

Democrat Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 4, 1893

THE OLD SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

O, the old school exhibitions! will they ever come again? With the good old fashioned speaking from the boys and girls so plain? Will we ever hear old "Isaac," with its rapid roll and sweep? And "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger on the deep?"

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary did of old; Their fleeces is not as "white as snow"; they're white as the lily from the fold. The boy upon the "burning deck" is not one-half as fine—

He was not born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!"

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys don't speak in jeans; They've changed the old-time dresses long with the old-time ways; They still sing songs in ancient Greek; in brooch and lace; And you can't half see the speaker for the color round the face.

O, the old school exhibition! It is gone forever more! The old school house is deserted and the grass has choked it down. And there sits sleep around the gables, with a low and mournful whine. For the old boys "born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

MOLLY'S BLUNDER'S.

"Sure, Molly's the most unfortunate crayther that ivy you see," said Donal, "for misunderrstandin' gitalee conversayshun intirely. Sure, no matter what you're pleased to say, she'll take it in its literary sinse. Like as whin, in spakin of the great shower of rain we had, the praste said 'the windys of heaven were opened.' 'It's right your riverence is,' says Molly, 'for faith, I heard the smashin of one of the panes. And if the stupid gurl wasn't aither gazing up into the skoi to see if the windys had been shut!'

"Molly's me cousin, sorr, as we make it out in Ireland, and very aisy reckonin itis, for in straight descins backward my greatgrandfether and Tim O'Gorman's greatgrandmother were brothers, Tim's wife's grandmother and Molly's stepbrother's feyther's uncle were sisters.

"So you see that whin Molly's feyther was transported and her mother died me feyther couldn't let his own flesh and blood perish with hunger, and he took her in, and we were brought up like two twisnes, in the same cradle. Well, there was never enough of anythin in the shanty for two babies, and when Molly had the sup of milk I hollered with an empty stomach, and whin I was covered up with the bed quilt she ran around to keep herself warm, which is my understandin of how it happened that I got all the brains and she got all the good looks. There wasn't enough of either for the two of us."

"And sure it's a beauty Molly is intirely, with the purtest red cheeks and black hair that reaches down to the knees of her. And black rollin eyes, soft and gentle and set wide apart in the honest face of her, like those of a little Kerry cow—eyes that always looked you straight in the face an never seemed to you nothin. She was never sinner than you were pokin fun at her, and she hadn't a mimic long enough to remember an onkoindness.

"She nursed me feyther when he died of the favor, and she cared for me poor bedrid mother and kept me at school and dug the peraties and did all the work there was to be done, till I was grown a man in size. Sorra a bit of thanks did she get for that same. For, by the same token, the more you give a bye the idiclation of a gitalee, the more he'll look down on them that slaved thimselfs to death to raise him; leastwise it was the way with me, sorr, and me pet name for Molly in them days was 'you blunderin ignamus of a grann cabbage head!' And sure it would have angered a sain to have seen the stupid things that Molly did, all the time tryin her very best to moind what I said—all through the thick headedness of her understandin.

"Well, one day I brought home a piece of mate, and it's not often we had the luxury of a beefsteak in them days, and by the same token Molly had no more idea how to cook it than it was the dinner of an emperor. 'Put it on with a cabbagehead,' says I, 'and sure an illgant biled dinner will be other makin!' With that I'll be hooe and went to work at the 't' lot. But, howly saints! when I back hungry for me dinner what did I see but the pig munchin the beefsteak forinst the cottage and Molly going about her wurruck singin' as merrily as a lark in the morning.

"'Why, Donal, dear,' says Molly, 'you said it put on a cabbage head, and first I thought it was my own head yes was manin, for that is what you're always callin me, and thin I thought it couldn't be that sure, and so I laid it on the biggest cabbage in the yard. It's thinkin about things that muddles me up, and after this, Donal, dear, I'll never think about anything, and the tears riz in her eyes as she spoke. 'And, oh! Donal, do ye thinks it will do the pig any harm?'

"Well, I was that mad I could have bate her, but a Malloy is always a gentleman and niver bates a lady—savin and exceptin his lawful and wedded wife. 'Molly, Molly' says I, 'this is past all bearin! Sure, it's havin you to am, for his holiness the head couldn't live with you after this, says I.'

"Just as you plaze, Donal, dear," says Molly, "but if you're goin' away I'll go wid ye, for sure I couldn't live widout you!'

"I made no answer, but just struck out across the fields, not rightly knowin or carin which way I wint, but happenen to look round I saw her followin after.

"If you will be comin," says I, "draw the door to behind you, for I mistrusted that while she went back to shut the door I could get well out of sight of her. To do this the better,

I made straight for a bit of boggy woods and lapin into the midst of it, I went crashin me way through till before I knew it was in the open bog and a sinkin deeper with every plunge in the bad ground. This brought me to me sinces, and I tried to turn round and come back, but I was in a sort of quicksand, and the more I struggled the more I sank, till I was up to my waistband in the cold clammy mud. I hollered and I bellered, without any likelihood of making meself heard in that lone place, and with the illegant prospect of having me mouth soon stopped with the mud, and I had about given meself up to me fate when I heard Molly callin 'Donal, where are you, Donal?'

"Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary did of old; Their fleeces is not as 'white as snow'; they're white as the lily from the fold. The boy upon the 'burning deck' is not one-half as fine—

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"That's good," says Murtagh, "and if it's sure you are that he's with the 'Ribton' tell him to meet us at midnight in the skirts of Ballymoran forest."

"I will that same," says Molly, and to be sure that she shouldn't forget, known her talent for twistifyin a message, they made her repeat it three times—"Midnight in the skirts of Ballymoran forest."

"Now, its right you are in thinkin that Molly made a mess of it entirely, but before I tell you the how and why-for of that, you must know the luck that came to me on the way to the fair."

"I was thrudgin along whistlin to meself, when I heard a 'great racket' be hind me, and whin I looked around there was a gentleman's dogcart runnin away with his horse, and the gentleman himself a runnin after, and by great exartion losin a rod or two the minute. I planted meself in the middle of the road, and droppin me eggs I grabbed hould of the bridle and hild on to the baste till he tired of draggin me, and the gentleman came up pantin and blowin.

"Dressed in your petticoats!" says I, "and what raydon did Murtagh give that I should rig meself out as a woman, as though it were a Candlemas procession?"

"Niver a bit of rayson, but belike, it's some fun of the byes, for it's particular he was about it and made me say over three times, 'Be sure he comes in skirts to the forest!'

"Well, I felt gayer that night than I had for many a day, and I thought I would like nothin' better nor a frolic with the byes, so I let Molly disguise me by putting her Sunday dress on me—one with big flowers onto it, a stolish kind of calkily that they covers sofs with in the houses of the gentry—an I tied a kercher over me head, an I hardly knew whether I was Molly or Molly was I. Then I took the remmants of our supper along in the basket, for I thought I'd treat the boys, an we'd all drink to the health of our young landlord.

"Well, I went on gayly enough till I come to the hedge foreinint the forest, and thin two of the byes jumped up from the ditch, with guns in their hands and pinnited them at me. 'Give the password,' says they, 'or you're a dead woman.' With that I threw one of 'em hunk of mutton pie and the pertinaces sold 'em, and how much I could save when the rint was paid, and this, that and the other! And at the fair he was here, there, and everywhere, talkin' with everyone and askin' and askin' more questions than a praste with the catechism.

"But he didn't forget Molly's ribbon, don't you be talkin'! an ilegent one it was with a rid satin shiripe and roses blossom' all over it. Thin he said, 'Donal, come in; let me see you take a turn at the dancin,' but though there was a harper and a fiddler on the grounds there was no one dancing. 'And why is this?' says his honor.

"'Tis about me moind, says she.

"Well, what have yees thought about it?" says I.

"I've about made up me moind," says I, "and thin he said it was a pity I had married."

"What?" says I; yess don't say that yees already promised? Who is the goon?" says I; 'tell me, an I'll break his head for him. How long has this been goin on, ye desetalte carelesslike:

"Molly did you ever think of being married?"

"That same I have, Donal," says she.

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