THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIII | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896. | No. 18

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In the room formerly occupied by Hartzell & Kemper. We have received our spring stock of Tans in different shades, Patent Leathers, Kangaroos, etc. Our stock of Ladies Fine Shoes and Oxfords is very large—all the latest style lasts to be found among our stock. We carry these goods in all sizes and widths, and prices the lowest. Come and see us. We have many bargains in store for you.

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THE SMILE ON OUR BABY'S FACE.

God's angel was bidden to make her fair,
So he wove the sunshine into her hair.
He took of the midnoon's cloudless skies
And fashioned therefrom her two blue eyes.
He washed her white with the sinless snows
And painted her cheeks with the dawn's faint rose.
He dimpled her tiny hands and feet,
He made her sunny and soft and sweet,
He molded her round white limbs with art,
He got her from heaven a pure child heart;
Then he kissed her lips and her brow and eyes
And brought her, sleeping, from paradise.
Such virtue lies in those kisses three
That, how so weary at heart are we,
The look and the smile on our baby's face
Bring rest and comfort and endless grace.
—Bessie Gray in Good Housekeeping.

A GHOST COMMUTER.

The wind drove the hail and sleet violently against the car windows, and what with its melancholy howling, accompanying the incessant rattle of the panes, I could hardly hear the shrieks of the locomotive's whistle as the train plunged through the dense darkness. It was a hard night to travel, and I did not wonder that the car was empty save for the man who had just seated himself beside me. Such being the case, however, I could not but feel surprised that this single other passenger should have crowded into my seat when he might have had a whole one to himself. I cannot say that I was indignant, for though he forced me to move toward the drafty window he was company, and I had felt lonely from the very beginning of the forlorn trip on the midnight express. Then, too, he was such a mild, harmless looking fellow.

I glanced toward him, intending to open the conversation, when my eye fell upon the time table in which he was deeply engrossed. It was a thumb worn piece of paper, and no wonder, for across the top I read in big black type, "To go into effect on April 1, 1884."

It seemed strange that a man should consult a train schedule 11 years old. My curiosity was aroused, and I drew my own time table from my pocket and held it toward him.

"Pardon me, sir, but perhaps this will be of more use to you. Where are you going?"

"Thank you," he replied sadly, "but you cannot help me. I would that you could, though. You see, I am bound for Tutherford, but it seems that I will never get there."

"Tutherford!" I exclaimed. "Why, you are on the wrong train!"

I knew this place well as one of the prettiest little suburban villages on the line of the New York, Lackahudson and Western, but I also was aware that this train never stopped there and that we had long since passed it.

"That is just the devil of it," replied my companion vigorously. A melancholy smile passed over his pale face, and then he added: "I've been getting on the wrong train for 11 years. But excuse me, sir, you are sitting on my beefsteak."

Curiosity now gave place to astonishment. My first impulse was to believe that I had a madman for a companion, but his every look belied such an idea. Every detail of his clothing denoted extreme neatness and self respect. He was a small, slender man, with a slightly bald head and clean shaven face. At his feet were two large, neatly done up bundles; at his side and partly under me was a third parcel, wrapped in brown paper, which I had no reason to believe contained meat.

"A thousand pardons," I said, rising so that he could rescue his steak from destruction. "I am afraid that I have ruined it. I was not aware that I was sitting on anything."

"Little wonder," he replied quietly. "No human being could feel that steak. And as for injuring it, I purchased it 11 years ago and have been trying to get it home to Tutherford ever since. To make things plain, that is a phantom beefsteak."

I broke out into a hearty laugh and exclaimed, "You are either considerable of a wag, sir, or else an idiot."

My fellow traveler drew himself up and cried hotly: "Do you know whom you are addressing? I am the late R. G. Jones, sir, for many years a leading citizen of Tutherford."

"The late R. G. Jones of Tutherford!" I retorted, and then I made a motion to give him a little jovial dig in the ribs, but to my horror my hand went right through him and struck the arm of the seat on his other side. He smiled. I drew back in amazement.

I will not attempt to depict my sensations. Wonder gave way to utter astonishment, astonishment to horror, horror to fright. But this last emotion passed, for I knew that there was no escape. I could not leave the car, and then the very appearance of the ghost was so peaceable and respectable that a sense of security came to me. Reason prevailed, and I soon found myself traveling on the best of terms with my strange companion.

"I see you travel on a pass, Mr. Dockboy," said the late R. G. Jones after our relationship had assumed a state of mutual confidence. "That is why I made myself known to you. I suppose you have a pull on this road."

"My fourth cousin is the wife of the president of the New York, Lackahudson and Western," I replied proudly, for I was not a little vain about this relationship.

"That is good news for me," began the late R. G. Jones. "You see, Mr. Dockboy, I have long needed a friend with some influence on the road, for I want to have this train stopped at Tutherford just once."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes, stopped at Tutherford," he continued. "I do not wonder at your surprise, but then you will not be much astonished when you know my reasons. I have told you my late name, and perhaps it will interest you to hear that for many years I was an alderman in Tutherford—a place of no mean importance. My business was in New York. Every morning for ten years I left my house promptly at 8:22, reached the station at 8:30 and took the 8:31 for town. At just 5:13 o'clock in the evening I reached the Jersey City station and boarded the train for home. It so happened that for the last five years of my life I always got on the third car from the engine and took the third seat from the rear. It became a habit with me. I was known and respected on the road, and there was a tacit understanding among the other commuters that that place should always be reserved for me. This is the same car, No. 335, and the very same seat."

"And you are haunting it?" I asked, for the light was beginning to break.

"Temporarily and accidentally," replied the late R. G. Jones. "When I can get this train stopped at Tutherford, I will get off and go back to my old home. Don't you remember seeing in the papers about ten years ago how R. G. Jones, a prominent citizen of Tutherford, succumbed to an attack of heart failure brought on by overexertion while trying to catch the 5:13?"

"Oh, yes, I recall that well. A very sad case, indeed." Of course I didn't, but that didn't matter.

The late R. G. Jones looked grateful.

"That was when I became a ghost," he said. "A few days later I received my orders to proceed to Tutherford and haunt my old home. There have always been strange and confused ideas existing about ghosts. These impressions, that we do everything in a higglety pigglety way are all erroneous—decidedly erroneous. I couldn't go sailing back home in any way but an orderly one—by train, just as I did when I was not late. And, moreover, custom required that I should travel on car No. 335, third seat from the rear, as I had done day in and day out for years. So I went to the station with my phantom umbrella, bundles and beefsteak. Promptly at 5:12 I got off the ferry, stopped at the newsstand which is run for the phantom commuters and purchased a sporting extra of a phantom evening paper, repaired to the train shed and got on this car, No. 335, and took this very seat. But the train did not start as usual. It was midnight before we left the station, and then, to my horror, we whirled through Tutherford and never made a stop until we reached the junction 60 miles west. I will not dwell on my sorrow when I realized my predicament. Car 335 had been shifted to the midnight express, and until it could be stopped at Tutherford I was doomed to haunt this uncomfortable seat instead of my own pretty suburban home.

"Years have passed since then, and every night I have got on the same car and sat in this same seat, oftentimes crowded between two men, who could not see me, always doomed to go whirling by the familiar little station without a speck of a chance of getting off. Did you ever travel in the same car seat with two fat women with babies and bundles?"

"No," I replied. "But I can conceive more pleasant positions."

"Yet such has many a time been my fate," continued the late R. G. Jones, in spectral mournfulness. "I have traveled with noisy drummers, with chattering Italians, opium smelling Chinese, with every possible kind of man that it is unpleasant for a sensitive man like I was to sit in the same seat with. Once, in desperation, I made myself visible to the conductor and pleaded with him to stop the train at Tutherford. He refused absolutely, and not only that, he demanded my ticket. I got out my commutation card, seven years out of date, and handed it to him. He asked me if I thought he was a fool and used very violent and personal language. When I told him I could not pay, he declared that he would put me off the train. 'Please leave me off at Tutherford,' I said foolishly. I have regretted those words greatly, for the man saw that nothing would suit me better than to get off the train, and he carried me to the end of the line. Since then I have in vain watched a chance to speak to some one who has a pull on the road. They have been wearisome years to me, and when tonight the longed for opportunity came I seized it. I saw you had a pass."

"My dear Mr. Jones," I said, for I was deeply affected by the story of my companion, who, with his eyes filled with cloudlike tears, was now leaning eagerly toward me, awaiting my reply, "you have my sympathy. I have heard much of ghosts, but you are the first I ever met. Your story is a sad one, and I will do what I can to alleviate your sufferings. I see what you want. You wish to have this car stopped at Tutherford so that you can get off the train like an ordinary phantom and obey your instructions to haunt your own house."

A look of joy and expectancy came over the phantom's face.

"You have my word that I will use my influence with my cousin, the president of the New York, Lackahudson and Western, to have this train stopped just once at Tutherford. I will take such steps as soon as I get back to town."

"It is almost daylight, and we are approaching the junction, where I always get off," said the late R. G. Jones. His voice was husky, but a gleam of hope and happiness transfused his face. "I must leave you now. It is probable that I will never be able to repay your kindness, Mr. Dockboy, but you will have the consciousness of having done a noble deed in freeing a phantom commuter from an awful thrall."

Then he gathered up his phantom bundles and walked down the aisle, but before he reached the door he had passed from my sight.

I kept my word to him. Many were the subterfuges I used to have the midnight express stopped at Tutherford, but I succeeded, thanks to my cousin, the president of the road, and the knowledge that the respectable and late R. G. Jones has at last got off that train at his late place of residence after 11 long years of travel has been to me a source of continued satisfaction.—New York Sun.

The Case Is Altered.

"See the girl with the pug nose!"

"Hush! She is worth $15,000,000 in her own right."

"What a charming retrousse!"—Life.

Stately Dances of Old.

The minuet is already known to many, were it only through the innumerable pictures executed by pastelists, now dead but still celebrated. The dainty gestures, the graceful steps, the sweeping courtesies, are no secret to us, but the saraband and the pavane we do not know much about, although they are well worth being studied. The saraband is what one might call an almost religious dance, for it is so deliberate, so solemn and yet so gracefully beautiful. The cavaliers, when they bend before their fair partners, literally sweep the floor with their plumed hats, while the ladies' brocades and laces flutter around them like the wings of some bright hued butterfly about to take its flight. The promenade—a sort of polonaise—which follows, the couples marching with imposing demeanor behind one another, is, beyond everything else, becomingly dainty, although somewhat strait laced, but one cannot be anything but enchanted by something so entirely removed from the hurry and scurry seen in our salons when dancing is written on the cards of invitation.

The pavane is sprightlier, more like the gavotte, and brings into constant play fans, well managed trains and again plumed hats, the tout ensemble making up a tableau of unsurpassed charm and aristocratic motion. The essential qualities of all these dances are simplicity and grace, for they afford no opportunity for displays of gymnastics, of hurried athleticism, no force of biceps, no pushing or jolting or elbowing. They are the very essence of easy gliding and of keeping time to strains of melody, which remind one involuntarily of the evanescent odor of some rare old perfume like those we still find in the silken sachets made by our great-grandmothers.—Exchange.

The Barisal Guns.

In the delta of the Ganges a mysterious sound is sometimes heard, to which the name of "Barisal guns" is given, because of its resemblance to the dull report of distant artillery. Similar noises are well known to the lighthouse keepers and fishermen of Ostend and Boulogne, who call them the "mist pouffers, or fog dissipators, and generally hear them on the evening of a hot day in summer. Although the sounds are compared to the detonations of guns, they are not very like these, and they occur at irregular intervals. Their origin is enveloped in mystery, but some physicists regard them as electrical detonations, such as might be produced by flashes of ordinary lightning or the explosion of globe lightning, while others refer them to the shocks of fluid matter in the bowels of the earth or the rumbling of slight earthquakes.—Public Opinion.

THE "OUT OF DATE" COUPLE.

We are "so out of date," they say,
Ned and I;
We love in an old fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything,
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
Twixt "glow and gloom,"
He wooed me on a winter day
And in a room.
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
But he that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospect be not bright,
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by.
We are behind the times, we know,
Ned and I.

—Chambers' Journal.

THE WILL.

I knew this tall young man who was called Rene de Bourneval. He was very agreeable in company, although a trifle sad, seeming to dislike everything, very skeptical—a formal and biting skepticism—clever especially in laying bare in one word worldly hypocrisies. He often repeated, "There are no virtuous men—or at least they are only relatively temperate."

He had two brothers whom he did not visit, the MM. de Courcils. On account of their different names I believed him the offspring of a second marriage. I had been told on several occasions that a strange story had happened in this family, but no details had been given me.

This man being entirely agreeable to me, we were soon good friends. One evening, after I had dined with him, I accidentally asked him, "Were you the offspring of your mother's first or second marriage?" I saw him turn slightly pale, then blush, and he remained some seconds without speaking, visibly embarrassed. Then he smiled in a sweet and melancholy manner which was peculiar to him and said: "My dear friend, if it does not tire you, I will give you some singular details of my parentage. I know you are an intelligent man. I do not therefore fear your friendship for me will suffer, an if it should suffer I should no longer care to have you for a friend.

"My mother, Mme. de Courcils, was a poor, timid little woman, whom her husband had married for her fortune. Her whole life was a martyrdom. Affectionate, fearful, delicate, she was ill treated without intermission by him who should have been my father, one of those churls who are called country gentlemen. After they had been married a month he lived with a servant. He had besides for mistresses the wives and daughters of his tenants. This did not prevent his wife from having two children; including myself, three should be reckoned. My mother said nothing. She lived in that ever noisy house like those little mice that slip in and out under the furniture. Effacing herself, flying away, trembling, she looked at people with her clear, restless eyes, which, always in motion, looked scared with the fear that never left them. She was still pretty, very pretty—very fair with a grayish fairness, a timid fairness, as if her hair had faded a little from her incessant fear.

"Among the friends of M. de Courcils who came frequently to the castle was an old cavalry officer, a widower, a formidable man, tender and violent, capable of the most energetic resolves—M. de Bourneval, whose name I bear. He was a tall, spare fellow, with a heavy black mustache. I resemble him very much. This man had read and thought far more than those of his class. His great-grandmother had been a lover of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and it was said that he had inherited something from this connection of his ancestress. He knew by heart the 'Social Contract,' the 'New Heloise' and all those philosophical books which have prepared beforehand the future overthrow of our ancient customs, of our prejudices, our obsolete laws, our foolish morals.

"He loved my mother, it appeared, and was loved by her. This affair was kept so secret that no one suspected it. The poor woman, sad and abandoned, clung to him desperately and imbibed all his habits of thought, theories of free opinion, boldness of independent love; but, as she was so timid that she never dared speak loudly, all of it was driven back, condensed, pressed into her heart, which was never opened.

"My two brothers were harsh toward her, like my father—did not caress her—and, accustomed to seeing that she did not count for anything in the house, treated her almost like a servant.

"I was the only one of her sons who really loved her and whom she loved.

"She died. I was then 18. I ought to add, in order that you may understand what is to follow, that, by legal advice, her husband had been provided for, and she had retained her own separate estate, having, thanks to the artifices of the law and the intelligent devotion of a notary, preserved the right to make her will as she pleased.

"We were, therefore, informed by this notary that a will existed and invited to be present at its reading.

"I recall it as if it were yesterday. It was a grand, dramatic, burlesque, surprising scene, called forth by the posthumous revolt of the dead woman, by this cry of liberty, this claim from the depth of the grave of this martyr crushed by our morals during her life. From her shut coffin she threw a despairing appeal toward independence.

"He who believed himself my father, a stout, plethoric man, who put one in mind of a butcher, and my brothers, two robust fellows of 20 and 22, waited tranquilly on their seats. M. de Bourneval, who was invited to be present, entered and placed himself behind me. His frock coat was buttoned tightly. He was very pale, and he often nibbled his mustache, now a little grizzled. He doubtless expected what was coming.

"The notary double locked the door and commenced the reading, after having in our presence broken the red wax seal of the envelope, of whose contents he was ignorant."

Suddenly my friend was silent, rose and took from his secretary an old paper, unfolded it, kissed it for a long time and resumed. "Here is the last will of my dearly loved mother:

"'I, the undersigned, Anne-Catherine Genevieve Mathilde de Croixluce, lawful wife of Jean Leopold Joseph Gontran de Courcils, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make my last will.

"'I ask forgiveness of God above, and then of my dear son Rene, for what I am now going to do. I think my child is stout hearted enough to understand and to forgive me. I have suffered all my life. I was married from considerations of advantage and was afterward despised, disregarded, oppressed and deceived unceasingly by my husband.

"'I forgive him, but I owe him nothing.

"'My elder sons have not loved me, have not caressed me, have scarcely treated me like a mother.

"'I have been to them during my life all I should have been; after my death I no longer owe them anything. The ties of blood do not continue without the constant, sacred affection of each day. An ungrateful son is less than a stranger. He is a culprit, for he has not the right to be indifferent to his mother.

"'I have always trembled before mankind, before their iniquitous laws, their inhuman customs, their infamous prejudices. Before God, I no longer fear. Dead, I throw away from me that shameful hypocrisy; I dare to utter my thoughts and to openly avow the secrets of my heart.

"'Therefore I leave in trust the whole of that part of my fortune of which the law permits me to dispose to my dearly loved lover, Pierre Germer Simon de Bourneval, afterward to revert to our dear son Rene.'

(This will has been drawn up in addition, in a more formal manner, by a notary.)

"'And before the Supreme Judge, who hears me, I declare that I should have cursed heaven and my existence if I had not found the deep, devoted, tender, unshaken affection of my lover, if I had not learned in his arms that the Creator has made human beings to love, to sustain and to console each other and to weep together in hours of bitterness.

"'My two eldest sons are the children of M. de Courcils. Rene alone owes his existence to M. de Bourneval. I pray the Ruler of mankind and their destinies to place the father and son above social prejudices, to make them love each other until their death, and love me still in my grave.

"'Such are my last thoughts and my last desire.'

"M. de Courcils had risen. He cried, 'That is the will of a mad woman.' Then M. de Bourneval stepped forward and declared in a loud and decisive voice: 'I, Simon de Bourneval, declare that this writing contains only the strict truth. I am ready to prove it by letters in my possession.'

"Then M. de Courcils walked toward him. I thought they would seize each other by the collar. There they stood, both tall, the one stout, the other spare, quavering. The husband of my mother stammeringly articulated, 'You are a villain!' The other said, in a dry, vigorous tone: 'We will meet in another place, monsieur. I should have affronted and provoked you a long time ago if I had not valued above all else the tranquillity during her life of the poor woman whom you have made to suffer so much.'

"Then he turned toward me: 'You are my son. Will you come with me? I have not the right to take you away, but I will take you if you wish to accompany me.'

"I pressed his hand without answering. Indeed, I was almost overcome.

"Two days later M. de Bourneval killed M. de Courcils in a duel. My brothers, afraid of a frightful scandal, kept silence. I transferred to them and they accepted their share of the fortune left by my mother.

"I took the name of my true father, renouncing that which the law gave and which was not mine.

"M. de Bourneval died five years ago. I have not yet found consolation for my grief."

He rose, took several steps, and, placing himself in front of me, said: "Well, I say that my mother's will was one of the most beautiful, most loyal, grandest things a woman could accomplish. Is not that your opinion?"

I stretched out both hands to him, "Yes, surely, my friend."—Guy de Maupassant.

New Orleans Tennis Courts.

"I was walking out St. Charles avenue this morning," said a northern visitor, "and I saw several tennis courts, the lines of which were marked out on the sward by grass of a different color from that which carpeted the court. I made inquiries about the matter and found that nearly all the New Orleans tennis grounds were marked off in that way. It is a very pretty idea, and one that I have never seen anywhere else."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Prelate's Eloquence.

In 1104, when Henry I was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears.

Taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves and cropped the whole congregation.—London Fun.

HOW THEY DINED.

The Methods of the English at Table In the Seventeenth Century.

The old English had three meals a day, of which the chief meal was taken when the work of the day was finished. The first meal was at 9, dinner was about 3 o'clock, and supper was taken just before bedtime. The Normans dined at the old English breakfast time or a little later and supped at 7 p. m. In Tudor times the higher classes dined at 11 and supped at 5, but the merchants seldom took their meals before 12 and 6 o'clock.

The chief meals, dinner and supper, were taken in the hall both by the old English and the Normans, for the parlor did not come into use until the reign of Elizabeth. Breakfast did not become a regular meal until quite lately, and Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, gave 1463 as the date of the earliest quotation in which the word occurred. The meal did not become recognized until late in the seventeenth century, for Pepys habitually took his draft of half a pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong waters in place of a morning meal. Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the accession of Henry IV to the death of Queen Elizabeth the dinners were as sumptuous and extravagant as any of those now served.

Carving was then a fine art. Each guest brought his own knife and spoon, for the small fork was not introduced into England until Thomas Coryate of Odcombe published his "Crudities" in 1611. Pepys took his spoon and fork with him to the lord mayor's feast in 1663. The absence of forks led to much stress being laid upon the act of washing the hands both before and after meals and to the rule that the left hand alone should be dipped into the common dish, the right hand being occupied with the knife.

The perfect dinner at the best time of English cookery consisted of three courses, each complete in itself, and terminated by a subtlety or device, the whole being rounded off with ypocras, after which the guests retired into another room, where pastry, sweetmeats and fruit were served with the choicer wines. The English were essentially meat eaters, and it was not until the time of the commonwealth that pudding attained its extraordinary popularity. Indeed, the first mention of pudding in the menus of the "Buckfeast" at St. Bartholomew's hospital did not occur until 1710, and in 1712 is an item of 5 shillings for ice.—London Times.

The honey of the snapdragon cannot be extracted by the common bee, which has not weight enough to pull down the lower jaw of this curious flower; only the humblebee has access to the interior.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying.

MOONRISE SERENADE.

Moonrise and a mellow sheen
All the slumbrous hills are steeping.
Wake, my sweet one, her be sleeping
Through sweet Cynthia's softest phase—
Wake and rise and swiftly glide
To thy lattice, sweet, for, oh,
One who wooes thee for his bride
Sigheth here below!
I love you! I love you!
My heart, I must confess,
Can no more love you more
Than it can love you less.

Moonrise! Through the casement blind,
Lo, the golden lovelight streaming—
Lady, lady, past my dreaming,
Thou art kind, most kind!
He who heard thy garment glide
Swiftly o'er the happy floor,
He who wooed thee for his bride
Sigheth now no more.
I love thee! I love thee!
My heart—oh, happiness!—
Can never love thee more,
Need never love thee less.

—O. K. Bell in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SHE RODE FOR FUN.

"Jim," said I, breaking in upon his ditty, "what was the yarn you were going to tell about the time you engineered that English hunting party through the Bear Paw mountains?"

We were riding along the trail which stretches its serpentine length at the feet of the eternally grand old Rockies between Forts McLeod and Calgary on a bright, warm afternoon in January. When they have a "chinock" out there, sporting in its rude, boisterous, yet withal genial fashion, through the deep defiles of the mountains from over the Pacific, with a rumble like Niagara at a distance and a force which makes you button your coat up tightly to keep it from blowing off, the snow soon vanishes even in midwinter, and the thermometer jumps from "40 below" to "temperate" so suddenly that you wonder if the sun has not wheeled himself several degrees out of his normal course at such a season or the breath of an approaching prairie fire is not fanning your cheek.

The singer gave the wad of tobacco in his jaw a twist with his tongue and aimed an amber jet at a "bulldog" on his horse's ear before turning upon me a pair of glistening eyes, with black points set in saucers of milk, a short, impudent nose and a rather weak mouth, round the corners of which lurked a musing smile. Then, after a pause, he said:

"Oh, yes. Well, Littlefield was the chief of the outfit, an he hed his wife along—fine, spankin woman, good to look at. There was another Englishman—a great shot—called Wells, an a nigger cook, a big, slashin buck, but with no mo' sand in him than a pusillanimous jack rabbit. Lord, how we did scare that poor critter! His teeth used to chitter like a squirrel's; it's a wonder he didn't shake 'em out of his big woolly head." Fraid of his own shadder after night, an he'd make one any time, even if it was pitch dark, he was so infunal black. You might as soon git this here buzzard head I'm a-ridin to stand on one leg as coax that nigger to mosy outside the flare o' the campfire after sundown for a pail o' water or fer any other pu'pos', fer the matter o' that. You see, he was a 'pilgrim'—never been on a layout of this sort afore, an he was that blamed tender a goat would nibble him.

"But, I b'leeve, to talk Christian, I was partly re-sponsible fer his behn so extray-ordinary skittish. He sta'ted oncet or twicet fer water after night to a crick quite handy, sho'tly after we went into camp. I jest stepped off 15 paces into the pines an let a 'yee-ow' or two out of me, an Jumbo, he throwed back his ears an yelled—tee-riffic, I tell you—an come prancin up to the campfire—jest techin high spots, you understand—with his two sighters sticking out like the knobs on the horns of a ornery freight ox, shakin like a sick cow in a north wind, an dern a pail in sight.

"After that a Quaker meetin ner a cyclone wouldn't budge him, an if you asked him to put a tree between him an the blaze after dark he'd weep like a wolf. An that woman! No—she didn't laugh none—o-oh, no-o!" And Jim lay back in his saddle and sent a peal echoing up among the foothills which shook the few lingering traces of soft snow from the branches of the spruces.

That Jim was a "mule skinner" does not imply that he was expert at removing hides—in toto. Simply that he belonged to that select bunch of frontiersmen whose superlative boast is that they can drive or ride "anything that wears hair"—that he was passed master in the craft of teamsterism.

He adjusted the pistols in his belt, gave a forward tilt to his broad rimmed buckskin hat and a hitch to his fringed leather "chaps," and kicked his big, jingling Mexican spurs against his cayuse's flanks before resuming:

"But I was a-goin to tell you 'bout Mis' Li'l'field. She was a mighty fine woman, as I said before, an well put up—fond of out of door sport an of ridin in partic'lar. Well, one bright, warm mornin Li'l'field an Wells went of huntin, an I got orders (I was teamster an guide to the outfit, you know) to move camp acrost the 'divide'—about 20 mile—in the meantime. So, after breakfast an the dishes hed been wiped, we packed up the outfit an struck camp, but it was well on in the day before we pulled out.

"Now, Mis' Li'l'field hed a spankin bay hoss specially fer her own use. I hedn't no objections to her ridin, of co'se, not commonly. But you know it ain't jest nice to be rollin down a blamed co'kscrew mount'in trail after dark an gettin into camp late an hevin to plant yer tents an square things out, cut yer kindlin an git yer water by cat light an wait till 9 o'clock, mebbe, fer yer supper. This was what hed happened different times through Mis' Li'l'field. She allers wanted to 'ride' when we shifted camp an follered the wagon on her bay hoss. It was unde'stood that when I was goin too fast or hed got too fur in the lead she would wave her handkercher, an I was to slack up or stop till she ketched the wagon. So I jest natterly 'lowed I'd give her a song an dance, hevin a pretty smart day ahead o' me an wantin to git into camp early. Consekently I told the nigger—who rode with me—not to look back.

"When we sta'ted, of co'se the fust ten mile or so was up hill mostly, an I couldn't travel extra fast, so it was 'bout 2 when we hit the summit, an everything hed went lovely. Then we hed a little 'hand out,' an the descent begun.

"I didn't lose no time. The mules stepped out gay' me a-poppin the buckskin among 'em oncet an awhile jest to keep 'em chee'ful an in good humor, an the hill—well, chain lightnin could go down—with britchin. I hedn't went a great ways when I heerd a fur off call—like a coyote got astray. Jumbo shifted kind of uneasylike on the seat an squinted sideways at me, but I was a-whistlin 'The Gal With the Travail Train,' and didn't see nor hear nothin, of co'se. Pretty soon the nigger he couldn't set peaceful an unconcerned no longer an stealed a look behin. Then he leaned forrard, 'th his han's 'tween his knees, an chuckled to hisself. I paid no manner of notice. Now he screws round again in his seat, chuckles, an twists a little harder, squints at me sideways again, an says:

"'She's a-wavin, Jim.'

"'Set still, you blamed black breasted sandpiper,' says I. 'Let 'er wave.'

"He was tol'abul quiet fer a sho't space, while you might cut a pine of terbacker, mebbe. The calls sounded pretty faint now. Far back up the rocky trail I coulo ketch the clear, sharp ring of her hoss' hoofs—pit-e-pat! pit-e-pat! pit-e-pat!—reminding me somethin of one of them gals from the east down in Benton chassayin up an down the room in a newfangled wardance they call the 'Rushin Polkay.'

"'Jumbo's head swung around again on its pivot. He squirmed an twisted an chuckled some more. The fun was too fast fer his ornery, woolly scalp, an he bu'st out:

"'Dah! she waves, Jim. Now—now! she waves. Dab—dah! she's a-wavin. Now—now! she's a-wavin, Jim. Now! she waves. Jim—Jim—Jim!—she waves. Jim—she waves!—she waves!—she waves!'

"Here he throwed out his wings—undulatinlike an very takin an winds up in a loud 'Yah, yah, yah!'—doublin hisself up an contortin an rollin round on the seat till I thought he'd drop out o the wagin. He was the most extropulous coon I ever see—that's right! I tried to kick him under the seat, but fact is, I was a-laughin at him till I was nigh non campus Memphis myself.

"'Pit-e-pat! Pit-e-pat! Pit-e-pat!' come from far back in the distance.

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