

# The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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## TOGETHER

We loved each other long and true—  
And at last in April weather,  
When the crocus buds were breaking  
through,  
And the dying moon hung faint in the blue,  
We put to sea together.  
For years we sailed on the sunny main,  
And then came stormy weather;  
Our vessel groined with the tug and strain,  
And out in the shrieking wind and rain  
We faced the gale together.  
But whether the sky was dark or bright,  
Or fair or foul the weather,  
Our love was ever the beacon light  
That cheered our souls in the darkest  
night.  
And held our hearts together.  
And now we sail in our battered boat,  
Unmindful of the weather;  
The winds may rave and the clouds may  
frown,  
But little we care if we sink or float,  
So we sink or float together.  
—Henry Lynden Flash, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

## THE AUTHOR OF THE CRIME.

BY CARL SMITH.

WITH an alarm which was not entirely unmelodious the engine dashed in alongside the platform, and out of the neighboring night came two men who made speed to find comfortable positions of semi-recumbency in the smoker. One of them drew an evening paper from his pocket and began reading it with apparent interest. The other filled a briar pipe and interrupted the reader to ask him for a match.

The man with the pipe forgot to smoke, and the man with the paper, although he must long since have arrived at the place where the story was interrupted by the fold, did not turn his journal, but stared into it with eyes which read nothing. Both desired to speak to one another, and each seemed disinclined to make the first vocal advance. Finally the man with the paper, with his eyes still intent on the big, black type of the heading, said something about the storm.

"It is very bad weather for one to be out unless he positively has to," the other remarked. "I wish I didn't."

"You got on at Binton, didn't you?" inquired the reader.

"Yes. Horrible little town. I stopped there to do some business, but the entire population was taken up with discussion of the murder, so I had to pull out," disgustedly.

"I thought I saw you at the station," the other said, "but I wasn't sure. I pity you. I pity anyone whose fortune sends him into a muddy little country town in stormy weather. That was a strange murder, wasn't it? I have been reading of it in the evening paper. Do you know it affected me most wonderfully? The newspaper account was so realistically presented, you know, and it seemed to take possession of my mind. Possibly it was the motion of the train and the transition into light from darkness, and perhaps the lulling influence of the storm from which I am sheltered, but whatever the combination it set me to dreaming on one proposition of that murder and I hardly seemed myself.

"Is that so?" said the man with the pipe, in a tone that indicated sudden and intense interest.

"Yes, I got to thinking about the murderer, and about how he must feel just now. I pictured myself as the author of the crime. I tried to conceive what would be my sensations if I were really the man who had killed Old Winchester. As I read, it seemed that some sort of an influence came over me, and some strange metamorphosis changed me from my real personality, giving me that of the assassin. I yielded myself to the phenomenon, and mind and body were no longer my own. I felt the sudden sensation of horror which comes to one who has just taken life. Of horror not because of the wickedness of the crime, but because of the improbability of escape. I fancied myself standing over the victim, whose body lay like a pulp and disorganized bundle before me, and wondering what had made me so foolish as to kill him in exactly the manner which would cause the crime to be traced with unerring di-

rectness to me. Every provision I had made for safety seemed now to be a new proof of guilt. My artfully contrived devices for concealment were open declarations of culpability."

"But," said the other, "you left no marked weapon—no property of your name which could lead to association of your name with the crime—did you?"

He spoke with great positiveness, and then, as though regretting what he had said, leaned back in his seat and looked with nervous earnestness at his newspaper-reading companion.

"That would be the set of an imbecile and not of a clever man, such as I am. Also that would be the way a vulgar murderer would perform," said the latter. "But I committed the crime studiously, skillfully. That is why it could be so readily traced to me. The question arises: 'Who slew the man—

adult or a person of intellect? Straight way comes the answer—based on attendant facts—which shuts out of consideration any but a man of intelligence. It confines the murder to a very narrow circle—do you not see? Probably one-fifth of the people of this world are intelligent enough to be clever in a matter of murder; the other four-fifths, given a crime for commission, would perform the work blunderingly and amateurishly—would slaughter and go away. This crime was not so committed. Consequently a shrewd and gifted man did the job. Consequently, also, four-fifths of the number of men who might otherwise have been held as possibly blameworthy are exculpated by the fact of their obtuseness. Do you not see how blame is centered? As an illustration, let us take the number 1,000. Say our culprit is among these. Well, the crime shows that the work was of a dillurd, we would have to search among the full thousand, for the intelligent man can do the work of the clown, but the clown cannot counterfeit the man of brains. But, on the other hand, the indications are that the criminal is a man of high order of intellect. By the cold, hard proof of unlying figures we straightway strike off 800 from the list of the blamable, and we have but 200 to investigate."

"Interesting, but still you have a great number, and your man may yet escape." A strange look was on the face of the match borrower.

"Impossible. Do you not see that the philosophy which will allow the culprit to be traced to the extent I have mentioned will proceed with another equation and set aside—well, let us say, 150. Then the pursuer has but 50 persons to look after where five minutes before he had 1,000. Another simple process of figures and the 50 is reduced to 20, the 20 to five—and so on until you come to the one of all where the blame lies. Do you see? I, the murderer of Old Winchester, stood at his body, and in an instant all this flashed before my mental eye. Why, even as I looked about me, I saw how this detail of preparation for the deed was going to cut out 18 per cent, and that other incident, which I had considered so clever, was absolutely certain to release 30 per cent. of the possible criminal population from the diffusion of blame. Did they not teach you in youth that figures cannot lie?"

The other man looked intently into the face of the philosopher. He seemed to be attempting to read the strange thoughts back of those burning eyes. He did not answer.

"As I stood there," the man with the newspaper continued, "I foresaw how horribly I had erred. I saw that the night beyond was filled with proofs, not of my identity, but proofs that it was not this man or that, or one of this 50 or that 100 who had slain Mr. Winchester. Oh, no. I had planned it all with wonderful foresight, and there was absolutely nothing to connect me directly with the death of the old man. Ah, but the proofs that the murderer could not—absolutely could not—be any of that large number which might otherwise be suspected were equally numerous. It is very simple. A death is brought about by violence. Some man is the author of the wickedness. We take all those who by any shadow of possibility could have performed the function, and by the process of elimination we find our man. We may have to start in with the whole population of the world, but the end is as definite and certain. One from two leaves one in Illinois, just as it does in Syria. Arithmetic cannot be set aside any more than can the law of gravitation. All this appeared to me as I looked down upon the face of my victim. I saw how I must keep coming back to the scene to revise and amend my crime, so that blame might be thrown elsewhere."

The other man started in his seat. He placed his pipe in his pocket.

"I saw that I must dwell forever in an atmosphere of foolishly attempting to make four from five equal two by making my figure five larger or my figure four smaller on the blackboard. But, my friend, it cannot be done."

"No," said the other, "it cannot be done."

Suddenly there came a quick lurch of the car and the newspaper fell from the hands of the man who had been so intently regarding those black headlines. The reader straightened up and his demeanor was as of one emerging from a hypnotic spell. He looked about hastily. "I must get off," he said.

"No," the other quietly remarked, "You must go on to the city with me. As you said, when the mesmerism of the memory of your crime was upon you, 'one from two leaves one,' and you are the one. I knew it for some time before, of course, but still your little dissertation while under the influence of the newspaper story has been mightily entertaining." His right hand rested on just the hint of a revolver, and with his left he opened his coat and showed the little silver star beneath—  
Chicago Record.

"YOU GOT ON AT BINTON."

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## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### The Abounding Grace of Christ and His Sacrifice.

What He Surrendered to Become the Redeemer of Mankind—We Can Never Fully Appreciate His Self-Sacrifice.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage told again the old, old story of abounding grace, but dressed it in new garb in the telling. His sermon was based on the text:

You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor—II. Corinthians, viii.

That all the world which on a cold winter's night make the Heavens one great glitterer are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world awaiting somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appears to be of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas or poem or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it Heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. No frost has ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a suicide, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been a black veil, nor there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked: "What is this?" he would have said: "What is sorrow? What is death?" the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in Heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants looked off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days He was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest in the land, and among the times He took chariot, and among the times He rode on the back of His was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when St. John described Him, He took white palfrey with what grace of foot and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye, is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the father to die and then take the throne. When years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the royal gallery representing the Emperor William on the throne, and the crown prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. Was a crisis of dominion? What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the center of the city on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder his text says that "He was rich." Set all the diamonds of earth in one sceptor, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, all the aggregate could not express His affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold \$600,000,000, and in silver \$1,079,377,000. But a greater than Solomon is here. No wine millions there, but the owner of all things. To describe His celestial surroundings, the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as the agate in the temple window, and holding 13 of them into the wall, from striped-jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphir, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysope, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harp, trumpet, ceteras. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, Himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in worship, rich in "all the fallows of the Godhead bodily."

But one day there was a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! A place the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands,

an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached Heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of groans, but never an outcry of distress or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumstance, and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Sit with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate.

"No," said the prince, "I can not stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, hosts cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to Heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid fens of earth to atmosphere of a torch radiance, and have no time to lose, for hark ye to the groan that grows mightier while I wait! Farewell! Farewell! 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor.'"

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of His earthly arrival? Surely, the angels who that night in the sky, and an especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

John Newton sang of it when he wrote:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved the wretch like me.

Philip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

Grace, 'tis charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Grace Abounding." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. The boy Sammy was right when being examined for admission into church membership he was asked, "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered, "Part mine and part God's." The examiner asked, "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was, "I offered God all I could, and He did the rest!" Oh, the height of it, the breath of it, the Grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, the king offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace."

Yes, yes; for your sake! It was not on a pleasure excursion that He came, for it was all pain. It was not an astronomical exploration, for He knew this world as well before He alighted as afterward. It was not because He was compelled to come, for He volunteered. It was not because it would be easy, for He knew that it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vexation of angry mobs. "For your sake!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companion-ship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind your wounds in the ugly battle with the world, and bring you home at last, kindling up the mist that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. "For your sake!" No! I will change that. Paul will not care and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sake!" For we all have our temptations and bereavements and conflicts. For our sake! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as poor poorer than this, and this as poorer than Heaven. For our sake! What a frightful coming down to take us gloriously up!

When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tiribazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garment, the king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tiribazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inopportune. But see the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe, He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become as well, and for the poverty of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of Heavenly reglement. For our sake! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate machinery, not an ice castle like that which the Empress Elizabeth of Russia over a hundred years ago ordered to be constructed, winter with its trowels of crystal cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but our Father's house, with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth, and inspiration, and light, and cheer; something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, and recreations, and joys, and sorrows. Not an unmaneuverable gift, like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required 4,000 men to row, and the draughts of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, spring-

pearls of His Heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power, the Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of Heaven. I wish that some day you might go to the Holy Land and take a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the sermon of the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and become afternoon on Calvary at about three o'clock—the hour at which closed the crucifixion—and sit under the sycamore and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of Him who came our souls to save. But you may be denied that, and so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount, as well we may, how poor was our Heavenly Prince. But in the other holy land above we may all study the riches that He left behind when He started for earthly expedition. Come, let us hark to each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it.

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## "IN THE CHRISTMAS."

### The Sage of Rocky Creek Looking Backward.

Hank Williams and Widdler Biggers—When the Census of True Love Died's—Sea Smooth by a Whole Lot—The Out Prayingest Prayer.

Every time I go down to the Flat Woods and back—across the bridge over the Jordan creek—I can't keep from thinking about Hank Williams and the widdler Biggers, a d d the scandalous had confusion with it they got into an onet upon a time. In them days, a touchin which I now seat myself to drop you a few scatterin remarks, Hank Williams was livin right there at the old Williams' place on the hill this side of the creek, whilst the Widdler Biggers was livin over across on the other at a mile and a half, or maybe a little better.

At that time the Widdler Biggers was fat and fair and forty—already "broke and brideweive," as Brif Foster were wont to say. But Hank Williams he was one of the most nervous and bashfullest men that I have ever scraped up an acquaintance with. He was jest about good grown then—stood full six feet in his socks and was a man amongst men. He had went through 15 or 20 bad fights and always whipped his man as easy as fallin off of a wet log. But when it come to the female generation—well, Hank Williams he was in the fight any to speak of. I have seen him get caught out amongst the women folks, as it were, and blamed if it didn't look to me like he would have everything on the sick list from a night sweat to a buckuger. I now recollect one time when a gang of us boys tolled Hank off to a brak dance over the hill country and turned him loose in the house where there was a tremendous big drove of girls and he was the onlyest boy, and I'll be blessed if he didn't take a sudden case of measles and break out.

It was in the dead of winter—some-where along between Christmas and New Year—and by this time Hank had worked up a furious bad case with the widdler. He had sent her his fine two-year-old turkey gobbler to make a Christmas dinner, and in her killin time she had returned his double-breasted compliments by sendin him a big mess of backbone, and spare ribs, and sausages, and the like of that. So fur as anybody knows, Hank never did fool off any time writin love letters, with plenty of flowers and fancy trimmings thrown in for good measure. But yet still at the same time, anybody could see that one eye and see that he meant business over across the creek, and the widdler—well, she want gone nowheres.

Finally at last in them days it come to pass that a big circus was comin to town Friday night before New Year, and the time had now come for Hank Williams to do about or die.

"Out the Pot, Widdler!"

That Wednesday mornin before the circus was to show on Friday Hank come by our house bright and early on his way to town. I had went out to the lot and was tendin to the stock when he rid by in a swingin gallop—whichever up to that time I never had seen him pass by before sunrise, nor forin faster than a pear foot walk.

"Somethin in the wind this mornin, Rufus," says mother to me, when I returned back from the lot. "Hank Williams is up and gone too outlandish soon and ridin most to furious like and fast."

But I didn't take any particular notice of what was goin on till late that evenin when Hank come back from town. Then I could see where in mother had placed him dead to rights. He was now ridin in a spankin new buggy, with bright shinin harness and a red striped lap robe. Human nature is most in general always human, and so I naturally went out in the big road when I saw Hank comin, and held him up and called on him to know what in the discovered world was goin on.

"Nothin in particular, Rufus," says he, "except it is now or never with me and the widdler. The cards are comin my way this evenin, and to-morrow I will cut the pot, win or lose. We have made our arrangements to go and take in the show, hand in hand together, and then if the weddin don't come off in pursuit of adjournment, I will have to know the reason why. Rufus, you have travelled all the gait and covered all the ground. Spoon you come over and see me off in good and regular order."

Man air, I can set my eyes to-night and look back and see Hank Williams as he went forth that day to court the Widdler Biggers. He wore a full black suit of new store-bought clothes—fine split silk and soft as the fur on a cat's back—and likewise a bell-crown stovetop hat. In his outside left vest pocket he carried a new open-face silver watch, which you could hear it tick into the next room. On one finger he wore a gay gold ring, whilst the smell of musk was in his clothes and bear grease in his hair. And when he went out and drive off in his new buggy—with the bright shiny harness and red striped lap robe—I says to myself, says I—if the namesting holds and the brass don't break and the hreschin don't fly up, there is plenty of fun in America yet.

A Time for Memory and for Tears.

In the meantime you must recollect, young and gentle reader, that there is many a slipper betwixt the old spring down under the hill and the water bucket on the back shelf. Did

the Widdler Biggers go to the circus that day? She did. And Hank Williams—did he go with her? He didn't. But now as to the whyfores and the whences of thereof, I can but only tell you like Hank told me the next time me and him met up together.

Everything went smooth and lovely, Rufus, till I got down to the creek. Says Hank to me, "but as I driv across the bridge the machinery jumped a cog. Dabblame it, there is where I busted the jug and spilt my molasses, so to speak. You know I was drivin that big socci horse Ball, which I got in the swap with Will Tom Pickens, and which Will Tom had bought him from the widdler."

"Well, as I driv across the bridge, feelin as rich and handsome as any roebud, I pulled out my watch and leant back to see what time of day it was. Right there—in that very same sad minute old Ball tipped and fell to his knees, and then flopped around there so terrific till hanged if it didn't look to me like he would tear the bridge down before he could catch on his feet onst more. In the general shake up and confusion I dropped my watch and it rolled off of the bridge and into the creek below. I had saw right where it fell, and it didn't take me long to see what I had to do, or lose a bully watch.

"So I driv out on the other side of the bridge, turned old Ball out to one side of the road, climbed out of my fine clothes and my stovetop hat, and went down into the water after my watch. Now presently, whilst I was down there chila-deep in the water feelin for my watch with my toes—thinkin I would find it for certain before I made the dive—I looked up the hill and there was old Ball, polin off in a jog trot and headed for the widders with my fine new suit of store-bought clothes and my stovetop hat in the buggy."

"Then, man, sir, I come up out of that water like I was shot out of a cannon and put out upon the road after old Ball. I give him a clost race for something better than a mile, and when finally at last I scrambled into the buggy from behind we was right there in sight of the widdler's house. Old Ball had slipped the bridle and was dragging the lines on the ground. I couldn't pull him in, and the blamed old skat wouldn't stop for nothin. I talked to him kind and gentle like, then loud and vehement. I first begged him, and then cussed him, but dabblame him he halt his gait and keep the road—never missed a lick uphill and downhill. You can see, Rufus, where somethin had to be done right away immediately, and a little sooner if possible.

"Consequently I clambered into a few of my clothes and then wrapped up snug and clost in one corner of my lap and lovely lap robe. Likewise also, I pulled on my fine fur trimmed dogskin gloves and my stovetop hat—which in the meantime it had fell out and got run over and mashed in the mud till it looked like the ragged edge of ruination. Time was so precious then—the moments flew so scandalously fast—and I done like you would do, Rufus—like any man would do in a bad case of pushensy. And to speak forth the great unwashed truth, when I tell you I had on a stovetop hat, a pair of gloves, a lap robe and a few undergarments—the story is told.

"This and so we reached the widdler's place. If I had but only held the ribbons in one hand and a good whole boot slipped the bridle and was drivin right on by there in a dead run. But in gentle remembrance of his corn and fodder in the past—for the sake of better and brighter days gone by—that blamed old horse turned out and trotted right up to the front gate.

"The widdler, it would seem, she was ready and a waitin—primped clean out of sight and dressed in an inch of her life. Here she come prancin out to the buggy, with her ribbons and her finery naturally rustlin in the wind and whistlin at every step. We passed the regier compliments in regards to the weather, and when she wanted to know how I was comin on, I told her ruther poorly, thank the Lord. She wanted me to light and come in and let her fix me up some snakeroot and pepper tea. But I was as snok as a fox right then and sweetin like a free nigger on election day. Then she put in and fixed the bridle and took up the lines and crawled into the buggy, and we rid off towards town. The widdler she had circus on the brain, and nothin but the circus would fill the bill for her. She could tell that I was neither drunk nor crazy, and from my general apperments I reckon she thought I was too bad skivered and rattled to know anything for certain.

"As I driv down the road I wondered in my soul what I must do. And what would I do? Rufus, but put my trust in the good Lord, and wait and watch and pray. In my mind and on the sly I prayed, and I do reckon I prayed the out prayinest prayer that ever went up to the throne of grace—pray in that somethin mought happen to keep me from goin to town and to the circus with the widdler under the surroundin circumstance.

We had went about two miles when all of a sudden we turned a bend in the road and driv up behind John Andrew Milligan and his folks in a wagon. It was a monstrous rough place in the road, and old Ball stopped so quick and sudden like till the couplin pin broke and the buggy come uncoupled, and me and the widdler went down in one and smash-up. She fell out on my way and I fell out the other, whilst my new clothes tumbled out in a pile right there in the mud.

But now, as for me and the widdler, we have took out and quit hamerforwards and forevermore. I ain't fittin to be foolin and fumbler around amongst the female generation, Rufus, and it is overlastingly too late for me to get fitten. And you are dead right in regards to one thing, Rufus—there is many a slipper betwixt the old spring down under the hill and the water bucket on the back shelf. Did

RUFUS SANDERS.