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THE WIT AND HUMOR  
*of* AMERICA







John C. Clay.  
Pondox, Mass.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



THE WIT AND HUMOR  
*of* AMERICA

*Edited by*

KATE MILNER RABB

VOLUME II

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THE WIT AND HUMOR  
*of* AMERICA





## OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

When I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own unaccountable taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage—a newly married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons, I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advance toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why

## OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG

they came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chances to be the most enchanting bit of unlaced disheveled country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover, can be reached in half an hour's ride by railway. But the nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.

The village—it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it—has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel in Ponkapog Pond. Along the Old Bay Road, a highway even in the Colonial days, there are a number of attractive villas and cottages straggling off toward Milton, which are occupied for the summer by people from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house, and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

“Are you not going to call on them?” I asked my wife one morning.

“When they call on *us*,” she replied lightly.

“But it is our place to call first, they being strangers.”

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

## THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "Not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office—where *he* was never to be met with by any chance—and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrowheads and flint hatchets, which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the plowshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain—an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crowd, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a state pensioner. At that period she appears to have struck a trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I quote from the local historiographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen garden, or emulating Professor Schliemann, at Mycenæ, the newcomers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a contralto voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an arietta, conjecturally at some window upstairs, for the house was not visible from the turnpike. The husband, somewhere about the ground, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this

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couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, however, of having done anything unlawful; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet,

"It is a joy to *think* the best  
We may of human kind."

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them—that is an enigma apart—but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description, was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village—an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which, I advertise it gratis, can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a hand-saw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their *ménage* to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations—persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate (our neighbors did own their house), they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skilful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in "David Copperfield," who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

## THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's sawmill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to formulate uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit-trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *meum* and *tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms; for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was—well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of scarlet at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her

## OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG

light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view of all Norfolk County combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician from Canton or from Milton, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large white allopathic horse, nor the gig with the homœopathic sorrel mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power; but the memory of the repulse I had sustained still rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one.

"Yes."

"The elm with the hang-bird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

## MY FIRST VISIT TO PORTLAND

BY MAJOR JACK DOWNING

In the fall of the year 1829, I took it into my head I'd go to Portland. I had heard a good deal about Portland, what a fine place it was, and how the folks got rich there proper fast; and that fall there was a couple of new papers come up to our place from there, called the "Portland Courier" and "Family Reader," and they told a good many queer kind of things about Portland, and one thing and another; and all at once it popped into my head, and I up and told father, and says,—

"I am going to Portland, whether or no; and I'll see what this world is made of yet."

Father stared a little at first, and said he was afraid I would get lost; but when he see I was bent upon it, he give it up, and he stepped to his chist, and opened the till, and took out a dollar, and he gave it to me; and says he,—

"Jack, this is all I can do for you; but go and lead an honest life, and I believe I shall hear good of you yet."

He turned and walked across the room, but I could see the tears start into his eyes. And mother sat down and had a hearty crying-spell.

This made me feel rather bad for a minit or two, and I almost had a mind to give it up; and then again father's dream came into my mind, and I mustered up courage, and declared I'd go. So I tackled up the old horse, and packed in a load of axe-handles, and a few notions; and

## MY FIRST VISIT TO PORTLAND

mother fried me some doughnuts, and put 'em into a box, along with some cheese, and sausages, and ropped me up another shirt, for I told her I didn't know how long I should be gone. And after I got rigged out, I went round and bid all the neighbors good-by, and jumped in, and drove off for Portland.

Aunt Sally had been married two or three years before, and moved to Portland; and I inquired round till I found out where she lived, and went there, and put the old horse up, and eat some supper, and went to bed.

And the next morning I got up, and straightened right off to see the editor of the "Portland Courier," for I knew by what I had seen in his paper, that he was just the man to tell me which way to steer. And when I come to see him, I knew I was right; for soon as I told him my name, and what I wanted, he took me by the hand as kind as if he had been a brother, and says he,—

"Mister," says he, "I'll do anything I can to assist you. You have come to a good town; Portland is a healthy, thriving place, and any man with a proper degree of enterprise may do well here. But," says he, "stranger," and he looked mighty kind of knowing, says he, "if you want to make out to your mind, you must do as the steamboats do."

"Well," says I, "how do they do?" for I didn't know what a steamboat was, any more than the man in the moon.

"Why," says he, "they go ahead. And you must drive about among the folks here just as though you were at home, on the farm among the cattle. Don't be afraid of any of them, but figure away, and I dare say you'll get into good business in a very little while. But," says he, "there's one thing you must be careful of; and that is, not to get into the hands of those are folks that trades up



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round Huckler's Row, for ther's some sharpers up there, if they get hold of you, would twist your eye-teeth out in five minits."

Well, arter he had giv me all the good advice he could, I went back to Aunt Sally's ag'in, and got some breakfast; and then I walked all over the town, to see what chance I could find to sell my axe-handles and things and to get into business.

After I had walked about three or four hours, I come along towards the upper end of the town, where I found there were stores and shops of all sorts and sizes. And I met a feller, and says I,—

"What place is this?"

"Why, this," says he, "is Huckler's Row."

"What!" says I, "are these the stores where the traders in Huckler's Row keep?"

And says he, "Yes."

"Well, then," says I to myself, "I have a pesky good mind to go in and have a try with one of these chaps, and see if they can twist my eye-teeth out. If they can get the best end of a bargain out of me, they can do what there ain't a man in our place can do; and I should just like to know what sort of stuff these 'ere Portland chaps are made of." So I goes into the best-looking store among 'em. And I see some biscuit on the shelf, and says I,—

"Mister, how much do you ax apiece for them 'ere biscuits?"

"A cent apiece," says he.

"Well," says I, "I shan't give you that, but, if you've a mind to, I'll give you two cents for three of them, for I begin to feel a little as though I would like to take a bite."

"Well," says he, "I wouldn't sell 'em to anybody else so, but, seeing it's you, I don't care if you take 'em."

## MY FIRST VISIT TO PORTLAND

I knew he lied, for he never seen me before in his life. Well, he handed down the biscuits, and I took 'em and walked round the store awhile, to see what else he had to sell. At last says I,—

“Mister, have you got any good cider?”

Says he, “Yes, as good as ever ye see.”

“Well,” says I, “what do you ax a glass for it?”

“Two cents,” says he.

“Well,” says I, “seems to me I feel more dry than I do hungry now. Ain't you a mind to take these 'ere biscuits again, and give me a glass of cider?”

And says he,—

“I don't care if I do.”

So he took and laid 'em on the shelf again, and poured out a glass of cider. I took the cider and drinkt it down, and, to tell the truth, it was capital good cider. Then says I,—

“I guess it's time for me to be a-going,” and I stept along towards the door; but says he,—

“Stop, mister: I believe you haven't paid me for the cider?”

“Not paid you for the cider!” says I. “What do you mean by that? Didn't the biscuits that I give you just come to the cider?”

“Oh, ah, right!” says he.

So I started to go again, and says he,—

“But stop there, mister: you didn't pay me for the biscuits.”

“What!” says I, “do you mean to impose upon me? do you think I am going to pay you for the biscuits and let you keep them, too? Ain't they there now on your shelf? What more do you want? I guess, sir, you don't whittle me in that way.”

So I turned about and marched off, and left the feller

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staring and scratching his head, as though he was struck with a dunderment.

Howsomever, I didn't want to cheat him, only jest to show 'em it wa'n't so easy a matter to pull my eye-teeth out; so I called in next day and paid him two cents.

## WILD ANIMALS I HAVE MET

BY CAROLYN WELLS

### THE LION

I've met this beast in drawing-rooms,  
'Mong ladies gay with silks and plumes.  
He looks quite bored, and silly, too,  
When he's held up to public view.  
I think I like him better when  
Alone I brave him in his den.

### THE BEAR

I never seek the surly Bear,  
But if I meet him in his lair  
I say, "Good day, sir; sir, good day,"  
And then make haste to get away.  
It is no pleasure, I declare,  
To meet the cross, ill-natured Bear.

### THE GOOSE

I know it would be of no use  
To say I'd never met a Goose.  
There are so many all around,  
With idle look and clacking sound.  
And sometimes it has come to pass  
I've seen one in my looking-glass.

## CAROLYN WELLS

### THE DUCK

This merry one, with laughing eyes,  
Not too sedate nor overwise,  
Is best of comrades; frank and free,  
A clever hand at making tea;  
A fearless nature, full of pluck,  
I like her well—she is a Duck.

### THE CAT

The Cat's a nasty little beast;  
She's seen at many a fête and feast.  
She's spiteful, sly and double-faced,  
Exceeding prim, exceeding chaste.  
And while a soft, sleek smile she wears,  
Her neighbor's reputation tears.

### THE PUPPY

Of all the animals I've met  
The Puppy is the worst one yet.  
Clumsy and crude, he hasn't brains  
Enough to come in when it rains.  
But with insufferable conceit  
He thinks that he is just too sweet.

### THE KID

Kids are the funniest things I know;  
Nothing they do but eat and grow.  
They're frolicsome, and it is said  
They eat tin cans and are not dead.  
I'm not astonished at that feat,  
For all things else I've seen them eat.

## A BALLADE OF THE "HOW TO" BOOKS

BY JOHN JAMES DAVIES

That time when Learning's path was steep,  
And rocks and fissures marred the way,  
The few who dared were forced to creep,  
Their souls oft quaking with dismay;  
The goal achieved, their hairs were gray,  
Their bodies bent like shepherds' crooks;  
How blest are we who run to-day  
The easy road of "How To" books!

The presses groan, and volumes heap,  
Our dullness we no more betray;  
To know the stars, or shear a sheep—  
To live on air, or polo play;  
The trick is ours, or we may stray  
Beneath the seas, with science cooks,  
And sprint by some reflected ray  
The easy road of "How To" books!

Who craves the boon of dreamless sleep?  
Who bricks would make, *sans* straw or clay?  
"Call spirits from the vasty deep,"  
Or weave a lofty, living lay?  
Let him be heartened, jocund, gay,  
Nor hopeless writhe on tenter-hooks,—  
They meet no barriers who essay  
The easy road of "How To" books!

JOHN JAMES DAVIES

ENVOY

The critics still *will* slash and slay  
    Poor hapless scribes, in sanctum nooks;  
Lo! here's a refuge for their prey—  
    The easy road of "How To" books!

## THE TREE-TOAD

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

“’Scurious-like,” said the tree-toad,  
“I’ve twittered fer rain all day;  
And I got up soon,  
And I hollered till noon—  
But the sun, hit blazed away,  
Till I jest clumb down in a crawfish-hole,  
Weary at heart, and sick at soul!

“Dozed away fer an hour,  
And I tackled the thing agin;  
And I sung, and sung,  
Till I knowed my lung  
Was jest about give in;  
And then, thinks I, ef hit don’t rain now,  
There ’re nothin’ in singin’, anyhow!

“Once in awhile some farmer  
Would come a-drivin’ past;  
And he’d hear my cry,  
And stop and sigh—  
Till I jest laid back, at last,  
And I hollered rain till I thought my th’oat  
Would bust right open at ever’ note!

“But I *fetch*ed her! O I *fetch*ed her!—  
’Cause a little while ago,  
As I kindo’ set,  
With one eye shet,  
And a-singin’ soft and low,  
A voice drapped down on my fevered brain,  
Sayin’,—‘Ef you’ll jest hush I’ll rain!’ ”



## THE HIRED HAND AND "HA'NTS"

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN

The Hired Hand was Johnnie's oracle. His auguries were infallible; from his decisions there was no appeal. The wisdom of experienced age was his, and he always stood willing to impart it to the youngest. No question was too trivial for him to consider, and none too abstruse for him to answer. He did not tell Johnnie to "never mind" or wait until he grew older, but was ever willing to pause in his work to explain things. And his oracular qualifications were genuine. He had traveled—had even been as far as the State Fair; he had read—from *Robinson Crusoe* to *Dick the Dead Shot*, and, more than all, he had meditated deeply.

The Hired Hand's name was Eph. Perhaps he had another name, too, but if so it had become obsolete. Far and wide he was known simply as Eph.

Eph was generally termed "a cur'ous feller," and this characterization applied equally well to his peculiar appearance and his inquiring disposition. In his confirmation nature had evidently sacrificed her love of beauty to a temporary passion for elongation. Length seemed to have been the central thought, the theme, as it were, upon which he had been composed. This effect was heightened by generously broad hands and feet and a contrastingly abbreviated chin. The latter feature caused his countenance to wear in repose a decidedly vacant look, but it was seldom caught reposing, usually having to bear a smirk of some sort.

## THE HIRED HAND AND "HA'NTS"

Eph's position in the Winkle household was as peculiar as his personality. Nominally he was a hired servant, but, in fact, from his own point of view at least, he was Mr. Winkle's private secretary and confidential adviser. He had been on the place "ever sence old Fan was a year-lin'," which was a long while, indeed; and had come to regard himself as indispensable. The Winkles treated him as one of the family, and he reciprocated in truly familiar ways. He sat at the table with them, helped entertain their guests, and often accompanied them to church. In regulating matters on the farm Mr. Winkle proposed, but Eph invariably disposed, in a diplomatic way, of course; and, although his judgment might be based on false logic, the result was generally successful and satisfactory.

With all his good qualities and her attachment to him, however, Mrs. Winkle was not sure that Eph's moral status was quite sound, and she was inclined to discourage Johnnie's association with him. As a matter of fact she had overheard Johnnie utter several bad words, of which Eph was certainly the prime source. But a mother's solicitude was of little avail when compared with Eph's Delphian wisdom. Johnnie would steal away to join Eph in the field at every chance, and the information he acquired at these secret séances was varied and valuable.

It was Eph who taught him how to tell the time of day by the sun; how to insert a "dutchman" in the place of a lost suspender button; how to make bird-traps; and how to "skin the cat." Eph initiated him into the mysteries of magic and witchcraft, and showed him how to locate a subterranean vein of water by means of a twig of witch-hazel. Eph also confided to Johnnie that he himself could stanch the flow of blood or stop a toothache in-

stantly by force of a certain charm, but he could not tell how to do this because the secret could be imparted only from man to woman, or vice versa. Even the shadowy domain of spirits had not been exempt from Eph's investigations, and he related many a terrifying experience with "ha'nts."

Johnnie was first introduced to the ghost world one summer night, when he and Eph had gone fishing together.

"If ye want to ketch the big uns, always go at night in the dark o' the moon," said Eph, and his piscatorial knowledge was absolute.

They had fished in silence for some time, and Johnnie was nodding, when Eph suddenly whispered:

"Let's go home, sonny, I think I see a ha'nt down yander."

Johnnie had no idea what a "ha'nt" might be, but Eph's constrained manner betokened something dreadful.

It was not until they had come within sight of home that Johnnie ventured to inquire:

"Say, Eph, what is a ha'nt?"

"Huh! What is ha'nts? Why, sonny, you mean to tell me you don't know what ha'nts is?"

"Not exactly; sompin' like wildcats, ain't they?"

"Well, I'll be confounded! Wildcats! Not by a long shot;" and Eph broke into the soft chuckle which always preceded his explanations. They reached the orchard fence, and, seating himself squarely on the topmost rail, Eph began impressively:

"Ha'nts is the remains of dead folks—more 'specially them that's been assinated, er, that is, kilt—understan'? They're kind o' like sperrits, ye know. After so long a time they take to comin' back to yarth an' ha'ntin' the precise spot where they wuz murdered. They always come

## THE HIRED HAND AND "HA'NTS"

after dark, an' the diffrent shapes they take on is surprisin'. I have seed ha'nts that looked like sheep, an' ha'nts that looked like human persons; but lots of 'em ye cain't see a-tall, bein' invisible, as the sayin' is. Now, fer all we know, they may be a ha'nt settin' right here betwixt us, this minute!"

With this solemn declaration Johnnie shivered and began edging closer to Eph, until restrained and appalled by the thought that he might actually sit on the unseen spirit by such movement.

"But do they hurt people, Eph?" he asked anxiously.

Eph gave vent to another chuckle.

"Not if ye understan' the'r ways," he observed sagely. "If ye let 'em alone an' don't go foolin' aroun' the'r ha'ntin'-groun' they'll never harm ye. But don't ye never trifle with no ha'nt, sonny. I knowed a feller 't thought 'twuz smart to hector 'em an' said he wuzn't feared. Onct he throwed a rock at one—"

Here Eph paused.

"What h-happened?" gasped Johnnie.

"In one year from that time," replied Eph gruesomely, "that there feller's cow wuz hit by lightnin'; in three year his hoss kicked him an' busted a rib; an' in seven year he wuz a corpse!"

The power of this horrible example was too much for Johnnie.

"Don't you reckon it's bedtime?" he suggested tremblingly.

Thenceforth for many months Johnnie led a haunted life. Ghosts glowered at him from cellar and garret. Specters slunk at his heels, phantoms flitted through the barn. Twilight teemed with horrors, and midnight, when he awoke at that hour, made of his bedroom a veritable Brocken.

It was vain for his parents to expostulate with him. Was one not bound to believe one's own eyes? And how about the testimony of the Hired Hand?

The story in his reader—told in verse and graphically illustrated—of the boy named Walter, who, being alone on a lonesome highway one dark night, beheld a sight that made his blood run cold, acquired an abnormal interest for Johnnie. Walter, with courage resembling madness, marched straight up to the alleged ghost and laughed gleefully to find, "It was a friendly guide-post, his wand'ring steps to guide."

This was all very well, as it turned out, but what if it had been a sure-enough ghost, reflected Johnnie. What if it had reached down with its long, snaky arms and snatched Walter up—and run off with him in the dark—and no telling what? Or it might have swooped straight up in the air with him, for ghosts could do that. Johnnie resolved he would not take any chances with friendly guide-posts which might turn out to be hostile spirits.

Then there was the similar tale of the lame goose, and the one concerning the pillow in the swing—each intended, no doubt, to allay foolish fears on the part of children, but exercising an opposite and harrowing influence upon Johnnie.

## MAXIOMS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Reward is its own virtue.  
The wages of sin is alimony.  
Money makes the mayor go.  
A penny saved spoils the broth.  
Of two evils, choose the prettier.  
There's no fool like an old maid.  
Make love while the moon shines.  
Where there's a won't there's a way.  
Nonsense makes the heart grow fonder.  
A word to the wise is a dangerous thing.  
A living gale is better than a dead calm.  
A fool and his money corrupt good manners.  
A word in the hand is worth two in the ear.  
A man is known by the love-letters he keeps.  
A guilty conscience is the mother of invention.  
Whosoever thy hands find to do, do with thy might.  
It's a wise child who knows less than his own father.  
Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-  
night.  
He who loves and runs away, may live to love another  
day.

## GARDEN ETHICS

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

I believe that I have found, if not original sin, at least vegetable total depravity in my garden; and it was there before I went into it. It is the bunch-, or joint-, or snake-grass,—whatever it is called. As I do not know the names of all the weeds and plants, I have to do as Adam did in his garden,—name things as I find them. This grass has a slender, beautiful stalk: and when you cut it down, or pull up a long root of it, you fancy it is got rid of; but in a day or two it will come up in the same spot in half a dozen vigorous blades. Cutting down and pulling up is what it thrives on. Extermination rather helps it. If you follow a slender white root, it will be found to run under the ground until it meets another slender white root; and you will soon unearth a network of them, with a knot somewhere, sending out dozens of sharp-pointed, healthy shoots, every joint prepared to be an independent life and plant. The only way to deal with it is to take one part hoe and two parts fingers, and carefully dig it out, not leaving a joint anywhere. It will take a little time, say all summer, to dig out thoroughly a small patch; but if you once dig it out, and keep it out, you will have no further trouble.

I have said it was total depravity. Here it is. If you attempt to pull up and root out sin in you, which shows on the surface,—if it does not show, you do not care for it,—you may have noticed how it runs into an interior network of sins, and an ever-sprouting branch of these roots somewhere; and that you can not pull out one without

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making a general internal disturbance, and rooting up your whole being. I suppose it is less trouble to quietly cut them off at the top—say once a week, on Sunday, when you put on your religious clothes and face,—so that no one will see them, and not try to eradicate the network within.

*Remark.*—This moral vegetable figure is at the service of any clergyman who will have the manliness to come forward and help me at a day's hoeing on my potatoes. None but the orthodox need apply.

I, however, believe in the intellectual, if not the moral, qualities of vegetables, and especially weeds. There was a worthless vine that (or who) started up about midway between a grape-trellis and a row of bean-poles, some three feet from each, but a little nearer the trellis. When it came out of the ground, it looked around to see what it should do. The trellis was already occupied. The bean-pole was empty. There was evidently a little the best chance of light, air, and sole proprietorship on the pole. And the vine started for the pole, and began to climb it with determination. Here was as distinct an act of choice, of reason, as a boy exercises when he goes into a forest, and, looking about, decides which tree he will climb. And, besides, how did the vine know enough to travel in exactly the right direction, three feet, to find what it wanted? This is intellect. The weeds, on the other hand, have hateful moral qualities. To cut down a weed is, therefore, to do a moral action. I feel as if I were destroying a sin. My hoe becomes an instrument of retributive justice. I am an apostle of nature. This view of the matter lends a dignity to the art of hoeing which nothing else does, and lifts it into the region of ethics. Hoeing becomes, not a pastime, but a duty. And you get to regard it so, as the days and the weeds lengthen.



## CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

*Observation.*—Nevertheless, what a man needs in gardening is a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it. The hoe is an ingenious instrument, calculated to call out a great deal of strength at a great disadvantage.

The striped bug has come, the saddest of the year. He is a moral double-ender, iron-clad at that. He is unpleasant in two ways. He burrows in the ground so that you can not find him, and he flies away so that you can not catch him. He is rather handsome, as bugs go, but utterly dastardly, in that he gnaws the stem of the plant close to the ground, and ruins it without any apparent advantage to himself. I find him on the hills of cucumbers (perhaps it will be a cholera-year, and we shall not want any), the squashes (small loss), and the melons (which never ripen). The best way to deal with the striped bug is to sit down by the hills, and patiently watch for him. If you are spry, you can annoy him. This, however, takes time. It takes all day and part of the night. For he flieth in the darkness, and wasteth at noon-day. If you get up before the dew is off the plants,—it goes off very early,—you can sprinkle soot on the plant (soot is my panacea: if I can get the disease of a plant reduced to the necessity of soot, I am all right); and soot is unpleasant to the bug. But the best thing to do is set a toad to catch the bugs. The toad at once establishes the most intimate relations with the bug. It is a pleasure to see such unity among the lower animals. The difficulty is to make the toad stay and watch the hill. If you know your toad, it is all right. If you do not, you must build a tight fence round the plants, which the toad can not jump over. This, however, introduces a new element. I find that I have a zoölogical garden. It is an unexpected result of my little enterprise, which never aspired to the completeness of the Paris "Jardin des Plantes."

## A TRAVELED DONKEY

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

But Buddie got no farther. The sound of music came to her ears, and she stopped to listen. The music was faint and sweet, with the sighful quality of an Æolian harp. Now it seemed near, now far.

"What can it be?" said Buddie.

"Wait here and I'll find out," said Snowfeathers. He darted away and returned before you could count fifty.

"A traveling musician," he reported. "Come along. It's only a little way."

Back he flew, with Buddie scrambling after. A few yards brought her to a little open place, and here was the queerest sight she had yet seen in this queer wood.

On a bank of reindeer moss, at the foot of a great white birch, a mouse-colored donkey sat playing a lute. Over his head, hanging from a bit of bark, was the sign:

WHILE YOU WAIT  
OLD SAWS RESET

After the many strange things that Buddie had come upon in Queerwood, nothing could surprise her very much. Besides, as she never before had seen a donkey, or a lute, or the combination of donkey and lute, it did not strike her as especially remarkable that the musician should be holding his instrument upside down, and sweeping the strings with one of his long ears, which

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he was able to wave without moving his head a jot. And this it was that gave to the music its soft and furry-purry quality.

The Donkey greeted Buddie with a careless nod, and remarked, as if anticipating a comment he had heard many times :

“Oh, yes; I play everything *by ear*.”

“Please keep on playing,” said Buddie, taking a seat on another clump of reindeer moss.

“I intended to,” said the Donkey; and the random chords changed to a crooning melody which wonderfully pleased Buddie, whose opportunities to hear music were sadly few. As for the White Blackbird, he tucked his little head under his wing and went fast asleep.

“Well, what do you think of it?” asked the Donkey, putting down the lute.

“Very nice, sir,” answered Buddie, enthusiastically; though she added to herself: The idea of saying sir to an animal! “Would you please tell me your name?” she requested.

The Donkey pawed open a saddle-bag, drew forth with his teeth a card, and presented it to Buddie, who spelled out the following :

PROFESSOR BRAY
TENORE BARITONALE
TEACHER OF SINGING      ALL METHODS
CONCERTS AND RECITALS

While Buddie was reading this the Donkey again picked up his instrument and thrummed the strings.

“Did you ever see a donkey play a lute?” said he. “That’s an old saw,” he added.

“I never saw a donkey before,” said Buddie.

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"You haven't traveled much," said the other. "The world is full of them."

"This is the farthest I've ever been from home," confessed Buddie, feeling very insignificant indeed.

"And how far may that be?"

Buddie couldn't tell exactly.

"But it can't be a great way," she said. "I live in the log house by the lake."

"Pooh!" said the Donkey. "That's no distance at all." Buddie shrank another inch or two. "I'm a great traveler myself. All donkeys travel that can. If a donkey travels, you know, he *may* come home a horse; and to become a horse is, of course, the ambition of every donkey!"

"Is it?" was all Buddie could think of to remark. What could she say that would interest a globe-trotter?

"Perhaps you have an old saw you'd like reset," suggested the Donkey, still thrumming the lute-strings.

Buddie thought a moment.

"There's an old saw hanging up in our woodshed," she began, but got no farther.

"Hee-haw! hee-haw!" laughed the Donkey. "Thistles and cactus, but that's rich!" And he hee-hawed until the tears ran down his nose. Poor Buddie, who knew she was being laughed at but didn't know why, began to feel very much like crying and wished she might run away.

"Excuse these tears," the Donkey said at last, recovering his family gravity. "Didn't you ever hear the saying, A burnt child dreads the fire?"

Buddie nodded, and plucked up her spirits.

"Well, that's an old saw. And you must have heard that other very old saw, No use crying over spilt milk."

Another nod from Buddie.

"Here's my setting of that," said the Donkey; and after a few introductory chords, he sang:

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"'Oh, why do you cry, my pretty little maid,  
With a Boo-hoo-hoo and a Heigho?'  
'I've spilled my milk, kind sir,' she said,  
And the Cat said, 'Me-oh! my-oh!'

'No use to cry, my pretty little maid,  
With a Boo-hoo-hoo and a Heigho.'  
'But what shall I do, kind sir?' she said,  
And the Cat said, 'Me-oh! my-oh!'

'Why, dry your eyes, my pretty little maid,  
With a Boo-hoo-hoo and a Heigho.'  
'Oh, thank you, thank you, sir,' she said,  
And the Cat said, 'Me-oh! my-oh!'"

"How do you like my voice?" asked the Donkey, in a tone that said very plainly: "If you don't like it you're no judge of singing."

Buddie did not at once reply. A professional critic would have said, and enjoyed saying, that the voice was of the hit-or-miss variety; that it was pitched too high (all donkeys make that mistake); that it was harsh, rasping and unsympathetic, and that altogether the performance was "not convincing."

Now, Little One, although Buddie was not a professional critic, and neither knew how to wound nor enjoyed wounding, even *she* found the Donkey's voice harsh; but she did not wish to hurt his feelings—for donkeys *have* feelings, in spite of a popular opinion to the contrary. And, after all, it was pretty good singing for a donkey. Critics should not, as they sometimes do, apply to donkeys the standards by which nightingales are judged. So Buddie was able to say, truthfully and kindly:

"I think you do very well; very well, indeed."

It was a small tribute, but the Donkey was so blinded by conceit that he accepted it as the greatest compliment.

"I *ought* to sing well," he said. "I've studied methods

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enough. The more methods you try, you know, the more of a donkey you are."

"Oh, yes," murmured Buddie, not understanding in the least.

"Yes," went on the Donkey; "I've taken the Donkesi Method, the Sobraylia Method, the Thistlefixu Method—"

"I'm afraid I don't quite know what you mean by 'methods,'" ventured Buddie.

The Donkey regarded her with a pitying smile.

"A method," he explained, "is a way of singing 'Ah!' For example, in the Thistlefixu Method, which I am at present using, I fill my mouth full of thistles, stand on one leg, take in a breath three yards long, and sing 'Ah!' The only trouble with this method is that the thistles tickle your throat and make you cough, and you have to spray the vocal cords twice a day, which is considerable trouble, especially when traveling, as *I* always am."

"I should think it *would* be," said Buddie. "Won't you sing something else?"

"I'm a little hoarse," apologized the singer.

"That's what you want to be, isn't it?" said Buddie, misunderstanding him.

"Hee-haw!" laughed the Donkey. "Is that a joke? I mean my *throat* is hoarse."

"And the rest of you is donkey!" cried Buddie, who could see a point as quickly as any one of her age.

"There's something to that," said the other, thoughtfully. "Now, if the *hoarseness* should spread—"

"And you became *horse* all over—"

"Why, then—"

"Why, then—"

"Think of another old saw," said the Donkey, picking up his lute.

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"No; I don't believe I can remember any more old saws," said Buddie, after racking her small brain for a minute or two.

"Pooh!" said the Donkey. "They're as common as, Pass the butter, or, Some more tea, please. Ever hear, Fair words butter no parsnips?"

Buddie shook her head.

"The wolf does something every day that keeps him from church on Sunday—?"

Again Buddy shook her head.

"It is hard to shave an egg—?"

Still another shake.

"A miss is as good as a mile? You can not drive a windmill with a pair of bellows? Help the lame dog over the stile? A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with? Nothing venture, nothing have? Well, you haven't heard much, for a fact," said the Donkey, contemptuously, as Buddie shook her head after each proverb. "I'll try a few more; there's no end to them. Ever hear, When the sky falls we shall all catch larks? Too many cooks spoil the broth?"

"I've heard *that*," said Buddie, eagerly.

"It's a wonder," returned the Donkey. "Well, I have a very nice setting of that." And he sang:

"Some said, 'Stir it fast,'  
Some said, 'Slow';  
Some said, 'Skim it off,'  
Some said, 'No';  
Some said, 'Pepper,'  
Some said, 'Salt';—  
All gave good advice,  
All found fault.

Poor little Tommy Trotlett!  
Couldn't eat it when he got it."

"I like that," said Buddie. "Oh, and I've just thought

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of another old ax—I mean saw, if it *is* one—Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Do you sing that?"

"One of my best," replied the Donkey. And again he sang:

"'Thirteen eggs,' said Sammy Patch,  
'Are thirteen chickens when they hatch.'  
The hen gave a cluck, but said no more;  
For the hen had heard such things before.

The eggs fall out from tilted pail  
And leave behind a yellow trail;  
But Sammy,—counting, as he goes,  
Upon his fingers,—never knows.

Oh, Sammy Patch, your 'rithmetic  
Won't hatch a solitary chick."

"I like that the best," said Buddie, who knew what it was to tip over a pail of eggs, and felt as sorry for Sammy Patch as if he really existed.

"It's one of my best," said the Donkey. "I don't call it my very best. Personally I prefer, Look before you leap. You've heard that old saw, I dare say."

"No; but that doesn't matter. I shall like it just as well," replied Buddie.

"*That* doesn't follow, but *this* does," said the Donkey, and once more he sang:

"A foolish Frog, one summer day,  
While splashing round in careless way,  
Observed a man  
With large tin can,  
And manner most suspicious.

'I think I know,' remarked the Frog,  
'A safer place than on this log;  
For when a man  
Comes with a can  
His object is malicious.'

Thus far the foolish Frog was wise;  
But had he better used his eyes,



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He would have seen,  
Close by, a lean  
Old Pike—his nose just showing.  
Kersplash! The Pike made just one bite. . .  
The moral I need scarce recite:  
Before you leap  
Just take a peep  
To see where you are going.”

Buddie, however, clung to her former opinion. “I like *Sammy Patch* the best,” said she.

“That,” rejoined the singer, “is a matter of taste, as the donkey said to the horse who preferred hay to thistles. Usually the public likes best the very piece the composer himself cares least about. So wherever I go I hear, ‘Oh, Professor, do sing us that beautiful song about *Sammy Patch*.’ And I can’t poke my head inside the Thistle Club but some donkey bawls out, ‘Here’s Bray! Now we’ll have a song. Sing us *Sammy Patch*, old fellow.’ Really, I’ve sung that song so many times I’m tired of the sound of it.”

“It must be nice to be such a favorite,” said Buddie.

“Suppose we go up to the Corner and see what’s stirring,” suggested the Donkey, with a yawn.

“Oh, are *you* going up to the Corner, too?” cried Buddie. “I am to meet the Rabbit there at two o’clock. I hope it isn’t late.”

The Donkey glanced skyward.

“It isn’t noon yet,” said he.

“How do you tell time?” inquired Buddie.

“By the way it flies. Time flies, you know. You can tell a great many birds that way, too.” As he spoke the Donkey put his lute into one of his bags and took down his sign.

“You can ride if you wish,” he offered graciously.

“Thank you,” said Buddie. And leaving the White

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Blackbird asleep on his perch,—for, as Buddie said, he was having such a lovely nap it would be a pity to wake him,—they set off through the wood.

It was bad traveling for a short distance, but presently they came out on an old log-road; and along this the Donkey ambled at an easy pace. On both sides grew wild flowers in wonderful abundance, but, as Buddie noticed, they were all of one kind—Enchanter's Nightshade.

Buddie had also noticed, when she climbed to her comfortable seat, a peculiar marking on the Donkey's broad back. It was bronze in color, and in shape like a cross.

"Perhaps it's a strawberry mark," she thought, "and he may not want to talk about it." But curiosity got the better of her.

"Oh, that?" said the Donkey, carelessly, in reply to a question. "That's a Victoria Cross. I served three months with the British army in South Africa, and was decorated for gallantry in leading a charge of the ambulance corps. I shall have to ask you not to hang things on my neck. It's all I can do to hold up my head."

"Oh, excuse me," said Buddie, untying the sign, **OLD SAWS RESET WHILE YOU WAIT.**

"Hang it round your own neck," said the Donkey, and Buddie did so.

"I often wonder," she said, "whether a horse doesn't sometimes get tired holding his head out at the end of his neck. And as for a giraffe, I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, a giraffe's neck runs out at a more convenient angle," said the Donkey. "Still, it *is* tiresome without a check-rein. You hear a great deal about a check-rein being a cruel invention, but, on the contrary, it's a great blessing. Now, a nose-bag is a positive outrage, and the more oats it contains the more of an imposition it is. People have the queerest ideas!"

## SELECTING THE FACULTY

BY BAYNARD RUST HALL

Our Board of Trustees, it will be remembered, had been directed by the Legislature to procure, as the ordinance called it, "Teachers for the commencement of the State College at Woodville." That business, by the Board, was committed to Dr. Sylvan and Robert Carlton—the most learned gentleman of the body, and of—the New Purchase. Our honorable Board will be more specially introduced hereafter; at present we shall bring forward certain rejected candidates, that, like rejected prize essays, they may be published, and *thus* have their revenge.

None can tell us how plenty good things are till he looks for them; and hence, to the great surprise of the Committee, there seemed to be a sudden growth and a large crop of persons even in and around Woodville, either already qualified for the "Professorships," as we named them in our publication, or who *could* "qualify" by the time of election. As to the "chair" named also in our publications, one very worthy and disinterested schoolmaster offered, as a great collateral inducement for his being elected, "*to find his own chair!*"—a vast saving to the State, if the same chair I saw in Mr. Whackum's school-room. For his chair there was one with a hickory bottom; and doubtless he would have filled it, and even

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lapped over its edges, with equal dignity in the recitation room of Big College.

The Committee had, at an early day, given an invitation to the Rev. Charles Clarence, A. M., of New Jersey, and his answer had been affirmative; yet for political reasons we had been obliged to invite competitors, or *make* them, and we found and created "a right smart sprinkle."

Hopes of success were built on many things—for instance, on poverty; a plea being entered that something ought to be done for the poor fellow—on one's having taught a common school all his born days, who now deserved to rise a peg—on political, or religious, or fanatical partizan qualifications—and on pure patriotic principles, such as a person's having been "born in a cane-brake and rocked in a sugar trough." On the other hand, a fat, dull-headed, and modest Englishman asked for a place, because he had been born in Liverpool! and had seen the world beyond the woods and waters, too! And another fussy, talkative, pragmatist little gentleman rested his pretensions on his ability to draw and paint maps!—not projecting them in roundabout scientific processes, but in that speedy and elegant style in which young ladies *copy* maps at first chop boarding-schools! Nay, so transcendent seemed Mr. Merchator's claims, when his *show* or *sample* maps were exhibited to us, that some in our Board, and nearly everybody out of it, were confident he would do for Professor of Mathematics and even Principal.

But of all our unsuccessful candidates, we shall introduce by name only two—Mr. James Jimmy, A. S. S., and Mr. Solomon Rapid, A. to Z.

Mr. Jimmy, who aspired to the mathematical chair, was master of a small school of all sexes, near Woodville. At the first, he was kindly, yet honestly told, his knowledge

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was too limited and inaccurate; yet, notwithstanding this, and some almost rude repulses afterward, he persisted in his application and his hopes. To give evidence of competency, he once told me he was arranging a new spelling-book, the publication of which would make him known as a literary man, and be an unspeakable advantage to "the rising generation." And this naturally brought on the following colloquy about the work:

"Ah! indeed! Mr. Jimmy?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Carlton."

"On what new principle do you go, sir?"

"Why, sir, on the principles of nature and common sense. I allow school-books for schools are all too powerful obtruse and hard-like to be understood without exemplifying illustrations."

"Yes, but Mr. Jimmy, how is a child's spelling-book to be made any plainer?"

"Why, sir, by clear explications of the words in one column, by exemplifying illustrations in the other."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Jimmy, give me a specimen—"

"Sir?"

"An example—"

"To be sure—here's a spes-a-example; you see, for instance, I put in the spelling-column, C-r-e-a-m, *cream*, and here in the explication column, I put the exemplifying illustration—*Unctious part of milk!*"

We had asked, at our first interview, if our candidate was an algebraist, and his reply was *negative*; but, "he allowed he could 'qualify' by the time of election, as he was powerful good at figures, and had cyphered clean through every arithmetic he had ever seen, the rule of promiscuous questions and all!" Hence, some weeks after, as I was passing his door, on my way to a squirrel hunt,

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with a party of friends, Mr. Jimmy, hurrying out with a slate in his hand, begged me to stop a moment, and thus addressed me :

“Well, Mr. Carlton, this algebra is a most powerful thing—ain’t it?”

“Indeed it is, Mr. Jimmy—have you been looking into it?”

“Looking into it! I have been all through this here fust part; and by election time, I allow I’ll be ready for examination.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes, sir! but it is such a pretty thing! Only to think of cyphering by letters! Why, sir, the sums come out, and bring the answers exactly like figures. Jist stop a minute—look here:  $a$  stands for 6, and  $b$  stands for 8, and  $c$  stands for 4, and  $d$  stands for figure 10; now if I say a plus b minus c equals d, it is all the same as if I said, 6 is 6 and 8 makes 14, and 4 subtracted, leaves 10! Why, sir, I done a whole slate full of letters and signs; and afterward, when I tried by figures, they every one of them came out right and brung the answer! I mean to cypher by letters altogether.”

“Mr. Jimmy, my company is nearly out of sight—if you can get along this way through simple and quadratic equations by our meeting, your chance will not be so bad—good morning, sir.”

But our man of “letters” quit cyphering the new way, and returned to plain figures long before reaching equations; and so he could not become our professor. Yet anxious to do us all the good in his power, after our college opened, he waited on me, a leading trustee, with a proposal to board our students, and authorized me to publish—“as how Mr. James Jimmy will take strange students—students not belonging to Woodville—to board, at

## BAYNARD RUST HALL

one dollar a week, and find everything, washing included, and will black their *shoes* three times a week to *boot*, and—*give them their dog-wood and cherry-bitters every morning into the bargain!*”

The most extraordinary candidate, however, was Mr. Solomon Rapid. He was now somewhat advanced into the shaving age, and was ready to assume offices the most opposite in character; although justice compels us to say Mr. Rapid was as fit for one thing as another. Deeming it waste of time to prepare for any station till he was certain of obtaining it, he wisely demanded the place first, and then set to work to become qualified for its duties, being, I suspect, the very man, or some relation of his, who is recorded as not knowing whether he could read Greek, as he had never tried. And, besides, Mr. Solomon Rapid contended that all offices, from president down to fence-viewer, were open to every white American citizen; and that every republican had a blood-bought right to seek any that struck his fancy; and if the profits were less, or the duties more onerous than had been anticipated, that a man ought to resign and try another.

Naturally, therefore, Mr. Rapid thought he would like to sit in our chair of languages, or have some employment in the State college; and hence he called for that purpose on Dr. Sylvan, who, knowing the candidate's character, maliciously sent him to me. Accordingly, the young gentleman presented himself, and without ceremony, instantly made known his business thus:

“I heerd, sir, you wanted somebody to teach the State school, and I'm come to let you know I'm willing to take the place.”

“Yes, sir, we are going to elect a professor of languages who is to be the principal and a professor—”

“Well, I don't care which I take, but I'm willing to be

## SELECTING THE FACULTY

the principal. I can teach sifring, reading, writing, joggerfee, surveying, grammur, spelling, definition, parsin—”

“Are you a linguist?”

“Sir?”

“You, of course, understand the dead languages?”

“Well, can’t say I ever seed much of them, though I have heerd tell of them; but I can soon larn them—they ain’t more than a few of them I allow?”

“Oh! my dear sir, it is not possible—we—can’t—”

“Well, I never seed what I couldn’t larn about as smart as anybody—”

“Mr. Rapid, I do not mean to question your abilities; but if you are now wholly unacquainted with the dead languages, it is impossible for you or any other talented man to learn them under four or five years.”

“Pshoo! foo! I’ll bet I larn one in three weeks! Try me, sir,—let’s have the furst one furst—how many are there?”

“Mr. Rapid, it is utterly impossible; but if you insist, I will loan you a Latin book—”

“That’s your sort, let’s have it, that’s all I want, fair play.”

Accordingly, I handed him a copy of *Historiæ Sacræ*, with which he soon went away, saying, he “didn’t allow it would take long to git through Latin, if ’twas only sich a thin patch of a book as that.”

In a few weeks, to my no small surprise, Mr. Solomon Rapid again presented himself; and drawing forth the book began with a triumphant expression of countenance:

“Well, sir, I have done the Latin.”

“Done the Latin!”

“Yes, I can read it as fast as English.”

“Read it as fast as English!!”



## BAYNARD RUST HALL

“Yes, as fast as English—and I didn’t find it hard at all.”

“May I try you on a page?”

“Try away, try away; that’s what I’ve come for.”

“Please read here then, Mr. Rapid;” and in order to give him a fair chance, I pointed to the first lines of the first chapter, viz.: “In principio Deus creavit cœlum et terram intra sex dies; primo die fecit lucem,” etc.

“That, sir?” and then he read thus, “In prinspo duse creevit kalelum et terrum intra sex dyes—primmo dye fe-fe-sit looseum,” etc.

“That will do, Mr. Rapid—”

“Ah! ha! I told you so.”

“Yes, yes—but translate.”

“Translate!” (eyebrows elevating.)

“Yes, translate, render it.”

“Render it!! how’s that?” (forehead more wrinkled.)

“Why, yes, render it into English—give me the meaning of it.”

“MEANING!!” (staring full in my face, his eyes like saucers, and forehead wrinkled with the furrows of eighty)—“MEANING!! I didn’t know it *had* any meaning. I thought it was a DEAD language!!”

Well, reader, I am glad you are *not* laughing at Mr. Rapid; for how should anything *dead* speak out so as to be understood? And indeed, does not his definition suit the vexed feelings of some young gentlemen attempting to read Latin without any interlinear translation? and who inwardly, cursing both book and teacher, blast their souls “if they can make any sense out of it.” The ancients may yet speak in their own languages to a few; but to most who boast the honor of their acquaintance, they are certainly dead in the sense of Solomon Rapid.

## LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs  
    away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,  
    an' sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-  
    an'-keep;  
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

    Ef you

        Don't

            Watch

                Out!

Onc't there was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—  
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,  
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him  
    bawl,  
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at  
    all!  
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,  
    an' press,  
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I  
    guess;

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-  
about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,

An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;

An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was  
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her  
side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed  
what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—

You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and  
dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,

Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

## HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
Dey had biano-blayin;  
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,  
Her name vas Madilda Yane.  
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und ven dey looket indo mine,  
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I vent dere you'll pe pound.  
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane  
Und vent shpinnen round und round.  
De pootiest Fraeulein in de House,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp  
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I dells you it cost him dear.  
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.  
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in  
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.  
I dinks dat so vine a barty,  
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

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Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,  
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany  
Did make demselves to house ;  
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,  
De Bratwurst and Braten fine,  
Und vash der Abendessen down  
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
We all cot troonk ash bigs.  
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier  
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.  
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane  
Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany fited mit duple-lecks  
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—  
Where ish dat barty now !  
Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
Dat float on de moundain's prow ?  
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—  
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?  
'All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—  
Afay in de ewigkeit !

## ROLLO LEARNING TO READ

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

When Rollo was five years young, his father said to him one evening :

“Rollo, put away your roller skates and bicycle, carry that rowing machine out into the hall, and come to me. It is time for you to learn to read.”

Then Rollo's father opened the book which he had sent home on a truck and talked to the little boy about it. It was Bancroft's History of the United States, half complete in twenty-three volumes. Rollo's father explained to Rollo and Mary his system of education, with special reference to Rollo's learning to read. His plan was that Mary should teach Rollo fifteen hours a day for ten years, and by that time Rollo would be half through the beginning of the first volume, and would like it very much indeed.

Rollo was delighted at the prospect. He cried aloud :

“Oh, papa! thank you very much. When I read this book clear through, all the way to the end of the last volume, may I have another little book to read?”

“No,” replied his father, “that may not be; because you will never get to the last volume of this one. For as fast as you read one volume, the author of this history, or his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, will write another as an appendix. So even though you should live to be a very old man, like the boy preacher, this history will always be twenty-three volumes ahead of you.

Now, Mary and Rollo, this will be a hard task (pronounced tawsk) for both of you, and Mary must remember that Rollo is a very little boy, and must be very patient and gentle."

The next morning after the one preceding it, Mary began the first lesson. In the beginning she was so gentle and patient that her mother went away and cried, because she feared her dear little daughter was becoming too good for this sinful world, and might soon spread her wings and fly away and be an angel.

But in the space of a short time, the novelty of the expedition wore off, and Mary resumed running her temper—which was of the old-fashioned, low-pressure kind, just forward of the fire-box—on its old schedule. When she pointed to "A" for the seventh time, and Rollo said "W," she tore the page out by the roots, hit her little brother such a whack over the head with the big book that it set his birthday back six weeks, slapped him twice, and was just going to bite him, when her mother came in. Mary told her that Rollo had fallen down stairs and torn his book and raised that dreadful lump on his head. This time Mary's mother restrained her emotion, and Mary cried. But it was not because she feared her mother was pining away. Oh, no; it was her mother's rugged health and virile strength that grieved Mary, as long as the seance lasted, which was during the entire performance.

That evening Rollo's father taught Rollo his lesson and made Mary sit by and observe his methods, because, he said, that would be normal instruction for her. He said:

"Mary, you must learn to control your temper and curb your impatience if you want to wear low-neck dresses, and teach school. You must be sweet and patient, or you will never succeed as a teacher. Now, Rollo, what is this letter?"

## ROLLO LEARNING TO READ

"I dunno," said Rollo, resolutely.

"That is A," said his father, sweetly.

"Huh," replied Rollo, "I knowed that."

"Then why did you not say so?" replied his father, so sweetly that Jonas, the hired boy, sitting in the corner, licked his chops.

Rollo's father went on with the lesson:

"What is this, Rollo?"

"I dunno," said Rollo, hesitatingly.

"Sure?" asked his father. "You do not know what it is?"

"Nuck," said Rollo.

"It is A," said his father.

"A what?" asked Rollo.

"A nothing," replied his father, "it is just A. Now, what is it?"

"Just A," said Rollo.

"Do not be flip, my son," said Mr. Holliday, "but attend to your lesson. What letter is this?"

"I dunno," said Rollo.

"Don't fib to me," said his father, gently, "you said a minute ago that you knew. That is N."

"Yes, sir," replied Rollo, meekly. Rollo, although he was a little boy, was no slouch, if he did wear bibs; he knew where he lived without looking at the door-plate. When it came time to be meek, there was no boy this side of the planet Mars who could be meeker, on shorter notice. So he said, "Yes, sir," with that subdued and well-pleased alacrity of a boy who has just been asked to guess the answer to the conundrum, "Will you have another piece of pie?"

"Well," said his father, rather suddenly, "what is it?"

"M," said Rollo, confidently.

"N!" yelled his father, in three-line Gothic.



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"N," echoed Rollo, in lower case nonpareil.

"B-a-n," said his father, "what does that spell?"

"Cat?" suggested Rollo, a trifle uncertainly:

"Cat?" snapped his father, with a sarcastic inflection, "b-a-n, cat! Where were you raised? Ban! B-a-n—Ban! Say it! Say it, or I'll get at you with a skate-strap!"

"B-a-m, band," said Rollo, who was beginning to wish that he had a rain-check and could come back and see the remaining innings some other day.

"Ba-a-a-an!" shouted his father, "B-a-n, Ban, Ban, Ban! Now say Ban!"

"Ban," said Rollo, with a little gasp.

"That's right," his father said, in an encouraging tone; "you will learn to read one of these years if you give your mind to it. All he needs, you see, Mary, is a teacher who doesn't lose patience with him the first time he makes a mistake. Now, Rollo, how do you spell, B-a-n—Ban?"

Rollo started out timidly on c-a—then changed to d-o,—and finally compromised on h-e-n.

Mr. Holiday made a pass at him with Volume I, but Rollo saw it coming and got out of the way.

"B-a-n!" his father shouted, "B-a-n, Ban! Ban! Ban! Ban! Ban! Now go on, if you think you know how to spell that! What comes next? Oh, you're enough to tire the patience of Job! I've a good mind to make you learn by the Pollard system, and begin where you leave off! Go ahead, why don't you? Whatta you waiting for? Read on! What comes next? Why, croft, of course; anybody ought to know that—c-r-o-f-t, croft, Bancroft! What does that apostrophe mean? I mean, what does that punctuation mark between t and s stand for? You don't know? Take that, then! (whack). What comes after Bancroft? Spell it! Spell it, I tell you, and don't be all night about it! Can't, eh? Well, read it then; if you can't

## ROLLO LEARNING TO READ

spell it, read it. H-i-s-t-o-r-y-ry, history; Bancroft's History of the United States! Now what does that spell? I mean, spell that! Spell it! Oh, go away! Go to bed! Stupid, stupid child," he added as the little boy went weeping out of the room, "he'll never learn anything so long as he lives. I declare he has tired me all out, and I used to teach school in Trivoli township, too. Taught one whole winter in district number three when Nick Worthington was county superintendent, and had my salary—look here, Mary, what do you find in that English grammar to giggle about? You go to bed, too, and listen to me—if Rollo can't read that whole book clear through without making a mistake to-morrow night, you'll wish you had been born without a back, that's all."

The following morning, when Rollo's father drove away to business, he paused a moment as Rollo stood at the gate for a final good-by kiss—for Rollo's daily good-byes began at the door and lasted as long as his father was in sight—Mr. Holliday said:

"Some day, Rollo, you will thank me for teaching you to read."

"Yes, sir," replied Rollo, respectfully, and then added, "but not this day."

Rollo's head, though it had here and there transient bumps consequent upon foot-ball practice, was not naturally or permanently hilly. On the contrary, it was quite level.

### SPELL AND DEFINE:

Tact	Imperturbability	Ebullition
Exasperation	Red-hot	Knout
Lamb	Philosopher	Terrier

Which end of a rattan hurts the more?—Why does reading make a full man?—Is an occasional whipping good for a boy?—At precisely what age does corporal punishment cease to be effective?—And

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why?—State, in exact terms, how much better are grown up people without the rod, than little people with it.—And why?—When would a series of good sound whippings have been of the greatest benefit to Solomon, when he was a godly young man, or an idolatrous old one?—In order to reform this world thoroughly, then, whom should we thrash, the children or the grown-up people?—And why?—If, then, the whipping post should be abolished in Delaware, why should it be retained in the nursery and the school room?—Write on the board, in large letters, the following sentence:

If a boy ten years old should  
be whipped for breaking a window,  
what should be done to a man  
thirty-five years old for breaking  
the third commandment?

## ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE

Elizabeth Eliza joined the Circumambient Club with the idea that it would be a long time before she, a new member, would have to read a paper. She would have time to hear the other papers read, and to see how it was done; and she would find it easy when her turn came. By that time she would have some ideas; and long before she would be called upon, she would have leisure to sit down and write out something. But a year passed away, and the time was drawing near. She had, meanwhile, devoted herself to her studies, and had tried to inform herself on all subjects by way of preparation. She had consulted one of the old members of the Club as to the choice of a subject.

“Oh, write about anything,” was the answer,—“anything you have been thinking of.”

Elizabeth Eliza was forced to say she had not been thinking lately. She had not had time. The family had moved, and there was always an excitement about something, that prevented her sitting down to think.

“Why not write on your family adventures?” asked the old member.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure her mother would think it made them too public; and most of the Club papers, she observed, had some thought in them. She preferred to find an idea.

So she set herself to the occupation of thinking. She

went out on the piazza to think; she stayed in the house to think. She tried a corner of the china-closet. She tried thinking in the cars, and lost her pocket-book; she tried it in the garden, and walked into the strawberry bed. In the house and out of the house, it seemed to be the same,—she could not think of anything to think of. For many weeks she was seen sitting on the sofa or in the window, and nobody disturbed her. “She is thinking about her paper,” the family would say, but she only knew that she could not think of anything.

Agamemnon told her that many writers waited till the last moment, when inspiration came, which was much finer than anything studied. Elizabeth Eliza thought it would be terrible to wait till the last moment, if the inspiration should not come! She might combine the two ways,—wait till a few days before the last, and then sit down and write anyhow. This would give a chance for inspiration, while she would not run the risk of writing nothing.

She was much discouraged. Perhaps she had better give it up? But, no; everybody wrote a paper: if not now, she would have to do it some time!

And at last the idea of a subject came to her! But it was as hard to find a moment to write as to think. The morning was noisy, till the little boys had gone to school; for they had begun again upon their regular course, with the plan of taking up the study of cider in October. And after the little boys had gone to school, now it was one thing, now it was another,—the china-closet to be cleaned, or one of the neighbors in to look at the sewing-machine. She tried after dinner, but would fall asleep. She felt that evening would be the true time, after the cares of the day were over.

The Peterkins had wire mosquito-nets all over the

## ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER

house,—at every door and every window. They were as eager to keep out the flies as the mosquitoes. The doors were all furnished with strong springs, that pulled the doors to as soon as they were opened. The little boys had practised running in and out of each door, and slamming it after them. This made a good deal of noise, for they had gained great success in making one door slam directly after another, and at times would keep up a running volley of artillery, as they called it, with the slamming of the doors. Mr. Peterkin, however, preferred it to flies.

So Elizabeth Eliza felt she would venture to write of a summer evening with all the windows open:

She seated herself one evening in the library, between two large kerosene lamps, with paper, pen, and ink before her. It was a beautiful night, with the smell of the roses coming in through the mosquito-nets, and just the faintest odor of kerosene by her side. She began upon her work. But what was her dismay! She found herself immediately surrounded with mosquitoes. They attacked her at every point. They fell upon her hand as she moved it to the inkstand; they hovered, buzzing, over her head; they planted themselves under the lace of her sleeve. If she moved her left hand to frighten them off from one point, another band fixed themselves upon her right hand. Not only did they flutter and sting, but they sang in a heathenish manner, distracting her attention as she tried to write, as she tried to waft them off. Nor was this all. Myriads of June-bugs and millers hovered round, flung themselves into the lamps, and made disagreeable funeral-pyres of themselves, tumbling noisily on her paper in their last unpleasant agonies. Occasionally one darted with a rush toward Elizabeth Eliza's head.

If there was anything Elizabeth Eliza had a terror of it was a June-bug. She had heard that they had a tend-

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ency to get into the hair. One had been caught in the hair of a friend of hers, who had long, luxuriant hair. But the legs of the June-bug were caught in it like fish-hooks, and it had to be cut out, and the June-bug was only extricated by sacrificing large masses of the flowing locks.

Elizabeth Eliza flung her handkerchief over her head. Could she sacrifice what hair she had to the claims of literature? She gave a cry of dismay:

The little boys rushed in a moment to the rescue. They flapped newspapers, flung sofa-cushions; they offered to stand by her side with fly-whisks, that she might be free to write. But the struggle was too exciting for her, and the flying insects seemed to increase. Moths of every description—large brown moths, small, delicate white millers—whirled about her, while the irritating hum of the mosquito kept on more than ever. Mr. Peterkin and the rest of the family came in to inquire about the trouble. It was discovered that each of the little boys had been standing in the opening of a wire door for some time, watching to see when Elizabeth Eliza would have made her preparations and would begin to write. Countless numbers of dorbogs and winged creatures of every description had taken occasion to come in. It was found that they were in every part of the house.

“We might open all the blinds and screens,” suggested Agamemnon, “and make a vigorous onslaught and drive them all out at once.”

“I do believe there are more inside than out now,” said Solomon John.

“The wire nets, of course,” said Agamemnon, “keep them in now.”

“We might go outside,” proposed Solomon John, “and drive in all that are left. Then to-morrow morning, when

## ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER

they are all torpid, kill them and make collections of them.”

Agamemnon had a tent which he had provided in case he should ever go to the Adirondacks, and he proposed using it for the night. The little boys were wild for this.

Mrs. Peterkin thought she and Elizabeth Eliza would prefer trying to sleep in the house. But perhaps Elizabeth Eliza would go on with her paper with more comfort out of doors.

A student's lamp was carried out, and she was established on the steps of the back piazza, while screens were all carefully closed to prevent the mosquitoes and insects from flying out. But it was no use. There were outside still swarms of winged creatures that plunged themselves about her, and she had not been there long before a huge miller flung himself into the lamp and put it out. She gave up for the evening.

Still the paper went on. “How fortunate,” exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza, “that I did not put it off till the last evening!” Having once begun, she persevered in it at every odd moment of the day. Agamemnon presented her with a volume of “Synonymes,” which was a great service to her. She read her paper, in its various stages, to Agamemnon first, for his criticism, then to her father in the library, then to Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin together, next to Solomon John, and afterward to the whole family assembled. She was almost glad that the lady from Philadelphia was not in town, as she wished it to be her own unaided production. She declined all invitations for the week before the night of the Club, and on the very day she kept her room with *cau sucrée*, that she might save her voice. Solomon John provided her with Brown's Bronchial Troches when the evening came, and Mrs.



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Peterkin advised a handkerchief over her head, in case of June-bugs.

It was, however, a cool night. Agamemnon escorted her to the house.

The Club met at Ann Maria Bromwick's. No gentlemen were admitted to the regular meetings. There were what Solomon John called "occasional annual meetings," to which they were invited, when all the choicest papers of the year were re-read.

Elizabeth Eliza was placed at the head of the room, at a small table, with a brilliant gas-jet on one side. It was so cool the windows could be closed. Mrs. Peterkin, as a guest, sat in the front row.

This was her paper, as Elizabeth Eliza read it, for she frequently inserted fresh expressions:—

### THE SUN

It is impossible that much can be known about it. This is why we have taken it up as a subject. We mean the sun that lights us by day and leaves us by night. In the first place, it is so far off. No measuring-tapes could reach it; and both the earth and the sun are moving about us, that it would be difficult to adjust ladders to reach it, if we could. Of course, people have written about it, and there are those who have told us how many miles off it is. But it is a very large number, with a great many figures in it; and though it is taught in most if not all of our public schools, it is a chance if any one of the scholars remembers exactly how much it is.

It is the same with its size. We can not, as we have said, reach it by ladders to measure it; and if we did reach it, we should have no measuring-tapes large enough, and those that shut up with springs are difficult to use in a high

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places. We are told, it is true, in a great many of the school-books, the size of the sun; but, again, very few of those who have learned the number have been able to remember it after they have recited it, even if they remembered it then. And almost all of the scholars have lost their school-books, or have neglected to carry them home, and so they are not able to refer to them,—I mean, after leaving school. I must say that is the case with me, I should say with us, though it was different. The older ones gave their school-books to the younger ones, who took them back to school to lose them, or who have destroyed them when there were no younger ones to go to school. I should say there are such families. What I mean is, the fact that in some families there are no younger children to take off the school-books. But even then they are put away on upper shelves, in closets or in attics, and seldom found if wanted,—if then, dusty.

Of course, we all know of a class of persons called astronomers, who might be able to give us information on the subject in hand, and who probably do furnish what information is found in school-books. It should be observed, however, that these astronomers carry on their observations always in the night. Now, it is well known that the sun does not shine in the night. Indeed, that is one of the peculiarities of the night, that there is no sun to light us, so we have to go to bed as long as there is nothing else we can do without its light, unless we use lamps, gas, or kerosene, which is very well for the evening, but would be expensive all night long; the same with candles. How, then, can we depend upon their statements, if not made from their own observation,—I mean, if they never saw the sun?

We can not expect that astronomers should give us any valuable information with regard to the sun, which they

never see, their occupation compelling them to be up at night. It is quite likely that they never see it; for we should not expect them to sit up all day as well as all night, as, under such circumstances, their lives would not last long.

Indeed, we are told that their name is taken from the word *aster*, which means "star;" the word is "aster—know—more." This, doubtless, means that they know more about the stars than other things. We see, therefore, that their knowledge is confined to the stars, and we can not trust what they have to tell us of the sun.

There are other asters which should not be mixed up with these,—we mean those growing by the wayside in the fall of the year. The astronomers, from their nocturnal habits, can scarcely be acquainted with them; but as it does not come within our province, we will not inquire.

We are left, then, to seek our own information about the sun. But we are met with a difficulty. To know a thing, we must look at it. How can we look at the sun? It is so very bright that our eyes are dazzled in gazing upon it. We have to turn away, or they would be put out,—the sight, I mean. It is true, we might use smoked glass, but that is apt to come off on the nose. How, then, if we can not look at it, can we find out about it? The noonday would seem to be the better hour, when it is the sunniest; but, besides injuring the eyes, it is painful to the neck to look up for a long time. It is easy to say that our examination of this heavenly body should take place at sunrise, when we could look at it more on a level, without having to endanger the spine. But how many people are up at sunrise? Those who get up early do it because they are compelled to, and have something else to do than look at the sun.

The milkman goes forth to carry the daily milk, the

## ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER

ice-man to leave the daily ice. But either of these would be afraid of exposing their vehicles to the heating orb of day,—the milkman afraid of turning the milk, the ice-man timorous of melting his ice—and they probably avoid those directions where they shall meet the sun's rays. The student, who might inform us, has been burning the midnight oil. The student is not in the mood to consider the early sun.

There remains to us the evening, also,—the leisure hour of the day. But, alas! our houses are not built with an adaptation to this subject. They are seldom made to look toward the sunset. A careful inquiry and close observation, such as have been called for in preparation of this paper, have developed the fact that not a single house in this town faces the sunset! There may be windows looking that way, but in such a case there is always a barn between. I can testify to this from personal observations, because, with my brothers, we have walked through the several streets of this town with note-books, carefully noting every house looking upon the sunset, and have found none from which the sunset could be studied. Sometimes it was the next house, sometimes a row of houses, or its own wood-house, that stood in the way.

Of course, a study of the sun might be pursued out of doors. But in summer, sunstroke would be likely to follow; in winter, neuralgia and cold. And how could you consult your books, your dictionaries, your encyclopædias? There seems to be no hour of the day for studying the sun. You might go to the East to see it at its rising, or to the West to gaze upon its setting, but—you don't.

Here Elizabeth Eliza came to a pause. She had written five different endings, and had brought them all, thinking, when the moment came, she would choose one of

them. She was pausing to select one, and inadvertently said, to close the phrase, "you don't." She had not meant to use the expression, which she would not have thought sufficiently imposing,—it dropped out unconsciously,—but it was received as a close with rapturous applause.

She had read slowly, and now that the audience applauded at such a length, she had time to feel she was much exhausted and glad of an end. Why not stop there, though there were some pages more? Applause, too, was heard from the outside. Some of the gentlemen had come,—Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, and Solomon John, with others,—and demanded admission.

"Since it is all over, let them in," said Ann Maria Bromwick.

Elizabeth Eliza assented, and rose to shake hands with her applauding friends.

## MR. STIVER'S HORSE

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY

The other morning at breakfast Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day,—but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went into the stable, for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life; and, had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

“You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?” said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I seized a toothpick and walked out towards the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it; so I looked around. The horse looked around, too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure and fell to studying

the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box and filled the peck measure and sallied boldly up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled; this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go of everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in the stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me and three stove-lids which she

## MR STIVER'S HORSE

had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot!" I shouted: "do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up, and then I sat down in a chair and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat right down on the floor under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug-store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerin-can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would



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trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition-stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took the animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his forelegs, and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two coal-hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and, whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance of her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings; but the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red-hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I in-

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stantly dodged, and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a meal at Delmonico's to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture, but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down in a mud-hole, and finally got up on his hind legs and came waltzing after me with facilities enough to convert me into hash, but I turned and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the Presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five postmasters in Danbury to-day, instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough, and I took him up alongside the fence and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I lay down on him and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable I was confident he would stop, but he didn't. He drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed, but there was no room for me. I saw if I struck that stable the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream, and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable-yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

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“Why, you old fool!” she said; “why don’t you get rid of him?”

“How can I?” said I, in desperation.

“Why, there are a thousand ways,” said she.

This is just like a woman. How differently a statesman would have answered!

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming towards me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes-line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins’ garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to care for him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother’s to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

## THE CRIMSON CORD\*

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I had not seen Perkins for six months or so and things were dull. I was beginning to tire of sitting indolently in my office with nothing to do but clip coupons from my bonds. Money is good enough, in its way, but it is not interesting unless it is doing something lively—doubling itself or getting lost. What I wanted was excitement—an adventure—and I knew that if I could find Perkins I could have both. A scheme is a business adventure, and Perkins was the greatest schemer in or out of Chicago.

Just then Perkins walked into my office.

“Perkins,” I said, as soon as he had arranged his feet comfortably on my desk, “I’m tired. I’m restless. I have been wishing for you for a month. I want to go into a big scheme and make a lot of new, up-to-date cash. I’m sick of this tame, old cash that I have. It isn’t interesting. No cash is interesting except the coming cash.”

“I’m with you,” said Perkins, “what is your scheme?”

“I have none,” I said sadly, “that is just my trouble. I have sat here for days trying to think of a good practical scheme, but I can’t. I don’t believe there is an unworked scheme in the whole wide, wide world.”

Perkins waved his hand.

“My boy,” he exclaimed, “there are millions! You’ve thousands of ’em right here in your office! You’re fall-

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## ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ing over them, sitting on them, walking on them! Schemes? Everything is a scheme. Everything has money in it!"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Yes," I said, "for you. But you are a genius."

"Genius, yes," Perkins said smiling cheerfully, "else why Perkins the Great? Why Perkins the originator? Why the Great and Only Perkins of Portland?"

"All right," I said, "what I want is for your genius to get busy. I'll give you a week to work up a good scheme."

Perkins pushed back his hat and brought his feet to the floor with a smack.

"Why the delay?" he queried, "time is money. Hand me something from your desk."

I looked in my pigeonholes and pulled from one a small ball of string. Perkins took it in his hand and looked at it with great admiration.

"What is it?" he asked seriously.

"That," I said humoring him, for I knew something great would be evolved from his wonderful brain, "is a ball of red twine I bought at the ten-cent store. I bought it last Saturday. It was sold to me by a freckled young lady in a white shirtwaist. I paid—"

"Stop!" Perkins cried, "what is it?"

I looked at the ball of twine curiously. I tried to see something remarkable in it. I couldn't. It remained a simple ball of red twine and I told Perkins so.

"The difference," declared Perkins, "between mediocrity and genius! Mediocrity always sees red twine; genius sees a ball of Crimson Cord!"

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me triumphantly. He folded his arms as if he had settled the matter. His attitude seemed to say that he had made a fortune for us. Suddenly he reached forward, and

## THE CRIMSON CORD

grasping my scissors, began snipping off small lengths of the twine.

"The Crimson Cord!" he ejaculated. "What does it suggest?"

I told him that it suggested a parcel from the druggist's. I had often seen just such twine about a druggist's parcel.

Perkins sniffed disdainfully.

"Druggists?" he exclaimed with disgust. "Mystery! Blood! 'The Crimson Cord.' Daggers! Murder! Strangling! Clues! 'The Crimson Cord'—"

He motioned wildly with his hands as if the possibilities of the phrase were quite beyond his power of expression.

"It sounds like a book," I suggested.

"Great!" cried Perkins. "A novel! The novel! Think of the words 'A Crimson Cord' in blood-red letters six feet high on a white ground!" He pulled his hat over his eyes and spread out his hands, and I think he shuddered.

"Think of 'A Crimson Cord,'" he muttered, "in blood-red letters on a ground of dead, sepulchral black, with a crimson cord writhing through them like a serpent."

He sat up suddenly and threw one hand in the air.

"Think," he cried, "of the words in black on white with a crimson cord drawn taut across the whole ad!"

He beamed upon me.

"The cover of the book," he said quite calmly, "will be white—virgin, spotless white—with black lettering, and the cord in crimson. With each copy we will give a crimson silk cord for a book-mark. Each copy will be done up in a white box and tied with crimson cord."

He closed his eyes and tilted his head upward.

"A thick book," he said, "with deckle edges and pic-

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tures by Christy. No, pictures by Pyle. Deep, mysterious pictures! Shadows and gloom! And wide, wide margins. And a gloomy foreword. One fifty per copy, at all booksellers."

Perkins opened his eyes and set his hat straight with a quick motion of his hand. He arose and pulled on his gloves.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Contracts!" he said. "Contracts for advertising! We must boom 'The Crimson Cord.' We must boom her big!"

He went out and closed the door. Presently, when I supposed him well on the way down town, he opened the door and inserted his head.

"Gilt tops," he announced. "One million copies the first impression!"

And then he was gone.

## II

A week later Chicago and the greater part of the United States was placarded with "The Crimson Cord." Perkins did his work thoroughly and well, and great was the interest in the mysterious title. It was an old dodge, but a good one. Nothing appeared on the advertisements but the mere title. No word as to what "The Crimson Cord" was. Perkins merely announced the words and left them to rankle in the reader's mind, and as a natural consequence each new advertisement served to excite new interest.

When we made our contracts for magazine advertising—and we took a full page in every worthy magazine—the publishers were at a loss to classify the advertisement, and it sometimes appeared among the breakfast foods,

## THE CRIMSON CORD

and sometimes sandwiched in between the automobiles and the hot water heaters. Only one publication placed it among the books.

But it was all good advertising, and Perkins was a busy man. He racked his inventive brain for new methods of placing the title before the public. In fact so busy was he at his labor of introducing the title that he quite forgot the book itself.

One day he came to the office with a small, rectangular package. He unwrapped it in his customary enthusiastic manner, and set on my desk a cigar box bound in the style he had selected for the binding of "The Crimson Cord." It was then I spoke of the advisability of having something to the book besides the cover and a boom.

"Perkins," I said, "don't you think it is about time we got hold of the novel—the reading, the words?"

For a moment he seemed stunned. It was clear that he had quite forgotten that book-buyers like to have a little reading matter in their books. But he was only dismayed for a moment.

"Tut!" he cried presently. "All in good time! The novel is easy. Anything will do. I'm no literary man. I don't read a book in a year. You get the novel."

"But I don't read a book in five years!" I exclaimed. "I don't know anything about books. I don't know where to get a novel."

"Advertise!" he exclaimed. "Advertise! You can get anything, from an apron to an ancestor, if you advertise for it. Offer a prize—offer a thousand dollars for the best novel. There must be thousands of novels not in use."

Perkins was right. I advertised as he suggested and learned that there were thousands of novels not in use. They came to us by basketfuls and cartloads. We had novels of all kinds—historical and hysterical, humorous



and numerous, but particularly numerous. You would be surprised to learn how many ready-made novels can be had on short notice. It beats quick lunch. And most of them are equally indigestible. I read one or two but I was no judge of novels. Perkins suggested that we draw lots to see which we should use.

It really made little difference what the story was about. "The Crimson Cord" fits almost any kind of a book. It is a nice, non-committal sort of title, and might mean the guilt that bound two sinners, or the tie of affection that binds lovers, or a blood relationship, or it might be a mystification title with nothing in the book about it.

But the choice settled itself. One morning a manuscript arrived that was tied with a piece of red twine, and we chose that one for good luck because of the twine. Perkins said that was a sufficient excuse for the title, too. We would publish the book anonymously, and let it be known that the only clue to the writer was the crimson cord with which the manuscript was tied when we received it. It would be a first-class advertisement.

Perkins, however, was not much interested in the story, and he left me to settle the details. I wrote to the author asking him to call, and he turned out to be a young woman.

Our interview was rather shy. I was a little doubtful about the proper way to talk to a real author, being purely a Chicagoan myself, and I had an idea that while my usual vocabulary was good enough for business purposes it might be too easy-going to impress a literary person properly, and in trying to talk up to her standard I had to be very careful in my choice of words. No publisher likes to have his authors think he is weak in the grammar line.

Miss Rosa Belle Vincent, however, was quite as flus-

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tered as I was. She seemed ill-at-ease and anxious to get away, which I supposed was because she had not often conversed with publishers who paid a thousand dollars cash in advance for a manuscript.

She was not at all what I had thought an author would look like. She didn't even wear glasses. If I had met her on the street I should have said: "There goes a pretty flip stenographer." She was that kind—big picture hat and high pompadour.

I was afraid she would try to run the talk into literary lines and Ibsen and Gorky, where I would have been swamped in a minute, but she didn't, and, although I had wondered how to break the subject of money when conversing with one who must be thinking of nobler things, I found she was less shy when on that subject than when talking about her book.

"Well now," I said, as soon as I had got her seated, "we have decided to buy this novel of yours. Can you recommend it as a thoroughly respectable and intellectual production?"

She said she could.

"Haven't you read it?" she asked in some surprise.

"No," I stammered. "At least, not yet. I'm going to as soon as I can find the requisite leisure. You see, we are very busy just now—very busy. But if you can vouch for the story being a first-class article—something, say, like 'The Vicar of Wakefield' or 'David Harum'—we'll take it."

"Now you're talking," she said. "And do I get the check now?"

"Wait," I said; "not so fast. I have forgotten one thing," and I saw her face fall. "We want the privilege of publishing the novel under a title of our own, and anonymously. If that is not satisfactory the deal is off."

She brightened in a moment.

"It's a go, if that's all," she said. "Call it whatever you please, and the more anonymous it is the better it will suit yours truly."

So we settled the matter then and there, and when I gave her our check for a thousand she said I was all right.

### III

Half an hour after Miss Vincent had left the office Perkins came in with his arms full of bundles, which he opened, spreading their contents on my desk.

He had a pair of suspenders with nickel-silver mountings, a tie, a lady's belt, a pair of low shoes, a shirt, a box of cigars, a package of cookies, and a half-dozen other things of divers and miscellaneous character. I poked them over and examined them, while he leaned against the desk with his legs crossed. He was beaming upon me.

"Well," I said, "what is it—a bargain sale?"

Perkins leaned over and tapped the pile with his long fore-finger.

"Aftermath!" he crowed, "aftermath!"

"The dickens it is," I exclaimed, "and what has aftermath got to do with this truck? It looks like the aftermath of a notion store."

He tipped his "Air-the-Hair" hat over one ear and put his thumbs in the armholes of his "ready-tailored" vest.

"Genius!" he announced. "Brains! Foresight! Else why Perkins the Great? Why not Perkins the Nobody?"

He raised the suspenders tenderly from the pile and fondled them in his hands.

"See this?" he asked, running his finger along the red corded edge of the elastic. He took up the tie and ran his nail along the red stripe that formed the selvedge on the

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back, and said: "See this?" He pointed to the red laces of the low shoes and asked, "See this?" And so through the whole collection.

"What is it?" he asked. "It's genius! It's foresight."

He waved his hand over the pile.

"The aftermath!" he exclaimed.

"These suspenders are the Crimson Cord suspenders. These shoes are the Crimson Cord shoes. This tie is the Crimson Cord tie. These crackers are the Crimson Cord brand. Perkins & Co. get out a great book, 'The Crimson Cord!' Sell five million copies. Dramatized, it runs three hundred nights. Everybody talking Crimson Cord. Country goes Crimson Cord crazy. Result—up jump Crimson Cord this and Crimson Cord that. Who gets the benefit? Perkins & Co.? No! We pay the advertising bills and the other man sells his Crimson Cord cigars. That is usual."

"Yes," I said, "I'm smoking a David Harum cigar this minute, and I am wearing a Carvel collar."

"How prevent it?" asked Perkins. "One way only,—discovered by Perkins. Copyright the words 'Crimson Cord' as trade-mark for every possible thing. Sell the trade-mark on royalty; ten per cent. of all receipts for 'Crimson Cord' brands comes to Perkins & Co. Get a cinch on the aftermath!"

"Perkins!" I cried, "I admire you. You *are* a genius. And have you contracts with all these—notions?"

"Yes," said Perkins, "that's Perkins' method. Who originated the Crimson Cord? Perkins did. Who is entitled to the profits on the Crimson Cord? Perkins is. Perkins is wide awake *all* the time. Perkins gets a profit on the aftermath and the math and the before the math."

And so he did. He made his new contracts with the magazines on the exchange plan—we gave a page of ad-

vertising in the "Crimson Cord" for a page of advertising in the magazine. We guaranteed five million circulation. We arranged with all the manufacturers of the Crimson Cord brands of goods to give coupons, one hundred of which entitled the holder to a copy of "The Crimson Cord." With a pair of Crimson Cord suspenders you get five coupons; with each Crimson Cord cigar, one coupon; and so on.

IV.

On the first of October we announced in our advertisement that "The Crimson Cord" was a book; the greatest novel of the century; a thrilling, exciting tale of love. Miss Vincent had told me it was a love story. Just to make everything sure, however, I sent the manuscript to Professor Wiggins, who is the most erudite man I ever met. He knows eighteen languages, and reads Egyptian as easily as I read English. In fact his specialty is old Egyptian ruins and so on. He has written several books on them.

Professor said the novel seemed to him very light and trashy, but grammatically O. K. He said he never read novels, not having time, but he thought that "The Crimson Cord" was just about the sort of thing a silly public that refused to buy his "Some Light on the Dynastic Proclivities of the Hyksos" would scramble for. On the whole I considered the report satisfactory.

We found we would be unable to have Pyle illustrate the book, he being too busy, so we turned it over to a young man at the Art Institute.

That was the fifteenth of October, and we had promised the book to the public for the first of November, but we had it already in type and the young man, his name

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was Gilkowsky, promised to work night and day on the illustrations.

The next morning, almost as soon as I reached the office, Gilkowsky came in. He seemed a little hesitant, but I welcomed him warmly, and he spoke up.

"I have a girl to go with," he said, and I wondered what I had to do with Mr. Gilkowsky's girl, but he continued:

"She's a nice girl and a good looker, but she's got bad taste in some things. She's too loud in hats, and too trashy in literature. I don't like to say this about her, but it's true and I'm trying to educate her in good hats and good literature. So I thought it would be a good thing to take around this 'Crimson Cord' and let her read it to me."

I nodded.

"Did she like it?" I asked.

Mr. Gilkowsky looked at me closely.

"She did," he said, but not so enthusiastically as I had expected.

"It's her favorite book. Now, I don't know what your scheme is, and I suppose you know what you are doing better than I do; but I thought perhaps I had better come around before I got to work on the illustrations and see if perhaps you hadn't given me the wrong manuscript."

"No, that was the right manuscript," I said. "Was there anything wrong about it?"

Mr. Gilkowsky laughed nervously.

"Oh, no!" he said. "But did you read it?"

I told him I had not because I had been so rushed with details connected with advertising the book.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. This girl of mine reads pretty trashy stuff, and she knows about all the cheap novels there are. She dotes on 'The Duchess,' and puts

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her last dime into Braddon. She knows them all by heart. Have you ever read 'Lady Audley's Secret'?"

"I see," I said. "One is a sequel to the other."

"No," said Mr. Gilkowsky. "One is the other. Some one has flim-flammed you and sold you a typewritten copy of 'Lady Audley's Secret' as a new novel."

### V.

When I told Perkins he merely remarked that he thought every publishing house ought to have some one in it who knew something about books, apart from the advertising end, although that was, of course, the most important. He said we might go ahead and publish "Lady Audley's Secret" under the title of "The Crimson Cord," as such things had been done before, but the best thing to do would be to charge Rosa Belle Vincent's thousand dollars to Profit and Loss and hustle for another novel—something reliable and not shop-worn.

Perkins had been studying the literature market a little and he advised me to get something from Indiana this time, so I telegraphed an advertisement to the Indianapolis papers and two days later we had ninety-eight historical novels by Indiana authors from which to choose. Several were of the right length, and we chose one and sent it to Mr. Gilkowsky with a request that he read it to his sweetheart. She had never read it before.

We sent a detective to Dillville, Indiana, where the author lived, and the report we received was most satisfactory.

The author was a sober, industrious young man, just out of the high school, and bore a first-class reputation for honesty. He had never been in Virginia, where the scene of his story was laid, and they had no library in

## THE CRIMSON CORD

Dillville, and our detective assured us that the young man was in every way fitted to write a historical novel.

“The Crimson Cord” made an immense success. You can guess how it boomed when I say that although it was published at a dollar and a half, it was sold by every department store for fifty-four cents, away below cost, just like sugar, or Vandeventer’s Baby Food, or Q & Z Corsets, or any other staple. We sold our first edition of five million copies inside of three months, and got out another edition of two million, and a specially illustrated holiday edition and an *edition de luxe*, and “The Crimson Cord” is still selling in paper-covered cheap edition.

With the royalties received from the aftermath and the profit on the book itself, we made—well, Perkins has a country place at Lakewood, and I have my cottage at Newport.



## THE RHYME OF THE CHIVALROUS SHARK\*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Most chivalrous fish of the ocean,  
To ladies forbearing and mild,  
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers,  
And tourists his hunger assuage,  
And a fresh cabin boy will inspire him with joy  
If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,  
He'll gobble one any fine day,  
But the ladies, God bless 'em, he'll only address 'em  
Politely and go on his way.

I can readily cite you an instance  
Where a lovely young lady of Breem,  
Who was tender and sweet and delicious to eat,  
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water  
And signaled in vain for her bark,  
'And she'd surely been drowned if she hadn't been found  
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished,  
Thus soothing her impulses wild;  
"Don't be frightened," he said, "I've been properly bred  
And will eat neither woman nor child."

\* From "Nautical Lays of a Landsman," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

## THE RHYME OF THE CHIVALROUS SHARK

Then he proffered his fin and she took it—  
Such a gallantry none can dispute—  
While the passengers cheered as the vessel they neared  
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they soon stood alongside the vessel,  
When a life-saving dingey was lowered  
With the pick of the crew, and her relatives, too,  
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

So they took her aboard in a jiffy,  
And the shark stood attention the while,  
Then he raised on his flipper and ate up the skipper  
And went on his way with a smile.

And this shows that the prince of the ocean,  
To ladies forbearing and mild,  
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark  
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

## THE PLAINT OF JONAH

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Why should I live, when every day  
The wicked prospers in his way,  
And daily adds unto his hoard,  
While cutworms smite the good man's gourd?

When I would rest beneath its shade  
Comes the shrill-voiced book-selling maid,  
And smites me with her tireless breath—  
Then am I angry unto death.

When I would slumber in my booth,  
Who comes with accents loud and smooth,  
And talks from dawn to midnight late?  
The honest labor candidate.

Who pounds mine ear with noisy talk,  
Whose brazen gall no ire can balk  
And wearies me of life's short span?  
The accident insurance man.

And when, all other torments flown,  
I think to call one hour mine own,  
Who takes my leisure by the throat?  
The villain taking up a vote.

## A DOS'T O' BLUES

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

I' got no patience with blues at all!  
And I ust to kindo talk  
'Aginst 'em, and claim, 'tel along last Fall,  
They was none in the fambly stock;  
But a nephew of mine, from Eelinoy,  
That visited us last year,  
He kindo convinct me differunt  
While he was a-stayin' here.

Frum ever'-which way that blues is from,  
They'd tackle him ever' ways;  
They'd come to him in the night, and come  
On Sundays, and rainy days;  
They'd tackle him in corn-plantin' time,  
And in harvest, and airy Fall,  
But a dose't of blues in the wintertime,  
He 'lowed, was the worst of all!

Said all diseases that ever he had—  
The mumps, er the rheumatiz—  
Er ever'-other-day-aigger's bad  
Purt' nigh as anything is!—  
Er a cyarbuncle, say, on the back of his neck,  
Er a felon on his thumb,—  
But you keep the blues away from him,  
And all o' the rest could come!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

'And he'd moan, "They's nary a leaf below!  
Ner a spear o' grass in sight!  
'And the whole wood-pile's clean under snow!  
And the days is dark as night!  
'You can't go out—ner you can't stay in—  
Lay down—stand up—ner set!"  
'And a tetch o' regular tyfoid-blues  
Would double him jest clean shet!

I writ his parents a postal-kyard,  
He could stay 'tel Spring-time come;  
'And Aprile first, as I rickollect,  
Was the day we shipped him home!  
Most o' his relatives, sence then,  
Has either give up, er quit,  
Er jest died off; but I understand  
He's the same old color yit!

## MORRIS AND THE HONORABLE TIM\*

BY MYRA KELLY

On the first day of school, after the Christmas holidays, teacher found herself surrounded by a howling mob of little savages in which she had much difficulty in recognizing her cherished First-Reader Class. Isidore Belchatosky's face was so wreathed in smiles and foreign matter as to be beyond identification; Nathan Spiderwitz had placed all his trust in a solitary suspender and two unstable buttons; Eva Kidansky had entirely freed herself from restraining hooks and eyes; Isidore Applebaum had discarded shoe-laces; and Abie Ashnewsy had bartered his only necktie for a yard of "shoe-string" licorice.

Miss Bailey was greatly disheartened by this reversion to the original type. She delivered daily lectures on nail-brushes, hair-ribbons, shoe polish, pins, buttons, elastic, and other means to grace. Her talks on soap and water became almost personal in tone, and her insistence on a close union between such garments as were meant to be united, led to a lively traffic in twisted and disreputable safety-pins. And yet the First-Reader Class, in all other branches of learning so receptive and responsive, made but halting and uncertain progress toward that state of virtue which is next to godliness.

Early in January came the report that "Gum Shoe

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## MYRA KELLY

Tim" was on the war-path and might be expected at any time. Miss Bailey heard the tidings in calm ignorance until Miss Blake, who ruled over the adjoining kingdom, interpreted the warning. A license to teach in the public schools of New York is good for only one year. Its renewal depends upon the reports of the Principal in charge of the school and of the Associate Superintendent in whose district the school chances to be. After three such renewals the license becomes permanent, but Miss Bailey was, as a teacher, barely four months old. The Associate Superintendent for her vicinity was the Honorable Timothy O'Shea, known and dreaded as "Gum Shoe Tim," owing to his engaging way of creeping softly up backstairs and appearing, all unheralded and unwelcome, upon the threshold of his intended victim.

This, Miss Blake explained, was in defiance of all the rules of etiquette governing such visits of inspection. The proper procedure had been that of Mr. O'Shea's predecessor, who had always given timely notice of his coming and a hint as to the subjects in which he intended to examine the children. Some days later he would amble from room to room, accompanied by the amiable Principal, and followed by the gratitude of smiling and unruffled teachers.

This kind old gentleman was now retired and had been succeeded by Mr. O'Shea, who, in addition to his unexpectedness, was adorned by an abominable temper, an overbearing manner, and a sense of cruel humor. He had almost finished his examinations at the nearest school where, during a brisk campaign of eight days, he had caused five dismissals, nine cases of nervous exhaustion, and an epidemic of hysteria.

Day by day nerves grew more tense, tempers more unsure, sleep and appetite more fugitive. Experienced

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teachers went stolidly on with the ordinary routine, while beginners devoted time and energy to the more spectacular portions of the curriculum. But no one knew the Honorable Timothy's pet subjects, and so no one could specialize to any great extent.

Miss Bailey was one of the beginners, and Room 18 was made to shine as the sun. Morris Mogilewsky, Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl, wrought busily until his charges glowed redly against the water plants in their shining bowl. Creepers crept, plants grew, and ferns waved under the care of Nathan Spiderwitz, Monitor of the Window Boxes. There was such a martial swing and strut in Patrick Brennan's leadership of the line that it inflamed even the timid heart of Isidore Wishnewsky with a war-like glow and his feet with a spasmodic but well-meant tramp. Sadie Gonorowsky and Eva, her cousin, sat closely side by side, no longer "mad on themselves," but "mit kind feelings." The work of the preceding term was laid in neat and docketed piles upon the low book-case. The children were enjoined to keep clean and entire. And Teacher, a nervous and unsmiling Teacher, waited dully.

A week passed thus, and then the good-hearted and experienced Miss Blake hurried ponderously across the hall to put Teacher on her guard.

"I've just had a note from one of the grammar teachers," she panted. "'Gum Shoe Tim' is up in Miss Green's room! He'll take this floor next. Now, see here, child, don't look so frightened. The Principal is with Tim. Of course you're nervous, but try not to show it, and you'll be all right. His lay is discipline and reading. Well, good luck to you!"

Miss Bailey took heart of grace. The children read surprisingly well, were absolutely good, and the enemy



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under convoy of the friendly Principal would be much less terrifying than the enemy at large and alone. It was, therefore, with a manner almost serene that she turned to greet the kindly concerned Principal and the dreaded "Gum Shoe Tim." The latter she found less ominous of aspect than she had been led to fear, and the Principal's charming little speech of introduction made her flush with quick pleasure. And the anxious eyes of Sadie Gonowsky, noting the flush, grew calm as Sadie whispered to Eva, her close cousin:

"Say, Teacher has a glad. She's red on the face. It could be her papa."

"No. It's comp'ny," answered Eva sagely. "It ain't her papa. It's comp'ny the whiles Teacher takes him by the hand."

The children were not in the least disconcerted by the presence of the large man. They always enjoyed visitors, and they liked the heavy gold chain which festooned the wide waistcoat of this guest; and, as they watched him, the Associate Superintendent began to superintend.

He looked at the children all in their clean and smiling rows; he looked at the flowers and the gold-fish; at the pictures and the plaster casts; he looked at the work of the last term and he looked at Teacher. As he looked he swayed gently on his rubber heels and decided that he was going to enjoy the coming quarter of an hour. Teacher pleased him from the first. She was neither old nor ill-favored, and she was most evidently nervous. The combination appealed both to his love of power and his peculiar sense of humor. Settling deliberately in the chair of state, he began:

"Can the children sing, Miss Bailey?"

They could sing very prettily and they did.

"Very nice, indeed," said the voice of visiting author-

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ity. "Very nice. Their music is exceptionally good. And are they drilled? Children, will you march for me?"

Again they could and did. Patrick marshaled his line in time and triumph up and down the aisles to the evident interest and approval of the "comp'ny," and then Teacher led the class through some very energetic Swedish movements. While arms and bodies were bending and straightening at Teacher's command and example, the door opened and a breathless boy rushed in. He bore an unfolded note and, as Teacher had no hand to spare, the boy placed the paper on the desk under the softening eyes of the Honorable Timothy, who glanced down idly and then pounced upon the note and read its every word.

"For you, Miss Bailey," he said in the voice before which even the school janitor had been known to quail. "Your friend was thoughtful, though a little late." And poor palpitating Miss Bailey read:

"Watch out! 'Gum Shoe Tim' is in the building. The Principal caught him on the back-stairs, and they're going round together. He's as cross as a bear. Greene in dead faint in the dressing-room. Says he's going to fire her. Watch out for him, and send the news on. His lay is reading and discipline."

Miss Bailey grew cold with sick and unreasoning fear. As she gazed wide-eyed at the living confirmation of the statement that "Gum Shoe Tim" was "as cross as a bear," the gentle-hearted Principal took the paper from her nerveless grasp.

"It's all right," he assured her. "Mr. O'Shea understands that you had no part in this. It's all right. You are not responsible."

But Teacher had no ears for his soothing. She could only watch with fascinated eyes as the Honorable Timothy reclaimed the note and wrote across it's damning

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face: "Miss Greene may come to. She is not fired.—  
T. O'S."

"Here, boy," he called; "take this to your teacher." The puzzled messenger turned to obey, and the Associate Superintendent saw that though his dignity had suffered his power had increased. To the list of those whom he might, if so disposed, devour, he had now added the name of the Principal, who was quick to understand that an unpleasant investigation lay before him. If Miss Bailey could not be held responsible for this system of inter-classroom communication, it was clear that the Principal could.

Every trace of interest had left Mr. O'Shea's voice as he asked:

"Can they read?"

"Oh, yes, they read," responded Teacher, but her spirit was crushed and the children reflected her depression. Still, they were marvelously good and that blundering note had said, "Discipline is his lay." Well, here he had it.

There was one spectator of this drama, who, understanding no word nor incident therein, yet dismissed no shade of the many emotions which had stirred the light face of his lady. Toward the front of the room sat Morris Mogilewsky, with every nerve tuned to Teacher's, and with an appreciation of the situation in which the other children had no share. On the afternoon of one of those dreary days of waiting for the evil which had now come, Teacher had endeavored to explain the nature and possible result of this ordeal to her favorite. It was clear to him now that she was troubled, and he held the large and unaccustomed presence of the "comp'ny mit whiskers" responsible. Countless generations of ancestors had followed and fostered the instinct which now led Morris to propitiate an angry power. Luckily, he was prepared

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with an offering of a suitable nature. He had meant to enjoy it for yet a few days, and then to give it to Teacher. She was such a sensible person about presents. One might give her one's most cherished possession with a brave and cordial heart, for on each Friday afternoon she returned the gifts she had received during the week. And this with no abatement of gratitude.

Morris rose stealthily, crept forward, and placed a bright blue bromo-seltzer bottle in the fat hand which hung over the back of the chair of state. The hand closed instinctively as, with dawning curiosity, the Honorable Timothy studied the small figure at his side. It began in a wealth of loosely curling hair which shaded a delicate face, very pointed as to chin and monopolized by a pair of dark eyes, sad and deep and beautiful. A faded blue "jumper" was buttoned tightly across the narrow chest; frayed trousers were precariously attached to the "jumper," and impossible shoes and stockings supplemented the trousers. Glancing from boy to bottle, the "comp'ny mit whiskers" asked:

"What's this for?"

"For you."

"What's in it?"

"A present."

Mr. O'Shea removed the cork and proceeded to draw out incredible quantities of absorbent cotton. When there was no more to come, a faint tinkle sounded within the blue depths, and Mr. O'Shea, reversing the bottle, found himself possessed of a trampled and disfigured sleeve link of most palpable brass.

"It's from gold," Morris assured him. "You puts it in your—'scuse me—shirt. Wish you health to wear it."

"Thank you," said the Honorable Tim, and there was a tiny break in the gloom which had enveloped him. And

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then, with a quick memory of the note and of his anger:

“Miss Bailey, who is this young man?”

And Teacher, of whose hobbies Morris was one, answered warmly: “That is Morris Mogilewsky, the best of boys. He takes care of the gold-fish, and does all sorts of things for me. Don’t you, dear?”

“Teacher, yiss ma’an,” Morris answered. “I’m lovin’ much mit you. I gives presents on the comp’ny over you.”

“Ain’t he rather big to speak such broken English?” asked Mr. O’Shea. “I hope you remember that it is part of your duty to stamp out the dialect.”

“Yes, I know,” Miss Bailey answered. “But Morris has been in America for so short a time. Nine months, is it not?”

“Teacher, yiss ma’an. I comes out of Russia,” responded Morris, on the verge of tears and with his face buried in Teacher’s dress.

Now Mr. O’Shea had his prejudices—strong and deep. He had been given jurisdiction over that particular district because it was his native heath, and the Board of Education considered that he would be more in sympathy with the inhabitants than a stranger. The truth was absolutely the reverse. Because he had spent his early years in a large old house on East Broadway, because he now saw his birthplace changed to a squalid tenement, and the happy hunting grounds of his youth grown ragged and foreign—swarming with strange faces and noisy with strange tongues—Mr. O’Shea bore a sullen grudge against the usurping race.

He resented the caressing air with which Teacher held the little hand placed so confidently within her own and he welcomed the opportunity of gratifying his still ruffled temper and his racial antagonism at the same time. He would take a rise out of this young woman about her lit-

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tle Jew. She would be comforted later on. Mr. O'Shea rather fancied himself in the rôle of comforter, when the sufferer was neither old nor ill-favored. And so he set about creating the distress which he would later change to gratitude and joy. Assuredly the Honorable Timothy had a well-developed sense of humor.

"His English is certainly dreadful," remarked the voice of authority, and it was not an English voice, nor is O'Shea distinctively an English name. "Dreadful. And, by the way, I hope you are not spoiling these youngsters. You must remember that you are fitting them for the battle of life. Don't coddle your soldiers. Can you reconcile your present attitude with discipline?"

"With Morris—yes," Teacher answered. "He is gentle and tractable beyond words."

"Well, I hope you're right," grunted Mr. O'Shea, "but don't coddle them."

And so the incident closed. The sleeve link was tucked, before Morris's yearning eyes, into the reluctant pocket of the wide white waistcoat, and Morris returned to his place. He found his reader and the proper page, and the lesson went on with brisk serenity; real on the children's part, but bravely assumed on Teacher's. Child after child stood up, read, sat down again, and it came to be the duty of Bertha Binderwitz to read the entire page of which the others had each read a line. She began jubilantly, but soon stumbled, hesitated, and wailed:

"Stands a fierce word. I don't know what it is," and Teacher turned to write the puzzling word upon the blackboard.

Morris's heart stopped with a sickening suddenness and then rushed madly on again. He had a new and dreadful duty to perform. All his mother's counsel, all his father's precepts told him that it was his duty. Yet fear held him

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in his little seat behind his little desk, while his conscience insisted on this unalterable decree of the social code: "So somebody's clothes is wrong it's polite you says ' 'scuse' and tells it out."

And here was Teacher whom he dearly loved, whose ideals of personal adornment extended to full sets of buttons on jumpers and to laces in both shoes, here was his immaculate lady fair in urgent need of assistance and advice, and all because she had on that day inaugurated a delightfully vigorous exercise for which, architecturally, she was not designed.

There was yet room for hope that some one else would see the breach and brave the danger. But no. The visitor sat stolidly in the chair of state, the Principal sat serenely beside him, the children sat each in his own little place, behind his own little desk, keeping his own little eyes on his own little book. No. Morris's soul cried with Hamlet's:

"The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Up into the quiet air went his timid hand. Teacher, knowing him in his more garrulous moods, ignored the threatened interruption of Bertha's spirited résumé, but the windmill action of the little arm attracted the Honorable Tim's attention.

"The best of boys wants you," he suggested, and Teacher perforce asked:

"Well, Morris, what is it?"

Not until he was on his feet did the Monitor of the Gold-Fish Bowl appreciate the enormity of the mission he had undertaken. The other children began to understand, and watched his struggle for words and breath with sympathy or derision, as their natures prompted.

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But there are no words in which one may politely mention ineffective safety-pins to one's glass of fashion. Morris's knees trembled queerly, his breathing grew difficult, and Teacher seemed a very great way off as she asked again:

"Well, what is it, dear?"

Morris panted a little, smiled weakly, and then sat down. Teacher was evidently puzzled, the "comp'ny" alert, the Principal uneasy.

"Now, Morris," Teacher remonstrated, "you must tell me what you want."

But Morris had deserted his etiquette and his veracity, and murmured only:

"Nothings."

"Just wanted to be noticed," said the Honorable Tim. "It is easy to spoil them." And he watched the best of boys rather closely, for a habit of interrupting reading lessons, wantonly and without reason, was a trait in the young of which he disapproved.

When this disapprobation manifested itself in Mr. O'Shea's countenance, the loyal heart of Morris interpreted it as a new menace to his sovereign. No later than yesterday she had warned them of the vital importance of coherence. "Every one knows," she had said, "that only common little boys and girls come apart. No one ever likes them," and the big stranger was even now misjudging her.

Again his short arm agitated the quiet air. Again his trembling legs upheld a trembling boy. Again authority urged. Again Teacher asked:

"Well, Morris, what is it, dear?"

All this was as before, but not as before was poor harassed Miss Bailey's swoop down the aisle, her sudden taking Morris's troubled little face between her soft



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hands, the quick near meeting with her kind eyes, the note of pleading in her repetition:

“What do you want, Morris?”

He was beginning to answer when it occurred to him that the truth might make her cry. There was an unsteadiness about her upper lip which seemed to indicate the possibility. Suddenly he found that he no longer yearned for words in which to tell her of her disjointment, but for something else—anything else—to say.

His miserable eyes escaped from hers and wandered to the wall in desperate search for conversation. There was no help in the pictures, no inspiration in the plaster casts, but on the blackboard he read, “Tuesday, January twenty-first, 1902.” Only the date, but he must make it serve. With teacher close beside him, with the hostile eye of the Honorable Tim upon him, hedged round about by the frightened or admiring regard of the First-Reader Class, Morris blinked rapidly, swallowed resolutely, and remarked:

“Teacher, this year’s Nineteen-hundred-and-two,” and knew that all was over.

The caressing clasp of Teacher’s hands grew into a grip of anger. The countenance of Mr. O’Shea took on the beautiful expression of the prophet who has found honor and verification in his own country.

“The best of boys has his off days and this is one of them,” he remarked.

“Morris,” said Teacher, “did you stop a reading lesson to tell me that? Do you think I don’t know what the year is? I’m ashamed of you.”

Never had she spoken thus. If the telling had been difficult to Morris when she was “glad on him,” it was impossible now that she was a prey to such evident “mad feelings.” And yet he must make some explanation. So

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he murmured: "Teacher, I tells you 'scuse. I know you knows what year stands, on'y it's polite I tells you something, und I had a fraid."

"And so you bothered your Teacher with that nonsense," said Tim. "You're a nice boy!"

Morris's eyes were hardly more appealing than Teacher's as the two culprits, for so they felt themselves, turned to their judge.

"Morris is a strange boy," Miss Bailey explained. "He can't be managed by ordinary methods—"

"And extraordinary methods don't seem to work today," Mr. O'Shea interjected.

"And I think," Teacher continued, "that it might be better not to press the point."

"Oh, if you have no control over him—" Mr. O'Shea was beginning pleasantly, when the Principal suggested:

"You'd better let us hear what he has to say, Miss Bailey; make him understand that you are master here." And Teacher, with a heart-sick laugh at the irony of this advice in the presence of the Associate Superintendent, turned to obey.

But Morris would utter no words but these, dozens of times repeated: "I have a fraid." Miss Bailey coaxed, bribed, threatened and cajoled; shook him surreptitiously, petted him openly. The result was always the same: "It's polite I tells you something out, on'y I had a fraid."

"But, Morris, dear, of what?" cried Teacher. "Are you afraid of me? Stop crying now and answer. Are you afraid of Miss Bailey?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Are you afraid of the Principal?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Are you afraid,"—with a slight pause, during which

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a native hue of honesty was foully done to death—"of the kind gentleman we are all so glad to see?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Well, then what is the matter with you? Are you sick? Don't you think you would like to go home to your mother?"

"No-o-o-oh m-a-a-an; I ain't sick. I tells you 'scuse."

The repeated imitation of a sorrowful goat was too much for the Honorable Tim.

"Bring that boy to me," he commanded. "I'll show you how to manage refractory and rebellious children."

With much difficulty and many assurances that the gentleman was not going to hurt him, Miss Bailey succeeded in untwining Morris's legs from the supports of the desk and in half carrying, half leading him up to the chair of state. An ominous silence had settled over the room. Eva Gonorowsky was weeping softly, and the redoubtable Isidore Applebaum was stiffened in a frozen calm.

"Morris," began the Associate Superintendent in his most awful tones, "will you tell me why you raised your hand? Come here, sir."

Teacher urged him gently, and like dog to heel, he went. He halted within a pace or two of Mr. O'Shea, and lifted a beseeching face toward him.

"I couldn't to tell nothing out," said he. "I tells you 'scuse. I'm got a fraid."

The Honorable Tim lunged quickly and caught the terrified boy preparatory to shaking him, but Morris escaped and fled to his haven of safety—his Teacher's arms. When Miss Bailey felt the quick clasp of the thin little hands, the heavy beating of the over-tired heart, and the deep convulsive sobs, she turned on the Honorable Timothy O'Shea and spoke:

"I must ask you to leave this room at once," she an-

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nounced. The Principal started and then sat back. Teacher's eyes were dangerous, and the Honorable Tim might profit by a lesson. "You've frightened the child until he can't breathe. I can do nothing with him while you remain. The examination is ended. You may go."

Now Mr. O'Shea saw he had gone a little too far in his effort to create the proper dramatic setting for his clemency. He had not expected the young woman to "rise" quite so far and high. His deprecating half-apology, half-eulogy, gave Morris the opportunity he craved.

"Teacher," he panted; "I wants to whisper mit you in the ear."

With a dexterous movement he knelt upon her lap and tore out his solitary safety-pin. He then clasped her tightly and made his explanation. He began in the softest of whispers, which increased in volume as it did in interest, so that he reached the climax at the full power of his boy soprano voice.

"Teacher, Missis Bailey, I know you know what year stands. On'y it's polite I tells you something, und I had a fraid the while the 'comp'ny mit the whiskers' sets und rubbers. But, Teacher, it's like this: your jumper's sticking out und you could to take mine safety-pin."

He had understood so little of all that had passed that he was beyond being surprised by the result of this communication. Miss Bailey had gathered him into her arms and had cried in a queer helpless way. And as she cried she had said over and over again: "Morris, how could you? Oh, how could you, dear? How could you?"

The Principal and "the comp'ny mit whiskers" looked solemnly at one another for a struggling moment, and had then broken into laughter, long and loud, until the visiting authority was limp and moist. The children waited in polite uncertainty, but when Miss Bailey, after some in-

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decision, had contributed a wan smile, which later grew into a shaky laugh, the First-Reader Class went wild.

Then the Honorable Timothy arose to say good-by. He reiterated his praise of the singing and reading, the blackboard work and the moral tone. An awkward pause ensued, during which the Principal engaged the young Gonorowskys in impromptu conversation. The Honorable Tim crossed over to Miss Bailey's side and steadied himself for a great effort.

"Teacher," he began meekly, "I tells you 'scuse. This sort of thing makes a man feel like a bull in a china shop. Do you think the little fellow will shake hands with me? I was really only joking."

"But surely he will," said Miss Bailey, as she glanced down at the tangle of dark curls resting against her breast. "Morris, dear, aren't you going to say good-by to the gentleman?"

Morris relaxed one hand from its grasp on his lady and bestowed it on Mr. O'Shea.

"Good-by," said he gently. "I gives you presents, from gold presents, the while you're friends mit Teacher. I'm loving much mit her, too."

At this moment the Principal turned, and Mr. O'Shea, in a desperate attempt to retrieve his dignity, began: "As to class management and discipline—"

But the Principal was not to be deceived.

"Don't you think, Mr. O'Shea," said he, "that you and I had better leave the management of the little ones to the women? You have noticed, perhaps, that this is Nature's method."

## THE GENIAL IDIOT SUGGESTS A COMIC OPERA

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"There's a harvest for you," said the Idiot, as he perused a recently published criticism of a comic opera. "There have been thirty-nine new comic operas produced this year and four of 'em were worth seeing. It is very evident that the Gilbert and Sullivan industry hasn't gone to the wall whatever slumps other enterprises have suffered from."

"That is a goodly number," said the Poet. "Thirty-nine, eh? I knew there was a raft of them, but I had no idea there were as many as that."

"Why don't you go in and do one, Mr. Poet?" suggested the Idiot. "They tell me it's as easy as rolling off a log. All you've got to do is to forget all your ideas and remember all the old jokes you ever heard. Slap 'em together around a lot of dances, write two dozen lyrics about some Googoo Belle, hire a composer, and there you are. Hanged if I haven't thought of writing one myself."

"I fancy it isn't as easy as it looks," observed the Poet. "It requires just as much thought to be thoughtless as it does to be thoughtful."

"Nonsense," said the Idiot. "I'd undertake the job cheerfully if some manager would make it worth my while, and what's more, if I ever got into the swing of the business I'll bet I could turn out a libretto a day for three days of the week for the next two months."

"If I had your confidence I'd try it," laughed the Poet,

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"but alas, in making me Nature did not design a confidence man."

"Nonsense again," said the Idiot. "Any man who can get the editors to print Sonnets to Diana's Eyebrow, and little lyrics of Madison Square, Longacre Square, Battery Place and Boston Common, the way you do, has a right to consider himself an adept at bunco. I tell you what I'll do with you. I'll swap off my confidence for your lyrical facility and see what I can do. Why can't we collaborate and get up a libretto for next season? They tell me there's large money in it."

"There certainly is if you catch on," said the Poet. "Vastly more than in any other kind of writing that I know. I don't know but that I would like to collaborate with you on something of the sort. What is your idea?"

"Mind's a blank on the subject," sighed the Idiot. "That's the reason I think I can turn the trick. As I said before, you don't need ideas. Better off without 'em. Just sit down and write."

"But you must have some kind of a story," persisted the Poet.

"Not to begin with," said the Idiot. "Just write your choruses and songs, slap in your jokes, fasten 'em together, and the thing is done. First act, get your hero and heroine into trouble. Second act, get 'em out."

"And for the third?" queried the Poet.

"Don't have a third," said the Idiot. "A third is always superfluous—but if you must have it, make up some kind of a vaudeville show and stick it in between the first and second."

"Tush!" said the Bibliomaniac. "That would make a gay comic opera."

"Of course it would, Mr. Bib," the Idiot agreed. "And that's what we want. If there's anything in this world

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that I hate more than another it is a sombre comic opera. I've been to a lot of 'em, and I give you my word of honor that next to a funeral a comic opera that lacks gaiety is one of the most depressing functions known to modern science. Some of 'em are enough to make an undertaker weep with jealous rage. I went to one of 'em last week called 'The Skylark' with an old chum of mine, who is a surgeon. You can imagine what sort of a thing it was when I tell you that after the first act he suggested we leave the theater and come back here and have some fun cutting my leg off. He vowed that if he ever went to another opera by the same people he'd take ether beforehand."

"I shouldn't think that would be necessary," sneered the Bibliomaniac. "If it was as bad as all that why didn't it put you to sleep?"

"It did," said the Idiot. "But the music kept waking us up again. There was no escape from it except that of actual physical flight."

"Well—about this collaboration of ours," suggested the Poet. "What do you think we should do first?"

"Write an opening chorus, of course," said the Idiot. "What did you suppose? A finale? Something like this:

"If you want to know who we are,  
Just ask the Evening Star,  
As he smiles on high  
In the deep blue sky,  
With his tralala-la-la-la.  
We are maidens sweet  
With tripping feet,  
And the Googoo eyes  
Of the Skippity-hi's,  
And the smile of the fair Gazoo;  
And you'll find our names  
'Mongst the wondrous dames  
Of the Whos Who-hoo-hoo-hoo.



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“Get that sung with spirit by sixty-five ladies with blonde wigs and gold slippers, otherwise dressed up in the uniform of a troop of Russian Cavalry, and you’ve got your venture launched.”

“Where can you find people like that?” asked the Bibliomaniac.

“New York’s full of ’em,” replied the Idiot.

“I don’t mean the people to act that sort of thing—but where would you lay your scene?” explained the Bibliomaniac.

“Oh, any old place in the Pacific Ocean,” said the Idiot. “Make your own geography—everybody else does. There’s a million islands out there of one kind or another, and as defenseless as a two weeks’ old infant. If you want a real one, fish it out and fire ahead. If you don’t, make one up for yourself and call it ‘The Isle of Piccolo,’ or something of that sort. After you’ve got your chorus going, introduce your villain, who should be a man with a deep bass voice and a piratical past. He’s the chap who rules the roost and is going to marry the heroine to-morrow. That will make a bully song:

“I’m a pirate bold  
With a heart so cold  
That it turns the biggest joys to solemn sorrow;  
And the hero-ine,  
With her eyes so fine,  
I am going to-marry—to-morrow.

### CHORUS:

“He is go-ing to-marry—to-morrow  
The maid with a heart full of sorrow;  
For her we are sorry  
For she weds to-morry—  
She is go-ing to-marry—to-morrow.

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"Gee!" added the Idiot enthusiastically. "Can't you almost hear that already?"

"I am sorry to say," said Mr. Brief, "that I can. You ought to call your heroine Drivelina."

"Splendid," cried the Idiot. "Drivelina goes. Well, then on comes Drivelina and this beast of a Pirate grabs her by the hand and makes love to her as if he thought wooing was a game of snap the whip. She sings a soprano solo of protest and the Pirate summons his hirelings to cast Drivelina into a Donjuan cell when, boom! an American warship appears on the horizon. The crew under the leadership of a man with a squeaky tenor voice named Lieutenant Somebody or other comes ashore, puts Drivelina under the protection of the American flag while his crew sings the following:

"We are Jackies, Jackies, Jackies,  
And we smoke the best tobaccys  
You can find from Zanzibar to Honeyloo.  
And we fight for Uncle Sammy,  
Yes indeed we do, for damme  
You can bet your life that that's the thing to do—doodle-do!  
You can bet your life that that's the thing to doodle—doodle—  
doodle—doodle-do.

"Eh! What?" demanded the Idiot.

"Well—what yourself?" asked the Lawyer. "This is your job. What next?"

"Well—the Pirate gets lively, tries to assassinate the Lieutenant, who kills half the natives with his sword and is about to slay the Pirate when he discovers that he is his long lost father," said the Idiot. "The heroine then sings a pathetic love song about her Baboon Baby, in a green light to the accompaniment of a lot of pink satin monkeys banging cocoa-nut shells together. This drowsy lullaby puts the Lieutenant and his forces to sleep and the

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curtain falls on their capture by the Pirate and his followers, with the chorus singing:

“Hooray for the Pirate bold,  
With his pockets full of gold,  
He’s going to marry to-morrow.  
    To-morrow he’ll marry,  
    Yes, by the Lord Harry,  
He’s go-ing—to-marry—to-mor-row!  
And that’s a thing to doodle-doodle-doo.

“There,” said the Idiot, after a pause. “How is that for a first act?”

“It’s about as lucid as most of them,” said the Poet, “but after all you have got a story there, and you said you didn’t need one.”

“I said you didn’t need one to start with,” corrected the Idiot. “And I’ve proved it. I didn’t have that story in mind when I started. That’s where the easiness of the thing comes in. Why, I didn’t even have to think of a name for the heroine. The inspiration for that popped right out of Mr. Brief’s mouth as smoothly as though the name Drivelina had been written on his heart for centuries. Then the title—Isle of Piccolo—that’s a dandy and I give you my word of honor I’d never even thought of a title for the opera until that revealed itself like a flash from the blue; and as for the coon song, ‘My Baboon Baby,’ there’s a chance there for a Zanzibar act that will simply make Richard Wagner and Reginald De Koven writhe with jealousy. Can’t you imagine the lilt of it:

“My Bab-boon—ba-habee,  
My Bab-boon—ba-habee—  
I love you dee-her-lee  
Yes dee-hee-hee-er-lee.  
My Baboon—ba-ha-bee,  
My Baboon—ba-ha-bee,  
My baboon—Ba-hay-hay-hay-hay-hay-bee-bee.

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"And all those pink satin monkeys bumping their cocoanut shells together in the green moonlight—"

"Well, after the first act, what?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"The usual intermission," said the Idiot. "You don't have to write that. The audience generally knows what to do."

"But your second act?" asked the Poet.

"Oh, come off," said the Idiot rising. "We were to do this thing in collaboration. So far I've done the whole blooming business. I'll leave the second act to you. When you collaborate, Mr. Poet, you've got to do a little collaborating on your own account. What did you think you were to do—collect the royalties?"

"I'm told," said the Lawyer, "that that is sometimes the hardest thing to do in a comic opera."

"Well, I'll be self-sacrificing," said the Idiot, "and bear my full share of it."

"It seems to me," said the Bibliomaniac, "that that opera produced in the right place might stand a chance of a run."

"Thank you," said the Idiot. "After all, Mr. Bib, you are a man of some penetration. How long a run?"

"One consecutive night," said the Bibliomaniac.

"Ah—and where?" demanded the Idiot with a smile.

"At Bloomingdale," answered the Bibliomaniac severely.

"That's a very good idea," said the Idiot. "When you go back there, Mr. Bib, I wish you'd suggest it to the Superintendent."

## WAMSLEY'S AUTOMATIC PASTOR

BY FRANK CRANE

"Yes, sir," said the short, chunky man, as he leaned back against the gorgeous upholstery of his seat in the smoking compartment of the sleeping-car; "yes, sir, I knew you was a preacher the minute I laid eyes on you. You don't wear your collar buttoned behind, nor a black thingumbob over your shirt front, nor Presbyterian whiskers, nor a little gold cross on a black string watch chain; them's the usual marks, I know, and you hain't got any of 'em. But I knew you just the same. You can't fool J. P. Wamsley. You see, there's a peculiar air about a man that's accustomed to handle any particular line of goods. You can tell 'em all, if you'll just notice,—any of 'em,—white-goods counter, lawyer, doctor, travelin' man, politician, railroad,—every one of 'em's got his sign out, and it don't take a Sherlock Holmes to read it, neither. It's the same way with them gospel goods. You'll excuse me, but when I saw you come in here and light a cigar, with an air of I-will-now-give-you-a-correct-imitation-of-a-human-being, I says to myself, 'There's one of my gospel friends.' Murder will out, as the feller says.

"Experience, did you say? I must have had considerable experience? Well, I guess yes! Didn't you never hear of my invention, Wamsley's Automatic Pastor, Self-feedin' Preacher and Lightning Caller? Say, that was the hottest scheme ever. I'll tell you about it.

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"You see, it's this way. I'm not a church member myself—believe in it, you know, and all that sort of thing, —I'm for religion strong, and when it comes to payin' I'm right there with the goods. My wife is a member, and a good one; in fact, she's so blame good that we average up pretty well.

"Well, one day they elected me to the board of trustees at the church; because I was the heaviest payer, I suppose. I kicked some, not bein' anxious to pose as a pious individual, owin' to certain brethren in the town who had a little confidential information on J. P. and might be inclined to get funny. But they insisted, allowin' that me bein' the most prominent and successful merchant in the town, and similar rot, I ought to line up and help out the cause, and so on; so finally I give in.

"I went to two or three of their meetin's—and say, honest, they were the fiercest things ever."

The minister smiled knowingly.

"You're on, I see. Ain't those official meetin's of a church the limit? Gee! Once I went—a cold winter night—waded through snow knee-deep to a giraffe—and sat there two hours, while they discussed whether they'd fix the pastor's back fence or not—price six dollars! I didn't say anything, bein' sort o' new, you know, but I made up my mind that next time I'd turn loose on 'em, if it was the last thing I did.

"I says to my wife when I got home, 'Em,' says I, 'if gittin' religion gives a man softenin' of the brain, like I see it workin' on them men there to-night, I'm afraid I ain't on prayin' ground and intercedin' terms, as the feller says. The men in that bunch to-night was worth over eight hundred thousand dollars, and they took eleven dollars and a half's worth o' my time chewin' the rag over fixin' the parson's fence. I'm goin' to bed,' I

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says, 'and if I shouldn't wake up in the mornin', if you should miss petty in the mornin', you may know his vital powers was exhausted by the hilarious proceedin's of this evenin'.'

"But I must get along to my story, about my automatic pastor. One day the preacher resigned,—life probably hector'd out of him by a lot o' cheap skates whose notion of holdin' office in church consisted in cuttin' down expenses and findin' fault with the preacher because he didn't draw in sinners enough to fill the pews and pay their bills for 'em.

"When it come to selectin' a committee to get a new pastor, I butted right in. I had an idea, so—me to the front, leadin' trumps and bangin' my cards down hard on the table. Excuse my gay and festive reference to playin'-cards, but what I mean is, that I thought the fullness of time had arrived and was a-hollerin' for J. P. Wamsley.

"Well, sir, it was right then and there I invented my automatic pastor, continuous revolving hand-shaker and circular jolly-hander.

"I brung it before the official brethren one night and explained its modus operandi. I had a wax figger made by the same firm that supplies me with the manikins for my show-windows. And it was a peach, if I do say it myself. Tall, handsome figger, benevolent face, elegant smile that won't come off, as the feller says, Chauncey Depew spinnage in front of each ear. It was a sure lu-lu.

"'Now,' I says to 'em, 'gentlemen, speakin' o' pastors, I got one here I want to recommend. It has one advantage anyhow; it won't cost you a cent. I'll make you a present of it, and also chip in, as heretofore, toward operatin' expenses.' That caught old Jake Hicks—worth a hundred thousand dollars, and stingier 'n all git-out.

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He leaned over and listened, same as if he was takin' 'em right off the bat. He's a retired farmer. If you'll find me a closer boy than a retired farmer moved to town, you can have the best plug hat in my store.

"'You observe,' I says, 'that he has the leadin' qualifications of all and comes a heap cheaper than most. He is swivel mounted; that is, the torso, so to speak, is pinioned onto the legs, so that the upper part of the body can revolve. This enables him to rotate freely without bustin' his pants, the vest bein' unconnected with the trousers.

"'Now, you stand this here, whom we will call John Henry, at the door of the church as the congregation enters, havin' previously wound him up, and there he stays, turning around and givin' the glad hand and cheery smile, and so doth his unchangin' power display as the unwearied sun from day to day, as the feller says. Nobody neglected, all pleased. You remember the last pastor wasn't sociable enough, and there was considerable complaint because he didn't hike right down after the benediction and jolly the flock as they passed out. We'll have a wire run the length of the meetin' house, with a gentle slant from the pulpit to the front door, and as soon as meetin's over, up goes John Henry and slides down to the front exit, and there he stands, gyратin' and handin' out pleasant greeting to all,—merry Christmas and happy New Year to beat the band.

"'Now as for preachin',' I continued, 'you see all you have to do is to raise up the coat-tails and insert a record on the phonograph concealed here in the back of the chest, with a speakin' tube runnin' up to the mouth. John Henry bein' a regular minister, he can get the Homiletic Review at a dollar and a half a year; we can subscribe for that, get the up-to-datest sermons by the



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most distinguished divines, get some gent that's afflicted with elocution to say 'em into a record, and on Sunday our friend and pastor here will reel 'em off fine. You press the button—he does the rest, as the feller says.'

"'How about callin' on the members?' inquires Andy Robinson.

"'Easy,' says I. 'Hire a buggy of Brother Jinks here, who keeps a livery stable, at one dollar per P. M. Get a nigger to chauffeur the pastor at fifty cents per same. There you are. Let the boy be provided with an assortment of records to suit the people—pleasant and sad, consolatory and gay, encouragin' or reprov'in', and so forth. The coon drives up, puts in a cartridge, sets the pastor in the door, and when the family gets through with him they sets him out again.

"'There are, say about three hundred callin' days in the year. He can easy make fifteen calls a day on an average—equals four thousand five hundred calls a year, at \$450. Of course, there's the records, but they won't cost over \$50 at the outside—you can shave 'em off and use 'em over again, you know.'

"'But there's the personality of the pastor,' somebody speaks up. 'It's that which attracts folks and fills the pews.'

"'Personality shucks!' says I. 'Haven't we had personality enough? For every man it attracts it repels two. Your last preacher was one of the best fellers that ever struck this town. He was a plum brick, and had lots o' horse sense, to boot. He could preach, too, like a house afire. But you kicked him out because he wasn't sociable enough. You're askin' an impossibility. No man can be a student and get up the rattlin' sermons he did, and put in his time trottin' around callin' on the sisters.

"'Now, let's apply business sense to this problem.

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That's the way I run my store. Find out what the people want and give it to 'em, is my motto. Now, people ain't comin' to church unless there's somethin' to draw 'em. We've tried preachin', and it won't draw. They say they want sociability, so let's give it to 'em strong. They want attention paid to 'em. You turn my friend here loose in the community, and he'll make each and every man, woman and child think they're it in less'n a month. If anybody gets disgruntled, you sic John Henry here on 'em, and you'll have 'em come right back a-runnin', and payin' their pew rent in advance.

"'Then,' I continued, 'that ain't all. There's another idea I propose, to go along with the pastor, as a sort of side line. That's tradin' stamps. Simple, ain't it? Wonder why you never thought of it yourselves, don't you? That's the way with all bright ideas. People drink soda water all their lives, and along comes a genius and hears the fizz, and goes and invents a Westinghouse brake. Same as Newton and the apple, and Columbus and the egg.

"'All you have to do is to give tradin' stamps for attendance, and your church fills right up, and John Henry keeps 'em happy. Stamps can be redeemed at any store. So many stamps gets, say a parlor lamp or a masterpiece of Italian art in a gilt frame; so many more draws a steam cooker or an oil stove; so many more and you have a bicycle or a hair mattress or a what-not; and so on up to where a hat full of 'em gets an automobile.

"'I tell you when a family has a what-not in their eye they ain't goin' to let a little rain keep 'em home from church. If they're all really too sick to go they'll hire a substitute. And I opine these here stamps will have a powerful alleviatin' effect on Sunday-sickness.

"'And then,' I went on, waxin' eloquent, and leanin'

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the pastor against the wall, so I could put one hand in my coat and gesture with the other and make it more impressive,—‘and then,’ I says, ‘just think of them other churches. We won’t do a thing to ’em. That Baptist preacher thinks he’s a wizz because he makes six hundred calls a year. You just wait till the nigger gets to haulin’ John Henry here around town and loadin’ him up with rapid-fire conversations. That Baptist gent will look like thirty cents, that’s what he’ll look like. He’ll think he’s Rojessvinsky and the Japanese fleet’s after him. And the Campbellites think they done it when they got their new pastor, with a voice like a Bull o’ Bashan comin’ down hill. Just wait till we load a few of them extra-sized records with megaphone attachment into our pastor, and gear him up to two hundred and fifty words a minute, and then where, oh, where is Mister Campbellite, as the feller says.

“‘Besides, brethren, this pastor, havin’ no family, won’t need his back fence fixed; in fact, he won’t need the parsonage; we can rent it, and the proceeds will go toward operatin’ expenses.

“‘What we need to do,’ I says in conclusion, ‘is to get in line, get up to date, give the people what they want. We have no way of judgin’ the future but by the past, as the feller says. We know they ain’t no human bein’ can measure up to our requirements, so let’s take a fall out of science, and have enterprise and business sense.’”

J. P. Wamsley reached for a match.

“Did they accept your offer?” asked his companion. “I am anxious to know how your plan worked. It has many points in its favor, I confess.”

“No,” replied J. P. Wamsley, as he meditatively puffed his cigar and seemed to be lovingly reviewing the past. “No, they didn’t. I’m kind o’ sorry, too. I’d like to have

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seen the thing tried myself. But," he added, with a slow and solemn wink, "they passed a unanimous resolution callin' back the old pastor at an increased salary."

"I should say, then, that your invention was a success."

"Well, I didn't lose out on it, anyhow: I've got John Henry rigged up with a new bunch of whiskers, and posin' in my show-window as Dewitt, signin' the peace treaty, in an elegant suit of all-wool at \$11.50."

## THE BOHEMIANS OF BOSTON

BY GELETT BURGESS

The "Orchids" were as tough a crowd  
As Boston anywhere allowed;  
It was a club of wicked men—  
The oldest, twelve, the youngest, ten;  
They drank their soda colored green,  
They talked of "Art," and "Philistine,"  
They wore buff "wescoats," and their hair  
It used to make the waiters stare!  
They were so shockingly behaved  
And Boston thought them *so* depraved,  
Policemen, stationed at the door,  
Would raid them every hour or more!  
They used to smoke (!) and laugh out loud (!)  
They were a very devilish crowd!  
They formed a Cult, far subtler, brainier,  
Than ordinary Anglomania,  
For all as Jacobites were reckoned,  
And gaily toasted Charles the Second!  
(What would the Bonnie Charlie say,  
If he could see that crowd to-day?)  
Fitz-Willieboy McFlubadub  
Was Regent of the Orchids' Club;  
A wild Bohemian was he,  
And spent his money fast and free.

## THE BOHEMIANS OF BOSTON

He thought no more of spending dimes  
On some debauch of pickled limes,  
Than you would think of spending nickels  
To buy a pint of German pickles!  
The Boston maiden passed him by  
With sidelong glances of her eye,  
She dared not speak (he *was* so wild),  
Yet worshipped this Lotharian child.  
Fitz-Willieboy was so *blase*,  
He burned a *Transcript* up one day!  
The Orchids fashioned all their style  
On Flubadub's infernal guile.  
That awful Boston oath was his—  
*He* used to 'jaculate, "Gee Whiz!"  
He showed them that immoral haunt,  
The dirty Chinese Restaurant;  
And there they'd find him, even when  
It got to be as late as ten!  
He ate chopped *suey* (with a fork)  
You should have heard the villain talk  
Of one *reporter* that he knew (!)  
An artist, and an actor, too!!!  
The Orchids went from bad to worse,  
Made epigrams—attempted verse!  
Boston was horrified and shocked  
To hear the way those Orchids mocked;  
For they made fun of Boston ways,  
And called good men Provincial Jays!  
The end must come to such a story,  
Gone is the wicked Orchids' glory;  
The room was raided by police,  
One night, for breaches of the Peace  
(There had been laughter, long and loud,  
In Boston this is not allowed),

GELETT BURGESS

And there, the sergeant of the squad  
Found awful evidence—my God!—  
Fitz-Willieboy McFlubadub,  
The Regent of the Orchids' Club,  
Had written on the window-sill,  
This shocking outrage—"Beacon H—ll!"

## A LETTER FROM HOME\*

*From the Princess Boo-Lally, at Gumbo Goo, South  
Sea Islands, to Her Brother, Prince Umbobo, a Soph-  
omore at Yale.*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

“It is spring, my dear Umbobo,  
On the isle of Gumbo Goo,  
And your father, King Korobo,  
And your mother long for you.

“We had missionaries Monday,  
Much the finest of the year—  
Our old cook came back last Sunday,  
And the stews she makes are *dear*.

“I’ve the *loveliest* string of knuckles  
Which dear Father gave to me,  
And a pair of shin-bone buckles  
Which I *so* wish you could see.

“You remember Mr. Booloo?  
He is coming over soon  
With some friends from Unatulu—  
We all hope they’ll call at noon.

“Mr. Booloo’s rather slender,  
But we’ll fix him up with sage,  
And I think he’ll be quite tender  
For a fellow of his age.

\* From “At the Sign of the Dollar,” by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.



WALLACE IRWIN

“Genevieve O-loola’s marriage  
Was arranged so *very* queer—  
Have you read ‘The Bishop’s Carriage’?  
Don’t you think it’s just *too dear*?

“I am hoping next vacation  
I may visit you a while.  
In this out-of-way location  
It’s *so* hard to know the style.

“Will you try and match the sample  
I enclose—be sure it’s green.  
Get three yards—that will be ample.  
Velvet, mind, not velveteen.

“Gentle mother worries badly,  
And she thinks it is a shame  
That a man like Dr. Hadley  
Lets you play that football game.

“For the way they hurt each other  
Seems so barbarously rude—  
No, you’ve not been raised, dear brother,  
To do anything so crude.

“And those horrid meals at college—  
Not what you’re accustomed to.  
It is hard, this quest for knowledge,  
But be brave.

“Your sister, Boo.”

“P. S.—

“If it’s not too great a bother  
And a mental overtax,  
Would you send your poor old father,  
C. O. D., a battle-axe?”

## THE COURTIN'

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

God makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur 'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
'An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

'A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
'An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

'Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The old queen's-arm that Gran'ther Young  
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',  
'An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur ;  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,  
Clear grit an' human natur' ;  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple ;  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez hisn in the choir ;  
My ! when he made Ole Hundred ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*  
She seemed to 've gut a new soul  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

## THE COURTIN'

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper—  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him funder,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

“You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?”  
“Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'—”  
“To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.”

To say why gals act so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t' other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, “I'd better call agin”;  
Says she, “Think likely, Mister”;  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose natur's never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metters stood,  
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON

BY ARTEMUS WARD

MR. PUNCH, *My Dear Sir*:—I skurcely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with pe'ple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; "we boste of our enterprise and improovements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after a while, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institootion were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own

## ARTEMUS WARD

relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occurred during the reign of Henry the Third. Let us be cheerful," I continued. "Look at the festive Warders, in their red flannel jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warden now took us in charge, and showed us the Traiter's Gate, the armers, and things. The Traiter's Gate is wide enough to admit about twenty traitors abreast, I should judge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in general.

Traitors, I will here remark, are a notorious class of people. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traitors. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traitors. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterward Old Dick the Third, who may be seen at the Tower on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr. G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr. G. succeeded, and became great. He was slewed by Col. Richmond, but he lives in history, and his equestrian figure may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other eminent persons, and no extra charge for the Warden's able and bootiful lecture.

There's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foaming steed, his right hand grasping a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistols and other weapons is kept is interesting. Among this collection of choice cutlery I noticed the bow and arrow which those hot-headed old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrow used at this day by certain tribes of American Indians, and they shoot 'em off with such a

## THE TOWER OF LONDON

excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be an Injun when I was in the Rocky Mountain regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Catlin have told us of the red man's wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said :

"Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinking in the west, and Wa-na-bucky-she will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink."

He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subjeck of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomas-hawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surrey Theater, where *Troo to the Core* is bein acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooed on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, giving the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is *Troo to the Core*, notwithstandin the eccen-



tric conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Truegold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instruuments of tortur, such as thumbscrews, throat-collars, etc., statin that these was conkered from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in them days—which elissited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumbscrews, when he was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassige into his mouth that I expected to see him choke hissself to death; he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a sad sight."

"It is indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these drefful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-con-

## THE TOWER OF LONDON

structed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings.

"I'll give you six d.'s more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that, he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Eyre, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-by. And then I tho't what a frolicsome day I'd made of it. Respectably, etc.

ARTEMUS WARD.

—*Punch*, 1866.

## SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

MR. PUNCH, *My Dear Sir*:—I was a little disapinted at not receivin a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress. . . .

I prepared an Essy on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subjeck I may troothfully say I have successfully wrastled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essy

## ARTEMUS WARD

for a lit'ry Institoot entitled, "Is Cats to be trusted?" Of the merits of that Essy it doesn't becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentionin that the Institoot parsed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this Essy, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the Essy I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the one on Cats, which was wroten when my mind was crood, and afore I had masterd a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctooate my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my youth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was inexcusable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare, I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picturs in next week's *Punch*, and do not let your contributors write eny thing whatever (let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Museum;) and publish my Essy intire. It will fill all your collumes full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em doorin my entire professional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards and serpunts.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contact with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to casionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than ushil, which elissited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I ansered, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effect of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do."

With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creetur."

The pretty creetur come-hithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies."

## ARTEMUS WARD

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're onreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurd to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed *Gladiateur*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my Bear shortly after, as I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brewin, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?" His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel origin and a wiolin) playing slow and melancholy moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darncin and larfin in the most joyous manner? I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty.

## DISLIKES

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I want it to be understood that I consider that a certain number of persons are at liberty to dislike me peremptorily, without showing cause, and that they give no offense whatever in so doing.

If I did not cheerfully acquiesce in this sentiment towards myself on the part of others, I should not feel at liberty to indulge my own aversions. I try to cultivate a Christian feeling to all my fellow-creatures, but inasmuch as I must also respect truth and honesty, I confess to myself a certain number of inalienable dislikes and prejudices, some of which may possibly be shared by others. Some of these are purely instinctive, for others I can assign a reason. Our likes and dislikes play so important a part in the order of things that it is well to see on what they are founded.

There are persons I meet occasionally who are too intelligent by half for my liking. They know my thoughts beforehand, and tell me what I was going to say. Of course they are masters of all my knowledge, and a good deal besides; have read all the books I have read, and in later editions; have had all the experiences I have been through, and more too. In my private opinion every mother's son of them will lie at any time rather than confess ignorance.

I have a kind of dread, rather than hatred, of persons with a large excess of vitality; great feeders, great

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

laughers, great story-tellers, who come sweeping over their company with a huge tidal wave of animal spirits and boisterous merriment. I have pretty good spirits myself, and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but I am oppressed and extinguished by these great lusty, noisy creatures, and feel as if I were a mute at a funeral when they get into full blast.

I can not get along much better with those drooping, languid people, whose vitality falls short as much as that of the others is in excess. I have not life enough for two; I wish I had. It is not very enlivening to meet a fellow-creature whose expression and accents say, "You are the hair that breaks the camel's back of my endurance, you are the last drop that makes my cup of woe run over;" persons whose heads drop on one side like those of toothless infants, whose voices recall the tones in which our old snuffing choir used to wail out the verses of

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

There is another style which does not captivate me. I recognize an attempt at the *grand manner* now and then, in persons who are well enough in their way, but of no particular importance, socially or otherwise. Some family tradition of wealth or distinction is apt to be at the bottom of it, and it survives all the advantages that used to set it off. I like family pride as well as my neighbors, and respect the high-born fellow-citizen whose progenitors have not worked in their shirt-sleeves for the last two generations full as much as I ought to. But *grand-père oblige*; a person with a known grandfather is too distinguished to find it necessary to put on airs. The few Royal Princes I have happened to know were very easy people to get along with, and had not half the social knee-

## DISLIKES

action I have often seen in the collapsed dowagers who lifted their eyebrows at me in my earlier years.

My heart does not warm as it should do towards the persons, not intimates, who are always *too* glad to see me when we meet by accident, and discover all at once that they have a vast deal to unbosom themselves of to me.

There is one blameless person whom I can not love and have no excuse for hating. It is the innocent fellow-creature, otherwise inoffensive to me, whom I find I have involuntarily joined on turning a corner. I suppose the Mississippi, which was flowing quietly along, minding its own business, hates the Missouri for coming into it all at once with its muddy stream. I suppose the Missouri in like manner hates the Mississippi for diluting with its limpid, but insipid current the rich reminiscences of the varied soils through which its own stream has wandered. I will not compare myself to the clear or the turbid current, but I will own that my heart sinks when I find all of a sudden I am in for a corner confluence, and I cease loving my neighbor as myself until I can get away from him.



## UNCLE SIMON AND UNCLE JIM

BY ARTEMUS WARD

Uncle Simon he  
Clumb up a tree  
To see  
What he could see,  
When presentlee  
Uncle Jim  
Clumb up beside of him  
And squatted down by he.

## THE LITTLE MOCK-MAN

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The Little Mock-man on the Stairs—  
He mocks the lady's horse 'at rares  
    At bi-sickles an' things,—  
He mocks the mens 'at rides 'em, too;  
An' mocks the Movers, drivin' through,  
An' hollers "Here's the way *you* do  
    With them-air hitchin'-strings!"  
    "Ho! ho!" he'll say,  
    Ole Settlers' Day,  
When they're all jogglin' by,—  
    "You look like *this*,"  
    He'll say, an' twis'  
His mouth an' squint his eye  
An' 'tend like *he* wuz beat the bass  
    Drum at both ends—an' toots and blaes  
Ole dinner-horn an' puffs his face—  
    The Little Mock-man on the Stairs!

The Little Mock-man on the Stairs  
Mocks all the peoples all he cares  
    'At passes up an' down!  
He mocks the chickens round the door,  
An' mocks the girl 'at scrubs the floor,  
An' mocks the rich, an' mocks the pore,  
    An' ever'thing in town!  
    "Ho! ho!" says he,  
    To you er me;

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

'An' ef we turns an' looks,  
He's all cross-eyed  
An' mouth all wide  
Like Giunts is, in books.—  
'Ho! ho!' he yells, "look here at *me*,"  
An' rolls his fat eyes roun' an' glares,—  
'*You* look like *this*!' he says, says he—  
The Little Mock-man on the Stairs!

*The Little Mock—*

*The Little Mock—*

*The Little Mock-man on the Stairs,  
He mocks the music-box an' clock,  
An' roller-sofya an' the chairs;  
He mocks his Pa an' spec's he wears;  
He mocks the man 'at picks the pears  
An' plums an' peaches on the shares;  
He mocks the monkeys an' the bears  
On picture-bills, an' rips an' tears  
'Em down,—an' mocks ist all he cares,  
An' EVER'body EVER'wheres!*

## MAMMY'S LULLABY

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Sunset still a-shinin' in de wes' ;

Sky am full o' windehs an' de stahs am peepin' froo—

Eb'ryt'ing but mammy's lamb at res'.

Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'lan',

Swing 'im to'ds de Souf—

See dat dove a-comin' wif a olive in 'is mouf!

Angel hahps a-hummin',

Angel banjos strummin'—

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Cricket fiddleh scrapin' off de rozzum f'um 'is bow,

Whippo'will a-mo'nin' on a lawg ;

Moon ez pale ez hit kin be a-risin' mighty slow—

Stahbled at de bahkin' ob de dawg ;

Swing de baby Eas'way,

Swing de baby Wes',

Swing 'im to'ds de Souflan' whah de melon grow de  
bes'!

'Angel singers singin',

Angel bells a-ringin',

Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?

Eyelids des a-droopin' li'l loweh all de w'ile,

Undeh lip a-saggin' des a mite ;

Li'l baby toofies showin' so't o' lak a smile,

Whiteh dan de snow, or des ez white.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Swing 'im to'ds de No'flan',

Swing 'im to'ds de Eas'—

Woolly cloud a-comin' fo' t' wrap 'im in 'is fleece!

Angel ban' a-playin'—

Whut dat music sayin'?

“Sleep, mah li'l pigeon, don' yo' heah yo' mammy coo?”

## MY SWEETHEART

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

Her height? Perhaps you'd deem her tall—  
    To be exact, just five feet seven.  
Her arching feet are not too small;  
    Her gleaming eyes are bits of heaven.  
Slim are her hands, yet not too wee—  
    I could not fancy useless fingers,  
Her hands are all that hands should be,  
    And own a touch whose memory lingers.

The hue that lights her oval cheeks  
    Recalls the pink that tints a cherry;  
Upon her chin a dimple speaks,  
    A disposition blithe and merry.  
Her laughter ripples like a brook;  
    Its sound a heart of stone would soften.  
Though sweetness shines in every look,  
    Her laugh is never loud, nor often.

Though golden locks have won renown  
    With bards, I never heed their raving;  
The girl I love hath locks of brown,  
    Not tightly curled, but gently waving.  
Her mouth?—Perhaps you'd term it large—  
    Is firmly molded, full and curving;  
Her quiet lips are Cupid's charge,  
    But in the cause of truth unswerving.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

Though little of her neck is seen,  
That little is both smooth and sightly;  
And fair as marble is its sheen  
Above her bodice gleaming whitely.  
Her nose is just the proper size,  
Without a trace of upward turning.  
Her shell-like ears are wee and wise,  
The tongue of scandal ever spurning.

In mirth and woe her voice is low,  
Her calm demeanor never fluttered;  
Her every accent seems to go  
Straight to one's heart as soon as uttered.  
She ne'er coquets as others do;  
Her tender heart would never let her.  
Where does she dwell? I would I knew;  
As yet, alas! I've never met her.

## THE AUTO RUBAIYAT\*

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Move!—Or the Devil Red who puts to flight  
Whate'er 's before him, to the Left or Right,  
    Will toss you high as Heaven when he strikes  
Your poor clay carcass with his master-might!

As the Cock crows the "Fiends" who stand before  
The Starting-Point, amid the Stream's wild roar,  
    Shake hands, make wills, and duly are confess'd,  
Lest, once departed, they return no more.

For whether towards Madrid or Washington,  
Whether by steam or gasoline they run,  
    Pedestrians keep getting in their way,  
Chauffeurs are being slaughtered one by one.

A new Fool's every minute born, you say;  
Yes, but where speeds the Fool of Yesterday?  
    Beneath the Road he sleeps, the Autos roar  
Close o'er his head, but can not thrill his clay.

Well, let him sleep! For what have ye to do  
With him, who this or Anything pursue  
    So it take swiftness?—Let the Children scream,  
Or Constables shout after—heed not you.

\*Lippincott's Magazine.



REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Oh ye who anti-auto laws would make  
And still insist upon the silly brake,  
Get in, and try a spin, and then you'll see  
How many fines you will impose—and take!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Tank that cheers,  
Nor heed the Law's rebuke, the Rabble's tears,  
Quick! For To-morrow you and I may be  
Ourselves with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

A pair of Goggles and a Cap, I trow,  
A Stench, a Roar, and my Machine and Thou  
Beside me, going ninety miles an hour—  
Oh, Turnpike-road were Paradise enow!

Ah, Love, could we successfully conspire  
Against this sorry World for our desire,  
Would we not shatter it to bits without  
So much of damage as a busted tire?

With Gasoline my fading Life provide,  
And wash my Body in it when I've died,  
And lay me, shrouded in my Cap and Cape,  
By some not Autoless new Speedway's side.

Yon "Devil" that goes pricking o'er the Plain,  
How oft hereafter will she go again!  
How oft hereafter will she seek her prey?  
But seek, alas, for one of us in vain!

And when, like her, O Love, you come to take  
Your morning spin for Appetite's sweet sake,  
And pass the spot where I lay buried, then,  
In memory of me, fling wide the Brake!

## THE TWO LADIES

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time there were Two Ladies at a Shop where Gorgeous and Expensive Silks were temptingly displayed. "Only Six Dollars a Yard, Madam," said the Shopman to One of the Ladies, as he held up the Lustrous Breadths in those Tempting Fan-shaped Folds peculiar to Shopmen.

The Lady hesitated, and looked Dubiously at the Silk, for she knew it was Beyond her Means.

The Shopman Continued: "Very Cheap at the Price, and I have Only this One Dress Pattern remaining. You will Take it? Yes? Certainly, I will Send it at Once."

The Lady went away filled with Deep Regret because she had squandered her Money so Foolishly, and wished she had been Firm in her Refusal to buy the Goods.

The Other Lady saw a similar Silk. She felt it Between her Fingers, Measured its Width with her Eye, and then said Impulsively, "Oh, That is just What I Want. I will Take Twenty Yards."

No Sooner was the Silk cut off than the Lady felt Sharp Twinges of Remorse, for she knew she must Pay for it with the Money she had Saved Up for a new Dining-Room Carpet.

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches that the Woman Who Deliberates Is Lost, and That We Should Think Twice Before We Speak Once.

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

O Love! Love! Love! What times were those,  
Long ere the age of belles and beaux,  
And Brussels lace and silken hose,  
When, in the green Arcadian close,  
You married Psyche under the rose,  
With only the grass for bedding!  
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,  
You followed Nature's sweet command,  
Roaming lovingly through the land,  
Nor sighed for a Diamond Wedding.

So have we read in classic Ovid,  
How Hero watched for her belovèd,  
Impassioned youth, Leander.  
She was the fairest of the fair,  
And wrapt him round with her golden hair,  
Whenever he landed cold and bare,  
With nothing to eat and nothing to wear,  
And wetter than any gander;  
For Love was Love, and better than money;  
The slyer the theft, the sweeter the honey;  
And kissing was clover, all the world over,  
Wherever Cupid might wander.

So thousands of years have come and gone,  
And still the moon is shining on,  
Still Hymen's torch is lighted;

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING

And hitherto, in this land of the West,  
Most couples in love have thought it best  
To follow the ancient way of the rest,  
And quietly get united.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—  
Bought and sold, with silver and gold,  
Like a house, or a horse and carriage!  
Midnight talks,  
Moonlight walks,  
The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh,  
The shadowy haunts, with no one by,  
I do not wish to disparage;  
But every kiss  
Has a price for its bliss,  
In the modern code of marriage;

And the compact sweet  
Is not complete  
Till the high contracting parties meet  
Before the altar of Mammon;  
And the bride must be led to a silver bower,  
Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower  
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell  
How it befell,  
(Since Jenkins has told the story  
Over and over and over again  
In a style I can not hope to attain,  
And covered himself with glory!)  
How it befell, one summer's day,  
The king of the Cubans strolled this way—  
King January's his name, they say—  
And fell in love with the Princess May,

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

The reigning belle of Manhattan;  
Nor how he began to smirk and sue,  
And dress as lovers who come to woo,  
Or as Max Maretzek and Julien do,  
When they sit full-bloomed in the ladies' view,  
And flourish the wondrous baton.

He wasn't one of your Polish nobles,  
Whose presence their country somehow troubles,  
And so our cities receive them;  
Nor one of your make-believe Spanish grandees,  
Who ply our daughters with lies and candies  
Until the poor girls believe them.  
No, he was no such charlatan—  
Count de Hoboken Flash-in-the-pan,  
Full of gasconade and bravado—  
But a regular, rich Don Rataplan,  
Santa Claus de la Muscovado,  
Señor Grandissimo Bastinado.  
His was the rental of half Havana  
And all Matanzas; and Santa Anna,  
Rich as he was, could hardly hold  
A candle to light the mines of gold  
Our Cuban owned, choke-full of diggers;  
And broad plantations, that, in round figures,  
Were stocked with at least five thousand niggers!  
"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"  
The Señor swore to carry the day,  
To capture the beautiful Princess May,  
With his battery of treasure;  
Velvet and lace she should not lack;  
Tiffany, Haughwout, Ball & Black,  
Genin and Stewart his suit should back,  
And come and go at her pleasure;

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING

Jet and lava—silver and gold—  
Garnets—emeralds rare to behold—  
Diamonds—sapphires—wealth untold—  
All were hers, to have and to hold :  
    Enough to fill a peck measure !

He didn't bring all his forces on  
At once, but like a crafty old Don,  
Who many a heart had fought and won,  
    Kept bidding a little higher ;  
And every time he made his bid,  
And what she said, and all they did—  
        'Twas written down,  
        For the good of the town,  
By Jeems, of *The Daily Flyer*.

A coach and horses, you'd think, would buy  
For the Don an easy victory ;  
    But slowly our Princess yielded.  
A diamond necklace caught her eye,  
But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh.  
She knew the worth of each maiden glance,  
And, like young colts, that curvet and prance,  
She led the Don a deuce of a dance,  
    In spite of the wealth he wielded.  
She stood such a fire of silks and laces,  
Jewels and gold dressing-cases,  
And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls,  
That every one of her dainty curls  
Brought the price of a hundred common girls ;  
    Folks thought the lass demented !  
But at last a wonderful diamond ring,  
An infant Kohinoor, did the thing,

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

And, sighing with love, or something the same,  
    (What's in a name?),  
The Princess May consented.

Ring! ring the bells, and bring  
The people to see the marrying!  
Let the gaunt and hungry and ragged poor  
Throng round the great cathedral door,  
To wonder what all the hubbub's for,  
    And sometimes stupidly wonder  
'At so much sunshine and brightness which  
Fall from the church upon the rich,  
    While the poor get all the thunder.

Ring, ring! merry bells, ring!  
    O fortunate few,  
    With letters blue,  
Good for a seat and a nearer view!  
Fortunate few, whom I dare not name;  
Dilettanti! Crème de la Crème!  
We commoners stood by the street façade,  
And caught a glimpse of the cavalcade.  
    We saw the bride  
    In diamond pride,  
With jeweled maidens to guard her side—  
Six lustrous maidens in tarletan.  
She led the van of the caravan;  
    Close behind her, her mother  
(Dressed in gorgeous *moire antique*,  
That told as plainly as words could speak,  
She was more antique than the other)  
    Leaned on the arm of Don Rataplan,  
Santa Claus de la Muscovado,  
Señor Grandissimo Bastinado.

## THE DIAMOND WEDDING

Happy mortal! fortunate man!  
'And Marquis of El Dorado!

In they swept, all riches and grace,  
Silks and satins, jewels and lace;  
In they swept from the dazzled sun,  
And soon in the church the deed was done.  
Three prelates stood on the chancel high:  
A knot that gold and silver can buy,  
Gold and silver may yet untie,  
    Unless it is tightly fastened;  
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,  
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle  
    Is not to be pushed or hastened;  
So two Very-Reverends graced the scene,  
And the tall Archbishop stood between,  
    By prayer and fasting chastened;  
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,  
But Garibaldi kept him at home.  
Haply those robed prelates thought  
Their words were the power that tied the knot;  
But another power that love-knot tied,  
And I saw the chain round the neck of the bride—  
A glistening, priceless, marvelous chain,  
Coiled with diamonds again and again,  
    As befits a diamond wedding;  
Yet still 'twas a chain, and I thought she knew it,  
And half-way longed for the will to undo it,  
    By the secret tears she was shedding.

But isn't it odd to think, whenever  
We all go through that terrible River—  
Whose sluggish tide alone can sever  
(The Archbishop says) the Church decree,  
By floating one into Eternity



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And leaving the other alive as ever—  
As each wades through that ghastly stream,  
The satins that rustle and gems that gleam,  
Will grow pale and heavy, and sink away  
To the noisome River's bottom-clay!  
Then the costly bride and her maidens six,  
Will shiver upon the banks of the Styx,  
Quite as helpless as they were born—  
Naked souls, and very forlorn;  
The Princess, then, must shift for herself,  
And lay her royalty on the shelf;  
She, and the beautiful Empress, yonder,  
Whose robes are now the wide world's wonder,  
And even ourselves, and our dear little wives,  
Who calico wear each morn of their lives,  
And the sewing-girls, and *les chiffonniers*,  
In rags and hunger—a gaunt array—  
And all the grooms of the caravan—  
Ay, even the great Don Rataplan  
Santa Claus de la Muscavado  
Señor Grandissimo Bastinado—  
That gold-encrusted, fortunate man—  
All will land in naked equality:  
The lord of a ribboned principality  
    Will mourn the loss of his *cordón*;  
Nothing to eat and nothing to wear  
Will certainly be the fashion there!  
Ten to one, and I'll go it alone;  
Those most used to a rag and a bone,  
Though here on earth they labor and groan,  
Will stand it best, as they wade abreast  
    To the other side of Jordan.

## AN ARKANSAS PLANTER

BY OPIE READ

Slowly and heavily the Major walked out upon the veranda. He stood upon the steps leading down into the yard, and he saw Louise afar off standing upon the river's yellow edge. She had thrown her hat upon the sand, and she stood with her hands clasped upon her brown head. A wind blew down the stream, and the water lapped at her feet. The Major looked back into the library, at the door wherein Pennington had stood, and sighed with relief upon finding that he was gone. He looked back toward the river. The girl was walking along the shore, meditatively swinging her hat. He stepped to the corner of the house, and, gazing down the road, saw Pennington on a horse, now sitting straight, now bending low over the horn of the saddle. The old gentleman had a habit of making a sideward motion with his hand as if he would put all unpleasant thoughts behind him, and now he made the motion not only once, but many times. And it seemed that his thoughts would not obey him, for he became more imperative in his pantomimic demand.

At one corner of the large yard, where the smooth ground broke off into a steep slope to the river, there stood a small office built of brick. It was the Major's executive chamber, and thither he directed his steps. Inside this place his laugh was never heard; at the door his smile always faded. In this commercial sanctuary were enforced the exactions that made the plantation thrive. Outside,

## OPIE READ

in the yard, in the "big house," elsewhere under the sky, a plea of distress might moisten his eyes and soften his heart to his own financial disadvantage, but under the moss-grown shingles of the office all was business, hard, uncompromising. It was told in the neighborhood that once, in this inquisition of affairs, he demanded the last cent possessed by a widowed woman, but that, while she was on her way home, he overtook her, graciously returned the money and magnanimously tore to pieces a mortgage that he held against her small estate.

Just as he entered the office there came across the yard a loud and impatient voice. "Here, Bill, confound you, come and take this horse. Don't you hear me, you idiot? You infernal niggers are getting to be so no-account that the last one of you ought to be driven off the place. Trot, confound you. Here, take this horse to the stable and feed him. Where is the Major? In the office? The devil he is."

Toward the office slowly strode old Gideon Batts, fanning himself with his white slouch hat. He was short, fat, and bald; he was bow-legged with a comical squat; his eyes stuck out like the eyes of a swamp frog; his nose was enormous, shapeless, and red. To the Major's family he traced the dimmest line of kinship. During twenty years he had operated a small plantation that belonged to the Major, and he was always at least six years behind with his rent. He had married the widow Martin, and afterward swore that he had been disgracefully deceived by her, that he had expected much but had found her moneyless; and after this he had but small faith in woman. His wife died and he went into contented mourning, and out of gratitude to his satisfied melancholy, swore that he would pay his rent, but failed. Upon the Major he held a strong hold, and this was a puzzle to his neighbors. Their

## AN ARKANŞAS PLANTER

characters stood at fantastic and whimsical variance; one never in debt, the other never out of debt; one clamped by honor, the other feeling not its restraining pinch. But together they would ride abroad, laughing along the road. To Mrs. Cranceford old Gid was a pest. With the shrewd digs of a woman, the blood-letting side stabs of her sex, she had often shown her disapproval of the strong favor in which the Major held him; she vowed that her husband had gathered many an oath from Gid's swollen store of execration (when, in truth, Gid had been an apt pupil under the Major), and she had hoped that the Major's attachment to the church would of necessity free him from the humiliating association with the old sinner, but it did not, for they continued to ride abroad, laughing along the road.

Like a skittish horse old Gid shied at the office door. Once he had crossed that threshold and it had cost him a crop of cotton.

"How are you, John?" was Gid's salutation as he edged off, still fanning himself.

"How are you, sir?" was the Major's stiff recognition of the fact that Gid was on earth.

"Getting hotter, I believe, John."

"I presume it is, sir." The Major sat with his elbow resting on a desk, and about him were stacked threatening bundles of papers; and old Gid knew that in those commercial romances he himself was a familiar character.

"Are you busy, John?"

"Yes, but you may come in."

"No, I thank you. Don't believe I've got time."

"Then take time. I want to talk to you. Come in."

"No, not to-day, John. Fact is I'm not feeling very well. Head's all stopped up with a cold, and these sum-

mer colds are awful, I tell you. It was a summer cold that took my father off."

"How's your cotton in that low strip along the bayou?"

"Tolerable, John; tolerable."

"Come in. I want to talk to you about it."

"Don't believe I can stand the air in there, John. Head all stopped up. Don't believe I'm going to live very long."

"Nonsense. You are as strong as a buck."

"You may think so, John, but I'm not. I thought father was strong, too, but a summer cold got him. I am getting along in years, John, and I find that I have to take care of myself. But if you really want to talk to me about that piece of cotton, come out where it's cool."

The Major shoved back his papers and arose, but hesitated; and Gid stood looking on, fanning himself. The Major stepped out and Gid's face was split asunder with a broad smile.

"I gad. I've been up town and had a set-to with old Baucum and the rest of them. Pulled up fifty winner at poker and jumped. Devilish glad to see you; miss you every minute of the time I'm away. Let's go over here and sit down on that bench."

They walked toward a bench under a live-oak tree, and upon Gid's shoulder the Major's hand affectionately rested. They halted to laugh, and old Gid shoved the Major away from him, then seized him and drew him back. They sat down, still laughing, but suddenly the Major became serious.

"Gid, I'm in trouble," he said.

"Nonsense, my boy, there is no such thing as trouble. Throw it off. Look at me. I've had enough of what the world calls trouble to kill a dozen ordinary men, but just look at me—getting stronger every day. Throw it off. What is it anyway?"

## AN ARKANSAS PLANTER

"Louise declares that she is going to marry Pennington."

"What!" old Gid exclaimed, turning with a bouncing flounce and looking straight at the Major. "Marry Pennington! Why, she shan't, John. That's all there is of it. We object and that settles it. Why, what the deuce can she be thinking about?"

"Thinking about him," the Major answered.

"Yes, but she must quit it. Why, it's outrageous for as sensible a girl as she is to think of marrying that fellow. You leave it to me; hear what I said? Leave it to me."

This suggested shift of responsibility did not remove the shadow of sadness that had fallen across the Major's countenance.

"You leave it to me and I'll give her a talk she'll not forget. I'll make her understand that she's a queen, and a woman is pretty devilish skittish about marrying anybody when you convince her that she's a queen. What does your wife say about it?"

"She hasn't said anything. She's out visiting and I haven't seen her since Louise told me of her determination to marry him."

"Don't say determination, John. Say foolish notion. But it's all right."

"No, it's not all right."

"What, have you failed to trust me? Is it possible that you have lost faith in me? Don't do that, John, for if you do it will be a never failing source of regret. You don't seem to remember what my powers of persuasion have accomplished in the past. When I was in the legislature, chairman of the Committee on County and County Lines, what did my protest do? It kept them from cutting off a ten-foot strip of this county and adding it to Jefferson.

## OPIE READ

You must remember those things, John, for in the factors of persuasion lie the shaping of human life. I've been riding in the hot sun and I think that a mint julep would hit me now just about where I live. Say, there, Bill, bring us some mint, sugar and whisky. And cold water, mind you."

"Ah," said old Gideon, sipping his scented drink, "virtue may become wearisome, and we may gape during the most fervent prayer, but I gad, John, there is always the freshness of youth in a mint julep. Pour just a few more drops of liquor into mine, if you please—want it to rattle me a trifle, you know. Recollect those come-all ye songs we used to sing, going down the river? Remember the time I snatched the sword out of my cane and lunged at a horse trader from Tennessee? Scoundrel grabbed it and broke it off and it was all I could do to keep him from establishing a close and intimate relationship with me. Great old days, John; and I gad, they'll never come again."

"I remember it all, Gid, and it was along there that you fell in love with a woman that lived at Mortimer's Bend."

"Easy, now, John. A trifle more liquor, if you please. Thank you. Yes, I used to call her the wild plum. Sweet thing, and I had no idea that she was married until her lout of a husband came down to the landing with a double-barrel gun. Ah, Lord, if she had been single and worth money I could have made her very happy. Fate hasn't always been my friend, John."

"Possibly not, Gid, but you know that fate to be just should divide her favors, and this time she leaned toward the woman."

"Slow, John. I gad, there's your wife."

A carriage drew up at the yard gate and a woman stepped out. She did not go into the house, but seeing

## AN ARKANSAS PLANTER

the Major, came toward him. She was tall, with large black eyes and very gray hair. In her step was suggested the pride of an old Kentucky family, belles, judges and generals. She smiled at the Major and bowed stiffly at old Gid. The two men arose.

"Thank you, I don't care to sit down," she said. "Where is Louise?"

"I saw her down by the river just now," the Major answered.

"I wish to see her at once," said his wife.

"Shall I go and call her, madam?" Gid asked.

She gave him a look of surprise and answered: "No, I thank you."

"No trouble, I assure you," Gid persisted. "I am pleased to say that age has not affected my voice, except to mellow it with more of reverence when I address the wife of a noble man and the mother of a charming girl."

She had dignity, but humor was never lost upon her, and she smiled. This was encouraging, and old Gid proceeded: "I was just telling the Major of my splendid prospects for a bountiful crop this year, and I feel that with this blessing of Providence I shall soon be able to meet all my obligations. I saw our rector, Mr. Mills, this morning, and he spoke of how thankful I ought to be—he had just passed my bayou field—and I told him that I would not only assert my gratitude, but would prove it with a substantial donation to the church at the end of the season."

In the glance which she gave him there was refined and gentle contempt; and then she looked down upon the decanter of whisky. Old Gideon drew down the corners of his mouth, as was his wont when he strove to excite compassion.

"Yes," he said with a note of pity forced upon his



voice, "I am exceedingly thankful for all the blessings that have come to me, but I haven't been very well of late; rather feeble to-day, and the kind Major noticing it, insisted upon my taking a little liquor, the medicine of our sturdy and gallant fathers, madam."

The Major sprawled himself back with a roaring laugh, and hereupon Gid added: "It takes the Major a long time to get over a joke. Told him one just now and it tickled him mighty nigh to death. Well, I must be going now, and, madam, if I should chance to see anything of your charming daughter, I will tell her that you desire a conference with her. William," he called, "my horse, if you please."

The Major's wife went into the house as Batts came up, glancing back at him as she passed through the door; and in her eyes there was nothing as soft as a tear. The old fellow winced, as he nearly always did when she gave him a direct look.

"Are you all well?" Gideon asked, lifting the tails of his long coat and seating himself in a rocking chair.

"First-rate," the Major answered, drawing forward another rocker; and when he had sat down, he added: "Somewhat of an essence of November in the air."

"Yes," Gid assented; "felt it in my joints before I got up this morning." From his pocket he took a plug of tobacco.

"I thought you'd given up chewing," said the Major. "Last time I saw you I understood you to say that you had thrown your tobacco away."

"I did, John; but, I gad, I watched pretty close where I threw it. Fellow over here gave me some stuff that he said would cure me of the appetite, and I took it until I was afraid it would, and then threw it away. I find that

## AN ARKANSAS PLANTER

when a man quits tobacco he hasn't anything to look forward to. I quit for three days once, and on the third day, about the time I got up from the dinner table, I asked myself: 'Well, now, got anything to come next?' And all I could see before me was hours of hankering; and, I gad, I slapped a negro boy on a horse and told him to gallop over to the store and fetch me a hunk of tobacco. And after I broke my resolution I thought I'd have a fit there in the yard waiting for that boy to come back. I don't believe that it's right for a man to kill any appetite that the Lord has given him. Of course, I don't believe in the abuse of a good thing, but it's better to abuse it a little sometimes than not to have it at all. If virtue consists in deadening the nervous system to all pleasurable influences, why, you may just mark my name off the list. There was old man Haskill. I sat up with him the night after he died, and one of the men with me was harping upon the great life the old fellow had lived—never chewed, never smoked, never was drunk, never gambled, never did anything except to stand still and be virtuous—and I couldn't help but feel that he had lost nothing by dying."

## THE TWO YOUNG MEN

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time there were Two Young Men of Promising Capabilities.

One pursued no Especial Branch of Education, but Contented himself with a Smattering of many different Arts and Sciences, exhibiting a Moderate Proficiency in Each. When he Came to Make a Choice of some means of Earning a Livelihood, he found he was Unsuccessful, for he had no Specialty, and Every Employer seemed to Require an Expert in his Line.

The Other, from his Earliest Youth, bent all his Energies toward Learning to play the Piano. He studied at Home and Abroad with Greatest Masters, and he Achieved Wonderful Success. But as he was about to Begin his Triumphant and Profitable Career, he had the Misfortune to lose both Thumbs in a Railway Accident.

Thus he was Deprived of his Intended Means of Earning a Living, and as he had no other Accomplishment he was Forced to Subsist on Charity.

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches that a Jack of all Trades is Master of None, and that It Is Not Well to put All our Eggs in One Basket.

## THE TWO HOUSEWIVES

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time there were Two Housewives who must Needs go to Market to purchase the Day's Supplies.

One of Them, who was of a Dilatory Nature, said :

"I will not Hurry Myself, for I Doubt Not the Market contains Plenty for all who come."

She therefore Sauntered Forth at her Leisure, and on reaching the Market she found to her Dismay that the Choicest Cuts and the Finest Produce had All been Sold, and there remained for her only the Inferior Meats and Some Withered Vegetables.

The Other, who was One of the Hustling, Wide-awake Sort, said :

"I will Bestir myself Betimes and Hasten to Market that I may Take my Pick ere my Neighbors appear on the Scene."

She did so, and when she Reached the Market she Discovered that the Fresh Produce had not yet Arrived, and she must Content herself with the Remnants of Yesterday's Stock.

### MORALS :

This Fable teaches that The Early Bird Gets the Worm, and that There Are Always as Good Fish In the Sea as Ever were Caught.

## IN PHILISTIA

BY BLISS CARMAN

Of all the places on the map,  
Some queer and others queerer,  
Arcadia is dear to me,  
Philistia is dearer.

There dwell the few who never knew  
The pangs of heavenly hunger,  
As fresh and fair and fond and frail  
As when the world was younger.

If there is any sweeter sound  
Than bobolinks or thrushes,  
It is the *frou-frou* of their silks—  
The roll of their barouches.

I love them even when they're good,  
As well as when they're sinners—  
When they are sad and worldly wise  
And when they are beginners.

(I say I do; of course the fact,  
For better or for worse, is,  
My unerratic life denies  
My too erotic verses.)

I dote upon their waywardness,  
Their foibles and their follies.  
If there's a madder pate than Di's,  
Perhaps it may be Dolly's.

## IN PHILISTIA

They have no "problems" to discuss,  
No "theories" to discover;  
They are not "new"; and I—I am  
Their very grateful lover.

I care not if their minds confuse  
Alastor with Aladdin;  
And Cimabue is far less  
To them than Chimmie Fadden.

They never heard of William Blake,  
Nor saw a Botticelli;  
Yet one is, "Yours till death, Louise,"  
And one, "Your loving Nelly."

They never tease me for my views,  
Nor tax me with my grammar;  
Nor test me on the latest news,  
Until I have to stammer.

They never talk about their "moods,"  
They never know they have them;  
The world is good enough for them,  
And that is why I love them.

They never puzzle me with Greek,  
Nor drive me mad with Ibsen;  
Yet over forms as fair as Eve's  
They wear the gowns of Gibson.

## THE DYING GAG

BY JAMES L. FORD

There was an affecting scene on the stage of a New York theater the other night—a scene invisible to the audience and not down on the bills, but one far more touching and pathetic than anything enacted before the footlights that night, although it was a minstrel company that gave the entertainment.

It was a wild, blustering night, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners, blinding the pedestrians with the clouds of dust that it caught up from the gutters and hurled into their faces.

Old man Sweeny, the stage doorkeeper, dozing in his little glazed box, was awakened by a sudden gust that banged the stage door and then went howling along the corridor, almost extinguishing the gas-jets and making the minstrels shiver in their dressing-rooms.

“What! You here to-night!” exclaimed old man Sweeny, as a frail figure, muffled up in a huge ulster, staggered through the doorway and stood leaning against the wall, trying to catch his breath.

“Yes; I felt that I couldn’t stay away from the footlights to-night. They tell me I’m old and worn out and had better take a rest, but I’ll go on till I drop,” and with a hollow cough the Old Gag plodded slowly down the dim and drafty corridor and sank wearily on a sofa in the big dressing-room, where the other Gags and Conundrums were awaiting their cues.

## THE DYING GAG

"Poor old fellow!" said one of them, sadly. "He can't hold out much longer."

"He ought not to go on except at matinees," replied another veteran, who was standing in front of the mirror trimming his long, silvery beard, and just then an attendant came in with several basins of gruel, and the old Jests tucked napkins under their chins and sat down to partake of a little nourishment before going on.

The bell tinkled and the entertainment began. One after another the Jokes and Conundrums heard their cues, went on, and returned to the dressing-room, for they all had to go on again in the after-piece. The house was crowded to the dome, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the vast audience as one after another of the old Quips and Jests that had been treasured household words in many a family came on and then disappeared to make room for others of their kind.

As the evening wore on the whisper ran through the theater that the Old Gag was going on that night—perhaps for the last time; and many an eye grew dim, many a pulse beat quicker at the thought of listening once more to that hoary Jest, about whose head were clustered so many sacred memories.

Meanwhile the Old Gag was sitting in his corner of the dressing-room, his head bowed on his breast, his gruel untasted on the tray before him. The other Gags came and went, but he heeded them not. His thoughts were far away. He was dreaming of old days, of his early struggles for fame, and of his friends and companions of years ago. "Where are they now?" he asked himself, sadly. "Some are wanderers on the face of the earth, in comic operas. Two of them found ignoble graves in the 'Tourists' company. Others are sleeping beneath the daisies in Harper's 'Editor's Drawer.'"



JAMES L. FORD

"You're called, sir!"

The Old Gag awoke from his reverie, started to his feet, and, throwing aside his heavy ulster, staggered to the entrance and stood there patiently waiting for his cue.

"You're hardly strong enough to go on to-night," said a Merry Jest, touching him kindly on the arm; but the gray-bearded one shook him off, saying hoarsely:

"Let be! Let be! I must read those old lines once more—it may be for the last time."

And now a solemn hush fell upon the vast audience as a sad-faced minstrel uttered in tear-compelling accents the most pathetic words in all the literature of minstrelsy:

"And so you say, Mr. Johnson, that all the people on the ship were perishing of hunger, and yet you were eating fried eggs. How do you account for that?"

For one moment a deathlike silence prevailed. Then the Old Gag stepped forward and in clear, ringing tones replied:

"The ship lay to, and I got one."

A wild, heartrending sob came from the audience and relieved the tension as the Old Gag staggered back into the entrance and fell into the friendly arms that were waiting to receive him.

Sobbing Conundrums bore him to a couch in the dressing-room. Weeping Jokes strove in vain to bring back the spark of life to his inanimate form. But all to no avail.

The Old Gag was dead.

IN ELIZABETH'S DAY

BY WALLACE RICE

Who would not give the treasure  
Of very many lives  
If some kind fate would pleasure  
To let him be where Ben is  
A-playing Kit at tennis,  
Or playing Will at fives?

The racquet ne'er so deftly  
Is turned, whoever strives,  
The ball flies ne'er so swiftly  
As thought and tongue where Ben is  
A-playing Kit at tennis,  
Or playing Will at fives.

## THE TWO AUTOMOBILISTS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time there were Two Young Men, each of whom Bought an Automobile.

One Young Man, being of a Bold and Audacious nature, said:

“I will make my Machine go so Fast that I will break all Previous Records.”

Accordingly, he did So, and he Flew through the Small Town like a Red Dragon Pursuing his Prey.

Unheeding all Obstacles in his Mad Career, his Automobile ran into a Wall of Rock, and was dashed to Pieces. Also, the young Man was killed.

The Other Young Man, being of a Timorous and Careful Disposition, started off with great Caution and Rode at a Slow Pace, pausing now and then, Lest he might Run into Something.

The Result was, that Two Automobiles and an Ice Wagon ran into him from behind, spoiling his Car and Killing the Cautious Young Man.

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches Us, The More Haste The Less Speed, and Delays Are Dangerous.

## THE NEW VERSION

BY W. J. LAMPTON

A soldier of the Russians  
Lay jappaned at Tschrtzvjkskivitch,  
There was lack of woman's nursing  
And other comforts which  
Might add to his last moments  
And smooth the final way;—  
But a comrade stood beside him  
To hear what he might say.  
The jappaned Russian faltered  
As he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said: "I never more shall see  
My own my native land;  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Smnlxzrskgqrxzski,  
Fair Smnlxzrskgqrxzski on the Irkztrvzkimnov."

## SOUTHERN SKETCHES

BY BILL ARP

JIM ALLCORN

I was only thinkin' how much better it is to be in a lively humor than be goin' about like a disappointed offis seeker. Good humor is a blessed thing in a family and smooths down a heap of trubble. I never was mad but a few times in my life, and then I wasn't mad long. Foaks thought I was mad when I fout Jim Allcorn, but I wasent. I never had had any grudge agin Jim. He had never done me any harm, but I could hear of his sayin' around in the naborhood that Bill Arp had played cock of the walk long enuf. So one day I went over to Chulio court ground to joak with the boys, and shore enuf Jim was there, and I soon perseved that the devil was in him. He had never been whipped by anybody in the distrikt, and he outweighed me by about fifteen pounds. A drink or two had made him sassy, and so he commenced walkin' around first to one crowd, and then to another, darin' anybody to fite him. He would pint to his forrerd and say, "I'll give anybody five dollars to hit that." I was standin' tawkin' to Frank Air and John Johnsin, and as nobody took up Jim's offer, thinks says I to myself, if he cums round here a huntin' for a fite he shall have one, by golly. If he dares me to hit him I'll do it if it's the last lick I ever strike on this side of Jordin. Frank Air looked at me, and seemed to know what I was a thinkin', and

## SOUTHERN SKETCHES

says he, "Bill, jest let Allcorn alone. He's too big for you, and besides, there ain't nothin' to fite about." By this time Jim was makin' rite towards us. I put myself in position, and by the time he got to us every muscle in my body was strung as tite as a banjo. I was worked up powerful, and felt like I could whip a campmeetin' of wild cats. Shore enuf Jim stepped up defiantly, and lookin' me rite in the eye, says he, "I dare anybody to hit that," and he touched his knuckles to his forrerd. He had barely straightened before I took him rite in the left eye with a sock-dolyger that popped like a wagin' whip. It turned him half round, and as quick as lightnin' I let him hav another on the right temple, and followed it up with a leap that sprawled him as flat as a foot mat. I knowed my customer, and I never giv him time to rally. If ever a man was diligent in business it was me. I took him so hard and so fast in the eyes with my fists, and in his bred basket with my knees, that he didn't hav a chance to see or to breathe, and he was the worst whipped man in two minets I ever seed in my life. When he hollered I helped him up and breshed the dirt off his clothes, and he was as umble as a ded nigger and as sober as a Presbyterian preacher. We took a dram on the strength of it, and was always good frends afterwards.

But I dident start to tell you about that.

### JIM PERKINS (COUSIN OF ELI)

I jist wanted to say that I wasent mad with Jim Allcorn, as sum peepul supposed; but it do illustrate the on-sertainty of human kalkulashuns in this subloonery world. The disappointments of life are amazin', and if a man wants to fret and grumble at his luck he can find a reesunable oppertunity to do so every day that he lives. Them

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sort of constitutional grumblers ain't much cumpany to me. I'd rather be Jim Perkins with a bullit hole through me and take my chances. Jim, you know, was shot down at Gains' Mill, and the ball went in at the umbilikus, as Dr. Battey called it, and cum out at the backbone. The Doktor sounded him, and sez he, "Jeems, my friend, your wound is mortal." Jim looked at the Doktor, and then at me, and sez he, "That's bad, ain't it?" "Mighty bad," sez I, and I was as sorry for him as I ever was for anybody in my life. Sez he, "Bill, I'd make a will if it warn't for one thing." "What's that, Jim?" sez I. He sorter smiled and sez, "I hain't got nothin' to will." He then raised up on his elbow, and sez he, "Doktor, is there one chance in a hundred for me?" and the Doktor sez, "Jest about, Jim." "Well, then," sez he, "I'll git well—I feel it in my gizzard." He looked down at the big hole in his umbilikus, and sez he, "If I do get well, won't it be a great *naval* viktry, Doktor Battey?" Well, shore enuff he did git well, and in two months he was fitin' the Yanks away up in Maryland.

But I didn't start to tell you about that.

## IKE MACKOY

I jest stuck it in by way of illustratin' the good effeks of keepin' up one's spirits. My motto has always been to never say die, as Gen. Nelson sed at the battle of Madagascar, or sum other big river. All things considered, I've had a power of good luck in my life. I don't mean money luck, by no means, for most of my life I've been so ded poor that Lazarus would hev been considered a note shaver compared with me. But I've been in a heap of close places, and sumhow always cum out rite side up with keer. Speakin' of luck, I don't know that

## SOUTHERN SKETCHES

I ever told you about that rassel I had with Ike McKoy at Bob Hide's barbyku. You see Ike was perhaps the best rasler in all Cherokee, and he jest hankered after a chance to break a bone or two in my body. Now, you know, I never hunted for a fite nor a fuss in my life, but I never dodged one. I didnt want a tilt with Ike, for my opinyun was that he was the best man of the two, but I never sed anything and jest trusted to luck. We was both at the barbyku, and he put on a heap of airs, and strutted around with his shirt collar open clean down to his waist, and his hat cocked on one side as sassy as a confedrit quartermaster. He took a dram or two and stuffed himself full of fresh meat at dinner time. Purty soon it was norated around that Ike was going to banter me for a rassel, and, shore enuff, he did. The boys were all up for some fun, and Ike hollered out, "I'll bet ten dollars I can paster the length of any man on the ground, and I'll giv Bill Arp five dollars to take up the bet." Of course there was no gittin' around the like of that. The banter got my blood up, and so, without waitin' for preliminaries, I shucked myself and went in. The boys was all powerfully excited, and was a bettin' evry dollar they could raise; and Bob Moore, the feller I had licked about a year before, jumped on a stump and sed hed bet twenty dollars to ten that Ike would knock the breath out of me the first fall. I jest walked over to him with the money and sed, "I'll take that bet." The river was right close to the ring, and the bank was purty steep. I had on a pair of old breeches that had been sained in and dried so often they was about half rotten. When we hitched, Ike took good britches hold, and lifted me up and down a few times like I was a child. He was the heaviest, but I had the most spring in me, and so I jest let him play round for sum time, limber like, until he suddenly took



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a notion to make short work of it by one of his backleg movements. He drew me up to his body and lifted me in the air with a powerful twist. Just at that minit his back was close to the river bank, and as my feet touched the ground I giv a tremenjius jerk backwards, and a shuv forwards, and my britches busted plum open on the back, and tore clean off in front, and he fell from me and tumbled into the water, kerchug, and went out of sight as clean as a mud turtle in a mill pond. Such hollerin' as them boys done I rekon never heard in them woods. I jumped in and helped Ike get out as he riz to the top. He had took in a quart or two of water on top of his barbyku, and he set on the bank and throwed up enuf vittels to feed a pack of houns for a week. When he got over it he laffd, and sed Sally told him before he left home he'd better let Bill Arp alone—for nobody could run agin his luck. Ike always believed he would hav throwd me if britches holt hadent broke, and I rekon may be he would. One thing is sertin, it cured him of braggin', and that helps anybody. I never did like a braggin' man. As a genrul thing they ain't much akcount, and remind me of a dog I used to have, named Cesar.

### Dogs

But I didnt start to tell you a dog story—only now, since I've mentioned him, I must tell you a circumstance about Cees. He was a middlin' size broot, with fox ears and yaller spots over his eyes, and could out bark and out brag all creation when he was inside the yard. If another dog was goin' along he'd run up and down the palins and bark and take on like he'd give the world if that fence wasent there. So one day when he was showin' off in that way I caught him by the nap of the neck as he

## SOUTHERN SKETCHES

run by me, and jest histed him right over and drapped him. He struck the ground like an injun rubber ball, and was back agin on my side in a jiffy. If he had ever jumped that fence before I dident know it. The other dog run a quarter of a mile without stoppin'. Now, that's the way with sum foaks. If you want to hear war tawk jest put a fence between 'em; and if you want it stopped, jest take the fence away. Dogs is mighty like peepul anyhow. They've got karakter. Sum of em are good, honest, trusty dogs that bark mity little and bite at the right time. Sum are good pluk, and will fite like the dickens when their masters is close by to back em, but ain't worth a cent by themselves. Sum make it a bizness to make other dogs fite. You've seen these little fices a runnin' around growlin' and snappin' when two big dogs cum together. They are jest as keen to get up a row and see a big dog fite as a store clerk or a shoemaker, and seem to enjoy it as much. And then, there's them mean yaller-eyed bull terriers that don't care who they bite, so they bite sumbody. They are no respekter of persons, and I never had much respekt for a man who kept one on his premises. But of all mean, triflin', contemptible dogs in the world, the meanest of all is a country nigger's houn—one that will kill sheep, and suck eggs, and lick the skillet, and steal everything he can find, and try to do as nigh like his master as possibul. Sum dogs are filosofers, and study other dogs' natur, just like foaks study foaks. It's amazin' to see a town dog trot up to a country dog and interview him. How quick he finds out whether it will do to attack him or not. If the country dog shows fite jest notis the consequential dignity with which the town dog retires. He goes off like there was a sudden emergency of bisness a callin' him away. Town dogs sumtimes combine agin a country dog, jest like town

## BILL ARP

boys try to run over country boys. I wish you could see Dr. Miller's dog Cartoosh. He jest lays in the piazzer all day watchin' out for a stray dog, and as soon as he sees him he goes for him, and he can tell in half a minit whether he can whip him or run him; and if he can, he does it instanter, and if he can't he runs to the next yard, where there's two more dogs that nabor with him, and in a minit they all cum a tarin' out together, and that country dog has to run or take a whippin', shore. I've seen Cartoosh play that game many a time: These town pups remind me powerfully of small editurs prowlin' around for news. In my opinyun they is the inventors of the interview bisness.

## INTERVIEWERS

If it ain't a doggish sort of bisnes I'm mistaken in my idees of the proprieties of life. When a man gits into trubble, these sub editurs go fur him right strait, and they force their curosity away down into his heart strings, and bore into his buzzom with an augur as hard and as cold as chilld iron. Then away they go to skatter his feelins and sekrets to the wide, wide world. You see the poor feller can't help himself, for if he won't talk they'll go off and slander him, and make the publik beleieve he's dun sumthing mean, and is ashamed to own it. I've knowd em to go into a dungeon and interview a man who didnt have two hours to live. Dot rot em. I wish one of em would try to interview me. If he didnt catch leather under his coat tail it would be bekaus he retired prematurely—that's all. But I like editurs sorter—especially sum. I like them that is the gardeens of sleepin' liberty, and good morals, and publik welfare, and sich like; but there's sum kinds I don't like. Them what

## SOUTHERN SKETCHES

makes sensation a bizness; feedin' the peepul on skandal, and crime, and gossip, and private quarrels, and them what levies black mail on polytiks, and won't go for a man who won't pay em, and will go for a man that will. Them last watch for elekshun times jest like a sick frog waitin' for rain.

As Bill Nations used to say, I'd drather be a luniak and gnaw chains in an asylum, than to be an editur that everybody feard and nobody respekted.

## THE TWO BUSINESS MEN

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time two Business Men were Each Confronted with what seemed to be a Fine Chance to Make Money.

One Man, being of a Cautious and Prudent Nature, said: "I will not Take Hold of this Matter until I have Carefully Examined it in All its Aspects and Inquired into All its Details."

While he was thus Occupied in a thorough Investigation he Lost his Chance of becoming a Partner in the Project, and as It proved to be a Booming Success, he was Much Chagrined.

The Other Man, when he saw a Golden Opportunity Looming Up Before him, Embraced it at once, without a Preliminary Question or Doubt.

But alas! after he had Invested all his Fortune in it, the Scheme proved to be Worthless, and he Lost all his Money.

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches that you should Strike While the Iron is Hot, and Look Before you Leap.

## THE RETORT

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

Old Nick, who taught the village school,  
Wedded a maid of homespun habit ;  
He was stubborn as a mule,  
She was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,  
Before her husband sought to make her  
The pink of country polished life,  
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,  
And simple Jenny sadly missed him ;  
When he returned, behind her lord  
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger arose—and red  
And white his face alternate grew.  
“Less freedom, ma'am!”—Jane sighed and said,  
“Oh dear ! I didn't know 'twas you !”

## THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

### *A Ballad*

BY JOHN G. SAXE

An attorney was taking a turn,  
In shabby habiliments drest ;  
His coat it was shockingly worn,  
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,  
His linen and worsted were worse ;  
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,  
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,  
A cheerless and comfortless elf,  
He sought for relief in a song,  
Or complainingly talked to himself :—

“Unfortunate man that I am !  
I’ve never a client but grief :  
The case is, I’ve no case at all,  
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a brief !

“I’ve waited and waited in vain,  
Expecting an ‘opening’ to find,  
Where an honest young lawyer might gain  
Some reward for toil of his mind.

“ ’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,  
Or lack an intelligent face,  
That others have cases to plead,  
While I have to plead for a case.

## THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

“O, how can a modest young man  
E'er hope for the smallest progression,—  
The profession's already so full  
Of lawyers so full of profession!”

While thus he was strolling around,  
His eye accidentally fell  
On a very deep hole in the ground,  
And he sighed to himself, “It is well!”

To curb his emotions, he sat  
On the curbstone the space of a minute,  
Then cried, “Here's an opening at last!”  
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came  
(’Twas the coroner bade them attend),  
To the end that it might be determined  
How the man had determined his end!

“The man was a lawyer, I hear,”  
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.  
“A lawyer? Alas!” said another,  
“Undoubtedly died of remorse!”

A third said, “He knew the deceased,  
An attorney well versed in the laws,  
And as to the cause of his death,  
’Twas no doubt for the want of a cause.”

The jury decided at length,  
After solemnly weighing the matter,  
That the lawyer was drowned, because  
He could not keep his head above water!



## THE TWO HUSBANDS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom married the Woman of his Choice. One Man devoted all his Energies to Getting Rich.

He was so absorbed in Acquiring Wealth that he Worked Night and Day to Accomplish his End.

By this Means he lost his Health, he became a Nervous Wreck, and was so Irritable and Irascible that his Wife Ceased to live with him and Returned to her Parents' House.

The Other Man made no Efforts to Earn Money, and after he had Spent his own and his Wife's Fortunes, Poverty Stared them in the Face.

Although his Wife had loved him Fondly, she could not Continue her affection toward One who could not Support her, so she left him and Returned to her Childhood's Home.

### MORALS :

This Fable teaches that the Love of Money is the Root of All Evil, and that When Poverty Comes In At the Door, Loves Flies Out Of the Window.

## THE STORY OF THE TWO FRIARS

BY EUGENE FIELD

It befell in the year 1662, in which same year were many witchcrafts and sorceries, such as never before had been seen and the like of which will never again, by grace of Heaven, afflict mankind—in this year it befell that the devil came upon earth to tempt an holy friar, named Friar Gonsol, being strictly minded to win that righteous vessel of piety unto his evil pleasure.

Now wit you well that this friar had grievously offended the devil, for of all men then on earth there was none more holier than he nor none surer to speak and to do sweet charity unto all his fellows in every place. Therefore it was that the devil was sore wroth at the Friar Gonsol, being mightily plagued not only by his teachings and his preachings, but also by the pious works which he continually did do. Right truly the devil knew that by no common temptations was this friar to be moved, for the which reason did the devil seek in dark and troublous cogitations to bethink him of some new instrument wherewith he might bedazzle the eyes and ensnare the understanding of the holy man. On a sudden it came unto the fiend that by no corporeal allurements would he be able to achieve his miserable end, for that by reason of an abstemious life and a frugal diet the Friar Gonsol had weaned his body from those frailties and lusts to which human flesh is by nature of the old Adam within it dis-

## EUGENE FIELD

posed, and by long-continued vigils and by earnest devotion and by godly contemplations and by divers proper studies had fixed his mind and his soul with exceeding steadfastness upon things unto his eternal spiritual welfare appertaining. Therefore it beliked the devil to devise and to compound a certain little booke of mighty curious craft, wherewith he might be like to please the Friar Gonsol and, in the end, to ensnare him in his impious toils. Now this was the way of the devil's thinking, to wit: This friar shall suspect no evil in the booke, since never before hath the devil tempted mankind with such an instrument, the common things wherewith the devil tempteth man being (as all histories show and all theologies teach) fruit and women and other like things pleasing to the gross and perishable senses. Therefore, argueth the devil, when I shall tempt this friar with a booke he shall be taken off his guard and shall not know it to be a temptation. And thereat was the devil exceeding merry and he did laugh full merrily.

Now presently came this thing of evil unto the friar in the guise of another friar and made a proper low obeisance unto the same. But the Friar Gonsol was not blinded to the craft of the devil, for from under the cloak and hood that he wore there did issue the smell of sulphur and of brimstone which alone the devil hath.

"Beshrew me," quoth the Friar Gonsol, "if the odour in my nostrils be spikenard and not the fumes of the bottomless pit!"

"Nay, sweet friar," spake the devil full courteously, "the fragrance thou perceivest is of frankincense and myrrh, for I am of holy orders and I have brought thee a righteous booke, delectable to look upon and profitable unto the reading."

## THE STORY OF THE TWO FRIARS

Then were the eyes of that Friar Gonsol full of bright sparklings and his heart rejoiced with exceeding joy, for he did set most store, next to his spiritual welfare, by bookes wherein was food to his beneficial devouring.

“I do require thee,” quoth the friar, “to shew me that booke that I may know the name thereof and discover whereof it treateth.”

Then shewed the devil the booke unto the friar, and the friar saw it was an uncut unique of incalculable value; the height of it was half a cubit and the breadth of it the fourth part of a cubit and the thickness of it five barley-corns lacking the space of three horsehairs. This booke contained, within its divers picturings, symbols and similitudes wrought with incomparable craft, the same being such as in human vanity are called proof before letters, and imprinted upon India paper; also the booke contained written upon its pages, divers names of them that had possessed it, all these having in their time been mighty and illustrious personages; but what seemed most delectable unto the friar was an autographic writing wherein 'twas shewn that the booke sometime had been given by Venus di Medici to Apollos at Rhodes.

When therefore the Friar Gonsol saw the booke how that it was intituled and imprinted and adorned and bounden, he knew it to be of vast worth and he was mightily moved to possess it; therefore he required of the other (that was the devil) that he give unto him an option upon the same for the space of seven days hence or until such a time as he could inquire concerning the booke in Lowndes and other such like authorities. But the devil, smiling, quoth: “The booke shall be yours without price provided only you shall bind yourself to do me a service as I shall hereafter specify and direct.”

Now when the Friar Gonsol heard this compact, he

knew for a verity that the devil was indeed the devil, and but that he sorely wanted the booke he would have driven that impious fiend straightway from his presence. Howbeit, the devil, promising to visit him again that night, departed, leaving the friar exceeding heavy in spirit, for he was both assotted upon the booke to comprehend it and assotted upon the devil to do violence unto him.

It befell that in his doubtings he came unto the Friar Francis, another holy man that by continual fastings and devotions had made himself an ensample of piety unto all men, and to this sanctified brother did the Friar Gonsol straightway unfold the story of his temptation and speak fully of the wondrous booke and of its divers many riches.

When that he had heard this narration the Friar Francis made answer in this wise: "Of great subtilty surely is the devil that he hath set this snare for thy feet. Have a care, my brother, that thou fallest not into the pit which he hath digged for thee! Happy art thou to have come to me with this thing, elsewise a great mischief might have befallen thee. Now listen to my words and do as I counsel thee. Have no more to do with this devil; send him to me, or appoint with him another meeting and I will go in thy stead."

"Nay, nay," cried the Friar Gonsol, "the saints forefend from thee the evil temptation provided for my especial proving! I should have been reckoned a weak and coward vessel were I to send thee in my stead to bear the mortifications designed for the trying of my virtues."

"But thou art a younger brother than I," reasoned the Friar Francis softly; "and, firm though thy resolution may be now, thou art more like than I to be wheedled and bedazzled by these diabolical wiles and artifices. So let me know where this devil abideth with the booke; I

## THE STORY OF THE TWO FRIARS

burn to meet him and to wrest his treasure from his impious possession."

But the Friar Gonsol shook his head and would not hear unto this vicarious sacrifice whereon the good Friar Francis had set his heart.

"Ah, I see that thou hast little faith in my strength to combat the fiend," quoth the Friar Francis reproachfully. "Thy trust in me should be greater, for I have done thee full many a kindly office; or, now I do bethink me, thou art assotted on the booke! Unhappy brother, can it be that thou dost covet this vain toy, this frivolous bauble, that thou wouldst seek the devil's companionship anon to compound with Beelzelub? I charge thee, Brother Gonsol, open thine eyes and see in what a slippery place thou standest."

Now by these argumentations was the Friar Gonsol mightily confounded, and he knew not what to do.

"Come, now, hesitate no longer," quoth the Friar Francis, "but tell me where that devil may be found—I burn to see and to comprehend the booke—not that I care for the booke, but that I am grievously tormented to do that devil a sore despight!"

"Odds boddikins," quoth the other friar, "me-seemeth that the booke inciteth thee more than the devil."

"Thou speakest wrongly," cried the Friar Francis. "Thou mistakest pious zeal for sinful selfishness. Full wroth am I to hear how that this devil walketh to and fro, using a sweet and precious booke for the temptation of holy men. Shall so righteous an instrument be employed by the prince of heretics to so unrighteous an end?"

"Thou sayest wisely," quoth the Friar Gonsol, "and thy words convince me that a battaile must be made with this devil for that booke. So now I shall go to encounter the fiend!"

## EUGENE FIELD

"Then by the saints I shall go with thee!" cried the Friar Francis, and he gathered his gown about his loins right briskly.

But when the Friar Gonsol saw this he made great haste to go alone, and he ran out of the door full swiftly and fared him where the devil had appointed an appointment with him. Now wit you well that the Friar Francis did follow close upon his heels, for though his legs were not so long he was a mighty runner and he was right sound of wind. Therefore was it a pleasant sight to see these holy men vying with one another to do battle with the devil, and much it repenteth me that there be some ribald heretics that maintain full enviously that these two saintly friars did so run not for the devil that they might belabor him, but for the booke that they might possess it.

It fortuned that the devil was already come to the place where he had appointed the appointment, and in his hand he had the booke aforesaid. Much marveled he when that he beheld the two friars faring thence.

"I adjure thee, thou devil," said the Friar Gonsol from afar off, "I adjure thee give me that booke else I will take thee by thy horns and hoofs and drub thy ribs together!"

"Heed him not, thou devil," said the Friar Francis, "for it is I that am coming to wrestle with thee and to overcome thee for that booke!"

With such words and many more the two holy friars bore down upon the devil; but the devil thinking verily that he was about to be beset by the whole church militant stayed not for their coming, but presently departed out of sight and bore the book with him.

Now many people at that time saw the devil fleeing before the two friars, so that, esteeming it to be a sign of special grace, these people did ever thereafter acknowledge the friars to be saints, and unto this day you shall

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hear of St. Gonsol and St. Francis. Unto this day, too, doth the devil, with that same booke wherewith he tempted the friar of old, beset and ensnare men of every age and in all places. Against which devil may Heaven fortify us to do battle speedily and with successful issuance.



## THE GRECO-TROJAN GAME

BY CHARLES F. JOHNSON

First on the ground appeared the god-like Trojan Eleven,  
Shining in purple and black, with tight and well-fitting  
sweaters,

Woven by Andromache in the well-ordered palace of  
Priam.

After them came, in goodly array, the players of Hellas,  
Skilled in kicking and blocking and tackling and fooling  
the umpire.

All advanced on the field, marked off with white alabaster,  
Level and square and true, at the ends two goal posts  
erected,

Richly adorned with silver and gold and carved at the  
corners,

Bearing a legend which read, "Don't talk back at the um-  
pire"—

Rule first given by Zeus, for the guidance of voluble mor-  
tals.

All the rules of the game were deeply cut in the crossbars,  
So that the players might know exactly how to evade  
them.

On one side of the field were ranged the Trojan specta-  
tors,

Yelling in composite language their ancient Phrygian  
war-cry;

*"Ho-hay-toe, Tou-tais-tou, Ton-tain-to; Boomerah  
Boomerah, Trojans!"*

## THE GRECO-TROJAN GAME

And on the other, the Greeks, fair-haired, and ready to  
halloo,  
If occasion should offer and Zeus should grant them a  
touch-down,  
*Breck-ek kek-kek-koax, Anax andron, Agamemnon!*"

First they agreed on an umpire, the silver-tongued Nestor.  
Long years ago he played end-rush on the Argive eleven;  
He was admitted by all to be an excellent umpire  
Save for the habit he had of making public addresses,  
Tedious, long-winded and dull, and full of minute ex-  
planations,  
How they used to play in the days when Cadmus was half-  
back,  
Or how Hermes could dodge, and Ares and Phœbus could  
tackle;  
Couched in rhythmical language but not one whit to the  
purpose.  
On his white hair they carefully placed the sacred tiara,  
Worn by the foot-ball umpires of old as a badge of their  
office,  
Also to save their heads, in case the players should slug  
them.  
Then they gave him a spear wherewith to enforce his de-  
cisions,  
And to stick in the ground to mark the place to line up to.  
He advanced to the thirty-yard line and began an oration:

"Listen, Trojans and Greeks! For thirty-five seasons,  
"I played foot-ball in Greece with Peleus for half-back  
and captain.

"Those were the days of old when men played the game  
as they'd order.

"Once, I remember, Æacus, the god-like son of Poseidon,

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“Kicked the ball from a drop, clean over the city of Argos.  
“That was the game when Peleus, our captain, lost all his  
front teeth;

“Little we cared for teeth or eyes when once we were  
warmed up.

“Why, I remember that Æacus ran so that no one could  
see him,

“There was just a long hole in the air and a man at the  
end on’t.

“Hercules umpired that game, and I noticed there wasn’t  
much back-talk.”

Him interrupting, sternly addressed the King Agamemnon:

“Cease, old man; come off your antediluvian boasting;

“Doubtless our grandpas could all play the game as well  
as they knew how.

“They are all dead, and have long lined up in the fields of  
elysium;

“If they were here we would wipe up the ground with the  
rusty old duffers.

“You call the game, and keep your eye fixed on the hel-  
meted Hector.

“He’ll play off-side all the while, if he thinks the umpire  
don’t see him!”

Then the old man threw the lots, but sore was his heart  
in his bosom.

“Troy has the kick-off,” he said, “the ball is yours, noble  
Hector.”

Then he gave him the ball, a prolate spheroid of leather,  
Much like the world in its shape, if the world were length-  
ened, not flattened,

Covered with well-sewed leather, the well-seasoned hide  
of a bison,

## THE GRECO-TROJAN GAME

Killed by Lakon, the hunter, ere bisons were exterminated.

On it was painted a battle, a market, a piece of the ocean,  
Horses and cows and nymphs and things too many to mention.

Then the heroes peeled off their sweaters and put on their nose-guards,

Also the fiendish expressions the great occasion demanded.

Ajax stood on the right; in the center the great Agamemnon;

Diomed crouched on the left, the god-like rusher and tackler,

Crouched as a panther crouches, if sculptors do justice to panthers.

Crafty Ulysses played back, for none of the Trojans could pass him,

All the best Greeks were in line, but Podas Okus Achilles,

Who though an excellent kicker stayed all day in his section.

Hector dribbled the ball, then seized it and putting his head down,

And, as a lion carries a lamb and jumps over fences—

Dodging this way and that the shepherds who wish to remonstrate—

So did the son of Priam carry the ball through the rush line,

Till he was tackled fair by the full-back, the crafty Ulysses.

Even then he carried the ball and the son of Laertes

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Full five yards till they fell to the ground with a deep indentation

Where one might hide three men so that no man could see them—

Men of the present day, degenerate sons of the heroes—

Now, when Pallas Athene discovered the Greeks would be beaten,

She slid down from the steep of Olympus upon a toboggan.

Sudden she came before crafty Ulysses in guise like a maiden;

Not that she thought to fool him, but since Olympian fashion

Made the form of a woman good form for a goddess' assumption.

She then spoke to him quickly, and said, "O son of Laertes,

Seize thou the ball; I will pass it to thee and trip up the Trojan."

Her replying, slowly re-worded the son of Laertes—

"That will I do, O goddess divine, for he can outrun me."

Then when the ball was in play, she cast thick darkness around it.

Also around Ulysses she poured invisible darkness.

Under this cover, taking the ball he passed down the middle,

Silent and swift, unseen, unnoticed, unblocked, and untackled.

Meanwhile she piled the Greeks and the Trojans in conglomeration,

Much like a tangle of pine-trees where lightning has frequently fallen,

## THE GRECO-TROJAN GAME

Or like a basket of lobsters and crabs which the provident  
housewife

Dumps on the kitchen floor and vainly endeavors to count  
them,

So seemed the legs and the arms and the heads of the  
twenty-one players.

Sudden a shout arose, for under the crossbar, Ulysses,  
Visible, sat on the ball, quietly making a touch-down;  
On the tip of his nose were his thumb and fingers ex-  
tended,

Curved and vibrating slow in the sign of the blameless  
Egyptians.

Violent language came to the lips of the helmeted Hector,  
Under his breath he murmured a few familiar quotations,  
Scraps of Phrygian folk-lore about the kingdom of  
Hades;

Then he called loud as a trumpet, "I claim foul, Mr. Um-  
pire!"

"Touch-down for Greece," said Hector; "'twixt you and  
me and the goal-post

"I lost sight of the ball in a very singular manner."

Then they carried the sphere back to the twenty-five yard  
line,

Prone on the ground lay a Greek, the leather was poised in  
his fingers—

Thrice Agamemnon adjusted the sphere with delibera-  
tion;

Then he drew back as a ram draws back for deadly en-  
counter.

Then he tripped lightly ahead, and brought his sandal in  
contact

Right at the point; straight flew the ball right over the  
crossbar,

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While like the cries of pygmies and cranes the race-yell resounded :

*"Breck-ek kek-kek-koax, 'Anax andron, 'Agamemnon!"*

## THE ECONOMICAL PAIR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a Time there was a Man and his Wife who had Different Ideas concerning Family Expenditures.

The Man said: "I am Exceedingly Economical; although I spend Small Sums here and there for Cigars, Wines, Theater Tickets, and Little Dinners, yet I do not buy me a Yacht or a Villa at Newport."

But even with these Praiseworthy Principles, it soon Came About that the Man was Bankrupt.

Whereupon he Reproached his Wife, who Answered his Accusations with Surprise.

"Me! My dear!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am Exceedingly Economical. True, I Occasionally buy me a Set of Sables or a Diamond Tiara, but I am Scrupulously Careful about Small Sums; I Diligently unknott all Strings that come around Parcels, and Save Them, and I use the Backs of old Envelopes for Scribbling-Paper. Yet, somehow, my Bank-Account is also Exhausted."

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches to Takes Care of the Pence and the Pounds will Take Care of Themselves, and that we Should Not Be Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.



## THE TWO PEDESTRIANS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once on a time there were two Men, one of whom was a Good Man and the other a Rogue.

The Good Man one day saw a Wretched Drunkard endeavoring to find his way Home.

Being most kind-hearted, the Good Man assisted the Wretched Drunkard to his feet and accompanied him along the Highway toward his Home.

The Good Man held fast the arm of the Wretched Drunkard, and the result of this was that when the Wretched Drunkard lurched giddily the Good Man perforce lurched too.

Whereupon, as the Passing Populace saw the pair, they said: "Aha! Another good man gone wrong," and they Wisely Wagged their Heads.

Now the Bad Man of this tale, being withal of a shrewd and canny Nature, stood often on a street corner, and engaged in grave conversation with the Magnates of the town.

To be sure, the Magnates shook him as soon as possible, but in no wise discouraged he cheerfully sauntered up to another Magnate. Thus did he gain a Reputation of being a friend of the Great.

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches us that A Man is known by the Company he Keeps, and that We Must not Judge by Appearances.

## A COMPLAINT OF FRIENDS

BY GAIL HAMILTON

If things would not run into each other so, it would be a thousand times easier and a million times pleasanter to get on in the world. Let the sheepiness be set on one side and the goatiness on the other, and immediately you know where you are. It is not necessary to ask that there be any increase of the one or any diminution of the other, but only that each shall preëempt its own territory and stay there. Milk is good, and water is good, but don't set the milk-pail under the pump. Pleasure softens pain, but pain embitters pleasure; and who would not rather have his happiness concentrated into one memorable day, that shall gleam and glow through a lifetime, than have it spread out over a dozen comfortable, commonplace, humdrum forenoons and afternoons, each one as like the others as two peas in a pod? Since the law of compensation obtains, I suppose it is the best law for us; but if it had been left with me, I should have made the clever people rich and handsome, and left poverty and ugliness to the stupid people; because—don't you see?—the stupid people won't know they are ugly, and won't care if they are poor, but the clever people will be hampered and tortured. I would have given the good wives to the good husbands, and made drunken men marry drunken women. Then there would have been one family exquisitely happy instead of two struggling against misery. I would have made the rose stem downy, and put all the thorns

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on the thistles. I would have gouged out the jewel from the toad's head, and given the peacock the nightingale's voice, and not set everything so at half and half.

But that is the way it is. We find the world made to our hand. The wise men marry the foolish virgins, and the splendid virgins marry dolts, and matters in general are so mixed up, that the choice lies between nice things about spoiled, and vile things that are not so bad after all, and it is hard to tell sometimes which you like the best, or which you loathe least.

I expect to lose every friend I have in the world by the publication of this paper—except the dunces who are impaled in it. They will never read it, and if they do, will never suspect I mean them; while the sensible and true friends, who do me good and not evil all the days of their lives, will think I am driving at their noble hearts, and will at once fall off and leave me inconsolable. Still I am going to write it. You must open the safety-valve once in a while, even if the steam does whiz and shriek, or there will be an explosion, which is fatal, while the whizzing and shrieking are only disagreeable.

Doubtless friendship has its advantages and its pleasures; doubtless hostility has its isolations and its reves; still, if called upon to choose once for all between friends and foes, I think, on the whole, I should cast my vote for the foes. Twenty enemies will not do you the mischief of one friend. Enemies you always know where to find. They are in fair and square perpetual hostility, and you keep your armor on and your sentinels posted; but with friends you are inveigled into a false security, and, before you know it, your honor, your modesty, your delicacy are scudding before the gales. Moreover, with your friend you can never make reprisals. If your enemy attacks you, you can always strike back and hit hard.

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You are expected to defend yourself against him to the top of your bent. He is your legal opponent in honorable warfare. You can pour hot-shot into him with murderous vigor; and the more he writhes, the better you feel. In fact, it is rather refreshing to measure swords once in a while with such a one. You like to exert your power and keep yourself in practice. You do not rejoice so much in overcoming your enemy as in overcoming. If a marble statue could show fight you would just as soon fight it; but as it can not, you take something that can, and something, besides, that has had the temerity to attack you, and so has made a lawful target of itself. But against your friend your hands are tied. He has injured you. He has disgusted you. He has infuriated you. But it was most Christianly done. You can not hurl a thunderbolt, or pull a trigger, or lisp a syllable against those amiable monsters who, with tenderest fingers, are sticking pins all over you. So you shut fast the doors of your lips, and inwardly sigh for a good, stout, brawny, malignant foe, who, under any and every circumstance, will design you harm, and on whom you can lavish your lusty blows with a hearty will and a clear conscience.

Your enemy keeps clear of you. He neither grants nor claims favors. He awards you your rights,—no more, no less,—and demands the same from you. Consequently there is no friction. Your friend, on the contrary, is continually getting himself tangled up with you “because he is your friend.” I have heard that Shelley was never better pleased than when his associates made free with his coats, boots, and hats for their own use, and that he appropriated their property in the same way. Shelley was a poet, and perhaps idealized his friends. He saw them, probably, in a state of pure intellect. I am not a poet; I look at people in the concrete. The most obvi-

ous thing about my friends is their avoirdupois; and I prefer that they should wear their own cloaks and suffer me to wear mine. There is no neck in the world that I want my collar to span except my own. It is very exasperating to me to go to my bookcase and miss a book of which I am in immediate and pressing need, because an intimate friend has carried it off without asking leave, on the score of his intimacy. I have not, and do not wish to have, any alliance that shall abrogate the eighth commandment. A great mistake is lying round loose hereabouts,—a mistake fatal to many friendships that did run well. The common fallacy is that intimacy dispenses with the necessity of politeness. The truth is just the opposite of this. The more points of contact there are, the more danger of friction there is, and the more carefully should people guard against it. If you see a man only once a month, it is not of so vital importance that you do not trench on his rights, tastes, or whims. He can bear to be crossed or annoyed occasionally. If he does not have a very high regard for you, it is comparatively unimportant, because your paths are generally so diverse. But you and the man with whom you dine every day have it in your power to make each other exceedingly uncomfortable. A very little dropping will wear away rock, if it only keep at it. The thing that you would not think of, if it occurred only twice a year, becomes an intolerable burden when it happens twice a day. This is where husbands and wives run aground. They take too much for granted. If they would but see that they have something to gain, something to save, as well as something to enjoy, it would be better for them; but they proceed on the assumption that their love is an inexhaustible tank, and not a fountain depending for its supply on the stream that trickles into it. So, for every little annoying

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habit, or weakness, or fault, they draw on the tank, without being careful to keep the supply open, till they awake one morning to find the pump dry, and, instead of love, at best, nothing but a cold habit of complacency. On the contrary, the more intimate friends become, whether married or unmarried, the more scrupulously should they strive to repress in themselves everything annoying, and to cherish both in themselves and each other everything pleasing. While each should draw on his love to neutralize the faults of his friend, it is suicidal to draw on his friend's love to neutralize his own faults. Love should be cumulative, since it can not be stationary. If it does not increase, it decreases. Love, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and of most exotic fragility. It must be constantly and tenderly cherished. Every noxious and foreign element must be carefully removed from it. All sunshine, and sweet airs, and morning dews, and evening showers must breathe upon it perpetual fragrance, or it dies into a hideous and repulsive deformity, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, while, properly cultivated, it is a Tree of Life.

Your enemy keeps clear of you, not only in business, but in society. If circumstances thrust him into contact with you, he is curt and centrifugal. But your friend breaks in upon your "saintly solitude" with perfect equanimity. He never for a moment harbors a suspicion that he can intrude, "because he is your friend." So he drops in on his way to the office to chat half an hour over the latest news. The half-hour isn't much in itself. If it were after dinner, you wouldn't mind it; but after breakfast every moment "runs itself in golden sands," and the break in your time crashes a worse break in your temper. "Are you busy?" asks the considerate wretch, adding insult to injury. What can you do? Say yes, and wound

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his self-love forever? But he has a wife and family. You respect their feelings, smile and smile, and are villain enough to be civil with your lips, and hide the poison of asps under your tongue, till you have a chance to relieve your o'ercharged heart by shaking your fist in impotent wrath at his retreating form. You will receive the reward of your hypocrisy, as you richly deserve, for ten to one he will drop in again when he comes back from his office, and arrest you wandering in Dreamland in the beautiful twilight. Delighted to find that you are neither reading nor writing,—the absurd dolt! as if a man weren't at work unless he be wielding a sledge-hammer!—he will preach out, and prose out, and twaddle out another hour of your golden eventide, "because he is your friend." You don't care whether he is judge or jury,—whether he talks sense or nonsense; you don't want him to talk at all. You don't want him there anyway. You want to be alone. If you don't, why are you sitting there in the deepening twilight? If you wanted him, couldn't you send for him? Why don't you go out into the drawing-room, where are music and lights, and gay people? What right have I to suppose, that, because you are not using your eyes, you are not using your brain? What right have I to set myself up as a judge of the value of your time, and so rob you of perhaps the most delicious hour in all your day, on pretense that it is of no use to you?—take a pound of flesh clean out of your heart, and trip on my smiling way as if I had not earned the gallows?

And what in Heaven's name is the good of all this ceaseless talk? To what purpose are you wearied, exhausted, dragged out and out to the very extreme of tenuity? A sprightly badinage,—a running fire of nonsense for half an hour,—a tramp over unfamiliar ground with

## A COMPLAINT OF FRIENDS

a familiar guide,—a discussion of something with somebody who knows all about it, or who, not knowing, wants to learn from you,—a pleasant interchange of common-places with a circle of friends around the fire, at such hours as you give to society: all this is not only tolerable, but agreeable,—often positively delightful; but to have an indifferent person, on no score but that of friendship, break into your sacred presence, and suck your blood through indefinite cycles of time, is an abomination. If he clatters on an indifferent subject, you can do well enough for fifteen minutes, buoyed up by the hope that he will presently have a fit, or be sent for, or come to some kind of an end. But when you gradually open to the conviction that *vis inertiae* rules the hour, and the thing which has been is that which shall be, you wax listless; your chariot-wheels drive heavily; your end of the pole drags in the mud, and you speedily wallow in unmitigated disgust. If he broaches a subject on which you have a real and deep living interest, you shrink from unbosoming yourself to him. You feel that it would be sacrilege. He feels nothing of the sort. He treads over your heart-strings in his cowhide brogans, and does not see that they are not whip-cords. He pokes his gold-headed cane in among your treasures, blind to the fact that you are clutching both arms around them, that no gleam of flashing gold may reveal their whereabouts to him. You draw yourself up in your shell, projecting a monosyllabic claw occasionally as a sign of continued vitality; but the pachyderm does not withdraw, and you gradually lower into an indignation,—smothered, fierce, intense.

Why, *why*, WHY will people inundate their unfortunate victims with such “weak, washy, everlasting floods?” Why will they haul everything out into the open day?



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Why will they make the Holy of Holies common and unclean? Why will they be so ineffably stupid as not to see that there is that which speech profanes? Why will they lower their drag-nets into the unfathomable waters, in the vain attempt to bring up your pearls and gems, whose luster would pale to ashes in the garish light, whose only sparkle is in the deep sea-soundings? *Procul, O procul este, profani!*

O, the matchless power of silence! There are words that concentrate in themselves the glory of a lifetime; but there is a silence that is more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but silence sinks into its depths. Airy pleasantnesses bubble up in airy, pleasant words. Weak sorrows quaver out their shallow being, and are not. When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech nor language.

Do not now, Messrs. Bores, think to retrieve your character by coming into my house and sitting mute for two hours. Heaven forbid that your blood should be found on my skirts! but I believe I shall kill you, if you do. The only reason why I have not laid violent hands on you heretofore is that your vapid talk has operated as a wire to conduct my electricity to the receptive and kindly earth; but if you intrude upon my magnetisms without any such life-preserver, your future in this world is not worth a crossed sixpence. Your silence would break the reed that your talk but bruised. The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent are the people with whom it is a joy to talk. Clear out!

Friendship plays the mischief in the false ideas of constancy which are generated and cherished in its name, if not by its agency. Your enemies are intense, but temporary. Time wears off the edge of hostility. It is the alembic in which offenses are dissolved into thin air, and

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a calm indifference reigns in their stead. But your friends are expected to be a permanent arrangement. They are not only a sore evil, but of long continuance. Adhesiveness seems to be the head and front, the bones and the blood, of their creed. It is not the direction of the quality, but the quality itself, which they swear by. Only stick, it is no matter what you stick to. Fall out with a man, and you can kiss and be friends as soon as you like; the recording angel will set it down on the credit side of his books. Fall in, and you are expected to stay in, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseam*. No matter what combination of laws got you there, there you are, and there you must stay, for better, for worse, till merciful death you do part,—or you are—“fickle.” You find a man entertaining for an hour, a week, a concert, a journey, and presto! you are saddled with him forever. What preposterous absurdity! Do but look at it calmly. You are thrown into contact with a person, and, as in duty bound, you proceed to fathom him: for every man is a possible revelation. In the deeps of his soul there may lie unknown worlds for you. Consequently you proceed at once to experiment on him. It takes a little while to get your tackle in order. Then the line begins to run off rapidly, and your eager soul cries out, “Ah! what depth! What perpetual calmness must be down below! What rest is here for all my tumult! What a grand, vast nature is this!” Surely, surely, you are on the high seas. Surely, you will not float serenely down the eternities! But by and by there is a kink. You find that, though the line runs off so fast, it does not go down,—it only floats out. A current has caught it and bears it on horizontally. It does not sink plumb. You have been deceived. Your grand Pacific Ocean is nothing but a shallow little brook, that you can ford all the year round, if it does not utterly

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dry up in the summer heats, when you want it most; or, at best, it is a fussy little tormenting river, that won't and can't sail a sloop. What are you going to do about it? You are going to wind up your lead and line, shoulder your birch canoe, as the old sea-kings used, and thrud the deep forests, and scale the purple hills, till you come to water again, when you will unroll your lead and line for another essay. Is that fickleness? What else can you do? Must you launch your bark on the unquiet stream, against whose pebbly bottom the keel continually grates and rasps your nerves—simply that your reputation suffer no detriment? Fickleness? There is no fickleness about it. You were trying an experiment which you had every right to try. As soon as you were satisfied, you stopped. If you had stopped sooner, you would have been unsatisfied. If you had stopped later, you would have been dissatisfied. It is a criminal contempt of the magnificent possibilities of life not to lay hold of "God's occasions floating by." It is an equally criminal perversion of them to cling tenaciously to what was only the *simulacrum* of an occasion. A man will toil many days and nights among the mountains to find an ingot of gold, which, found, he bears home with infinite pains and just rejoicing; but he would be a fool who should lade his mules with iron-pyrites to justify his labors, however severe.

Fickleness! what is it, that we make such an ado about it? And what is constancy, that it commands such usurious interest? The one is a foible only in its relations. The other is only thus a virtue. "Fickle as the winds" is our death-seal upon a man; but should we like our winds unfickle? Would a perpetual northeaster lay us open to perpetual gratitude? or is a soft south gale to be orisoned and vespersed forevermore?

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I am tired of this eternal prating of devotion and constancy. It is senseless in itself and harmful in its tendencies. The dictate of reason is to treat men and women as we do oranges. Suck all the juice out and then let them go. Where is the good of keeping the peel and pulp-cells till they get old, dry, and mouldy? Let them go, and they will help feed the earth-worms and bugs and beetles who can hardly find existence a continued banquet, and fertilize the earth, which will have you give before you receive. Thus they will ultimately spring up in new and beautiful shapes. Clung to with constancy, they stain your knife and napkin, impart a bad odor to your dining-room, and degenerate into something that is neither pleasant to the eye nor good for food. I believe in a rotation of crops, morally and socially, as well as agriculturally. When you have taken the measure of a man, when you have sounded him and know that you can not wade in him more than ankle-deep, when you have got out of him all that he has to yield for your soul's sustenance and strength, what is the next thing to be done? Obviously, pass him on; and turn you "to fresh woods and pastures new." Do you work him an injury? By no means. Friends that are simply glued on, and don't grow out of, are little worth. He has nothing more for you, nor you for him; but he may be rich in juices wherewithal to nourish the heart of another man, and their two lives, set together, may have an endosmose and exosmose whose result shall be richness of soil, grandeur of growth, beauty of foliage, and perfectness of fruit, while you and he would only have languished into aridity and a stunted crab-tree.

For my part, I desire to sweep off my old friends with the old year, and begin the new with a clean record. It is a measure absolutely necessary. The snake does not

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put on his new skin over the old one. He sloughs off the first, before he dons the second. He would be a very clumsy serpent, if he did not. One can not have successive layers of friendships any more than the snake has successive layers of skins. One must adopt some system to guard against a congestion of the heart from plethora of loves. I go in for the much-abused, fair-weather, skin-deep, April-shower friends,—the friends who will drop off, if let alone,—who must be kept awake to be kept at all,—who will talk and laugh with you as long as it suits your respective humors and you are prosperous and happy,—the blessed butterfly-race, who flutter about your June mornings, and when the clouds lower, and the drops patter, and the rains descend, and the winds blow, will spread their gay wings and float gracefully away to sunny, southern lands, where the skies are yet blue and the breezes violet-scented. They are not only agreeable, but deeply wise. So long as a man keeps his streamer flying, his sails set, and his hull above water, it is pleasant to paddle alongside; but when the sails split, the yards crack, and the keel goes staggering down, by all means paddle off. Why should you be submerged in his whirlpool? Will he drown any more easily because you are drowning with him? Lung is lung. He dies from want of air, not from want of sympathy. When a poor fellow sits down among the ashes, the best thing his friends can do is to stand afar off. Job bore the loss of property, children, health, with equanimity. Satan himself found his match there; and for all his buffeting, Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly. But Job's three friends must needs make an appointment together to come and mourn with him and to comfort him, and after this Job opened his mouth, and cursed his day,—and no wonder.

Your friends have an intimate knowledge of you that

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is astonishing to contemplate. It is not that they know your affairs, which he who runs may read, but they know you. From a bit of bone, Cuvier could predicate a whole animal, even to the hide and hair. Such moral naturalists are your dear five hundred friends. It seems to yourself that you are immeasurably reticent. You know, of a certainty, that you project only the smallest possible fragment of yourself. You yield your universality to the bond of common brotherhood; but your individualism—what it is that makes you you—withdraws itself naturally, involuntarily, inevitably into the background,—the dim distance which their eyes can not penetrate. But, from the fraction which you do project, they construct another you, call it by your name, and pass it around for the real, the actual you. You bristle with jest and laughter and wild whims, to keep them at a distance; and they fancy this to be your every-day equipment. They think your life holds constant carnival. It is astonishing what ideas spring up in the heads of sensible people. There are those who assume that a person can never have had any grief, unless somebody has died, or he has been disappointed in love,—not knowing that every avenue of joy lies open to the tramp of pain. They see the flashing coronet on the queen's brow, and they infer a diamond woman, not recking of the human heart that throbs wildly out of sight. They see the foam-crest on the wave, and picture an Atlantic Ocean of froth, and not the solemn sea that stands below in eternal equipoise. You turn to them the luminous crescent of your life, and they call it the whole round globe; and so they love you with a love that is agate, not pearl, because what they love in you is something infinitely below the highest. They love you level: they have never scaled your heights nor fathomed your depths. And when they talk of you

as familiarly as if they had taken out your auricles and ventricles, and turned them inside out, and wrung them, and shaken them,—when they prate of your transparency and openness, the abandonment with which you draw aside the curtain and reveal the inmost thoughts of your heart,—you, who are to yourself a miracle and a mystery, you smile inwardly, and are content. They are on the wrong scent, and you may pursue your plans in peace. They are indiscriminate and satisfied. They do not know the relation of what appears to what is. If they chance to skirt along the coasts of your Purple Island, it will be only chance, and they will not know it. You may close your port-holes, lower your drawbridge, and make merry, for they will never come within gunshot of the “round tower of your heart.”

There is no such thing as knowing a man intimately. Every soul is, for the greater part of its mortal life, isolated from every other. Whether it dwell in the Garden of Eden or the Desert of Sahara, it dwells alone. Not only do we jostle against the street crowd unknowing and unknown, but we go out and come in, we lie down and rise up, with strangers. Jupiter and Neptune sweep the heavens not more unfamiliar to us than the worlds that circle our own hearthstone. Day after day, and year after year a person moves by your side; he sits at the same table; he reads the same books; he kneels in the same church. You know every hair of his head, every trick of his lips, every tone of his voice; you can tell him far off by his gait. Without seeing him, you recognize his step, his knock, his laugh. “Know him? Yes, I have known him these twenty years.” No, you don’t know him. You know his gait, and hair, and voice. You know what preacher he hears, what ticket he voted, and what were his last year’s expenses; but you don’t know him.

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He sits quietly in his chair, but he is in the temple. You speak to him; his soul comes out into the vestibule to answer you, and returns,—and the gates are shut; therein you can not enter. You were discussing the state of the country; but when you ceased, he opened a postern-gate, went down a bank, and launched on a sea over whose waters you have no boat to sail, no star to guide. You have loved and revered him. He has been your concrete of truth and nobleness. Unwittingly you touch a secret spring, and a Blue-Beard chamber stands revealed. You give no sign; you meet and part as usual; but a Dead Sea rolls between you two forevermore.

It must be so. Not even to the nearest and dearest can one unveil the secret place where his soul abideth, so that there shall be no more any winding ways or hidden chambers; but to your indifferent neighbor, what blind alleys, and deep caverns, and inaccessible mountains! To him who “touches the electric chain wherewith you’re darkly bound,” your soul sends back an answering thrill. One little window is opened, and there is short parley. Your ships speak each other now and then in welcome, though imperfect communication; but immediately you strike out again into the great, shoreless sea, over which you must sail forever alone. You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them, save those

“That, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,  
For our advantage, to the bitter cross.”

Be thankful that it is so,—that only His eye sees whose hand formed. If we could look in, we should be appalled at the vision. The worlds that glide around us are mysteries too high for us. We can not attain to them. The naked soul is a sight too awful for man to look at



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and live. There are individuals whose topography we would like to know a little better, and there is danger that we crash against each other while roaming around in the dark; but for all that, would we not have the constitution broken up. Somebody says, "In Heaven there will be no secrets," which, it seems to me, would be intolerable. (If that were a revelation from the King of Heaven, of course I would not speak flippantly of it; but though towards Heaven we look with reverence and humble hope, I do not know that Tom, Dick and Harry's notions of it have any special claim to our respect.) Such publicity would destroy all individuality, and undermine the foundations of society. Clairvoyance—if there be any such thing—always seemed to me a stupid impertinence. When people pay visits to me, I wish them to come to the front door, and ring the bell, and send up their names. I don't wish them to climb in at the window, or creep through the pantry, or, worst of all, float through the key-hole, and catch me in undress. So I believe that in all worlds thoughts will be the subjects of volition,—more accurately expressed when expression is desired, but just as entirely suppressed when we will suppression.

After all, perhaps the chief trouble arises from a prevalent confusion of ideas as to what constitutes a man your friend. Friendship may stand for that peaceful complacency which you feel towards all well-behaved people who wear clean collars and use tolerable grammar. This is a very good meaning, if everybody will subscribe to it. But sundry of these well-behaved people will mistake your civility and complacency for a recognition of special affinity, and proceed at once to frame an alliance offensive and defensive while the sun and the moon shall endure. O, the barnacles that cling to your keel in such waters! The

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inevitable result is, that they win your intense rancor. You would feel a genial kindness toward them, if they would be satisfied with that; but they lay out to be your specialty. They infer your innocent little inch to be the standard-bearer of twenty ells, and goad you to frenzy. I mean you, you desperate little horror, who nearly dethroned my reason six years ago! I always meant to have my revenge, and here I impale you before the public. For three months, you fastened yourself upon me, and I could not shake you off. What availed it me, that you were an honest and excellent man? Did I not, twenty times a day, wish you had been a villain, who had insulted me, and I a Kentucky giant, that I might have the unspeakable satisfaction of knocking you down? But you added to your crimes virtue. Villainy had no part or lot in you. You were a member of a church, in good and regular standing; you had graduated with all the honors worth mentioning; you had not a sin, a vice, or a fault that I knew of; and you were so thoroughly good and repulsive that you were a great grief to me. Do you think, you dear, disinterested wretch, that I have forgotten how you were continually putting yourself to horrible inconveniences on my account? Do you think I am not now filled with remorse for the aversion that rooted itself ineradicably in my soul, and which now gloats over you, as you stand in the pillory where my own hands have fastened you? But can nature be crushed forever? Did I not ruin my nerves, and seriously injure my temper, by the overpowering pressure I laid upon them to keep them quiet when you were by? Could I not, by the sense of coming ill through all my quivering frame, presage your advent as exactly as the barometer heralds the approaching storm? Those three months of agony are little atoned for by this late vengeance; but go in peace!

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Mysterious are the ways of friendship. It is not a matter of reason or of choice, but of magnetisms. You can not always give the premises nor the argument, but the conclusion is a palpable and stubborn fact. Abana and Pharpar may be broad, and deep, and blue, and grand; but only in Jordan shall your soul wash and be clean. A thousand brooks are born of the sunshine and the mountains: very, very few are they whose flow can mingle with yours, and not disturb, but only deepen and broaden the current.

Your friend! Who shall describe him, or worthily paint what he is to you? No merchant, nor lawyer, nor farmer, nor statesman claims your suffrage, but a kingly soul. He comes to you from God,—a prophet, a seer, a revealer. He has a clear vision. His love is reverence. He goes into the *penetralia* of your life,—not presumptuously, but with uncovered head, unsandaled feet, and pours libations at the innermost shrine. His incense is grateful. For him the sunlight brightens, the skies grow rosy, and all the days are Junes. Wrapped in his love, you float in a delicious rest, rocked 'in the bosom of purple, scented waves. Nameless melodies sing themselves through your heart. A golden glow suffices your atmosphere. A vague, fine ecstasy thrills to the sources of life, and earth lays hold on Heaven. Such friendship is worship. It elevates the most trifling services into rites. The humblest offices are sanctified. All things are baptized into a new name. Duty is lost in joy. Care veils itself in caresses. Drudgery becomes delight. There is no longer anything menial, small, or servile. All is transformed

“Into something rich and strange.”

The homely household-ways lead through beds of spices

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and orchards of pomegranates. The daily toil among your parsnips and carrots is plucking May violets with the dew upon them to meet the eyes you love upon their first awaking. In the burden and heat of the day you hear the rustling of summer showers and the whispering of summer winds. Everything is lifted up from the plane of labor to the plane of love, and a glory spans your life. With your friend, speech and silence are one; for a communion mysterious and intangible reaches across from heart to heart. The many dig and delve in your nature with fruitless toil to find the spring of living water: he only raises his wand, and, obedient to the hidden power, it bends at once to your secret. Your friendship, though independent of language, gives to it life and light. The mystic spirit stirs even in commonplaces, and the merest question is an endearment. You are quiet because your heart is over-full. You talk because it is pleasant, not because you have anything to say. You weary of terms that are already love-laden, and you go out into the high-ways and hedges, and gather up the rough, wild, wilful words, heavy with the hatreds of men, and fill them to the brim with honey-dew. All things great and small, grand or humble, you press into your service, force them to do soldier's duty, and your banner over them is love.

With such a friendship, presence alone is happiness; nor is absence wholly void,—for memories, and hopes, and pleasing fancies, sparkle through the hours, and you know the sunshine will come back.

For such friendship one is grateful. No matter that it comes unsought, and comes not for the seeking. You do not discuss the reasonableness of your gratitude. You only know that your whole being bows with humility and utter thankfulness to him who thus crowns you monarch of all realms.

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And the kingdom is everlasting. A weak love dies weakly with the occasion that gave it birth; but such friendship is born of the gods, and immortal. Clouds and darkness may sweep around it, but within the cloud the glory lives undimmed. Death has no power over it. Time can not diminish, nor even dishonor annul it. Its direction may have been earthly, but itself is divine. You go back into your solitudes: all is silent as aforesaid, but you can not forget that a Voice once resounded there. A Presence filled the valleys and gilded the mountain-tops,—breathed upon the plains, and they sprang up in lilies and roses,—flashed upon the waters, and they flowed to spherical melody,—swept through the forests, and they, too, trembled into song. And though now the warmth has faded out, though the ruddy tints and amber clearness have paled to ashen hues, though the murmuring melodies are dead, and forest, vale, and hill look hard and angular in the sharp air, you know that it is not death. The fire is unquenched beneath. You go your way not disconsolate. There needs but the Victorious Voice. At the touch of the prince's lips, life shall rise again and be perfected forevermore.

## PONCHUS PILUT

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Ponchus Pilut *used* to be  
Ist a *Slave*, an' now he's *free*.  
Slaves wuz on'y ist before  
The War wuz—an' *ain't* no more.

He works on our place fer us,—  
An' comes here—*sometimes* he does.  
He shocks corn an' shucks it.—An'  
He makes hominy “by han’!”—

Wunst he bringed us some, one trip,  
Tied up in a piller-slip:  
Pa says, when Ma cooked it, “MY!  
This-here's gooder'n you *buy*!”

Ponchus *pats* fer me an' sings;  
An' he says most *funny* things!  
Ponchus calls a dish a “*deesh*”—  
Yes, an' *he* calls fishes “*feesh*”!

When Ma want him eat wiv us  
He says, “'Skuse me—'deed you mus'!—  
Ponchus know good manners, Miss.—  
He aint eat wher' White-folks is!”

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

'Lindy takes *his* dinner out  
Wher' he's workin'—roun' about.—  
Wunst he et his dinner, spread  
In our ole wheel-borry-bed.

*Ponchus Pilut* says "'at's not  
His *right* name,—an' done fergot  
What his *sho'-nuff* name is now—  
An' don' matter none *nohow!*'

Yes, an' Ponchus he'ps Pa, too,  
When our *butcherin's* to do,  
An' scalds hogs—an' says "Take care  
'Bout it, er you'll *set the hair!*"

Yes, an' out in our back-yard  
He he'ps 'Lindy rendur lard;  
An', wite in the fire there, he  
Roast' a pig-tail wunst fer me.—

An' ist nen th'ole tavurn-bell  
Rung, down town, an' he says "Well!—  
Hear dat! *Lan' o' Canaan*, Son,  
Aint dat bell say '*Pig-tail done!*'

—'*Pig-tail done!*  
*Go call Son!*—  
*Tell dat*  
*Chile dat*  
*Pig-tail done!*' "

## THE WOLF AT SUSAN'S DOOR

BY ANNE WARNER

"Well, Lucy has got Hiram!"

There was such a strong inflection of triumphant joy in Miss Clegg's voice as she called the momentous news to her friend that it would have been at once—and most truthfully—surmised that the getting of Hiram had been a more than slight labor.

Mrs. Lathrop was waiting by the fence, impatience written with a wandering reflection all over the serenity of her every-day expression. Susan only waited to lay aside her bonnet and mitts and then hastened to the fence herself.

"Mrs. Lathrop, you never saw nor heard the like of this weddin' day in all your own days to be or to come, and I don't suppose there ever will be anything like it again, for Lucy Dill didn't cut no figger in her own weddin' *a-tall*,—the whole thing was Gran'ma Mullins first, last and forever hereafter. I tell you it looked once or twice as if it wouldn't be a earthly possibility to marry Hiram away from his mother, and now that it's all over people can't do anything but say as after all Lucy ought to consider herself very lucky as things turned out, for if things hadn't turned out as they did turn out I don't believe anything on earth could have unhooked that son, and I'm willin' to swear that anywhere to any one.

"Do you know, Mrs. Lathrop, that Gran'ma Mullins was so bad off last night as they had to put a mustard plaster onto her while Hiram went to see Lucy for the



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last time, an' Mrs. Macy says as she never hear the beat o' her memory, for she says she'll take her Bible oath as Gran'ma Mullins told her what Hiram said and done every minute o' his life while he was gone to see Lucy Dill. And she cried, too, and took on the whole time she was talkin' an' said Heaven help her, for nobody else could, an' she just knowed Lucy'd get tired o' Hiram's story an' he can't be happy a whole day without he tells it, an' she's most sure Lucy won't like his singin' 'Marchin' Through Georgia' after the first month or two, an' it's the only tune as Hiram has ever really took to. Mrs. Macy says she soon found she couldn't do nothin' to stem the tide except to drink tea an' listen, so she drank an' listened till Hiram come home about eleven. Oh, my, but she says they had the time then! Gran'ma Mullins let him in herself, and just as soon as he was in she bu'st into floods of tears an' wouldn't let him loose under no consideration. She says Hiram managed to get his back to the wall for a brace 'cause Gran'ma Mullins nigh to upset him every fresh time as Lucy come over her, an' Mrs. Macy says she couldn't but wonder what the end was goin' to be when, toward midnight, Hiram just lost patience and dodged out under her arm and run up the ladder to the roof-room an' they couldn't get him to come down again. She says when Gran'ma Mullins realized as he wouldn't come down she most went mad over the notion of her only son's spendin' the Christmas Eve to his own weddin' sleepin' on the floor o' the attic and she wanted to poke the cot up to him but Mrs. Macy says she drew the line at cot-pokin' when the cot was all she'd have to sleep on herself, and in the end they poked quilts up, an' pillows an' doughnuts an' cider an' blankets, an' Hiram made a bed on the floor an' they all got to sleep about three o'clock.

## THE WOLF AT SUSAN'S DOOR

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, what do you think? What *do* you think? They was so awful tired that none of 'em woke till Mrs. Sperrit come at eleven next day to take 'em to the weddin'! Mrs. Macy says she hopes she'll be put forward all her back-slidin's if she ever gets such a start again. She says when she peeked out between the blinds an' see Mrs. Sperrit's Sunday bonnet an' realized her own state she nearly had a fit. Mrs. Sperrit had to come in an' be explained to, an' the worst of it was as Hiram couldn't be woke nohow. He'd pulled the ladder up after him an' put the lid on the hole so's to feel safe, an' there he was snug as a bug in a rug an' where no human bein' could get at him. They hollered an' banged doors an' sharpened the carvin' knife an' poured grease on the stove an' did anything they could think of, but he never budged. Mrs. Macy says she never was so close beside herself in all her life before, for Gran'ma Mullins cried worse 'n ever each minute an' Hiram seemed like the very dead couldn't wake him.

"They was all hoppin' around half crazy when Mr. Sperrit come along on his way to the weddin' an' his wife run out an' told him what was the matter an' he come right in an' looked up at the matter. It didn't take long for him to unsettle Hiram, Mrs. Macy says. He got a sulphur candle an' tied it to a stick an' h'isted the lid with another stick, an' in less 'n two minutes they could all hear Hiram sneezin' an' comin' to. An' Mrs. Macy says when they hollered what time it was she wishes the whole town might have been there to see Hiram Mullins come down to earth. Mr. Sperrit didn't hardly have time to get out o' the way an' he didn't give his mother no show for one single grab,—he just bounced into his room and you could have heard him gettin' dressed on the far side o' the far bridge.

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“O’ course, us at Lucy’s didn’t know anythin’ a-tall about Mrs. Macy’s troubles. We had our own, Heaven help us, an’ they was enough, for the very first thing of all Mr. Dill caught his pocket on the corner of Mrs. Dill an’ come within a ace of pullin’ her off her easel. That would have been a pretty beginnin’ to Lucy’s weddin’ day if her father had smashed her mother to bits, I guess, but it couldn’t have made Lucy any worse; for I will say, Mrs. Lathrop, as I never see no one in all my born life act foolisher than Lucy Dill this day. First she’d laugh an’ then she’d cry an’ then she’d lose suthin’ as we’d got to have to work with. An’ when it come to dressin’ her!—well, if she’d known as Hiram was sleepin’ a sleep as next to knowed no wakin’ she couldn’t have put on more things wrong side out an’ hind side before! She wasn’t dressed till most every one was there an’ I was gettin’ pretty anxious, for Hiram wasn’t there neither, an’ the more fidgety people got the more they caught their corners on Mrs. Dill. I just saved her from Mr. Kimball, an’ Amelia saw her goin’ as a result o’ Judge Fitch an’ hardly had time for a jump. The minister himself was beginnin’ to cough when, all of a sudden, some one cried as the Sperrits was there.

“Well, we all squeezed to the window, an’ such a sight you never saw. They was gettin’ Gran’ma Mullins out an’ Hiram was tryin’ to keep her from runnin’ the color of his cravat all down his shirt while she was sobbin’ ‘Hi-i-i-ram, Hi-i-i-i-ram,’ in a voice as would wring your very heart dry. They got her out an’ got her in an’ got her upstairs, an’ we all sat down an’ begin to get ready while Amelia played ‘Lead, Kindly Light’ and ‘The Joyous Farmer’ alternate, ’cause she’d mislaid her Weddin’ March.

“Well, Mrs. Lathrop, you never knowed nothin’ like

## THE WOLF AT SUSAN'S DOOR

it!—we waited, *an'* we waited, *an'* we waited, *an'* the minister most coughed himself into consumption, *an'* Mrs. Dill got caught on so often that Mr. Kimball told Ed to stand back of her *an'* hold her to the easel every minute. Amelia was just beginning over again for the seventeenth time when at last we heard 'em bumpin' along downstairs. Seems as all the delay come from Lucy's idea o' wantin' to walk with her father *an'* have a weddin' procession, instid o' her *an'* Hiram comin' in together like Christians *an'* lettin' Mr. Dill hold Gran'ma Mullins up anywhere. Polly says she never see such a time as they had of it; she says fightin' wolves was layin' lambs beside the way they talked. Hiram said frank *an'* open as the reason he didn't want to walk in with his mother was he was sure she wouldn't let him out to get married, but Lucy was dead set on the procession idea. So in the end they done it so, *an'* Gran'ma Mullins's sobs fairly shook the house as they come through the dinin'-room door. Lucy was first with her father *an'* they both had their heads turned backward lookin' at Hiram *an'* his mother.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, it was certainly a sight worth seein'! The way that Gran'ma Mullins was glued on! All I can say is as octopuses has got their backs turned in comparison to the way that Hiram seemed to be all wrapped up in her. It looked like wild horses, not to speak of Lucy Dill, wouldn't never be able to get him loose enough to marry him. The minister was scared; we was all scared. I never see a worse situation to be in.

"They come along through the back parlor, Lucy lookin' back, Mr. Dill white as a sheet, *an'* Hiram walkin' like a snow-plough as isn't sure how long it can keep on makin' it. It seemed like a month as they was under way before they finally got stopped in front o' the minister. *An'* then come *the* time! Hiram had to step beside Lucy

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an' take her hand an' he couldn't! We all just gasped. There was Hiram tryin' to get loose and Mr. Dill tryin' to help him. Gran'ma Mullins's tears dripped till you could hear 'em, but she hung on to Hiram like he'd paid for it. They worked like Trojan beavers, but as fast as they'd get one side of him uncovered she'd take a fresh wind-round. I tell you, we all just held our breath, and I bet Lucy was sorry she persisted in havin' a procession when she see the perspiration runnin' off her father an' Hiram.

"Finally Polly got frightened and begun to cry, an' at that the deacon put his arm around her an' give her a hug, an' Gran'ma Mullins looked up just in time to see the arm an' the hug. It seemed like it was the last hay in the donkey, for she give a weak screech an' went right over on Mr. Dill. She had such a grip on Hiram that if it hadn't been for Lucy he'd have gone over, too, but Lucy just hung on herself that time, an' Hiram was rescued without nothin' worse than his hair mussed an' one sleeve a little tore. Mr. Sperrit an' Mr. Jilkins carried Gran'ma Mullins into the dinin'-room, an' I said to just leave her fainted till after we'd got Hiram well an' truly married; so they did.

"I never see the minister rattle nothin' through like that marriage-service. Every one was on whole papers of pins an' needles, an' the minute it was over every one just felt like sittin' right straight down.

"Mrs. Macy an' me went up an' watered Gran'ma Mullins till we brought her to, and when she learned as it was all done she picked up wonderful and felt as hungry as any one, an' come downstairs an' kissed Lucy an' caught a corner on Mrs. Dill just like she'd never been no trouble to no one from first to last. I never seen such a sudden change in all my life; it was like some miracle had come

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out all over her and there wasn't no one there as wasn't rejoiced to death over the change.

"We all went out in the dinin'-room and the sun shone in and every one laughed over nothin' a-tall. Mrs. Sperrit pinned Hiram up from inside so his tear didn't show, and Lucy and he set side by side and looked like no one was ever goin' to ever be married again. Polly an' the deacon set opposite and the minister an' his wife an' Mr. Dill an' Gran'ma Mullins made up the table. The rest stood around, and we was all as lively as words can tell. The cake was one o' the handsomest as I ever see, two pigeons peckin' a bell on top and Hiram an' Lucy runnin' around below in pink. There was a dime inside an' a ring, an' I got the dime, an' they must have forgot to put in the ring for no one got it."

Susan paused and panted.

"It was—" commented Mrs. Lathrop, thoughtfully.

"Nice that I got the dime?—yes, I should say. There certainly wasn't no one there as needed it worse, an', although I'd never be one to call a dime a fortune, still it is a dime, an' no one can't deny it the honor, no matter how they feel. But, Mrs. Lathrop, what you'd ought to have seen was Hiram and Lucy ready to go off. I bet no one knows they're brides—I bet no one knows *what* they are,—you never saw the like in all your worst dreams. Hiram wore spectacles an' carpet-slippers an' that old umbrella as Mr. Shores keeps at the store to keep from bein' stole, and Lucy wore clothes she'd found in trunks an' her hair in curl-papers, an' her cold-cream gloves. They certainly was a sight, an' Gran'ma Mullins laughed as hard as any one over them. Mr. Sperrit drove 'em to the train, an' Hiram says he's goin' to spend two dollars a day right along till he comes back; so I guess Lucy 'll have a good time for once in her life. An' Gran'ma Mullins walked

back with me an' not one word o' Hiram did she speak. She was all Polly an' the deacon. She said it wa'n't in reason as Polly could imagine him with hair, an' she said she was thinkin' very seriously o' givin' her a piece o' his hair as she's got, for a weddin' present. She said Polly 'd never know what he was like the night he give her that hair. She said the moon was shinin' an' the frogs were croakin', an' she kind o' choked; she says she can't smell a marsh to this day without seein' the deacon givin' her that piece of hair. I cheered her up all I could—I told her anyhow he couldn't give Polly a piece of his hair if he died for it. She smiled a weak smile an' went on up to Mrs. Brown's. Mrs. Brown asked her to stay with her a day or two. Mrs. Brown has her faults, but nobody can't deny as she's got a good heart,—in fact, sometimes I think Mrs. Brown's good heart is about the worst fault she's got. I've knowed it lead her to do very foolish things time an' again—things as I thank my star I'd never think o' doin'—not in this world."

Mrs. Lathrop shifted her elbows a little; Susan withdrew at once from the fence.

"I must go in," she said, "to-morrow is goin' to be a more 'n full day. There's Polly's weddin' an' then in the evenin' Mr. Weskin is comin' up. You needn't look surprised, Mrs. Lathrop, because I've thought the subject over up an' down an' hind end foremost an' there ain't nothin' left for me to do. I can't sell nothin' else an' I've got to have money, so I'm goin' to let go of one of those bonds as father left me. There ain't no way out of it; I told Mr. Weskin I'd expect him at sharp eight on sharp business an' he'll come. An' I must go as a consequence. Good night."

Polly Allen's wedding took place the next day, and

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Mrs. Lathrop came out on her front piazza about half past five to wait for her share in the event.

The sight of Mrs. Brown going by with her head bound up in a white cloth, accompanied by Gran'ma Mullins with both hands similarly treated, was the first inkling the stay-at-home had that strange doings had been lately done.

Susan came next and Susan was a sight!

Not only did her ears stand up with a size and conspicuousness never inherited from either her father or her mother, but also her right eye was completely closed and she walked lame.

"The Lord have mercy!" cried Mrs. Lathrop, when the full force of her friend's affliction effected its complete entrance into her brain,—*"Why, Susan, what—"*

"Mrs. Lathrop," said Miss Clegg, "all I can say is I come out better than the most of 'em, an' if you could see Sam Duruy or Mr. Kimball or the minister you'd know I spoke the truth. The deacon an' Polly is both in bed an' can't see how each other looks, an' them as has a eye is goin' to tend them as can't see at all, an' God help 'em all if young Dr. Brown an' the mud run dry!" with which pious ejaculation Susan painfully mounted the steps and sat down with exceeding gentleness upon a chair.

Mrs. Lathrop stared at her in dumb and wholly bewildered amazement. After a while Miss Clegg continued.

"It was all the deacon's fault. Him an' Polly was so dead set on bein' fashionable an' bein' a contrast to Hiram an' Lucy, an' I hope to-night as they lay there all puffed up as they'll reflect on their folly an' think a little on how the rest of us as didn't care rhyme or reason for folly is got no choice but to puff up, too. Mrs. Jilkins is awful mad; she says Mr. Jilkins wanted to wear his



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straw hat anyhow and, she says she always has hated his silk hat 'cause it reminds her o' when she was young and foolish enough to be willin' to go and marry into a family as was foolish enough to marry into Deacon White. Mrs. Jilkins is extra hot because she got one in the neck, but my own idea is as Polly Allen's weddin' was the silliest doin's as I ever see from the beginnin', an' the end wan't no more than might o' been expected—all things considered.

"When I got to the church, what do you think was the first thing as I see, Mrs. Lathrop? Well, you'd never guess till kingdom come, so I may as well tell you. It was Ed an' Sam Duruy an' Henry Ward Beecher an' Johnny standin' there waitin' to show us to our pews like we didn't know our own pews after sittin' in 'em for all our life-times! I just shook my head an' walked to my pew, an' there, if it wasn't looped shut with a daisy-chain! Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I wish you could have been there to have felt for me, for I may remark as a cyclone is a caterpillar wove up in hisself beside my face when I see myself daisy-chained out o' my own pew by Polly Allen. Ed was behind me an' he whispered 'That's reserved for the family.' I give him one look an' I will state, Mrs. Lathrop, as he wilted. It didn't take me long to break that daisy-chain an' sit down in that pew, an' I can assure you as no one asked me to get up again. Mrs. Jilkins's cousins from Meadville come an' looked at me sittin' there, but I give them jus' one look back an' they went an' sat with Mrs. Macy themselves. A good many other folks was as surprised as me over where they had to sit, but we soon had other surprises as took the taste o' the first clean out o' our mouths.

"Just as Mrs. Davison begin to play the organ, Ed an' Johnny come down with two clothes-lines wound

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'round with clematis an' tied us all in where we sat. Then they went back an' we all stayed still an' couldn't but wonder what under the sun was to be done to us next. But we didn't have long to wait, an' I will say as anythin' to beat Polly's ideas I never see—no—nor no one else neither.

“'Long down the aisle, two an' two, an' hand in hand, like they thought they was suthin' pretty to look at, come Ed an' Johnny an' Henry Ward Beecher an' Sam Duruy, an' I vow an' declare, Mrs. Lathrop, I never was so nigh to laughin' in church in all my life. They knowed they was funny, too, an' their mouths an' eyes was tight set sober, but some one in the back just *had* to giggle, an' when we heard it we knew as things as wasn't much any other day would use us up this day, sure. They stopped in front an' lined up, two on a side, an' then, for all the world like it was a machine-play, the little door opened an' out come the minister an' solemnly walked down to between them. I must say we was all more than a little disappointed at its only bein' the minister, an' he must have felt our feelin's, for he began to cough an' clear up his throat an' his little desk all at once. Then Mrs. Davison jerked out the loud stop an' began to play for all she was worth, an' the door behind banged an' every one turned aroun' to see.

“Well, Mrs. Lathrop, we saw,—an' I will in truth remark as such a sawin' we'll never probably get a chance to do again! Mrs. Sweet says they practised it over four times at the church, so they can't deny as they meant it all, an' you might lay me crossways an' cut me into chipped beef an' still I would declare as I wouldn't have the face to own to havin' had any hand in plannin' any such weddin'.

“First come 'Liza Em'ly an' Rachel Rebecca hand in

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hand carryin' daisies—of all things in the world to take to a weddin'—an' then come Brunhilde Susan, with a daisy-chain around her neck an' her belt stuck full o' daisies an'—you can believe me or not, jus' as you please, Mrs. Lathrop, an' still it won't help matters any—an' a daisy stuck in every button down her back, an' daisies tangled up in her hair, an' a bunch o' daisies under one arm.

“Well, we was nigh to overcome by Brunhilde Susan, but we drawed some fresh breath an' kept on lookin', an' next come Polly an' Mr. Allen. I will say for Mr. Allen as he seemed to feel the ridiculousness of it all, for a redder man I never see, nor one as looked more uncomfortable. He was daisied, too—had three in his button-hole;—but what took us all was the way him an' Polly walked. I bet no people gettin' married ever zig-zagged like that before, an' Mrs. Sweet says they practised it by countin' two an' then swingin' out to one side, an' then countin' two an' swingin' out to the other—she watched 'em out of her attic window down through the broke blind to the church. Well, all I can say is, that to my order o' thinkin' countin' an' swingin' is a pretty frame o' mind to get a husband in, but so it was, an' we was all starin' our eyes off to beat the band when the little door opened an', to crown everythin' else, out come the deacon an' Mr. Jilkins, each with a daisy an' a silk hat, an' I will remark, Mrs. Lathrop, as new-born kittens is blood-red murderers compared to how innocent that hat o' Mr. Jilkins' looked. Any one could see as it wasn't new, but he wasn't new either, as far as that goes, an' that was what struck me in particular about the whole thing—nothin' an' nobody wasn't any different only for Polly's foolishness and the daisies.

“Well, they sorted out an' begun to get married, an'

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us all sittin' lookin' on an' no more guessin' what was comin' next than a ant looks for a mornin' paper. The minister was gettin' most through an' the deacon was gettin' out the ring, an' we was lookin' to get up an' out pretty quick, when—my heavens alive, Mrs. Lathrop, I never will forget that minute—when Mr. Jilkins—poor man, he's sufferin' enough for it, Lord knows!—when Mr. Jilkins dropped his hat!

“That very next second him an' Ed an' Brunhilde Susan all hopped an' yelled at once, an' the next thing we see was the minister droppin' his book an' grabbin' his arm an' the deacon tryin' madly to do hisself up in Polly's veil. We would 'a' all been glum petrified at such goin's on any other day, only by that time the last one of us was feelin' to hop and grab an' yell on his own account. Gran'ma Mullins was tryin' to slap herself with the seat cushion, an' the way the daisies flew as folks went over an' under that clematis rope was a caution. I got out as quick as I—”

“But what—” interrupted Mrs. Lathrop, her eyes fairly marble-like in their redundant curiosity.

“It was wasps!” said Susan, “it was a young wasps' nest in Mr. Jilkins's hat. Seems they carried their hats to church in their hands 'cause Polly didn't want no red rings around 'em, an' so he never suspected nothin' till he dropped it. An' oh, poor little Brunhilde Susan in them short skirts of hers—she might as well have wore a bee hive as to be like she is now. I got off easy, an' you can look at me an' figure on what them as got it hard has got on them. Young Dr. Brown went right to work with mud an' Polly's veil an' plastered 'em over as fast as they could get into Mrs. Sweet's. Mrs. Sweet was mighty obligin' an' turned two flower-beds inside out an' let every one scoop with her kitchen spoons, besides run-

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nin' aroun' herself like she was a slave gettin' paid. They took the deacon an' Polly right to their own house. They can't see one another anyhow, an' they was most all married anyway, so it didn't seem worth while to wait till the minister gets the use of his upper lip again."

"Why—" interrogated Mrs. Lathrop.

"Young Dr. Brown wanted to," said Susan, "he wanted to fill my ears with mud, an' my eye, too, but I didn't feel to have it done. You can't die o' wasps' bills, an' you can o' young Dr. Brown's—leastways when you ain't got no money to pay 'em, like I ain't got just at present."

"It's—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Yes," said Susan, "it struck me that way, too. This seems to be a very unlucky town. Anything as comes seems to catch us all in a bunch. The cow most lamed the whole community an' the automobile most broke its back; time'll tell what'll be the result o' these wasps, but there won't be no church Sunday for one thing, I know.

"An' it ain't the least o' my woes, Mrs. Lathrop, to think as I've got to sit an' smile on Mr. Weskin to-night from between two such ears as I've got, for a man is a man, an' it can't be denied as a woman as is mainly ears ain't beguillin'. Besides, I may in confidence state to you, Mrs. Lathrop, as the one as buzzed aroun' my head wan't really no wasp a-tall in comparison to the one as got under my skirts."

Mrs. Lathrop's eyes were full of sincere condolence; she did not even imagine a smile as she gazed upon her afflicted friend.

"I must go," said the latter, rising with a groan, "seems like I never will reach the bottom o' my troubles this year. I keep thinkin' there's nothin' left an' then I

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get a wasp at each end at once. Well, I'll come over when Mr. Weskin goes—if I have strength.”

Then she limped home.

It was about nine that night that she returned and pounded vigorously on her friend's window-pane. Mrs. Lathrop woke from her rocker-nap, went to the window and opened it. Susan stood below and the moon illuminated her smile and her ears with its most silvery beams.

“He's just gone!” she announced.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Lathrop, rubbing her eyes.

“He's gone; I come over to tell you.”

“What—” said Mrs. Lathrop.

“I wouldn't care if my ears was as big as a elephant's now.”

“Why—” asked Mrs. Lathrop.

“Mrs. Lathrop, you know as I took them bonds straight after father died an' locked 'em up an' I ain't never unlocked 'em since?”

Mrs. Lathrop assented with a single rapt nod.

“Well, when I explained to Mr. Weskin as I'd got to have money an' how was the best way to sell a bond, he just looked at me, an' what do you think he said—what *do* you think he said, Mrs. Lathrop?”

Mrs. Lathrop hung far out over the window-sill—her gaze was the gaze of the ever earnest and interested.

Susan stood below. Her face was aglow with the joy of the affluent—her very voice might have been for once entitled as silvery.

“He said, Mrs. Lathrop, he said, ‘Miss Clegg, why don't you go down to the bank and cut your coupons?’ ”

## THE TWO PRISONERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Once upon a time there were two Prisoners at the bar, who endeavored to plead for themselves with Tact and Wisdom.

One concealed certain Facts prejudicial to his Cause; upon which the Judge said: "If you had Confessed the Truth it would have Biased me in your Favor; as it is, I Condemn you to Punishment."

The other stated his Case with absolute Truth and Sincerity, concealing Nothing; and the result was that he was Condemned for his Misdemeanors.

### MORALS:

This Fable teaches that Honesty is the Best Policy, and that the Truth should not Be spoken at All Times.

## A MODERN ADVANTAGE

BY CHARLOTTE BECKER

One morning, when the sun shone bright  
And all the earth was fair,  
I met a little city child,  
Whose ravings rent the air:

"I lucidly can penetrate  
"The Which," I heard him say,—  
"The How is, wonderfully, come  
To clear the limpid way.

"The sentence, rarely, rose and fell  
From ceiling to the floor ;  
Her words were spotlessly arranged,  
She gave me, strangely, more."

"What troubles you, my little man?"  
I dared to ask him then,—  
He fixed me with a subtle stare,  
And said, "Most clearly, when

"You see I'm occupied, it's rude  
To question of my aims—  
I'm going to the adverb school  
Of Mr. Henry James!"



## THE RAGGEDY MAN

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;  
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh  
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;  
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—  
Aint he a' awful good Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do!—  
He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—  
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—  
An' nother'n, too, fer The Raggedy Man.—  
Aint he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:  
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,  
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers themselves!

## THE RAGGEDY MAN

An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!

Aint he a funny old Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he  
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,  
Says "When *you're* big like your Pa is,  
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—  
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—  
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!"  
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—

I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

## A MODERN ECLOGUE

BY BLISS CARMAN

### SHE

If you were ferryman at Charon's ford,  
And I came down the bank and called to you,  
Waved you my hand and asked to come aboard,  
And threw you kisses there, what would you do?

Would there be such a crowd of other girls,  
Pleading and pale and lonely as the sea,  
You'd growl in your old beard, and shake your curls,  
And say there was no room for little me?

Would you remember each of them in turn?  
Put all your faded fancies in the bow,  
And all the rest before you in the stern,  
And row them out with panic on your brow?

If I came down and offered you my fare  
And more beside, could you refuse me there?

### HE

If I were ferryman in Charon's place,  
And ran that crazy scow with perilous skill,  
I should be so worn out with keeping trace  
Of gibbering ghosts and bidding them sit still,

## A MODERN ECLOGUE

If you should come with daisies in your hands,  
Strewing their petals on the sombre stream,—  
“He will come,” and “He won’t come,” down the lands  
Of pallid reverie and ghostly dream,—

I would let every clamouring shape stand there,  
And give its shadowy lungs free vent in vain,  
While you with earthly roses in your hair,  
And I grown young at sight of you again,

Went down the stream once more at half-past seven  
To find some brand-new continent of heaven.

## A CABLE-CAR PREACHER

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

### I

“ ’Tis strange how thoughtless people are,”  
A man said in a cable-car,  
“ How careless and how thoughtless,” said  
The Loud Man in the cable-car ;  
And then the Man with One Lame Leg  
Said softly, “ Pardon me, I beg,  
For your valise is on my knee ;  
It’s sore,” said he of One Lame Leg.

### II

A woman then came in with twins  
And stumbled o’er the Loud Man’s shins ;  
And she was tired half to death,  
This Woman Who Came in with Twins ;  
And then the Man with One Lame Leg  
Said, “ Madam, take my seat, I beg.”  
She sat, with her vociferant Twins,  
And thanked the man of One Lame Leg.

## A CABLE-CAR PREACHER

### III

“’Tis strange how selfish people are,  
They carry boorishness so far;  
How selfish, careless, thoughtless,” said  
The Loud Man of the cable-car.  
A Man then with the Lung Complaint  
Grew dizzy and began to faint;  
He reeled and swayed from side to side,  
This poor Man with the Lung Complaint.

### IV

The Woman Who Came in with Twins  
Said, “You can hardly keep your pins;  
Pray, take my seat.” He sat, and thanked  
The Woman Who Came in with Twins.  
The Loud Man once again began  
To curse the selfishness of man;  
Our lack of manners he bewailed  
With vigor, did this Loud, Loud Man.

### V

But still the Loud Man kept his seat;  
A Blind Man stumbled o’er his feet;  
The Loud Man preached on selfishness,  
And preached, and preached, and kept his seat.  
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint  
Stood up—a brave, heroic saint—  
And to the Blind Man, “Take my seat,”  
Said he who had the Lung Complaint.

SAM WALTER FOSS

VI

The Loud Man preached on selfish sins ;  
The Woman Who Came in with Twins ;  
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint,  
    Stood, while he preached on selfish sins.  
And still the Man with One Lame Leg  
    Stood there on his imperfect peg  
And heard the screed on selfish sins—  
    This patient Man with One Lame Leg.

VII

The Loud Man of the cable-car  
    Sat still and preached and traveled far ;  
The Blind Man spake no word unto  
    The Loud Man of the cable-car.  
The Lame-Legged Man looked reconciled,  
    And she with Twins her grief beguiled,  
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint—  
    All stood, and sweetly, sadly smiled.

## HOW TO KNOW THE WILD ANIMALS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

If ever you should go by chance  
To jungles in the East,  
And if there should to you advance  
A large and tawny beast—  
If he roar at you as you're dyin',  
You'll know it is the Asian Lion.

If, when in India loafing round,  
A noble wild beast meets you,  
With dark stripes on a yellow ground,  
Just notice if he eats you.  
This simple rule may help you learn  
The Bengal Tiger to discern.

When strolling forth, a beast you view  
Whose hide with spots is peppered ;  
As soon as it has leapt on you,  
You'll know it is the Leopard.  
'T will do no good to roar with pain,  
He'll only lep and lep again.

If you are sauntering round your yard,  
And meet a creature there  
Who hugs you very, very hard,  
You'll know it is the Bear.  
If you have any doubt, I guess  
He'll give you just one more caress.



CAROLYN WELLS

Whene'er a quadruped you view  
Attached to any tree,  
It may be 'tis the Wanderoo,  
Or yet the Chimpanzee.  
If right side up it may be both,  
If upside down it is the Sloth.

Though to distinguish beasts of prey  
A novice might nonplus;  
Yet from the Crocodile you may  
Tell the Hyena, thus:  
'Tis the Hyena if it smile;  
If weeping, 'tis the Crocodile.

The true Chameleon is small—  
A lizard sort of thing;  
He hasn't any ears at all  
And not a single wing.  
If there is nothing on the tree  
'Tis the Chameleon you see.

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

BY PHŒBE CARY

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was wed,  
And the little room from which that night,  
My smiling bride was led.  
She didn't come a wink too soon,  
Nor make too long a stay;  
But now I often wish her folks  
Had kept the girl away!

I remember, I remember,  
Her dresses, red and white,  
Her bonnets and her caps and cloaks,—  
They cost an awful sight!  
The "corner lot" on which I built,  
And where my brother met  
At first my wife, one washing-day,—  
That man is single yet!

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to court,  
And thought that all of married life  
Was just such pleasant sport:—  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
No care was on my brow;  
I scarce could wait to shut the gate,—  
I'm not so anxious now!

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I remember, I remember,  
    My dear one's smile and sigh;  
I used to think her tender heart  
    Was close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
    But now it soothes me not  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
    Then when she wasn't got.

## THE COUPON BONDS

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE

(Mr. and Mrs. Ducklow have secretly purchased bonds with money that should have been given to their adopted son Reuben, who has sacrificed his health in serving his country as a soldier, and, going to visit Reuben on the morning of his return home, they hide the bonds under the carpet of the sitting-room, and leave the house in charge of Taddy, another adopted son.)

Mr. Ducklow had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when, looking anxiously in the direction of his homestead, he saw a column of smoke. It was directly over the spot where he knew his house to be situated. He guessed at a glance what had happened. The frightful catastrophe he foreboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house afire.

“Them bonds! them bonds!” he exclaimed, distractedly. He did not think so much of the house: house and furniture were insured; if they were burned the inconvenience would be great indeed, and at any other time the thought of such an event would have been a sufficient cause for trepidation; but now his chief, his only anxiety was the bonds. They were not insured. They would be a dead loss. And, what added sharpness to his pangs, they would be a loss which he must keep a secret, as he had kept their existence a secret,—a loss which he could not confess, and of which he could not complain. Had

he not just given his neighbors to understand that he had no such property? And his wife,—was she not at that very moment, if not serving up a lie upon the subject, at least paring the truth very thin indeed?

“A man would think,” observed Ferring, “that Ducklow had some o’ them bonds on his hands, and got scaret, he took such a sudden start. He has, hasn’t he, Mrs. Ducklow?”

“Has what?” said Mrs. Ducklow, pretending ignorance.

“Some o’ them cowpon bonds. I rather guess he’s got some.”

“You mean Gov’ment bonds? Ducklow got some? ’Tain’t at all likely he’d spec’late in them without saying something to *me* about it. No, he couldn’t have any without my knowing it, I’m sure.”

How demure, how innocent she looked, plying her knitting-needle, and stopping to take up a stitch! How little at that moment she knew of Ducklow’s trouble and its terrible cause!

Ducklow’s first impulse was to drive on and endeavor at all hazards to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was to return and alarm his neighbors and obtain their assistance. But a minute’s delay might be fatal: so he drove on, screaming, “Fire! fire!” at the top of his voice.

But the old mare was a slow-footed animal; and Ducklow had no whip. He reached forward and struck her with the reins.

“Git up! git up!—Fire! fire!” screamed Ducklow. “Oh, them bonds! them bonds! Why didn’t I give the money to Reuben? Fire! fire! fire!”

By dint of screaming and slapping, he urged her from a trot into a gallop, which was scarcely an improvement

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as to speed, and certainly not as to grace. It was like the gallop of an old cow. "Why don't ye go 'long?" he cried, despairingly.

Slap! slap! He knocked his own hat off with the loose end of the reins. It fell under the wheels. He cast one look behind, to satisfy himself that it had been very thoroughly run over and crushed into the dirt, and left it to its fate.

Slap! slap! "Fire! fire!" Canter, canter, canter! Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow himself, without his hat, rising from his seat and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, and at the same time rending the azure with yells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and, looking beyond, in expectation of seeing his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in a field near by.

The revulsion of feeling that ensued was almost too much for the excitable Ducklow. His strength went out of him. For a little while there seemed to be nothing left of him but tremor and cold sweat. Difficult as it had been to get the old mare in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop her.

"Why, what has got into Ducklow's old mare? She's running away with him! Who ever heard of such a thing!" And Atkins, watching the ludicrous spectacle from his field, became almost as weak from laughter as Ducklow was from the effects of fear.

At length Ducklow succeeded in checking the old mare's speed and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts, "Fire! fire! fire!" over the hill. He had

aroused the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

"A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking marvelously sheepish, as he met them. "Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap!"

"Seems to me you ought to have found that out 'fore you raised all creation with your yells!" said one hyperbolic fellow. "You looked like the Flying Dutchman! This your hat? I thought 'twas a dead cat in the road. No fire! no fire!"—turning back to his comrades,—“only one of Ducklow's jokes.”

Nevertheless, two or three boys there were who would not be convinced, but continued to leap up, swing their caps, and scream "Fire!" against all remonstrance. Ducklow did not wait to enter his explanations, but, turning the old mare about again, drove home amid the laughter of the by-standers and the screams of the misguided youngsters. As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus! Thaddeus! Where ye goin', Thaddeus?"

"Goin' to the fire!" cried Taddy.

"There isn't any fire, boy."

"Yes, there is! Didn't ye hear 'em? They've been yellin' like fury."

"It's nothin' but Atkins's brush."

"That all?" And Taddy appeared very much disappointed. "I thought there was goin' to be some fun. I wonder who was such a fool as to yell fire just for a darned old brush-heap!"

Ducklow did not inform him.

"I've got to drive over to town and get Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat."

Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting-room, to see that the bonds were safe.

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"Heavens and 'arth!" said Ducklow.

The chair, which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out, and the carpet pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted, in the midst of his ransacking, by the alarm of fire. Indeed, he was even now creeping into the house to see what notice Ducklow would take of these evidences of his mischief.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped, until he found the envelope precisely where it had been placed the night before, with the tape tied around it, which his wife had put on to prevent its contents from slipping out and losing themselves. Great was the joy of Ducklow. Great also was the wrath of him when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"Didn't I tell you to stand by the old mare?"

"She won't stir," said Taddy, shrinking away again.

"Come here!" And Ducklow grasped him by the collar.

"What have you been doin'? Look at that!"

"'Twan't me!" beginning to whimper and ram his fists into his eyes.

"Don't tell me 'twan't you!" Ducklow shook him till his teeth chattered. "What was you pullin' up the carpet for?"

"Lost a marble!" sniveled Taddy.

"Lost a marble! Ye didn't lose it under the carpet, did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out!" shaking him again.

"Didn't know but it might 'a' got under the carpet, marbles roll so," explained Taddy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Wal, sir,"—Ducklow administered a resounding box



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on his ear,—“don’t you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles!”

“Hain’t got a million!” Taddy wept, rubbing his cheek. “Hain’t got but four! Won’t ye buy me some to-day?”

“Go to that mare, and don’t you leave her again till I come, or I’ll *marble* ye in a way you won’t like.”

Understanding, by this somewhat equivocal form of expression, that flagellation was threatened, Taddy obeyed, still feeling his smarting and burning ear.

Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them after what had happened; and he remembered too well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person. With unreasonable impatience, his mind reverted to Mrs. Ducklow.

“Why ain’t she to home? These women are forever a-gaddin’! I wish Reuben’s trunk was in Jericho!”

Thinking of the trunk reminded him of one in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts,—newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children’s writing-books,—accumulations of the past quarter of a century. Neither fire nor burglar nor ransacking youngster had ever molested those ancient records during all those five-and-twenty years. A bright thought struck him.

“I’ll slip the bonds down into that worthless heap o’ rubbish, where no one ’ull ever think o’ lookin’ for ’em, and resk ’em.”

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the trunk in the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

He had driven about half a mile, when he met a ped-

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dlar. There was nothing unusual or alarming in such a circumstance, surely; but, as Ducklow kept on, it troubled him.

“He’ll stop to the house, now, most likely, and want to trade. Findin’ nobody but Taddy, there’s no knowin’ what he’ll be tempted to do. But I ain’t a-goin’ to worry. I’ll defy anybody to find them bonds. Besides, she may be home by this time. I guess she’ll hear of the fire-alarm and hurry home: it’ll be jest like her. She’ll be there, and trade with the peddler!” thought Ducklow, uneasily. Then a frightful fancy possessed him. “She has threatened two or three times to sell that old trunkful of papers. He’ll offer a big price for ’em, and ten to one she’ll let him have ’em. Why *didn’t* I think on’t? What a stupid blunderbuss I be!”

As Ducklow thought of it, he felt almost certain that Mrs. Ducklow had returned home, and that she was bargaining with the peddler at that moment. He fancied her smilingly receiving bright tin-ware for the old papers; and he could see the tape-tied envelope going into the bag with the rest. The result was that he turned about and whipped his old mare home again in terrific haste, to catch the departing peddler.

Arriving, he found the house as he had left it, and Taddy occupied in making a kite-frame.

“Did that peddler stop here?”

“I hain’t seen no peddler.”

“And hain’t yer Ma Ducklow been home, nuther?”

“No.”

And, with a guilty look, Taddy put the kite-frame behind him.

Ducklow considered. The peddler had turned up a cross-street: he would probably turn down again and stop at the house, after all: Mrs. Ducklow might by that time

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be at home: then the sale of old papers would be very likely to take place. Ducklow thought of leaving word that he did not wish any old papers in the house to be sold, but feared lest the request might excite Taddy's suspicions.

"I don't see no way but for me to take the bonds with me," thought he, with an inward groan.

He accordingly went to the garret, took the envelope out of the trunk, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat, to which he pinned it, to prevent it by any chance from getting out. He used six large, strong pins for the purpose, and was afterwards sorry he did not use seven.

"There's suthin' losin' out o' yer pocket!" bawled Taddy, as he was once more mounting the wagon.

Quick as lightning, Ducklow clapped his hand to his breast. In doing so he loosed his hold of the wagon-box and fell, raking his shin badly on the wheel.

"Yer side-pocket! It's one o' yer mittens!" said Taddy.

"You rascal! How you scared me!"

Seating himself in the wagon, Ducklow gently pulled up his trousers-leg to look at the bruised part.

"Got anything in your boot-leg to-day, Pa Ducklow?" asked Taddy, innocently.

"Yes,—a barked shin!—all on your account, too! Go and put that straw back, and fix the carpet; and don't ye let me hear ye speak of my boot-leg again, or I'll boot-leg ye!"

So saying, Ducklow departed.

Instead of repairing the mischief he had done in the sitting-room, Taddy devoted his time and talents to the more interesting occupation of constructing his kite-frame. He worked at that until Mr. Grantly, the minister, driving by, stopped to inquire how the folks were.

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"Ain't to home: may I ride?" cried Taddy, all in a breath.

Mr. Grantly was an indulgent old gentleman, fond of children: so he said, "Jump in;" and in a minute Taddy had scrambled to a seat by his side.

And now occurred a circumstance which Ducklow had foreseen. The alarm of fire had reached Reuben's; and, although the report of its falseness followed immediately, Mrs. Ducklow's inflammable fancy was so kindled by it that she could find no comfort in prolonging her visit.

"Mr. Ducklow'll be going for the trunk, and I *must* go home and see to things, Taddy's *such* a fellow for mischief. I can foot it; I shan't mind it."

And off she started, walking herself out of breath in anxiety.

She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door.

"Who *can* that be? I wonder if Taddy's ther' to guard the house! If anything should happen to them bonds!"

Out of breath as she was, she quickened her pace, and trudged on, flushed, perspiring, panting, until she reached the house.

"Thaddeus!" she called.

No Taddy answered. She went in. The house was deserted. And, lo! the carpet torn up, and the bonds abstracted!

Mr. Ducklow never would have made such work, removing the bonds. Then somebody else must have taken them, she reasoned.

"The man in the chaise!" she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim, succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse, gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation. *Vox faucibus hæsit.*

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And Taddy? He had disappeared, been murdered, perhaps,—or gagged and carried away by the man in the chaise.

Mrs. Ducklow flew hither and thither (to use a favorite phrase of her own), "like a hen with her head cut off;" then rushed out of the house and up the street, screaming after the chaise,—

"Murder! murder! Stop thief! stop thief!"

She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted, now she cantered; but, if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun, shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was unique; it was prodigious. Now, with her frantically waving hands, and all her undulating and flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird, attempting to fly. Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk,—breath and strength all gone,—no voice left even to scream "murder!" Then, the awful realization of the loss of the bonds once more rushing over her, she started up again. "Half running, half flying, what progress she made!" Then Atkins's dog saw her, and, naturally mistaking her for a prodigy, came out at her, bristling up and bounding and barking terrifically.

"Come here!" cried Atkins, following the dog. "What's the matter? What's to pay, Mrs. Ducklow?"

Attempting to speak, the good woman could only pant and wheeze.

"Robbed!" she at last managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced.

"Robbed? How? Who?"

"The chaise. Ketch it."

Her gestures expressed more than her words; and, At-

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kins's horse and wagon, with which he had been drawing out brush, being in the yard near-by, he ran to them, leaped to the seat, drove into the road, took Mrs. Ducklow aboard, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the slow two-wheeled vehicle.

"Stop, you, sir! Stop, you, sir!" shrieked Mrs. Ducklow, having recovered her breath by the time they came up with the chaise.

It stopped, and Mr. Grantly, the minister, put out his good-natured, surprised face.

"You've robbed my house! You've took—"

Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild, accusatory accents, when she recognized the benign countenance.

"What do you say? I have robbed you?" he exclaimed, very much astonished.

"No, no! not you! You wouldn't do such a thing!" she stammered forth, while Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Mr. Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself into a side-ache at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake. "But did you—did you stop at my house? Have you seen our Thaddeus?"

"Here I be, Ma Ducklow!" piped a small voice; and Taddy, who had till then remained hidden, fearing punishment, peeped out of the chaise from behind the broad back of the minister.

"Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet—"

"I pulled it up, huntin' for a marble," said Taddy, as she paused, overmastered by her emotions.

"And the—the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Ye sure?"

"Yes; I seen him."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Ducklow, "I never was so beat! Mr. Grantly, I hope—excuse me—I didn't know what I

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was about! Taddy, you notty boy, what did you leave the house for? Be ye quite sure yer Pa Ducklow—”

Taddy replied that he was quite sure, as he climbed from the chaise into Atkins's wagon. The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed, and went his way. Atkins, driving back, and setting her and Taddy down at the Ducklow gate, answered her embarrassed “Much obleeged to ye,” with a sincere “Not at all,” considering the fun he had had a sufficient compensation for his trouble. And thus ended the morning adventures, with the exception of an unimportant episode, in which Taddy, Mrs. Ducklow, and Mrs. Ducklow's rattan were the principal actors.

## THE SHOOTING-MATCH

BY A. B. LONGSTREET

Shooting-matches are probably nearly coeval with the colonization of Georgia. They are still common throughout the Southern States, though they are not as common as they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. Chance led me to one about a year ago. I was traveling in one of the northeastern counties, when I overtook a swarthy, bright-eyed, smirky little fellow, riding a small pony, and bearing on his shoulder a long, heavy rifle, which, judging from its looks, I should say had done service in Morgan's corps.

"Good morning, sir!" said I, reining up my horse as I came beside him.

"How goes it, stranger?" said he, with a tone of independence and self-confidence that awakened my curiosity to know a little of his character.

"Going driving?" inquired I.

"Not exactly," replied he, surveying my horse with a quizzical smile; "I haven't been a driving *by myself* for a year or two; and my nose has got so bad lately, I can't carry a cold trail *without hounds to help me.*"

Alone, and without hounds as he was, the question was rather a silly one; but it answered the purpose for which it was put, which was only to draw him into conversation, and I proceeded to make as decent a retreat as I could.

"I didn't know," said I, "but that you were going to meet the huntsmen, or going to your stand."



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"Ah, sure enough," rejoined he, "that *mout* be a bee, as the old woman said when she killed a wasp. It seems to me I ought to know you."

"Well, if you *ought*, why *don't* you?"

"What *mout* your name be?"

"It *might* be anything," said I, with a borrowed wit, for I knew my man and knew what kind of conversation would please him most.

"Well, what *is* it, then?"

"It *is* Hall," said I; "but you know it might as well have been anything else."

"Pretty digging!" said he. "I find you're not the fool I took you to be; so here's to a better acquaintance with you."

"With all my heart," returned I; "but you must be as clever as I've been, and give me your name."

"To be sure I will, my old coon; take it, take it, and welcome. Anything else about me you'd like to have?"

"No," said I, "there's nothing else about you worth having."

"Oh, yes there is, stranger! Do you see this?" holding up his ponderous rifle with an ease that astonished me. "If you will go with me to the shooting-match, and see me knock out the *bull's-eye* with her a few times, you'll agree the old *Soap-stick's* worth something when Billy Curlew puts his shoulder to her."

This short sentence was replete with information to me. It taught me that my companion was *Billy Curlew*; that he was going to a *shooting-match*; that he called his rifle the *Soap-stick*, and that he was very confident of winning beef with her; or, which is nearly, but not quite the same thing, *driving the cross with her*.

"Well," said I, "if the shooting-match is not too far out of my way, I'll go to it with pleasure."

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"Unless your way lies through the woods from here," said Billy, "it'll not be much out of your way; for it's only a mile ahead of us, and there is no other road for you to take till you get there; and as that thing you're riding in ain't well suited to fast traveling among brushy knobs, I reckon you won't lose much by going by. I reckon you hardly ever was at a shooting-match, stranger, from the cut of your coat?"

"Oh, yes," returned I, "many a time. I won beef at one when I was hardly old enough to hold a shot-gun off-hand."

"*Children* don't go to shooting-matches about here," said he, with a smile of incredulity. "I never heard of but one that did, and he was a little *swinge* cat. He was born a shooting, and killed squirrels before he was weaned."

"Nor did *I* ever hear of but one," replied I, "and that one was myself."

"And where did you win beef so young, stranger?"

"At Berry Adams's."

"Why, stop, stranger, let me look at you good! Is your name *Lyman* Hall?"

"The very same," said I.

"Well, dang my buttons, if you ain't the very boy my daddy used to tell me about. I was too young to recollect you myself; but I've heard daddy talk about you many a time. I believe mammy's got a neck-handkerchief now that daddy won on your shooting at Collen Reid's store, when you were hardly knee high. Come along, *Lyman*, and I'll go my death upon you at the shooting-match, with the old Soap-stick at your shoulder."

"Ah, Billy," said I, "the old Soap-stick will do much better at your own shoulder. It was my mother's notion that sent me to the shooting-match at Berry Adams's;

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and, to tell the honest truth, it was altogether a chance shot that made me win beef; but that wasn't generally known; and most everybody believed that I was carried there on account of my skill in shooting; and my fame was spread far and wide, I well remember. I remember, too, perfectly well, your father's bet on me at the store. *He* was at the shooting-match, and nothing could make him believe but that I was a great shot with a rifle as well as a shot-gun. Bet he would on me, in spite of all I could say, though I assured him that I had never shot a rifle in my life. It so happened, too, that there were but two bullets, or, rather, a bullet and a half; and so confident was your father in my skill, that he made me shoot the half bullet; and, strange to tell, by another chance shot, I like to have drove the cross and won his bet."

"Now I know you're the very chap, for I heard daddy tell that very thing about the half bullet. Don't say anything about it, Lyman, and darn my old shoes, if I don't tare the lint off the boys with you at the shooting-match. They'll never 'spect such a looking man as you are of knowing anything about a rifle. I'll risk your *chance* shots."

I soon discovered that the father had eaten sour grapes, and the son's teeth were on edge; for Billy was just as incorrigibly obstinate in his belief of my dexterity with a rifle as his father had been before him.

We soon reached the place appointed for the shooting-match. It went by the name of Sims's Cross Roads, because here two roads intersected each other; and because, from the time that the first had been laid out, Archibald Sims had resided there. Archibald had been a justice of the peace in his day (and where is the man of his age in Georgia who has not?); consequently, he was called 'Squire Sims. It is the custom in this state, when a man

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has once acquired a title, civil or military, to force it upon him as long as he lives; hence the countless number of titled personages who are introduced in these sketches.

We stopped at the 'squire's door. Billy hastily dismounted, gave me the shake of the hand which he had been reluctantly reserving for a mile back, and, leading me up to the 'squire, thus introduced me: "Uncle Archy, this is Lyman Hall; and for all you see him in these fine clothes, he's a *swinge* cat; a darn sight cleverer fellow than he looks to be. Wait till you see him lift the old Soapstick, and draw a bead upon the bull's-eye. You *gwine* to see fun here to-day. Don't say nothing about it."

"Well, Mr. Swinge-cat," said the 'squire, "here's to a better acquaintance with you," offering me his hand.

"How goes it, Uncle Archy?" said I, taking his hand warmly (for I am always free and easy with those who are so with me; and in this course I rarely fail to please). "How's the old woman?"

"Egad," said the 'squire, chuckling, "there you're too hard for me; for she died two-and-twenty years ago, and I haven't heard a word from her since."

"What! and you never married again?"

"Never, as God's my judge!" (a solemn asseveration, truly, upon so light a subject.)

"Well, that's not my fault."

"No, nor it's not mine, *nither*," said the 'squire.

Here we were interrupted by the cry of another Rancey Sniffle. "Hello, here! All you as wish to put in for the shoot'n'-match, come on here! for the putt'n' in's *riddy* to begin."

About sixty persons, including mere spectators, had collected; the most of whom were more or less obedient to the call of Mealy Whitecotton, for that was the name of the self-constituted commander-in-chief. Some hastened

and some loitered, as they desired to be first or last on the list; for they shoot in the order in which their names are entered.

The beef was not present, nor is it ever upon such occasions; but several of the company had seen it, who all concurred in the opinion that it was a good beef, and well worth the price that was set upon it—eleven dollars. A general inquiry ran around, in order to form some opinion as to the number of shots that would be taken; for, of course, the price of a shot is cheapened in proportion to the increase of that number. It was soon ascertained that not more than twenty persons would take chances; but these twenty agreed to take the number of shots, at twenty-five cents each.

The competitors now began to give in their names; some for one, some for two, three, and a few for as many as four shots.

Billy Curlew hung back to the last; and when the list was offered him, five shots remained undisposed of.

“How many shots left?” inquired Billy.

“Five,” was the reply.

“Well, I take ’em all. Put down four shots to me, and one to Lyman Hall, paid for by William Curlew.”

I was thunder-struck, not at his proposition to pay for my shot, because I knew that Billy meant it as a token of friendship, and he would have been hurt if I had refused to let him do me this favor; but at the unexpected announcement of my name as a competitor for beef, at least one hundred miles from the place of my residence. I was prepared for a challenge from Billy to some of his neighbors for a *private* match upon me; but not for this.

I therefore protested against his putting in for me, and urged every reason to dissuade him from it that I could, without wounding his feelings.

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“Put it down!” said Billy, with the authority of an emperor, and with a look that spoke volumes intelligible to every by-stander. “Reckon I don’t know what I’m about?” Then wheeling off, and muttering in an under, self-confident tone, “Dang old Roper,” continued he, “if he don’t knock that cross to the north corner of creation and back again before a cat can lick her foot.”

Had I been king of the cat tribe, they could not have regarded me with more curious attention than did the whole company from this moment. Every inch of me was examined with the nicest scrutiny; and some plainly expressed by their looks that they never would have taken me for such a bite. I saw no alternative but to throw myself upon a third chance shot; for though, by the rules of the sport, I would have been allowed to shoot by proxy, by all the rules of good breeding I was bound to shoot in person. It would have been unpardonable to disappoint the expectations which had been raised on me. Unfortunately, too, for me, the match differed in one respect from those which I had been in the habit of attending in my younger days. In olden times the contest was carried on chiefly with *shot-guns*, a generic term which, in those days, embraced three descriptions of firearms: *Indian-traders* (a long, cheap, but sometimes excellent kind of gun, that mother Britain used to send hither for traffic with the Indians), *the large musket*, and the *shot-gun*, properly so-called. Rifles were, however, always permitted to compete with them, under equitable restrictions. These were, that they should be fired off-hand, while the shot-guns were allowed a rest, the distance being equal; or that the distance should be one hundred yards for a rifle, to sixty for the shot-gun, the mode of firing being equal.

But this was a match of rifles exclusively; and these are by far the most common at this time,

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Most of the competitors fire at the same target; which is usually a board from nine inches to a foot wide, charred on one side as black as it can be made by fire, without impairing materially the uniformity of its surface; on the darkened side of which is *pegged* a square piece of white paper, which is larger or smaller, according to the distance at which it is to be placed from the marksmen. This is almost invariably sixty yards, and for it the paper is reduced to about two and a half inches square. Out of the center of it is cut a rhombus of about the width of an inch, measured diagonally; this is the *bull's-eye*, or *diamond*, as the marksmen choose to call it; in the center of this is the cross. But every man is permitted to fix his target to his own taste; and accordingly, some remove one-fourth of the paper, cutting from the center of the square to the two lower corners, so as to leave a large angle opening from the center downward; while others reduce the angle more or less: but it is rarely the case that all are not satisfied with one of these figures.

The beef is divided into five prizes, or, as they are commonly termed, five *quarters*—the hide and tallow counting as one. For several years after the revolutionary war, a sixth was added: the *lead* which was shot in the match. This was the prize of the sixth best shot; and it used to be carefully extracted from the board or tree in which it was lodged, and afterward remoulded. But this grew out of the exigency of the times, and has, I believe, been long since abandoned everywhere.

The three master shots and rivals were Moses Firmby, Larkin Spivey and Billy Curlew; to whom was added, upon this occasion, by common consent and with awful forebodings, your humble servant.

The target was fixed at an elevation of about three feet from the ground; and the judges (Captain Turner and

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'Squire Porter) took their stands by it, joined by about half the spectators.

The first name on the catalogue was Mealy Whitecotton. Mealy stepped out, rifle in hand, and toed the mark. His rifle was about three inches longer than himself, and near enough his own thickness to make the remark of Darby Chislom, as he stepped out, tolerably appropriate: "Here comes the corn-stalk and the sucker!" said Darby.

"Kiss my foot!" said Mealy. "The way I'll creep into that bull's-eye's a fact."

"You'd better creep into your hind sight," said Darby. Mealy raised and fired.

"A pretty good shot, Mealy!" said one.

"Yes, a blamed good shot!" said a second.

"Well done, Meal!" said a third.

I was rejoiced when one of the company inquired, "Where is it?" for I could hardly believe they were founding these remarks upon the evidence of their senses.

"Just on the right-hand side of the bull's-eye," was the reply.

I looked with all the power of my eyes, but was unable to discover the least change in the surface of the paper. Their report, however, was true; so much keener is the vision of a practiced than an unpracticed eye.

The next in order was Hiram Baugh. Hiram was like some race-horses which I have seen; he was too good not to contend for every prize, and too good for nothing ever to win one.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he came to the mark, "I don't say that I'll win beef; but if my piece don't blow, I'll eat the paper, or be mighty apt to do it, if you'll b'lieve my racket. My powder are not good powder, gentlemen; I bought it *thum* (from) Zeb Daggett, and gin him three-quarters of a dollar a pound for it; but it are not what I



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call good powder, gentlemen; but if old Buck-killer burns it clear, the boy you call Hiram Baugh eat's paper, or comes mighty near it."

"Well, blaze away," said Mealy, "and be d—d to you, and Zeb Daggett, and your powder, and Buck-killer, and your powder-horn and shot-pouch to boot! How long you gwine stand thar talking 'fore you shoot?"

"Never mind," said Hiram, "I can talk a little and shoot a little, too, but that's nothin'. Here goes!"

Hiram assumed the figure of a note of interrogation, took a long sight, and fired.

"I've eat paper," said he, at the crack of the gun, without looking, or seeming to look, toward the target. "Buck-killer made a clear racket. Where am I, gentlemen?"

"You're just between Mealy and the diamond," was the reply.

"I said I'd eat paper, and I've done it; haven't I, gentlemen?"

"And 'spose you have!" said Mealy, "what do that 'mount to? You'll not win beef, and never did."

"Be that as it mout be, I've beat Meal 'Cotton mighty easy; and the boy you call Hiram Baugh are able to do it."

"And what do that 'mount to? Who the devil an't able to beat Meal 'Cotton! I don't make no pretense of bein' nothin' great, no how; but you always makes out as if you were gwine to keep 'em makin' crosses for you constant, and then do nothin' but '*eat paper*' at last; and that's a long way from *eatin' beef*, 'cordin' to Meal 'Cotton's notions, as you call him."

Simon Stow was now called on.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed two or three: "now we have it. It'll take him as long to shoot as it would take 'Squire Dobbins to run round a *track o' land*."

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"Good-by, boys," said Bob Martin.

"Where are you going, Bob?"

"Going to gather in my crop; I'll be back again though by the time Sime Stow shoots."

Simon was used to all this, and therefore it did not disconcert him in the least. He went off and brought his own target, and set it up with his own hand.

He then wiped out his rifle, rubbed the pan with his hat, drew a piece of tow through the touch-hole with his wiper, filled his charger with great care, poured the powder into the rifle with equal caution, shoved in with his finger the two or three vagrant grains that lodged round the mouth of his piece, took out a handful of bullets, looked them all over carefully, selected one without flaw or wrinkle, drew out his patching, found the most even part of it, sprung open the grease-box in the breech of his rifle; took up just so much grease, distributed it with great equality over the chosen part of his patching, laid it over the muzzle of his rifle, grease side down, placed his ball upon it, pressed it a little, then took it up and turned the neck a little more perpendicularly downward, placed his knife handle on it, just buried it in the mouth of the rifle, cut off the redundant patching just above the bullet, looked at it, and shook his head in token that he had cut off too much or too little, no one knew which, sent down the ball, measured the contents of his gun with his first and second fingers on the protruding part of the ramrod, shook his head again, to signify there was too much or too little powder, primed carefully, placed an arched piece of tin over the hind sight to shade it, took his place, got a friend to hold his hat over the foresight to shade it, took a very long sight, fired, and didn't even eat the paper.

"My piece was badly *loadned*," said Simon, when he learned the place of his ball.

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"Oh, you didn't take time," said Mealy. "No man can shoot that's in such a hurry as you is. I'd hardly got to sleep 'fore I heard the crack o' the gun."

The next was Moses Firmby. He was a tall, slim man, of rather sallow complexion; and it is a singular fact, that though probably no part of the world is more healthy than the mountainous parts of Georgia, the mountaineers have not generally robust frames or fine complexions: they are, however, almost inexhaustible by toil.

Moses kept us not long in suspense. His rifle was already charged, and he fixed it upon the target with a steadiness of nerve and aim that was astonishing to me and alarming to all the rest. A few seconds, and the report of his rifle broke the deathlike silence which prevailed.

"No great harm done yet," said Spivey, manifestly relieved from anxiety by an event which seemed to me better calculated to produce despair. Firmby's ball had cut out the lower angle of the diamond, directly on a right line with the cross.

Three or four followed him without bettering his shot; all of whom, however, with one exception, "eat the paper."

It now came to Spivey's turn. There was nothing remarkable in his person or manner. He took his place, lowered his rifle slowly from a perpendicular until it came on a line with the mark, held it there like a vice for a moment and fired.

"Pretty *sevigrous*, but nothing killing yet," said Billy Curlew, as he learned the place of Spivey's ball.

Spivey's ball had just broken the upper angle of the diamond; beating Firmby about half its width.

A few more shots, in which there was nothing remarkable, brought us to Billy Curlew. Billy stepped out with much confidence, and brought the Soap-stick to an order,

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while he deliberately rolled up his shirt sleeves. Had I judged Billy's chance of success from the looks of his gun, I should have said it was hopeless. The stock of Soap-stick seemed to have been made with a case-knife; and had it been, the tool would have been but a poor apology for its clumsy appearance. An auger-hole in the breech served for a grease-box; a cotton string assisted a single screw in holding on the lock; and the thimbles were made, one of brass, one of iron, and one of tin.

"Where's Lark Spivey's bullet?" called out Billy to the judges, as he finished rolling up his sleeves.

"About three-quarters of an inch from the cross," was the reply.

"Well, clear the way! the Soap-stick's coming, and she'll be along in there among 'em presently."

Billy now planted himself astraddle, like an inverted V; shot forward his left hip, drew his body back to an angle of about forty-five degrees with the plane of the horizon, brought his cheek down close to the breech of old Soap-stick, and fixed her upon the mark with untrembling hand. His sight was long, and the swelling muscles of his left arm led me to believe that he was lessening his chance of success with every half second that he kept it burdened with his ponderous rifle; but it neither flagged nor wavered until Soap-stick made her report.

"Where am I?" said Billy, as the smoke rose from before his eye.

"You've jist touched the cross on the lower side," was the reply of one of the judges.

"I was afraid I was drawing my bead a *lectle* too fine," said Billy. "Now, Lyman, you see what the Soap-stick can do. Take her, and show the boys how you used to do when you was a baby."

I begged to reserve my shot to the last; pleading, rather

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sophistically, that it was, in point of fact, one of the Billy's shots. My plea was rather indulged than sustained, and the marksmen who had taken more than one shot commenced the second round. This round was a manifest improvement upon the first. The cross was driven three times: once by Spivey, once by Firmby, and once by no less a personage than Mealy Whitecotton, whom chance seemed to favor for this time, merely that he might retaliate upon Hiram Baugh; and the bull's-eye was disfigured out of all shape.

The third and fourth rounds were shot. Billy discharged his last shot, which left the rights of parties thus: Billy Curlew first and fourth choice, Spivey second, Firmby third and Whitecotton fifth. Some of my readers may perhaps be curious to learn how a distinction comes to be made between several, all of whom drive the cross. The distinction is perfectly natural and equitable. Threads are stretched from the uneffaced parts of the once intersecting lines, by means of which the original position of the cross is precisely ascertained. Each bullet-hole being nicely pegged up as it is made, it is easy to ascertain its circumference. To this I believe they usually, if not invariably, measure, where none of the balls touch the cross; but if the cross be driven, they measure from it to the center of the bullet-hole. To make a draw shot, therefore, between two who drive the cross, it is necessary that the center of both balls should pass directly through the cross; a thing that very rarely happens.

*The Bite* alone remained to shoot. Billy wiped out his rifle carefully, loaded her to the top of his skill, and handed her to me. "Now," said he, "Lyman, draw a fine bead, but not too fine; for Soap-stick bears up her ball well. Take care and don't touch the trigger until you've got your bead; for she's spring-trigger'd and goes mighty

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easy: but you hold her to the place you want her, and if she don't go there, dang old Roper."

I took hold of Soap-stick, and lapsed immediately into the most hopeless despair. I am sure I never handled as heavy a gun in all my life. "Why, Billy," said I, "you little mortal, you! what do you use such a gun as this for?"

"Look at the bull's-eye yonder!" said he.

"True," said I, "but *I* can't shoot her; it is impossible."

"Go 'long, you old coon!" said Billy; "I see what you're at;" intimating that all this was merely to make the coming shot the more remarkable. "Daddy's little boy don't shoot anything but the old Soap-stick here to-day, I know."

The judges, I knew, were becoming impatient, and, withal, my situation was growing more embarrassing every second; so I e'en resolved to try the Soap-stick without further parley.

I stepped out, and the most intense interest was excited all around me, and it flashed like electricity around the target, as I judged from the anxious gaze of all in that direction.

Policy dictated that I should fire with a falling rifle, and I adopted this mode; determining to fire as soon as the sights came on a line with the diamond, *bead* or no *bead*. Accordingly, I commenced lowering old Soap-stick; but, in spite of all my muscular powers, she was strictly obedient to the laws of gravitation, and came down with a uniformly accelerated velocity. Before I could arrest her downward flight, she had not only passed the target, but was making rapid encroachments on my own toes.

"Why, he's the weakest man in the arms I ever seed," said one, in a half whisper.

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"It's only his fun," said Billy; "I know him."

"It may be fun," said the other, "but it looks mightily like yearnest to a man up a tree."

I now, of course, determined to reverse the mode of firing, and put forth all my physical energies to raise Soap-stick to the mark. The effort silenced Billy, and gave tongue to all his companions. I had just strength enough to master Soap-stick's obstinate proclivity, and, consequently, my nerves began to exhibit palpable signs of distress with her first imperceptible movement upward. A trembling commenced in my arms; increased, and extended rapidly to my body and lower extremities; so that, by the time that I had brought Soap-stick up to the mark, I was shaking from head to foot, exactly like a man under the continued action of a strong galvanic battery. In the meantime my friends gave vent to their feelings freely.

"I swear poin' blank," said one, "that man can't shoot."

"He used to shoot well," said another; "but can't now, nor never could."

"You better git away from 'bout that mark!" bawled a third, "for I'll be dod darned if Broadcloth don't give some of you the dry gripes if you stand too close thare."

"The stranger's got the peedoddles," said a fourth, with humorous gravity.

"If he had bullets enough in his gun, he'd shoot a ring round the bull's-eye big as a spinning wheel," said a fifth.

As soon as I found that Soap-stick was high enough (for I made no farther use of the sights than to ascertain this fact), I pulled trigger, and off she went. I have always found that the most creditable way of relieving myself of derision was to heighten it myself as much as possible. It is a good plan in all circles, but by far the best which can be adopted among the plain, rough farmers of the country. Accordingly, I brought old Soap-stick to an

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order with an air of triumph; tipped Billy a wink, and observed, "Now, Billy, 's your time to make your fortune. Bet 'em two to one that I've knocked out the cross."

"No, I'll be dod blamed if I do," said Billy; "but I'll bet you two to one that you hain't hit the plank."

"Ah, Billy," said I, "I was joking about *betting*, for I never bet; nor would I have you to bet: indeed, I do not feel exactly right in shooting for beef; for it is a species of gaming at last: but I'll say this much: if that cross isn't knocked out, I'll never shoot for beef again as long as I live."

"By dod," said Mealy Whitecotton, "you'll lose no great things at that."

"Well," said I, "I reckon I know a little about wabbling. Is it possible, Billy, a man who shoots as well as you do, never practiced shooting with the double wabble? It's the greatest take in the world when you learn to drive the cross with it. Another sort for getting bets upon, to the drop-sight, with a single wabble! And the Soap-stick's the very yarn for it."

"Tell you what, stranger," said one, "you're too hard for us all here. We never *hearn* o' that sort o' shoot'n' in these parts."

"Well," returned I, "you've seen it now, and I'm the boy that can do it."

The judges were now approaching with the target, and a singular combination of circumstances had kept all my party in utter ignorance of the result of my shot. Those about the target had been prepared by Billy Curlew for a great shot from me; their expectations had received assurance from the courtesy which had been extended to me; and nothing had happened to disappoint them but the single caution to them against the "dry gripes," which was as likely to have been given in irony as in earnest;



for my agonies under the weight of the Soap-stick were either imperceptible to them at the distance of sixty yards, or, being visible, were taken as the flourishes of an expert who wished to "astonish the natives." The other party did not think the direction of my ball worth the trouble of a question; or if they did, my airs and harangue had put the thought to flight before it was delivered. Consequently, they were all transfixed with astonishment when the judges presented the target to them, and gravely observed, "It's only second best, after all the fuss."

"Second best!" exclaimed I, with uncontrollable transports.

The whole of my party rushed to the target to have the evidence of their senses before they would believe the report; but most marvelous fortune decreed that it should be true. Their incredulity and astonishment were most fortunate for me; for they blinded my hearers to the real feelings with which the exclamation was uttered, and allowed me sufficient time to prepare myself for making the best use of what I had said before with a very different object.

"Second best!" reiterated I, with an air of despondency, as the company turned from the target to me. "Second best, only? Here, Billy, my son, take the old Soap-stick; she's a good piece, but I'm getting too old and dim-sighted to shoot a rifle, especially with the drop-sight and double wabbles."

"Why, good Lord a'mighty!" said Billy, with a look that baffles all description, "an't you *driv* the cross?"

"Oh, driv the cross!" rejoined I, carelessly. "What's that! Just look where my ball is! I do believe in my soul its center is a full quarter of an inch from the cross. I wanted to lay the center of the bullet upon the cross, just as if you'd put it there with your fingers."

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Several received this palaver with a contemptuous but very appropriate curl of the nose; and Mealy Whitecotton offered to bet a half pint "that I couldn't do the like again with no sort o' wabbles, he didn't care what." But I had already fortified myself on this quarter of my morality. A decided majority, however, were clearly of opinion that I was serious; and they regarded me as one of the wonders of the world. Billy increased the majority by now coming out fully with my history, as he had received it from his father; to which I listened with quite as much astonishment as any other one of his hearers. He begged me to go home with him for the night, or, as he expressed it, "to go home with him and swap lies that night, and it shouldn't cost me a cent;" the true reading of which is, that if I would go home with him, and give him the pleasure of an evening's chat about old times, his house should be as free to me as my own. But I could not accept his hospitality without retracing five or six miles of the road which I had already passed, and therefore I declined it.

"Well, if you won't go, what must I tell the old woman for you, for she'll be mighty glad to hear from the boy that won the silk handkerchief for her, and I expect she'll lick me for not bringing you home with me."

"Tell her," said I, "that I send her a quarter of beef which I won, as I did the handkerchief, by nothing in the world but mere good luck."

"Hold your jaw, Lyman!" said Billy; "I an't a gwine to tell the old woman any such lies; for she's a reg'lar built Meth'dist."

As I turned to depart, "Stop a minute, stranger!" said one: then lowering his voice to a confidential but distinctly audible tone, "What you offering for?" continued he. I assured him I was not a candidate for anything; that I had accidentally fallen in with Billy Curlew, who

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begged me to come with him to the shooting-match, and, as it lay right on my road, I had stopped. "Oh," said he, with a conciliatory nod, "if you're up for anything, you needn't be mealy-mouthed about it 'fore us boys; for we'll all go in for you here up to the handle."

"Yes," said Billy, "dang old Roper if we don't go our death for you, no matter who offers. If ever you come out for anything, Lyman, jist let the boys of Upper Hogthief know it, and they'll go for you to the hilt, against creation, tit or no tit, that's the *tatur*."

I thanked them kindly, but repeated my assurances. The reader will not suppose that the district took its name from the character of the inhabitants. In almost every county in the state there is some spot or district which bears a contemptuous appellation, usually derived from local rivalships, or from a single accidental circumstance.

## DESOLATION\*

BY TOM MASSON

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.  
And there throughout the livelong day,  
Jemima plays the pi-a-na.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

In the front parlor, there it stands,  
And there Jemima plies her hands,  
While her papa beneath his cloak,  
Mutters and groans: "This is no joke!"  
And swears to himself and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

Through days of death and days of birth  
She plays as if she owned the earth.  
Through every swift vicissitude  
She drums as if it did her good,  
And still she sits from morn till night  
And plunks away with main and might,

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

\* By permission of Life Publishing Company.

TOM MASSON

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality ;  
But that was many years before  
Jemima monkeyed with the score.  
When she began her daily plunk,  
Into their graves the neighbors sunk.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled,  
All thankful that they're safely dead.  
They stood the racket while alive  
Until Jemima rose at five.  
And then they laid their burdens down,  
And one and all they skipped the town.

Do, re, mi,

Mi, re, do.

## CRANKIDOXOLOGY\*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

*(Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw)*

It's wrong to be thoroughly human,  
It's stupid alone to be good,  
And why should the "virtuous" woman  
Continue to do as she should?  
(It's stupid to do as you should!)

For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,  
I'd rather be rude than polite;  
It's easy to sneer  
When you're witty and queer,  
And I'd rather be Clever than Right.

I'm bored by mere Shakespeare and Milton,  
Though Hubbard compels me to rave;  
If I should lay laurels to wilt on  
That foggy Shakespearean grave,  
How William would squirm in his grave!

For I'd rather be Pshaw than be Shakespeare,  
I'd rather be Candid than Wise;  
And the way I amuse  
Is to roundly abuse  
The Public I feign to despise.

\* From "At the Sign of the Dollar," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

WALLACE IRWIN

I'm a Socialist, loving my brother  
In quite an original way,  
With my maxim, "Detest One Another"—  
Though, faith, I don't mean what I say.  
(It's beastly to mean what you say!)

For I'm fonder of talk than of Husbands,  
And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,  
So I say unto you,  
If you don't as you do  
You will do as you don't all your lives.

My "Candida's" ruddy as coral,  
With thoughts quite too awfully plain—  
If folks would just call me Immoral  
I'd feel that I'd not lived in vain.  
(It's nasty, this living in vain!)

For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,  
I'd rather be tempted than tamed,  
And if *I* had my way  
(At least, so I say)  
All Babes would be labeled, "Unclaimed."

I'm an epigrammatical Moses,  
Whose humorous tablets of stone  
Condemn affectations and poses—  
Excepting a few of my own.  
(I dote on a few of my own.)

For my method of booming the market  
When Managers ask for a play  
Is to say on a bluff,  
"I'm so fond of my stuff  
That I don't want it acted—go 'way!"

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I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics,  
Where solemn discussions are spent  
In struggles as hot as the tropics,  
Attempting to find what I meant.  
(*I never can tell what I meant!*)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,  
And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,  
While divorcées hurrah  
For the Sayings of Pshaw  
'And his sub-psychological Josh.



## MY HONEY, MY LOVE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Hit's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,  
    My honey, my love!  
You may ax Mister Crow, you may ax Mr. Crane,  
    My honey, my love!  
Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you de same,  
    My honey, my love!  
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer ter go in de night,  
    My honey, my love!  
*My honey, my love, my heart's delight—*  
    *My honey, my love!*

Mister Mink, he creeps twel he wake up de snipe,  
    My honey, my love!  
Mister Bull-Frog holler, Come alight my pipe!  
    My honey, my love!  
En de Pa'tridge ax, Ain't yo' peas ripe?  
    My honey, my love!  
Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,  
    My honey, my love!  
*My honey, my love, my heart's delight—*  
    *My honey, my love!*

De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',  
    My honey, my love!  
Mister Fox, he coax 'er, Do come down!  
    My honey, my love!

## MY HONEY, MY LOVE

Mister Coon, he rack all 'roun' en 'roun',  
My honey, my love!  
In de darkes' night, oh, de nigger, he's a sight!  
My honey, my love!  
*My honey, my love, my heart's delight—*  
*My honey, my love!*

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,  
My honey, my love!  
'Lev'n big, fat coons liv' in one tree,  
My honey, my love!  
Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?  
My honey, my love!  
Tu'n lef', tu'n right, we'll dance all night,  
My honey, my love!  
*My honey, my love, my heart's delight—*  
*My honey, my love!*

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,  
My honey, my love!  
Oh, don't stay long! Oh, don't stay late!  
My honey, my love!  
Hit ain't so mighty fur ter de Good-by Gate,  
My honey, my love!  
Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,  
My honey, my love!  
*My honey, my love, my heart's delight—*  
*My honey, my love!*

## THE GRAND OPERA

BY BILLY BAXTER

Well, I decided to get into my class, so I started for the smoking-room. I hadn't gone three feet till some woman held me up and began telling me how she adored Grand Opera. I didn't even reply. I fled madly, and remained hidden in the tall grasses of the smoking-room until it was time to go home. Jim, should any one ever tell you that Grand Opera is all right, he is either trying to even up or he is not a true friend. I was over in New York with the family last winter, and they made me go with them to *Die Walkure* at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress-circle and balconies, and that he had some good center dress-circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true-lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give you my word of honor we were a quarter of a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal, Bud Hathaway, from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look, which said plainer than words, "So you're up against it, too, eh!" We introduced all hands around, and about nine o'clock the curtain went up. After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy looking Dago

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with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from my true lovers' seat, that his bear-lets was sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided that it was May Irwin. We were mistaken, though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed and drove a straight-arm jab, which had it reached would have given him the purse. But shifty Sadie wasn't there. She ducked, side-stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook, which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clinched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-crossing-the-ice music. Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level, it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away, and ran wildly to the front of the stage with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader tore out about \$9.00 worth of hair, and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance-hall out in Merrill, Wisconsin, when the Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough River. Of course, this audience was perfectly orderly, and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search

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him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said "Simply sublime!" "Isn't it grand?" "Perfectly superb!" "Bravo!" etc.; not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that for three solid hours Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only good thing in the show. Along about twelve o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tired and trusty comrade "Asleep at the Switch."

At the finish, the woman next to me, who seemed to be on, said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have give her the knife or the drops, because there wasn't a minute that he could look in on her according to the rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for my money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler-shop or a Union Station, where I can understand what's coming off. I'm for a good-mother show. Do you remember *The White Slave*, Jim? Well, that's me. Wasn't it immense where the main lady spurned the leering villain's gold and exclaimed with flashing eye, "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." Great! *The White Slave* had *Die Walkure* beaten to a pulp, and they don't get to you for three cases gate-money, either.

## IN A STATE OF SIN\*

BY OWEN WISTER

Judge and Mrs. Henry, Molly Wood, and two strangers, a lady and a gentleman, were the party which had been driving in the large three-seated wagon. They had seemed a merry party. But as I came within hearing of their talk, it was a fragment of the minister's sonority which reached me first:

“. . . : more opportunity for them to have the benefit of hearing frequent sermons,” was the sentence I heard him bring to completion.

“Yes, to be sure, sir.” Judge Henry gave me (it almost seemed) additional warmth of welcome for arriving to break up the present discourse. “Let me introduce you to the Rev. Dr. Alexander MacBride. Doctor, another guest we have been hoping for about this time,” was my host's cordial explanation to him of me. There remained the gentleman with his wife from New York, and to these I made my final bows. But I had not broken up the discourse.

“We may be said to have met already.” Dr. MacBride had fixed upon me his full, mastering eye; and it occurred to me that if they had policemen in heaven, he would be at least a centurion in the force. But he did not mean to be unpleasant; it was only that in a mind full of matters less worldly, pleasure was left out. “I observed your friend was a skilful horseman,” he continued. “I was saying to Judge Henry that I could wish such skilful

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horsemen might ride to a church upon the Sabbath. A church, that is, of right doctrine, where they would have opportunity to hear frequent sermons."

"Yes," said Judge Henry, "yes. It would be a good thing."

Mrs. Henry, with some murmur about the kitchen, here went into the house.

"I was informed," Dr. MacBride held the rest of us, "before undertaking my journey that I should find a desolate and mainly godless country. But nobody gave me to understand that from Medicine Bow I was to drive three hundred miles and pass no church of any faith."

The Judge explained that there had been a few a long way to the right and left of him. "Still," he conceded, "you are quite right. But don't forget that this is the newest part of a new world."

"Judge," said his wife, coming to the door, "how can you keep them standing in the dust with your talking?"

This most efficiently did break up the discourse. As our little party, with the smiles and the polite holdings back of new acquaintanceship, moved into the house, the Judge detained me behind all of them long enough to whisper dolorously, "He's going to stay a whole week."

I had hopes that he would not stay a whole week when I presently learned of the crowded arrangements which our hosts, with many hospitable apologies, disclosed to us. They were delighted to have us, but they hadn't foreseen that we should all be simultaneous. The foreman's house had been prepared for two of us, and did we mind? The two of us were Dr. MacBride and myself; and I expected him to mind. But I wronged him grossly. It would be much better, he assured Mrs. Henry, than straw in a stable, which he had tried several times, and was quite ready for. So I saw that though he kept his vigorous

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body clean when he could, he cared nothing for it in the face of his mission. How the foreman and his wife relished being turned out during a week for a missionary and myself was not my concern, although while he and I made ready for supper over there, it struck me as hard on them. The room with its two cots and furniture was as nice as possible; and we closed the door upon the adjoining room, which, however, seemed also untenanted.

Mrs. Henry gave us a meal so good that I have remembered it, and her husband, the Judge, strove his best that we should eat it in merriment. He poured out his anecdotes like wine, and we should have quickly warmed to them; but Dr. MacBride sat among us, giving occasional heavy ha-ha's, which produced, as Miss Molly Wood whispered to me, a "dreadfully cavernous effect." Was it his sermon, we wondered, that he was thinking over? I told her of the copious sheaf of them I had seen him pull from his wallet over at the foreman's. "Goodness!" said she. "Then are we to hear one every evening?" This I doubted; he had probably been picking one out suitable for the occasion. "Putting his best foot foremost," was her comment; "I suppose they have best feet, like the rest of us." Then she grew delightfully sharp. "Do you know, when I first heard him I thought his voice was hearty. But if you listen, you'll find it's merely militant. He never really meets you with it. He's off on his hill watching the battle-field the whole time."

"He will find a hardened pagan here."

"Judge Henry?"

"Oh, no! The wild man you're taming. He's brought you *Kenilworth* safe back."

She was smooth. "Oh, as for taming him! But don't you find him intelligent?"

Suddenly I somehow knew that she didn't want to tame



him. But what did she want to do? The thought of her had made him blush this afternoon. No thought of him made her blush this evening.

A great laugh from the rest of the company made me aware that the Judge had consummated his tale of the "Sole Survivor."

"And so," he finished, "they all went off as mad as hops because it hadn't been a massacre." Mr. and Mrs. Ogden—they were the New Yorkers—gave this story much applause, and Dr. MacBride half a minute later laid his "ha-ha," like a heavy stone, upon the gaiety.

"I'll never be able to stand seven sermons," said Miss Wood to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you often have these visitations?" Ogden inquired of Judge Henry. Our host was giving us whisky in his office, and Dr. MacBride, while we smoked apart from the ladies, had repaired to his quarters in the foreman's house previous to the service which he was shortly to hold.

The Judge laughed. "They come now and then through the year. I like the bishop to come. And the men always like it. But I fear our friend will scarcely please them so well."

"You don't mean they'll—"

"Oh, no. They'll keep quiet. The fact is, they have a good deal better manners than he has, if he only knew it. They'll be able to bear him. But as for any good he'll do—"

"I doubt if he knows a word of science," said I, musing about the Doctor.

"Science! He doesn't know what Christianity is yet. I've entertained many guests, but none—The whole secret," broke off Judge Henry, "lies in the way you treat

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people. As soon as you treat men as your brothers, they are ready to acknowledge you—if you deserve it—as their superior. That's the whole bottom of Christianity, and that's what our missionary will never know."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thunder sat imminent upon the missionary's brow. Many were to be at his mercy soon. But for us he had sunshine still. "I am truly sorry to be turning you upside down," he said importantly. "But it seems the best place for my service." He spoke of the table pushed back and the chairs gathered in the hall, where the storm would presently break upon the congregation. "Eight-thirty?" he inquired.

This was the hour appointed, and it was only twenty minutes off. We threw the unsmoked fractions of our cigars away, and returned to offer our services to the ladies. This amused the ladies. They had done without us. All was ready in the hall.

"We got the cook to help us," Mrs. Ogden told me, "so as not to disturb your cigars. In spite of the cowboys, I still recognize my own country."

"In the cook?" I rather densely asked.

"Oh, no! I don't have a Chinaman. It's in the length of after-dinner cigars."

"Had you been smoking," I returned, "you would have found them short this evening."

"You make it worse," said the lady; "we have had nothing but Dr. MacBride."

"We'll share him with you now," I exclaimed.

"Has he announced his text? I've got one for him," said Molly Wood, joining us. She stood on tiptoe and spoke it comically in our ears. "'I said in my haste, All men are liars.'" This made us merry as we stood among the chairs in the congested hall.

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I left the ladies, and sought the bunk house. I had heard the cheers, but I was curious also to see the men, and how they were taking it. There was but little for the eye. There was much noise in the room. They were getting ready to come to church,—brushing their hair, shaving, and making themselves clean, amid talk occasionally profane and continuously diverting.

“Well, I’m a Christian, anyway,” one declared.

“I’m a Mormon, I guess,” said another.

“I belong to the Knights of Pythias,” said a third.

“I’m a Mohammedist,” said a fourth; “I hope I ain’t goin’ to hear nothin’ to shock me.”

What with my feelings at Scipio’s discretion, and my human curiosity, I was not in that mood which best profits from a sermon. Yet even though my expectations had been cruelly left quivering in mid air, I was not sure how much I really wanted to “keep around.” You will therefore understand how Dr. MacBride was able to make a prayer and to read Scripture without my being conscious of a word that he had uttered. It was when I saw him opening the manuscript of his sermon that I suddenly remembered I was sitting, so to speak, in church, and began once more to think of the preacher and his congregation. Our chairs were in the front line, of course; but, being next the wall, I could easily see the cow-boys behind me. They were perfectly decorous. If Mrs. Ogden had looked for pistols, dare-devil attitudes, and so forth, she must have been greatly disappointed. Except for their weather-beaten cheeks and eyes, they were simply American young men with mustaches and without, and might have been sitting, say, in Danbury, Connecticut. Even Trampas merged quietly with the general placidity. The Virginian did not, to be sure, look like Danbury, and his frame and his features showed out

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of the mass; but his eyes were upon Dr. MacBride with a creamlike propriety.

Our missionary did not choose Miss Wood's text. He made his selection from another of the Psalms; and when it came, I did not dare to look at anybody; I was much nearer unseemly conduct than the cow-boys. Dr. MacBride gave us his text sonorously, "They are altogether become filthy; There is none of them that doeth good, no, not one.'" His eye showed us plainly that present company was not excepted from this. He repeated the text once more, then, launching upon his discourse, gave none of us a ray of hope.

I had heard it all often before; but preached to cow-boys it took on a new glare of untimeliness, of grotesque obsolescence—as if some one should say, "Let me persuade you to admire woman," and forthwith hold out her bleached bones to you. The cow-boys were told that not only they could do no good, but that if they did contrive to, it would not help them. Nay, more: not only honest deeds availed them nothing, but even if they accepted this especial creed which was being explained to them as necessary for salvation, still it might not save them. Their sin was indeed the cause of their damnation, yet, keeping from sin, they might nevertheless be lost. It had all been settled for them not only before they were born, but before Adam was shaped. Having told them this, he invited them to glorify the Creator of the scheme. Even if damned, they must praise the person who had made them expressly for damnation. That is what I heard him prove by logic to these cow-boys. Stone upon stone he built the black cellar of his theology, leaving out its beautiful park and the sunshine of its garden. He did not tell them the splendor of its past, the noble fortress for good that it had been, how its tonic had strengthened genera-

tions of their fathers. No; wrath he spoke of, and never once of love. It was the bishop's way, I knew well, to hold cow-boys by homely talk of their special hardships and temptations. And when they fell he spoke to them of forgiveness and brought them encouragement. But Dr. MacBride never thought once of the lives of these waifs. Like himself, like all mankind, they were invisible dots in creation; like him, they were to feel as nothing, to be swept up in the potent heat of his faith. So he thrust out to them none of the sweet but all the bitter of his creed, naked and stern as iron. Dogma was his all in all, and poor humanity was nothing but flesh for its canons.

Thus to kill what chance he had for being of use seemed to me more deplorable than it did evidently to them. Their attention merely wandered. Three hundred years ago they would have been frightened; but not in this electric day. I saw Scipio stifling a smile when it came to the doctrine of original sin. "We know of its truth," said Dr. MacBride, "from the severe troubles and distresses to which infants are liable, and from death passing upon them before they are capable of sinning." Yet I knew he was a good man; and I also knew that if a missionary is to be tactless, he might almost as well be bad.

I said their attention wandered, but I forgot the Virginian. At first his attitude might have been mere propriety. One can look respectfully at a preacher and be internally breaking all the commandments. But even with the text I saw real attention light in the Virginian's eye. And keeping track of the concentration that grew on him with each minute made the sermon short for me. He missed nothing. Before the end his gaze at the preacher had become swerveless. Was he convert or critic? Convert was incredible. Thus was an hour passed before I had thought of time.

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When it was over we took it variously. The preacher was genial and spoke of having now broken ground for the lessons that he hoped to instil. He discoursed for a while about trout-fishing and about the rumored uneasiness of the Indians northward where he was going. It was plain that his personal safety never gave him a thought. He soon bade us good night. The Ogdens shrugged their shoulders and were amused. That was their way of taking it. Dr. MacBride sat too heavily on the Judge's shoulders for him to shrug them. As a leading citizen in the Territory he kept open house for all comers. Policy and good nature made him bid welcome a wide variety of travelers. The cow-boy out of employment found bed and a meal for himself and his horse, and missionaries had before now been well received at Sunk Creek Ranch.

"I suppose I'll have to take him fishing," said the Judge ruefully.

"Yes, my dear," said his wife, "you will. And I shall have to make his tea for six days."

"Otherwise," Ogden suggested, "it might be reported that you were enemies of religion."

"That's about it," said the Judge. "I can get on with most people. But elephants depress me."

So we named the Doctor "Jumbo," and I departed to my quarters.

At the bunk house, the comments were similar but more highly salted. The men were going to bed. In spite of their outward decorum at the service, they had not liked to be told that they were "altogether become filthy." It was easy to call names; they could do that themselves. And they appealed to me, several speaking at once, like a concerted piece at the opera: "Say, do you believe babies go to hell?"—"Ah, of course he don't."—"There

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ain't no hereafter, anyway."—"Ain't there?"—"Who told y'u?"—"Same man as told the preacher we were all a sifted set of sons-of-guns."—"Well, I'm going to stay a Mormon."—"Well, I'm going to quit fleeing from temptation."—"That's so! Better get it in the neck after a good time than a poor one." And so forth. Their wit was not extreme, yet I should like Dr. MacBride to have heard it. One fellow put his natural soul pretty well into words, "If I happened to learn what they had predestinated me to do, I'd do the other thing, just to show 'em!"

And Trampas? And the Virginian? They were out of it. The Virginian had gone straight to his new abode. Trampas lay in his bed, not asleep, and sullen as ever.

"He ain't got religion this trip," said Scipio to me.

"Did his new foreman get it?" I asked.

"Huh! It would spoil him. You keep around, that's all. Keep around."

Scipio was not to be probed; and I went, still baffled, to my repose.

No light burned in the cabin as I approached its door.

The Virginian's room was quiet and dark; and that Dr. MacBride slumbered was plainly audible to me, even before I entered. Go fishing with him! I thought, as I undressed. And I selfishly decided that the Judge might have this privilege entirely to himself. Sleep came to me fairly soon, in spite of the Doctor. I was wakened from it by my bed's being jolted—not a pleasant thing that night. I must have started. And it was the quiet voice of the Virginian that told me he was sorry to have accidentally disturbed me. This disturbed me a good deal more. But his steps did not go to the bunk house, as my sensational mind had suggested. He was not wearing much, and in the dimness he seemed taller than common.

I next made out that he was bending over Dr. MacBride. The divine at last sprang upright.

"I am armed," he said. "Take care. Who are you?"

"You can lay down your gun, seh. I feel like my spirit was going to bear witness. I feel like I might get an enlightening."

He was using some of the missionary's own language. The baffling I had been treated to by Scipio melted to nothing in this. Did living men petrify, I should have changed to mineral between the sheets. The Doctor got out of bed, lighted his lamp, and found a book; and the two retired into the Virginian's room, where I could hear the exhortations as I lay amazed. In time the Doctor returned, blew out his lamp, and settled himself. I had been very much awake, but was nearly gone to sleep again, when the door creaked and the Virginian stood by the Doctor's side.

"Are you awake, seh?"

"What? What's that? What is it?"

"Excuse me, seh. The enemy is winning on me. I'm feeling less inward opposition to sin."

The lamp was lighted, and I listened to some further exhortations. They must have taken half an hour. When the Doctor was in bed again, I thought that I heard him sigh. This upset my composure in the dark; but I lay face downward in the pillow, and the Doctor was soon again snoring. I envied him for a while his faculty of easy sleep. But I must have dropped off myself; for it was the lamp in my eyes that now waked me as he came back for the third time from the Virginian's room. Before blowing the light out he looked at his watch, and thereupon I inquired the hour of him.

"Three," said he.

I could not sleep any more now, and I lay watching the darkness.



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"I'm afeard to be alone!" said the Virginian's voice presently in the next room. "I'm afeard." There was a short pause, and then he shouted very loud, "I'm losin' my desire afeh the sincere milk of the Word!"

"What? What's that? What?" The Doctor's cot gave a great crack as he started up listening, and I put my face deep in the pillow.

"I'm afeard! I'm afeard! Sin has quit being bitter in my belly."

"Courage, my good man." The Doctor was out of bed with his lamp again, and the door shut behind him. Between them they made it long this time. I saw the window become gray; then the corners of the furniture grow visible; and outside, the dry chorus of the blackbirds began to fill the dawn. To these the sounds of chickens and impatient hoofs in the stable were added, and some cow wandered by loudly calling for her calf. Next, some one whistling passed near and grew distant. But although the cold hue that I lay staring at through the window warmed and changed, the Doctor continued working hard over his patient in the next room. Only a word here and there was distinct; but it was plain from the Virginian's fewer remarks that the sin in his belly was alarming him less. Yes, they made this time long. But it proved, indeed, the last one. And though some sort of catastrophe was bound to fall upon us, it was myself who precipitated the thing that did happen.

Day was wholly come. I looked at my own watch, and it was six. I had been about seven hours in my bed, and the Doctor had been about seven hours out of his. The door opened, and he came in with his book and lamp. He seemed to be shivering a little, and I saw him cast a longing eye at his couch. But the Virginian followed him even as he blew out the now quite superfluous light. They

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made a noticeable couple in their underclothes; the Virginian with his lean racehorse shanks running to a point at his ankle, and the Doctor with his stomach and his fat sedentary calves.

"You'll be going to breakfast and the ladies, seh, pretty soon," said the Virginian, with a chastened voice. "But I'll worry through the day somehow without y'u. And to-night you can turn your wolf loose on me again."

Once more it was no use. My face was deep in the pillow, but I made sounds as of a hen who has laid an egg. It broke on the Doctor with a total instantaneous smash, quite like an egg.

He tried to speak calmly. "This is a disgrace. An infamous disgrace. Never in my life have I—" Words forsook him, and his face grew redder. "Never in my life—" He stopped again, because, at the sight of him being dignified in his red drawers, I was making the noise of a dozen hens. It was suddenly too much for the Virginian. He hastened into his room, and there sank on the floor with his head in his hands. The Doctor immediately slammed the door upon him, and this rendered me easily fit for a lunatic asylum. I cried into my pillow, and wondered if the Doctor would come and kill me. But he took no notice of me whatever. I could hear the Virginian's convulsions through the door, and also the Doctor furiously making his toilet within three feet of my head; and I lay quite still with my face the other way, for I was really afraid to look at him. When I heard him walk to the door in his boots, I ventured to peep; and there he was, going out with his bag in his hand. As I still continued to lie, weak and sore, and with a mind that had ceased all operation, the Virginian's door opened. He was clean and dressed and decent, but the devil still sported in his eye. I have never seen a creature more irresistibly handsome.

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Then my mind worked again. "You've gone and done it," said I. "He's packed his valise. He'll not sleep here."

The Virginian looked quickly out of the door. "Why, he's leavin' us!" he exclaimed. "Drivin' away right now in his little old buggy!" He turned to me, and our eyes met solemnly over this large fact. I thought that I perceived the faintest tincture of dismay in the features of Judge Henry's new, responsible, trusty foreman. This was the first act of his administration. Once again he looked out at the departing missionary. "Well," he vindictively stated, "I cert'nly ain't goin' to run afteh him." And he looked at me again.

"Do you suppose the Judge knows?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "The windo' shades is all down still oveh yondeh." He paused. "I don't care," he stated, quite as if he had been ten years old. Then he grinned guiltily. "I was mighty respectful to him all night."

"Oh, yes, respectful! Especially when you invited him to turn his wolf loose."

The Virginian gave a joyous gulp. He now came and sat down on the edge of my bed. "I spoke awful good English to him most of the time," said he. "I can, y'u know, when I cinch my attention tight on to it. Yes, I cert'nly spoke a lot o' good English. I didn't understand some of it myself!"

He was now growing frankly pleased with his exploit. He had builded so much better than he knew. He got up and looked out across the crystal world of light. "The Doctor is at one-mile crossing," he said. "He'll get breakfast at the N-lazy-Y." Then he returned and sat again on my bed, and began to give me his real heart. "I never set up for being better than others. Not even to myself. My thoughts ain't apt to travel around making comparisons. And I shouldn't wonder if my memory took as much no-

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tice of the meannesses I have done as of—as of the other actions. But to have to sit like a dumb lamb and let a stranger tell y’u for an hour that yu’re a hawg and a swine, just after you have acted in a way which them that know the facts would call pretty near white—”

## AN APRIL ARIA

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Now, in the shimmer and sheen that dance on the leaf of  
the lily,  
Causing the bud to explode, and gilding the poodle's chin-  
chilla,  
Gladys cavorts with the rake, and hitches the string to  
the lattice,  
While with the trowel she digs, and gladdens the heart of  
the shanghai.

Now, while the vine twists about the ribs of the cast-iron  
Pallas,  
And, on the zephyr afloat, the halcyon soul of the borax  
Blends with the scent of the soap, the brush of the white-  
washer's flying  
E'en as the chicken-hawk flies when ready to light on its  
quarry.

Out in the leaf-dappled wood the dainty hepatica's blow-  
ing,  
While the fiend hammers the rug from Ispahan, Lynn, or  
Woonsocket,  
And the grim furnace is out, and over the ash heap and  
bottles  
Capers the "Billy" in glee, becanning his innermost Billy.

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Now the blue pill is on tap, and likewise the sarsaparilla,  
And on the fence and the barn, quite worthy of S. Botticelli,

Frisk the lithe leopard and gnu, in malachite, purple, and  
crimson,

That we may know at a glance the circus is out on the  
rampage.

Put then the flannels away and trot out the old linen  
duster,

Pack the bob-sled in the barn, and bring forth the baseball  
and racket,

For the spry Spring is on deck, performing her roseate  
breakdown

Unto the tune of the van that rattles and bangs on the  
cobblestones.

## MEDITATIONS OF A MARINER\*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

A-watchin' how the sea behaves  
For hours and hours I sit;  
And I know the sea is full o' waves—  
I've often noticed it.

For on the deck each starry night  
The wild waves and the tame  
I counts and knows 'em all by sight  
And some of 'em by name.

And then I thinks a cove like me  
Ain't got no right to roam;  
For I'm homesick when I puts to sea  
And seasick when I'm home.

\* From "Nautical Lays of a Landsman," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

## VICTORY\*

BY TOM MASSON

I turned to the dictionary  
For a word I couldn't spell,  
And closed the book when I found it  
And dipped my pen in the well.

Then I thought to myself, "How was it?"  
With a sense of inward pain,  
And still 'twas a little doubtful,  
So I turned to the book again.

This time I remarked, "How easy!"  
As I muttered each letter o'er,  
But when I got to the inkwell  
'Twas gone, as it went before.

Then I grabbed that dictionary  
And I sped its pages through,  
And under my nose I put it  
With that doubtful word in view.

I held it down with my body  
While I gripped that pen quite fast,  
And I howled, as I traced each letter:  
"I've got you now, *at last!*"

\* Lippincott's Magazine.



## THE FAMILY HORSE

BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS

I have bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manège* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage proprietor upon this topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse: he told me, if his horse had a blemish, he wouldn't wait to be asked about it; he would tell it right out; and, if a man didn't want him then, he needn't take him. He also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal were returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he'd been fired once, because they thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh-laid egg—he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, “now that's honest.” I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly

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—some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be; he was willing to speak right out, and own up he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; “but,” he added, “he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread.” I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered that no man could have bought him for one hundred dollars a month ago, but now he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on account of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered that I had better *see the horse first*. I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but, out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. “No man,” he added, “ought to buy a horse unless he’s saw him.” When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities might be, his personal appearance was against him. One of his fore legs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle, and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested by his owner, as he held up, by both sides of the bridle, the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a pea-pod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, “three-quarters blood!” Mrs. Sparrowgrass flushed up a little when she asked me if I intended to purchase *that* horse, and added, that, if I did, she would never want to ride. So I told the man he would not suit

me. He answered by suddenly throwing himself upon his stomach across the backbone of his horse, and then, by turning round as on a pivot, got up a-straddle of him; then he gave his horse a kick in the ribs that caused him to jump out with all his legs, like a frog, and then off went the spoon-legged animal with a gait that was not a trot, nor yet precisely pacing. He rode around our grass plot twice, and then pulled his horse's head up like the cock of a musket. "That," said he, "is *time*." I replied that he did seem to go pretty fast. "Pretty fast!" said his owner. "Well, do you know Mr. —?" mentioning one of the richest men in our village. I replied that I was acquainted with him. "Well," said he, "you know his horse?" I replied that I had no personal acquaintance with him. "Well," said he, "he's the fastest horse in the county—jist so—I'm willin' to admit it. But do you know I offered to put my horse agin' his to trot? I had no money to put up, or rayther, to spare; but I offered to trot him, horse agin' horse, and the winner to take both horses, and I tell you—*he wouldn't do it!*"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass got a little nervous, and twitched me by the skirt of the coat. "Dear," said she, "let him go." I assured her that I would not buy the horse, and told the man firmly I would not buy him. He said, very well—if he didn't suit 'twas no use to keep a-talkin': but he added, he'd be down agin' with another horse, next morning, that belonged to his brother; and if he didn't suit me, then I didn't want a horse. With this remark he rode off. . . .

"It rains very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartet of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man

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would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope; no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rain-storm, unless he intend to sell him at a bargain—but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, 'squire, 's as good a hos as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever stood in shoe-leather. "He's a handsome hos, 'squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good-looking animal; but, said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read." "Whose hos was it?" said he. I replied it was the horse of Adonis. He said he didn't know him; but, he added, "there is so many hosses stolen, that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it:

"Round-hooft, short-joynted, fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostrils wide,  
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"'Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'int of a good hos. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes, big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ears, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle, and wind, 'squire, and speed well, they'll fetch a price.

Now, this animal is what I call a hos, 'squire; he's got the p'int, he's stylish, he's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness—single or double—a good feeder." I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality. He replied it was; "of course," said he, "if your hos is off his feed, he ain't good for nothin'. But what's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'int of a good hos? You're a hos man, 'squire: you know—" "It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye." "No, *sir*," said he, and with that he pulled down the horse's head, and, rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "see thar—don't wink a bit." "But he should wink," I replied. "Not unless his eye are weak," he said. To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and as soon as I took hold of it, the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the more I pulled, the more he backed, I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose that had been all summer prickling itself, in order to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioluses and tuberoses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mould, geraniums, and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima-bean poles; but his owner led him back with

## THE FAMILY HORSE

a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, 'squire?" I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks. He said it was not. "You see, 'squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he's as kind as a kitten." With that he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass-plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass. . . .

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney, in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester County, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I managed to get my head pretty well inside of the carriage, and, at the time she spoke, was keeping a lookout in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner. He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, isn't he?" The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round turn, and besides

had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg. So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a pen-knife, and cut him out in such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepest-looking horse I ever saw. "Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the nearest farm-house?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would. Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately the bank was not over four feet high, but as I went with him, my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching, who came to my assistance. The first thing he did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding. "Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't hadn't been for dat yer, your hos would a' bin a goner." "What was the matter with him?" said I. "Oh, he's only jis got de blind-staggers, das all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who had sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?" I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass. "Oh," said he, "I knows

## THE FAMILY HORSE

you, I brung some fowls once down to you place. I heerd about you and your hos. Dats de hos dats got de heaves so bad, heh! heh! You better sell dat hoss." I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the rockaway. When we got to the rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight. I think a moonlight night delicious, upon the Hudson.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only the heaves and blind-staggers, and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner.



## SONNET OF THE LOVABLE LASS AND THE PLETHORIC DAD\*

BY J. W. FOLEY

Shee sez shee neavur neavur luvd befoar  
shee saw me passen bi hur paws frunt dore  
wenn shee wuz hangen on the gait ann i  
Lookt foolish att hur wenn ime goen bi.  
Uv korse sheed hadd sum boze butt nun thatt sturd  
hur hart down too itts deppths until shee hurd  
me wissel ann shee saw mi fais. Ann wenn  
shee furst saw mee sheed neavur luv agen  
shee sedd shee noo. ann iff i shunnd hur eye  
sheed be a nunn ann bidd thee wurld good bi.

How swete itt is wenn munnys on thee throan  
uv life to bee luvd fore ureself alban  
Ann no thatt u have gott thee powr to stur  
a woomans hart wenn u jusst look att hur.  
ann o itts sweeter still iff u kan no  
hur paw has gott jusst oshuns uv thee doe  
Ann u jusst hav to furnish luv ann hee  
wil furnish munny fore boath u ann shee.  
i wood nott kair iff shee wuz poor butt o  
itts dubley swete too no sheez gott thee doe.

\*By permission of Life Publishing Company.

## SONNET

i wood nott hezzetait iff shee wuz poor  
Too marrie hur. togeathur weed endoor  
wottever forchun sennt with rite good will  
butt sins sheeze rich itts awl thee bettur stil.  
ide luv hur in a cottidge jusst thee saim  
fore luv is such a holey sakerud flaim  
thatt burns like tindur wenn u strike a lite  
butt still itt burns moar gloarious ann brite  
wenn shee has lotts uv munny ann hur paw  
with menny thowsunds is ure fawthernlaw.

## THE LOVE SONNETS OF A HUSBAND

BY MAURICE SMILEY

### I LOVE YOU STILL

You ask me if I love you still, tho' you  
And I were wed scarce one short happy year  
Agone. How well do I remember, dear,  
The day you put your hand in mine, and through  
Life's good and ill, tho' skies were gray or blue,  
We plighted faith that should not know a fear.  
That was the day I kissed away the tear  
That trembled on your cheek like morning dew.  
Of course I love you—still. You're at your best,  
Your perihelion, when you're silentest.  
I'd love you as I did, dear heart, of yore,  
And still a little more, nor ever tire:  
Why, I would love you like a house afire  
If you were only still a little more.

### SOUL TO SOUL

I think I loved you first when in your eyes  
I saw the glad, rapt answer to the spell  
Of Paderewski, when we heard him tell  
Life's gentler meaning, Love's sweet sacrifice.  
The master caught the rhythm of your sighs  
And then, inspired, the story rose and fell  
And sang of moonlight in a leafy dell,  
Of souls' Arcadias and dreaming skies,

## THE LOVE SONNETS OF A HUSBAND

Of hearts and hopes and purposes that blend.  
Your bosom heaved beneath the witcheries  
That seemed to set a halo on his brow,  
And then the message sobbed on to its end.  
"That's fine," you murmured, chewing faster; "please  
'Ask him if he won't play 'Bedelia' now."

### YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD DIE FOR ME

You said that you would die for me, if e'er  
That price would buy me happiness. I dreamed  
Not of devotion like to that, that seemed  
To joy in sacrifice; that, tenderer  
Than selfish Life's small immolations were,  
Made Love an altar whereupon it deemed  
It naught to offer all; a shrine that gleamed  
With utter loyalty's red drops. I ne'er  
Believed that you were just quite in your head  
In saying death would prove Fidelity.  
But when I saw the packages of white and red  
Your druggist showed me—he's my chum, you see—  
I knew you meant, dear heart, just what you said,  
When you declared that you would dye for me.

### I CAN NOT BEAR YOUR SIGHS

Your smiles, dear one, have all the glad surprise  
The sunshine hath for roses; what the day  
Brings to the waiting lark. When you are gay  
My spirit sings in tune, and sorrow flies  
Away. But, dear, I can not bear your sighs  
When on my knees you nestle and you lay  
Your tear-wet face upon my shoulder. Nay,  
I can not help the pain that fills mine eyes.

## MAURICE SMILEY

So, love, whatever cup of Life you drain  
I'll stand for. Send the cashier's check to me.  
"Smile" all you want to; smile and smile again.  
But as you weigh two hundred pounds, you see  
Why, when you cuddle down upon my knee,  
It is your size, dear heart, that gives me pain.

### A HAND I HELD

The heartless years have many hopes dispelled.  
But they have left me one dear night in June.  
They've left the still white splendor of the moon.  
They've left the mem'ry of a hand I held,  
While up thro' all my soul the rapture welled  
Of victory. I hear again the croon  
Of twilight time, the lullaby that soon  
To all the day's glad music shall have swelled.  
I hold a hand I never held before,  
A hand like which I'll never hold some more:  
It was the first time I had ever "called."  
'Twas at the club, as we began to leave.  
I held five aces, but the dealer balled  
The ones that he had planted up his sleeve.

### YOUR CHEEK

To feel your hands stray shyly to my head  
And flutter down like birds that find their nest,  
To see the gentle rise and fall of your dear breast,  
To hear again some tender word you said,  
To watch the little feet whose dainty tread  
Fell light as flowers upon the way they pressed,  
To touch again the lips I have caressed—  
All these are precious. But your cheek of red  
Outlives the mem'ry of all other things.

## THE LOVE SONNETS OF A HUSBAND

I'd known you scarce a month, or maybe two;  
I had not yet made up my mind to speak,  
You trots out Tifny's catalogue of rings;  
Says No. 6 (200 yen) will do.  
So I remember best of all your cheek.

### WITH ALL YOUR FAULTS

You would not stop this side the farthest line  
Of Truth, you said, nor hide one little falsity  
From my sweet faith that was too kind to see.  
You said a keener vision would divine  
All failings later, bare each hid design,  
Each poor disguise of loving's treachery  
That screened its weaknesses from even me.  
How oft you said those cherry lips were mine  
Alone. The cherries came in little jars,  
I learned. Those auburn locks, I found with pain,  
Cost forty plunks, according to the bill  
I saw. Those pearly teeth were porcelain.  
But I forgive you for each fault that mars.  
With all your faults, dear heart, I love you still.

## HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE AND ORGAN

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

We done dretful well last year. The crops come in first-rate, and Josiah had five or six heads of cattle to turn off at a big price. He felt well, and he proposed to me that I should have a sewin' machine. That man,—though he don't coo at me so frequent as he probable would if he had more encouragement in it, is attached to me with a devotedness that is firm and almost cast-iron, and says he, almost tenderly: "Samantha, I will get you a sewin' machine."

Says I, "Josiah, I have got a couple of sewin' machines by me that have run pretty well for upwards of—well it haint necessary to go into particulars, but they have run for considerable of a spell anyway"—says I, "I can git along without another one, though no doubt it would be handy to have round."

But Josiah hung onto that machine. And then he up and said he was goin' to buy a organ. Thomas Jefferson wanted one too. They both seemed sot onto that organ. Tirzah Ann took hern with her of course when she was married, and Josiah said it seemed so awful lonesome without any Tirzah Ann or any music, that it seemed almost as if two girls had married out of the family instead of one. He said money couldn't buy us another Tirzah Ann, but it would buy us a new organ, and he was determined to have one. He said it would be so handy for

## HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE

her to play on when she came home, and for other company. And then Thomas J. can play quite well; he can play any tune, almost, with one hand, and he sings first-rate, too. He and Tirzah Ann used to sing together a sight; he sings bearatone, and she sulfireno—that is what they call it. They git up so many new-fangled names nowadays, that I think it is most a wonder that I don't make a slip once in a while and git things wrong. I should, if I hadn't got a mind like a ox for strength.

But as I said, Josiah was fairly sot on that machine and organ, and I thought I'd let him have his way. So it got out that we was goin' to buy a sewin' machine, and a organ. Well, we made up our minds on Friday, pretty late in the afternoon, and on Monday forenoon I was a washin', when I heard a knock at the front door, and I wrung my hands out of the water and went and opened it. A slick lookin' feller stood there, and I invited him in and sot him a chair.

"I hear you are talkin' about buyin' a musical instrument," says he.

"No," says I, "we are goin' to buy a organ."

"Well," says he, "I want to advise you, not that I have any interest in it at all, only I don't want to see you so imposed upon. It fairly makes me mad to see a Methodist imposed upon; I lean towards that perswasion myself. Organs are liable to fall to pieces any minute. There haint no dependence on 'em at all, the insides of 'em are liable to break out at any time. If you have any regard for your own welfare and safety, you will buy a piano. Not that I have any interest in advising you, only my devotion to the cause of Right; pianos never wear out."

"Where should we git one?" says I, for I didn't want Josiah to throw away his property.

"Well," says he, "as it happens, I guess I have got one



## JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

out here in the wagon. I believe I threw one into the bottom of the wagon this mornin', as I was a comin' down by here on business. I am glad now I did, for it always makes me feel ugly to see a Methodist imposed upon.

Josiah came into the house in a few minutes, and I told him about it, and says I:

"How lucky it is Josiah, that we found out about organs before it was too late."

But Josiah asked the price, and said he wasn't goin' to pay out no three hundred dollars, for he wasn't able. But the man asked if we was willin' to have it brought into the house for a spell—we could do as we was a mind to about buyin' it; and of course we couldn't refuse, so Josiah most broke his back a liftin' it in, and they set it up in the parlor, and after dinner the man went away.

Josiah bathed his back with linement, for he had strained it bad a liftin' that piano, and I had jest got back to my washin' again (I had had to put it away to git dinner) when I heerd a knockin' again to the front door, and I pulled down my dress sleeves and went and opened it, and there stood a tall, slim feller; and the kitchen bein' all cluttered up I opened the parlor door and asked him in there, and the minute he caught sight of that piano, he jest lifted up both hands, and says he:

"You haint got one of them here!"

He looked so horrified that it skairt me, and says I in almost tremblin' tones:

"What is the matter with 'em?" And I added in a cheerful tone, "we haint bought it."

He looked more cheerful too as I said it, and says he "You may be thankful enough that you haint. There haint no music in 'em at all; hear that," says he, goin' up and strikin' the very top note. It did sound flat enough.

## HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE

Says I, "There must be more music in it than that, though I haint no judge at all."

"Well, hear that, then," and he went and struck the very bottom note. "You see just what it is, from top to bottom. But it haint its total lack of music that makes me despise pianos so, it is because they are so dangerous."

"Dangerous?" says I.

"Yes, in thunder storms, you see;" says he, liftin' up the cover, "here it is all wire, enough for fifty lightnin' rods—draw the lightnin' right into the room. Awful dangerous! No money would tempt me to have one in my house with my wife and daughter. I shouldn't sleep a wink thinkin' I had exposed 'em to such danger."

"Good land!" says I, "I never thought on it before."

"Well, now you *have* thought of it, you see plainly that a organ is jest what you need. They are full of music, safe, healthy and don't cost half so much."

Says I, "A organ was what we had sot our minds on at first."

"Well, I have got one out here, and I will bring it in."

"What is the price?" says I.

"One hundred and ninety dollars," says he.

"There won't be no need of bringin' it in at that price," says I, "for I have heerd Josiah say, that he wouldn't give a cent over a hundred dollars."

"Well," says the feller, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Your countenance looks so kinder natural to me, and I like the looks of the country round here so well, that if your mind is made up on the price you want to pay, I won't let a trifle of ninety dollars part us. You can have it for one hundred."

"Well, the end on't was, he brung it in and sot it up the other end of the parlor, and drove off. And when Josiah come in from his work, and Thomas J. come home from Jonesville, they liked it first rate.

## JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

But the very next day, a new agent come, and he looked awful skairt when he katched sight of that organ, and real mad and indignant too.

"That villain haint been a tryin' to get one of them organs off onto you, has he?" says he.

"What is the trouble with 'em?" says I, in a awe-struck tone, for he looked bad.

"Why," says he, "there is a heavy mortgage on every one of his organs. If you bought one of him, and paid for it, it would be liable to be took away from you any minute when you was right in the middle of a tune, leavin' you a settin' on the stool; and you would lose every cent of your money."

"Good gracious!" says I, for it skairt me to think what a narrow chance we had run. Well, finally, he brung in one of hisen, and sot it up in the kitchen, the parlor bein' full on 'em.

And the fellers kep' a comin' and a goin' at all hours. For a spell, at first, Josiah would come in and talk with 'em, but after a while he got tired out, and when he would see one a comin' he would start on a run for the barn, and hide, and I would have to stand the brunt of it alone. One feller see Josiah a runnin' for the barn, and he follered him in, and Josiah dove under the barn, as I found out afterwards. I happened to see him a crawlin' out after the feller drove off. Josiah come in a shakin' himself—for he was all covered with straw and feathers—and says he:

"Samantha there has got to be a change."

"How is there goin' to be a change?" says I.

"I'll tell you," says he, in a whisper—for fear some on 'em was prowlin' round the house yet—"we will git up before light to-morrow mornin', and go to Jonesville and buy a organ right out."

## HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE

I fell in with the idee, and we started for Jonesville the next mornin'. We got there jest after the break of day, and bought it of the man to the breakfast table. Says Josiah to me afterwards, as we was goin' down into the village:

"Let's keep dark about buyin' one, and see how many of the creeters will be a besettin' on us to-day."

So we kep' still, and there was half a dozen fellers follerin' us round all the time a most, into stores and groceries and the manty makers, and they would stop us on the sidewalk and argue with us about their organs and pianos. One feller, a tall slim chap, never let Josiah out of his sight a minute; and he follered him when he went after his horse, and walked by the side of the wagon clear down to the store where I was, a arguin' all the way about his piano. Josiah had bought a number of things and left 'em to the store, and when we got there, there stood the organ man by the side of the things, jest like a watch dog. He knew Josiah would come and git 'em, and he could git the last word with him.

Amongst other things, Josiah had bought a barrel of salt, and the piano feller that had stuck to Josiah so tight that day, offered to help him on with it. And the organ man—not goin' to be outdone by the other—he offered too. Josiah kinder winked to me, and then he held the old mare, and let 'em lift. They wasn't used to such kind of work, and it fell back on 'em once or twice, and most squashed 'em; but they nipped to, and lifted again, and finally got it on; but they was completely tuckered out.

And then Josiah got in, and thanked 'em for the liftin'; and the organ man, a wipin' the sweat offen his face—that had started out in his hard labor—said he should be down to-morrow mornin'; and the piano man, a pantin' for breath, told Josiah not to make up his mind till *he*

## JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

came; he should be down that night if he got rested enough.

And then Josiah told 'em that he should be glad to see 'em down a visitin' any time, but he had jest bought a organ.

I don't know but what they would have laid holt of Josiah, if they hadn't been so tuckered out; but as it was, they was too beat out to look anything but sneakin'; and so we drove off.

The manty maker had told me that day, that there was two or three new agents with new kinds of sewin' machines jest come to Jonesville, and I was tellin' Josiah on it, when we met a middle-aged man, and he looked at us pretty close, and finally he asked us as he passed by, if we could tell him where Josiah Allen lived.

Says Josiah, "I'm livin' at present in a Democrat."

Says I, "In this one-horse wagon, you know."

Says he, "You are thinkin' of buyin' a sewin' machine, haint you?"

Says Josiah, "I am a turnin' my mind that way."

At that, the man turned his horse round, and follered us, and I see he had a sewin' machine in front of his wagon. We had the old mare and the colt, and seein' a strange horse come up so close behind us, the colt started off full run towards Jonesville, and then run down a cross-road and into a lot.

Says the man behind us, "I am a little younger than you be, Mr. Allen; if you will hold my horse I will go after the colt with pleasure."

Josiah was glad enough, and so he got into the feller's wagon; but before he started off, the man, says he:

"You can look at that machine in front of you while I am gone. I tell you frankly, that there haint another machine equal to it in America; it requires no strength at

## HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE

all; infants can run it for days at a time; or idiots; if anybody knows enough to set and whistle, they can run this machine; and it's especially adapted to the blind—blind people can run it jest as well as them that can see. A blind woman last year, in one day, made 43 dollars a makin' leather aprons; stitched them all round the age two rows. She made two dozen of 'em, and then she made four dozen gauze veils the same day, without changin' the needle. That is one of the beauties of the machine, its goin' from leather to lace, and back again, without changin' the needle. It is so tryin' for wimmen, every time they want to go from leather to gauze and book muslin, to have to change the needle; but you can see for yourself that it haint got its equal in North America."

He heerd the colt whinner, and Josiah stood up in the wagon, and looked after it. So he started off down the cross road.

And we sot there, feelin' considerable like a procession; Josiah holdin' the stranger's horse, and I the old mare; and as we sot there, up driv another slick lookin' chap, and I bein' ahead, he spoke to me, and says he:

"Can you direct me, mom, to Josiah Allen's house?"

"It is about a mile from here," and I added in a friendly tone, "Josiah is my husband."

"Is he?" says he, in a genteel tone.

"Yes," says I, "we have been to Jonesville, and our colt run down that cross road, and—"

"I see," says he interruptin' of me, "I see how it is." And then he went on in a lower tone, "If you think of buyin' a sewin' machine, don't git one of that feller in the wagon behind you—I know him well; he is one of the most worthless shacks in the country, as you can plainly see by the looks of his countenance. If I ever see a face in which knave and villain is wrote down, it is on hisen.

## JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

Any one with half an eye can see that he would cheat his grandmother out of her snuff handkerchief, if he got a chance."

He talked so fast that I couldn't git a chance to put in a word age ways for Josiah:

"His sewin' machines are utterly worthless; he haint never sold one yet; he cant. His character has got out—folks know him. There was a lady tellin' me the other day that her machine she bought of him, all fell to pieces in less than twenty-four hours after she bought it; fell onto her infant, a sweet little babe, and crippled it for life. I see your husband is havin' a hard time of it with that colt. I will jest hitch my horse here to the fence, and go down and help him; I want to have a little talk with him before he comes back here." So he started off on the run.

I told Josiah what he said about him, for it madded me, but Josiah took it cool. He seemed to love to set there and see them two men run. I never *did* see a colt act as that one did; they didn't have time to pass a word with each other, to find out their mistake, it kep' 'em so on a keen run. They would git it headed towards us, and then it would kick up its heels, and run into some lot, and canter round in a circle with its head up in the air, and then bring up short ag'inst the fence; and then they would leap over the fence. The first one had white pantaloons on, but he didn't mind 'em; over he would go, right into sikuta or elderbushes, and they would wave their hats at it, and holler, and whistle, and bark like dogs, and the colt would whinner and start off again right the wrong way, and them two men would go a pantin' after it. They had been a runnin' nigh onto half an hour, when a good lookin' young feller come along, and seein' me a settin' still and holdin' the old mare, he up and says:

## HOW WE BOUGHT A SEWIN' MACHINE

"Are you in any trouble that I can assist you?"

Says I, "We are goin' home from Jonesville, Josiah and me, and our colt got away and—"

But Josiah interrupted me, and says he, "And them two fools a caperin' after it, are sewin' machine agents."

The good lookin' chap see all through it in a minute, and he broke out into a laugh it would have done your soul good to hear, it was so clear and hearty, and honest. But he didn't say a word; he drove out to go by us, and we see then that he had a sewin' machine in the buggy.

"Are you a agent?" says Josiah.

"Yes," says he.

"What sort of a machine is this here?" says Josiah, liftin' up the cloth from the machine in front of him.

"A pretty good one," says the feller, lookin' at the name on it.

"Is yours as good?" says Josiah.

"I think it is better," says he. And then he started up his horse.

"Hello! stop!" says Josiah.

The feller stopped.

"Why don't you run down other fellers' machines, and beset us to buy yourn?"

"Because I don't make a practice of stoppin' people on the street."

"Do you haunt folks day and night; foller 'em up ladders, through trap-doors, down sullers, and under barns?"

"No," says the young chap, "I show people how my machine works; if they want it, I sell it; and if they don't, I leave."

"How much is your machine?" says Josiah.

"75 dollars."

"Can't you," says Josiah, "because I look so much like your old father, or because I am a Methodist, or because



## JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

my wife's mother used to live neighbor to your grandmother—let me have it for 25 dollars?"

The feller got up on his wagon, and turned his machine round so we could see it plain—it was a beauty—and says he:

"You see this machine, sir; I think it is the best one made, although there is no great difference between this and the one over there; but I think what difference there is, is in this one's favor. You can have it for 75 dollars if you want it; if not, I will drive on."

"How do you like the looks on it, Samantha?"

Says I, "It is the kind I wanted to git."

Josiah took out his wallet, and counted out 75 dollars, and says he:

"Put that machine into that wagon where Samantha is."

The good lookin' feller was jest liftin' of it in, and countin' over his money, when the two fellers come up with the colt. It seemed that they had had a explanation as they was comin' back; I see they had as quick as I caught sight on 'em, for they was a walkin' one on one side of the road, and the other on the other, most tight up to the fence. They was most dead the colt had run 'em so, and it did seem as if their faces couldn't look no redder nor more madder than they did as we caught sight on 'em and Josiah thanked 'em for drivin' back the colt; but when they see that the other feller had sold us a machine, their faces *did* look redder and madder.

But I didn't care a mite; we drove off tickled enough that we had got through with our sufferin's with agents. And the colt had got so beat out a runnin' and racin', that he drove home first-rate, walkin' along by the old mare as stiddy as a deacon.

## CHEER FOR THE CONSUMER

BY NIXON WATERMAN

I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter  
If you crowd me in the street cars till I couldn't well be  
flatter;

I'm only a consumer, and the strikers may go striking,  
For it's mine to end my living if it isn't to my liking.  
I am a sort of parasite without a special mission  
Except to pay the damages—mine is a queer position:  
The Fates unite to squeeze me till I couldn't well be flatter,  
For I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter.

The baker tilts the price of bread upon the vaguest rumor  
Of damage to the wheat crop, but I'm only a consumer,  
So it really doesn't matter, for there's no law that com-  
pells me

To pay the added charges on the loaf of bread he sells me.  
The iceman leaves a smaller piece when days are growing  
hotter,

But I'm only a consumer, and I do not need iced water:  
My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good humor,  
And it really doesn't matter, for I'm only a consumer.

The milkman waters milk for me; there's garlic in my  
butter,

But I'm only a consumer, and it does no good to mutter;  
I know that coal is going up and beef is getting higher,  
But I'm only a consumer, and I have no need of fire;

## NIXON WATERMAN

While beefsteak is a luxury that wealth alone is needing,  
I'm only a consumer, and what need have I for feeding?  
My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good humor,  
And it really doesn't matter, since I'm only a consumer.

The grocer sells me addled eggs; the tailor sells me  
shoddy,

I'm only a consumer, and I am not anybody.

The cobbler pegs me paper soles, the dairyman short-  
weights me,

I'm only a consumer, and most everybody hates me.

There's turnip in my pumpkin pie and ashes in my pepper,

The world's my lazaretto, and I'm nothing but a leper;

So lay me in my lonely grave and tread the turf down  
flatter,

I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter.

## A DESPERATE RACE

BY J. F. KELLEY

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye state.

It was a winter's evening, when all without was bleak and stormy and all within were blithe and gay,—when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man *more* generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley, whose "Narrative" of suffering and adventures is pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which, being mostly told before and read by millions of people that have seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the com-

pany, when it came to the turn of a well-known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr. — is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. — was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and, at the same time, much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful though really marvellous adventures, Mr. — coolly remarked that the captain's story was all very *well*, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had, "once upon a time," on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!"—"Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair,—“gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters; and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I am about to tell you I most solemnly proclaim to be truth, and—”

"Oh, never mind that: go on, Mr. —," chimed the party.

"Well gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio River, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stand the Broadway Hotel and blocks of stores and dwelling-houses, was the cottage and corn-patch of old Mr. —, the tailor, who, by the bye, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes,

## A DESPERATE RACE

about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, etc.

“Occasionally I took up my rifle and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer or bar meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted redskins were lurking about and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got a sight of them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a good many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn’t to be caught napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to ’em for that.

“Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and traveled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn’t find no *bar* nor deer. About four o’clock in the afternoon I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting-distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink I drew a bead upon his top-knot, and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded a while, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—”

“Well, but what has that to do with an *adventure*?” said Riley.

“Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen; by Jove, it had a great deal to do with it. For, while I was busy skinning the hind-quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting-shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up ‘the bottom.’ My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoiter, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through

the brush toward me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, painters (panthers), or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious traveling there, so I scrambled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore, and very little underbrush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapped your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear, shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman, sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course."

"Did I? No, gentlemen, I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of my red-skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and, clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce. 'Now,' thinks I, 'old fellow, I'll have you.' So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door-nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately?" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red-skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter-horse. I was now about five miles from the

## A DESPERATE RACE

settlement, and it was getting toward sunset. I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came, snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other: so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a bead' on me: he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one!"

"So you laid for him, and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to load, so I laid my *legs* to ground and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, gentlemen. Well, what I was to do I didn't know: rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear; and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek (now called Mill Creek), and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture, I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scabble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the red-skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"



"Blood, eh? for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator; "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be; when Riley observed,—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer-fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting-shirt, and the grease was running down my leg until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one, hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing, observed,—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"Oh, certainly not! Go on, Mr. ——," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and, being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double-quick time, and, seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of chance there was to hold up and load. The red-skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, 'Here goes to load, anyhow.' So at it I went: in went the powder, and, putting on my patch, down went the ball about half-way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top-notch in the "member's" story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came!* I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away, and started on, priming

## A DESPERATE RACE

up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red-skin a blast, anyhow, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys. A few more jumps, and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me: he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle: on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod and my load not down: another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me. I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed *him?*" chuckled Riley.

"No, *sir!* I missed fire!"

"And the red-skin—" shouted the old woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement.

"*Fired and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants and hostlers running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

## “AS GOOD AS A PLAY”

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER

There was quite a row of them on the mantel-piece. They were all facing front, and it looked as if they had come out of the wall behind, and were on their little stage facing the audience. There was the bronze monk reading a book by the light of a candle, who had a private opening under his girdle, so that sometimes his head was thrown violently back, and one looked down into him and found him full of brimstone matches. Then the little boy leaning against a greyhound; he was made of Parian, very fine Parian, too, so that one would expect to find a glass cover over him: but no, the glass cover stood over a cat and a cat made of worsted, too: still it was a very old cat, fifty years old in fact. There was another young person there, young like the boy leaning on a greyhound, and she, too, was of Parian: she was very fair in front, but behind—ah, that is a secret which is not quite time yet to tell. One other stood there, at least she seemed to stand, but nobody could see her feet, for her dress was so very wide and so finely flounced. She was the china girl that rose out of a pen-wiper.

The fire in the grate below was of soft coal, and flashed up and down, throwing little jets of flame up that made very pretty foot-lights. So here was a stage, and here were the actors, but where was the audience? Oh, the Audience was in the arm-chair in front. He had a

## “AS GOOD AS A PLAY”

special seat; he was a critic, and could get up when he wanted to, when the play became tiresome, and go out.

“It is painful to say such things out loud,” said the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound, with a trembling voice, “but we have been together so long, and these people round us never will go away. Dear girl, will you?—you know.” It was the Parian girl that he spoke to, but he did not look at her; he could not, he was leaning against the greyhound; he only looked at the Audience.

“I am not quite sure,” she coughed. “If, now, you were under a glass case.”

“I am under a glass case,” spoke up the Cat-made-of-worsted. “Marry me. I am fifty years old. Marry me, and live under a glass case.”

“Shocking!” said she. “How can you? Fifty years old, too! That would indeed be a match!”

“Marry!” muttered the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. “A match! I am full of matches, but I don’t marry. Folly!”

“You stand up very straight, neighbor,” said the Cat-made-of-worsted.

“I never bend,” said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. “Life is earnest. I read a book by candle. I am never idle.”

The Cat-made-of-worsted grinned to himself.

“You’ve got a hinge in your back,” said he, “they open you in the middle; your head flies back. How the blood must run down. And then you’re full of brimstone matches. He! he!” and the Cat-made-of-worsted grinned out loud. The Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound spoke again, and sighed:

“I am of Parian, you know, and there is no one else here of Parian except yourself.”

“And the greyhound,” said the Parian girl.

HORACE E. SCUDDER

"Yes, and the greyhound," said he eagerly. "He belongs to me. Come, a glass case is nothing to it. We could roam; oh, we could roam!"

"I don't like roaming."

"Then we could stay at home, and lean against the greyhound."

"No," said the Parian girl, "I don't like that."

"Why?"

"I have private reasons."

"What?"

"No matter."

"I know," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "I saw her behind. She's hollow. She's stuffed with lamp-lighters. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted grinned again.

"I love you just as much," said the steadfast Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound, "and I don't believe the Cat."

"Go away," said the Parian girl, angrily. "You're all hateful. I won't have you."

"Ah!" sighed the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"Ah!" came another sigh—it was from the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper—"how I pity you!"

"Do you?" said he eagerly. "Do you? Then I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Ah!" said she; "but—"

"She can't!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "She can't come to you. She hasn't got any legs. I know it. I'm fifty years old. I never saw them."

"Never mind the Cat," said the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"But I do mind the Cat," said she, weeping. "I haven't. It's all pen-wiper."

"Do I care?" said he.

"She has thoughts," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "That lasts longer than beauty. And she is solid behind."

## “AS GOOD AS A PLAY”

“And she has no hinge in her back,” grinned the Cat-made-of-worsted. “Come, neighbors, let us congratulate them. You begin.”

“Keep out of disagreeable company,” said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book.

“That is not congratulation; that is advice,” said the Cat-made-of-worsted. “Never mind, go on, my dear,”—to the Parian girl. “What! nothing to say? Then I’ll say it for you. ‘Friends, may your love last as long as your courtship.’ Now I’ll congratulate you.”

But before he could speak, the Audience got up.

“You shall not say a word. It must end happily.”

He went to the mantel-piece and took up the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper.

“Why, she has legs after all,” said he.

“They’re false,” said the Cat-made-of-worsted. “They’re false. I know it. I’m fifty years old. I never saw true ones on her.”

The Audience paid no attention, but took up the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

“Ha!” said the Cat-made-of-worsted. “Come. I like this. He’s hollow. They’re all hollow. He! he! Neighbor Monk, you’re hollow. He! he!” and the Cat-made-of-worsted never stopped grinning. The Audience lifted the glass case from him and set it over the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound and the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper.

“Be happy!” said he.

“Happy!” said the Cat-made-of-worsted. “Happy!” Still they were happy.

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects,—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theater, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth and somewhat rasping *voce di petti*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

- Three Johns {
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
  2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
  3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Three Thomases {  
1. The real Thomas.  
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.  
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is* so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding houses, was on its way to me *viâ* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the mean time he had eaten the peaches.]



## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

### "OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE

"This island is now the property of the Stamford family,—having been won, it is said, in a raffle, by Sir ——— Stamford, during the stock-gambling mania of the South-Sea Scheme. The history of this gentleman may be found in an interesting series of questions (unfortunately not yet answered) contained in the "Notes and Queries." This island is entirely surrounded by the ocean, which here contains a large amount of saline substance, crystallizing in cubes remarkable for their symmetry, and frequently displays on its surface, during calm weather, the rainbow tints of the celebrated South-Sea bubbles. The summers are oppressively hot, and the winters very probably cold; but this fact can not be ascertained precisely, as, for some peculiar reason, the mercury in these latitudes never shrinks, as in more northern regions, and thus the thermometer is rendered useless in winter.

"The principal vegetable productions of the island are the pepper-tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organized in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters, as an addition to that delightful condiment. [Note received from Dr. D. P.] It is said, however, that, as the oysters were of the kind called *natives* in England, the natives of Sumatra, in obedience to a natural instinct, refused to touch them, and confined themselves entirely to the crew of the vessel in which they were brought over. This information was received from one of the oldest inhabitants, a native himself, and exceedingly fond of missionaries. He is said also to be very skilful in the *cuisine* peculiar to the island.

"During the season of gathering the pepper, the per-

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

sons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sternutation, or sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks, that the unfortunate subjects of them are often driven backward for great distances at immense speed, on the well-known principle of the æolipile. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. As, during the whole pepper-harvest, they feed exclusively on this stimulant, they become exceedingly irritable. The smallest injury is resented with ungovernable rage. A young man suffering from the *pepper-fever*, as it is called, cudgeled another most severely for appropriating a superannuated relative of trifling value, and was only pacified by having a present made him of a pig of that peculiar species of swine called the *Peccavi* by the Catholic Jews, who, it is well known, abstain from swine's flesh in imitation of the Mahometan Buddhists.

"The bread-tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar name of *macaroni*. The smaller twigs are called *vermicelli*. They have a decided animal flavor, as may be observed in the soups containing them. Macaroni, being tubular, is the favorite habitat of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferocious by being boiled. The government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston with which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the macaroni arrives among us. It therefore always contains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

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“The fruit of the bread-tree consists principally of hot rolls. The buttered-muffin variety is supposed to be a hybrid with a cocoanut palm, the cream found on the milk of the cocoanut exuding from the hybrid in the shape of butter, just as the ripe fruit is splitting, so as to fit it for the tea-table, where it is commonly served up with cold—”

—There,—I don’t want to read any more of it. You see that many of these statements are highly improbable.—No, I shall not mention the paper.—No, neither of them wrote it, though it reminds me of the style of these popular writers. I think the fellow that wrote it must have been reading some of their stories, and got them mixed up with his history and geography. I don’t suppose *he* lies; he sells it to the editor, who knows how many squares off “Sumatra” is. The editor, who sells it to the public—by the way, the papers have been very civil—haven’t they?—to the—the—what d’ye call it?—“Northern Magazine,”—isn’t it?—got up by some of these Come-outers, down East, as an organ for their local peculiarities.

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge his love for the ridiculous. People laugh *with* him just so long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh *at* him. There is in addition, however, a deeper reason for this than would at first appear. Do you know that you feel a little superior to every man who makes you laugh, whether by making faces or verses? Are you aware that you have a pleasant sense of patronizing him, when you condescend so far as to let him turn somersets, literal or literary, for your royal delight? Now if a man can only be allowed to stand on a dais, or raised platform, and look down on his neighbor who is exerting his talent

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

for him, oh, it is all right!—first-rate performance!—and all the rest of the fine phrases. But if all at once the performer asks the gentleman to come upon the floor, and, stepping upon the platform, begins to talk down at him,—ah, that wasn't in the program!

I have never forgotten what happened when Sydney Smith—who, as everybody knows, was an exceedingly sensible man, and a gentleman, every inch of him—ventured to preach a sermon on the Duties of Royalty. The “Quarterly,” “so savage and tartly,” came down upon him in the most contemptuous style, as “a joker of jokes,” a “diner-out of the first water” in one of his own phrases; sneering at him, insulting him, as nothing but a toady of a court, sneaking behind the anonymous, would ever have been mean enough to do to a man of his position and genius, or to any decent person even.—If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent, with two or three facets to his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until after he had made a reputation by his more solid qualities. And so to an actor: *Hamlet* first and *Bob Logic* afterward, if you like; but don't think, as they say poor Liston used to, that people will be ready to allow that you can do anything great with *Macbeth's* dagger after flourishing about with *Paul Pry's* umbrella. Do you know, too, that the majority of men look upon all who challenge their attention,—for a while, at least,—as beggars, and nuisances? They always try to get off as cheaply as they can; and the cheapest of all things they can give a literary man—pardon the forlorn pleasantry!—is the *funny-bone*. That is all very well so far as it goes, but satisfies no man, and makes a good many angry, as I told you on a former occasion.

Oh, indeed, no!—I am not ashamed to make you laugh, occasionally. I think I could read you something

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I have in my desk that would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days, if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes as kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then called *blessed!* There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition,—something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met,—that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play with it?

## CÆSAR'S QUIET LUNCH WITH CICERO

BY JAMES T. FIELDS

Have you read how Julius Cæsar  
Made a call on Cicero  
In his modest Formian villa,  
Many and many a year ago?

"I shall pass your way," wrote Cæsar,  
"On the Saturnalia, Third,  
'And I'll just drop in, my Tullius,  
For a quiet friendly word :

"Don't make a stranger of me, Marc,  
Nor be at all put out,  
'A snack of anything you have  
Will serve my need, no doubt.

"I wish to show my confidence—  
The invitation's mine—  
I come to share your simple food,  
And taste your honest wine."

Up rose M. Tullius Cicero,  
And seized a Roman punch,—  
Then mused upon the god-like soul  
Was coming round to lunch.

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“By Hercules!” he murmured low  
    Unto his lordly self,  
“There are not many dainties left  
    Upon my pantry shelf!

“But what I have shall Julius share.  
    What, ho!” he proudly cried,  
“Great Cæsar comes this way anon  
    To sit my chair beside.

“A dish of lampreys quickly stew,  
    And cook them with a turn,  
For that’s his favorite pabulum  
    From Mamurra I learn.”

. . . . .

His slaves obey their lord’s command;  
    The table soon is laid  
For two distinguished gentlemen,—  
    One rather bald, ’tis said.

When lo! a messenger appears  
    To sound approach—and then,  
“Brave Cæsar comes to greet his friend  
    With *twice a thousand men!*

“His cohorts rend the air with shouts;  
    That is their dust you see;  
The trumpeters announce him near!”  
    Said Marcus, “Woe is me!

“Fly, Cassius, fly! assign a guard!  
    Borrow what tents you can!  
Encamp his soldiers round the field,  
    Or I’m a ruined man!

## CÆSAR'S QUIET LUNCH WITH CICERO

“Get sheep and oxen by the score!  
Buy corn at any price!  
O Jupiter! befriend me now,  
And give me your advice!”

. . . . .

It turned out better than he feared,—  
Things proved enough and good,—  
And Cæsar made himself at home,  
And much enjoyed his food.

But Marcus had an awful fright,—  
*That* can not be denied;  
“I’m glad ’tis over!”—when it was—  
The host sat down and sighed,

And when he wrote to Atticus,  
And all the story told,  
He ended his epistle thus:  
“J. C. ’s a warrior bold,

“A vastly entertaining man,  
In Learning quite immense,  
So full of literary skill,  
And most uncommon sense,

“But, frankly, I should never say  
‘No trouble, sir, at all;  
And when you pass this way again,  
*Give us another call!*”



## COMIN' HOME THANKSGIVIN'

BY JAMES BALL NAYLOR

I've clean fergot my rheumatiz—  
Hain't nary limp n'r hobble;  
I'm feelin' like a turkey-cock—  
An' ready 'most to gobble;  
I'm workin' spry, an' steppin' high—  
An' thinkin' life worth livin'.  
Fer all the children's comin' home  
All comin' home Thanksgiving'.

There's Mary up at Darby Town,  
An' Sally down at Goshen,  
'An' Billy out at Kirkersville,  
An' Jim—who has a notion  
That Hackleyburg's the very place  
Fer which his soul has striven;  
They're all a-comin' home ag'in—  
All comin' home Thanksgiving'.

Yes—yes! They're all a-comin' back;  
There ain't no ifs n'r maybes.  
The boys'll fetch the'r wives an' kids;  
The gals, th'r men an' babies.  
The ol' place will be upside-down;  
An' me an' Mammy driven  
To roost out in the locus' trees—  
When they come home Thanksgiving'.

## COMIN' HOME THANKSGIVIN'

Fer Mary she has three 'r four  
Mischeevous little tykes, sir,  
'An' Sally has a houseful more—  
You never seen the like, sir;  
While Jim has six, an' Billy eight—  
They'll tear the house to flinders,  
'An' dig the cellar out in chunks  
An' pitch it through the winders.

The gals 'll tag me to the barn;  
An' climb the mows, an' waller  
'All over ev'ry ton o' hay—  
An' laugh an' scream an' holler.  
The boys 'll git in this an' that;  
An' git a lickin'—p'r'aps, sir—  
Jest like the'r daddies used to git  
When *they* was little chaps, sir.

But—lawzee-me!—w'y, I won't care.  
I'm jest so glad they're comin',  
I have to whistle to the tune  
That my ol' heart's a-hummin'.  
'An' me an' Mammy—well, we think  
It's good to be a-livin',  
'Sence all the children's comin' home  
To spend the day Thanksgivin'.

## PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES

BY ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON CORTISSOZ

I and my cousin Wildair met  
And tossed a pot together—  
Burnt sack it was that Molly brewed,  
For it was nipping weather.  
'Fore George! To see Dick buss the wench  
Set all the inn folk laughing!  
They dubbed him pearl of cavaliers  
At kissing and at quaffing.

“Oddsfish!” says Dick, “the sack is rare,  
And rarely burnt, fair Molly;  
'Twould cure the sourest Crop-ear yet  
Of Pious Melancholy.”  
“Egad!” says I, “here cometh one  
Hath been at 's prayers but lately.”  
—Sooth, Master Praise-God Barebones stepped  
Along the street sedately.

Dick Wildair, with a swashing bow,  
And touch of his Toledo,  
Gave Merry Xmas to the rogue  
And bade him say his Credo;  
Next crush a cup to the King's health,  
And eke to pretty Molly;  
“'T will cure your saintliness,” says Dick,  
“Of Pious Melancholy.”

## PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES

Then Master Barebones stopped and frowned ;  
My heart stood still a minute ;  
Thinks I, both Dick and I will hang,  
Or else the devil 's in it !  
For me, I care not for old Noll,  
Nor all the Rump together.  
Yet, faith ! 't is best to be alive  
In pleasant Xmas weather.

His worship, Barebones, grimly smiled ;  
"I love not blows nor brawling ;  
Yet will I give thee, fool, a pledge !"  
And, zooks ! he sent Dick sprawling !  
When Moll and I helped Wildair up,  
No longer trim and jolly—  
"Feelst not, Sir Dick," says saucy Moll,  
"A Pious Melancholy ?"

## THE LOAFER AND THE SQUIRE

BY PORTE CRAYON

The squire himself was the type of a class found only among the rural population of our Southern States—a class, the individuals of which are connected by a general similarity of position and circumstance, but present a field to the student of man infinite in variety, rich in originality.

As the isolated oak that spreads his umbrageous top in the meadow surpasses his spindling congener of the forest, so does the country gentleman, alone in the midst of his broad estate, outgrow the man of crowds and conventionalities in our cities. The oak may have the advantage in the comparison, as his locality and consequent superiority are permanent. The Squire, out of his own district, we ignore. Whether intrinsically, or simply in default of comparison, at home he is invariably a great man. Such, at least, was Squire Hardy. Sour and cynical in speech, yet overflowing with human kindness; contemning luxury and expense in dress and equipage, but princely in his hospitality; praising the olden time to the disparagement of the present; the mortal foe of progressionists and fast people in every department; above all, a philosopher of his own school, he judged by the law of Procrustes, and permitted no appeals; opinionated and arbitrary as the Czar, he was sauced by his negroes, respected and loved by his neighbors, led by the

## THE LOAFER AND THE SQUIRE

nose by his wife and daughters, and the abject slave of his grandchildren.

His house was as big as a barn, and, as his sons and daughters married, they brought their mates home to the old mansion. "It will be time enough for them to hive," quoth the Squire, "when the old box is full."

Notwithstanding his contempt for fast men nowadays, he is rather pleased with any allusion to his own youthful reputation in that line, and not unfrequently tells a good story on himself. We can not omit one told by a neighbor, as being characteristic of the times and manners forty years ago:

At Culpepper Court-house, or some court-house thereabout, Dick Hardy, then a good-humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the pig at the court dinner. The district judge was at the table, the lawyers, justices, and everybody else that felt disposed to dine. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstance admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court-martial, imposing fifty-cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the superfluous gravy. "Beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stain from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The colonel, swelling with wrath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt-frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouth sat in

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astonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and looked at his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glances of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair, with arms akimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of surprise and indignation arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned red as a turkey-gobbler's. He deliberately took the pig by the hind legs, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squashing blow, astounded and blinded with streams of gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving-knife and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury, and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed, belaboring him unmercifully at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding.

We are sorry to learn that among this crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates, and constables; and that even his honor the judge, forgetting his dignity and position, shouted in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There's no law in Christendom against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when at length the battered colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind legs of the roaster. He re-entered the dining-room flourishing these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company reassembled, and finished their dinner as best they might. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a

## THE LOAFER AND THE SQUIRE

speech, wherein he apologized for sacrificing the principal dinner-dish, and, as he expressed it, for putting public property to private uses. In reply to this speech a treat was ordered. In those good old days folks were not so virtuous but that a man might have cakes and ale without being damned for it, and it is presumable the day wound up with a spree.

After the squire got older, and a family grew up around him, he was not always victorious in his contests. For example, a question lately arose about the re-furnishing of the house. On their return from a visit to Richmond the ladies took it into their heads that the parlors looked bare and old-fashioned, and it was decided by them in secret conclave that a change was necessary.

"What!" said he, in a towering passion, "isn't it enough that you spend your time and money in vinegar to sour sweet peaches, and your sugar to sweeten crab-apples, that you must turn the house you were born in topsy-turvy? God help us! we've a house with windows to let the light in, and you want curtains to keep it out; we've plastered the walls to make them white, and now you want to paste blue paper over them; we've waxed floors to walk on, and we must pay two dollars a yard for a carpet to save the oak plank! Begone with your nonsense, ye demented jades!"

The squire snote the oak floor with his heavy cane, and the rosy petitioners fled from his presence laughing. In due time, however, the parlors were furnished with carpets, curtains, paper, and all the fixtures of modern luxury. The ladies were, of course, greatly delighted; and while professing great aversion and contempt for the "tawdry lumber," it was plain to see that the worthy man enjoyed their pleasure as much as they did the new furniture.



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On another occasion, too, did the doughty squire suffer defeat under circumstances far more humiliating, and from an adversary far less worthy.

The western horizon was blushing rosy red at the coming of the sun, whose descending chariot was hidden by the thick Indian-summer haze that covered lowland and mountain as it were with a violet-tinted veil. This was the condition of things (we were going to say) when Squire Hardy sallied forth, charged with a small bag of salt, for the purpose of looking after his farm generally, and particularly of salting his sheep. It was an interesting sight to see the old gentleman, with his dignified, portly figure, marching at the head of a long procession of improved breeds—the universally-received emblems of innocence and patience. Barring his modern costume, he might have suggested to the artist's mind a picture of one of the Patriarchs.

Having come to a convenient place, or having tired himself crying *co-nan, co-nan*, at the top of his voice, the squire halted. The black ram halted, and the long procession of ewes and well-grown lambs moved up in a dense semicircle, and also halted, expressing their pleasure at the expected treat by gentle bleatings. The squire stooped to spread the salt. The black ram, either from most uncivil impatience, or mistaking the movement of the proprietor's coat-tail for a challenge, pitched into him incontinently. "*Plenum sed*," as the Oxonions say. An attack from behind, so sudden and unexpected, threw the squire sprawling on his face into a stone pile.

Oh, never was the thunder's jar,  
The red tornado's wasting wing,  
Or all the elemental war,

like the fury of Squire Hardy on that occasion.

## THE LOAFER AND THE SQUIRE

He recovered his feet with the agility of a boy, his nose bleeding and a stone in each hand. The timid flock looked all aghast, while the audacious offender, so far from having shown any disposition to skulk, stood shaking his head and threatening, as if he had a mind to follow up the dastardly attack. The squire let fly one stone, which grazed the villain's head and killed a lamb: With the other he crippled a favorite ewe. The ram still showed fight, and the vengeful proprietor would probably have soon decimated his flock had not Porte Crayon (who had been squirrel-shooting) made his appearance in time to save them.

"Quick, quick! young man—your gun; let me shoot the cursed brute on the spot."

The squire was frantic with rage, the cause of which our hero, having seen something of the affray, easily divined. He was unwilling, however, to trust his hair-triggered piece in the hands of his excited host.

"By your leave, Squire, and by your orders, I'll do the shooting myself. Which of them was it?"

"The ram—the d—d black ram—kill him—shoot—don't let him live a minute!"

Crayon leveled his piece and fired. The offender made a bound and fell dead, the black blood spouting from his forehead in a stream as thick as your thumb.

"There, now," exclaimed the squire, with infinite satisfaction, "you've got it, you ungrateful brute! You've found something harder than your own head at last, you cursed reptile! Friend Crayon, that's a capital gun of yours, and you shot well."

The squire dropped the stones which he had in his hands, and looking back at the dead body of the belligerent sheep, observed, with a thoughtful air, "He was a fine

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animal, Mr. Crayon—a fine animal, and this will teach him a good lesson.”

“In all likelihood,” replied Crayon, dryly, “it will break him of this trick of butting.”

Not long after this occurrence, Squire Hardy went to hear an itinerant phrenologist who lectured in the village. In the progress of his discourse, the lecturer, for purposes of illustration, introduced the skulls of several animals, mapped off in the most correct and scientific manner.

“Observe, ladies and gentlemen, the head of the wolf: combativeness enormously developed, alimentiveness large, while conscientiousness is entirely wanting. On the other hand, look at this cranium. Here combativeness is a nullity—absolutely wanting—while the fullness of the sentimental organs indicate at once the mild and peaceful disposition of the sheep.”

The squire, who had listened with great attention up to this point, hastily rose to his feet.

“A sheep!” he exclaimed; “did you call a sheep a peaceful animal? I tell you, sir, it is the most ferocious and unruly beast in existence. Sir, I had a ram once—”

“My dear sir,” cried the astonished lecturer, “on the authority of our most distinguished writers, the sheep is an emblem of peace and innocence.”

“An emblem of the devil,” interrupted the squire, boiling over. “You are an ignorant impostor, and your science a humbug. I had a ram once that would have taught you more in five seconds than you’ve learned from books in all your lifetime.”

And so Squire Hardy put on his hat and walked out, leaving the lecturer to rectify his blunder as best he might.

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE\*

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Dat's very cole an' stormy night on Village St. Mathieu,  
W'en ev'ry wan he's go couché, an' dog was quiet, too—  
Young Dominique is start heem out see Emmeline Gour-  
don,  
Was leevin' on her fader's place, Maxime de Forgeron.

Poor Dominique he's lak dat girl, an' love her mos' de  
tam,  
An' she was mak' de promise—sure—some day she be his  
famme,  
But she have worse ole fader dat's never on de worl',  
Was swear onless he's riche lak diable, no feller's get hees  
girl.

He's mak' it plaintee fuss about hees daughter Emmeline,  
Dat's mebbly nice girl, too, but den, Mon Dieu, she's not  
de queen!  
An' w'en de young man's come aroun' for spark it on de  
door,  
An' hear de ole man swear "Bapteme!" he's never come  
no more.

\*From "The Habitant and Other French Canadian Poems," by William Henry Drummond. Copyright 1897 by G. P. Putnam's Sons,

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Young Dominique he's sam' de res',—was scare for ole  
Maxime,

He don't lak risk hese'f too moche for chances seein'  
heem,

Dat's only stormy night he come, so dark you can not see,  
An dat's de reason w'y also, he's climb de gallerie.

De girl she's waitin' dere for heem—don't care about de  
rain,

So glad for see young Dominique he's comin' back again,  
Dey bote forget de ole Maxime, an' mak de embrasser  
An affer dey was finish dat, poor Dominique is say—

“Good-by, dear Emmeline, good-by; I'm goin' very soon,  
For you I got no better chance, dan feller on de moon—  
It's all de fault your fader, too, dat I be go away,  
He's got no use for me at all—I see dat ev'ry day.

“He's never meet me on de road but he is say ‘Sapré!’  
An' if he ketch me on de house I'm scare he's killin' me,  
So I mus' lef' ole St. Mathieu, for work on 'noder place,  
An' till I mak de beeg for-tune, you never see ma face.”

Den Emmeline say “Dominique, ma love you'll alway be  
An' if you kiss me two, t'ree tam I'll not tole noboddy—  
But prenez garde ma fader, please, I know he's gettin'  
ole—

All sam' he offen walk de house upon de stockin' sole.

“Good-by, good-by, cher Dominique! I know you will be  
true,

I don't want no riche feller me, ma heart she go wit' you,”  
Dat's very quick he's kiss her den, before de fader come,  
But don't get too moche pleasurement—so 'fraid de ole  
Bonhomme.

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

Wall! jus' about dey're half way t'roo wit all dat love  
beez-ness

Emmeline say, "Dominique, w'at for you're scare lak all  
de res'?"

Don't see mese'f moche 'danger now de ole man come  
aroun',"

W'en minute affer dat, dere's noise, lak' house she's fallin'  
down.

Den Emmeline she holler "Fire! will no wan come for  
me?"

An' Dominique is jomp so high, near bus' de gallerie,—  
"Help! help! right off," somebody shout, "I'm killin' on  
ma place,

It's all de fault ma daughter, too, dat girl she's ma dis-  
grace."

He's kip it up long tam lak dat, but not hard tellin' now,  
W'at's all de noise upon de house—who's kick heem up  
de row?

It seem Bonhomme was sneak aroun' upon de stockin'  
sole,

An' firs' t'ing den de ole man walk right t'roo de stove  
pipe hole.

W'en Dominique is see heem dere, wit' wan leg hang be-  
low,

An' 'noder leg straight out above, he's glad for ketch  
heem so—

De ole man can't do not'ing, den, but swear and ax for  
w'y

Noboddy tak' heem out dat hole before he's comin' die.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Den Dominique he spik lak dis, "Mon cher M'sieur Gour-  
don

I'm not riche city feller, me, I'm only habitant,  
But I was love more I can tole your daughter Emmeline,  
An' if I marry on dat girl, Bagosh! she's lak de Queen.

"I want you mak de promise now, before it's come too  
late,

An' I mus' tole you dis also, dere's not moche tam for  
wait.

Your foot she's hangin' down so low, I'm 'fraid she ketch  
de cole,

Wall! if you give me Emmeline, I pull you out de hole."

Dat mak' de ole man swear more hard he never swear be-  
fore,

An' wit' de foot he's got above, he's kick it on de floor,

"Non, non," he say "Sapré tonnerre! she never marry  
you,

An' if you don't look out you get de jail on St. Mathieu."

"Correc'," young Dominique is say, "mebbe de jail's tight  
place,

But you got wan small corner, too, I see it on de face,

So if you don't lak geev de girl on wan poor habitant,

Dat's be mese'f, I say, Bonsoir, mon cher M'sieur Gour-  
don."

"Come back, come back," Maxime is shout—"I promise  
you de girl,

I never see no wan lak you—no never on de worl'!

It's not de nice trick you was play on man dat's gettin' ole,

But do jus' w'at you lak, so long you pull me out de hole."

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

“Hooraw! Hooraw!” Den Dominique is pull heem out  
tout suite

An' Emmeline she's helpin' too for place heem on de feet,  
An' affer dat de ole man's tak' de young peep down de  
stair,

W'ere he is go couché right off, an' dey go on parloir.

Nex' Sunday morning dey was call by M'sieur le Curé  
Get marry soon, an' ole Maxime geev Emmeline away;  
Den affer dat dey settle down lak habitant is do,  
An' have de mos' fine familee on Village St. Mathieu.



## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

### AN INTERPLANETARY LOVE STORY

*Being the Interpretation of Certain Phonic Vibragraphs Recorded by the Long's Peak Wireless Installation, Now for the First Time Made Public Through the Courtesy of Professor Caducious, Ph. D., Sometime Secretary of the Boulder Branch of the Association for the Advancement of Interplanetary Communication.*

BY HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

It is evident that the following logograms form part of a correspondence between a young lady, formerly of Mercury, and her confidential friend still resident upon the inferior planet. The translator has thought it best to preserve, as far as possible, the spirit of the original by the employment of mundane colloquialisms; the result, in spite of many regrettable trivialities, will, it is believed, be of interest to students of Cosmic Sociology.

#### THE FIRST RECORD

Yes, dear, it's me. I'm down here on the Earth and in our Settlement House, safe and sound. I meant to have called you up before, but really this is the first moment I have had to myself all day.—Yes, of course, I said "all day." You know very well they have days and nights here, because this restless little planet spins, or something of the sort.—I haven't the least idea why it does so, and

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

I don't care.—I did not come here to make intelligent observations like a dowdy "Seeing Saturn" tourist. So don't be Uranian. Try to exercise intuitive perception if I say anything you can't understand.—What is that?—Please concentrate a little harder.—Oh! Yes, I have seen a lot of human beings already, and would you believe it? some of them seem almost possible—especially *one*.—But I will come to that one later. I've got so much to tell you all at once I scarcely know where to begin.—Yes, dear, the One happens to be a man. You would not have me discriminate, would you, when our object is to bring whatever happiness we can to those less fortunate than ourselves? You know success in slumming depends first of all upon getting yourself admired, for then the others will want to be like you, and once thoroughly dissatisfied with themselves they are almost certain to reform. Of course I am only a visitor here, and shall not stay long enough to take up serious work, so Ooma says I may as well proceed along the line of least resistance.—If you remember Ooma's enthusiasm when she ran the Board of Missions to Inferior Planets, you can fancy her now that she has an opportunity to carry out all her theories. Oh, she's great!

My transmigration was disappointing as an experience. It was nothing more than going to sleep and dreaming about circles—orange circles, yellow circles, with a thousand others of graduated shades between, and so on through the spectrum till you pass absolute green and get a tone or two toward blue and strike the Earth color-note. Then with me everything got jumbled together and seemed about to take new shapes, and I woke up in the most commonplace manner and opened my eyes to find myself externalized in our Earth Settlement House with Ooma laughing at me.

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“Don’t stir!” she cried. “Don’t lift a finger till we are sure your specific gravity is all right.” And then she pinched me to see if I was dense enough, because the atmosphere is heavier or lighter or something here than with us.

I reminded her that matter everywhere must maintain an absolute equilibrium with its environment, but she protested.

“That’s well enough in theory; you must understand that the Earth is awfully out of tune at present, and sometimes it requires time to readjust ourselves to its conditions.”

—I did not say so, but I fancy Ooma may have been undergoing readjustment.—My dear, she has grown as pudgy as a Jupitan, and her clothes—but then she always did look more like a spiral nebula than anything else.

*(The record here becomes unintelligible by reason of the passage of a thunderstorm above the summit of Long’s Peak.)*

—There must be star-dust in the ether.—I never had to concentrate so hard before.—That’s all about the Settlement House, and don’t accuse me again of slighting details. I’m sure you know the place now as well as Ooma herself, so I can go on to tell what little I have learned about human beings.

It seems I am never to admit that I was not born on Earth, for, like all provincials, the humans pride themselves on disbelieving everything beyond their own experience, and if they understood they would be certain to resent intrusions from another planet. I’m sure I don’t blame them altogether when I recall those patronizing Jupitans.—And I’m told they are awfully jealous and distrustful even of one another, herding together for protection and governed by so many funny little tribal codes that

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

what is right on one side of an imaginary boundary may be wrong on the other.—Ooma considers this survival of the group-soul most interesting, and intends to make it the subject of a paper. I mention it only to explain why we call our Settlement a Boarding-House. A Boarding-House, you must know, is fundamentally a hunting pack which one can affiliate with or separate from at will.—Rather a pale yellow idea, isn't it? Ooma thinks it necessary to conform to it in order to be considered respectable, which is the one thing on Earth most desired.—What, dear?—Oh, I don't know what it means to be respectable any more than you do.—One thing more. You'll have to draw on your imagination! Ooma is called here Mrs. Bloomer.—Her own name was just a little too unearthly. Mrs. signifies that a woman is married.—What?—Oh, no, no, no, nothing of the sort.—But I shall have to leave that for another time. I'm not at all sure how it is myself.

By the way, if *any one* should ask you where I am, just say I've left the planet, and you don't know when I shall be back.—Yes, you know who I mean.—And, dear, perhaps you might drop a hint that I detest all foreigners, especially Jupitans.—Please don't laugh so hard; you'll get the atmospheric molecules all woozy.—Indeed, there's not the slightest danger here. Just fancy, if you please, beings who don't know when they are hungry without consulting a wretched little mechanism, and who measure their radius of conception by the length of their own feet.—Of course I shall be on hand for the Solstice! I wouldn't miss that for an asteroid!—Oh, did I really promise that? Well, I'll tell you about hi-m another time.

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## THE SECOND RECORD

### THOUGH PROBABLY THIRD COMMUNICATION

—I really must not waste so much gray matter, dear, over unimportant details. But I simply had to tell you all about my struggles with the clothes. When Ooma came back, just as I had mastered them with the aid of her diagrams, the dear thing was so much pleased she actually hugged me, and I must confess the effect made me forget my discomfort. Really, an Earth girl is not so much to be pitied if she has becoming dresses to wear. As you may be sure I was anxious to compare myself with others, I was glad enough to hear Ooma suggest going out.

“Come on,” she said, executively, “I have only a half-hour to devote to your first walk. Keep close beside me, and remember on no account to either dance or sing.”

“But if I see others dancing may I not join them?” I inquired.

“You won’t see anybody dancing on Broadway,” she replied, a trifle snubbily, but I resolved to escape from her as soon as possible and find out for myself.

I shall never forget my shock on discovering the sky blue instead of the color it should be, but soon my eyes became accustomed to the change. In fact, I have not since that first moment been able to conceive of the sky as anything but blue. And the city?—Oh, my dear, my dear, I never expected to encounter anything so much out of key with the essential euphonies. Of course I have not traveled very much, but I should say there is nothing in the universe like a street they call Broadway—unless it be upon the lesser satellite of Mars, where the poor people are so awfully cramped for space. When I suggested this to Ooma she laughed and called me clever, for it seems

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

there is a tradition that a mob of meddling Martians once stopped on Earth long enough to give the foolish humans false ideas about architecture and many other matters. But I soon forgot everything in my interest in the people. Such a poor puzzle-headed lot they are. One's heart goes out to them at once as they push and jostle one another this way and that, with no conceivable object other than to get anywhere but where they are in the shortest time possible. One longs to help them; to call a halt upon their senseless struggles; to reason with them and explain how all the psychic force they waste might, if exerted in constructive thought, bring everything they wish to pass. Mrs. Bloomer assures me they only ridicule those who venture to interfere, and it will take at least a Saturn century to so much as start them in the right direction. Our settlement is their only hope, she says, and even we can help them only indirectly.

Not long ago, it appears, they had to choose a King or Mayor, or whatever the creature is called who executes their silly laws, and our people so manipulated the election that the choice fell on one of us.

I thought this a really good idea, and supposed, of course, we must at once have set about demonstrating how a planet should be managed. But no! that was not our system, if you please. Instead of making proper laws our agent misbehaved himself in every way the committee could suggest, until at last the humans rose against him and put one of themselves in his place, and after that things went just a little better than before. This is the only way in which they can be taught. But, dear me, isn't it tedious?

Of course, I soon grew anxious for an exchange of thought with almost any one, but it was a long while before I discovered a single person who was not in a violent

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hurry. At last, however, we came upon a human drawn apart a little from the throng, who stood with folded arms, engaged apparently in lofty meditation. His countenance was amiable, althought a little red.

Saying nothing to Ooma of my purpose, I slipped away from her, and looking up into the creature's eyes inquired mentally the subject of his thoughts; also, how he came to be so inordinately stout, and why he wore bright metal buttons on his garment. But my only answer was a stupid blink, for his mentality seemed absolutely incapable of receiving suggestions not expressed in sounds. I observed farther that his aura inclined too much toward violet for perfect equipoise.

"G'wan out of this, and quit yer foolin'," he remarked, missing my meaning altogether.

Of course I spoke then, using the human speech quite glibly for a first attempt, and hastened to assure him that though I had no idea of fooling, I should not go on until my curiosity had been satisfied. But just then Ooma found me.

"My friend is a stranger," she explained to the brass-buttoned man.

"Then why don't you put a string to her?" he asked.

I learned later that I had been addressing one of the public jesters employed by the community to keep Broadway from becoming intolerably dull.

"But you must not speak to people in the street," said Ooma, "not even to policemen."

"Then how am I to brighten others' lives?" I asked, more than a little disappointed, for several humans hurrying past had turned upon me looks indicating moods receptive of all the brightening I could give.

I might have amused myself indefinitely, studying the rapid succession of varying faces, had not Bloomer cau-

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

tioned me not to stare. She said people would think me from the country, which is considered discreditable, and as this reminded me that I had as yet seen nothing growing, I asked to be shown the gardens and groves.

"There is one," she said, indicating an open space not far away, where sure enough there stood some wretched looking trees which I had not recognized before, forgetting that, of course, leaves here must be green. I saw no flowers growing, but presently we came upon some in a sort of crystal bower guarded by a powerful black person. I wanted so to ask him how he came to be black, but the memory of my last attempt at information deterred me. Instead, I inquired if I might have some roses:

"Walk in, Miss," he replied most civilly, and in I walked through the door, past the sweetest little embryonic, who wore the vesture of a young policeman.

"Boy," I said, "have you begun to realize your soul?"

"Nope," he replied. "I ain't in fractions yet."

—Some stage of earthly progress, I suppose, though I did not like a certain movement of his eyelid, and one never can tell, you know, how hard embryonics are really striving. So I made haste to gather all the roses I could carry, and was about to hurry after Ooma, when a person barred my way.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Ain't you forgetting something? Why don't you take the whole lot?"

"Because I have all I want for the present," I answered, rather frightened, perceiving that his aura had grown livid, and I don't know how I could have soothed him had not Ooma once more come to my relief. I could see that she was annoyed with me, but she controlled herself and placed some token in the being's hand which acted on his agitation like a charm.

As I told you, Bloomer had given me with the other



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things, a crown of artificial roses which, now that I had real flowers to wear, I wanted to throw away, but this she would not permit, insisting that such a proceeding would make the humans laugh at me—though to look into their serious faces one would not believe this possible. The thoughts of those about me, as I divined them, seemed anything but jocular. They came to me incoherent and inconsecutive, a jumble of conditional premises leading to approximate conclusions expressed in symbols having no intrinsic meaning.—Of course, it is unfair to judge too soon, but I have already begun to doubt the existence of direct perception among them.—What did you say, dear?—Bother direct perception?—Well, I wonder how *we* should like to apprehend nothing that could not be put into words? You, I'm sure, would have the most confused ideas about Earthly conditions if you depended entirely upon my remarks.—Now concentrate, and you shall hear something really interesting.

—No, not the One yet.—He comes later.—

We had not gone far, I carrying my roses, and Bloomer not too well pleased, as I fancied, because so many people turned to look at us (Bloomer has retrograded physically until she is at times almost Uranian, probably as the result of wearing black, which appears to be the chromatic equivalent of respectability), when suddenly I became sensible of a familiar influence, which was quite startling because so unexpected. Looking everywhere, I caught sight of—who do you suppose? Our old friend Tuk.—Mr. Tuck, T-u-c-k here, if you please. He was about to enter a—a means of transportation, and though his back was towards me, I recognized that drab aura of his at once, and projected a reactionary impulse which was most effective.

In his surprise he was for the moment in danger of

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

being trampled upon by a rapidly moving animal.—Yes, dear, I said “animal.”—I don’t know and I don’t consider it at all important. I do not pretend to be familiar with mundane zoölogy.—Tuck declared himself delighted to see me, and so I believe he was, though he controlled his radiations in the supercilious way he always had. But upon one point he did not leave me long in doubt. Externally, at least, my Earthly Ego is a—

(NOTE: *The word which signifies a species of peach or nectarine peculiar to the planet Mercury is doubtless used here in a symbolic sense.*)

—I caught on to that most interesting fact the moment his eyes rested on me.

“By all that’s fair to look upon!” he cried, jumping about in a manner human people think eccentric, “are you astral or actualized?”

“See for yourself,” I said, holding out my hand, which it took him rather longer than necessary to make sure of.

“Well, what on Earth brings you here? Come down to paint another planet red?” he rattled on, believing himself amusing.

“Now haven’t I as much right to light on Earth as on any other bit of cosmic dust?” I asked, laughing and forgetting how much snubbing he requires in the delight of seeing any one I knew.

Then he insisted that I had a “date” with him.—A date, as I discovered later, means something nice to eat—and hinted very broadly that Bloomer need not wait if she had more important matters to attend to. I must confess she did not seem at all sorry to have me taken off her hands, for after cautioning me to beware of a number of things I did not so much as know by name, she shot off like a respectable old aerolite with a black trail streaming out behind. If she remains here much longer she will be

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coming back upon a mission to reform *us*. As for Tuck, he became insufferably patronizing at once.

"Well, how do you like the Only Planet? and how do you like the Only Town? and how do you like the Only Street?" he began, waving his hands and looking about him as though there were anything here that one of *us* could admire. But, of course, I refused to gratify him with my crude impressions. I simply said:

"You appear very well pleased with them yourself."

"And so will you be," he replied, "when you have realized their possibilities. Remark that elderly entity across the street. I have to but exert my will that he shall sneeze and drop his eyeglasses, and behold, there they go."— Yes, my dear, eyeglasses. They are worn on the nose by people who imagine they can not see very well.

"I consider such actions cruel and unkind," I said, at the same time willing an embryonic girl to pick the glasses up, and though the child was rather beyond my normal circle, I was delighted to see her obey. But I have an idea Tuck regretted an experiment which taught me something I might not have found out, at least for a while.

I had now been on Earth several hours, and change of atmosphere gives one a ravenous appetite. You see, I had forgotten to ask Ooma how, and how often, humans ate, so when Tuck suggested breakfast as a form of entertainment I put myself in sympathy with the idea at once. Besides it is most important to know just where to find the things you want, and you may be sure I made a lot of mental notes when we came, as presently we did, to a tower called Astoria.

I understand that the upper portions of the edifice are used for study of the Stars, but we were made welcome on the lower story by a stately being, who conducted us to honorable seats in an inner court. There were small trees

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

growing here, green, of course, but rather pretty for all that; the people, gathered under their shade in little groups, were much more cheerful and sustaining than any I had seen so far, and an elemental intelligence detailed to minister to our wants seemed well-trained and docile.

"Here you have a glimpse of High Life," announced Tuck, when he had written something on a paper.

"The Higher Life?" I inquired, eagerly, and I did not like the flippant tone in which he answered:

"No, not quite—just high enough."

I was beginning to be so bored by his conceit and self-complacency that I cast my eyes about and smiled at several pleasant-looking persons, who returned the smile and nodded in a friendly fashion, till I could perceive Tuck's aura bristle and turn greenish-brown.

"You can't possibly see any one you know here," he protested, crossly.

"All the better reason why I should reach out in search of affinities," I retorted. But after that, though I was careful to keep my eyes lowered most of the time, I resolved to come some day to the Astoria alone and smile at every one I liked. I don't believe I should ever know a human if Tuck could have his way.

Presently the elemental brought us delicious things, and while we ate them Tuck talked about himself. It appears he has produced an opera here which is a success. People throng to hear it and consider him a great composer. At all of which, you may believe, I was astonished—just fancy our Tuk posing as a genius!—but presently when he became elated by the theme and hummed a bar or two, I understood. The wretch had simply actualized a few essential harmonies—and done it very badly. I see now why he likes so much being here, and understand why his associates are almost altogether human. I don't

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remember ever meeting with such deceit and effrontery before. I was so indignant that I could feel my astral fingers tremble. I could not bear to look at him, and as by that time I had eaten all I could, I rose and walked directly from the court without another word. I am sure he would have pursued me had not the elemental, divining my wish to escape, detained him forcibly.

Once in the street again, I immediately hypnotized an old lady, willing her to go direct to Bloomer's Boarding-House while I followed behind. It may not have been convenient for her, I am afraid, but I knew of no other way to get back.—Dear me, the light is growing dim, and I must be dressing for the evening. Good-by!—By the way, I forgot to tell you something else that happened—remind me of it next time!

### THE THIRD RECORD

—Yes, I remember, and you shall hear all about it before I describe an evening at the Settlement, but it don't amount to much.—I told you how cross and over-bearing Tuck was at the Astoria tower, and of the mean way in which he restricted my observations. Well, of all the people in the grove that day there was only one whom I could see without being criticized, and he sat all alone and facing me, just behind Tuck's back. Some green leaves hung between us, and whenever I moved my head to note what he was doing he moved his, too, to look at me. He seemed so lonely that I was sorry for him, but his atmosphere showed him to be neither sullen nor Uranian, and I could not help it if I was just a little bit responsive. Besides, Tuck, once on the subject of his opera, grew so self-engrossed and dominant that one had either to assert one's own mentality or become subjective.

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—No, dear, that is not the *only* reason. There may be such a thing as an isolated reason, but I have never met one—they always go in packs. I confess to a feeling of interest in the stranger. Nobody can look at you with round blue eyes for half an hour steadily without exercising some attraction, either positive or negative, and I felt, too, that he was trying to tell me something which would have been a great deal more interesting than Tuck's opera, and I believe had I remained a little longer we could have understood each other between the trees just as you and I can understand each other across the intervals of space. But then it is so easy to be mistaken.—I had to pass quite close to him in going out, and I am not sure I did not drop a rose.

—There may be just a weenie little bit more about the Astorian, but that will come in its proper place. Now I must get on to the evening.—It was not much of an occasion, merely the usual gathering of our crowd, or rather of those of us who have no special assignment for the time in the large Council Room I have described to you.

The President of the Board of Control at present is Marlow, Marlow the Great, as he is called, the painter whose pictures did so much to elevate the Patagonians.—No, dear, I never heard of Patagonia before, but I'm almost sure it's not a planet.—With Marlow came a Mrs. Mopes, who is engaged in creating schools of fiction by writing stories under different names and then reviewing them in her own seven magazines. Next, taking the guests at random, was Baxter, a deadly person in his human incarnation, whose business it is to make stocks fly up or tumble down.—I don't know what stocks are, but they must be something very easily frightened.—Then there was a Mr. Waller, nicknamed the Reverend, whom the Council allows to speak the truth occasionally, while

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the rest of the time he tells people anything they want to hear to win their confidence. And the two Miss Dooleys who sing so badly that thousands who can not sing at all leave off singing altogether when they once hear them. And Mr. Flick, who misbehaves at funerals to distract mourners from their grief, and a Mr. O'Brien, whose duty it is to fly into violent passions in public places just to show how unbecoming temper is.

There were many others, so many I can not begin to enumerate them. Some had written books and were known all over the planet, and some who were not known at all had done things because there was nobody else to do them. And some were singers and some were actors, and some were rich and some were poor to the outside world, but in the Council Room they met and laughed and matched experiences and made jokes; from the one who had built a battle ship so terrible that all the other ships were burnt on condition that his should be also, to the ordinary helpers who applaud stupid plays till intelligent human beings become thoroughly disgusted with bad art.

In the world, of course, they are all serious enough, and often know each other only by secret signs, while every day and night and minute our poor earth-brothers come a little nearer the light—pushed toward it, pulled toward it, wheedled and trickled and bullied and coaxed, and thinking all the while how immensely clever they are, and what a wonderful progressive, glorious age they have brought about for themselves.—At all events, this is the rather vague composite impression I have received of the plans and purposes of the Board of Directors, and doubtless it is wrong.

I suppose with a little trouble I might have recognized nearly every one, but the fancy took me to suspend in-

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tuition just to see how Earth girls feel, and you know when one is hearing a lot of pleasant things one does not much care who happens to be saying them.

I fancy Marlow thought less of me when I confessed that I am here only for the lark, and really do not care a meteor whether the planet is ever elevated or not. But he is a charming old fellow all the same, and the only one of the lot who has not grown the least bit smudgy.

Marlow announced that the evening would be spent in harmony with the vibrations of Orion, and set us all at work to get in touch. I love Orion light myself, for none other suits my aura quite so well, and I was glad to find they had not taken up the Vega fad.—The light here? My dear, it is not even filtered.—Some of us, no doubt for want of practice, were rather slow about perfecting, but finally we all caught on, and when O'Brien, no longer fat and florid, and the elder Miss Dooley, no longer scrawny, moved out to start the dance, there was only one who had not assumed an astral personality. Poor fellow, though I pitied him, I did admire his spunk in holding back. It seems that as an editor he took to telling falsehoods on his own account so often that the Syndicate is packing him off as Special Correspondent to a tailless comet.

Tuck never came at all; either he realizes how honest people must regard him and his opera, or else the elements at the Astoria are still detaining him.

We had a lovely dance, and while we rested Marlow called on some of us for specialties. Mrs. Mopes did a paragraph by a man named Henry James, translated into action, which seemed quite difficult, and then a person called Parker externalized a violin and gave the Laocoon in terms of sound. To me his rendering of marble resembled terra-cotta until I learned that the copy of the



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statue here is awfully weatherstained. After this three pretty girls gave the Aurora Borealis by telepathic suggestion rather well, and then I sang "Love Lives Everywhere"—just plain so.

—I know this must all sound dreadfully flat to you, quite like "Pastimes for the Rainy Season in Neptune," but Bloomer says she doesn't know what would happen if we should ever give a really characteristic jolly party.

We wound up with an Earth dance called the Virginia Reel, the quickest means you ever saw for descending to a lower psychic plane. That's all I have to tell, and quite enough, I'm sure you'll think.—What? The Astorian? I have not seen him since.—But there is a little more, a very little, if you are not tired.—This morning I received a gift of roses, just like the one I dropped yesterday, brought me by the same small embryonic I had seen in the flower shop. I asked the child in whose intelligence the impulse had originated; and he replied:

"A blue-eyed feller with a mustache, but he gave me a plunk not to tell."

I understood a plunk to be a token of confidence, and I at once expressed displeasure at the boy's betrayal of his trust. I told him such an act would make dark lines upon his aura which might not fade for several days.

"Say, ain't you got some message to send back?" he asked.

"Boy!" said I, "don't forget your little aura."

"All right," he answered, "I'll tell him 'Don't forget your little aura.' I'll bet he coughs up another plunk."

I don't know what he meant, but I am very much afraid there may be some mistake.—Oh, yes, I am quite sure to be back in time for the Solstice.—Or at least for the Eclipse.

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

### THE FOURTH RECORD

(NOTE: *Between this logogram and the last the Long's Peak Receptive Pulsator was unfortunately not in operation for the space of a fortnight, as the electrician who took the instrument apart for adjustment found it necessary to return to Denver for oil.*)

—Yes, dear, it's me, though if I did not know personally to be indestructible I should begin to have my doubts. I have not made any more mistakes, that is, not any bad ones, since I went to the Astoria alone for lunch, and the elementals were so very disagreeable just because I had no money. I know all about money now, except exactly how you get it, and Tuck assures me that is really of no importance. I never told Ooma how the blue-eyed Astorian paid my bill for me, and her perceptive faculties have grown too dull to apprehend a thing she is not told. Fresh roses still come regularly every day, and of course I can do no less than express my gratitude now and then.—Oh, I don't know how often, I don't remember.—But it is ever so much pleasanter to have some one you like to show you the way about than to depend on hypnotizing strangers, who may have something else to do.

—I told you last week about the picnic, did I not? The day, I mean, when Bloomer took me into the country, and Tuck so far forgave my rudeness to him as to come with us to carry the basket.—Oh, yes, indeed, I am becoming thoroughly domesticated on Earth. And, my dear, these humans are docility itself when you once acquire the knack of making them do exactly as you wish, which is as easy as falling off a log.—A *log* is the external evidence of a pre-existent tree, cylindrical in form, and though often sticky, not sufficiently so to be adhesive.

—That picnic was so pleasant—or would have been but

for Bloomer's anxiety that I should behave myself, and Tuck's anxiety that I should not—that I determined to have another all by myself—and I have had it.

I traveled to the same little dell I described before, and I put my feet in the water just as I wasn't allowed to do the other day. And I built a fire and almost cooked an egg and ate cake (an egg is the bud of a bird, and cake is edible poetry) sitting on a fence.—Fences grow horizontally and have no leaves.—Don't ask so many questions!

After a while, however, I became tired of being alone, so I started off across some beautiful green meadows toward a hillside, where I had observed a human walking about and waving a forked wand. He proved the strangest-looking being I have met with yet, more like those wild and woolly space-dwellers who tumbled out when that tramp comet bumped against our second moon. But he was a considerate person, for when he saw me coming and divined that I should be tired, he piled up a quantity of delicious-scented herbage for me to sit on.

"Good morning, mister," I said, plumping myself down upon the mound he had made, and he, being much more impressionable than you would suppose from his Uranian appearance, replied:

"I swan, I like your cheek."

"It's a pleasant day," I said, because one is always expected to announce some result of observation of the atmosphere. It shows at once whether or not one is an idiot.

"I call it pretty danged hot," he returned, intelligently.

"Then why don't you get out of the sun?" I suggested, more to keep the conversation fluid than because I cared a bit.

"I'm a-goin' to," he answered, "just as soon as that goll-darned wagon comes." (A "goll-darned" wagon is, I think, a wagon without springs.)

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

"What are you going to do then?" I asked, beginning to fear I should be left alone again after all my trouble.

"Goin' home to dinner," he replied, and I at once said I would go with him.—You see, I had placed a little too much reliance on the egg.

"I dunno about that, but I guess it will be all right," he urged, hospitably, and presently the goll-darned wagon arrived with another man, who turned out to be the first one's son and who looked as though he bit.

Together the two threw all the herbage into the wagon till it was heaped far above their heads.

"How am I ever to get up?" I asked, for I had no idea of walking any farther, and I could see the man's white house ever so far away.

"Who said you was goin' to get up at all?" inquired the biter, disagreeably, but the other answered for me.

"I said it, that's who, you consarned jay," he announced, reprovingly.

When I had made them both climb up first and give me each a hand, I had no difficulty at all in mounting, but I was very careful not to thank the Jay, which seemed to make him more morose than ever. Then they slid down again, and off we started.

Once when we came to some lovely blue flowers growing in water near the roadside I told the Jay to stop and wade in and pick them for me.

"I'll be dogged if I do," he answered; so I said:

"I don't know what being 'dogged' means, but if it is a reward for being nice and kind and polite, I hope you will be."

Whereupon he bit at me once and waded in, while the other man, whose name, it seems, was Pop, sat down upon a stone and laughed.

"Gosh! If this don't beat the cats," he said, slapping

his knee, which was his way of making himself laugh harder.

I put the flowers in my hair and in my belt and wherever I could stick them. But there was still a lot left over, and whenever we met people I threw them some, which appeared to please Pop, but made the Jay still more bite-y.

Presently we came to a very narrow place and there, as luck would have it, we met an automobile.—Thank goodness, I need not explain automobile.—And who should be at the lever all alone but—the Astorian.

I recognized him instantly, and he recognized me, which was, I suppose, his reason for forgetting to stop till he had nearly run us down. In a moment we were in the wildest tangle, though nothing need have happened had not the Jay completely lost his temper.

“Hang your picture!” he called out, savagely, “What do you want?—The Earth?”

And with that he struck the animals—the wagon was not self-propelling—a violent blow, and they sprang forward with a lurch which made the hay begin to slip. I tried to save myself, but there was nothing to catch hold of, so off I slid and—oh, my dear, my dear, just fancy it!—I landed directly in his lap.—No, not the Jay’s.—Of course, I stayed there as short a time as possible, for he was very nice about moving up to make room for me on the seat, but I am afraid it did seem frightfully informal just at first.

“It was all the fault of that consarned Jay,” I explained, as soon as I had recovered my composure, “and I shall never ride in his goll-darned wagon again.”

“I sincerely hope you will not,” replied Astoria, looking at me with the most curious expression. “It would be much better to let me take you wherever you wish to go.”

“That’s awfully kind of you,” I said, “but I don’t care

## THE GIRL FROM MERCURY

to go anywhere in particular this afternoon, except as far as possible from that objectionable young man."

The Astorian did not speak again till he had turned something in the machine to make it back and jerk, and, once free from the upset hay, go on again.

"Say, Sissy, I thought you was comin' to take dinner," Pop called out from under the wagon, where he had crawled for safety, and when I replied as nicely as I could, "No, thank you, not to-day," he said again, quite sadly as I thought, "Gosh blim me, if that don't beat the cats!" and also several other things I could not hear because we were moving away so rapidly.

When we had gone about a hundred miles—or yards, or inches, whichever it was—the Astorian, who had been sitting very straight, inquired if those gentlemen—meaning Pop and Jay—were near relatives.

I showed him plainly that I thought his question Uranian, and explained that I had not a relative on Earth. Then I told him exactly how I had come to be with them, and about my picnic and the egg. I am afraid I did not take great pains to make the story very clear, for it was such fun to perplex him. He is not at all like the Venus people, who have become so superlatively clever that they are always bored to death.

"Were you surprised to see me flying through the air?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said; "I have always thought of you as coming to Earth in some such way from some far-distant planet."

"Oh, then, you know!" I gasped.

The Astorian laughed.

"I know you are the one perfect being in the world, and that is quite enough," he said, and I saw at once that whatever he had guessed about me he knew nothing at all of the Settlement.

## HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

“Miss Aura,” he went on,—he has called me that ever since that little embryonic made his stupid blunder, and I have not corrected him—here it is almost necessary to have some sort of a name—“Miss Aura, don’t you think we have been mere acquaintances long enough? I’m only human—”

“Yes, of course,” I interrupted, “but then that is not your fault—”

“I’m glad you look upon my misfortune so charitably,” he said, a trifle more puzzled than usual, as I fancied.

“It is my duty,” I replied. “I want to elevate you; to brighten your existence.”

“My Aura!” he whispered; and I was not quite sure whether he meant me or not.

We were moving rapidly along the broad road beside a river. There were hills in the distance and the air from them was in the key of the Pleiades. There were gardens everywhere full of sunlight translated into flowers, and without an effort one divined the harmony of growing things. I felt that something was about to happen; I knew it, but I did not care to ask what it might be. Perhaps if I had tried I could not have known; perhaps for that hour I was only an Earth girl and could only know things as they know them, but I did not care.

We were going faster, faster every moment.

“Was it you who willed me to come out into the country?” I asked. “Have you been watching for me and expecting me?”

We were moving now as clouds that rush across a moon.

“I think I have been watching for you all my life and willing you to come,” he said, which shows how dreadfully unjust we sometimes are to humans.

“While I was on another planet?” I inquired. “While

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we were millions and millions of miles apart? Suppose that I had never come to Earth?"

We were moving like the falling stars one journey to the Dark Hemisphere to see.

"I should have found you all the same," he whispered, half laughing, but his blue eyes glistened. "I do not think that space itself could separate us."

"Oh, do you realize that?" I asked, "and do you really know?"

"I know I have you with me now," he said, "and that is all I care to know."

We were flying now, flying as comets fly to perihelion. The world about was slipping from us, disintegrating and dissolving into cosmic thoughts expressed in color. Only his eyes were actual, and the blue hills far away, and the wind from them in the key of the Pleiades.

"There shall never any more be time or space for us," he said.

"But," I protested, "we must not overlook the fundamental facts."

"In all the universe there is just one fact," he cried, catching my hand in his, and then—

(NOTE: *Here a portion of the logogram becomes indecipherable, owing, perhaps, to the passage of some large bird across the line of projection. What follows is the last recorded vibragraph to date.*)

—Yes, dear, I know I should have been more circumspect. I should have remembered my position, but I didn't. And that's why I'm engaged to be married.—You have to here, when you reach a certain point—I know you will think it a great come-down for one of us, but after all do we not owe something to our sister planets?—













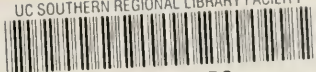








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