

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

How Peter Green Was Scared Out of Costing a Wife

The narrative which I am about to write was told me, one bleak, cold night, in a country parlor. It was one of those nights in midwinter, when the wind swept over the land, making everything tingle with its frosty breath...

This all came to an end by John giving me a kick.

On waking up and looking around I saw John's eyes as big as my fist, while the sun was beaming in at the window.

John looked out of the window and said we could get down over the porch roof.

"Get out and dress as soon as possible," he said.

He threw up both hands and cried "Lord, have us!" for he thought I was the devil.

The old lady screamed until you could have heard her a mile.

I was so scared and bewildered that I couldn't get up at once. It was warm weather, and I didn't have anything on but a shirt.

When I heard the girls snickering it made me mad, and I jumped up and rushed out the door, leaving the greater part of my shirt on the old iron door latch.

Off I started for the barn, and when half way through the yard, the dog set up a howl and made for me.

When I got into the barn-yard I had to run through a flock of sheep, who backed off a little and arched for me.

I escaped his blow, sprang into the barn, and began to climb up the logs into the mow, when an old mother hen pounced upon my legs, picking me until they bled.

I threw myself upon the hay, and after John had slid down the porch into a hoghead of rain water, he came to me with one of my boots, my coat, and one of the legs of my pants.

He found me completely prostrated, part of my shirt, my hat, one leg of my pants, my vest, stockings, neck-tie and one boot were left behind.

I vowed then and there that I would never go to see another girl, and I'll die before I will.

A FAST COMPOSER.—In the office of a Wisconsin journal there is a compositor who sets type so rapidly (says the paper) that the friction of his movements fuses the leaden emblems in his stick, making them solid, like stereotype plates.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "it don't seem right for me to tell how that happened, but as it is about myself, I don't care much. You see when I was young we had to walk as high as five miles to church and singing school, which was our chief enjoyment. But this don't have anything to do with my getting a wife, but I just wanted to show you that we had some trouble them days in getting our sport.

John Smith and I were like brothers, or like "Mary and her little lamb." Where one went the other was sure to go. So we went to see two sisters, and as we were not the best boys imaginable, the old gentlemen took umbrage and wouldn't allow us to come near the house, so we would take the girls to the end of the lane, and there we would have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun, and I told John, on our way to singing school, one night, that I was going to take Sadie home, and that I was going into the house too.

He said the old man would run me if I did.

I told him I was going to risk it anyhow, let come what would!

He said he "would risk it if I would." So home we went with the girls. When we got to the end of the lane I told the girls we proposed going all the way.

They looked at each other in a way I didn't like to well, but said they (the old folks) would be in bed, so they didn't care if we did.

They were a little more surprised yet when I told them we thought of going in a little while, but as all was quiet when we got to the house, we had no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

Then and there we had our first court, and I made up my mind to ask Sadie to be my wife the next time I came.

It was now past the turn of the night, and as we had four miles to walk, I told John we would have to be going. So we stepped out on the porch, but just as we did so, the sky was lit up by lightning, and one tremendous peal of thunder rolled along the mountain side. Its echo had not died out in the far-off vales until the rain began to pour from the garnered fullness of the clouds.

We waited for it to stop until we were all asleep, when the girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs which led out of the kitchen, as their father didn't get up early we could be home before the old folks were astir.

So after bidding the girls a sweet, good night and wishing them pleasant dreams, and promising them to come back on next Saturday night, we started for bed.

We didn't have far to go, as the bed stood near the head of the stairs. John was soon in bed, but as I always was a little slow, and full of curiosity, I was looking around the little room.

At last I thought I would sit down on a chest which was spread over with a nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots. So down I sat, when stars of the east, I went plump into a big egg-custard pie!

I thought John would die laughing, for he said I had smashed that custard all to thunder, and the plate right in two.

You see we had to be a awful quiet so that the old man wouldn't hear.

I was now ready to get into bed, so I put the light out and picked up my boots thinking to put them in a more convenient place, when down my one foot went through a pipe hole, which had been covered by paper, up to my very hip.

Now one part of me was up stairs while the longest part was in the kitchen.

As my leg was very long it reached a shelf which was occupied by dishes, pans, coffee pots, etc., and turning it over, down it went with a tremendous crash.

The girls had not yet retired, and I could hear them laugh fit to split their sides.

I felt awful ashamed, and was scared until my heart was in my throat, for I expected the old man every moment.

I extracted my leg from the confounded hole just in time, for the old lady looked into the kitchen from the room door, and asked, "what all that noise was about?"

The girls put her off as best they could and I went to bed, while John was struggling himself under the cover to keep from laughing aloud.

We soon went off into the land of dreams, with the hope of waking early. I wish I could tell you my dreams, but it would take me too long. One moment I would fancy myself by the side of Sadie, sipping nectar from her heaven-bedecked lips, the next I would be flying from the old man, while he would be flourishing his cane above my head.

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