

**VISITING THE SHAKERS.**

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Pretty Girls Who "Yay'd" at the Offer of a Kiss, and the Brother Who Denounced the Humorist as a Man of Sin—Unsolicited Advice Given.

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**THE SHAKERS.**



HE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd heard tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wadded coats; but I'd never cum into immitig contact with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lakin' intellect, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was digosed in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was tollin' throw the maid, when in the dim vister of the futur I observed the gleams of a taller candle. Tien a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick faced, solum lookin' individual, who turn'd out to be an Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sez I, "you see before you a Babe in the woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sez the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker hein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' sumwhat like last year's beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hungor? to which I urbane anserd "a few." She went off and I endeavord to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sez I.

"Yay," he said.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your services gratuitozus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that peccoler kind of wesket you wear, includin' trimmings?"

"Yay!"

I paw'd a minit, and then, thinkin' I'd be fashus with him and see how that would go, I slap't him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a yay'er he had no livin' eak.

He jumped up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up to'rd the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out.

Just then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary traveler, and I followed her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag poured out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a sublood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marriage is agin your rules, I believe, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller."

"I don't like men!" s'he sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rathier important part of the popula-shun."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work."

"I'm afraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. No wicked matrimony here. Would thou like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot that long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door.

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Directly that cum in two young Shak-esses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met.

They comenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rafter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sez I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who

calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah?"

"He has retired."

"Wall my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my prond form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at first, only they was a bootle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to an innerent kiss at partin'?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I sposed I'd been snoozin half an hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbows and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeared on except his night close, which flattered in the breeze. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin off with the pretty little Shak-esses mounted on my Californy Bar. I was woke up early by the Elder. He sed refreshments was redly for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groamin away.

As I was goin throw the entry to the room where the wif was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushinist state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules and git married."

"You must excos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subject to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" said the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker friends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we yay agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean billed rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like millinery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They comenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danc'd kinder slow at first, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhibited a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvyn smile and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continerin his shuffle.

The Sperrit, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was eak. They was the purest and Selestrest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want going to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danc'd and sung agin, and arter they was throw, one of 'em axed me what I thwat of it.

"What d'uz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizness, and this matrimony idee? My friends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a keg of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan-cesters used to practias. Your gardin seed is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar proly I should raise a good mess of gardin sass. You air honest in your dealin! You air quiet and don't disturb nobody. For all this I giv you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothin ever conflicts with your peccoler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old fellow squirm like a speared Bel.]

"You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever heard around your hartstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and peccoler noeshuns of yours. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syrin to place their hed's agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old hed's fool yourselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air all pend up by yourselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of.

Meanwhile said world contineres to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subject to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a unnatural, onreasonable and dimal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends, I now bid you a wel-come adoo. You have treated me ex-ceddin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

"A base exhibit of depraved monkeys and unprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yours, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I recomed my jertney.

**THE COMING MILLIONS.**

Jim Croker lived far in the woods, a solitary place. Where the bushes grew, like whiskers, on his unrazored face; And the black bear was his brother, and the catamount his chum, And Jim he lived and waited for the millions yet to cum.

Jim Croker made a clearing and he sowed it down to wheat, And he fluted his lawn with cabbage and he planted it with beet; And it blossomed with potatoes, and with peach and pear and plum, And Jim he lived and waited for the millions yet to come.

Then Jim he took his ancient axe and cleared a forest street, While he lived on bear and succotash and young opossum meat. And his rhythmic axe strokes sounded and the woods no more were dumb, While he cleared a crooked highway for the millions yet to come.

Then they came like alim's stragglers, they came from far and near, A little log house settlement grew round the pioneer; And the sound of saw and broadaxe made a glad industrial hum, Jim said, "The Coming Millions, they have just begun to cum."

And a little crooked railway wound round Crawling toward the forest village like an undulating snake; And a-morn the locomotive puffed into the wilderness, And Jim said "The Coming Millions, they are coming by express."

And the village grew and prospered, but Jim Croker's hair was gray; When they got a city charter, and old Jim was chosen Mayor; But Jim declined the honor, and moved his household goods Far away into the forest, to the old primeval woods.

Far and far into the forest moved the grizzled pioneer, There he reared his hut and murmured, "I will build a city here," And he hears the woodfox barking, and he hears the partridge drum, And the old man sits and listens for the millions yet to come.

—[S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.]

**THE FUNNY MAN.**

Some Are Born, Some Are Made, and Some Ought to Die.

However, those who have seen much of the inside life of comic journals and other journals with comic departments know that this kind of work, like pretty much every other kind, may be made almost completely mechanical. There is a regulation way to make a joke—that is, to say, a regulation joke. Of course, genuine humor and positive wit transcend all rules, and the great jester is born, not made. But for all that, there have been professional funny men who hadn't a grain of wit in their composition. For instance, it is well known that the proprietor of a certain great New York daily newspaper has a habit of mixing his editors all up periodically, to prevent them from sliding into ruts, and to give each department the benefit of fresh ideas (and fresh ignorance) from time to time he changes his men all about, transferring the sporting editor to the financial department, setting the livestock reporter at work writing political editorials, and so on.

Now it chanced that in one of the mix-ups the funny column fell to the lot of a reporter who did not know a joke from a logarithm—who had no more sense of humor than a haystack. He was accustomed to obey, however, and he went to work making jokes. His first attempts were something wonderful to read. People with pale faces stopped one another on the street, pointed out with trembling fingers these jokes, and asked if they really read as they had read them; and when they were answered that they did, they drew deep breaths of relief and passed on. Friends of the proprietor of the paper begged him to make a change, and declared to him that there were some things that the paper could not stand. But he adhered to his program and kept the man at work, and in the course of time the new funny man made jokes that were copied in other papers for jokes, and became an admired member of the National Paragaphers' Association.

**How Time Has Changed Her.**

One day last week a customer in one of the large Brooklyn dry goods stores stood waiting for her turn to be served and idly watching the woman who was claiming the attention of the clerk at the moment. There was nothing about her to attract a second glance. She looked to be close upon 60 years of age, her hair was very gray, though not white, and a pair of rather dark eyes looked out from a colorless unimpressive face. In figure she was short and small, and the black costume she wore was simple to plainness. Yet when she gave her name and address for a parcel to be sent it was realized that this little woman of insignificant appearance was one whose name 18 years ago was in everybody's mouth from one end of the country to the other, and whose personality at that time was almost as well known as her name. She was Mrs. Theodore Tilton. —[New York Times.]

**Facts About the Queen of Sheba.**

It's rather late to learn the truth about the Queen of Sheba. Nevertheless, the Academy of Inscriptions is greatly exercised about this subject. One of its members thinks that he has discovered that Sheba was in Arabia, and that the queen was the mother of Aben Solomon, who founded a kingdom in Ethiopia. She went to Jerusalem on conquest bent, and would have liked to stay there. But the wise Hebrew thought she would be hard to manage, and a more useful ally in her own country. He therefore sent her back laden with presents and fired with ambitious projects. We may expect one of these days to see her personated by Sara Bernhardt in an Old Testament drama by Sardou. —[London Truth.]

**Convicted.**

O'Hooligan—He tould me to move on, "Oid hov yez to know o'im a gittle-mon," sez ol, "Prove it," sez he. "O' will," sez ol. An' wid that I showed him a wed uv unpaid bills of had in me pocket.

Smithers—And what did he say?

O'Hooligan—The shpalsape apoly-gized.

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