

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI

MODEL CHILDREN.

Dat fust chile am Abs'lum 'Neezer,
An' dat nex' one's Ephaham;
Ober dhr am Potiphar Cessar—
Him 'n' we 'n' short call Sam.
Sorter 'semlin'! Like free pins, sah;
Can't mos' tell which which one am;
Dat, 'I spec', is case-dee twins, sah—
Abs'lum, Ephaham, an' Sam.
Yo' nebbier seed steh peaceable chillun;
No, dey nebbier disumree;
Jes' watch 'em ead dat water-millun—
Peaceable, sah, as dey be!

Dar, now, chillun, quit yee foolin';
Frow dat pig! 'I see! 'I see!
Yes, dey likes ter all be pullin';
But dey 'll mind jes' when I say.
Luff him be, dar, Ephaham; yo'
Neezer's took de biggest share!
Yo' det solem' fack 'll do mar' and,
Hage Joan divide dat fair!

Did'n yo' hear me talkin', Abs'lum?
Luff right yo' ob Ephaham's luff!
Dar's enuff; ye all ken hab sum—
Cuff him agin, sah, if yo' dare!
Potiphar, stop dat! Mind yee mudder!
Look out fo' yo' tear his cloze!
Him't yer shakin' to squall yee brudder?
See dat poor little Abs'lum's nose!
Hil' yo' wilecat, dar, hage's strangin';
Doan yer da's to frow dat ston'
'Pears yer wuss' doas fur janglin';
If I da's to leab yer zone!

Whist! I heah de ole man 'wakin';
Shatter quick, wid all yer might;
Ye ken bet ye'll git a shakin'
If ye doan skoot out o' sight.
See 'em git! Yah! yah! What chillun!
Course dey'll jangle when dey's mad;
But dey 'll quit, sah, mighty willin';
When I menchun 'em, dar, and,
—Charles H. Turner, in Century Magazine.

THE SHUTES OF SHEFFIELD.

My wife and I had given much thought to the question of house rent, and had decided that we should not be justified in exceeding £120 a year, but we hoped to find a pretty little place in the country at that rate. Our requirements were modest. "Give me a well-cooked chop and a good glass of sherry, and I can rough it anywhere," said the intending traveler. We only wanted a thoroughly pleasant house, within easy distance of a country town where there was good society, a really good garden, a stable and coach-house, and a few fields. We had looked at many houses, when one day, after a morning of disappointment, we saw a charming one standing some little distance from the road, and a notice informed us it was to be let. We went to see it, and was simply perfect, and was surrounded by a garden which I loved at first sight. It was sheltered from every cold wind, open to every benign influence, and full of the most beautiful, old-fashioned flowers, all growing as if they had been at home there for years! A single glance showed me that some which I had long been vainly trying to cultivate were flourishing here with happy indifference to human care. My wife was delighted with the house—so was I—but it was the garden which completely carried me away. It was not very large, but there were wide open walks, and pretty, secluded paths, and roses and fruit trees, a lawn, and magnificent flower borders. Having once seen that garden, I never could be satisfied with any other.

"It's pretty, sir," said the housekeeper, observing how lovingly my eyes dilated. "A many pretty flowers grow here. They grow of their own accord like, for the gardener has little trouble with them."
"The gardener!" I exclaimed; "I never let people of that kind riot among my flowers!"
"Oh, lor, sir, well to be sure! But there has always been a gardener here. That's his cottage there, behind the trees," and she pointed out a pretty, red cottage across the lawn. Little was visible but the tops of some dormer windows, for a high trellis covered with roses screened it from view.

"What's the rent of Fairlawn?" I asked, in sudden fear, for the little bit I saw of the gardener's cottage was so well built that it alarmed me.
"One hundred and sixty pounds, sir."
My wife's countenance fell. With prompt decision she took off her spectacles, put them carefully in their case, and stowed them away in her bag, as no longer needed.
"One hundred and sixty pounds," I repeated, very sadly.

"Yes, my dear, that settles it," said my beloved wife; but she had no idea what regret I was feeling.
"I suppose it's no use thinking of it," said I, with a sigh, "but I never saw flowers do so well in any garden before."
"Come, John," said my wife. "It's only tiring ourselves for no purpose—we had better go. You know as well as I do that we ought not to saddle ourselves with such a high rent."
"Stop! I have an idea," said I, joyously. "We might reduce the rent by letting that cottage."

"You might, sir," interposed the housekeeper. "It has six rooms and a kitchen; it was let a little while back to the Curate. It's only the last year or two the gardener has had it."
We went to the cottage, and when I saw what an excellent house it was I decided to take Fairlawn. I settled the matter at once, and in ten days began to move in. I gave the cottage a name likely to induce ardent and poetical minds, called it Eglantine Cottage, and advertised it freely. It had a verandah covered with roses, and a pretty little garden of its own in front, sloping down to the high road. We had established ourselves at Fairlawn, brought our dear only daughter home from school, and returned most of the calls made on us by the resident gentry, before we had an application for the Cottage. At last a gentleman came—a man of five and thirty, with bushy brown hair, keen, inquiring, gray eyes, and a singularly intelligent face. His name was Shute. He had studied for the bar, but was forced to give up the country on account of his wife's health, and now devoted himself to literature. "They had no children, and did not object to a four-pound rent, though I myself had feared it was rather much." All was soon settled, provided the references he gave me were satisfactory.

They were most satisfactory. Each of the two responsible and well-to-do gentlemen to whom I wrote had the greatest pleasure in testifying to the high character of the gentleman who wished to be my tenant, and each concluded by saying that such testimony on his part was almost unnecessary, seeing that the said gentleman was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. I read this, and straightway a fine flavor of respectability attached itself to my tenant—he was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. This being the case, I dedicated to his enjoyment the larger part of a large hamper of fine ferns which had been sent me from Cumberland, and went and planted them myself in telling spots. That done, I tied up his roses so that his wife might have the full benefit of their beauty. And now all care was over, and we were really happy at Fairlawn. My wife had her pony carriage and explored the neighborhood, and I had my garden and my box of books from the library. Mr. Shute's furniture began to arrive, and Mr. Shute himself came to see all made ready for his delicate wife. He stayed with us, but he was so busy that we did not see much of him. He was, however, a very pleasant fellow, and we liked him.

"Oh! thank you. How truly kind!" exclaimed Mr. Shute. "Then we will have a key made. You know there is a door from our back yard into your garden, and we will have a key made for it at once, unless you have one you can lend us."
And now my poor wife knew what she had done, for, of course, it was out of the question for an invalid like Mrs. Shute to walk all the way round by the lane to the proper entrance, and yet, if she had a key and could come and go when she liked, all my pleasure in the garden would be gone. "You won't go when my husband is at work?" she said in desperation to Mrs. Shute, and then trusted to her delicacy. What a poor, weak thing to trust to!

They got the key—they used it. Mrs. Shute, who was not strong enough to go around to the proper entrance, meandered for miles along our gravel-paths and lawn. I could always trace her presence, for she plucked every flower she fancied, and flung it as quickly away, and I saw my slaughtered innocents lying bruised and withered in the sun, and could have slain her in turn. Mrs. Shute might be the creature of impression, but the flowers were the creatures of impression, too, and bore the marks of her ridiculous high-heeled shoes as she crushed them down in her ridiculous gait, and passed on. For some little time she respected my feelings and never entered the garden when I was at work. Soon, however, she came when she chose; and frequently I, hard at work in my gray flannel shirt, would see a sylph-like form arrayed in spotless white glide toward me, which planted a camp-stool within a yard of me, and seemed determined to enter into a prolonged conversation. If I moved away Mrs. Shute was certain to follow me. It was best to try not to mind her being there, and let her sit admiring her pretty feet and open-work stockings, and utter weak little remarks.

"She is coming to-morrow," said he; "there is no time to lose."
"I had not the courage to plead for its only being lowered, and my wife's windows of Eglantine Cottage raked my happy hunting-grounds where I had hitherto been so full of liberty, and so alone. My heart ached for the poor roses which had been thrown down with the trellis. Mr. Shute began to pluck them, and said he would put them in water to help to make the house gay for his wife. Then he threw them down, exclaiming: "After all, she won't be here till to-morrow. I am sure you will give me a handful of fresh ones in the morning."
"You have roses of your own," said I, impatiently, for he had flung down all those he had just gathered—and it infuriated me to see flowers ill-treated.

"I know I have," said he, calmly; "but I don't want to touch mine. They make the front of the house look well. My wife, Mr. Peveril, is quite the creature of impression! Come and see how you like the look of the little place now that the furniture is in."
Everything looked most charming. The rooms were large and low, with low, wide-latticed windows and window seats. The view into my garden was delicious. I never thought the Shutes paid too much rent after I had seen that. Their furniture was of the "Queen Anne" time, and suited the rooms to perfection. Eglantine Cottage was infinitely prettier than Fairlawn. I began to feel unbounded respect for this scion of the Shutes of Sheffield, for all this delightful result had been obtained so easily. There was very little furniture in the drawing-room; the floor was covered with Indian matting and Persian rugs; the curtains were of Japanese muslin; the walls hung with the most exquisite water-colors in perfectly simple wooden frames. There were twelve or thirteen magnificent Turners! I had only one, the gift of my rich uncle, and I was accustomed to consider it a priceless possession. Mr. Shute actually had thirteen, and a Girtin and a Barrett as well! Besides this there were shelves full of beautiful china plates. I had never seen such a dainty abode before. Such richly hung walls were a most agreeable sight to a landlord! Full of comforting inner warmth, I exclaimed: "Well, there is no fear of Mrs. Shute not admiring this!"

"You think so?" said he; "I'm so glad! I have had to be very careful what I did. You see, she is quite the creature of impression. I should be miserable if she said the Cottage was not pretty. By the by, did you know that she was one of the Wilмотs of Taunton?"
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"I do so wish that we had a little bit of ground at the back of our house," said Mr. Shute one day to my wife, "if it were ever so small. My poor wife never gets out; she can't sit in our garden, for it is so near the road, and being so much in the house is so dull."
Having said this, he looked anxiously into her eyes to see how much Christian charity she possessed.

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"You think so?" said he; "I'm so glad! I have had to be very careful what I did. You see, she is quite the creature of impression. I should be miserable if she said the Cottage was not pretty. By the by, did you know that she was one of the Wilмотs of Taunton?"
Now I was not going to stand that. I had made up my mind to feel a great respect for the Shutes of Sheffield, and, if they all had as good an idea of furnishing as Edward Shute, they were emphatically worthy of it; but I was not going to allow myself to be so much impressed by any other family. Besides, what were the Wilмотs of Taunton to me? It was well acquainted with every rose that was grown. I knew every pansy worthy of a place in my garden, but I had never heard of the Wilмотs of Taunton.

We went over all the rooms; one was fitted up as a studio. Mr. Shute's easel was set up, his color-box and palettes were ready; but, of course, he had not begun to work yet.
"I shall be glad when I get her safely here," said he. "By the by, how am I to fetch her from the railway station? Do you mind lending me the pony carriage?"
I said I would lend it to him; but I wished he had not said his pony carriage; it would not have looked so much like a vehicle which belonged just as much to him as to me.

Mrs. Shute was a tall, pale, languid-looking woman of eight and twenty, with fair hair—which was by no means all her own—and dull, blue eyes. She spent most of her time on the sofa.
"I do so wish that we had a little bit of ground at the back of our house," said Mr. Shute one day to my wife, "if it were ever so small. My poor wife never gets out; she can't sit in our garden, for it is so near the road, and being so much in the house is so dull."
Having said this, he looked anxiously into her eyes to see how much Christian charity she possessed.

My wife, poor dear woman, was taken by surprise, and replied: "I wish Mrs. Shute would use our garden sometimes—when my husband is not working in it, I mean, for when he is busy he likes to be careless about appearances."

"Oh! thank you. How truly kind!" exclaimed Mr. Shute. "Then we will have a key made. You know there is a door from our back yard into your garden, and we will have a key made for it at once, unless you have one you can lend us."
And now my poor wife knew what she had done, for, of course, it was out of the question for an invalid like Mrs. Shute to walk all the way round by the lane to the proper entrance, and yet, if she had a key and could come and go when she liked, all my pleasure in the garden would be gone. "You won't go when my husband is at work?" she said in desperation to Mrs. Shute, and then trusted to her delicacy. What a poor, weak thing to trust to!

They got the key—they used it. Mrs. Shute, who was not strong enough to go around to the proper entrance, meandered for miles along our gravel-paths and lawn. I could always trace her presence, for she plucked every flower she fancied, and flung it as quickly away, and I saw my slaughtered innocents lying bruised and withered in the sun, and could have slain her in turn. Mrs. Shute might be the creature of impression, but the flowers were the creatures of impression, too, and bore the marks of her ridiculous high-heeled shoes as she crushed them down in her ridiculous gait, and passed on. For some little time she respected my feelings and never entered the garden when I was at work. Soon, however, she came when she chose; and frequently I, hard at work in my gray flannel shirt, would see a sylph-like form arrayed in spotless white glide toward me, which planted a camp-stool within a yard of me, and seemed determined to enter into a prolonged conversation. If I moved away Mrs. Shute was certain to follow me. It was best to try not to mind her being there, and let her sit admiring her pretty feet and open-work stockings, and utter weak little remarks.

"She is coming to-morrow," said he; "there is no time to lose."
"I had not the courage to plead for its only being lowered, and my wife's windows of Eglantine Cottage raked my happy hunting-grounds where I had hitherto been so full of liberty, and so alone. My heart ached for the poor roses which had been thrown down with the trellis. Mr. Shute began to pluck them, and said he would put them in water to help to make the house gay for his wife. Then he threw them down, exclaiming: "After all, she won't be here till to-morrow. I am sure you will give me a handful of fresh ones in the morning."
"You have roses of your own," said I, impatiently, for he had flung down all those he had just gathered—and it infuriated me to see flowers ill-treated.

"I know I have," said he, calmly; "but I don't want to touch mine. They make the front of the house look well. My wife, Mr. Peveril, is quite the creature of impression! Come and see how you like the look of the little place now that the furniture is in."
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