

BILL NYE'S TRAVELS

WHAT WILLIAM SEES ON THE CAR TO AMUSE HIM.

A Brief Account of the Earl of Tinkum, With Picture Drawn From Nature to Match—The Romance of an Oyster—Nye's New Smoking Jacket.

Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye. STILL VOYAGING OVER THE PERARAH. Last week we were in the Tennessee mountains, so often referred to by Charles Egbert Craddock. Surely Charles has a wonderful field in which to work. A bride and groom rode in our car all the forenoon from the extreme east of the State to Memphis. He had Titian hair and fine cut chewing tobacco for whis-



"MYER, MISTER, YOU FLUMS FORGOT ME." kers. They were just in bud. By and by he will need a trellis for them to climb up on, but not—not yet. His hair hung down over his collar, and every little while he would scoop it back and hang it over his ears to keep it from concealing his dough colored features. The two sat just ahead of me, and he kept his arm around her waist all the time and looked happy. When the conductor asked for his ticket, he tried to get it out of his pocket without using his engaged arm, but it was so difficult the conductor saw the situation and said: "Never mind. I will get it for you. Which pocket is it in?" And as a matter of fact the groom showed the official where the ticket was, and the latter got it and punched it, returning it to the place where it was. Talk about polite railroad officials! Here's where you find them.

The groom looked dreamily out of the car window, and the rested her large pink sunbonnet against his hickory shirt. His coat hung up in the car rack, for he had been taught to take his coat off and save it when indoors. She wore as a wrap a little shoulder shawl of red, blue and green. It was no bigger than a table napkin, though it was February and the air rather cool. Their joint luggage consisted of a little toy valise made of enameled paper, with a rupture on one side, through which could be seen a twist of dog leg tobacco and a big red apple. As we neared Memphis and the conductor began to gather up our checks the groom, seeing that he was going to be overlooked and being anxious to show his honesty, unhooked his half paralyzed arm from Roseanna and said:

"Myer, mister, you flums forgot me, I reckon. Myer's your ticket. I won't take no advantage or tell the feller that owns the kyars. I could use her over again, but I ain't that kind of a feller." "No," said the conductor, "you'd better keep that to ride on the Iron Mountain road with, so that you won't have to pay again. The conductor on that road is an awfully particular man, and likely as not he'd make you buy two more tickets." And so, with a flush of shame, crushed in the presence of his new wife while he was in the act of being honest in order to impress her, he hid back in his seat, gave the little ruptured satchel a kick, and putting his arm back around her waist he spat out of the window in time to leave a small washout for the next train and said nothing.

But the way these railroad men kindly piloted these babes in the wood to their train and showed them how to check their joint trunk, a little tin affair containing a bed quilt and a gourd to begin housekeeping with, showed that there is a big lot of kindness and humanity left among the hustling brakers and baggage smashers that will show themselves when occasion requires. During our ride through Kentucky a good natured old colonel pointed out to me an English younger son who came to the blue grass region two years ago to go into the mule industry. He could not make any money in England, so he pack-

ed up a lot of his elder brother's second-hand clothes, which, of course, did not fit him, and came to a far country to grow mules for the market. He bought a place at a very high price and built a house to live in. It consisted of a shower bath, with a kitchen attachment. I give a drawing of him as I drew it on the cars. He called himself Archie something or other, but in Kentucky they call him the Earl of Tinkum. Of course I never saw a very good picture of him, for the cars bobbed around so, but I have given him the aristocratic expression and poise of head very accurately. He got some guns—elephant guns—to use in case he should be attacked by Indians and had a compass to use in distracting the attention of the savages in case he should be captured. He had read at home about Captain John Smith and how he worked it. He also had a lot of taxidermy tools and things to stuff the buffalo and grizzly bear that he

heard to kill in case they came to attack his young mules and carry them off. He had read that the cost of raising a mule in Kentucky was comparatively nothing, but when grown \$200 to \$300 per pair was a very common price. He wondered why no one had seen that before and taken advantage of it. So he went to Spain and bought a beautiful jack called Ferdinand II, and the two came over together, the Earl of Tinkum and Ferdinand II. Both of them were seaisick most of the way over. The Earl suffered most, for he did not have the mental resources that Ferdinand did to occupy himself with. They landed in Kentucky a year ago and began to sit up and take notice. The Earl bought 20 jennies and moved out to the ranch. There they have all been for over a year, growing up with the country. No change has taken place on the ranch, so the colonel told me, except that Ferdinand II last October one day, when the gum tree was ablaze with color and the blue grass a soft emerald with the beautiful shade of the reddening oak, curled up in a fence corner and died. Some said it was homesickness, but generally it was agreed that Ferdinand died because he had been disappointed and deceived by the Earl of Tinkum. The colonel got to speaking of the calamity against Kentucky regarding the master of whiskey. "We don't consume any more whiskey than Maine does," he said, "but we want it good. Now, my neighbor, Judge Elder, wanted some of the same kind of whiskey as mine—it is 9 years old, which is plenty old enough, I think, and about as old as we allow it to get here—so he went up to Louisville and bought a barrel of it for medicinal purposes. He asked me to come down to his place after he got home and sample it. I told him it was the same thing as mine, only that I thought I could detect a flavor of iron—just a trace—in it. "He was sorry to hear that, and a week afterward he got Colonel Dillingham to come down and pass his opinion on it. Dillingham took some, shut his eyes and seemed to be in a brown study for a few minutes. Then he said—sort of slow and conservative, you understand—that it was the same brand of liquor and same age, within three or four days very likely, but he reckoned there was just the least little taste of leather in it. "Judge Elder couldn't sleep nights after that. He worried over it even on the bench, and you could see the lines of care forming about his mouth. "Finally he couldn't stand it any longer, so he told his big nigger Joe to turn out the whiskey slowly and examine it carefully and put it into another barrel. "He did so, and, by George Harry! at the bottom of the barrel he found a kyarpet tack with a leather head on it! We don't drink much liquor, Mr. Nye, but we're mighty particular about what it is. "I notice in a Denver paper that a suit for divorce has been instituted by Mrs. Alice Oyster against Mahlon Oyster, her husband, on the ground of infidelity. Probably she didn't know that he was an infidel when she married him. She little thought when she married Mahlon in North Platte, Neb., in 1881, that it would result in an oyster stew so soon. At North Platte Mr. Oyster was regarded as a New York count, but he turned out to be a cow, and a shy one at that. So she grew cold, and learning of his infidelity, she being a good member of the church, she forbade Mahlon her bed—oyster bed—and board. "Nothing can be sadder than to be disappointed in one we love. Alice no doubt loved Mahlon devoutly, but he was not what she had thought him to be or what he represented himself. Instead of being a blue blood, there was not even a blue point about him. He was just a common cove oyster, and an infidel at that. He fell in love with a member of the coalish aristocracy, and Mrs. Oyster at once smelt a mice (Lancashire humor). He was the kind that one can get at 20 cents a can. One little oyster 11 years old was the result of this union. His name was Pat. His schoolmates call him Oyster's Patty. That's because he's not popular in the school for the reason that he puts on too many scallops. Mrs. Oyster has always been a consistent Christian—a hardball Baptist. Hence his infidelity has caused her to consider him a bad oyster. She has put the matter in the courts, and through the columns of the paper she has given him a mock roast. She says she may have been a goose, but not of Oyster's dressing. She claims to have maintained herself and Oyster's Patty for over five years, and she has decided not to be a clam. She desires absolute divorce from Mahlon and asks also for alimony, to be paid out of his celery. How sad all this is to consider! To think that for years one is an oyster, then to find that he has been a sucker! But enough. This reminds me somehow—this humor, on which I paid \$5 duty the other day—of a lady acquaintance of mine who rose in the night last week, and finding the room too warm opened the window and held it open by means of a stick of stove wood. To prevent burglars entering the room without alarming her she used a stick that still had the bark on it. I am recently indulging in a nice new smoking jacket. It is a gorgeous affair, and I wear it while lolling about my room. In fact, I like it so well that I have almost smoked myself into heart disease so as to wear it. It has a bright scarlet silk trimming, and lots of times I do not need a fire in my room if I put on this jacket. The other evening we appeared in the courthouse and had no dressing room. So when I pulled off my overcoat on the platform to begin speaking I got a round of applause that I was not looking for. It shook the dome of the courthouse and drowned the noise down in the register of deeds' office, where he was filing a deed. I had worn, instead of my swallowtail, this deafening smoking jacket. I had the glee club sing another selection and sent a colored boy for my dress coat. Changing the two on the platform, to show that there was no deception about it, I then proceeded with my whirlwind of eloquence. I had worn, instead of my swallowtail, this deafening smoking jacket. I had the glee club sing another selection and sent a colored boy for my dress coat. Changing the two on the platform, to show that there was no deception about it, I then proceeded with my whirlwind of eloquence. Bill Nye

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