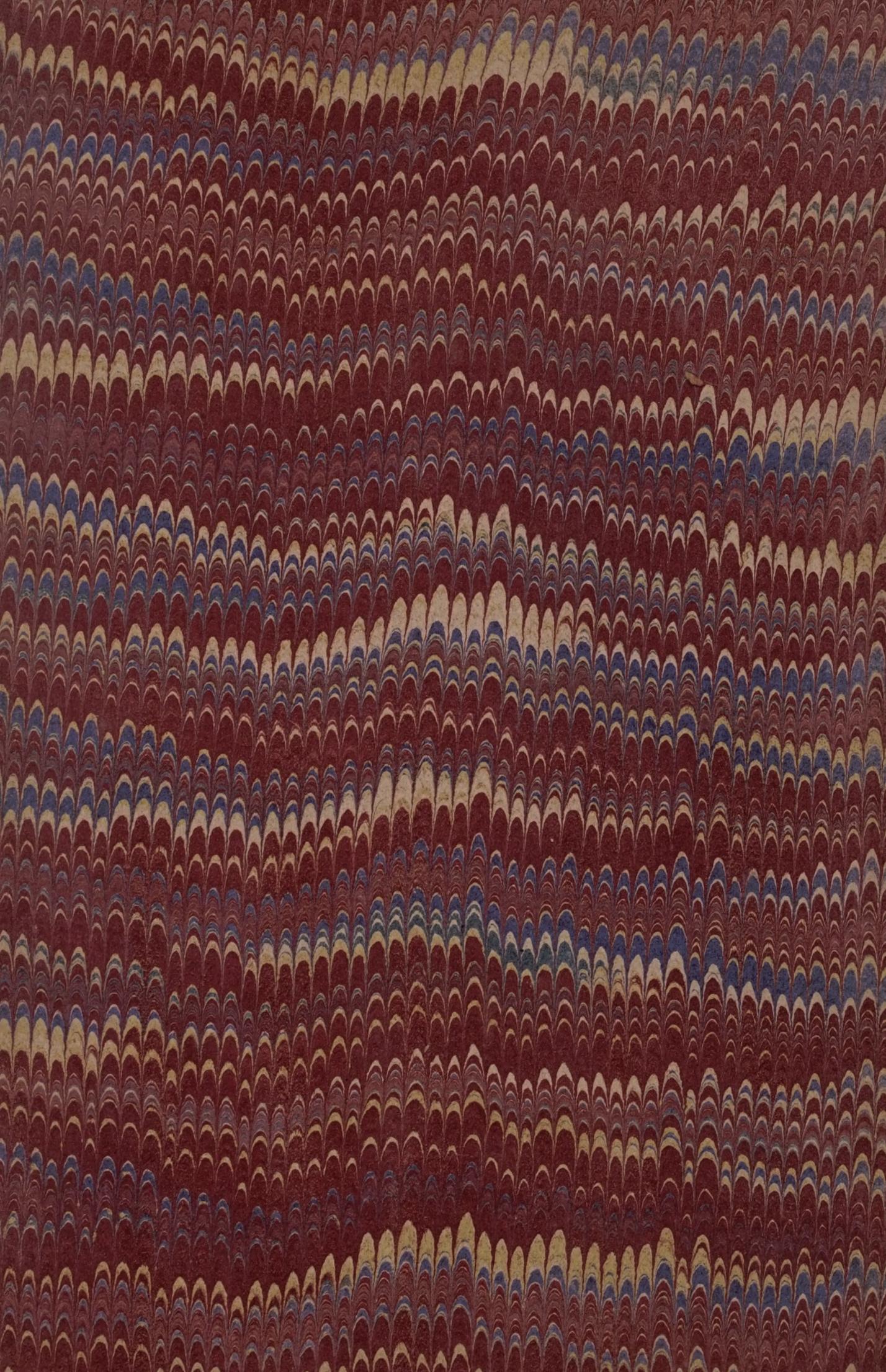
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Bob
Greenfellow's
Sketches.

JOHNSON BROS. PTG. CO.,
STATIONERS, PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

BOB GREENFELLOW'S
SKETCHES.

John D. Bullman

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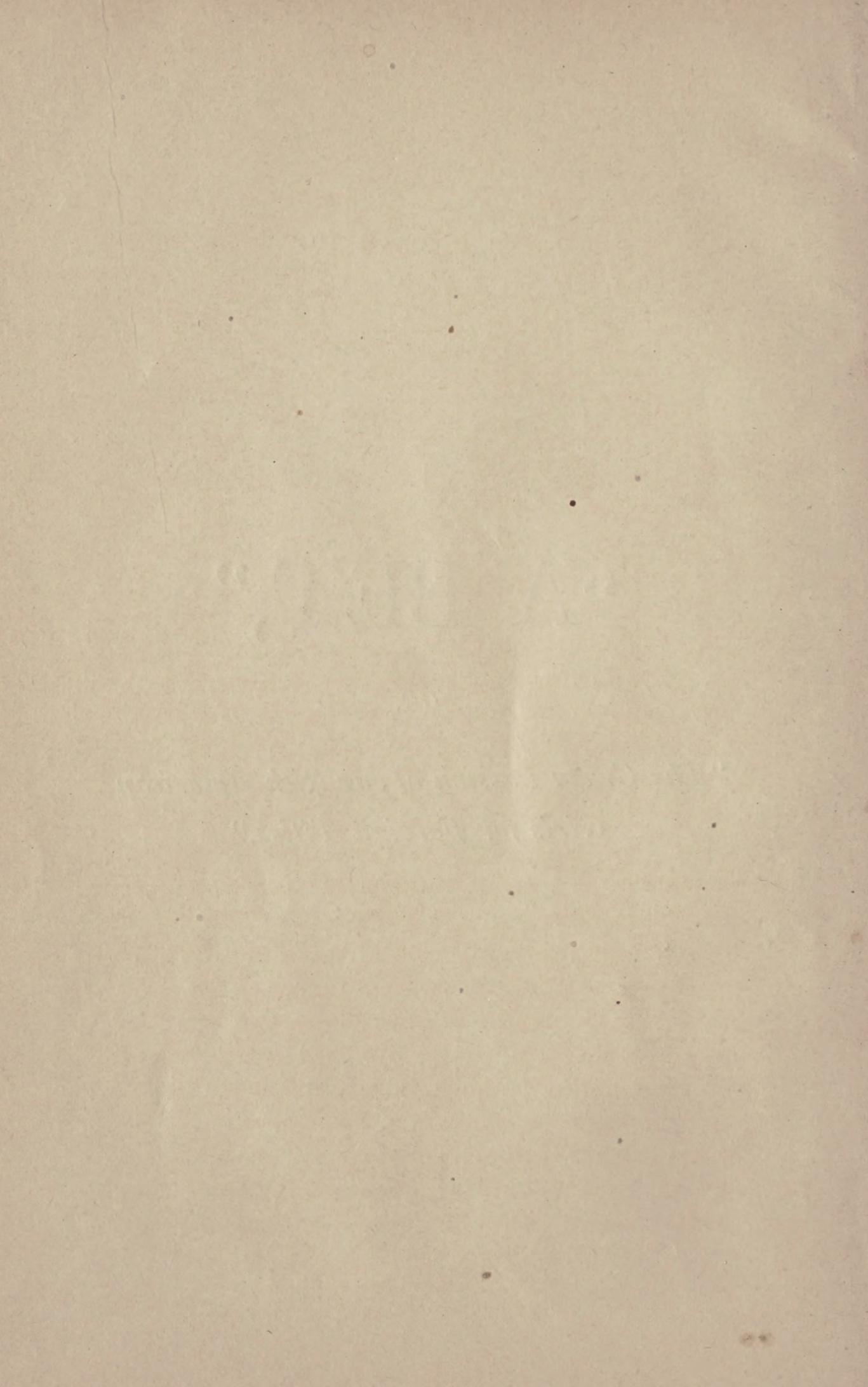
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“A BET,”

OR,

*“The Crazy Passion of our Rich American
Girls for Foreign Titles.”*



“A BET,”

OR,

“THE CRAZY PASSION OF OUR RICH AMERICAN
GIRLS FOR FOREIGN TITLES.”

On the veranda of a large and stately mansion, situated on a pleasant and gradually rising height, among beautiful and correspondingly ornamental surroundings, in the neighborhood of the village of Kirchheim, there sat two young men engaged in a spirited discussion. One was William Gregor, a Lieutenant in the German army, and the son of a neighboring rich real estate owner. Lieutenant Gregor was now on a visit to his friend, Gustav Berko. The latter was the only son and heir of his father, Martin Berko, who had been dead for ten years. Young Berko had traveled a great deal; he was an officer in the militia and had but lately settled on his inherited property, a pleasant and valuable country seat and farm. The warm spring evening had induced the friends to seat themselves in the open air on the veranda, and thus they sat engaged in a friendly conversation.

“Have you seen our mutual friend Miller, lately?” asked Lieutenant Gregor.

“Yes, I have seen him and I deeply sympathize with the poor fellow. He has taken that foolish love scrape with the rich American girl more to heart than I thought he would; although he does not speak of it, any one can see that he is very unhappy.”

“Well, what objection had the girl to him? He is a good looking and pleasant young man, and the fact that he has, at the age of twenty-nine, obtained the position of professor at an academy, also proves that he is a highly gifted and educated man.”

“My dear Gregor, if you think that the fact of being professor alone is a magnetic attraction for rich American girls, you are very much mistaken. Don't you know that in America every fiddler and beard scraper receives the title of professor. You should also know that most of the rich American females, that is, heirs to millions, are perfectly crazed and only want husbands with big titles. It is, to them, perfectly immaterial whether the man is old or young, educated or not. Yes; I would wager any sum of money on the question, that, provided the man is possessed of the title of *Grand Duke* or *Lord*, though ignorant as the greatest dunce in our village, he still is a much desired object for these crazy American girls.”

“Berko, Berko, you are exaggerating.”

“No; I do not exaggerate. Rich American heiresses can obtain for themselves every enjoyment that can be supplied for money, and money will buy almost anything. One thing they can not obtain, and that is admission to our aristocratic society. For the American heiress to return to the place of her birth as the wife of a Prince, Duke, or other high titled individual, to return on a visit and relate to her admiring lady friends how she had been presented at the Royal or Imperial Court, and that her associations with personages of the highest aristocratic standing and society was almost of daily occurrence. If she can do that, then she celebrates her grandest triumph and has attained the highest desire of her life. *‘The end justifies the means.’* This is a good proverb fitting the subject, since the husband has in reality no mission but to give tone, a name, a title, to his bride, whether *he* possesses education and culture or not.”

“I admit that such an heiress might take an old and ugly man for a husband, if for nothing else but to become a Princess, a Duchess, or to attain any high title, but a dunce or ignoramus would, in my opinion, not be accepted after all.”

“Good! Will you make the wager?”

“Yes; I’ll bet with you.”

“Good! Let it be so. I’ll stake five thousand marks, the winner to pay all expenses and what is left, to go to the poor of our village.”

“I’ll accept the bargain. But how are you going to work about it and render practical proof of your assertion?”

“Easily done! We have already agreed to visit our favorite watering place Traunstein this coming summer. Now, since Traunstein is also a favorite and much frequented summer resort for Americans, we will not fail to find a rich heiress among them. Both of us are well known at that place, as far as our physique and social position are concerned; and if we present some fellow as a Russian Prince or Duke, no cock will crow about it or after it. Of course you will agree with me on this point; we must not let the matter go far enough for a real engagement! We do not propose to insult or compromise any lady! The moment we find that she is ready to grasp at the illusion, our would-be nobleman vanishes!”

“The plan is a good one,” said Gregor.

“Well, then, so far everything is satisfactory. Now, let us try and find that dunce. Where—where can we get one? A very young fellow wouldn’t do; older ones, up in the twenties, usually have their sweethearts; hence that kind is not suitable, and consequently nothing is left us

but to take a married man. But whom? Stop! I have it. John! John!" he called loudly.

"John," said Berko to the approaching servant, "go down to the village and ask that second-hand patch tailor Bering to come to me at once."

"What do you want with that tailor?" asked Lieutenant Gregor after the servant had gone.

"Well, he is to be our man. He is about thirty-six years of age, and since he does no hard manual labor, has no calloused hands like our farmer boys; he never has been beyond the limits of the village; he can neither read nor write and is just the individual we want; when he comes, you can judge of him for yourself."

A half hour later, the servant returned with the tailor.

"Come up this way," said Berko addressing the tailor, who, hat in hand, had remained with an extremely modest face and looks at the foot of the stairs leading to the veranda, "come, take this chair and be seated."

Bering did as directed, but seated himself on the extreme edge of the chair, still turning his hat in his hands in a perplexed manner.

"Bering, I wanted to ask you if, during the summer, you could work three or four weeks for me and my friend here?"

"I—yes—I could, but"——

"Well?"

"Will I be able to do the work?"

"Don't be troubled about that. If I hadn't thought you could do the work, I would not have sent for you. We will pay you well, only you have to go along with us to Traunstein."

"Traunstein! But that is far, far away from here."

"Not at all; two hours on the cars and you are there."

"But can I take Susan and the children along?"

"You cannot! Your wife and little ones must remain at home. We will supply them with means and see that they do not come to want during your absence. We also give you two hundred marks."

"Two hund—re——"

"Stop! where are you going?" cried Berko, after Bering's retreating figure. "Come back here; there, sit down again; where were you going to?"

"I—I—I wanted to tell it to my wife, Susan—two hund——"

“Well, that you can do at any time. You go to Traunstein, that is settled. It may be that we will not need you more than a couple of week.”

“Yes;—but——”

“Well, what?”

“I will have to ask Susan first.”

“I’ll attend to that myself. I will speak to your wife. By the way, how long have you been married?”

Bering counted on his fingers, “one, two, three, four, five, six, and another one is seven; seven years, Mr. Berko.”

“How is that you count ‘six and another one’?”

“Well, I count my children, which number six, and add another year, making seven.”

—“Oh! I understand; you have a child for each year!”

“Yes.”

“Why were you not in the army?”

“They did not want me; they said I was flat-footed.”

“Now, I would like to know what time it is; can you tell me, Bering?”

“No sir.”

"Have you a watch?"

"No."

"Do you understand the dial plate of a watch?"

"No."

"According to that you do not know meal time or bed time?"

Yes, yes, that I know."

"You know that. Well, I would like to hear you explain."

"That is easy. When the sun rises in the morning I know at once it is near breakfast time; when, afterwards, I am getting hungry, I know it is dinner time; and, when at eve the sun sinks behind the hills, I am almost certain it is supper time. Then we remain up until we get sleepy, which is sure enough bed time."

"Good! really good!" exclaimed Lieutenant Gregor, laughing heartily.

"Now, Bering," said Berko, "since you spoke of the sun's setting, are you aware of the fact that the sun neither moves nor sets, and that it is the earth that goes around the sun?"

"Ha! what an idea. Why, these gentlemen don't believe it either. Some time ago a party came to me with an apple and said: 'See here, this is the shape of the earth; here, on top, it is day, underneath it is night; but if you turn the

apple, then the other side is night.' Thus this fellow wanted to make a fool of me. I took the apple and said: 'This, you say, represents the earth; here it is day; down below is night. Now, I lay a pin on here, representing a man; now, I turn the apple around and where is the pin? It lies on the floor. Now, you see, if the earth was like an apple, we would fall off every night and break our necks.' Yes, that is what I said to that crank."

"Famous! bravo!" cried Lieutenant Gregor. "Berko, that is sufficient!"

"All right, Bering, you can go home. I will let you know when it is time to start on the mission I employ you for."

After Bering had taken his leave, Lieutenant Gregor exclaimed, addressing his friend: "If you have this fellow assume the role of a lover, I will most assuredly win the bet!"

"Well, do not rejoice too soon; we will see who comes out winner," was the answer.

Three months later the two friends, Gustav Berko and William Gregor, were guests at the most fashionable hotel at Traunstein. Both were seated in one of a suite of rooms occupied by Berko and were engaged in conversation with John, Berko's confidential servant.

“Now, John, you know what we wish you to do and what is our object. You understand our *bet*, and we depend upon you and your sagacity. If you do your part well you shall receive five hundred marks. Now, pay attention: By the first train you go home; Bering has already been informed to be in readiness. You will give the woman this money, fifty marks, that she and her children may live. Take Bering to my house and there you will lock yourselves up. Then inform him what is expected of him and drill him in his new role, how to act, etc., that he may not be too clumsy in his movements at his first appearance. I think you can accomplish this in two days. Let’s see; to-day is Monday. Arrange matters in such a way as to arrive here next Thursday, at noon. We will receive you at the depot. Now, mark well, Bering is *Prince Berinsky*, the Russian Prince Berinsky, who was raised on his estates in a distant part of Russia, and is now traveling for the first time in foreign countries. After his travels he will go to St. Petersburg and be presented at the Imperial Court, and if he likes St. Petersburg he will make it his future home. Those suits of clothing, hats and all outfits, you know where they all are. Now, take this gold watch and chain, this large seal ring, but be careful that he does not lose anything, for these things are very valuable. Now, get ready and

take the next train. Here, take these five hundred marks, not to run short of means. Wait, one thing more: On a former occasion you understood how to alter your appearance in such a way that I hardly knew you myself, now do so again. You are a Russian now, the body guard of the Russian Prince, *Berinsky*. We depend entirely on you; do your part well."

"Sir, you shall have no cause to complain."

"I know that, John; now, hurry to the train."

"There, now, the ball is rolling," continued Berko, after his servant had gone. "We will see whether Miss Bella Caldwell will catch at the bait."

"Do you really intend to lead Miss Caldwell into temptation?" asked Lieutenant Gregor.

"Most assuredly I will. She suits the purpose as if made for it. She has a spattering knowledge of the German language. She is an heiress to several millions and has the matrimonial malady for high titles."

"Berko!" exclaimed Lieutenant Gregor in a reprimanding tone.

"Well, you don't believe it. Didn't you notice last night how attentively she listened when I was speaking of our friend, the Russian Prince, *Berinsky*? How eagerly she asked questions regarding him and wanted to know all about him?"

“And yet you are mistaken, Berko.”

“Well, it maybe; but I do not believe it. Of course, time will tell.”

“By the way, I wanted to ask you last night how you got so quickly acquainted with the ladies?”

“Simple enough,” said Berko. “You know, yesterday, I drove to the estate of a friend in the neighborhood. Well, returning, I was overtaken by a rain-storm. Not far from Traunstein I noticed two ladies hurrying toward the village and I recognized the Americans who were boarding at the same hotel as we. I had my hack stopped, got out and offered the vehicle to the two ladies. I made use of the English language. My offer was accepted on condition that I would not go on foot, but remain in their company. Once seated, a mutual introduction followed. I discovered that one was MISS BELLA CALDWELL, OF NEW YORK, and the other was MISS LIZZIE WENTWORTH, OF BOSTON, the latter a friend and companion of the former. By the way, a good looking, young, bright and sensible girl, but not wealthy.”

“And with whom you have fallen desperately in love,” exclaimed Lieutenant Gregor.

“Yes; have you noticed that already? Now, acknowledging my soft inclination, I do like the

girl, and if she agrees—I am rich and independent. Now I'll say this: let's drop this wager, I am troubled at heart about something entirely different at present."

"And what might that be?"

"I am uneasy about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. I think we had better drop that wager. I should become inconsolable if you were to become unhappy."

"I unhappy! What puts that into you head?"

"I have grave fears that you may lose your heart with this Miss Caldwell. She is also good looking. Now, if she would give you the mitten—then——"

"Now, stop, Berko; you are most assuredly mistaken. I'll neither fall in love nor receive a mitten, and the arrangement must be carried out as per agreement, just to prove to you that you are wrong."

"Very well; it suits me entirely."

On the platform of the passenger depot at Traunstein there was great excitement on the following Thursday, at the time of the arrival of the train from the north. A miscellaneous

and numerous public, guests and citizens of the village had assembled to greet the passengers of the incoming train. A little separated from the large throng, there stood two young, elegantly dressed ladies and two gentlemen. One of the latter was clad in the uniform of an officer of the German army. These four were the Misses Caldwell and Wentworth, Berko and Lieutenant Gregor. They seemed to be engaged in a spirited conversation, which was suddenly interrupted by a shrill whistle, and, but a few moments later, the panting locomotive rushed up to the depot with its sweeping train. Berko and Gregor made their excuse to the ladies and hurried to the passenger coaches in order to receive Prince Berinsky. A man, who undoubtedly was the bodyguard of a high, aristocratic person, also forced his way through the crowd, made a respectful and lowly bow to a passenger of the train, who had appeared in the entrance of one of the coaches, saying: "Your Excellency, Prince Berinsky, this is the watering place Traunstein."

Prince Berinsky, a medium-sized, slim, but well-built man, with long hair, dressed in the highest elegance of fashion, and sporting a heavy gold watch chain and a magnificent real diamond ring on one of his fingers, stood in the doorway of the coach, looking about in a bashful and embarrassed manner.

The servant stepped close up to the Prince, whispered a few words in his ear, when the Prince exclaimed: "Ah—o—yes; why that is really charmant—yes, charmant—yes, really charmant, Mr. Berko," the Prince offering his hand for greeting.

"I am really very much gratified to see your Excellency looking so well," said Berko, shaking the hand of the Prince. "I hope your Excellency had a pleasant trip. But, please excuse me, here is my friend, Lieutenant Gregor, whom your Excellency remembers."

"Oh, yes; charmant, Lieutenant Mr. Gregor, charmant!"

Lieutenant Gregor, whose face displayed a series of muscular movements, which resembled lightning, while taking the Prince's hand, saluted in a military style and exclaimed: "I am rejoiced that—that your Excellency recollects me."

"Yes—yes, I am also pleased that you are so well," replied his Highness.

"May it please your Excellency," said Berko, "over there are two ladies of our acquaintance, who are desirous of an introduction to your Excellency, if you will permit?"

"I—ah—well, I——"

“Ladies, permit me,” said Berko, introducing, “His Excellency, the Prince Berinsky of Russia, Miss Bella Caldwell of New York, and Miss Lizzie Wentworth, of Boston.”

“Ah—ah, I—I am pleased; charmant, yes, very charmant,” said the Prince to the ladies, who made a silent, but very gracious bow.

“If your Highness would be pleased, and the ladies have no objections,” said Berko, “I propose to drive to our hotel together. I have two hacks outside. How does your Highness wish to ride, alone or with the ladies?”

“I—I—ah, I don’t—I—ah, charmant — I’ll ride with the ladies.”

“I thought that your Highness would prefer the society of such lovely and beautiful young ladies. If you please, the hacks are ready.”

Berko and Gregor assisted the ladies and the Prince into one hack and took the other one for themselves.

“The Lord be praised!” exclaimed Berko, after the vehicle had started, “that is over!” But did you ever see a more clever rascal than my John? If I were not so very positive that it were really he, I would not have known him in his disguise.”

“Neither would I,” said the Lieutenant. “Berko also looks passable.”

“Yes, and how nicely he babbled the word ‘charmant.’ Have you also noted how helpless he stood there when I asked whether he wanted to ride alone or with the ladies; how that scamp John stood behind the ladies and winked at Ber- ing to go with the American? Ah! here we are at the hotel.”

The two friends jumped out of their vehicle and assisted the ladies and the Prince out of theirs.

After arranging a joint drive for the after- noon, the company separated.

Six days later, it was noon time, when a party, consisting of five persons, left the hotel to proceed on foot to the “Cursaal,” to listen to the fine music of a regimental band. It was Miss Cald- well and the Prince, who walked ahead, followed by Miss Wentworth, accompanied by Berko and Lieutenant Gregor.

Prince Berinsky, who was dressed in a full dress suit of unexceptional broadcloth and a fine silk hat, had just answered to the question of Miss Caldwell, “what instrument he liked best,” —“the hand organ?”—when, lo and behold, the Prince suddenly stopped, stood as rooted to the spot and stared horror-stricken at the other side of the street, where, at some distance, the passen-

gers of the just arrived train were coming toward the village. Then he turned suddenly and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, regardless of all princely decorum, back to the hotel.

Berko looked back and could just see how he pulled the shaking stovepipe from off his head, after which he disappeared in the hotel. He paid, then, close attention to the new comers and saw—yes, he saw what had scared the Prince. It was a fat, small country woman with a basket on her arm—it was Mrs. Bering.

With quick mental resolve, Berko requested Lieutenant Gregor to take the two ladies to the concert, while he went to look after the Prince, and find out what ailed him, after which he would follow. With vast strides he went towards the hotel.

“Mr. Berko! Mr. Berko?” almost vociferated a female voice behind him.

“What do you want?” said Berko to the woman. “What in the name of sense to you want here?”

“Oh, dear Mr. Berko, I am so glad I have found you right away. Who was that man, who ran away so fast?”

“That was a Russian Prince.”

“Great goodness—a Russian Prince! Jerum, I thought it was my husband, my Jacob.”

“What do you want here at Traunstein? But, hold, wait here, I will see you in a few minutes.”

Berko hurriedly left the woman and went to the room of the Prince. He found the door locked.

“Open the door, it is I,” said Berko, and continued after he had entered. “Well, that was sensible of you to lock the door. Great Scott! this foolish woman has put us in a d—l of a fix.”

“But what does she want?”

“I don’t know. I will see at once. Lock the door again.”

Berko went to the woman and invited her to his parlor. “Now, tell me, what do you want here?”

“Oh, dear Mr. Berko,” said the woman, half weeping, “you see, so long as I have been married, my Jacob was never away from me, and I have been longing after him, so much, and I feel so lonesome, so terribly lonesome, that I could stand it no more. I must see my Jacob again.”

“Ah! You are home sick?”

“Yes, that is it, Mr. Berko.”

“Well, that being the case, I can console you with the news that he is well and happy and that he will be home next week.”

“But where is he? Can't I see him?”

“No; you can't see him. He has gone to the neighboring city to buy cloth.”

“Oh, my goodness! Will he be back soon?”

“In three or four days.”

“Goodness, gracious! Then I came here, after all, to no purpose. I came to see my Jacob, and I brought him, here in my basket, such nice freshly made sausages and hand made cheese. Oh, my! and he likes that so much.”

“Well, you go back home, Mrs. Bering, and eat the sausages and cheese with your children. I promise you that Bering will be back home next week.”

“Oh! you are such a nice gentleman. Yes, yes, it is best for me to go back home.”

“Wait, a moment, Mrs. Bering,” said Berko, sounding a small bell, which brought a waiter to the room. “Take this woman to the depot, buy her a ticket to Kirchheim and remain with her until the train leaves. I will reward you; afterward you report to me.”

“At your command, sir. Come with me, madame.”

“Good bye, good bye, Mr. Berko,” said Mrs. Bering, “but greet my Jacob for me.”

“It shall be done. Good bye.”

Two days later, it was during the early hours of the day, Lieutenant Gregor came to the room of his friend.

“Berko, you will have to make arrangements to get rid of that tailor as quickly as possible, or I’ll get demented. The shallow, idiotic palaver of this lunatic is nearly driving me crazy. ‘*Charmant,*’ ‘*very charmant,*’ the whole day; ‘*charmant,*’ ‘*charmant,*’ ‘*very charmant,*’ the whole evening; ‘*charmant,*’ ‘*very charmant,*’ from morning to night. Waking, sleeping and dreaming, I hear nothing but ‘*charmant.*’ I shall be ‘*charmant*’ myself after a while, or—crazy. Get rid of that man.”

Berko laughed. “Oh, you admit that I have nearly won my bet.”

“I?” asked Lieutenant Gregor.

“Yes, you. Don’t you see that this stupid and senseless manner of talk is what Miss Caldwell admires. She finds odd and original what would make any rational person crazy or idiotic. Even Miss Wentworth said to me yesterday that she considered the Prince an unbearable bore and his very utterances made her nervous. Of course, she is no heiress of millions, she is still in full possession of common sense. But Miss Caldwell, who otherwise is a fine and highly educated young lady, suffers from a disease which you might call ‘inordinate title craving,’ and you will see she’ll grasp at the chance offered her.”

"I am not as positively convinced as you on that subject."

"Well, then, Bering will have to stay here."

"No, no; I can't stand it any longer. I came to you for the express purpose of getting this matter brought to a close. Please ask that idiot to hurry up, or in other words, to go and address Miss Caldwell and settle the affair one way or the other."

"Let's see," said Berko thoughtfully. "I believe we can risk it. He must request a private interview. Should the answer be favorable he must make a formal visit to-day. Her answer, once known to us, we can then send him away. Yes, I will send for him at once and instruct him."

"In that case I'll leave you."

"Hold, Gregor, before you go I'll have to inform you that I am engaged."

"What! You engaged?"

"Yes, I am engaged to Miss Lizzie Wentworth."

"Allow me, then, to congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. I have seen it coming and am overjoyed. When will the wedding take place?"

"Oh, not so fast. I shall write to-day to my

future bride's parents, asking for the hand of their daughter. Miss Lizzie will remain with her friend and return with her to America, and if everything goes all right, then, I'll go next winter and bring her home as my wife."

On the same day and hour at which the scenes described last took place, Mrs. Bering, the wife of the tailor, Bering, went to the bakershop at Kirchheim to get bread.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bering?" she was accosted thus by a man.

"Well, Braun, is that you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bering, recognizing an old acquaintance. "Since when are you in Kirchheim?"

"Since yesterday evening. How is Bering?"

"Oh, he is at Traunstein."

"At Traunstein!—the duce you say! Then that was Bering after all, whom I saw there."

"Ah, you have seen my Jacob! Have you spoken to him?"

"Seen—yes, but spoken to him—no!"

"When did you see him?"

"Well, I came to Traunstein yesterday morning and had to wait two hours for the next train

to Kirchheim. To kill time, I walked about the town and I met a finely dressed man with a girl. 'What!' I said to myself, 'that fellow looks like Bering.' Following them was another girl in company with Mr. Berko and Lieutenant Gregor. I turned and followed them and took another good look at the man—and I would have sworn it was Bering. He seemed to be in close conversation and very emphatic with the girl. I asked a man who was standing on the sidewalk if he knew him, and he said that gentleman was a Russian Prince."

"A Russian Prince! Great goodness, then I was right the day before yesterday after all! With a girl he was?"

"Yes."

"And gallanting you say he was?"

"Yes; you bet."

"Now, wait!" Uttering these words, Mrs. Bering left the man in the street and ran back home without getting any bread.

It was about noon, on the same day, when Prince Berinsky entered the parlor, where sat Miss Caldwell.

"A—a, charmant—ah—good morning; charman—ah—very good morning, Miss Caldwell."

“Thanks; will Your Excellency be seated?”

“Ah, yes, charmant; please keep your seat also—ah, charmant,” said the Prince, drawing his armchair close to Miss Caldwell’s. “Ah—charmant, very charmant; please, I—I shall—I must—no, I wanted to say—something very char— important to you. Yes; sure enough. I wanted—I would like to—I shall—would—I, myself—don’t you want to get married? Don’t you want to marry—me?”

Miss Caldwell rose to her feet as if by electric force, walked up and down the room several times and stopped at the open window.

“Miss Caldwell—Oh! Miss Caldwell! I didn’t want to make you mad. I—I had to—yes, was compelled; wanted to ask you—because I have to go away!”

“Your Excellency has to go away?”

“Yes; certainly!”

“And where—where do you go?”

“I have to—am compelled—the Russian Emperor wants to see me.”

“Ah, your Excellency goes to the Russian Imperial Court!”

“Yes, yes, that’s it; and for that reason only I wanted to ask—do you want?”

“Yes, yes, your Highness; I accept your offer.”

“Oh my! Oh, ah—charmant! Yes, really, very charmant. I am—yes, delighted, gra—I’d like to kiss you for—”

He was interrupted by a rapping at the door.

“Come in! But, Mary, did I not tell you not to disturb me?” said Miss Caldwell to her servant.

“I should not have done so, Miss Caldwell, but there is a country woman outside with a lot of young children and she will not leave or be driven away.”

“Great Scott! How many children has she?” ejaculated the now pale-faced Prince.

“Oh, a whole lot of them; I think about six.”

“A small, fleshy woman?”

“Yes, your Excellency.”

“God! It is she! By all the saints! Don’t let her in, Miss Caldwell—don’t let her in!”

“Well, why not? What is the matter with the woman?”

“Oh, Miss Caldwell, if you let her come in I—I’ll jump out of the window!”

“All right; I will go and see what she wants.”

“No; you must not do that, either. Go and send that—that woman away.”

“No,” exclaimed Miss Caldwell; “I want to know what all this means. Mary, let the woman come in.”

“Mercy on us; now all is lost! ejaculated the Prince, and in utter despair he looked around the room. The windows were rather too high from the ground. He saw a curtain, and by this time he also saw Mrs. Bering with her children enter the door. He disappeared like lightning behind the curtain. He saw a bed and quickly crawled under it. But Mrs. Bering had seen and followed him.

“Oh, you rascal! Come out, you mean scoundrel, you! Come from under that bed!—wait, I’ll get you!” She saw an umbrella lying close by and grasping it, poked it under the bed. Will you come out?”

“Oh, oh! Susan, quit! I—yes, I’ll come.”

“There, you mean rascal! Come in here!” cried Mrs. Bering, pulling the Prince by his swallow-tail coat into the room. “There, show yourself once more to this woman! Show her also your six young ones! Yes, you needn’t be staring that way; they are his children. You! yes, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to try to steal a poor woman’s husband when she has six children. Yes; shame on you! Now, you come, you scoundrel you! You’ll get your share when we get home.”

Another year had gone by. Lieutenant Gregor, who was with his regiment in garrison at Berlin, had lately returned from a trip on *leave of absence* to his friend, Berko and wife. He was on a short visit to his friend, Major Dopler, in the parlor of the latter and had just finished his romantic story of the *Bet* and its consequences.

“Yes,” he continued, “Berko indeed is happy, but in his wife, the former Miss Wentworth, he possesses the most charming, affectionate and loving wife, one who unites all the qualities to make a man happy. Last year, in October, he went to America, was well received there and was married to his bride at the home of her parents in the city of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, the parents of Mrs. Berko, are now here in Germany on a visit to their daughter, and are overjoyed to see their child so happy.”

“And Miss Caldwell, the rich heiress, where is she now?” asked the Major.

“Berko was telling me that she is at Kissingen this season. A French Prince, absolutely decrepid and dissolute, head over ears in debt, is said to be paying her attention and courting her with a great deal of success. It’s a pity for the girl,” said Lieutenant Gregor, as he closed his narrative with a sigh.

“And the patch-tailor, Bering?”

“Well, his family has had another increase and since Berko paid them the promised two hundred marks, and made a thorough explanation to the woman, she has regained her former good humor and they are getting along nicely.”

Only, when Mrs. Bering finds out that there is an American girl in the village, she gets uneasy and watches her Jacob with jealous eyes.



“My Mascot.”

“MY MASCOT.”

“Haven’t you got an old hat which you can lend me?” I was asked by Mr. Smith, an old acquaintance.

“Yes, I think I have one at home. But what do you want with an old hat?” I inquired in astonishment.

“Well, I intend to go on a deer hunt to-morrow, and I have no hat but this silk stovepipe I am now wearing; and to go hunting with a cylinder on my head would hardly do.”

“Yes, that is quite true.”

“Will you bring me that hat to-morrow morning from home?”

“Certainly, I will.”

“Good! Then I’ll come to your office early and get it.”

“All right.”

The next morning, according to agreement, Smith made his appearance and I gave him the promised hat. It was a broad-brimmed, black, soft felt. I was in the habit of giving my hats

a deep dent or depression, a so-called rain-catcher, transforming the round appearance of the crown into an oblong shape, with a sharp point front and back. The hat, which I was loaning Smith, had a large hole in the front, caused by constant indentation.

“Here, Mr. Smith,” said I, “if you will wear this old hat, it is at your service. I have but this one.”

“Oh, that will do; it is good enough to run around with on the prairie.”

I was in the best of humor that morning and wished to have a little fun, but I never expected that my little quibble would have such evil effects in the denouncement as it really had; hence I said to Smith: “Are you aware that this old hat is a Mascot?”

“Really?”

“Yes; and I will tell you how it will bring you luck. You, of course, are aware what a mascot means?”

“Yes; it is something that brings luck to the possessor.”

“Good! You know the greatest difficulty in deer hunting is, to get near enough to your game for a good shot. Now, do you see this hole in the hat?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. When you get in a neighborhood where you expect your game, pull this hat entirely over your face, so that no one will know you, and look through this hole. When in the proximity of the animals and they will recognize this old hat, the leading ‘buck’ (of course not in our language, but they have a language of their own), the ‘buck’ will say to the others: ‘Be still, children; do not be afraid, that is that old fool Bob. I know his hat. Never fear; he couldn’t hit anything with his old gun—no, not to save his life.’ Now, you see, this old hat will not make the herd uneasy. They will continue to graze and thus you will have a chance to get near enough for a sure and successful shot.”

“Oh, that is splendid; I will closely follow your instructions,” said Smith.

“Stop; one thing more: I claim half of all you get.”

“Agreed; you shall have it,” said Smith, and off he went.

On the following morning, with a bundle under his arm, my old hat in one hand and his walking cane in the other, Smith entered my office like a cyclone and looking like a wild Indian on the war path. “Here,” he said, in a voice quivering with rage, “here is your miserable hat!” and, with a gesture of contempt, he threw the same at my feet.

“Great Scott!” I exclaimed in amazement, “what is the matter?”

“The matter?! enough to make a man crazy! I experienced more annoyance yesterday than ever before in my life. Yes, sir, that is true; and it is no one else's fault but yours. Yes, you and your shabby despicable old hat, and your barefaced impudence to claim the hat to be a mascot. It is really preposterous!”

“But, by all the saints, relate what has happened!”

“Now, before I tell you what happened, let me ask you one question: Didn't you want half of all I got?”

“Y-e-s !”

“Well, you shall have it; and hence I will tell you everything. Three hours after I left you yesterday, I reached the mountains. After I had made all due or necessary preparations for the hunt, I pulled your mascot, according to your directions, over my face and proceeded slowly, looking about, far and near, everywhere, through that hole in the hat, but could not get a glimpse of any living thing. I probably had walked thus for an hour, when suddenly I received a terrible blow, thus—”

“Oh, oh !” I cried, after the relator had given me an unexpected blow across my face, which

made me think my head was broken. "Oh, what in the d—l's name do you mean?"

"Well, that was your half; I have had mine before. Anyway, as I said, it was a powerful lick. Infuriated, and with my gun in one hand, I hit about me, but did not come in contact with anything. At last I pulled the hat off in order to see the scoundrel who had struck me, but I saw no one—not a living being within sight. The nearest trees stood at least a hundred yards away, so I could not have run against one of them. The whole was a mystery. 'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'it is possible that the villain is behind me!' I made several quick turns, but nothing living was to be seen. Then another lick, thus—"

But this time I was prepared, and when Smith was hauling off to give me the lick, I stooped low and with one leap to the side evaded the blow. But if adversity has once taken hold of anybody, one calamity will follow another, and all preparations or endeavors to avoid them will prove futile. The blow, I did not receive, but with the sudden leap my feet got entangled in the cross sticks of a chair and—there I lay, sprawling on the floor, feeling as if every limb in my body had been broken on the wheel. With a loud groan I arose.

“Now you have *your* half in a different manner!” continued Smith in an unrelenting spirit, “and, as already said, I received another blow on the head, but this time from behind. I turned around quickly, and, what did I see? I had stepped on the teeth of a dilapidated old rake, in consequence of which the handle flew up and struck me in the face and head. Maybe you think I wasn’t mad! Seizing the rake I broke it into atoms on the nearest tree. After my passion had somewhat subsided, I again applied my mascot to my head and face and went on my way. I might have continued a half hour, when I felt something pulling at my coat-tail. I reached back and sure enough something had hold of me. I snatched the hat off, wheeled around, and saw an old cow chewing my coat-tail pockets! You noticed yesterday that I was wearing a coat with ‘long appendages.’ Well, in the hind pockets I had put some salt, in case I should be compelled to cook something during the day, and the cow must have got scent of it. I drove her away, but my coat is so chewed up that I can never make any use of it again.

“Here it is,” said Smith, interrupting himself and opening the bundle which he had under his arm and showing me the coat with the demolished tails. “You see for yourself that I can never wear this coat again, and I wish to inform you

that it cost me twenty dollars; consequently your half is ten dollars even, which amount I will call for to-morrow. Now, after once having quited my excited mental faculties," continued Smith, "I again applied the mascot to my face and again proceeded in the hunt. I walked about over the prairie at all points of the compass, but could see no deer. Presently I observed something moving behind a bush—really it must be a deer! I gradually crept nearer, took aim and fired. Then pulling the mascot or that infernal hat off, I ran to the place where the deer must have fallen, but alas! Instead of the noble stag, I found I had killed a large fat hog. This was decidedly provoking. I cast my eyes in every direction to ascertain whether or not anyone had seen me shoot the hog. I saw, to my great alarm, that I was in the immediate vicinity of a farm and the house thereon was within barely two hundred yards of where I stood. From it, probably aroused by my shot, came several men who were looking enquiringly about. Overcome with fear, I began to run, as only a man can under such circumstances. But soon I heard loud and vehement shouts and exclamations close behind and it didn't take them long to catch up with me. There were three of them; two young strapping chaps and one old man. They took my gun, and with their overgrown farmer fists, they dealt me blow after blow, thus—"

"Smith—dear Mr. Smith, do not beat me," I cried piteously; "I am even now more dead than alive!"

"It is true you look miserably wretched," exclaimed Smith. "I will save the balance of your share for a better time. You may be sure that you will not fall short. Now, to continue: These fellows seemed for a while bent upon making hash out of me, and I drew a long breath of relief when the old man commanded the young scoundrels to stop their pummeling and beating me."

"Sir!" cried the old man addressing me, "do you know that you have killed my best hog, which I wouldn't have parted with for any price?"

"I told him I was very sorry."

"Sorry or not sorry," vociferated the old man, "you have killed my hog and I want to get paid for it right now! If you do not pay me willingly I shall sue you!"

"How much do you consider your hog to be worth?" I asked.

"At least thirty-five dollars."

"What!" I cried, "thirty-five dollars? For that sum I can buy in San Antonio four hogs as large as yours."

“That may be,” replied the old man, “but no such hogs as mine.”

“I can’t pay that much for this hog,” I said.

“Well, in that case I’ll sue you. We’ll see if such a contemptible city dude can come out here and kill a poor farmer’s hogs without hindrance! We have courts here in Texas.”

“I think we will take the fellow along at once to the Justice of the Peace,” exclaimed one of the vulgar young rustics.

“Yes, that’s it,” cried the old man. “Take him to Judge O’ Bryan right away.”

The two uncouth youngsters took me between them, the old man in front, and thus we walked a distance of two miles to the farm of the Justice of the Peace. Upon arriving, the old man related the crime committed by me.

“Endeed, and it’s powerful bad, this is!” said the Justice, after the old man had finished his story. “Yis, powerful bad; but God be praised, crimes like this must be punished! But we—yis, we, have the laws of Texas, and it is mesilf will see them same laws kept and obeyed! Although it is unable I am to hear and take up the case now, becuse me wife is away and me constable is gone, he is. Stop. If it plase the Lord, this is Thursday, it is; we will set the suit for Tuesday next week.”

“After the plaintiffs had given their consent, I was examined by the Justice of the Peace: ‘What is your name? How old are you? Where do you live? What is your occupation? Have you parents? If so, how many? What is their name? What is your father’s occupation? Did your parents have any children? Were they all girls or boys? What is the name of your grand parents? What did they do? Where did they live? Were they childless or not? Why don’t you have children? Why are you not married yet? Couldn’t you find a girl to suit? Have you a sweetheart? Do you drink? Smoke? Use snuff? Chew? Dance? Have you ever stolen any chickens? Do you belong to the church? To what religion do you belong? Have you been baptized? Were you ever born? When? Where? Can you recollect that time? Have you been to school? Can you read? Write? Can you tell me how much is ‘two and two’? Have you ever been punished at school? How many times? Didn’t you loaf during school hours? —— ——’

“After answering all these interrogatories and many others in the most conscientious manner, said the Justice: ‘Endade, an unlooky case it is, sar. Be the laws of the State I am compelled, I am, to put a surety on you; and is there any friend ye have that will give bond for you in these surroundings!’

“ ‘No!’ I responded.

‘Thin, it will be miself, who will not mind the law, and it is letting ye run, I will. But, mind ye now, and it here ye need to be at 9 o’clock in the marning, Tuesday next, or send a lawyer to represent you; if not, we will send our constable to bring you. Your gun it is ye ask for? It will remain in kaping of this court, it will, until ye’s suit is ended.’

“Rest assured that I cleared out at once,” continued Smith, “and arrived home very late last night. Now, let us consult how *we* can get out of this — ”

“We!” I exclaimed, “I haven’t got anything to do with it!”

“No?—Didn’t you want the half of everything I got?”

“Y-e-s.”

“Well, then, I got nothing by hunting; have only experienced and suffered adversity and distress, and of this *you* shall have your share. There is no more to be said about it, for you and your ragged, miserable mascot are the cause of all the accidents and casualties of yesterday.”

I concluded, that Smith was right, and after much consultation it was decided I should consult a lawyer as to the best “modus operandi” of extricating my friend from the network of

trouble, which the mascot had woven around him.

Accordingly, I went to Mr. Brown, an able attorney, and described to him our situation.

“That your friend Smith did not pay the thirty-five dollars was very sensible,” said Mr. Brown. “The claim is an outrageous one, and it is really astonishing how impertinent these farmers are getting. You turn that suit over to me; I’ll fix them—not one cent shall they have.”

“What will you charge us for your services?” I asked.

“Well, as you are an old acquaintance, I’ll not overtax you.”

“But I would like to know anyway how much your fee will be.”

“Well, owing to our acquaintance and friendship, I will charge you only twenty dollars.”

At first I thought the sum a little high, but counted that Smith would have to pay half, so I engaged the lawyer.

Smith, whom I saw later, was pleased with the bargain.

The next Saturday morning the lawyer came to me. “You could do me a great favor,” he said. “I have something to pay and have left my bank book at home. I need ten dollars.”

I gave him the money. The same afternoon he came again and in a long-winded story told me that his grandmother had come on a visit, and he hadn't one cent at home. Couldn't I let him have five dollars in advance?

I gave him the five dollars.

In the evening I saw Smith and told him I had let the lawyer have fifteen dollars.

"D——n it!" cried Smith, "he also got fifteen dollars from me, hence the man has already ten dollars more than contracted for!"

We looked at one another for a long time, with long faces, and, as I afterwards thought, very foolish ones, and then went home.

The following Monday morning the lawyer came again with a sad countenance. His grandmother wanted to go back home and desired that he pay her railroad fare. He would like to do it with all his heart, but did not have one cent. Could I let him have five dollars?

"No, sir!!" I cried.

"All right, if you do not let me have the five dollars willingly, I demand it!"

"What!" I cried in amazement, "have you not already received more money from us than we contracted for?"

"No, I have not. What did I charge you?"

“Twenty dollars.”

“That is right; and I shall not demand one cent more. Fifteen dollars I have received and thus there are five more due me.”

“What! Did you not also go to Smith and get him to give you fifteen dollars?”

“Yes, that is correct; and he also still owes me five dollars.”

“Sir! sir!” I ejaculated, puzzled and confounded at the man’s cool audacity, “sir, how is that?”

“Simple enough; I said I would not charge you more than twenty dollars and consequently cannot charge your friend Smith more than that amount. It would not be right, so I charge him also but twenty dollars.”

“Forty dollars!” I exclaimed and leaned back completely overcome, but after due reflection, I controlled myself and again handed the wretch five dollars, which he smilingly took and left the office.

A few hours later he returned.

“I have everything ready,” he said, “for to-morrow morning. You must call for me early, say at seven a. m. to-morrow with your buggy and——”

“What! I shall go with you?!”

“Of course! How do you suppose I am to get out there? Do you imagine for a moment that out of the few dollars I have received from you, that I will hire a conveyance? Ah! I am not quite as big a fool as that. You come with your buggy to-morrow morning and call for me! I also want you to bring two gallons of whiskey in two separate jugs!”

“Great Scott! What do you want with so much whiskey?”

“That is my business. I need it. You will also dress up in your best suit and wear your cylinder hat. This will give you a dignified and prominent appearance. Your mascot you must take along also. So, now, farewell until morn!” With these words he disappeared.

What could I do? Grieving and getting into a passion would not change matters one iota, and on the following morning I had my horse hitched up and I drove to his house. Soon after we were on the road to the Justice of the Peace, Mr. O’Bryan.

“Now pay attention to what I am going to tell you,” said the lawyer, after having gained the main road and my horse was stepping lustily forward. “After reaching the farm I am going to introduce you to the Judge’s wife, and I wish you to be very courteous and polite to this woman; and if I happen to make an assertion about

anything, which may not be true, you must not contradict me. Again, whenever I ask you to take a drink, you must take long and big drinks!"

"But I do not drink whiskey at all."

"That makes no difference. You put the jug to your lips and pretend to take a big drink."

"But why all this nonsense?"

"It is no nonsense. If you were not such a green fellow you would understand at once why I ask you to do this. I want the others to drink, and when they see that you and I drink a great deal without its affecting us, they will be apt to follow suit. Now do you understand?"

"Y-e-s."

Half an hour before the appointed time we were at the main gate which lead into O'Bryan's farm. We could, from this point, get a complete view of the whole place. Immediately inside the fence was the field and a narrow wagon road wound through the same towards the house. There were two men and a woman working in the field about fifty yards away from us.

"That is O'Bryan and wife," said the lawyer. "The other is a hired hand and constable at the same time." He then got out of the bnggy, opened the gate, and I drove through.

“Tie your horse to this tree and we will walk over to where they are.”

I obeyed instructions, after which we walked towards the place where the three were working. They had noticed us by this time and looked inquiringly at us.

“Good morning, Judge; good morning, Mrs. O’ Bryan. How glad I am to see you looking so healthy!” exclaimed the lawyer, while holding his hat in his left hand and extending his right to husband and wife. The Justice, an old, uncouth, haggard and beardless man with long disheveled hair, took the hand of the lawyer and shook it with a cordial welcome.

Mrs. O’ Bryan was the opposite to her husband—his very counterpart. Short, but stout, red hair, gray eyes, a stub nose of a bluish red color, and a very large mouth, while the cut of her dress did not increase her loveliness. The waist came about under her arms, and she undoubtedly wore a hoopskirt of unusual size, as the lower part of her dress was at least five or six times larger in circumference than the waist. I was introduced and greeted pleasantly.

“‘And it is about the pig ye came?’ was the interrogatory of the woman, addressing the lawyer.

“Yes, Mrs. O’ Bryan’s,” he answered.

“ ‘And wasn’t that a shameful and unchristian act to a poor farmer’s hog? The blarsted sinner, save the pigs and your honor, he should be punished and fined, endade. Yis, punished and fined!’

• “ ‘Why, Mrs. O’Bryan, you are perfectly right!’ said the lawyer, whom I regarded with astonishment. ‘It is a vile and contemptible act, and that man Smith deserves to be fined, but—’

“ ‘Well?’ asked the woman.

“ ‘You see, Mrs. O’Bryan, if those people— oh, what is their name, whose hog was killed!’—

“ ‘Miller.’”

“ ‘Good. You see, Mrs. O’Bryan, if Mr. Miller and his two sons, after they had caught Smith, had brought him here to our respected and Honorable Justice O’Bryan, and, had him fined to the utmost penalty of the law, that would have been perfectly right and in order. But to beat and thrash him—no, that was unlawful.’”

“ ‘Now, if it plase ye, he was desarving the beating, all the same!’”

“ ‘In this, Mrs. O’Bryan, I agree with you, but—great Scott! I feel—I feel really weak and fainting. We started early this morning from the city. We brought a little of something strong, but actually forgot to make use of the

same. Please excuse me for a moment if I step aside; I only wish to go to the buggy, or," addressing me, the lawyer said: "Wouldn't you please go after the jug? That is, if Mr. and Mrs. O'Bryan have no objections?"

"Not at all, at all," said the woman.

I went to the buggy and brought the desired jug.

Returning, I heard the Judge order the servant, who stood there with mouth wide open, to bring our buggy to the stable, which he did.

"Oh! a thousand excuses, Mrs. O'Bryan," exclaimed the lawyer, after he had taken the jug out of my hands and, as if lost in thought, offered the same to the woman.

"I—pray excuse me," he added, laughing; "my gallantry and respect for the weaker sex came near betraying me. I was actually about to pass you the jug; never reflecting that such an act would be offensive to a lady. Once more, I entreat you, forgive me."

"Come, now; none of yer high falutin blarney! It isn't me that can be skered by a jug and its contents, never you fear. Just plase hand it this way. It won't make me faint—be sure of that."

She drank from the jug, her husband followed suit, then the lawyer in long draughts, and I—

I came last and, in accordance with instructions, I put the jug to my lips and apparently made heavy drains of the same, after which I placed it on the ground.

“Oh, what was I going to say? Yes, I have it. It was about the hog and the thrashing. As already said, Mrs. O’ Bryan, a moderate beating would’t have been wrong; but—well, I know, Mrs. O’ Bryan, you are a smart and sensible lady; you possess sound common sense and judgment, and after you get acquainted with all the particulars, you will agree with me. Those Millers have given that man Smith such a beating that he came near dying last week; and you see, they were certainly not justified in doing that.”

“And is it the facts ye are tellin’ me?”

“Of course! When he came back to town he complained of pains in the back and had to go to bed at once. He was really very sick. He engaged me as his representative here to-day, but we will bring the case before the grand jury, and—well, you know what that means. It will be a very sorry and uncomfortable affair for those Millers.”

“Yis, if the batin’ was done that bad, plaze the saints, it will be a hard case for the Millers, and pace making would be a blessing.”

“You see, Mrs. O’ Bryan, that I was right in my judgment. I knew, if everything was explained and made clear to you, you would hit upon the only feasible way of settling this matter.”

“Now let us be goin’ to the house, as I see that Miller and his lads are there now,” interrupted the Judge.

Again, in consequence of the pressing invitation of the lawyer, the jug made its round and lastly remained in the hands of the Justice.

We walked slowly towards the house, which was about three hundred yards distant.

“Offer the woman your arm,” whispered the lawyer in my ear.

What could I do? I had to accept the situation and politely offered her my arm, which was accepted at once, and we walked in advance, followed by the other two.

The woman at once made interrogatories about Smith. Of course, I spoke well of him. We had advanced about one hundred yards, when Mrs. O’ Bryan drew back suddenly, saying: “Begora, it’s not right at all, at all, to trate decent ladies and gentlemen, as we are, in a neglectful manner, endade not!”

I looked back, and sure enough the Judge had the jug to his lips.

“Now, be the saints, will ye after giving me the jug; it’ll be me to carry it safe, and it is careful ye should be, for this day of the Lord is your court.”

She again took my arm, with the jug in the other hand, and thus walked to the house. Upon reaching it, she winked at the old man Miller, and immediately after, the old man and the O’Bryans disappeared in the house. The lawyer took my arm and we walked, in slow and measured steps, towards our buggy.

“Hello, the other jug is missing,” I said after we reached the vehicle.

“Hush, now! Don’t you see, back of the stable, there is the hired man or constable with the two young Millers, sampling the whiskey. Never mind; just let them drink.”

A little later old man Miller came out of the house and motioned the lawyer aside.

“Are you a lawyer?” I heard the old man ask.

“Yes,” was the response.

“Good. Will you or can you do me a favor and give me some advice? Here are five dollars.”

“All right, Mr. Miller, what do you wish to know?”

“Are things really so bad and can it actually result in such a disastrous ending?”

“Of what do you speak, Mr. Miller?”

“Well, about the hog-killing matter.”

“Ah, yes—yes, that is a fatal matter and verily a bad case. I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Miller, that you should have got yourself entangled in this unfortunate affair.”

“Yes—but what must I do?”

“Take the suit or complaint back, and I will try and persuade Smith to keep silent.”

“Would that cost me anything?”

“Why, of course!”

“How much?”

“Well, let me see—pay me twenty dollars and cost of court, then——”

“What?! Thunderation! That I’ll never do! What, my best hog killed and on top of all that, the Lord only knows how much money I will have to pay in addition! No, sir! I’ll never do it!”

“Then I really cannot help you,” said the lawyer, drawing up his shoulders.

Miller sped away, called his two sons and the trio put their heads together. After a while I

noticed how the two younger ones were abashed and thoughtfully scratching their ears and then all three went into the house. A short time after they came out again and old man Miller said they would accept the compromise and pay the twenty dollars and costs of the court.

“The court is open!” roared the constable.

We all went into the house. The room we entered was very small and low. In one corner stood a bed; in the other a large trunk; in the middle a table, upon which stood the code of the State of Texas. A half dozen rawhide chairs completed the outfit.

The Justice sat back of the table, with his wife next to him.

After we were all seated and had bared our heads, the Justice said: “Be the power to me granted this court will proceed; and is the complainant and defendant in attendance?”

“Yes, your Honor,” replied the lawyer. “May it please the Honorable Court, I would like to inform your Honor that the opposing parties have made a peaceable compromise.”

“‘And if it is the facts ye are tellin’ me, it is not any court that is needed at all, at all!’ said the Justice.

“‘And it is meself says *no!*’ exclaimed the wife of the Justice; ‘the law suit is in court, it

is ; it be chating the law, endade ; ye can draw out in open court only, Mr. Lawyer !

“ ‘Silence !’ roared the Justice. ‘Silence in court !’

“ ‘Yes ; silence in court !’ howled the constable.

“Mrs. O’ Bryan,” continued the Justice, addressing his wife, who had cast some contemptuous looks at the constable, “Mrs. O’ Bryan, it is silence ye’ll be observing in the court.” Then, addressing us: “Since the complaint was presented to this court publicly, it is to be recalled in opent court, endeed.”

“Well,” said the lawyer, “I hereby withdraw the suit and Mr. Miller will——”

“Begorea, it isn’t the defendant has a right to draw out,” interrupted the woman.

“Will ye be after houlding your tongue!” cried the Justice.

“Holding yer tongue !” roared the constable.

“Mrs. O’ Bryan, it is the power of Justice, *we* be after punishing you for contempt of court, twenty-five dollar.”

The woman’s only answer was a contemptuous motion of her lower lip.

“And be the same powers, as Justice of the Peace of the State of Texas, ye be granted forgiveness of the fine,” said the Justice to his wife, and continuing to us: “It be not lawful for defendant to be after making a withdrawal !”

The lawyer got up and spoke in a whisper to Miller, after which old man Miller said: “I withdraw the suit and pay all costs !”

The Justice looked at his wife, who nodded consent, and then said: “Now, be the power of the law, this court is declared closed !”

O’Bryan and his wife stepped in the adjoining room and the rest of us walked out in the yard.

Old Miller said to the lawyer if he would go with him to his house he would pay him the twenty dollars at once. The lawyer went along with the Millers and I was left alone. The constable had seated himself back of the stable.

I went to fetch my horse, and hitched up in order to be ready the moment the lawyer should return, after which I walked up and down the yard. Getting tired and drowsy, I sat down in my buggy. About half an hour later I saw O’Bryan stagger out of the house and, leaning a chair against the wall, he sat down. Not long after I noticed his head drooping on his breast and—undoubtedly he had fallen asleep.

A little later the woman made her appearance and attempted to speak to and rouse her husband. What she said, owing to the great distance between us, I could not hear. She made some efforts to raise his head and seemed to be getting very angry, as she threatened him with her fist; when, by Jupiter, she went for his long hair and pulled his head up.

O'Bryan arose to his feet, apparently infuriated, picked up a large rock and pursued the now fleeing woman.

"Great Scott!" I thought to myself, "if that scoundrel hits her with that rock he will surely kill her!"

I jumped out of the buggy to aid the woman. When I got near them, the woman wheeled about and turned to her husband exclaiming: "O'Bryan, drop that rock! Drop that rock!" she screamed louder.

The fingers of her husband's hand opened slowly and the rock fell to the ground.

"What would ye be after wantin'?" the woman cried, looking at me. "Isn't it mixin' yerself in family doins'? Yis, to be sure; be the saints what are ye here for?"

"I—I wanted—I thought your husband wanted to hit you!"

“What! Begorra, ye spalpeen full of impudence; would ye be after thinking me husband could bate me? Never, be the saints, has he bate me! Mind that, will ye?”

“Ye are a miserable crater!” ejaculated the man. “What for are ye mixing yerself in our family doings? I’ll be after knocking yer brains out, if ye be saying that I would bate my wife.”

“An’ so to the city ye be goin’, ye are to be reportin’ as me husband be wantin’ to bate me? hey!” she screamed, at the same time grasping my coat collar.

I tried to get away from the infuriated amazon.

“There—now—you have it!” cried the man, knocking my silk hat off, and while it was rolling on the ground he gave it such a kick that the hat flew high in the air and fell in the cow pen, where my beautiful cylinder was soon demolished by the cows and calves. Then both tackled me and I received an unmerciful thrashing. Fortunately the lawyer returned and rescued me from the claws of the wretches.

I hurried to my buggy, put the old mascot on my head and called out for the lawyer, that if he didn’t come at once I would go alone. He came and we hurried towards the city.

Glancing backward I beheld the two O’Bryans arm in arm, kissing each other in the most affectionate manner.

While on the road I told the lawyer what had happened during his absence, and that miserable wretch laughed heartily over my misfortune.

“Did you get the twenty dollars from Miller?” I asked him.

“Yes.”

“In that case Smith and I will get some of our money back.”

“What! Are you crazy? You ought to be satisfied to get out of this scrape in such an easy way. If you hadn't had me for an attorney it would have cost you a d——d sight more. But what is the matter, you are driving as if you were following a funeral procession. Give me those reins. Now, get up, you old nag, get up!”

The scoundrel had actually taken the reins out of my hands, and my horse, not being used to such unusual treatment, now galloped with all his might on the rough road. I tried to obtain possession of the reins again, but without success and was compelled to hold fast with both hands to the seat of the buggy to keep from being thrown out. Thus we rushed at a furious maddening rate over the road for some time, when all at once the wretch tried to cross over a chopped-down tree—a crash!—and I lay sprawling on the ground, immediately followed by the

lawyer, who rolled over and over, making several evolutions.

Fortunately my bones were unbroken. I noticed my horse, about two hundred yards ahead, who had come in contact with some trees and brush. I ran to the place, unhitched and tried to quiet and calm the trembling animal. The rear axle of my buggy was broken, and one wheel lay some distance back.

“What now?” I asked the lawyer, who came up waddling like a duck and rubbing his bones.

“What now? Well, whenever you want to take a respectable gentleman to the country you must procure a vehicle that will stand the trip.”

“But what can we do in the present emergency?”

“Well, we both must mount your horse and ride to town. The broken buggy you can send for.”

“My horse will not carry two. As soon as a second one mounts, he is sure to kick and buck.”

“Well, in that case I am sorry for you, as you will have to walk.” Saying this he mounted my horse and rode off.

And I—half dead from that unmerciful thrashing I had received, the furious ride, and the fall from the buggy—I was forced to walk all the way to town, a distance of about six miles.

The same evening, seated in my room near the fire place, tired and completely worn out, I reflected:

“What immense and far-reaching result an apparently silly joke my have!” My self-communications worked me up to such a passion and crazed frenzy, that I jumped up, grasped my old hat, which was the original and real cause of all the trouble and mischief that had befallen me, and pitched it into the grate amid the glowing embers.

“There, go!” I cried solemnly, “thou vile and execrable companion! Here at thy funeral pyre I pledge myself ‘never more to have anything to do with a lawyer.’ ‘Never more will I attempt to become peace-maker between husband and wife; not even if they kill one another before my eyes.’ And last, but not least, ‘I will never be guilty of another practical joke, or try to make a fool of a friend or anybody else—no, not even with a *Mascot*.’ ”



“A Deer Hunt.”

“A DEER HUNT.”

Once I was deer hunting. I have seen real live deer, and shot at them and hit—what? Well, I ought to have known that I am, and always was, a subject of evil fate. In my earliest youth I experienced one of the most excruciating and painful experiences, which should have cured me of deer hunting of any kind. My first hunt was not for real live deer, but for an imaginary one, stimulated as I was by a picture that excited my youthful ambition to become a nimrod.

I was eight years old. On one well-remembered Sunday my mother gave me permission to visit our milk-woman, a widow, who lived about an hour's walk from town, and, who had supplied our little household with milk for years past. Joyous, happy and proud was I on that Sunday, for I was clad in a brand new suit, which my mother had prepared out of some worn-out clothes of my father. From my uncle I had received a handsome walking cane, which I was allowed to take out on that day for the first time, and with it I executed some of the grandest circular twists and twirls with a feeling of great self-importance.

Thus I strode in the finest spirits towards the village, where our milk-woman lived. Arriving there, I was pleasantly received, my new suit sufficiently admired and dozens of times I was told what a pretty and well-bred boy I was, all of which flattered my pride. After partaking of a lunch, the old lady told me, if I wanted to play with her children, we could take possession of the whole yard. I went out, followed by the woman's six satellites. It took some time for a little life to become infused into our conglomerated play—croud. The children stood shy and bashful, with their fingers in their mouth, and gaped and stared at me, as if I was a wonder from the sea. I condescended to propose several games, and, during the next hour, we became sufficiently acquainted to make the time pass pleasantly, so much that the oldest boy, who was about my age and size, got into a serious and active fray with me, and we might not have left one strand of hair in each others heads, but for the timely interference of the boy's mother, who pulled us apart and delivered a severe maternal lecture, which, of course, was only intended for her son, after which we played on. I amused myself well enough, but everything would have been much more pleasant, if I had not been compelled to keep a close eye on my new suit, because my mamma had threatened to whip me and prohibit my making any more visits if I soiled

my clothes. She said, by being careful, I might wear this suit until I was eighteen years of age, though knowing full well that they could never be worn by a young man of eighteen. In obedience to instructions, however, I was very careful, and really, in the evening, my suit was without a blemish. When the sun was yet an hour high, I took my departure, noticing at the time that our wilk-woman gave a deep sigh. Of course, she was sorry that I had to go so soon. My mother afterwards said it was a sigh of relief the woman gave at getting rid of me.

Happy and light hearted I walked dreamily along towards the city. Yes, I was dreaming, or at least imagined I was a hunter and held my walking cane in a shooting position and shot at all the birds that flew past me. When, lo and behold ! I came to a small creek over which led a narrow foot bridge, while on the opposite side rose a low hillock. The whole scene was a facsimile of a picture in our parlor at home, with the only difference that on the picture a hunter knelt on the ground with steady aim at a large buck approaching the waters edge on the other side of the creek. "Ha," thought I, "if a deer should now make its appearance there, how nicely I could fill the hunter's place !" But what is that ? My vivid and too excited imagination had created a deer on the other side. I threw myself on the ground, with stick in aiming

position—shall I shoot? No, not yet; the deer is too far off. I slipped on all fours quite a distance upon the stony surface;—now?—no, not yet; there are some trees in the way. I crawled on, my imaginative deer came nearer—suddenly I jumped up, took aim with my cane, and—*bang!* Jehosophat!—how I bounded back with fear. Before me stood a large and aged man, who, in my hunting excitement, I had not noticed. Approaching me, he said :. “What do you mean, you good for nothing scamp! Do you dare to make a laughing stock out of old people? Wait, I will teach you better sense and manners!”

I affirmed and declared by all that was holy and dear, that I was innocent of any intention to ridicule or make fun of him; but it was of no use. He pulled my cane away from me, stretched me over his knee and—oh, ye gods! how the licks smarted as the cruel cane came down upon me! I yelled with all the available power of throat and lungs; I kicked and scratched with hands and feet, but to no purpose. As a last resort I cried out, that I was dying. He then placed me on my feet, gave me back my imaginary gun, that is to say my cane, saying :

“Now, you good-for-nothing scamp you, go!”

The last command needed no repetition. I ran as fast as I could, at the same time rubbing

soothingly that part of my body which had been so bitterly wronged.

It had grown dark, in the mean time, and I had to hurry home. I got there just in time for supper. My mother, as she finished lighting the lamp, turned and received me joyously, saying :

“Well, dear child, have you returned? Did you amuse yourself, and have you had a good——” but suddenly interrupting herself and pointing to my knee with utter surprise and dismay, exclaimed : “How did you do that?”

Frightened, I followed the direction to which her finger pointed. Ye powers above ! During my fantastic and imaginary deer hunt, while on all fours, I had burst the knees of my new pants—so much so, that by the glow of the lamp my bare knees were visible.

“How did you do that, I say?” again exclaimed my mother.

“I—I—do not know, dear mamma.”

“Will you at once confess where and how you tore your pants?”

“Mamma, I—I was playing deer hunting.”

“Ah ! Playing deer hunting, and there you tore your new pants ! Wait ; I’ll play ‘deer hunting’ with you. Suiting the action to the word, she took the walking cane from me.

“Oh, dear mamma, please do not whip me ! I have already received a severe whipping for it.”

“So ; you got a whipping already, did you ? Good ! You deserved it, and it does no harm to such a good-for-nothing scamp as you, to receive a score of whippings !”

Down again came the hateful walking cane with terrific force. I was more dead than alive, and for eight days, to sit down was the most uncomfortable thing I could do.

All this was the result of my fertile imagination in regard to deer hunting.

Now to my hunt for real live deer.

I was living on a farm, about fifteen miles from San Antonio. How did I get there ? Simple enough. Having discarded school, I remained in the city ten years ; working at many different things. I wanted to get rich. I came near stumbling into the good graces of that treacherous goddess called Fortune. But, after ten years' experience of hard and varied toil, I found in balancing my accounts, that I had made \$0.00. This was my reward for ten years' work in the city. But this was not all. I had made one acquisition—a wife. Yes, I had gained a wife. Now, since the investment of our capital did not

cause us any heartaches, we discussed the question, "How to make a living." I proposed farming, and, after a little consideration, the proposition was accepted. I then studied a few borrowed books on farming, agriculture, stock-raising and the care of poultry. I wanted to know everything and carry on every department of my labor according to the rules of science, so as to be able to show the farmers that farming, stockraising, etc., can only be profitably carried on by the aid of science.

I rented a small farm, bought on time payments, from a man who was disgusted with farming, two horses, an old wagon, and several plows. I then took my ten years' acquisition, my wife, put her on the wagon and away we went to launch into the farming business.

Now, up to the day on which I undertook my first real deer hunt there had elapsed a period of six months, and yet I had not the faintest idea where the wealth of a farm was to be found. Our household had increased. We bought, on the strength of our growing crop, a cow and calf. The cow was a gentle animal ; and yet, hadn't I had such good lower appendages, she would have had me at one time on her big, long horns. I found out afterwards that a malicious neighbor was the cause ; he wanted to play me a trick. I had complained to this knavish man one day that

my wife and myself pulled on the cow every day until our hands and fingers were cramped, yet we hardly got a quart of milk, while we had been assured that the cow would give from four to five quarts of milk a day.

“Well,” said the deceitful man, “many Texas cows do that ; but there is a good remedy for it. When the cow holds back her milk, all you need do, is to rap her stoutly on the horns with a stick, and the milk will come at once.”

The next morning, armed with a stick, I stood before the cow.

“I think you must rap now,” said my wife, “she is beginning to hold the milk back.”

I rapped. The cow didn't seem to like this very much, shook her head and looked at me with eyes that seemed to say: “Quit that nonsense!”

“I think you must rap harder,” continued my wife, “I do not get a drop of milk !”

Once more I rapped on the horns, when to my great consternation the cow jumped at me, and knocked over my wife and what little milk she had got. I sprang aside. Turing around, the cow again made for me at full tilt. In despair I ran about the barn yard, the cow roaring and bellowing behind me and lessening the distance between us every moment, when luckily I

reached the house and had barely time to slam the door in the face of the infuriated brute.

Rest assured I never rapped the cow's horn again.

Our calf was a pretty, lively little animal. We had named the horses; one was called Bill, the other Jack, consequently we had to name the cow and calf. The cow was christened "Daisy" and the calf "Rover."

Our Rover was my wife's pet. Whenever she walked across the barnyard, Rover would follow her like a dog. Mornings, when the cow had been milked, she was kept for several hours in the yard and Rover was allowed to go in the prairie to eat fresh grass. Whenever my wife would call "Rover! Rover!" the calf would come, no matter how far off it was, if it could hear her voice. This seemed a source of great pleasure to my wife and she lavished on her little Rover a great deal of petting. How mad I used to get about so much caressing and fondling, words fail to express. But I'll be very careful not to say a word against it any more, since my wife, upon some critical remarks of that kind, played a heavy trump upon me as a repartee.

One day when little Rover, obedient as ever to her call, came running home, the affection of my wife went so far as to imprint a kiss upon the

sleek little head of the calf. Irritated at this, I took her by the hand and drew her away, saying: "It looks very unbecoming in you to be kissing a stupid calf."

My wife grasped my arm, and looking at me with a smile, said: "Husband, I actually believe you are envious and jealous of our little Rover."

From that time I took good care never to say a word about her affection for the calf.

There was a great deal of game in the neighborhood where we lived. Rabbits, turkeys and deer we could see almost any day from our house. I only lacked a good gun. I had, it is true, an old musket, a real thunderer and kicker, but the very thought of going on a hunt with it, made my skin creep. One time I aimed at a turkey with that musket, without, of course, hurting the fowl, but my musket kicked with such force that I imagined my whole shoulder was in pieces and my wife had to apply to it camomile poultices. Since then I have had an indescribable fear of that old gun.

One night we had seen about an hour before sun down a fine buck and a doe not far away from the house and my wife remarked in a coaxing way:

"Dear Bob, will you teach how me to shoot?"

“With that terrific gun?” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” she answered.

“That will break your shoulder to pieces.”

“I am not afraid of that,” she replied. “To-morrow morning, please, load the gun for me. I will pay close attention in order to learn to load it myself, and you must then instruct me in the art of shooting. Look,” said she, smacking her lips as if longing for something delicious to eat, “wouldn’t it be nice if we could have a venison roast? There are so many deer roaming about and you will see how quickly I can get one.”

This was too much for my manhood and pride. “What,” I thought to myself, “my little wife has the courage to fire that gun and I have not!” This aroused my valor; walking to the corner I picked up the thunderer and commenced loading it.

“What are you going to do?” exclaimed my wife, who was watching my proceedings with astonishment.

“I am loading my gun and to-morrow morning I intend going on a deer hunt.”

“What, you will go then yourself?” asked my cunning little wife, and, in the fullness of her heart, she gave me a good hug. “Oh, Bob, how will I love you, when you bring a deer home.

Now, while you are attending to your gun, I will prepare something for you."

"What?" I asked in amazement.

"Well, I will prepare a cushion, which you can buckle around your shoulder, so that the gun can't hurt you."

The next morning when I awoke, the first thing I saw was that calamitous cushion lying on a chair in front of the bed. I at once remembered the promise I had made my wife. My skin crept and I uselessly taxed my brain to find some excuse for not going, but nothing would present itself! What should I do? I could not back down from my words! Oh, if it would only rain! I stuck my head out of the window, but the clearest and bluest sky seemed to regard me with silent mockery. The grim old musket also stood in the corner, and—nothing was left me but to try my skill at hunting.

We fed the horses, attended to our cow and calf, then breakfasted, and I strode forth to kill a deer. I must have looked ridiculous indeed with the cushion buckled around my shoulder. When about fifty yards from the house I prepared my musket for action, walking slowly and noiselessly, carefully reconnoitering on all sides; but far and wide no living thing was to be seen. My fear for my gun had disappeared. I dreamily

pictured the joy of my wife if I were to go home with a deer. Thus had I proceeded some two hundred yards or more, when a sudden rustling was distinctly heard behind some bushes, hardly ten yards ahead of me. Terrified, I stood like a statue. I saw a powerful buck and his mate jump up and make long strides for distant hills. It took some time before I got over my fright; and by this time the game had put some distance between us. I fired, and failed to hit either, as I could see them still running. I loaded my musket again, not wishing to go home without a deer. Ha! What is that?—something kicking—a little to one side of me—a pair of legs—yes, most assuredly; they are deer legs! It must have been a deer which I had not seen before. I ran close up—the legs still continuing to kick—I ran around the bush, and—good God!—before me lay, shot through the head, the calf of our only cow—my wife's pet, our little *Rover!*



“MY FIRST ORATION.”

“MY FIRST ORATION.”

Would I could speak as some men do! Would I could deliver such orations as at times I have heard! How often have I cherished this desire, when, on various occasions, such as festivals, baptisms, weddings, etc., one of my friends would be called upon to make a speech. No one ever called on me to deliver an address. They well knew I couldn't do it, and I had to be grateful to my friends for not exposing me. Then, when on these occasion a speaker understood how to fascinate, charm and keep spell-bound his hearers, who, at the end, would exultingly applaud him, I would sit decidedly angry—not at the speaker—but at myself, because compelled to sit there silent like a stupid dunce or simpleton.

Oh, if only but once I could be applauded and admired for making such a speech!

Even more powerfully still than on these festive occasions what deep emotions I felt, when a speaker would make a heart-touching eulogy, from the effects of which his hearers would be moved to tears!

Oh, if I could accomplish this, I think I would be the happiest man on earth!

Why couldn't I accomplish it? I asked myself, "Why?"

A voice seemed to whisper in my ear: "You have never tried it."

That is true; I have certainly never tried it. "Faint heart never won fair lady." "A strong will can accomplish anything." This and like proverbs suggested themselves to my mind, and I resolved to exert myself to some purpose and achieve success.

But then, another voice seemed in a malicious way to discourage me, saying: "You are *too* old."

"Nonsense!" I answered. "The Swabians claim that a man only gets his real sense at the age of forty, and I am only in the thirties; consequently some years are left me to try in; therefore I must not linger, but commence at once."

My first speech, however, must be a funeral oration; this was my firm resolve. A eulogy on the dead! But about *whom*? It must be either a warm friend or a relative, whose death would touch my heart; that would carry me away with real inspiration and feeling in my plaintive lamentations.

But *who*?—who should it be? I marched all my acquaintances past my mental vision in single file—but none would suit the purpose. Now my relatives. Who of them are nearest and dearest?

My wife? No, no; my darling little wife shall not die yet awhile; besides, it would not be in keeping with the rules of propriety for a husband to deliver the funeral oration over his wife. Who next? Ah, at last I have it! My wife has two brothers; both are married and each has a darling wife; of these one must die.

I seated myself at once at my desk to compose a touching and affecting eulogy upon the death of my sister-in-law, and, ere long, had worked myself into such excitement on the subject, that the tears came to my eyes and ran down my cheeks upon the manuscript. In spite of this I continued writing. After awhile, I heard a chair moving in the adjoining room, where my wife was busying herself with some needlework. Presently she came to my room. Quick as thought, I hid away my manuscript.

“It seemed as if I heard sighing—you are weeping, dear Bob; what ails you—what have you to weep about?” she asked.

“I weeping? I—pshaw! Not a bit of it. I have a cold, dear wife, a severe cold.”

“Shall I make you some pepper tea?”

“What for? I shall soon be all right. Tomorrow morning my cold will be gone.”

“But why do you sit by yourself in this room? Come and keep me company.”

“Well, I’ll be with you after awhile.”

“Confess to me, dear Bob; what have you been doing the whole evening in your room !”

“To you! for mercy’s sake no—oh—I—I thought——”

“What? What were you thinking of?”

“I meant to say—well, a husband ought not to tell his wife everything at all times.”

“Is that it? You have secrets you wish to keep from me !”

“No, dear ; I have not. I was—I was this evening engaged in deep study.”

“May I know the subject of your thoughts?”

“Well, as you force me to it, I—I was thinking about the time of our first love ; when I first saw and became acquainted with you, and—and I lived once more through the romance of our first love ; and then of our marriage. And lastly, I pictured to myself how handsome you would appear in your new dress which you are now making, and which you got from me as a birthday present. Yes, I was thinking how beautiful you would look !”

“You are a dear, affectionate husband to think of such things !” said my wife, and leaning forward she gave me a kiss. “Now, I will not dis-

turb you any longer; I will hurry to finish my dress."

She returned to her room, and I? I could have boxed my own ears for having told such a falsehood to my darling wife. But the truth I could not and would not tell her. I wanted to surprise her with my oratorical talent! Later, when she would admire my powers of speech, I would confess to her how, on this evening, I had so basely deceived her.

Now again to my manuscript. I kept on writing late in the night. My wife had gone to bed long hours ago. At last my speech was finished. I read the whole over once more, and in doing so, almost dissolved in pathetic emotion, but took good care not to do any loud sighing. My oration was a rhetorical masterpiece, irresistible.

Now came the point to commit it to memory. For this I had to wait for some day when my wife would go out, and I might remain at home alone. I wanted to study aloud, and in the very voice in which it was to be delivered. This chance soon presented itself. One afternoon, my wife's brothers, with their wives, made a call for the purpose of taking her out driving, and I—I remained alone. I hastily put on my black frock coat suit and white vest, holding in my hand my stove pipe hat; for without these accompaniments

the committing to memory of my speech was not to be thought of. Thus arrayed I placed myself in front of the mirror, with the manuscript on a small table before me. Then I commenced in slow, measured sentences in emotional and pathetic tones, as follows:

“My Respected Ladies and Gentlemen and all
“Other Mourners:—It becomes my sad and dis-
“agreeable duty to speak in memory of, and to
“announce to you the death of our friend and
“sister-in-law, Mrs. Caroline Taylor, and com-
“mend her to your kind memories. Mrs. Caro-
“line Taylor was born a Needle, born on the first
“day of April, A. D. 1867. Consequently, died
“in the sweetest bloom of youth. When she
“was but eighteen years of age, she became ac-
“quainted with her husband, Mr. Michael Tay-
“lor, born in San Antonio. This—yes, this is
“the gentleman standing next to me here, and
“who is shedding such heart-rendering tears.
“Yes, at San Antonio, they first knew one an-
“other. When Taylor, who is my brother-in-
“law, owing to the fact, that his sister is my
“wife, when he first saw Miss Needle he ex-
“claimed: ‘That Needle must be mine!’ and
“when Miss Needle saw the Taylor, she ex-
“claimed, ‘I must have that Taylor!’ Now,
“since this decision was of a reciprocal nature,
“each one being willing, matters were soon ar-
“ranged. They were married in the year 1884.”

“ for which transaction they paid five dollars, the
“ receipt of which is now in my possession.
“ They lived happy and joyous, until she—so
“ young—so young and beautiful, and owing to
“ a distorted liver, had to pass to another—an-
“ other world. Yes, she—she died of a distorted
“ liver, and I would, right here, remind my
“ hearers, that with such a distorted liver, there
“ can be no fooling nor joking. I have at once
“ made inquiries for a good antidote against the
“ disease, and recommend to my respective hear-
“ ers ‘Tifer’s Liver medicine’—mornings and
“ evenings one teaspoonful. Oh! oh! if our
“ young friend had done this, she would not
“ have been compelled to lie there in her youth-
“ ful bloom and beauty. Oh! oh! how hard it
“ is for a husband to loose such a fair and youth-
“ ful wife! None of my hearers, indeed, no one
“ in the whole city, can say that they ever saw
“ her husband, who stands here next to me, Mr.
“ Michael Taylor, born in San Antonio, that
“ they have ever seen him, her husband, running
“ about the world with torn pants or torn off or
“ lost buttons! And why not? For the simple
“ reason, that his wife, a born Needle, always
“ kept her needle busy and sewed up all tears
“ and rents. Her love for her husband, to whom
“ she was married, I have the certificate in my
“ pocket, her love was so intense that her whole
“ individuality was dissolved into that of her

“ husband. When at times her husband, Mr.
 “ Micheal Taylor, would come stumbling home
 “ late in the evening, a little fuddled or tipsy,
 “ his wife did not stand at the door to receive
 “ him cursing and swearing. Oh, no! Oh, no!
 “ His wife Caroline, born Needle, never did that
 “ —no, never! She received him with loving
 “ arms, helped him to bed and made him quickly
 “ a strong cup of coffee, which she brought him
 “ with tender hands. The next morning he was
 “ sure to get some delicacy to allay the miserable
 “ and wretched feeling that always follows a
 “ drunk. Oh! Oh! this lovely, now departed
 “ wife, Mrs. Caroline Taylor, born Needle, was
 “ _____”

Suddenly a small, white hand was laid upon
 my shoulder. Startled and frightened I turned
 around, and before me stood my wife, who, filled
 with terror, looked at me, and as if scared to
 death, exclaimed :

“Husband, dear husband, what ails you?”

“Nothing ails me, dear wife!”

“But—but—are you sick?”

“I? No, most assuredly not! I am as sound
 as a dollar.”

Oh, come, come dear Bob; come away from
 that ugly mirror!”

“No, no ; just leave me—I want to finish my speech !”

“Oh; God ! Dear Bob, come—come !” cried my wife with tears in her eyes.

“No ; just leave me—you go—I will soon be through if you will go, and not interrupt me.”

Wringing her hands, my wife ran from me.

Ha ! Was not that a triumph for me? Undoubtedly she had heard a part of my eulogy, maybe the whole of it, without my noticing her, and I have fascinated her by the power of my speech to such an extent that she shed tears ! Ha, what a triumph for my talent as a speaker !

With a more exalted feeling I continued in a forcible and majestic manner :

“Yes; this regretted and departed wife, Mrs. Caroline Taylor, born Needle, was an example of——”

“Brother ! In the name of mercy, what is the matter with you ?” Thus was I interrupted by the two brothers of my wife, while each got hold of one of my arms and shook me.

“Nothing is the matter with me ! Please leave me quietly ; I will soon be through and will then join you.”

“No, no; you are ill ! You must go to bed !”

“Such nonsense !” I exclaimed.

I had to go to bed, and immediately thereafter my wife came with a large piece of ice.

“Quick ! Quick ! Put this on his head !” she said, weeping.

“What do you intend doing with me ?” I asked. “Do not put that ice on my head ! I am not sick at all !”

But nothing I could say would convince them, and while my two brothers-in-law held me fast, my wife laid the ice on my head.

“Oh, how cold !”

At first I could not conceive what the three really intended doing with me. Then, all at once, a thought struck me. My wife had heard my oration, it had aroused her sensitive faculties, that even at this time, bright tears ran down her cheeks and in consequence, while she feared, that I, by the force of my own discourse would get too excited, she wanted to prevent me from continuing. Since she could not accomplish this by herself, she had called her two brothers to assist her. Yes, yes—that was it.

“Well, now will you stop your nonsense at last !” I said to them ; “nothing ails me, neither am I sick. If you will take that ice from my head I’ll promise you to remain here in bed quiet and tranquil.”

After the three had gone through some telegraphic signals and arrived at an understanding; they took the ice off my head.

“There; that is real good of you! Now confess, what was your intention? Well, out with it! Why did you put me to bed?”

“Because ——” said my wife.

“Because we ——” said my brothers-in-law.

“Well—out with it! Well, I will tell you. Because you have heard my fine oration! Ha, is it not so?”

“Yes,” answered my wife.

“Yes, on that account,” said my brother-in-law.

“Yes,” continued one of them, “how can you hold such a discourse—a funeral oration—in memory of my wife, who is not dead, but, on the contrary, quite healthy and hearty?”

“No—no, brother, don’t get angry on that account. Well, since you all know the whole of it, I will tell you the balance—will tell you the whole truth.

“Look! I always was mad or angry with myself whenever I heard a good speaker, because I could not deliver or hold people spell-bound by an oration. Such thought pursued me continually, until at last I resolved to try it once. My

first discourse should be a eulogy at a grave. Now, since this should be really emotional, pathetic and affecting, I had to let some one die, who was near and dear to me. Thus it came that I took your wife, and was trying to commit my speech to memory."

"Great goodness, is that true?" cried my wife.

"As true as I am lying here."

"And you are not—" exclaimed my brother-in-law.

"What?" I asked.

"We thought—we believed—" cried the other one.

"What—what did you believe?" I asked, raising myself up and looking with astonishment into the three now confused and perplexed faces. "What did you believe?"

"Oh, dear husband," said my wife, smiling and with tears in her eyes, "we have—Oh, Heavens—"

In one voice exclaimed my brothers-in-law:—

"We thought you had lost your reason!"



“ Our Most Unlucky Day on the Farm.”

“Our Most Unlucky Day on the Farm.”

“Git—git up, go along now ! You old brown heifer; I’ll tan your hide for you if don’t go—git! It is truly the greatest plague on earth to manage such a herd of cattle ! True, there are not many of them, only sixteen all told, eight cows and as many calves, which I have to drive to water, but—it is hard work for me. It had not rained for some months, our well and cistern on the farm had in consequence become dry, and hence I was compelled to drive our milk cows day after day to water. But stop—what do I say: water? It is too nice an expression. ‘Swamp’ or ‘mud-hole’ fits better; hence mudhole it is. This was three miles away from our farm. Oh, this miserable mudhole ! If I only think of it a shuddering feeling of disgust overcomes me. Each day, before I start with my stock, I form the resolution to be cool and not despair. I mount my horse with the bravest of intentions and start my stock from the farm towards the water. Everything would go all right enough, yes if—if only my active imagination would not play me tricks; but there is the mischief. I see,

mentally, one or two of my cows sunk down in the mud; they sink deeper and deeper— I run in utter despair along the border of the water, or rather mudhole—no human being near to help me—the cows will be hopelessly lost—then all at once a feeling comes over me in that part of the body where the heart is supposed to be located, a feeling of sheer despair.

Thus it goes every day. Yet things might go better if the stock would display a little sense. If they would go to the water quietly and with a little prudence; if one would stand close to the other, they would all have room and could drink with comfort without punching and pushing one another in that wretched old swamp which lies several feet deep on each side of the water hole. But the silly brutes are too stupid for that; as soon as they come near the water the row begins. The foremost of the cows stick up their tails in the air and at full gallop they run to the water; and, it is but natural that those following in the rear should assume the same speed. I may scream or shriek, or use pleasant words, it is all the same. Then I have to go at full speed—now here, now there, right or left—in order to keep my animals in the road and to prevent, if possible, any of them getting lost in the mud. But I must confess that I am not always successful in this, and only last week it

happened that one of our best milk cows got bogged. The cow had already sunk down into the mire up to her body, and I had given up all hope of rescue when, luckily, a farmer with a double team came along and assisted me in pulling the animal out of the mire by throwing a noose over her horns and attaching the other end of the rope to the double-tree which he undid from his wagon and left fastened to the traces of his horses; then whipping up the team, he dragged the half suffocated cow to firm ground. The poor creature, upon regaining her feet, looked at us in mute thankfulness. I handed the farmer all the money I had with me, which was two dollars, a gift of pure and deep-felt gratitude. From that day I always carry two dollars to help ward off the evil genius that seems ever to pursue me.

“Hello—who is that coming along the road on horseback? Ah—that is my neighbor Smith. My usual luck; that satirical mocker and jeering scorners is bound to meet me. I can even now imagine what he will hail me with. But I will not pay any attention to him. When he is near enough, I’ll look to the other side and sing. He shall not notice that I am angry about his foolish and mocking remarks. — “*Old Grimes is dead, that good, that good old man. I wish I was in Dixie, Dix—*” Oh, that wretch! How his

punning and jesting always makes me angry. There, he passed me again very close, and—and what did he say? “Good morning, neighbor, how goes it?—how is the mare?” and then he passed on laughing. Oh, that infamous wretch! If he was not so strong I’d give him a good thrashing. Although, in other respects, he is a really good neighbor, and has often, when I was in a dilemma with some of my farm work, given me good advice, practically and theoretically; and his wife is held in great esteem by my wife, who has often assured me that Mrs. Smith was a simple-minded but estimable and pleasant lady. I must say here that I really have no great objections to the man. I would not desire a better neighbor; if—yes, if—if he would only stop his cutting remarks. I had, to tell the truth, some bad luck, though it was not my own fault, and I acknowledge it—but to anyone mistakes may happen.

Here is how the matter stands:

Last year, after we moved to the farm, I had bought me a saddle horse. It was a mare, a fine and gentle animal. My wife, who is a fine equestrian, praised the horse very much, and we were as jolly as children about her. We would often feed her with lumps of sugar, and she would follow us like a dog, which gave us a great deal of pleasure. I had owned her about five months

when she fell sick. When I was compelled to ride, she would not run any more and when I took the saddle off, she would lie down panting and gasping. I did not ride the mare any more, but let her run loose. We then went every hour in the day to see how our poor horse was and always found her lying down. When we helped her up, she would walk a few steps and again go down panting. Things went thus for several days, until at last my wife remarked that she could not see the poor horse in pain any longer, and with heavy heart and tearful eyes, we concluded to end her sufferings by shooting her. Now, while I was loading the gun, my wife filled her ears with cotton in order not to hear the shot, seated herself in a corner of the house and wept bitterly. The tears even ran down my cheeks. I went outside. The poor suffering animal lay on the ground, groaning terribly. Two, three times I pointed the muzzle of my gun to the ear of the poor beast, and drew it back. The fourth time I pulled the trigger. A loud report—and our dear saddle horse was dead. About ten minutes later, while I was still standing by my dead horse, came, accidentally, Mr. Smith.

“Neighbor, what have you been shooting?” he asked me.

“I have been compelled to kill my poor saddle horse.”

“But why,” he asked; “what ailed her?”

“What ailed her? I do not know,” I answered him, and I related the sufferings of the poor animal.

He viewed, examined and touched the dead animal knowingly.

“Neighbor,” said he, “you would have shown more sense if you had remained in the city. You may be smart and educated in other things, but you are not good at all for a farmer. Such a stupid, foolish act as you committed here was never known to me in my whole life.”

“Mr.—Mr. Smith—you dare.”

“Well, be quiet; you need not get in a passion. I am not afraid of you anyway, but I will show you and prove it to you, and you will have to admit that I am right.”

“Yes—good—do it! you—you——”

“Well, don’t get mad;” with these words he pulled a large knife out of his pocket and worked around the dead animal. A few minutes later he showed to me—a *fine, full grown colt*.

My God, how wretched, shamefaced, without power of speech, did I stand there! — What enjoyment and pleasure would my wife and myself have had over the young colt! —

Ha!—the foremost of the cows are already raising their heads and pricking up their ears. Really we are near the water. Oh, don't run again? That is right, old gal, remain in the road. Woah?—slow—woah! What are you doing there? That is—woah, there—they run again as if possessed by a demon. Woah—will you remain in the road? But what is that? Ah, some one is camping near the water! I saw a wagon and two horses, and a man sitting in the shadow of a tree. Ah, thank God, how much lighter my heart feels. I'll have help in case one of my cows get stuck in the mud. Woah, Lize, not so far to the right—woah—woah, Lize, come this way or you will bog; woah—woah, Lize—there, she is already in the mud. Lize! Oh my! Lize, come this way—come, Lize!—Great Scott, she is already fast in the mud!

I turned my horse around and galloped to the man under the tree.

“Mr., Mr., will you help me, my old Lize is in the mud and can't get out?”

“Of whom do you speak?” asked the man.

“Of my old Lize, our best milk cow.”

“Of a cow!—what nonsense. You ought to be ashamed to give a girl's name to an old cow.”

“Yes, yes—I will never do it again. Please come with me or the poor animal will be lost. I'll give you two dollars if you will help me.”

“Two dollars?”

“Yes.”

“All right; they will be easily earned. But wait—to insure success I will take a rope along.”

In a little time we were at the cursed water hole, and there I saw my poor cow had sunk to her body into the mud.

The man fixed his rope and threw it over the horns of the cow, tightened it and said to me: “Now help me pull.”

I took a good hold and pulled with all my might, to that extent that everything turned black before me.

“Why don’t you pull!” cried the farmer

“I am pulling with all my might,” I exclaimed.

“Yes? Well, I could have thought so—a thing like you! What do you want on a farm, anyhow, with your delicate white baby hands? I would bet right now that you could not pull the rope alone out of the mud. I guess I will have to get my horses,—but what’s that? Do you see that tree on the edge of the marsh, and a knotty root of that tree running along under the mud and again coming to the surface further on? That is the cause of the cow’s being stuck and unable to move! Yes, that’s it, and con-

sequently we can't yet pull the cow out. We will have first to cut out that knotty root. Go and get an ax, quick !”

“An ax ! Where shall I find an ax ?”

“Why, ride over to the nearest farm and borrow one.”

“But there is no one living near here.”

“Well, then ride home and get one. How far do you live, anyway ?”

“Three miles.”

“Of course that is quite a distance, but an ax we must have if we want to save the cow, and therefore ride home as fast as you can. In the meantime I will bring my horses here.”

I sprang into the saddle and at full gallop went in the direction of my home. Luckily, I had a good and fast horse, and I was by this time a much better rider and sat in the saddle more firmly than last year, when one of my friends claimed, jestingly, that between my body and the back of my horse, an extensive country view could be had, which assertion must certainly have been an exaggeration.

As I have said, my horse was good ; but he had one fault. Whenever I met a team, or a person on horseback, he would insist upon stopping. I have since ascertained how it

acquired this defective habit. It had belonged to a man, who was a great talker and whenever he happened to meet a rider or a teamster, he would stop him and have a talk; and thus this bad habit had grown upon the horse. Now, when I wanted to pass a team, it required kicking, scolding and the free use of the whip to keep him agoing. I had to ride about two miles on the open public road, to a place, whence a narrow lane led to my farm. I had got over the longest part of the distance and was congratulating myself at not having met anyone, when, coming to a bend in the road, I saw ahead of me a covered farmer-wagon going in the same direction as myself. When I was close to the wagon I noticed several heads of children looking from under the canvas scrutinizing me with inquisitive looks. Now came the time to keep my horse agoing. I kicked and went through all kinds of motions with hands and feet. I bawled and yelled—and it worked splendidly. In a rousing gallop I went past the wagon. I saw how the horses, which were hitched to it, were throwing up their heads and pricking their ears, but I kept on, when all at once, I heard a noise like thunder—a male voice using words more forcible than polite, I looked back—great Scott!—there came the team in a furious mad run behind me! I noticed how the man, who had the reins hung on the front part of the wagon

body, grasped them; one of them however dropped. He pulled on the other, and by this action caused the horses to make a short turn and—the wagon capsized. In amazement and terror I pulled my horse around and ran to the spot where the disaster had occurred and where it sounded as if a double quartett of children's voices was being screaming. The man had already got out and stood by his trembling horses. Seeing that the little ones tried to get out of the back of the wagon, I ran there and helped some of them out; but, as there appeared to be no end to them, I counted *one, two, three, four, five*, six—six were out of the wagon, and now I lifted the seventh—now the eighth—oh, ye gods!—nine, ten, and—then the woman in the wagon gave me the smallest—consequently eleven children! Just like organ pipes they stood about in a row before me—not a single one was injured by the upsetting. With the most superlative feeling of joy in my heart, that everything had turned out well and without physical injury to the occupants, I hugged the smallest one, whom I held on my arm, and gave him a kiss; but this little Texan seemed to take my friendly demonstration for an insult, — and screamed with all his might.

“Will you let my child alone, you impudent barefaced scoundrel!” cried the woman, “you

was the cause of our wagon capsizing and now you want to squeeze my child to death!"

"But, my dear lady, I——"

"I am not *your dear lady*—do you know that! You—you give me my child! My husband will show you what——"

"Stop your fussing, back there!" exclaimed the man. "Jake, come and hold the horses and I will see to right the wagon. You have played me a dirty, base kind of a trick," said the man to me, "and I ought to give you a thorough thrashing!"

"I?—but my dear sir, it is not my fault that the——"

"What, it is not your fault? With your villainous screaming and racing you scared my horses; you—you know that!"

Hence I was the cause of the whole mishap. After due reflection, I concluded, that the man was right after all. What might have been the consequence of all this! With the greatest feeling of gratitude from the bottom of my heart, I send up a mental thanksgiving to the Creator, that our mishap had turned out no worse than it did.

"What in the d—l's name are you standing there with open mouth for!" the man vociferated;

“come and help me to right the wagon! Here, here you get hold and when I count three you lift. Ready—one, two, thr-e-e. Get away from my wagon, you city dude! To scare horses and capsize my wagon is all you are good for. But when it comes to show your strength—you could not lift a sleeve button from the ground. Go to the horses and tell Jake to come here. He is only twelve years old, but three times as strong as you are!”

How insulting and unjust this man was. It is not my fault, that I do not possess a giant's strength. I had used all my physical vigor and force to help, yet the wagon lay on the ground as if nailed or rivited there. But, to prevent the man from getting more angry with me, I ran to the horses. He placed his wife and children, he cried: “one!—two!—thre-e-!” and, sure enough, the wagon was on its wheels; and the best thing about it was that there was nothing broken. In the fulness of my joy I gave to one of the little girls my two dollars.

The man, who had seen this, asked the child what she had received.

“Two dollars, papa.”

“Hand it here,” he said, “I will keep it for you.”

With sad and depressed countenance the child saw the two dollars disappear in her father's

pocket, and then—then something took place which astonished me. The man and his wife cut the most grinning and smiling faces at me which they could muster. He began telling me that he had taken his family to town to have them see the “circus procession,” and they had enjoyed it hugely, especially all the foreign animals——

At the word “animals” a chill came over me, as I remembered my cow in the mud hole. I took short leave, jumped in the saddle and started again in a gallop, soon turning in the narrow lane which led to my farm.

This lane described a semi-circle around a little creek not far from my house. I took the short road direct across the prairie and intended, as I had often done before, to jump the creek, which was only about four feet wide. I never dreamed that I should meet with disaster and misfortune, but that day I was pursued by ill fate. I pushed my horse to its utmost physical capacity, and when coming near the creek, I leaned forward to give him more ease in jumping, but—but there he stopped suddenly, as if nailed to the ground, and I—I flew over his head into the creek. I recovered myself quickly, but, at the same time, my horse flew past me and all shouting and yelling did no good—on he went.

My God, what crime had I committed, that I should be thus pursued by disaster and misfortune! Was there in the whole world a more unlucky man than myself? I felt as if every bone in my body was broken, and yet, I must go home for an ax. I ran as fast as I could, but, something was running down my face. I felt with my hand—it was blood. Blood on my fingers—blood! Great Scott, how my face is burning and smarting! How weak I am getting! I was compelled to sit down, and there—I am ashamed to acknowledge it—there I wept like a child. But I must go home to get an ax, otherwise my good old cow Lize will die a miserable death. I managed to summon all my remaining courage and dried my tears, because it makes a bad impression on a wife, if the husband comes home weeping. But the blood marks were left on my face; I wanted my wife to see, how much misfortune I had had. Then, when she would wash my face, press my head to her bosom and affectionately say: “My darling husband, how sorry am I that you have had to suffer so!” Such expressions would prove alleviating and sympathetic, and surely I deserved them! I continued running towards the house and was but a short distance away, when our servant girl come running to meet me.

“Come, quick! Your wife has fallen down stairs and cannot rise.”

I stood as if paralyzed.

“Come quick, sir; for God’s sake come quick! Your wife is still living, but who knows——”

I now started frantically for the house and there—there my darling little wife was lying at the foot of the stairs.

“Not that way, husband darling; do not catch hold of me in that abrupt manner!” she said. “All the limbs of my body are in pain—but I guess it is nothing serious—but—but what ails you? Your face is bleeding!”

“Oh, that is nothing. I fell off of the horse and scratched my skin a little. But you—what ails you?”

“Oh, nothing much; I was a little careless and fell down stairs, and Lizzie, instead of helping me, began to scream and ran off. I tried to get up but could not. I cannot stand on my right foot. I think it is broken or sprained. Now if you will please take me to bed, Lizzie will help—there—that is the right way; it isn’t so bad after all, and in a few days I will be on my feet again. Lizzie, you can get me some fresh water and a towel to put cold applications on my feet. And you, husband dear, ride to town for a doctor.”

Doctor! My wife wants a doctor?—great Scott!—it must be bad sure enough. Like

lightning it went through my head, how she had said at one time :

“That one foot would have to be in the grave before she would have a doctor.” And now—now she wants a doctor! This was too much for me.

What followed then, or what I did, I do not know; I only have the statements of my wife and Mr. Smith, my former neighbor.

Mr. Smith told me afterwards that he was on his way home when I came running past him, about a mile from my house, on foot, hatless, with flying hair, bloody face and a perfect picture of terror. Frightened at my looks, he had called to me, but I did not answer him. He then had followed me and when he found I would not stop, he rode ahead a pace, got off his horse and caught me. Only after a great deal of shaking I had answered to his numerous questions as to what had happened in monosyllables such as : “*Wife fallen down stairs,*” “*cow in mud hole,*” “*fallen off of horse,*” “*wagon capsized,*” “*get doctor!*” He then had made me mount his horse, had given me his hat, and also his handkerchief to wipe the blood from my face, and I had then started for town. He himself had gone home, saddled another horse, and taken his wife along with him on the same horse and they had gone as fast as they could to my house. His

wife remained there, and, as he could not be of any assistance, he rode to the water hole and aided by the other man, got my cow out of the mud and drove my stock back to the farm. He also captured my runaway horse.

And I?—well, the sharp ride brought me to my senses. I wiped the blood from my face and also found the doctor, who hitched up at once and came with me.

Two weeks after my darling wife, just as she had said, could walk about the house again.

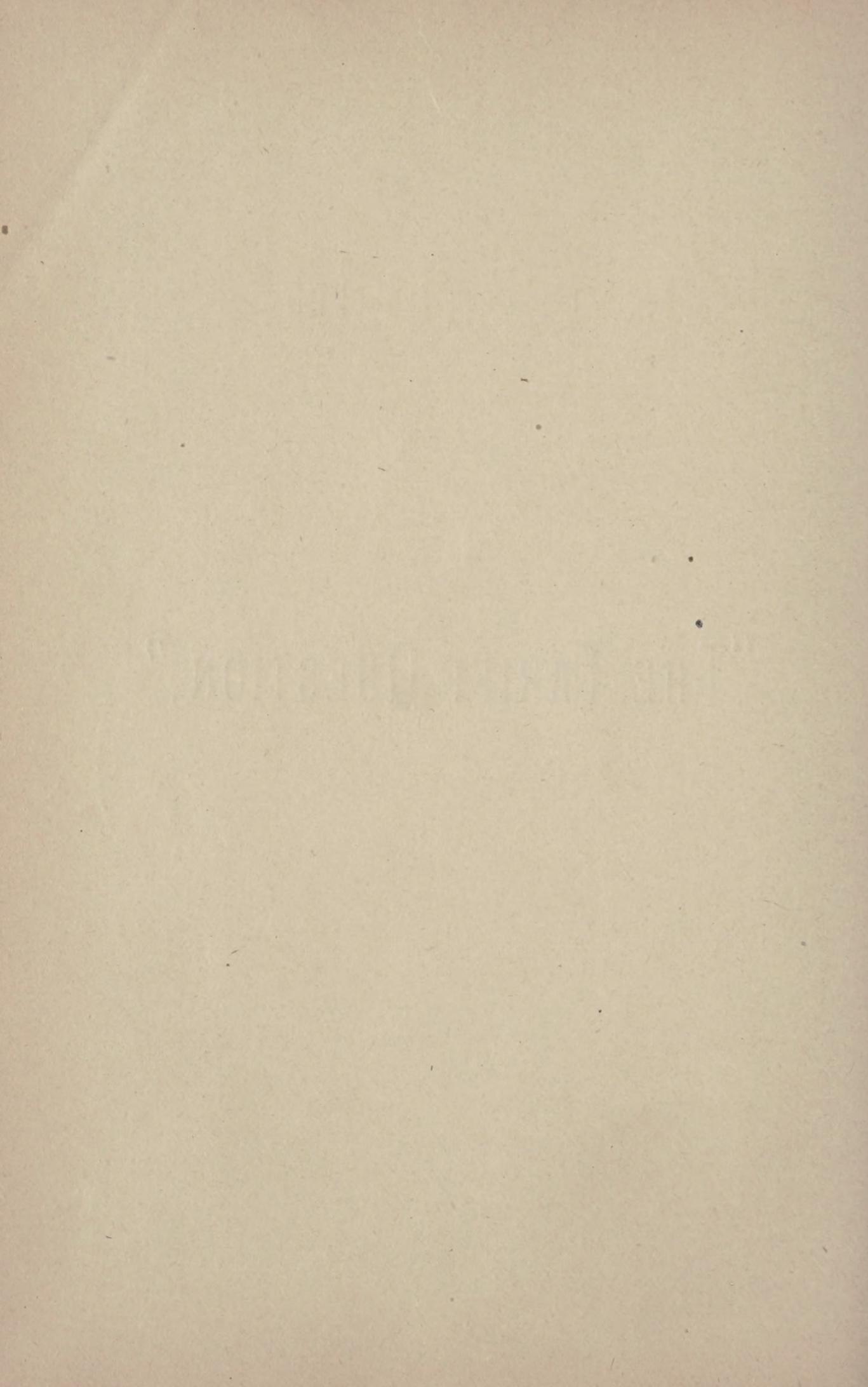
Since then, years have passed. Long since we have moved to the city and never, when Mr. Smith and his wife visit the city, do they fail to pay us a visit; it is unnecessary to say that we are the warmest and best of friends.

Well, I am glad that we are in the city again, for I really was not fit for a farmer's life.

New scenes, new experiences force themselves upon us and drive older ones into the background; thus they are gradually forgotten. Only one thing we will never forget, and that is: "*Our most unlucky day on the farm.*"



“THE TARIFF QUESTION.”



“The Tariff Question.”

SAN ANTONIO, August, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:

Since you want to know all about that speech I delivered last week on the tariff question and what induced me to do so, and how knavishly I was sent home, I write you an account in full.

One morning, last month, I went down town to the postoffice to get my mail. I was stopped on the way by Mr. Nelson, a prominent wool dealer.

“Mr. Greenfellow, you can do us a great favor,” he said.

“Well, what is it?”

“You know, Mr. Greenfellow, we have an election in November, and you also know that Cleveland is down on the wool growers. Now, we, the wool men, have to do something to defend our interests, and consequently had a meeting last night. We resolved to call a meeting of all citizens irrespective of party and tell them all about our grievances, and we will now ask you to deliver an address in our behalf on that occasion.”

“All right, sir; how much——”

“Well, Mr. Greenfellow, there is one thing I’ll have to tell you. We have no money just now, but we have only discussed and considered the matter, and how will it do if we put you up as our candidate for Congress?”

“Me—for Congress? Oh, h’m—for Congress! I think that will do; I will speak in your behalf.”

“That is right, Mr. Greenfellow; if you help us, we, the wool men, will help you.”

“Agreed, sir; I am your man. When is that meeting to take place?”

“If it is convenient to you, suppose we say next Tuesday evening at the City Hall?”

“All right, sir; I will be there.”

“But don’t forget to give it to them.”

“Give what, to whom?”

“Well, of course, to Cleveland. We wish you would go for him in good, red hot style. He is down on us and we want to show him that we are down on him also.”

“That’s right—splendid. I understand. Don’t be afraid—we will make that fellow waltz out of the White House, and the wool men will furnish the music for the occasion.”

“I see you understand us. Well then, until next week. Good morning, Colonel.”

“Good morning, Mr. Nelson.”

He went away and I returned home.

“Old woman,” I exclaimed to my wife, “fortune seems smiling upon us.”

“In what way?” she asked.

“Sit down and listen: When I went down town this morning, whom do you think I met? Mr. Nelson, that rich wool dealer, and another gentleman in a carriage. As soon as they recognized me, they had the driver stop and calling me to the carriage, Mr. Nelson said: ‘Colonel Greenfellow—yes, ma’m, Colonel he said—we were just on the way to your house to see you on very important business. You would do us a favor to get in the carriage at once and go with us to the opera house; there we will inform you what we want.’ ”

[Mister Editor, this was not within the strict limits of truth, but, I tell you, no married man can tell his wife often enough what an important and smart man she has for a husband.]

“Well, we went to the opera house. There they told me that a meeting of wool men was in progress, and a committee of two appointed to wait upon me, requested that I would deliver an address to an assembly of citizens on the tariff

question. Well, I promised to speak next week."

"How much do you get for it?" asked my wife.

"How much? What do you mean by that?"

"Well how much money will you get for that speech?"

"Now, was ever such a thing heard to come from the lips of a sensible woman? I work for *honor*, I work for *glory*, madam!"

"Yes, but with honor and glory we can't buy a loaf of bread, nor a pound of meat; and here, look at my shoes, with that big hole—and here _____"

"Stop! old woman, for heaven's sake, stop! You always make me miserable and nervous, when you get your talking apparatus running. Why—why in the name of Nathan and Jonathan don't you go to Salomon Itzig's store and get a pair of shoes?!"

"What, that hook-nosed skinflint? You know very well he would not credit me! Why he told me only last week: 'If you don't settle——' "

"Stop, stop—please stop! Now, I'll tell you. I'll get even with that Jew some day; just wait until I get that office."

"What office?"

“Well, you didn’t let me finish. Those sheepmen have no money right now, but they will send me to congress—yes, ma’m! Do you know what that office is worth a year? Five thousand dollars!—yes ma’m.” When I am a member of congress you can have all the shoes and silk dresses you want and a silver mounted bustle thrown in.”

“And you will get that office?”

“Most assuredly I will. We have nothing to do but to get that present administration out of office and our party, the republicans, will take possession. That is an easy thing. Cleveland has to go.”

“Cleveland?—why, how is that? Didn’t you tell me that Cleveland was the best President we ever had?”

“Stop, for heaven’s sake, stop! Woman, you will ruin me! Let nobody hear such a thing. If I ever did say it, it was my private opinion. Don’t let anyone hear about that, or your silk dresses and bustles will be like castles in the air.”

“You needn’t be alarmed on my account.”

“Then please keep quiet and do not disturb me any more. I will now prepare my speech.”

Well, on Tuesday, the day that meeting was to be held, I was ready. I knew my speech so well that I could say it with closed eyes. Before going, I had a grand rehearsal before my old woman. When I was through I asked her: "Is not this a grand speech? Did you ever hear anything like it? Cannot every child understand from my arguments that free trade would ruin this country? Tell me—are not my arguments, my composition and the wording of my speech a masterpiece of rhetoric and ideas? Is it not most grand and in red hot style, knocking Cleveland and the democratic party into oblivion? Ah, I see you are smiling—I know what you will say, my dear Susie! Tell me?"

"Well, I don't understand anything about your tariff humbug."

"What—tariff humbug?" Great Scott! I never knew that I had such an ignorant wife! Her remarks "*tariff humbug*" surprised me not a little.

"Madam!" I answered with indignant feeling, "it is of no use to speak to you of scientific principles and political economy; you would not understand it. But I tell you, when I come home to-night from that meeting, loaded with honors and a wreath of laurels on my brow; when city and country papers publish my speech, and the whole population applaud and speak in laudi-

tory (?) terms of my oration—then you will find out what a smart and highly esteemed husband you have. Good-bye!”

I went to the city hall. There were about two hundred good citizens present. They elected a chairman, a secretary and a number of sergeants-at-arms, after which the chairman rose and said:

“Gentlemen: Thanking you for the honor of electing me as the presiding officer of this body, I, as such, also assume the pleasant duty of introducing to the assembly here, our great republican orator, the Hon. Bob Greenfellow, who will address you this evening on the question of the *tariff* in connection with, and its relation to, our home industry—wool!”

Now, Mr. Editor, I must say that at that moment, with a feeling of intense joy, my heart beat like a sledge hammer, almost bursting its arterial surroundings. But I got all right as soon as I commenced speaking. I put my right foot a little forward, the thumb of my left hand in a button-hole of my coat and commenced:

“Gentlemen! I consider it a great honor to speak to an assembly of such distinguished citizens and gentlemen as I see before me; composed, as this gathering is, of the bone and sinew and intellect of this city and neighborhood. As the honorable chairman said to you, my address this evening will be exclusively devoted to the

subject of our home industry, that is—'wool.' The one great wish now uppermost in my mind is: Would that Cleveland could be here, in this hall, that he might listen to what will be said here to-night; and, I stake a five-dollar hat that he would go home with tears in his eyes exclaiming: 'Oh, oh, what a great calamity have I tried to bring over my beloved country!' But as he is not here, I hope he will have a chance to read my address from the public press. Gentlemen! What does a free tariff mean? It means ruin to our home product, *wool!* It means ruin to our poor sheep raisers! That is what a free tariff means! You ruin the sheep raiser, and you ruin thousands of families employed by him. Oh, those democrats will say: 'We want free trade, and are in favor of it, because it will cheapen our necessaries of life. I am not a worshipper of false gods, but gentlemen, I will say I don't want cheap goods! Take, for instance, this suit which I am wearing to-night. I paid thirty dollars for it. Those democrats will say, 'if wool was free you could buy the suit for fifteen or sixteen dollars.' But, gentleman, I don't want that. I would sooner pay twelve or fifteen dollars more, and know that our factories flourished and that——'

"Mischer Chairman:" With this ejaculation I was interrupted in my speaking. I saw a man jumping to his feet and—by the powers, it was

that mean Jew, Solomon Itzig. "Mischter Chairman, dot man ish making trouble und humbug mit you, shentlemen! He never buy dem close; he loan it from me, and——"

"Silence!" said the chairman.

"Mischter Chairman, I only want to speak, for to tell you, he loaned that clothes suit three months on time and promise me——"

"Silence, Mr. Solomon Itzig!" cried the chairman; "you have no right to interrupt the speaker."

"Mischter Chairman, I only want to speak; he said he would bring them clothes back or come mit de money. He didn't go and do it, never, he——"

"Silence, Mr. Itzig! If you don't quit talking I shall be compelled to have you expelled from this hall."

"Mischter Chairman, I only wants to say he never pay one dime on all dem tings and der suit belongs mit me—dat humbug man——"

"Sergeant, do your duty!" exclaimed the chairman.

"No, Mischter Sergeant, let me sit down; I be's quiet as one baby."

"Well, Sergeant," said the chairman, "if the gentleman promises to be quiet, let him remain. Go on, Mr. Greenfellow!"

“Gentlemen!” I continued, “gentlemen—I will—I will now—I—I showed—I—you—that Jew—gentlemen, I have—that is I—gentlemen, will you excuse me for this evening. I am unable to finish my address. Please excuse me.”

Well, I dropped right back in my chair. I was gone. I had got so excited that I had forgotten all about my address. And all on account of that mean Jew. I never expected that he would come into any political meeting. Well, as soon as I sat down the whole assembled crowd commenced hurrahing, laughing and shouting in a most satirical manner for ten minutes or longer. After that, they called for Mr. Mason as the next orator. When that gentleman came up to the platform, I took my hat—I wanted to go home.

“Mr. Greenfellow, may I ask you the favor to remain here? I would like to ask some questions,” said Mason.

“Certainly; most assuredly! If I can enlighten you on the subject I will do so with pleasure,” said I. But I tell you, Mr. Editor, had I known what he wanted to ask me, or how I was to be sent home by this crowd, not ten horses could have kept me there.

“May I ask you, Mr. Greenfellow, were you ever engaged in sheep-raising?”

“No, sir!”

“Well, Mr. Greenfellow, were you ever on a sheep ranch? Did you ever see how a sheep ranch is managed and what kind of people they employ?”

“Well, ye—I—*no!*”

“Just what I expected. Gentlemen, can you understand how a man, who never saw a sheep ranch, who don't know anything about wool and its raising, can come here before you and tell you all about it! Mr. Greenfellow tells you that free wool would ruin thousands of families employed by the wool men. Gentlemen, I never before heard such nonsense. Every child in Texas knows that they, the sheep-raisers, employ the cheapest work hands they can get, and that is the Mexican peon. They pay them from six to ten dollars a month and give them just enough corn meal and dried meat to keep them alive. This is the sort of men they employ. Mr. Greenfellow, if you know any sheep-raiser in the whole State of Texas, who employs the head of a family and gives him enough pay to support his family, bring him here—yes bring him here, and we will send him to Barnum's museum as a curiosity.”

“Hurrah! hurrah!” shouted the whole crowd.
“That is the truth! Hurrah for Mason! Hurrah for Cleveland! Hurrah!—hurrah!”

Well, Mr. Editor, I never did hear such a shouting and noise in all my life. It was deafening. It was an outrage. I saw I was sold and considered it the best policy under the circumstances to leave. I tried to do it, but the crowd yelled and shouted: "Sit down—sit down, sir! You can't leave this hall. We have heard you talk, now you have to listen to Mr. Mason! Sit down! Hurrah! Sit down!"

Mr. Editor, what could I do? I had to stay right there; so I took my seat.

The chairman called the crowd to order and Mason went on:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Greenfellow says to you that——"

Editor—Mr. Editor—a brilliant idea struck me, at least I thought it was a good plan to get away from that hall. I jumped to my feet and whispered something into the ears of the chairman. He got up and said to the meeting: "Gentlemen, Mr. Greenfellow tells me that he is ill and is compelled to leave at once. Now, gentlemen, this being the case, it would not be right to demand of him to stay here. Sergeant, show this gentleman out!"

I got off the platform. The sergeant-at-arms took hold of me and led me out. Well, he did lead me out. He gave me a push, sufficiently

strong to make me alight in the arms of another sergeant, and that fellow repeated the operation and I flew into the arms of a third one.

“Don’t tear dem close, for jeminy sakes; don’t spoils ter suits—dem is mine!” I heard uttered by that miserable Jew.

Well, I reached the door. There, two fellows took hold of me, and with a shove I landed into a little room, where they took off my coat, vest and pants and gave me an old clown-suit, which had been left in that room from the last mask ball. I had to put them on, and then I could go. Well, I did run down the stairs in jumps, three steps at a time. Although not a bit afraid of the crowd, but—I wanted to get home. Before I knew it—and how it really did happen must remain untold—I found myself sprawling at the foot of the stairs. I picked myself up, no bones broken, only a bloody nose. It was lucky that it was night, so no one could see me. I rushed up the street. When I came into the lights of the street-lamp on the next corner, three boys were standing there, and as soon as they saw me, they commenced crying at once: “A clown! A fool! Hurrah!” They ran after me, and before I came to the next corner I thought I had half of the town behind me. I had just got across the corner, when a policeman grasped me.

"You are my prisoner," said he.

"What for?" I asked.

"For disturbing the peace," he answered.

I begged that fellow to let me go, but he wouldn't do it. I had to go along to the police station. The Police Captain, who was a friend of mine, after I had made a proper explanation of my trouble, allowed me to go home. Once more I started homeward. I had not gone far, when again I had a crowd of a motly, mixed-up conglomeration behind me. I was only about two blocks from home, when I got into the clutches of another policeman. I told him that I had been arrested before and that the Captain allowed me to go home. He said I couldn't humbug him. So again to the station I had to go. When we came there, the Captain had a hearty laugh, but, I tell you, Mr. Editor, I didn't feel like laughing. He told an officer to go along with me. I reached home safely.

"Great Scott!" cried my wife as I entered our room, "are those the laurels you have earned? Is that bloody spot on your nose the wreath of glory they crowned you with, and is that the suit you will wear for congress?" pointing to my buffoon pants.

Now, Mr. Editor, I'll tell you, I am heartily tired of this thing and I am not going to do any more speech making. There is nothing in it. The only satisfaction I have had so far is this: Whenever I was called to make a speech, my audience kicked me out. That, I cannot stand any longer, for my bones are getting old and I have no duplicates to take their place. The only consolation I have in connection with this matter, is that our present generation does not appreciate a good speaker nor an intelligent oration delivered by a man of sense.

I shall begin something else. As you are aware, my progenitor was a member of "*The Grand Army of the Republic*," although he never bore a gun, but at the battle of Brownsville he accomplished a heroic act. He had climbed to the highest branches of a tall tree and from there viewed the whole battle from beginning to end. For this he had received a pension.

Now I am going to have myself elected a member of the "Sons of the Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic," and then I will make, at once, application for my pension. In the meantime I shall start a "pop-corn" stand.

Yours truly,

BOB GREENFELLOW.

“A Duck Hunt.”

“A DUCK HUNT.”

“Will you accompany me to-morrow on a duck hunt?” enquired of me Mr. Hornsby, an old friend of mine.

“I?—I don’t know.”

“Well, why not? Lack of time—too much occupied, I suppose?”

“Oh, no; I have ample time, but I thought—”

“Well, now out with it—what did you think?”

“If you must and will insist upon knowing, I will be candid with you and say that I cannot shoot; at least I have tried several times but could never hit anything.”

“Nonsense. Come with me, possibly you may hit something this time. Ducks are to be found on Mitchell’s Lake by thousands, and there you will have a nice chance to shoot some of them.”

“Well, I will go with you. What time shall we start?”

At 3 o’clock p. m., to-morrow. I will call for you, with my buggy, at your house. We will be on the grounds before sundown, when there will be a splendid chance to do some shooting

before dark. We'll camp in the open air for the night and rise brisk and fresh the following morning. We'll occupy the forenoon in hunting and the afternoon in driving back home. What say you?"

"Good," I replied; "I'm your man."

"Agreed! To-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, sharp. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Hornsby."

"Now, there; I have allowed myself again to be led into temptation," I said to myself, after Hornsby had left me. "And that, too, in spite of many resolutions on my part against all such nonsense, especially not to go out gunning! And I will have to camp in the open air—something I have never done in all my life. I must reluctantly admit, this will be a pretty kettle of fish, or ducks, before it is over."

True to his word, at 3 p. m., sharp, on the following day, Hornsby was at the door of my residence with his buggy.

"Ready?" he called.

"Ready, yes, I am ready."

"I packed my things in the bottom of his buggy; two woolen blankets, and was just in the act of adding a feather pillow to my baggage when Hornsby exclaimed: "Well, don't you want to take a feather-bed along also?"

“Well,” said I, “if you think it better I will——”

“Are you a lunatic !” was the most emphatic exclamation of Hornsby, now in the highest intensity of disgust; “to take a feather bed on a hunting expedition ! Well, well; this is immense. Here, take your feather pillow and put it back in the house. I don’t carry such stuff. You have plenty with those woolen blankets.”

I took the pillow back in the house, and brought out my hair rope and put it in the buggy.

“What do you want with that rope?” asked Hornsby. “I have a rope with me.”

“Without that rope I’ll not go with you. It is for—it is good on any trip in case of accidents and ——”

“All right, bring it along if you like.”

I took my seat and said: “Now, we can go.”

“But where in the name of common sense, are you going?” These words came in rather strong enunciations from the mouth of Hornsby.

With some surprise I answered: “Sir, I had an idea, that you and I were going duck shooting,” at the same time looking Hornsby in the face with no little astonishment.

“Yes; but, thunder and lightening, what are you going to shoot with? Where is your gun?”

“Ah! Oh! I came mighty near forgetting it.”

I at once jumped out of the buggy, ran to the house, got my gun, powder and shot, and then we took our departure.

Half an hour before sundown we were on the ground. The horse was unhitched and with a long rope tethered to a tree to graze.

“Now come along,” said Hornsby, after we had taken our guns from the buggy. He led the way to a large oak tree, which was standing near the edge of the water.

“Here, behind this tree, you remain standing. I will go further up, about a quarter of a mile. I think the ducks are over there now. As soon as you hear me shoot, you will note where they rise, watch them closely, as they are apt to light near you; if so, then blaze away at them. If they are numerous, in all probability, after you shoot, they will circle around for a while and perhaps light where I can get a second shot; therefore remain here behind this tree and follow instructions.

Hornsby then walked cautiously towards the place pointed out by him, and I—I took my position with my gun, a single-barrel, muzzle-loading shot gun, behind the tree.

About twenty minutes later I heard the report of a gun in the direction taken by Hornsby. I saw quite a number of ducks rising, and sure enough, they came flying in the direction where I was standing. After making a few circles, a large flock of them lit in the water near the tree that concealed me. I took aim, and, filled with mental excitement, I pressed the trigger of my gun, and—it missed fire. Ah—I had forgotten the cap! Quick as lightening one was put on the tube. Again I pulled the trigger—it snapped, but the gun again missed fire. I tried another cap with the same result—then another, and another. Alarmed and perplexed, the cold perspiration ran out of every one of my pores. One more cap. I then measured the inside and outside of the barrel with the ramrod. There can be no doubt, it is loaded. Ten successive caps were tried in vain. By Jupiter—the gun would not shoot!

Alarm and excitement now prevailed my entire being to such an extent that I had to sit down.

What would Hornsby say? Ah! He wanted to get another shot. Quick as thought I sprang to my feet. I hollered and threw rocks at the ducks, whereupon they took wing and flew in all directions. Not long after Hornsby came with two fine ducks.

“What, in the name of goodness is the matter?” he exclaimed. “Why didn’t you shoot?”

“My gun wouldn’t go off.”

“There now, the gun is at fault. Let me see it!”

He made a close examination of it and remarked: “Loaded—yes; and well at that. When did you load it?”

“That was—when I was out hunting the last time.”

“And how long since was that?”

“It may be about three years ago.”

“What—three years?! Well, then it is no wonder it doesn’t go off. But never mind, now, it is getting too late for any sport this evening, and I will draw the load out of your gun in the morning. We will attend to the horse, then kindle up a fire and cook one of the ducks for supper; afterwards fix ourselves as comfortably as possible for the night.”

I heartily endorsed his proposition. Our supper was not alone palatable, but eaten with a relish. Afterwards we rolled a huge dry oak log on the fire, which Hornsby said would burn the whole night. He then took his blankets, rolled himself in them, a piece of wood for a pillow, and went to sleep.

I took one of my blankets, spread it on the ground, laid down on it and covered up with the other one. It was a very hard bed to say the least of it. I waited quite awhile, then leaned over to see if Hornsby was asleep or not. His regular breathing convinced me that he was. I arose in a very easy and noiseless manner, went to the buggy, got my hair rope. It was a very long one. Quietly and carefully, in order not to awaken my friend, I proceeded to form a circle with the rope around our couch or camp.—

“What, in the duce, are you up to now?” exclaimed Hornsby, suddenly raising himself on one elbow.

Startled at his unexpected interruption, I almost tumbled to the ground.

“I wanted to ——”

“What did you want? What did you want with that hair rope?”

“I wanted—wanted the rope laid down around our camp.”

Well, but for what?”

“It is said to be a preventive against rattlesnakes and other vermin. They will not crawl over a hair rope.”

“What an imbecile idea! I tell you, I could have done much better than to take such a silly

idiot like you with me out hunting. Now lie down and go to sleep, or at least keep quiet."

I lay down again. I tried hard to sleep, but that was easier said than done. I turned first one way then the other, right and left, on my back. I repeated these movements for nearly an hour. I couldn't sleep. Head and limbs, my whole body was aching. Oh, if I had only had a high pillow, then the situation might have been endurable! Ah, I'll follow Hornsby's example! Again I arose, but very quietly, got a piece of wood and placed it under my head and spread my blanket over it. "There," said I to myself, "this is a little better. It is to be hoped I can sleep now." Some time later I was compelled to shift and change my position. My head ached from resting on the hard wood in spite of the wool blanket. I turned around, to the right, to the left, but at last the nape of my neck commenced to ache to such an extent as to compel me to remove the wood. I got up again, rolled up one of my blankets and used it as a pillow, wrapped up in the other one and lay down for the third time. Well, this seemed a little better. I lay with my head so high that I could see the fire, which was burning brightly only a few steps from my feet. To a lover of nature, it may have been a romantic scene which presented itself to my gaze. Before and behind us, the grand old majestic live oaks, which in the glare

of the light from the fire, seemed to me like powerful giants. On our right, the lake; reflecting the silver rays of the moon. On our left the buggy under the giant shadow of a stately live oak; a little further on, in the back ground, our horse quietly grazing on the luxuriant grass, while above all, a clear sky, glittering with stars that looked calmly from its silent depths of beauty upon the slumbering world. Surely all this was a landscape of unquestioned beauty. Nevertheless, I would rather have been at home in my soft, warm bed. I made up my mind that this would certainly be the last time that I would submit to the temptation of going on a hunt. It is very foolish and absurd anyway. Here I am rolling on the hard ground until all my bones are aching for the sake of getting a few shots at some ducks! Yes, truly a wonderful pleasure! And then, the fear one has to undergo. Although sufficiently protected against rattlesnakes—for indeed they do not crawl over a hair rope—if we were to go to sleep possibly a couple of tramps might come along, launch us into eternity by strangulation, throat-cutting or shooting, take our horse and buggy and everything we have. How did the wild Indians do—those terrible, blood-thirsty Indians, with their war songs—and how tearfully did they torture and mutilate their poor prisoners! If they were to come to-

it seems to me, as if the wild man is growing larger all the time. No doubt of it—he is increasing in size—until he is as big as the gigantic oak under which I am lying. Now he grasps one of the largest and highest limbs of the mighty tree—he draws his feet in the air and—there—presto! he sits in the top of the tree! There—now I see a large number of Indians leaping or flying among the tree tops—they jump and spring from one tree to another and threaten me with their knives and arrows, at the same time making such faces as would eclipse all the hobgoblins that human imagination could invent. There—there, of a sudden I see in the open space at my feet a large number running to and fro—I hear a violin and one calling out—sure enough the Indians are dancing! There—there are Indian squaws in long dresses—Mother Hubbard style—ah, how curiously they carry their trains and how they jump! Yes, they actually are dancing a Virginia reel. Again—and there stands at my feet the big Indian with several others. All place themselves, with large knives in hand, around me; there are thirteen of them.

“Silence!” vociferated the giant Indian; “when I speak all of you keep your mouths locked, because I—I alone am skillful and wise! Harka, and you, Lolo, each presented me yesterday with a gavel. I am consequently the possessor of two gavels for use in our meetings. You have both

done well; you know how to appreciate my wisdom. I shall use the gavels, understand me well, I shall, to each and all of you, who may not give the deference due me, in making motions and propositions—yes, I shall, with one or both of these gavels, close his impertinent flytrap. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, master!" was the exclamation, unanimously given; "yes, thou alone hast sagacity; thou alone possess the fire of genius!"

"There, that is right. I am your chief and this," pointing to and presenting a young Indian, "this is my trusted advisor."

"He!" cried one Indian; "he wears a stovepipe and a whole jewelry store! Gold watch and chain, gold spectacles, gold breastpin, gold ring and gold headed cane, and——"

"Silence!" said the giant. "That I am learned and wise, anyone can see by the point of my nose; but with my advisor it is entirely different. I—yet what was I about to say? I owe you no account of my administration. I command here. I alone am smart and wise! What am I? Answer me, minions!"

"Master, thou art great, wise and shrewd," said one Indian.

"Yes, master, thou art learned, wise and great!" responded all the others in one voice.

“Bobo? Why don’t you bow when the others are speaking of me?”

“Master, I am a free and Independent Texan. I claim to have the right to my own opinion. I do not bow to any man!”

“You don’t!” shouted the enraged chief in stentorian tones, at the same time flinging one of the gavels at the head of the Indian. who, expecting something of the kind, made a quick dodge as the gavel flew past him and landed on the head of another Indian.

“Oh, master!” exclaimed the wounded Indian, “are you not learned and wise?”

“Silence! I didn’t come here to listen to your silly talk, but we will deliberate in council what to do with this pale face!” ejaculated the terrible being, pointing to me.

“I make a motion,” cried out one Indian, “we’ll cook him for breakfast in the morning. He will make an excellent substitute for beef-steak.”

“No, I make the proposition that we have him for dinner,” said another one. “A good fresh piece of meat and a good head-cheese—Oh, it is so nice!”

“Silence!” thundered the chief, “I alone shall decide the fate of this pale-face. I say we save

him until night for supper and make a good hash of him."

"Yes! yes!" cried all the others, and dancing wildly around me, they shouted:

"Hash, hash, beautiful hash, a man is a fool who doesn't like hash, ha-sh!"

"Silence!" commanded the chief. "Soco, go and scalp the pale-face!"

An Indian, with blood in his eyes, came near me. I wanted to cali—to jump up, but my limbs refused to obey me. The Indian grasped me by the hair—he commenced to cut—and—and now he pulled my top knot off. "*Help! help! murder!*" I yelled, at the same time springing to my feet.

"What is up, what is the matter here?" cried Hornsby, also jumping up.

"Indians! Scalp, may poor scalp!"

"Where, where?"

"Over there," I cried pointing to the bed I had so recently vacated.

Hornsby looked in the direction indicated, then, taking me by the ear, led me nearer—nearer to the bed. "There, look at your Indians," he cried.

What did I see? There, where I had rested, stood an old cow, complacently chewing on one

of my woolen blankets. She had in all probability pulled the same from under my head—.

Hornsby was mad as blazes, and I think, had I said but one word in reply, he would have attempted to give me a thrashing. I was glad when he laid himself down again. I tried to get my blanket from the cow, but, when I came near her, she started in a gallop, still holding to my blanket. I ran after her, but owing to the darkness and my anxiety and excitement, and seeing nothing but the confounded cow—splash I lay sprawling in the mud and water. As soon as I had recovered a little from the shock, I called aloud for help.

Hornsby came, with language more forcible than polite, and helped me out.

Cold and shivering, I pulled off my wet clothing and hung it near the fire to try; then wrapped myself in the remaining blanket and stood there, silently listening to the derisive remarks of my friend, who after awhile became quiet and again lay down, when in less than no time his snoring resembled the noise of a mill-wheel. The old cow I never saw again. The next morning I found my blanket, but it had been chewed in such a manner, as to be entirely out of use.

In the course of an hour or so, my clothes became dry, and I again put them on. I looked

at my watch, which luckily had sustained no injury from my unwelcome bath.

“Two o’clock!” This proved that I must have slept before falling into the water, and only could have dreamed all that terrible stuff about the Indians. That was a fearful dream. Lie down again? No never! I shall remain awake the balance of the night. I took the only blanket now left me, and sat in the buggy. I tried to keep awake, and attempted to call up various occurrences of my past life, but always came back to this demoralizing dream. — — — — — Ah, I came very near going to sleep. I said to myself: “If I can only keep awake!” —

I got out of the vehicle and walked up and down. How awe-inspiring still, how gloomy and haunted the hours pass slowly by in a night like this. At last, owing to continued walking, I got tired and sat down in the buggy.

“Oh—would that this night were over! — — — — — !”

“There—great Scott! What was that?” I cried, excited and scared nearly to death. “There—there, I heard it another time! It was a scream so terrific, that I never had heard the like. It must be one of the trumpets of the last judgment! Almost paralyzed with fear, I

jumped out of the buggy and crawled under Hornsby's blanket.

"D—n it! What is up now?" cried Hornsby.

"Oh, a most terrible noise and screaming! I think there must be at least a hundred Indians. There!—don't you hear it yourself?" I cried as there came a repetition of the same startling cry to our ears, and even sounding nearer through the stillness of the night.

"And you really don't know what that is?" asked Hornsby.

"No, truly I do not."

"Well, I will tell you. It is an animal which has discovered by animal instinct that in you it has a companion here in the forest. There, do you hear, it is screaming again and look—there it comes!"

Sure enough, an animal came along with rather long head and long ears. It—it was a jackass.

Here again followed the next edition of abusive talk of all kinds, Then Hornsby concluded by remarking: "Day is breaking and we need not think of lying down any more to-night. We will prepare our breakfast, then I'll clean your gun and we will again be ready for the ducks."

After breakfast I handed my gun to Hornsby. He took the ramrod and attaching a screw to the end, pushed it down the barrel.

“Ah, what is that?” was his ejaculation, when, after pulling out some paper, he poured out a number of buckshot. “What did you expect to shoot with them?”

“Deer.”

“What, you wanted to shoot deer? Have you ever, in all your life, seen a wild deer?”

“Yes.”

“And you really did not faint at the time?”

“No-o!”

“No? Well, this goes beyond my utmost imagination. You are doing very wrong if you continue to keep this a secret. The future Texas historian will miss recording one of the grandest occurrences which ever happened in the country and future generations will never know that there lived such a hero in San Antonio. Thunder and lightning! What is this?” interrupting himself when, instead of the expected powder, more buckshot rolled out of the gun. “Why, you had two loads of buckshot in your gun!”

“Yes?—I must have committed that blunder—”

“D—n it, if there isn’t a third one—a third load of small shot, and what have we here? I have at last reached the bottom of the barrel. Sure—this beats everything! If ever anyone wants to know who is the greatest jackass of the present century, you—you step to the front and you can, without blushing, say that you lay claim to that distinction. In all my life, I never before knew of a man, going on a hunt, with three loads of shot, piled one on the other in his gun, and—*no powder!*”



“Ignis Fatuus.”

“IGNIS FATUUS.”

Surely a nice title for the beginning of a story, isn't it? What it means? Well, I hardly know myself!—I have not the slightest idea of the meaning of these words, and cannot state whether it is French, German, Latin or Zulu. I make use of this kind of heading for the reason, that if I were to use the proper title, my readers, especially those in San Antonio, would throw my story—to the winds. Yes, of this I am positive. Why? Because I want to tell you about an official, or business man, or a species of men, who are hated by nearly everybody. Yes, sir; that is true. I know of some citizens of this great city, if they only hear that they are being talked about, they will get excited sufficiently to dance a Mexican fandango; their gall will burst; they will curse and swear in a manner that would lead one to believe they could eat half a dozen men for breakfast. To them I will say: “Read—read my little story and you will experience the greatest enthusiasm while reading how the *Old Harry* got away with one—yes, with one at least—of these fellow.” And now I will give the right title. It is:

“Why a City Engineer Wants to Give Up
Engineering!”

“What!” some reader will exclaim; “is that green fellow crazy? Does he think we can be intimidated by such a title?” To them I will say, “that they never had anything to do with an engineer, and hence do not know how mean these scoundrels are; and for this reason, before I tell why one of them wants to give up engineering, I will relate my own experience with some of them.”

Well, like all the rest of the boys, in the ordinary course of nature, I got married. I was so happy! We rented a nice little house for fifteen dollars a month. Gee Wilikins, how the months went by! Just as we thought we had paid one month's rent, the landlord would appear with a florid face, ornamented by a most magnificent rose, ready to bloom, while its color would have done credit to a turkey gobbler's snout, and, with a grin and outstretched hand this gentleman would demand another month's pay. This would'nt do. We had to change plans. A family meeting was called, consisting of myself and wife, and we thoroughly discussed the matter, with the final decision to save every dollar and nickel we possibly could for the purpose of getting a home of our own. In these family meetings I held all the offices, except that of treasurer, which was positively claimed by my

wife. She filled the position to perfection. She knew what my salary was, consequently I had to surrender the whole of it every month. She put it away for safe-keeping. I could never induce her to tell one where it was, or to spend a nickel. If I said: "Darling, there is a fine theatrical troupe in the city; let us go to see the play," she would answer: "That is against our rules and regulations. First a home, then we can attend the theater and opera." What could I do! Dissolve my membership with the association and leave the cashier with all the money? No, sir!

Well, six months after our first meeting the cashier reported a cash balance of two hundred and fifty dollars. It was time to look around for a building spot. I went up Main street and pretty soon found a lot which suited me. I went to the owner.

"How much do you want for that lot on Main street?" I asked.

"That is a fine lot, sir," he replied. "I will sell that lot for two hundred and fifty dollars, the ——"

"For how much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, the ——"

"Wouldn't you sell it cheaper if a man paid cash down?"

“No, sir!”

“Well, I will take that lot. Here is the money. Two hundred and fifty dollars. Make out the deed.”

“What do you mean, sir?”

“Well, I want to buy that lot.”

“You didn’t let me finish telling you. I’ll sell that lot at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars per lineal foot frontage, which makes for the whole amount—six thousand dollars.”

“Is that all? Six thous— Gee Wilikins! I don’t want that lot! No, sir. Good bye.”

Well, I looked at other lots. Didn’t like them, but at last found the right thing for us. About one mile out of town, a man had a whole block surveyed and divided up in twelve lots, each of which measured fifty feet front by one hundred and fifty feet deep. Corner lots to cost three hundred and inside lots two hundred dollars. I didn’t like a corner lot, hence bought an inside one. The next day I had my lot surveyed by the city engineer. He did the work in about half an hour and charged me ten dollars. Next I had the lot inclosed with a nice fence, and two weeks later I bought some beautiful umbrella China trees and planted them inside along the fence, about one foot from the same. Every evening I went out to my property and carried

water from the ditch, a distance of about two hundred yards, to water my trees. About a year later we moved into our lumber palace. It was not very large; one room, a kitchen and a small gallery. But, when I came home, at eve, and slipped into my smoking gown, donned my Turkish cap, lit my long pipe and marched with short steps (I could'nt make long ones, for with three strides I was at the end) up and down the gallery, I tell you, I felt like a young king. Two years later, I had two additional rooms added to the house. The trees looked fine and gave a pleasant shade, and we were so happy, until — yes until! Well, I came home one evening, when my wife, excited and angry, told me, that two men and the engineer had measured the adjoining lot, and one of the men had told her that we had our fence on his lot. Well, we had the first sleepless night. The next morning, before breakfast, a man came to see us.

“My name is Mister Brown,” said he. “I bought the lot next to you and have to inform you that your fence is on my land.”

“That can't be,” said I.

“Be or not be, but it is so. You will have to move your fence, and the quicker you do it, the better for you.”

“But if I do not move?”

“Then I’ll tear it down.”

“You?”

“Yes, I!”

“You—You?”

“Yes, me! I will! I have a right to.”

You? I had the city engineer to survey my lot, and he will ——”

“Never mind who surveyed your lot. The present city engineer surveyed mine yesterday, and he showed and told me that your fence is three feet on my ——”

“Thr-e-e fe-et! Man, that would take all my nice shade trees!”

“Well, that wouldn’t be such a great calamity.”

“No? Certainly not for you. But I bought those trees, I planted them myself and carried water for three long years to make them grow. I should loose them? No, sir. I would rather chap them down.”

“Well, I’d like to see that! I’d like to see any man cutting trees on my land.”

“Thunder and lightning! What, on your land? The trees are on my land.”

“No sir; they are on my land and belong to me! You can move your fence—I don’t want it

—but you touch those trees and I'll have you arrested."

"Thunder and—what, you miserable wretch! You—you want to tell me such things in my own house? Get out of here, you—you——"

"Well, I'll go; but I tell you, if you don't move your fence by to-morrow, I'll tear it down and——"

"Get out! Get out, or——"

He left. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Is such a thing right? My nice trees—what can I do? Oh, yes; see the city engineer. I hurriedly put on my coat and ran to his office.

"Where is the engineer, sir?" I asked a large stout fellow sitting in a chair leaning back with his feet on the desk.

"I am the engineer."

"I mean the city engineer."

"I am the city engineer."

"Yes?—but where is that other fellow who three years ago surveyed my lot?"

"He is out of office, sir."

"Out of office! Why?"

"Because he was a fool—didn't understand anything about engineering."

“Indeed? He was a fool? Well, well! Did you survey that lot for that man Brown yesterday?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you told that scoundrel that he could take my fence away?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And my nice shade trees?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And three feet of my land?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You told him that?”

“Yes, sir!”

“You?”

“Yes, sir!”

“‘Yes, sir’—‘yes, sir’—‘yes, sir!’ Can’t you say anything but ‘yes sir’?”

“Yes, sir, I can say something else, and I’ll tell you to get out of my office, or—I will throw you out!”

“You! Me? You——”

“Yes, sir—you! D—n you —— ——!”

I did not hear any more, because I was flying through the door, and the next thing—I found myself sitting in the middle of the street. Oh,

how I did look ! It had been raining very hard that day and how muddy the streets of San Antonio can get, no one knows, unless from practical experience. Well, that scoundrel of an engineer had landed me in the deepest mud. I cleaned myself as best I could. What next? What should I do? Stop—I've got it—yes, I'll go to my boss; he is a smart man—he knows the law! I picked myself up and ran to our store. The old gentleman was there and I told him all about my trouble.

“Well, well,” said he, “that is the reason you are so excited. How dirty you look ! Are you not ashamed of yourself to make an appearance at the store in that condition? And all about such a trifling matter.”

“It is not a trifle for me, Mr. Mason. My—my nice trees !”

“Oh, hang the trees ! About such old rotten trees——”

“My trees are not rotten, sir; they are the prettiest in the whole town ! I planted——”

“Never mind that. If your trees were the finest in the world you had no right to come in my store like a hog !”

“I am not a hog, sir !”

“Yes, you are, and you look like one !”

“Mr. Mason!”

“What! You want to fight me, too? Get out of here—get out!”

“Thunder and light—”

“Porter, help him out!”

Again I found myself sitting in the street. What next? Home—yes, for heaven’s sake, home—or I shall lose my mind! I ran home—everybody evaded me—I had the narrow sidewalk all to myself. Home, home, was all I could think. I thought I would get there safely when—in front of me, walked a lady and gentleman, the lady leading a child by the hand. I saw a little space between the wall and the child. I succeeded in squeezing by, but in doing so sent the child sprawling on the pavement. I turned back to pick it up, but the lady already had the little one in her arms.

“Beg your pardon!” I said; “I didn’t—”

“Shut up your mouth, you miserable drunkard!” cried the man.

“What, drunkard! I—”

Well, by all the saints, I went down again—doubled up like a pocket knife. Did that fellow strike me in the chest? I got intensely angry and jumped on my feet, rolled up my sleeves, and was preparing to give my assailant a blow

that would cause him to see the seven stars, when—just then I felt something in contact with my neck and down the inside of my collar. I looked up and saw—saw a policeman.

“You are my prisoner !” said he.

That was too much for me. My feet began to tremble, my knees became shaky—I could barely stand up. Oh, my—arrested! I never had been arrested in my life. I was always afraid of these policemen. My mother scared me with them when I was a little shaver by saying: “If you don’t behave the policeman will get you !” She often said this, and now I—I am arrested! It was too much for me. Broken down mentally and physically, I followed the policeman to the station.

“What is the matter with you, Bob?” asked a friend of mine, meeting us in the street.

“Oh, Charley, I am—” I could not speak any more.

“What is the matter with him?” he inquired of the officer.

“He is arrested.”

“What for?”

“I have three charges to make against him. For being drunk and down, for disturbing the peace, and for fighting.”

“What, that can’t be! I have known that man since we were little boys, and I never heard anything like that against him.”

“Well, you hear it now. Get on!” said the officer to me.

“I have not much time now,” said my friend, who was cashier in a bank, “but I will go with you anyway to see what they want to do with you.”

He came along, heard the charges against me, and gave bond for me. After that I was told I could go home.

“Well, old boy,” said my friend, “you go home now and I will come after supper to your house.”

He went off and I started for home. After supper he came and I gave him a full and detailed account of my trouble.

“Well, Bob, you had bad, very bad luck to-day. I saw your boss this afternoon and he told me what happened in the store. From there I went to the city engineer and had a talk with him about your trouble and I believe you will have to move your fence.”

“Oh, my nice trees!”

Well, you will have to lose them. I can’t see any other way. I know that. I was troubled in the same manner by these scoundrels of engineers.

After they had given me the lines of my lot, and after I had built a fence and stable on those lines, they told me that I was seven feet in the street. I was compelled to pull down fence and stable and move them back. Another time, one of these smart Alexs had to level our street, and after the same was paved and sidewalks constructed and the first rain came, the houses on the whole street were under water and I had to hire the fire engine to pump the water out of my cellar.

“But great Scott, how can that be? How can the city engage or employ such incompetent men?”

“Well, I think I can explain that to you. You know that we have an election every two years to elect a mayor, councilmen, etc. The newly elected mayor of this city has the right to appoint the city engineer, the city doctor, city marshal, policemen, etc., and kicks the old ones out. Now, if a candidate wants the engineer’s office, the question as to competency is never looked into by the mayor. He may be a plumber or a roof painter. That makes no difference. The number of votes which the applicant controls is the grand consideration. If the mayor thinks the candidate has influence sufficient to elect him for another term; or if he (the mayor) finds in him a willing tool, who will

not say more than what is dictated to him, he will get the office. Now, there is a provision in the city ordinances which provides that the mayor shall propose a list of candidates to the council and only a majority of the same can appoint. But the mayor don't care a continental for that. At the first meeting of the newly elected council he will lay his list of candidates before the council and if the councilmen or alderman will vote against them, he will submit them again at the next meeting and will keep this up until the council gets worn out and finally will vote for the candidates proposed by the mayor. That is the way it is done. Can you understand now why we so often have the most incompetent scoundrels in the city engineer's office? Well, to come back to present business, you had better move your fence and to-morrow morning go to the recorder's court, plead guilty and pay your fine, thus you will only have to pay five dollars. And now another subject. I am well aware that you will never go back to Mason's, owing to the mean manner in which he treated you. I had a talk with Mr. Chandler; he knows you well and needs a bookkeeper. He told me that you were welcome to the place and he will pay you the same amount as Mason.'

Well, the next day I did everything that my friend had advised me to do, but the love, pride

and pleasure which I had ever experienced in my little home, had flown.

Six months later we had another city election, and the city engineer was bounced. I felt happy at this, until—one day I saw a fellow taking levels on our street. I was informed in town that our street would be graded by order of the council. The next evening, when I came home, my wife told me that this fellow had said to her, we had our front fence two feet on the street, and I should come to his office. I did not go—I had enough of the first time. A week later I got an order from the council to remove my fence from the street. I went to my friend Charley and he advised me to move my fence back. I did it. The street didn't get fixed that year, because the city finances were low.

Two years later we had another city election. The first thing the new council did was to pass a resolution to pave our street. They had plenty of money and sent the new city engineer to survey the same.

“Dear, will you please go to the gate and see what that engineer wants?” said my wife one morning.

“No, darling, I wont go.”

“But he wants to see you.”

“But I don't want to see him.”

“He says he has something very important to say to you.”

“But I do not want to hear it. I do not want to see him. I won’t go!”

“Oh, what shall I do now? He stands out there waiting. He asked me if you were at home. I told him you were. He didn’t want to tell me what he wished to say to you.”

Well, I went out.

“What do want?” I asked that fellow.

“Well, sir, I only want to tell you that your fence is two feet too far back and you can move it out.”

“Yes! I did have my fence two feet out and they made me move it back.”

“I know it. It was a great wrong from that former engineer. You had your fence on the right line, but—he never was an engineer; he is a fool.”

“Yes; he is a fool? And what are you?”

“Well, sir; I am the city engineer.”

“You are—yes indeed—you are no fool—Oh, no. You don’t want to be a fool. But, I tell you, you are a fool; you are a miserable fool; you are the biggest fool I ever saw, and if you don’t get away from here I’ll tear the wool off your sheep’s head, you—you ——”

Well, he went off. Two hours later I was arrested and fined ten dollars and trimmings for insulting a city officer.

Well, that was my experience with these scoundrels. I think it was enough—at least it was enough for me.

Now I will tell why one of them wants to give up his office.

Mister Jones, the city engineer and surveyor of San Antonio, was a good man. A good church member. He hated whiskey and tobacco. The only thing he did like was chewing cloves. One day he was sitting in his office, staring with despairing and melancholy countenance at the ceiling.

Some one rapped at the door.

“Come in,” said Jones.

In came his best friend, Mr. Caldwell.

“Hello, old boy,” said Caldwell. “How do you do? We have got—what is the matter with you; are you sick?”

“No.”

“Well, what is it?”

“Oh—I—I’m thinking of giving up my office.”

“What?! You want to give up your office! Your good paying office! That cannot be. Why—why do you want to do that?”

“Because I think it is better for me.”

“Better for you? Did you have any trouble in your office?”

“No.”

“Well, what on earth can it be? Tell me—but wait.”

Caldwell ran to the door, locked it, pulled out of his coat pocket a small bottle and gave it to Jones.

“Here, take one; take a good one,” said he to Jones.

Jones did take the bottle and drank half of its contents. Caldwell swallowed the rest of it. After that they put their hands in their pockets and pulled out some cloves, which they proceeded to chew, after which Jones put his nose to the mouth of Caldwell, and the latter his nasal appendages to the fly-trap of Jones.

“It’s all right; the smell is gone,” said Caldwell, “and now tell me, why you wish to give up your office.”

“It is about a ——”

“Well?”

“It is about ——”

“Well?”

“It is about a bad—bad ——”

“Well?”

“It is about a bad—bad dream, which I had last night.”

“What! Arn’t you crazy? About a foolish dream you want to give up your office?”

“Yes.”

“That cannot be!”

“I know you would do the same thing if you had such a fearful night as I had.”

“No, sir; I don’t believe that. But tell me—tell me your dream.”

“Well, then listen:

“I dreamed I was dead. I went to the gates of heaven and knocked. Saint Peter made his appearance.

“ ‘What do you want?’ said he.

“ ‘I would like to be admitted here.’

“ ‘Who are you?’

“ ‘I am Mister Jones.’

“ ‘Where do you come from?’”

“ ‘From San Antonio, Texas.’

“ ‘What trade did you follow there?’

“ ‘Surveyor and engineer.’

“ ‘What?!’

“ ‘Surveyor and engineer.’

“ ‘Get out of here, there is no place for you here; get out! We don’t want any surveyor or engineer here—get out!’

“All my praying and begging to let me in were of no avail. He closed the gate in my face. Now you can imagine how I felt. As I had to go like a miserable wretch and ask for admittance in the lower region. I went there and rapped. The *Old Harry* himself came to the door.

“ ‘What do you want?’ he asked me.

“ ‘I want to get admission here.’

“ ‘Yes! Ah—who are you?’

“ ‘I’m Mister Jones.’

“ ‘Where are you from?’

“ ‘From San Antonio, Texas.’

“ ‘Ah, from Texas! Those Texans must like me, especially those from San Antonio. Nearly all of them come to me. That’s right—come in! But what business did you follow?’

“ ‘I was surveyor and engineer.’

“ ‘What? Get out of here! I don’t want any more such scoundrels here—get out!’

“He closed the door on me. That was too much. Heaven and hell closed on me for nothing else but being an engineer! Oh! I cried like a baby. It was very cold and raining, and I had to stand outside shivering and crying, while on the inside of the door I heard shouting and laughter. I knocked once more.

“ ‘What, you are here yet?’ exclaimed his Satanic Majesty. ‘Get out!’

“Again he tried to close the door, but I had my foot in front of it.

“ ‘Oh, dear,’ I cried, ‘led me in. I’m not to blame for being an engineer. I had to learn that business. Oh, dear, have pity on me and let me in!’

“ ‘Well, I ought to get mad at you, but I have my good day to day, so I will tell you why I do not want any surveyor or engineer in here.

“ ‘Some time ago I had such a fellow in here. He was from San Antonio too. One day he came to me and asked me for a compass and chain. He said he would like to work a little. Well, I gave it to him. He ran around for several weeks surveying my dominions, than he sat for two weeks in a corner making calculations.

After he was through, that miserable fellow had the brass to come to me and tell me—yes tell *me!*’ exclaimed Satan with fierce looking eyes, and shaking his fist under my nose, ‘came to me and told me I had to move hell, because it encroached on some one else’s property.’ ”



“ Must Have a Wife Again.”

“Must Have a Wife Again.”

On a certain day in the month of November, A. D. 1880, a farm-wagon drawn by two large, strong horses was going along one of the streets in the southern part of the city of San Antonio. The sole occupant of the wagon was George Brown, a farmer, apparently about forty years of age, small in stature but broad shouldered and strong. His callous hands indicated that he was used to hard work. It was noon time when he stopped in front of a small frame house, over the door of which a huge umbrella was displayed, under which, on a crude, painted sign could be read: “A. Gieslic, Umbrella Manufacturer.”

“Hello!” cried Brown as he halted with his team in front of the door.

A small, wrinkled old woman appeared.

“What do you wish?—my goodness, if this ain’t Brown! By all the saints, where do you come from? Why, this is really a strange visit.

Oh, yes; I must call Caspar at once. Caspar—Caspar—Casp-a-r!”

“Well, well—why do you hollow so loudly? Here I am; what do you want?” uttered a slim, little man.

“Why, my goodness, just come here; here is Brown!”

“Well, well Brown—if this isn’t a strange visit!” exclaimed Mr. Gieslic.

“How goes it with you?” said Brown, who in the mean time had gotten out of the wagon, giving both of them a hearty shake of the hand.

“We are getting along very well,” said Mrs. Gieslic, “thank you, but where is Catharine, your wife? Why didn’t she come along?”

“Yes—my wife,” answered Brown while shaking his head, “my poor Catharine.”

“Oh, my ; what is the matter with her?”

“She is—but I will unhitch my horses first. Afterwards, in the house, I will tell you all about her.”

After the horses had been unharnessed and fed all three went in the house together.

“Now tell us quick, what is the matter with Catharine?” exclaimed the little woman inquiringly, as she seated herself.

“She is dead.,’

"My Lord! — de-a-d? cried Mrs. Gieslic, clasping her hands, while her husband with open mouth and folded arms sat speechless with face plainly displaying great consternation and surprise.

"Yes, she died, and it is a week ago to-day that we buried her."

"Catharine is—dead!" again cried Mrs. Gieslic, "dead. Oh, my—I cannot realize it. And what about the children?"

"They did not die; they are all alive."

"All?"

"Yes; all ten are alive."

"What was the cause of Catharine's death?"

"In confinement."

"In childbed again!—so soon? Oh, my, the poor thing."

"How old was she?"

"Thirty-five."

"Thirty-five? Then the poor thing might have lived a long time yet. But what are you going to do with so many children; how are you getting along with them?"

"Badly, very badly, Mrs. Gieslic. The wife is wanting in all parts of the house. True, the oldest girl is about twelve years old, and she

understands a little about cooking; but it is not the same as if the mother, the housewife, was there. To manage a farm without a housewife is impossible; and that is why I have come to you to help me out of the difficulty. I am aware that you have procured places for many servant girls and are doing so still, and I am sure you know some one who will come with me on the farm."

"Oh, my goodness—poor Catharine! You want me to help you to a—you want to get——"

"Well, well, well," interrupted Mr. Gieslic, "to get married again."

"Yes, that is what I want. I am compelled to have a wife again."

"Oh my—poor Catharine; to die so young, and now—now, so soon after you want to get married again. And you want me to find you a—wife! But you surely do not mean right away?"

"I would like, Mrs. Gieslic, to take one home with me to-morrow. It looks hard for me to say this, so soon after Catharine's death, but my little ones need care that I cannot give them besides attending to my work."

This crafty reply worked upon the feeling of Mrs. Gieslic, who, looking up, replied:

"But that cannot be done in a hurry."

“You can, if you only want to. I know you to be a smart and sensible woman and it will be no trouble for you to find a wife for me.”

“I—well, yes,” answered Mrs. Gieslic, flattered by the last remarks, “I will do my best—wait a moment,” saying which she put the forefinger of her right hand to her nasal organ, and while rubbing the same seemed to be lost in deep thought. After a few minutes she jumped up, exclaiming: “I have it! I have it! I have a pair of them, and I will hunt them up at once and see if one will catch at the bait. It is now one o’clock and I will surely find them at home.”

“You see,” said Brown, “I was right to come to you; I knew that you would find something for me.”

“Yes, yes; I will do my best for the sake of those poor children. Oh my, poor Catharine—that she had to—but I must hurry away or I will not find my maids of the kitchen at their homes; I will be back in about an hour.”

“Good,” said Brown. “In the mean time I will go up town and make my purchases and attend to business.”

“Oh my, but with this little tattle we are making no progress,” said Mrs. Gieslic.

“Well, well, well—what am I to do in the mean time?” exclaimed Mr. Gieslic, who had

listened with open mouth and astonishment to the dialogue of the two.

"You? You need not do anything; you stay here and watch the house, and—hold, you make a fire and some coffee, so that when I come back I may have a drop of coffee. Oh my, Brown, you havn't had anything to eat yet!"

"Well, that doesn't matter; I'm not hungry, and in my present mood, I couldn't eat anything nohow."

"No? Well, then, good bye; don't forget the coffee," called Mrs. Gieslic *to her* husband as she hurried off.

Two hours later the clock struck three, Brown came back from his business in the city.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed Gieslic, who was waiting for Brown in front of the house. "Come with me at once. My wife told me to look out for you and lead you to our bed room, because—well, well, well—she has *one* in the front room now."

While he was squeezing Brown's arm, the latter followed Gieslic, full of expectation, into the sleeping apartment; and they had hardly entered when Mrs. Gieslic stepped in out of the parlor and carefully closed the door.

“Oh my; where have you been all this time? I’ll tell you what, I have had a world of trouble. I was at four different places and all four girls promised to come here this afternoon. One is here now, in there,” pointing to the parlor. “Now, you go in and see what you can do.”

“I—I can—how does she look? I can’t—see what a condition I’m in. I must wash myself and arrrange my clothes a little.”

“What! You old sinner, you want to dress up already! March in there at once!” exclaimed Mrs. Gieslic, while she pulled Brown to the door, and opening the same, attempted to push him in. But that was not easily accomplished, as Brown was very strong, and, feeling his courage fail at the eleventh hour, made an almost desperate resistance. At this state of affairs, Mr. Gieslic came to the aid of his wife, and the two jointly succeeded in pushing Brown into the parlor, closing the door after him.

“Now, you hold the door tight, so that he can’t come out again,” said Mrs. Gieslic, “I will see what is going on through the keyhole.”

Brown, who had got into the room thus unceremoniously, saw himself at once in the presence of a good-looking young girl, dressed in the latest fashion. She was slender but well built, even a little taller than himself, and might have been eighteen years of age. She had walked the

floor in a restless and fidgety kind of manner, but stood now still and examined Brown with undisguised astonishment.

“Good—good—good evening,” Brown at last succeeded in ejaculating.

“Good evening,” said the girl.

“I—I—want—I have—have heard that—that you—you wish to— — get married.”

“I? Yes, well yes—I wish to get married. That is, provided the man suits me. Where is he—maybe it is your son?”

“My son! No—I—I am the—one.”

“What, you? You want to get married? Why you are old enough to be my grandfather. I really believe Mrs. Gieslic has lost her mind, to expect me—yes, *me*—to marry such a dirty thing! Yes, indeed,” continued the girl, her face red with anger, “yes, truly. Ha—me marry such a thing as that? — I’d rather remain single all my life—yes, ten times rather! But I don’t need to. I’ll get a husband any time if I want to get married,” she continued, her excitement increasing, while she was swinging her parasol backwards and forwards in dangerous proximity to his nose, filling Brown with such fear as to make him retreat several steps. “Now, you bear in mind, if I want to get married, I’ll take one whom I like, but not such an old night-owl

as you. Good bye." With these words she rushed out of the door.

"Oh my!" cried Mrs. Gieslic, who came running into the front room. "Oh my, that mean thing of a woman; hasn't she a mouthpiece though? Just let her come again and want me to get her a place; I'll place her. Console yourself," continued Mrs. Gieslic, turning and addressing Brown, who still stood speechless and covered with consternation and fear. "Do not take that to heart, three more are coming. I am sure, there will be one among them. I really have to sit down—that impudent woman has gone through my bones and marrow. Night-owl, dirty—though with the latter she is not so very wrong. Quick, Casper, bring the clothes brush. There it lies—over yonder. Here, quick, brush your pants; there, now, Brown, haven't you any eyes in your head? There; that is right. Casper, quick; your brown coat—quick! Oh my—bring your brown coat, I said. You make me crazy. Get you brown coat. There now, Brown, slip this on quick."

"But that coat is much too small for me."

"That's nothing; that'll go on all right. Here, here is the sleeve—now into it—hup—so—now the other one; here it is. Oh my; don't look so clumsy and awkward. Now pull. Here, Casper, help—hup. Now, you see. You look ten

times better already. Oh, jerum—how dirty your boots are; they are quiet red. Casper, bring the blacking and brush — quick. Jeminee — will you bring the blacking and brush? Quick! It is really unendurable with that man. There, have you got them? Well, then, stoop down quick and polish Brown's boots. Here—that is it. Spit on the brush a little more—hurry up!—that is right; here a little more. Ah!—you look like a gentleman already, only that beard looks rough and rugged. Casper, hand that blacking brush; I want to ——”

“For God's sake, Mrs. Gieslic, you do not intend to paint my beard with blacking?”

“Most assuredly I do. Those women folks are here like in all the rest of the world; they want to be deceived. Now stand and keep still; otherwise will smear it all over your face.”

“But if——”

“Quit your ifs and buts or I'll let you go home without a wife! Now the eyebrows want a little. Ah, now you really look ten years younger! But why do you stretch out your arm as if you wanted to fly?”

“I cannot do otherwise; the coat is too small.”

“Well, you have to stand that. There are lots of men who have to stand a great deal more until they have caught a wife. Oh, my! I hear

another one coming already. Quick, into the bedroom !”

Without resistance he allowed himself to be pushed into the room, followed by Mr. Gieslic. Mrs. Gieslic locked the door after them. Presently she came in, too.

“Now go in; there is one in there who I think will jump at the bait,” she said to Brown.

“Heavens ! I am getting to be fearfully uneasy already.”

“What, Brown, ain’t you ashamed of yourself in your old days to become afraid of a woman ? Be brave—in with you ! ‘Faint heart never won fair lady.’”

“But if this one treats me to a lecture such as the first one gave me ?”

“This one will not do that, because I have already told her all about you; that you were forty years old, that you are a farmer—and yet she is willing. Consequently go in boldly and plead your cause.”

Again was Brown pushed into the other room by the old couple.

The girl, who confronted Brown this time, might have been twenty-two years old, just as large as the first one, only a little stronger built; blonde hair, and large blue eyes with which she

scrutinized Brown carefully. Her dress was of modern style.

“Good—good evening!” stammered Brown.

“Good evening.”

“I—I have—Mrs. Gieslic has told me, that you wish to marry—m—me?”

“Yes.”

“My name is Brown—George Brown.”

“Yes, Mrs. Gieslic already told me that.”

“I—I live on a farm.”

“I also know that and have no objections whatever to a farm, provided everything else suits. How far do you live from the city?”

“I live ten miles from Castroville and forty miles from San Antonio.”

“Forty miles from San Antonio! That is certainly a good distance. We will not be able to come to town every day.”

“No, surely not.”

“Well, that really would not be any serious drawback, but we could go every two or three days I suppose. I am very fond of playing on the piano. Of course you have one at home?”

“No; I have no piano.”

“No! Well, then, you will have to buy one;

for without a piano I cannot live on a farm. Will you do that?"

"I—I don't know."

"You don't know? Then it is perfectly useless for us to continue our negotiations; I just won't go along! I wouldn't marry any man, who would not care for, or love me enough, to buy me a piano."

"I will buy one!"

"Ah, that is handsome of you! Now I'll go along with pleasure. Hold—one thing more; you have dances and balls on the farm, for I am passionately fond of dancing?"

"Yes; sometimes they get up a dance at one of the neighbors'."

"Oh, that will be nice; of course you dance?"

"I danced formerly."

"Ah, that is all just as I would like to have it! To drive to town, to play on the piano, to dance—oh, we will have such a good time! I'll marry at once if you wish. Have you cows?"

"Yes."

"Ah, that is also nice! We will take some one who knows how to milk and is familiar with the manner of handling cows. I know a young man, who understands it thoroughly. We'll take him. The little cooking necessary for us, I'll

attend to in the beginning, until we can get a servant. We are only three persons, and everything seems to match splendidly! Don't it?"

"No, that won't do."

"No! And why not?"

"Because I am not rich enough to keep a servant, and because I am—I am not alone."

"What? You can't even keep one servant? So then you probably expect me to milk the cows myself? And why are you not alone—who is with you?"

"My—my children."

"What! You have children—you have children; how many?"

"Ten."

"Great heavens—ten children! Ten children, and you wretched, poor old sinner," the girl continued, stepping nearer with both arms akimbo, addressing Brown, who was now in a state of perspiration from fear; "you old sinner with your ten satellites, and so poor that you can't keep a servant, you have the brazen audacity to wish to marry me—*me*—an innocent young girl who can play on the piano? You—you! Ha, it would be delightful, sitting at the open instrument playing a *fantassma* by *Beardhoven* with your ten satellites around me, or

going to a ball holding one young one by the right hand, another by the left, with a third on my back and the others crying, noisy and hollowing, pulling on my dress! Good gracious! Such unheard insolence has never been offered me in all my life! Ha, what do I see? You have dyed your beard and eyebrows to deceive innocent young girls? Come here, now!" The girl took hold of Brown and led him to the looking glass. "There!" she exclaimed, "look in there, you black-dyed old swindler, you!"

With a glance in the glass Brown saw his deadly pale face, covered all over with black streaks, staring at him. With two bounds he reached the bedroom door, tore it open and disappeared.

It was really lucky that the scheming Mrs. Gieslic had watched the proceedings through the keyhole and consequently had just time to withdraw when Brown made his mad rush for the door. But Mr. Gieslic, who was near her, being somewhat slow, received a sound hit on the nose from the door, which straightened him out with his feet in the air.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Gieslic, gesticulating and clasping her hands above her head. Then quickly running to the front room, where she did not find the girl. "Oh, my, my—how proud, sly and crafty are the young

girls of the present day! What mouthpieces they are possessed of—great goodness! One really gets alarmingly uneasy! Here, Brown; here is water, take a good wash. I will—ah, I hear some one coming!”

Mrs. Gieslic went into the front room and in a little while returned with her face all smiles.

“Brown,” she said to him, who in the meantime had pulled off the coat of Gieslic and taken a wash; “Brown, this time we have the right one!”

“I have had enough, Mrs. Gieslic, said Brown, resignedly; “I have had quite enough I’ll give it up.”

“What! Now—now when we have one who acquiesces and is satisfied with everything! You want to give up?”

“Did you tell her everything?”

“Most assuredly? I told her you was a widower, that you was forty years old, that you had ten children and lived on a farm.”

“Did you tell her all that?”

“Yes; and she is satisfied and contented with all of it.”

“Well—I will risk it once more; but this much I will tell you: If this girl fails me, I’ll give it up.”

Brown walked towards the door, but halted before going in.

“My—if—if this one should treat me in the same way as the others?”

“This one will not do so,” said Mrs. Gieslic; “she is craving for a husband. Just go in!”

Again Gieslic had to aid his wife to push Brown into the other room.

A very young girl, she might have been about seventeen years old, good looking, of the petite style, was sitting on a chair in the room which Brown had been ushered. She wore a plain calico dress and her hat only—a high straw hat—decorated with a large plume, would attract special attention. When Brown first stepped into the room she cast one quick glance on him, then she bent her head and looked at her hands in which, in apparent excitement, she was turning over and over her closed up parasol.

“I—Mrs. Gieslic has told me—that—you would like to get married,” said Brown.

Without looking up, the girl nodded with her head, and by this action, the large plume, which stood upright while the girl’s head was bent, began to wave and, swinging forward, seemed to corroborate the opinion of its owner.

“Mrs. Gieslic has really told you—that I am

forty years old—that I am a farmer and have ten children?”

The plume gave several affirmative nods.

“You are not afraid to marry me?”

The plume made a right and left motion with negative intent.

“Good! If you are pleased with everything, we can arrange the whole matter this afternoon; I mean the marriage, because I must go back home to-morrow morning.”

The plume nodded consent.

“Good; I will tell Mrs. Gieslic that everything is all right. I’ll be back in a moment,” said Brown and quickly went into the bedroom.

“Now, did I not tell you that this one would take the bait,” with these words Mrs. Gieslic received him. “Well, thank goodness that you have one at last.”

“But, for heaven’s sake, is the girl dumb?” asked Brown.

“Oh my; she dumb? Just let her get acquainted with you, you’ll find that she has a mouthpiece like a millwheel. Jerum, she dumb!”

“Well, then everything is as it should be.”

“I should smile. You ought to be glad to get

such a nice little wife, you old sinner, you. But now come along with me to the girl."

They all three went in the front room, where the girl was still sitting on her chair.

"Now, that is sensible of you," said Mrs. Gieslic to her, "that you are going to marry Mr. Brown. You will get a good, excellent and honest husband. I think you had better settle the whole matter at once. It is now four o'clock; if you both go at once to the court house, you will find the official there yet. You get the license and then go to the Justice of the Peace, who will marry you and the whole thing will be over. Casper, you go along with them; they need a witness, anyway."

A short time afterwards they were on their way to the court house. Old Mr. Gieslic walking in front, smiling and grining with inward pleasure, followed by Brown and the silent girl. All attempts of Brown to induce her to speak were fruitless; but he did notice, when she thought herself unobserved, that she cast sly observing glances at him. Soon after, they turned into Soledad street, when but a few steps more brought them to the court house. Here the girl lingered.

“Well, well,” said Gieslic, who noticed her delay, “if you don’t like to go into the court house, you may wait outside while we are getting the license, which we can get without you; but you have to be with us at the Justice’s office afterwards. Will you wait here outside?”

The girl nodded affirmatively.

“Well, well, then wait here. You might walk up and down the street. We will be back soon.”

Gieslic and Brown now hurried into the court house and presented themselves to the official who issues marriage licenses.

“Mr. Gieslic, what can I do for you?” asked the officers.

“My friend Brown, here, wants to get a marriage license.”

“All right, sir.”

He took down a large book, opened it, pen in hand, saying: “Now we can go it. What is your name?”

“George Brown.”

“All right; I have it. Now your bride, what is her name?”

“Her name—what is her name?” asked Brown of Gieslic.

“I do not know myself,” was the answer.

Speechless, both looked at one another.

“Well, that is curious,” said the official to Brown. “You want to get married and don’t know the name of the bride! Where is she?”

“Well, well, she stands outside, in front of the court house,” cried Gieslic.

“Well, then go and get her,” said the official.

Both rushed to the street. They looked up and down the street; they ran up and down the street; they looked and ran in all side streets—but the girl was nowhere to be seen.

“Well, well,” exclaimed Gieslic when they returned, breathless, to the front of the court house, “she—she got scared—and—has run away.”

“But, for mercy sake, what are we to do now?” exclaimed Brown in despair.

“Well, well—I’d like to know that myself.”

“Mr. Gieslic,” here said a girl, who had come along the street, “Mr. Gieslic, your wife sends me to you.”

“To me? Then you must be one of those girls who wants to get married?”

“Yes,” she answered somewhat bashfully.

“Come along, quick—come!” cried Gieslic, and taking the girl by her left arm, while

Brown took hold of her right one, they pulled her along into the court house.

“Well, well,” cried Gieslic to the official, “here we have one.”

“All right. What is your name?”

“Pauline Doby.”

“How old?”

“Twenty-four years.”

Two minutes later the license was handed to Brown.

“Well, well,” said Gieslic, “now we can go to the Justice of the Peace.”

“Yes,” said the official, “with this paper in their possession any Justice will marry them.”

Again they got hold of the girl's arms and dragged her to the office of the Justice of the Peace, and ten minutes later Brown had — “A Wife Again.”



“Love and Politics

“ LOVE AND POLITICS.”

“Well, my boy, you wish to know what I have to say about your getting married? It is simply this: I will never consent to your wedding the daughter of such a contemptible scoundrel as Jones. You are well aware of his publicly calling me a reprobate and an ass, because, like himself, I would not desert the republican party and go into the ranks of democracy. When the war was over and our armies were disbanded, we returned, to find our stock driven off and the houses of our parents plundered by marauding bands of democrats. It was then and there this man and I swore vengeance against all democrats! How did Jones keep his oath? Look at his record and see for yourself. To-day he is a member of the democratic party! Being questioned by me on the subject, he gave the flimsy excuse that the republican party, not being to-day what it was when he and I risked our lives to maintain its principles, he could no longer give it his support. He even went so far as to denounce the leaders of that grand old party as a set of inconsistent, corrupt and hungry office-seekers; and more astonishing still, he

actually denied belonging to the democratic party; said he had only joined the great mass of independent people. That is Jones! He disclaims being a democrat, while voting with them and for them. To think of such a hypocrite calling me a reprobate and an ass!"

"But, father, I hope you do not hold his daughter responsible for such conduct?"

"No, my son, I do not. Yet I know too well the unhappy results of marriages where the parents of both parties are at enmity; no good ever comes of such. Lizzie is a good girl and were she not the offspring of such a man, I would willingly give my consent. But as it is, never! Just so sure as I will never vote for a democrat, equally sure you may be that I will never consent to such a union. There—now you have my decision."

Knowing my father's disposition, I felt it would be useless to argue with him any longer, so I walked out of his room. In the hall I met my mother awaiting me. With tears in her eyes, embracing me, she softly said: "Bob, my dear boy, do not take this matter so hard. Come, come with me to my room."

Listlessly, I complied with her request.

"Now, sit down here, Bob," she continued, seating herself near me and clasping my hands

in hers. "I feared it would result in this, as your father is a high-spirited, wholesoul man, and the insults given by Jones, in moments of passion, I fear he will never forgive or forget. Oh, wretched politics!" she exclaimed; "think of its separating two such good men as your father and Mr. Jones! And now their poor children have to suffer the consequence. What do you intend to do now, Bob?"

"I do not know."

"Nor do I, Bob. It is certain your father will never give his consent. Bob, would it not be best—I—I do not like to speak to you in that way on such a painful subject, but would it not be best for you to give—to give up all hopes of marrying Lizzie? You are young and in youth it is easy to forget. Take a trip; travel about and see something of the world. I shall speak to your father about it. Don't you think it a good idea, Bob?"

"I cannot say, mother."

"Well, think of it, my son. Say you will make the attempt, just for my sake, and try and be again my bright and happy boy."

"Yes, mother, I will try; but for the present please permit me to go to my room."

"All right, Bob, go."

Despondently I went to my room and taking a

seat near an open window, sat gazing into space. Thus I sat for hours, until the striking of the old house clock reminded me that it was time to keep the appointment I had made to meet Lizzie beneath the arbor in her father's garden.

The Jones farm was about three miles from ours, so saddling my horse and springing upon him, I rode swiftly to the shady retreat of my lady love whom I found waiting; and coming anxiously forward as I dismounted, the poor girl, alarmed no doubt at the expression of my face, exclaimed: "Bob, what is the matter! Are you sick?"

"No, I am not sick."

"Well, what is wrong? Why are you walking so slow and looking so pale?"

"Lizze, I have asked father about you—you and me."

"And?"

"He is opposed to it."

"And?"

"Said he would never give his consent."

"And?"

"Yes, *and!* Is not that enough," I exclaimed, at the same time feeling as if a mist had come over my eyes.

“Oh, my! Oh, Bob! What did your mother say about it?”

“She said that under the circumstances it would be best to give you up. But there—now, Lizzie, you are crying. Please, my darling, I cannot bear to see you weep.”

“I am not.”

“Yes, you are, Lizzie.”

“And you,” interrupted the sobbing girl, “you call yourself a man, and I see tears in your eyes. If—if your mother says we—we must separate, so—so let it be.”

“If you think so Lizzie?”

“Yes, yes; and—and we will part—part forever. Good bye, Bob—good bye.”

“Lizzie, Lizzie; stay a moment. Surely you are not going to leave me in this manner. Without at least a shake of the hand; so—so, and now give me one farewell kiss.”

It's needless to say, that farewell kiss had many duplicates and ere the lapse of many moments we had plighted eternal troth to each other. How could it be otherwise? When I gazed upon those bright eyes, beaming with tender love from the pure and innocent face of my Lizzie, 'twas then I ceased to think for awhile of father and mother, or the whole world besides.

“Darling, rather than give you up I would sooner plunge in yonder river and drown myself and sorrow.”

“Oh, Bob, how can you talk so silly. To think you could drown your sorrow, while by the mad act you would simply heap a burden of grief and shame upon your parents and myself.”

“My darling, forgive me for the suggestion. But let us now consider what is best to be done.”

“We will wait, Bob. I am willing to wait to the end of my life. Come, Bob, let us go to my parents and explain everything to them and see what they have to say.”

Acting upon this suggestion, we went, and upon our arrival at the house, Lizzie related the whole affair to her father and mother, not even omitting to tell them that I had an idea of jumping into the river.

Mr. Jones gave me a severe lecture. Among other remarks he said that my father was and is a man of honor and that such a deed, from an only son, would be the cause of untold sorrow and grief to my parents.

When, later, I prepared to take leave and ride home, I had to promise Mr. Jones never to entertain such thoughts again. Upon arriving home, I found my mother on the porch waiting for me, and to her I unburdened my heavy heart by

truthfully stating everything that had transpired.

“My son,” she said, “I know Jones to be a good man and one who harbors no malice or evil toward us, and your father my yet become convinced of this fact. So have courage, my boy. The merciful Creator will bring all things about for the best.”

It so happened that at this time there was a great deal of work to be done on the farm and in order to forget my trouble I worked incessantly. My father had but little to say and went about the farm in an absent minded manner, looking as though he had lost something. This peculiarity lasted several days, when it suddenly took a change and he would spend hours and days at his desk, writing letters. I had to carry his mail to the postoffice and was surprised to see the letters directed to almost every important city in the United States. I also noticed the address of men who had once been prominent leaders of the republican party. It was not long before answers to these letters began to come in.

About two weeks after my “unlucky day” my father informed me of his intention of taking a trip to attend certain political conventions or gatherings. Being absent about a week he re-

turned only to stay a short time and go again on some similar occasion. It was during his absence on one of these trips that I sold several head of beeves to a butcher, and while putting the money in my father's desk I saw all the lately received mail lying open, letters and printed circulars headed : "Force Bills."

I could not resist the temptation to read some of the letters. The first one I took came from Kerrville, Texas, and read as follows :

DEAR FRIEND--Your letter to hand. You ask me about the tariff on wool. Well, I think it is a good thing for us sheepraisers. We are certainly not against it, so long as we are benefitted by it. You further ask, if the tariff on wool is not a great wrong towards our poor people, as it raises the value of woolen goods. Well, as you asked me to tell you, as a friend, nothing but the truth, so I will answer accordingly. Yes, the tariff on wool will certainly raise the value of woolen goods. Your assertion that this is wrong towards our poor people may be right. But you know there is a great many things wrong in this world, which we, that is, you and I, can not change. In answer to your question as to what workmen or help we employ, I have to say that we employ certainly the cheapest help we can get, that is, the Mexican peons. We pay to them eight to ten dollars per month. In regard

to your last question, I have to admit that sheep-raising, without a tariff on wool, is still profitable

Yours truly,

R. BARNELL.

Another letter, from our city, reads thus :

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—It gives me great pleasure to answer your letter of the 6th inst. You ask me what I, being a wholesale dry goods merchant, think of high tariff. I say it is humbug. I say it is humbug if anybody says that high tariff is beneficial to the poor people. High tariff is only to the benefit of the manufacturer. You raise to-day the tariff, and the manufacturer will pocket the sum raised. He won't give or pay his employes one cent more and will always try to get his workmen as cheap as he can. I would say nothing against high tariff if our manufacturers would make their goods as good or better than the imported, but I tell you we are really ashamed of the stuff we have to buy and sell to our people.

What these political humbugers are saying about high tariff making high wages is all nonsense. Our workmen don't want high wages. They need and want cheaper living. That's what they want. If a workman gets four dollars a day, and he needs four dollars to support him-

self and family, he always will be a poor man. But if he gets only two dollars a day, and he can support himself and family with *one* dollar a day, then he can save a dollar. That is what the workman wants, cheap living, and therefore I say : Down with that high tariff.

How are you getting along on your farm ?
Did you have any rain ?

Yours truly,

R. HALF.

The next letter came from New Orleans and read as follows:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—You cannot imagine the unbounded pleasure it gave me to hear from you, especially after so long a silence, and I regret very much, as I have to leave here to-day, that I will not have time to answer your letter in quite as lengthy a manner as I would like; but as I expect to be absent only a few days, I will content myself with this brief missive for the present and write you in full upon my return. I will therefore to-day confine myself to answering your questions in reference to our mayor, who commanded the battalion in which you and I served during the war. My dear friend, I am sorry to say, that, what you have heard concerning him, is only too true. Shortly after the war he married and resided here in New Orleans

until he received a position as assistant postmaster in another city in this state. Notwithstanding the fact of his being a true republican, he was kept in office by the appointed postmaster under Cleveland's administration, who looked more at the ability than the politics of our friend. The mayor's eldest daughter, who filled the position of clerk, was also retained. But, after the election of our present *republican* administration, we were astonished to learn that the President intended appointing a negro as postmaster to the office in which our mayor and daughter had served so faithfully. At first we could not believe such news to be true, but finding it confirmed by subsequent reports, the citizens sent a petition by a committee to Washington, while we, the old comrades of the mayor, sent several members from our association to help intercede with the President, that, if we could not get our mayor, that we might at least have a white man appointed as postmaster, but, all attempts proved futile and the negro was appointed. Of course our mayor and his daughter had to resign their positions. This was the work of a *republican* President. He also gave the fattest office in your state to a darkey by appointing him collector of the port at Galveston. How insolent some of this race are getting now a days. I read an article in one of the Memphis papers this morning which gives you a fair illustration. You

know that annually hundreds of our wives and daughters, from the small school miss up to the gray-haired old grand-mother, are assaulted by black brutes. Of course an avenging nemesis follows in their immediate wake and they are hung to the nearest tree. There is now, or was, a negro editor in Memphis who wrote that the hanging of these darkies was a shame, as they were lured on to commit these crimes by the loose character of the white women. Is not this the greatest insult ever hurled at our wives and daughters? Even should a white man dare write such stuff, he would deserve the gallows ten fold. Now do not understand me to say that I am a negro hater, for I have known many brave, honest and intellectual men of color, and I cannot hate a race for whom I fought that they might be free. But when it comes to the question of who shall rule our beautiful country, there is but one answer: THE WHITE MAN; and should a man, in his efforts to retain office, try to elevate the negro above his own kind, then I would emphatically say: Turn him out! For we all know that the action of such men would certainly lead to a bloody war of races. My friend, after reading the foregoing, you must not be surprised when I tell you that in the coming election this year, I expect to vote for the democratic candidate. Perhaps you will censure me for this, but I am thoroughly convinced he is the

man we need and will have the interest of our country at heart, in looking to the welfare of its citizens, regardless of color, and should he be elected I predict a bright and prosperous future.

I must now close in order to fulfill my appointment. Hoping you will yet look at this political chaos in its proper light, I remain,

Your true friend,

R. D. JACKSON.

Carefully replacing these letters and locking the desk, I rode over to see Lizzie and her parents and related to them what I had discovered. Upon hearing it, Mr. Jones jumped up and grasping my hand exclaimed: "Courage, my boy, all will now go well. When your father sees for himself how the republican party is being used; when he sees that the white republicans here in Texas have no voice or control, and when he observes these hungry office seekers and demagogues, who are now the leaders of the republican party, then, my boy, your father will acknowledge that I was not so wrong after all."

I returned home that evening with a lighter heart, and feeling as though a light were about to shine through the gloom.

After an absence of four weeks my father returned. On the same evening, after supper, I repaired to his room to consult with him about some work that had to be done on our farm. To my surprise I found him sitting in the dark, near an open window. He motioned me to be silent. He was listening to the conversation of our hired negroes, who were sitting in front of their cabin, not far from the window.

“Yes,” one of them continued, “you bet your bottom dollar, Cuney is a smart man, and dare ain’t a man, neither republican or democrat, who kin git ahead of dat nigger, when it come down to sharp points. You ought to have heard him explain the ‘Force Bill.’”

“What is that?” asked another. “I have heard a great deal about it, but don’t know what it all means.”

“Well, I kin tell you mighty plain what it means,” said the first speaker. “It means we niggers here in the South will git on top if we stand together. The republican leaders knows we have a big majority in some of the states down here in the South, and they want them states ruled by us, because it will make them solid in the White House. The Force Bill will help us to our right and we will get it because we have the army to back us. To some of those big-mouthed white republicans we will give

some of the offices, and that, you see, will make them vote and work with us and bring over the mass of white republicans. I tell you, boys, you don't know what all this Force Bill means for us niggers. The railroad coach law would be done away with and we would have as much right to set in any car we pleased as the white man. Boys, if we rule here in the South, you will see the time come when them proud, stuck-up white women would be glad if a colored man would want to marry them, and——'

At this junction my father jumped up and with a muttered imprecation walked rapidly back and forth in the room, then stopping suddenly in front of me, asked in the most abrupt manner what I wanted to see him about.

"Father," I replied, "I wished to speak to you about some work to be done on our farm."

"Very well. Meet me in the parlor; I will be there after a while."

The next morning my father rode off without saying where he intended to go. Upon returning from work at noon, I heard mother, who was busy in the kitchen, humming a merry tune. I knew something extraordinary had occurred to bring about such a change in her, and hastened to ascertain the cause. My inquisitive expres-

sion asked the question tongue did not need to utter, for seeing me and looking me squarely in the face, mother said: "I see, my dear boy, you would like to know what makes your old mother feel happy, and to gratify your curiosity I will inform you we are going to have company this evening."

"Company! And is that all, mother, that makes you so happy?"

"Yes, my truant, when I tell you it is the Jones."

"Jones! Why, mother — impossible! You know——"

"Hush, hush, my boy! I know your father was there this morning and invited them to spend the evening with us."

"And—and Lizzie?"

"You goose!—as a matter of course she is coming."

In the fullness of my delight I embraced my dear mother.

"Where is father?" I enquired.

"In his room."

And to that room I hurried—making no attempt to restrain my joy. He requested me to ask no one else to the house, as he wished to

spend the evening with the Jones family alone. This request needed no repetition.

At length the long looked for hour arrived and with it the Jones family. Father received them in the brightly lighted parlor, which had been decorated by mother and me for the occasion. It was really touching to witness the meeting between those two men; and I knew full well by the earnest gaze each fixed on the other and the firm shake of the hands, that all old differences between them were forever buried. Then kissing Lizzie, while taking her hand and mine, father turned to Mr. and Mrs. Jones and said: "Let these two be happy!" Their answer came in the affirmative. My heart felt as if it had somehow worked itself up into my throat.

"Now then, children, may you be happy," said father, "and forgive the obstinacy of an old man who has caused you so much misery. And you, old friend," addressing Jones, "forgive one, who was blind. For thirty years I have been a faithful adherent of the republican party and never thought to question the character of its leaders, taking it for granted, they were conscientious men, who always worked for the welfare of our country. I have been sadly deceived and now—I see. Old friend, I am compelled to

admit you were right when you denounced the corruption that had crept into our ranks. I also must say it is not to-day the same party we fought for in the days of old. There was a time when I loved that grand old party; but now—I love my country more; and therefore, though with a heavy heart, I, too, join the ranks of the independents and will vote for a man of whom I *now* know, that the weal of our country is the sole desire of his heart, and this man is—GROVER CLEVELAND.’’



“Dwellers in Celestial Spheres.”

“DWELLERS IN CELESTIAL SPHERES.”

On a hot, very hot day in July, 1891, we were compelled to ride from San Antonio to Bandera. We, that is Mustang John and myself, had orders from our boss to proceed to that little town and take charge of a herd of cattle, which he had bought up there, and drive them back to San Antonio, from whence they were to be shipped to Chicago. This order, in itself, was nothing extraordinary for us cowboys, therefore we saddled our horses and started on our way, which is fifty-five miles. However, Mustang John was severely afflicted with as acute a case of *love-sickness* as any June-bug. He, therefore, took the circuitous route by way of Boerne to call on the girl of his heart's devotion. I would have gone with him, if only for the sake of company—for a cowboy has an antipathy to solitude—but to be witnessing the squeezing and kissing, and the upturned eyes, swimming in an imaginary paradise, of the two smitten victims of that little imp *amor*—thanks, none of it for me. Once I was the unwilling witness of such a scene, and it made me really feel desperately queer and awkward. I myself am the happiest of mortals when I can see my Susie and be in her company,

but to be such sentimental simpletons as Mustang John and his girl—no, not by a long shot. Consequently I went alone and we agreed to meet at Bandera.

It was a really hot day, excessively so. At one o'clock p. m. I had crossed the Helotes creek, where I had watered my horse, and concluded to take a short rest in the deep shade of a majestic live-oak, which stood at the foot of a mountain of considerable altitude. I took the saddle and bridle off of my horse and let him feed on the grass near by; took my saddle-bags, which contained a lunch, and, as I was in the act of unpacking the same, was suddenly accosted close behind by a voice. Surprised that I, with my well-trained sense of hearing, had not noticed even the least noise of nearing footsteps in this solitary prairie, I wheeled around, with one hand on the handle of my knife, when, lo and behold, before me stood a man—a man such as I had never seen before. Venerable looking, with gray head and beard of snowy whiteness, the later reaching down to his waist, tall and slender, with pleasant, though penetrating eyes, dressed in a black garb—this man created in me a most powerful impression. Slowly I relinquished the hold of my knife, and almost without knowing or thinking, I lifted my hat as a greeting.

“Young man,” said the apparition with a firm but pleasant voice, “if you possess courage and

determination and if you are capable of resisting any and all temptations, you are chosen to behold great and wonderful sights.”

“Sir,” I said, “I hope you did not come here to insult me. You either know or should know, that a Texas cowboy neither lacks courage nor fears anything.”

“Good; you can prove your assertion. Now, if you wish to see, what mortal eye has never beheld, follow me; but once more I say to you, it requires great courage and determination to follow me and to surmount all dread of danger and to resist all temptations. Understand me well, *I say, implicitly without faltering.*”

“Have no fear, sir,” I replied; “I am possessed of as much courage as you are. I shall follow you without hesitation of any kind whatsoever. But stop—say: Is there any money in it, if I go with you?”

“I expected this question! It is an inborn proclivity with you Americans in all things you wish to undertake first to ask: ‘Is there any money in it?’” However, you asked and I shall answer you, and I say *no*. Money, you will get none; but I can assure you, that, for what you will see, thousands of mortals would sacrifice all their worldly possessions!”

“Yes? You excite my curiosity. I’ll go with you.”

“What are you intending to do?”

“I? Well, I’ll saddle my horse.”

“It is not necessary. We only have a short distance to go.”

“So be it; though I am no great friend of walking. But you have aroused my inquisitive tendencies. I will follow you.”

“Very well ; come along.

The old man turned around and walked towards the mountain. After the first hundred yards he turned at a right angle to the right; after a hundred yards more at another right angle to the left; yet a hundred yards, to the right, then, of a sudden what do I behold? A grand, arched passage into the mountain. I was astonished. I knew the surrounding country and was well acquainted with the general topography of the same; knew every hill and tree, but this entrance I had never seen or heard of. The old man halted at the entrance and turning to me, motioned me with his hand to follow him. While yet under the influence of intense surprise at this unexpected discovery, I complied with his directions. Barely had I set my foot into the passageway, when a mysterious combination of hissing and rattling sounded to

my ears and attracted my attention. I discovered that it was caused by rattle-snakes. Well, these vermin I did not fear much, as I wore a heavy pair of boots and like all Texas cowboys had on a pair of leather leggings, which the fangs of a snake could not penetrate. I made a stroke at them with my riding whip, which I had still with me, and the snakes scattered in all directions.

Onward I went without fear. Gradually my eyes became used to the semi-darkness of the passage and I could make closer observations of my surroundings. The passage was about four feet wide and at least seven feet high, as I could barely touch the ceiling. The fine and regularly formed arching of the ceiling and the smooth and even surface of the sides seemed suggestive of the work of human skill. Who dug this passage into the mountain?—For what purpose?—I asked myself. It was a useless question to which I found no answer. In the far distance I observed a grand dazzling light and I supposed it to be the egress of the passage and that we would again behold the light of day. I continued close to my guide, whose external appearance and movements I could see distinctly, as his form was moving between me and the distant, effulgent light. I had advanced about fifty steps when a thundering "*halt!*" was shouted at me. Trembling, I stopped. There—barely five feet in front

of me stood a man, a giant, with his legs stretched across the passageway from side to side; his upper body was bare, his powerful arms swaying continuously in an aggressive manner. It certainly was an awe-inspiring sight.

“None of your nonsense!” I said, after mastering my first impulsive alarm; “I must pass here!”

“You will not get through here!” he again cried.

“But I must! Do you not see the old man dressed in black, who is walking in advance of me? He commanded me to follow him.”

“You cannot pass here!” again screamed the giant.

“Now, if you will not let me pass, you can do as you please. But I tell you, you will make things disagreeable for yourself. The old man is a high official and you know very well they will not permit any nonsense. You better let me pass.”

“You shall not go by!” again roared the monster.

“I have already told you to quit your nonsense! I'm not going to harm you, nor have I ever intended to do so. Listen—let us be friends. I have no money about me, but look—I have a large piece of chewing tobacco here and

will divide with you. I'll give you half, really, if you will let me pass."

"You shall not go by!"

"I'll give you the whole piece!"

"You shall not pass."

"I'll be doggon! You are a hard-headed individual. Well, to end this, I cannot fight with you for you are twice my size, but let me tell you, I will get through here, now, even in spite of you and your objections. I had a good dinner and can afford to stand it a few days. Craving for food will soften your will."

I squatted on the ground, drawing my knees to my shoulders and folding my hands around them. The goliath did not move and his legs and feet seemed to be rooted to the ground. Through the legs of the giant I noticed my guide, who winked at me to come on. Just at that time an idea struck me as to the manner in which I could gain a passage. Jumping to my feet, I retreated a few steps and then ran ahead to within two steps of the giant, when I turned suddenly with a laugh. This game I repeated several times, when at last, with a sudden stoop and quick as lightning, I rushed through his legs. Looking back, to see if the giant would follow me, I saw the passage was clear. What had become of that fellow? However, there was no time

for conjecture, my guide continued to motion me to follow and I hurried on.

I had proceeded only a few steps, when, of a sudden, a mingling of voices, singing and shouting was heard. Advancing, I beheld through an open door on the right a magnificently lit up hall from which the noise emanated. They were cowboys, old acquaintances of mine from old time, and there also was Mustang John, whom I thought to be on the road to Boern.

"Come in, Bob," cried the latter. "I tell you we are enjoying ourselves hugely. And such potations, I assure you, Bob, and such stuff if you never drank in all your life. Come in!"

"But, John, we were to go to Bandera after those cattle."

"Let the cattle go to blazes. Let those who want them go after them. Come—come in, we will enjoy ourselves. There, drink!"

Just as I had placed my foot in the doorway to accept the invitation, I cast a glance at my aged guide, and remembering, that I was to resist all temptations and hindrances whatsoever, I withdrew, and called to Mustang John, that I would be back in a short time. As soon as I continued in the wake of the old man all noise ceased and dead silence surrounded me. I stopped in surprise. What did it all mean? I retraced a few

steps and searched for the door or the room—but none was to be found. How was it possible? “Was it a spook or some hobgoblin deception,” I asked myself, and really I began to feel very uncomfortable. It seemed to be real deviltry of the *mephisto* order. Should I retrace my steps? No, I will continue to follow my old guide in spite of all his humbug. He shall see that a Texas cowboy has courage and I shall continue to follow his lead, even—if the cloven-footed demon himself should bar the way.

I hurried after the old man. Hardly had I advanced any distance, when I heard a terrible growling, which was so sudden and terrific that its resounding echoes reverberated a thousand fold in the narrow passage, and seemed like the heavy thunder that shakes the innermost foundations of the earth. Again I retreated, horrified. My heart threatened to fail—my hair stood straight up—I saw—oh, horror!—an enormous mouth—the mouth of an animal filling the whole passage! There!—something is moving—it is the tongue of the beast! What next?—go back?—or is this another deception, or another humbug to scare me? The old man got through all right—why shouldn't I? Carefully and slowly I advanced, when again those terrific growls resounded in the passage, but the monster did not move from the spot. I picked up a rock and flung it into the gaping mouth of this monstrous

beast. It closed with a sounding snap, only to open again the next moment. The rock had disappeared. What was to follow? How did the old man get through all this! Ha!—did he go through the mouth of the beast? Oh horror!—it can't be! But—I can see no other way. A feeling of fear came over my whole being, when I considered the possibility of going through this monster's mouth. And yet—there was evidently no other way. Go through I would if it cost me my life. The body of this cadaverous animal could not be of iron and I might be able to work my way out with the assistance of my large hunting knife, which was still in my possession. I advanced on the distorted specimen of animalism, which repeated its aweinspiring growls. A little nearer—a closer clutch on my knife—only three steps distance—one more step—an ice-cold chill ran through me—my pulsations seemed to refuse their function. There—a jump into the mouth of the beast—and I—lay sprawling on the ground. While yet in terror I arose to my still shaking feet. Looking back—I saw the passage empty! “I'll be d-o-g-gon!” I exclaimed, “this is certainly the grandest jugglery I ever experienced. Wait, old man, you'll pay for this. To intimidate a man thus—wait!”

Again I advanced in close proximity to the old man, whom I again beheld in front of me. Hark! What was that? Happy singing, merry

making and dancing—female voices mingling in song. Another advance—and I stood astonished and speechless by an open door, which led into a grand and magnificently lighted hall, in which many beautiful maidens were enjoying themselves in conversation, singing and dancing to their heart's content. There — there — what is—I'll be—there is my Susie—really—my little sweetheart—my Susie.—who I supposed to be in San Antonio!——

“Susie!” I cried.

“Oh, Bob, come in,” responded my sweetheart, her face lit up with joy, “come in, we are amusing ourselves hugely. Come, don't you hear the sweet music. Oh, come in for a dance!”

Again I had my foot on the door-sill and was opening my arms to give my beloved one a hug and loving embrace — when, by an accidental glance along the passage, I noticed the old man. Immediately I withdrew my foot while my arms dropped.

“Susie, I will be back soon,” was my farewell to her. “I have promised that old man, whom you saw in advance of me, to remain with him, come what may, and you know, promises once made must be kept. I will return as soon as possible ”

Once again, as I was ready to go, everything had disappeared and a gloomy, dismal silence surrounded me. "Well, if this does not beat everything," I exclaimed. In vain I searched for the door to the large hall. Old man, you—but hark!—what was that? I saw my guide already at the far end of the passage and standing in the before-mentioned resplendent light to await my coming.

I hurried onward, and in a moment was at his side. An indescribable vision presented itself to my astonished gaze. We found ourselves in a large, round and lofty cave, at least two hundred feet in height, which resembled the interior of a lofty dome, with a magnificent cupola, in the center of which was an opening and through it could be seen the blue sky, from which emanated the soft and pleasing illumination I had seen. But, what attracted my attention first, and in which my whole self became interested, was a horse of snowy whiteness with saddle and bridle. A magnificent creature with long and flowing mane of pure whiteness, fiery flashing eyes, in short such an animal as I had never beheld before.

"Young man," said my old guide, "you have proved yourself so far in everyway equal to everything demanded of you. The last which is required of you, is, to ride this horse. It will

carry you to where you will behold the promised wonders.”

“Good,” I remarked after another close scrutiny of the wonderful horse, “but I will say this: If you ——”

What was that? My guide stood this moment by my side and now—he is gone—he had disappeared! I glanced into the passage—it was empty—the old man had vanished!

“Well, all right, for all I care!” I exclaimed. “If only there is an end to this nonsense! That horse I will ride!”

Slowly, with pleasant words on my lips, I walked towards the horse, but, as I came near him, he turned and began to kick at me most unmercifully; I had just time to jump aside. I went again close to him, with the same result. I waited some minutes, and again tried to get near in a careful manner—again he kicked at me, but at the moment, when his hind feet were descending to the ground, I jumped, and by the time his heels came down, I was in the saddle. But, great Scott, another mystery! The horse turned out to be a real *Pegasus* and began, with me in the saddle, to ascend lightning-like up in the air. Woah!—woah!—spasmodically I pulled the reins and the horse about, but he continued to ascend higher and higher. Halt?—woah—for the love of heaven halt! Higher and still higher—

through the open dome, with indescribable swiftness and speed into the blue ether! I note the disappearance of trees, hills and cities beneath me. Onward—higher goes the wild race! Woah!—halt!—cold drops of sweat—a fearful anxiety, and with a death-like struggle I clasp the neck of my horse with my arms. Higher?—Great Creator!—I am gone! woah!—everything turned black before my eyes! Woa-h! My senses gone—! — — —!

“Where am I?” was my first and astonished exclamation after the return of my mental powers. I got on my feet and contemplated my surroundings with great amazement and wonder. I had been lying on a floor more brilliant and beautiful than I ever had seen before. I stooped and felt with my fingers; but its material was as great a puzzle to me as ever, and far beyond my conception. Glass or polished stone it was not; but what was it? What gave it this grand, green-golden dazzling, shining light? No answer to this mental interrogatory could be found. Looking about, I beheld the same grand sight, and my astonishment increased every minute. High above me, according to terrestrial conceptions of measurement, some two thousand feet or more, the same reddish, gold-green gloss and

lustre met my gaze. I beheld columns, supporting small canopy-like ceilings. No; they looked more like cyclopiian chairs at least two hundred feet high; there are the seats; there are the back-rests. I'll be dog-gon; what I had taken for columns were the legs of real chairs. I beheld large numbers of these colossal chairs in this immensity of space. There!—a window, two hundred feet from the ground;—over there, a door, apparently a thousand or more feet high! Where—where was I? Have I decreased to the size of a liliputian or pigmy; am I in another world? I examined myself; looked at my hands, feet, my knife, and all seemed to have their natural form and size. There! I heard steps, and without forethought of what I did, I jumped behind one of those columns, or, more correctly, one of those enormous chair-legs.

“Come here, Bob,” I heard a stentorian voice call; “after all your bravery and courage you are not going to show the white feather and play a cowardly hide and seek game!”

The appellation *cowardly* came in right time. I acknowledge I had been a little afraid, but *coward!* no Texas cowboy will allow himself to be called. I stepped forth from my hiding place and—I was going to say: “I am no coward!”—but the sentence remained unspoken, owing to the sight that presented itself to my vision. I

beheld a man—not like one of our mundane specimens of the *Genus-Homo*; in form and shape yes, but otherwise no! This supernatural specimen of humanity was at least seven hundred feet in height, and created in me, with his long beard of snowy whitenssss, which reached to his waist, and with his skin, which shone in the same red-green-golden transcendant glow, an astounding impression.

“Bob!” interrupted the hoary giant, with his powerful voice, the grand, harmonious eloquence of which went to my heart, “do not fear me. Come, since you are so little and I am ever so much larger, I will lift you on one of these chairs; don’t be afraid!”

Kneeling down on one knee, placing his thumb, which was larger than myself, on my chest, and his first finger on my back—quick as heaven’s lightning he lifted me to the height of the chair. As the seat of the latter measured at least one hundred feet square, I felt perfectly safe.

My new acquaintance took a seat on another one of those chairs next to me and contemplated me with a pleasant and smiling face for several minutes, then he said to me:

“Bob, if you have any questions to ask, now is the time.”

“I—questions!—I—I would like to ask a dozen of them!”

“Good, proceed.”

“First, I would like to know where I am?”

“You are cognizant of that heavenly body without the existence of which life in nature would be an impossibility.”

“Yes; that is the sun.”

“That is where you are.”

“None of your humbug, sir. The sun is more than ninety millions of miles distant from the earth and I should have traveled this vast distance? No—it is impossible!”

“And yet it is so. You, with your narrow-minded supply of sense, cannot comprehend it, I know that; but maybe I can prove it to you. Will you believe me if I show you the earth on which you live from here, that is from the sun?”

“Yes.”

“Good; come along.”

Again I was taken between thumb and first finger and placed in the open window and looked into space. What I beheld, was the blue sky, in which shone myriads of shining stars, not in the pale white light as seen from the earth, but in a reddish, glowing splendor.

“Do you see that small star over there?”

“Yes.”

“Good; that is the earth.”

“That is very easily said; how will you prove it?”

“Your ocular powers are not as strong as mine, therefore take this glass.”

He handed me a pink-colored polished object, and, full of expectations, I directed my gaze to to the star pointed out.

“By the Gods! I see the ocean—there is a ship! I see human beings on board. There is another ship ——”

“That is the Atlantic ocean. Now hold your glass a little lower.”

“What is this? I note an immense city—nothing but houses—all houses—many people moving about in the street—it all looks like an ant-hill.”

“That is New York. Now follow the coast—there is the mouth of the Mississippi. Still further, Galveston—now look along the railroad track—there—what you see now?”

“By the—that is assuredly the *Alamo City!* Yes, that is San Antonio! There is the Alamo plaza—there, the Menger hotel, with the hacks in

front; the street-car track—narrow Commerce street—really, old San Antonio!

“Now look for an occupied dwelling on Main avenue!”

“What kind of dwelling?”

“Bob, don’t pretend to be so innocent; I know your Susie lives there. Have you got it?”

“Yes.”

“Would you like to see the interior of the house?”

“Yes—if that were possible.”

“All right; hold the glass close to your eyes.”

“My!—what is that? Roof and walls disappear—and there—there stands my Susie in front of the mirror! She is putting on her hat—no doubt she is going out. Listen!—she is singing. I can hear her, she is singing the ‘*Last Rose of Summer.*’ Susie! Susie!”

“Don’t trouble yourself, Bob, she can’t hear you.”

“No? I am sorry. Gee Wilikins, it would have been so nice if I could have talked to her from away up here. Oh!——”

“What would you have said to her?”

“Well, I would have spoken to her in a deep, sepulchral voice. Well, I would have told her

to—to marry her Bob as soon as possible, and that Bob was the best—the best man, and intended for her. Oh, there, she is going out on the street!”

“Say, Bob, do you believe me now?”

“Well, I expect I have to.”

My mystic giant friend again took hold of me and replaced me on the chair, and seating himself he asked:

“You said a little while ago, you wanted to ask so many questions?”

“Yes, I would like to. But all I have seen so far exceeds my comprehension and is altogether beyond my mental capacity. Yes, considering all my experiences, what I have seen and heard, I can come to but one conclusion, you—you are the Omnipotent—the *Creator* himself.”

“No, Bob, I am not. I am only his trusted servant and the first man he created.”

“Then you dwelt on our earth?”

“Yes, Bob.”

“How long ago?”

“About one hundred and fifty thousand years ago.”

“What! One hundred and fifty thousand years ago? That is and must be a fable—our earth is not that old, certainly not!”

“And yet it is the truth, you diminutive, microscopic mite or man of the earth, it is even older. Since its first creation millions of years have passed. Of course your terrestrial little globe was not then, in appearance, what it is now, but only attained its present state of seeming perfection by the lapse of time. The first of the human species, into whom God breathed the living soul or to whom he gave that mysterious mental power, of which I have told you, existed some one hundred and fifty thousand years ago. Even these almost pre-mundane species of the *Genus-Homo* were not what mankind is to-day. In external form and appearance they were with all their mental powers like monkeys.”

“You mean to say that, it is true we are the descendants of, and but a paraphrase of that maniferous tribe?”

“No, Bob; not any more than a *gnat* is the primitive or original primogenitor of the elephant are the present generation of man the offsprings of apes. The primitive race of man is extinct, as already stated. Many thousands of years afterwards, God created man without hair on the face and body, the black race. Later the yellow, and again later the brown, then the red race and last, the crown of creation, the white man!”

“You said you were one of the first creation; consequently you must have been hairy and resembled a monkey?”

“You are right.”

“But you don’t look like one now?”

“Again correct. The souls of all deceased good human beings of the earth and other celestial bodies are like I am in form and general appearance.”

“You say celestial bodies other than the earth. Do you mean moon and stars?”

“Yes.”

“Are they then also inhabited by human beings?”

“Most assuredly,” replied my giant friend, smiling. “You do not think that the earth, which is at best only one atom of the universe in its most diminutive sense, is the only inhabited body! As in the natural fitness of things on the earth, air, water and land are the pre-existing causes that produce life, so likewise are these the grand fundamental principle in the endless space of the universe. In the same manner, in which the dwellers of your earth observe the circular movements of the celestial worlds, so also do the inhabitants of the latter view your earth, which shines by no light of its own, but merely reflects the light of the sun, appearing to them at night

as a small diminutive shining orb. Of course, life is not the same in those empyrean worlds as it is on your earth, but adapted in its smallest details to the natural fitness of its surroundings. But, as an inhabitant of the moon and two residents of other celestial bodies are here, I will present them to you and explain."

"Oh, that must be grand; you excite my curiosity!"

"You were promised to behold wonderful sights."

"True; but I never expected such things."

"I believe you, Bob; but you will want to ask more questions?"

"Yes, I want to know something more!"

"Ask away."

"First, I want to know if all the dwellers of the Sun are as large as yourself?"

"All the inhabitants of the Sun are in form and size as I am. I may appear large to you, my boy, you being a man of that terrestrial little body called the earth, but in comparison with the immensity of space, I am, in spite of my seven hundred feet, only as an atom in space. Rightly considered, what is big?—what is little? The earth is big, because it is so according to the conceptions of its inhabitants. It is little, be-

cause it is only like a grain of sand in the endless universe of worlds. Like one of the thousands of microscopic *animalculæ* in one drop of water; while to them a glass of water is, again, a universe! Recollect, there are heavenly bodies with a diameter of twenty millions of miles; the human-like beings, who live there, are one hundred thousand feet high! The most powerful microscope only would enable them to see you small dwellers of the earth. Your scientists have calculated the distance of the earth from the sun to be ninety-two millions of miles. The distance of those celestial bodies from the earth is eighteen billion of miles! A fast railroad train, sent from the earth and going day and night, would reach the sun in four hundred and seventy years, but it would take ninety-four thousand years to reach those celestial bodies."

"Gee Whilikins!"

"See, I only wanted to show you by these figures how great is the immensity of space and how *little* I am."

"Yes, I perceive; but what a liliputian pigmy, how triflingly unimportant I must be in this universe!" — — — —

"Do you want to know more?"

"Yes! I want to ask some more questions. You informed me that the spirits of all good men

come here. Is it really true that good men will be rewarded? Is this heaven?"

"Yes, Bob, the good are rewarded and here is heaven. From here, the sun, all that has life and motion in the universe, is regulated. From here, ye sons of the earth, you receive day and *night, winter and summer, heat and cold, thunder and storm, rainbow*—from here the transformation of oceans into clouds take place, which represents thousands of tons to be kept in the air until they descend in millions of tiny rain drops to the earth to give to man, animal and vegetation the needed moisture and nourishment. Without the sun, all life would perish. No life could exist on earth. Here, where God rules the universe, here is heaven. Here are received all the good."

"You mean the souls of all the good deceased people?"

"Yes."

"What are they doing all the time?"

"Working."

"Wh-a-t! Working? I have always understood there was no work—nothing to do in heaven?"

"No, Bob; you have been misinformed."

"Then, what is the nature of the work?"

“All those, who are here and coming, assist God to supply the millions of celestial bodies with life, human, animal and vegetable. Thousands of animals and plants, that are now domesticated on earth and prosper there, derived their existence from these fortunate ones.”

“This is really grand! But did these fortunate ones also create snakes and all other wild and dangerous animals?”

“No. All brute creatures, which are now dangerous to man, are but remnants of an age when man was so qualified as to be proof against the bites or stings of snakes and insects. With the same ease with which you master a little kitten, the prehistoric man would overcome a lion. To the present race of man has been given the power of intelligence to exterminate all dangerous animals.”

“Well, that at least is some consolation. But here is something else I cannot comprehend. I have heard and seen, that you see and know everything that takes place on the earth. Why do you not assist the trodden down, needy and good when they are being insulted, abused and persecuted by the bad man?”

“We would like very much to do so, but we have the command of the supreme power not to interfere in the doings of man. This is wise and just; for if the good were helped in all things, it

would not be a credit to them to be or remain good. Now, if a man, suffering grief and sorrow, persecution and oppression, remains good, he really deserves to come here to heaven. Comparatively speaking, life is everlasting in the eternity of the universe, while terrestrial life is but short."

"It may appear so to you, but I should think that existence on the earth for the poor, who have to work night and day to maintain life, is very long after all."

"Do you count yourself in this class?"

"I? Most assuredly I do! I have nothing and have to work hard for a living?"

"Would you like to die?"

"I?—Well—I believe not—right now. I would like to marry my *Susie* and enjoy a few years of happiness with her."

"Just so. Then, when you are the happy progenitors of children, you will want to live long enough for these children to get independent and to become capable of helping themselves along in life. Then your children will look for life-partners and find them, and you would want to see them happy also. Then, becoming aged, silver locks crowning your head, you are informed that you will become a grand-sire, and the longing for life is more strongly felt in you

than ever. Such is man. With all misery, mental and physical pain, there are yet rays of light in which death, when it does come, is considered premature.’

“You are right. Dying is not at all pleasant. When I think of my *Susie* I wouldn’t want to die, no. But let us change the subject. If all the good are rewarded, what is being done with the evil ones?”

“They are punished.”

“How?”

“In order to make you understand, name me a really bad man.”

“I? Well, I—don’t know anyone whom I would like to see in h—l, but hold, stop—yes—Gould.”

“Do you mean the railroad king?”

“The same.”

“But to my knowledge he has never done any harm to you.”

“He has not. I am not even personally acquainted with him.”

“And yet you wish him evil?”

“Yes, the man is so immensely rich, treats his workingmen contemptuously and unmercifully and for this he should writhe in h—l.”

“This is very unjust of you. Thousands of your fellow men would do the same thing that Gould is doing if they only could. You cannot hold Gould responsible for deeds of that kind. The senseless, unnatural institutions of man, which make it possible for evil-minded people to subjugate their fellow beings and to rob them of their inherent rights, are the causes of so many evils. But since you have named the man we will use his name. On the same eternal principle, according to which God first created vegetation, then the animal kingdom, and still later man, he also, by the same synthetical laws of evolution, created the millions of celestial bodies. Now, imagine, a body like the present earth just forming from primitive chaos into shape, on which vegetation and brute creation are already in existence, and now think of Gould, with all his mental powers, his knowledge, his recollections of earthly life, in the shape of a frog, hopping about on this new or latest created celestial integrant part of the Universe, looking for food, or with fear-inspiring anxiety, evading the pursuit of a larger beast of prey, which threatens to devour him—think of this—and you will have an idea of the punishment meted out to all evil-doers.”

I smiled involuntarily.

“Don’t laugh, Bob.”

“I beg your pardon, but to think of Gould hopping about like a frog, is an absurdity and did form a comical impression on my senses.”

“The punishment is severe and you should aim never to be deserving of it.”

“I will try, but shall I succeed?”

“Why should you not? That man, who honors and respects his parents, who never commits evil or does wrong towards his fellow man, who walks cheerfully and happily through life, who aims, at all times, to make his own life, as well as that of his fellow man, pleasant, with ill-will toward none, that man finds heaven open and ready to receive him.”

“If what you say is true, I hope to get there myself, for it has been the aim of my life to practice the precepts which you have enumerated.”

“We know that, Bob, otherwise you would not be here. Have you any more questions?”

“I? Yes—I would like ——”

“Why don’t you ask?”

“Well, I would like to—something about—business.”

“Ah—there you are! That American weakness—the old Adam—crops out of you, business at all times.

“I beg pardon—I only wished to make a proposition.”

“Make it.”

“You must not get angry with me?”

“Speak! I am well posted about your weakness for the almighty dollar.”

“Would you come with me when I return to the earth?”

“What for?”

“I would propose a fine business venture to you, a grand speculation. I would have a large tent erected, twelve hundred feet high, with other dimensions corresponding, and you would be the central attraction for a show. I would engage a brass band and make the entrance fee at least ten dollars each for all visitors who might want to see you. I tell you there are millions in it! A little sensational advertising and flashy handbills, with a little humbug thrown in as, for instance: ‘Most wonderful live man — a thousand feet high!’ I tell you we would soon be as rich as Jay Gould! I will give you one-third and I pay all expenses. What—you shake your head? Well, I will give you half and still pay all expenses,—now there—and yet not satisfied? I cannot give you any more; I want to make something myself out of the scheme.”

“Bob, that will not do! I cannot, dare not and will not go to the earth in my present state and form.”

“It is too bad! We would have made more money than Barnum with all his humbug.”

“Have I answered all your questions?”

“Yes; I think so. If you will show me the dwellers of other worlds, I shall be contented. It would please me very much.”

“So be it!” said the giant. He rose from his chair, went to the door and uttered in a stentorian voice, but in a language to me incomprehensible, a few words and again seated himself on his chair.

Full of expectation of things to come I watched the door from my lofty seat. I heard a rattling noise like rocks falling upon one another, and at once saw a human being come in and disappear like lightning under my chair. Astonished, I got on my feet and moved to the edge of the chair on which I was seated, but did not dare to get too near for fear of getting dizzy.

“Be content, Bob,” said the giant, “I will lift him up to you on your chair.”

A moment later and the man — no, not a man according to the terrestrial conception of man, for such he was not—stood by my side. I was astonished, puzzled at the sight of the *thing*

before me. The height, form and size were nearly like ours, but yet so entirely different. The head was perfectly round like a ball, not the shadow of hair on the head or eyebrows, no nose, no ears, in fact nothing whatever was to be seen on his head, except a pair of large eyes, lustrous and shining like glass. There was no neck, the round head was in direct conjunction with or on the shoulder; the latter looked powerful and broad; the body presented a Sampson-like physique; no sign of ribs, breast or stomach; everything was even, smooth and like hewn out polished stone. The legs were of uniform size, from ankle to thigh; no toes on his feet; no hands or fingers on his arms. A low-spirited feeling came over me as the *thing* stood before me without any sign of life, but directing its glassy eyes towards me.

“That is a denizon of the moon,” interrupted my big friend as he noticed my great astonishment. “As I have ere this informed you, not all beings, or we’ll say human beings, on the celestial bodies are formed like you, but fitted to the natural conditions surrounding them in their respective spheres. An atmosphere like the earth the moon has not. The inhabitants there exist without air or water. The gigantic eruptions and revolutions of the moon, which level high mountains and rebuild them, are but co-essential to the whole and in conformity to these the in-

habitants are formed and constituted. I see you have a knife, try to cut or stab him."

Slowly I advanced towards this seeming monster and tried my knife, but it would not make the least impression on the surface of his body or skin or whatever it may have been. It was harder than granite.

"You might try an ax with the same result," continued the old man. "Yes, you might fire a cannon ball at him at short range; it would rebound like a rubber ball. Give him a weight of twenty tons and he will carry it like a toy on his shoulders. If he should lay down at full length, a whole mountain might fall upon him and not do him the least injury. No fast mail train of the earth could keep pace with him. He might fall down cliffs thousands of feet high without injury to himself, and yet he has nearly the same organism as your terrestrial fellow-beings, notwithstanding his external adamantine coverings. He is quick-witted, with a keen sense and intellect for new theories for himself and his fellow-beings, regarding the volcanic eruptions to which the moon is subject, which are wonderful. Observe his eyes. To you they present a similarity to glass, and yet the most powerful stroke of an ax would not even make a mark on them. He sees and hears by these eyes better and further than you dwellers of the earth. As you

have a constant struggle for existence, so has he to be on constant guard against the natural laws of his planet. Good inhabitants of the moon are those, who are, at all times, ready to assist their fellow-beings out of the eruption and other accidents to which their globe is subject, while the evil ones only attend to their own selfish persons. As you have water upon earth, the lunar denizen finds his food everywhere.”

“But how is that; I do not see any mouth?”

“I will speak to him and then you will see.”

Again the giant said something in a language unknown to me, and behold—there was an opening below the eyes, from whence this lunar resident seemed to speak in a deep, guttural but not unpleasant voice. The outside skin or stone covering, or whatever it may be called, was at least one-half of an inch thick. I could see his gums and sharp teeth and moving tongue very plainly. After a lengthy conversation, which was accompanied by numerous gesticulations, the adamantine individual, no doubt by a request from the giant, stretched forth his arms. There was an inverted opening at the end, and from it appeared a human-like hand, apparently very strong. Then, about thirty feet from my position, he started on a circular run around me, faster and faster, until it seemed like lightning.

Gee Wilikins, how he ran! At last I could barely preceive his feet in such fast revolutions.

[This rapidity of motion is undoubtedly a necessity on the moon, because, if a mountain gets shaky and takes a notion to fall, these *rapid transit* fellows are surely beyond reach.]

But look!—he is nearing the edge or margin of my chair. Then a jump—I heard something fall to the floor, a rattling noise, and he had disappeared by the door.

“A wonderful creature!” I exclaimed, after he had disappeared. “Look here, old man, can’t you get me one of these flint or stone-like covering?”

“What for?”

“What for?—I’ll tell you; if I was possessed of such a stone covering and announced myself on earth as a prize fighter, *Lord*, you’d see how I would demolish my opponents. I bet you they would lose hearing and sight!”

“Impossible, Bob! With such a covering you could not exist one minute down there.”

“Oh, that is too bad—too bad!”

“I shall now introduce to you a denizen of *Venus*.”

Again the old giant went to the door, and after calling out something, resumed his seat. I

noted the entrance of a man, who with rapid motion disappeared beneath my chair, and who after being spoken to by the giant, showed his head at the edge of my chair, at the same time clinging with his hands and—there he stood before me.

“I was astonished. How did that little fellow get up so quick? I noted his hands, to see whether he had claws to ascend on such smooth objects, but his hands were formed like mine. His general appearance was, in fact, just like ours but—on closer examination I found, beginning at the neck, rib after rib. Ribs on shoulders, on body, on arms, and on legs, completely covered by small overlapping layers and folds of skin.

“As I have told you,” said the giant interrupting my astonishment, “this being is an inhabitant of *Venus*, one of the celestial bodies, which is called by your earth dwellers a planet. *Venus* is smaller than the earth, but otherwise constituted just like it. The same vegetable and animal life exist there; but from the fact that the diameter of the orbit of *Venus* around the Sun is smaller, hence nearer to the sun, the heat there is more intense than on your earth. The inhabitants of *Venus* have the same qualifications, attributes and habits as you, and only differ in the contraction and expansion of their limbs, as you will soon see.”

Again the old man said a few words to this *Venus man*. Gee Whilikins! In the next moment the only thing to be seen was a pair of thin legs. I looked up to the lofty and dizzy height of his person, and there—away up was the body, and still higher, the pleasant grinning face of this *Venus man* looking down upon me.

“Here you see the difference of *Venus* and *Earth* dwellers. The powers of contraction and expansion is a peculiarity of the male sex only. It begins at the age of ten years; at fifteen he can increase his form to fifty feet in height and at twenty he can extend this expansion power to the height of from two to three hundred feet. After that period, the elasticity of limbs again decreases until at fifty the normal height will not exceed ten feet.

The old man again said something to the *Venus man*, and he suddenly decreased—walked to the outer edge of the chair, let himself down, and before I could get over my surprise he had disappeared.

[Wouldn't it be fine if we, *Earth* people, possessed such limbs? Not long ago I was at Austin, where the state militia had their drill, when I met a young, nicely dressed militia officer, who was casting love-sick eyes to the third story of a house. I took the direction of his glances and discovered the interesting face of a young lady, looking down on the street. Whether her glances upon the young officer were prompted by the same feel-

ing, longings and desires, I cannot say; but it seemed so to me. But, as there is no rose without thorns, there was a thorn here in the form of an old, morose male face at a window in the second story, looking, too, down upon the street. Now think of this amorous young officer with the expanding qualities of a *Venus man*. Gee Wilikins! In a moment he could have swung himself to the third story, grabbed his lady love and, before the old man with his reduced and stiffened limbs could have done anything to prevent it, that love-sick fellow might have had a bushel of kisses. And then, if such an old *papa* would object to marriage, that would be immaterial to a *Venus man*, for he could pack the trunks, bonnets and tooth-brushes of his love in one coat-tail pocket, herself in another, and a few hours forced march would bring him to the coast, a pair of stilts—and in—through the Atlantic ocean, where they would soon disappear. When our old pater familias, with his stiffened limbs, would reach the coast, our young lovers would be enjoying their wedding-feast at a European elysium. Wouldn't it be nice?]

“Well, old man,” said I to the giant, “can't you give me such expansive bones?”

“No, Bob; I cannot change your bones. I will now introduce you to a third inhabitant of celestial worlds.”

He approached the door, called and returned. I saw something come in, but what it was I could not tell or comprehend, as it disappeared also under my seat. The old man stooped down and lifted this *something* on my chair. What did I see? A monster tortoise, at least seven feet

long, four feet high and three feet wide! With wonder and surprise I looked at this monster, and then at the old giant.

“This is a dweller of a celestial body or star we call *Mara*, which is at least fifty times larger than the earth, but owing to its great distance, appears to you terrestrial people only as a little star.”

“But that thing there is no human being?”

“Yes, most assuredly, Bob; you shall see.”

A few words from my *famulus* and there appeared, at the long end of the shell, a human shaped head. It looked at me, ran around me several times with great swiftness, stopped and stood up. Assuredly, I saw a human being standing on its feet with the shell in the back. It was a strongly built man, only his body was very long and his limbs short. In obedience to a call from the giant, the man bent his body a little sideways, and, to my increased surprise, there came from out of the shell or the man's back, a beautiful and pretty girl or woman. I bet anything, that she was as much surprised at seeing me as I was at beholding her. I had got but half over my amazement, when she, upon the order of the old giant, again disappeared in the back of the tortoise shell. I approached the turtleman, who bent his body freely to one side and revealed that the shoulder and the lower

part of his back were connected with the shell, and that the wonderful woman seemed to be quite comfortably seated in the same.

“You see now, Bob, that these are human beings.”

“Yes, I see. But is this shell or reservatory not uncomfortable for the man. How can he work?”

“No more so than your own bones are in the way or a hindrance to your moments. Of course the *Mara man* can only walk in a forward stooping position and prefers to run on hands and feet. They don't have to work, as they obtain their nourishment everywhere.”

“Does he carry his wife with him at all times.”

• “Yes; she is indispensable to him.”

• “How so?”

“You shall see and hear.”

Again the old man said something to the *Mara man*, who at once fell back on his shell. A few side movements and it became still.

“But don't he squeeze the woman to death!”

“No; she is not troubled at all. I will call on her to leave her place and afterwards tell the man to rise by himself, and you will comprehend that she is a necessity to the man.”

It was done. The woman came forth from her shell abode, rested her hand on the edge of the shell and with a graceful leap, she stood near me. I saw how the man, by means of many skillful movements, combined with force, tried to get to his feet or to upset the shell—but his efforts were of no avail. At last, at a wink from the old giant, the woman stepped near, gave a strong jerk, which I did not consider her capable of, and the man stood on his feet. The woman again resumed her position in the back of the man.

“If the man cannot rise at his own volition he does not need to fall over on his back,” I said to the old giant, who in the meantime had replaced the tortoise-like beings to the ground, from whence they at once disappeared through the door.

“He is compelled to do it in order to go to sleep.”

“But what happens if the woman dies?”

“Then he has to wait until another rescues him from his misery by becoming his wife.”

“Now if an old ugly woman rescues a young man, then what?”

“She is his wife just the same.”

“Gee Wilikins.”

“Now, Bob, don't you wish to be constituted like the *Mara dwellers*?”

“No, no! for the Lord's sake, no! With the bad luck, which pursues me at all times, I would be surely compelled to marry the grand mother of *Old Harry*.”

“Bob, you have now seen inhabitants of three different worlds and can understand, what I have already told you, that the little earth was not the only one of the celestial bodies that is inhabited, but that all the untold millions yet in endless space have their aborigines in conformity with the particular natural laws that govern them. Were I to introduce to you specimens of inhabitants from each celestial body, it would take millions of years to see them all. Now, Bob, I will introduce you to my family. As I remarked before, we, as aborigines of the earth, were not formed as the modern human race of to-day and for that reason my family wants to see you at close quarters.

A short utterance followed and there appeared an old lady accompanied by a bevy of six of the most beautiful girls I ever beheld. Of course they were all tall and large, like their paternal progenitor, yet very beautiful. At sight of me, all six girls came a la *storm* march to my chair, and then in harmonious unison, they exclaimed:

“Oh, how pretty!”

“Oh, how little!”

“Oh, how beautiful!”

“Oh, how sweet!”

The youngest and smallest of them, however, was not content with this. She took me with her thumb and first finger and placed me on her hand. My own feeling compelled me to sit down, I felt like getting sea sick.

“Oh, how lovely and handsome,” she repeated again and again. “Oh, papa, this is certainly a pretty little creature.”

“Well, now,” I thought to myself, “this is putting it a little strong. I, a Texas cowboy, a pretty little creature! No—no one on earth has ever told me that—no, not even my Susie.”

“Oh, papa,” she continued, “this sweet little thing you must give to me.”

“What would you do with him?” the old giant asked.

“I would make me a cage and put that little fellow in it.”

I was going to fly into a passion—I was going to tell her, that I had no desire whatever to be put in a cage; that I could not even sing, only bellow and grumble to myself. But the old man came to my aid and told them that I had to go back to the earth.

As everyone of the girls wanted to have a close look at me, I was passed from hand to hand, and, in a seeming stupor, and, so to say, really seasick, arrived at last in the hand of the old lady, who had sense enough to seat me on her knee. Here—here I met my fate. Had I never come on this knee, who knows where I would be to-day. I might be living in such circumstances that I wouldn't change with Gould. But bad luck—yes, miserable bad luck. It pursues me everywhere at every footstep—yes, it is inherent in me.

This time it came to me in consequence of my inquisitive hankering after scientific investigations. Yes, it was this, I am convinced. If this inclination had been aroused in me at the proper time and guided in proper channels, to-day I might have been one of the greatest of the natural philosophers of the age. But as this was not done, this tendency for inquiry only brought evil hours. I even had experienced them as a child. The first doll which I received for a Christmas gift was a good enough toy for the first half hour, but this young proclivity for investigation was my evil genius. I wanted to know how this toy was made up in the inside. I got a hammer and a pair of scissors and—my longing for knowledge was satiated. Of course I got a thrashing from my parents. A year later I got a drum. I hammered on it until I was run out.

of the house. Again this desire for investigation came to me. I wanted to know the cause of the noise in the drum. A knife—and both ends of the drum were perforated with cuts—more thrashing. Thus I could recount hundreds of cases in which, from an ardent desire for investigation, I had to suffer. And, now, here—yes, here—this same unfortunate inquiry for knowledge was to be my doom.

As I was surrounded by the whole family, who all occupied chairs around me and were entertaining themselves in a language which I did not understand and of no interest to me, I made a cursory examination of my surroundings, the family of my giant, until finally my eyes rested on the knee of the old lady, on which I was seated. I was admiring the fine greenish-red complexion of the skin, and the thought or wish came over me to know how the blood looked in her body. A small scratch certainly would do no harm and she might not feel it at all. I took my knife and made a delicate scratch or incision on the skin, but—to my amazement and terror, a stream of reddish-green blood burst from the cut! The old lady screamed and jumped to her feet—I fell—I roared—I shouted for help—I tried to hold to something, but in vain;—I expected every moment to be dashed to pieces on the ground—I groaned and cried louder—still

was falling—down—help—down—I—became in-
sen-sib-l-e— — — — —.

“Where am I?” I exclaimed in terror. I looked around—there—there is my horse—enjoying the grass—there—under the tree my saddle—I put my hands to my head—am I dreaming or awake? There had stood the old man. Over there, at the foot of the hill, had been the entrance to the cave! I went there—I searched—searched for hours—but nothing—nothing—really nothing! Nowhere could I find the entrance to the interior of the mountain! How was it possible?

This question I also put to you, my dear reader, “How was it possible?”

It is of course a foregone conclusion that you, my dear reader, have been well raised and highly educated and believe what I have related. To my companions, these untutored Texas cowboys, I will not relate any more of my experiences; assuredly not! I did do it once, and when I got through and I thought I had aroused in these rough fellows a higher idealistic feeling, far beyond that of the common every

day life, and a more exalted disposition—imagine my surprise, when each of them, simultaneously, and in a rough and boisterous manner, propounded the depraved question:

“Say, Bob; tell us what sort of stuff had you been drinking that day!”



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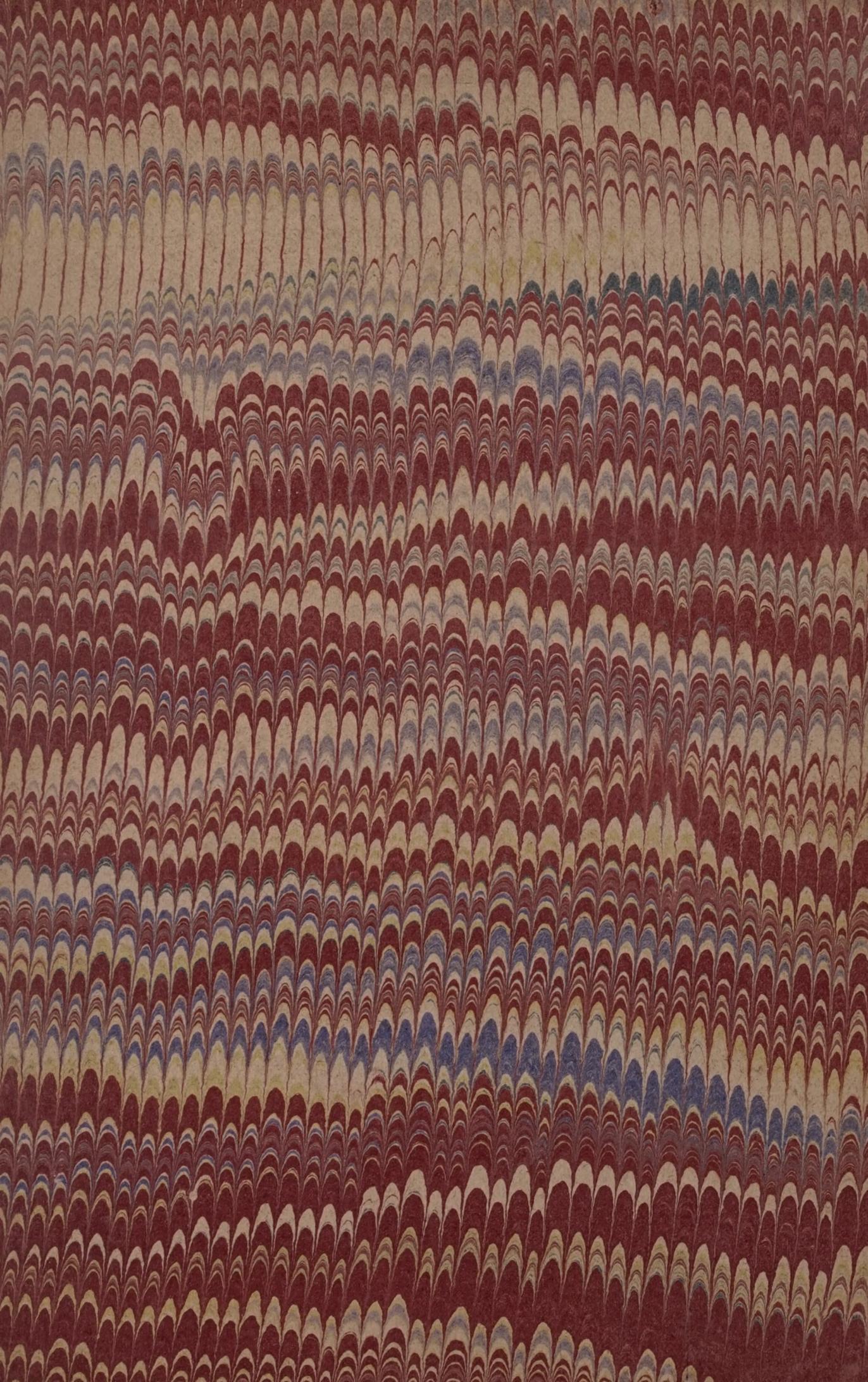
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