

# Mrs. Hearne's Chauvies.

By PAUL KESTER.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]  
CHAPTER I.

"By the God's truth, I say I never heard the equal of that. I ask you, young man, was that right? May I never tell another lie as long as I live if I stays in a tom where the Gorgious carries it off so high. Here I jaws over the river into the gav, as who has a better right than an Egyptian? Here am I set on by all the little devils in barefoot and stockings, by all the dogs in the town. Now, I says nothing to that, for have I not my staff to drive off the jockels and my vast to cuff the chauvies about their ears? Indeed have I both my staff and my vast, as they learns to their sorrow. But by the God's truth, I will no longer remain in the land where every chieko muskro, every dirty policeman, may chiv me to staraben for talking a fortune and asking my lawful pay for the dukkerin."

Mrs. Hearne was indeed a tragic figure as she stood in the dusky room where the deputy sheriff, who made the arrest, had seen her locked safely a half hour before. She stood near the barred window, a tall, gaunt figure, with the last gleam of the lingering light of the yellow sunset gilding her tawny face.

"Dawdy! Dawdy! What are the poor people coming to when they cannot take what they can get from the dinello Gorgious without a greasy muskro put-



"Can't a woman go to her children?" ting them to staraben, to prison, with never a thought for their children? Here's the mush with the dud."

A prison attendant brought in a light. "It's closing time. You can't stay much longer," he said. Then, looking the door upon us, he continued his rounds.

"I turned again to the gypsy. "You must tell me what has happened, dye, or I can do nothing for you. It is growing late."

"I will tell you, young man. 'Tis growing late of a truth. I can feel the night coming on dark over my heart, for my chauvies are all alone in the van across the doyav, the river, and they are young children. They do not know where their mother is. They are waiting for her to come home with their supper. But she cannot come."

"Are they all alone, dye?" "All alone with the horses. The dog was killed the last fortnight. Ha, he took up some meat a farming mush threw him with some poison upon it. The pitiful Gorgious. They loves nothing the poor person has."

"When the yellow light fades, my chauvies will sit in the tan waiting for me, but I will not come. I will not, for the Gorgious are slow to open the doors of their prisons."

"I will tell you, then, quickly, how it befell. My rom, Mushie Hearne, shipped to California in the spring to bring some vans back which his brother left him by will. Coming overland is slow traveling. It's some time before I expects him. Now I travels alone. As you may know, it is not easy for me to cook the dinner, to care for the horses, to mind the chauvies, dukker and all. Many's the day it is little I have to put in the kettle, or to fry in the pan—aye, many's the day I have but a crust for my month. But the chauvies are fed and I asks no more. Now come I to this gav, the curse of the beng be upon it and upon me for pitching my tent within sound of its church bells. Here do I come to pen dukkerin. Here do I find a foolish old gentile who asks me if his son has not robbed him."

"Knowing it is the way of the Gorgious for the son to rob father, father to rob son, I answers that no doubt he has. Thereon I takes some of the young man's hair which the father brings me, a few threads, and I lays them between the leaves of a certain book which is mine, and I says an incantation, boiling my kettle, walking backward to the water, washing my hands behind my back, having nothing better to do, for which silly dealings and the like he gives me in hills in vonger, which is none too much to pay me for being a fool."

"The next day I do the same and the next. For each I gets the same luvver, nor would you do it for less. If the mush would make me a fool, he must pay. Now, on the fourth day I tells him for sure that his son is a thief, that he has taken his money. What does the old man do then but ask me to come with him into the gav that I may show him where it is hidden! I makes my excuse, saying I have my other engagements, but he will have it that I go. So I jaws with him, meaning to give him the slip, for I likes not his way. Once we gets into the gav I suspects something wrong by the look in his eye as well as by his laying his hand on my arm. Seeing a muskro coming toward us, I thinks it is time I am jawing. So I shakes off his hand and hurries away down a lane to the fields. Now, what should the fool do but set up a great cry and start after me as fast as he can. I waits for no more, but being a good runner I mends me my pace, landing him a pretty chase on down the

lane. Ha, now come the little boys and the dogs after me with the mush and the muskro yelling behind and the fields and the woods getting nearer and nearer. Dawdy! Then I catches my foot in a rut in my gad, and I falls flat in a heap in the gutter with a crowd coming up all about me, the little boys pulling my cases, my dress, while the jockels snap at my feet. Then runs up my pretty old Gorgious, all out of breath, and when he can speak he calls me a thief for taking his money—ha—and a mischief maker for setting him against his son. What then does the muskro? What indeed does the muskro but take me up rough by the arm and drag me here for no reason. Then do I learn that the thieving son has given the vonger back to his father. 'Tis for this that they put me to prison."

"By the God's truth, when my rom comes back he shall strange that old man and his son. Bad luck be upon them."

"But the money he gave you?" "Fool that I was to keep it about me. They searched me."

"And found it?" "My it burn out their pockets. May it pay for the bone which shall be their destruction when their children mixes it in their food. I hates them."

"They have their money again. Tomorrow, dye, I promise you shall go back to your chauvies."

The attendant returned with the prisoner's supper. "The sheriff says your time is up. You can come in again in the morning."

"Tomorrow, dye, it will be settled in a few hours. Kushto ratti."

"Tomorrow," her voice rang strangely in the lonely place, making me pause in the doorway. "But tonight, My chauvies. They are waiting for me in the van pardel the doyav. They are hungry." She turned to the keeper.

"Can't a woman go to her children?" she pleaded.

"No," said the keeper roughly. "With an oath the gypsy turned to the window."

"Have no fear for them, Mrs. Hearne. They shall be cared for. I saw her face twitch in the dim light."

"Will you take them this bite of bread for their supper? They are hungry. I have been gone from the camp all the day."

She stretched out the poor food in her gaunt hands.

"No, dye, I'll not take it. But they shall sup well enough. Make your mind easy. I'll see to them. Kushto ratti."

"You've the poor person's blessing, my son," she called after me as I passed out through the dim, chilly corridors into the warm summer night.

## CHAPTER II.

Over the hills came the moonlight, fresh with the wind that blew from the west. Under the trees shone the street lamps, breaking the shadows with patches of light. Up from the square into the hush of the evening floated the faint clatter of traffic, while a carriage rolled silently by over the smooth drive to lose itself soon in the shade of the great elms. Over all the town, peace; over the hills, the moonlight; in the tree tops, the robins, hushing their last notes; over the world, the soft wind, the white stars.

My footfall awakened the pleasant echoes as I went on treading the uneven bricks of the pavement, bits of song filled the evening, stealing out from half opened windows where the breeze gently stirred the white curtains, or, like a benison, ringing richly from the church doors as the congregation gathered for prayer meeting.

Across the cool square into the heart of the town, down the main street and over the bridge, with only a pause here and there to fill a good wicker basket or to change a word with a friend; so on and so over the bridge, so on to the great elm in the lane where Mrs. Leo and my pal Anselo had once made their camp, so to the van and the tan of my friend in the gloomy room with the barred windows.

I panned at some little distance to put my basket down in the tall grass while I reconnoitered. For all the soft summer night and the lights of the town just over the water the camp had a lonely, desolate look, as a hearth has when the fire burns low and tired children huddle over the coals awaiting the return of their mother. A fire was smoldering out near the tent. From the wagon came the sound of a child's voice, a child singing a child to sleep. The voice trembled. Suddenly the song ceased. The singer's sharp ears had caught the sound of my steps on the path.

"Mammy, mammy," cried two little voices. In the moonlight I saw three dark little heads crowd to the front of the van.

"Is it you, mammy? Nevader won't go to sleep. I've been singing a gillie to he. But it won't shut its eyes."

"It's not mammy," a second voice lispingly whispered; "mandy's atrash. I'm afraid."

"Mammy," tremblingly questioned the first voice. "Ain't it you, mammy?"

"Why don't mammy come home from the gav; mandy's atrash?" hisped the second voice.

"Mammy? Ain't it you, mammy? Dearie mammy, ain't it you?"

"Sarishan!" I cried, coming forward. "Romany chel! Romany chel!" piped the voices. Then the three little heads sunk into the gloom of the wagon, and profound silence reigned.

"Sarishan!" I repeated, knowing nothing more soothing to the ear of a gypsy than the old mystic greeting.

"Sar'san," piped a faint, frightened voice from the wagon, "but you ain't mammy."

"Tute tan't tum into our tan," hisped the second voice; "mandy's atrash."

"You need not be afraid, pal, for I come from your mother. Get down from the wagon and let's have supper. Mammy can't come home tonight, so I have come to stay with you. Come down and let's be acquainted."

"Who it's you?" asked the lisper. "I'm the man with the supper."

"Where it's the supper?" quoth the lisper, venturing his head a little way out of the wagon: "Mandy tan't dicker tupper."

"Dick adovo tucheni adoi, look at that basket there. The supper is in it."

"It's there much tupper?" demanded the lisper.

"There is enough."

"T'h that all?" plaintively wailed the lisper.

"Do you want more?"

"Yet, I want more," sighed the lisper.

I turned to the smoldering fire, breaking some dead boughs that lay in the grass into fagots and flinging them upon the embers. Soon the flames burst from the twigs, throwing a merry light over the camp.

"Now come down, pals, and you shall see what I have in the basket. Come now or I'll be jalling back to the gav."

"Not with 'er tupper?" pleaded the lisper.

"Come, then."

"Us is coming."

They came, first cautiously descending the lisper, closely followed by the child whom I heard singing when I approached, the latter bringing the baby, three as gaunt little Romans as ever played by the roadside or begged a penny for sweetmeats.

"We it's so hungry," wailed the lisper, pausing by the tongue of the wagon. "Uth hath ad'uffin to eat all 'er day."

"Gept some cold potatoes," corrected the child with the baby. "And her," tapping the baby's curly head, "her had to have most of them. Jimmie and me let her eat all her could, 'cause her's been sick."

"Get the kettle for me, Jimmie," I said to the lisper. "You shall soon have some hot tea to warm you. It's a fine tupper we'll have when it's ready."

"Willie'll get 'er kettle," quoth the lisper, who now seemed to be master of the situation. "Get 'er kettle, Willie. I'll poke 'er yag."

In a few moments the kettle hung on the sarsita over the fire, the steam slowly curling up into the leaves of the elm tree.

I thrust a pronged stick through a thin piece of bread.

"Will you toast this for me, Jimmie?" I asked.

"Willie'll toast 'er bread," was the lisper's response. Then turning to Willie, all smiling now in the frelight, he held out his short little arms.

"Gimme 'er baby, Willie. Now toast a nice piece for 'er yag." The obedient Willie toasted the bread, holding his hand up to keep the glow from his face, while I laid out the supper and looked to the tea, and the lisper busied himself with the baby, which now perched on his tiny knee.

When it was all ready, we gathered close to the impoverished fable, the seat of a wagon that had been used as a resting place by the campfire until thus pressed into our service. With the baby now on my knee I did the honors of the simple repast. I found that the baby, despite the cold potatoes with which its brothers generously fed it, still could honor our supper with an appetite worthy of a better occasion.

Warned by the fire, its hunger appeased, how the Romany chavi could gurgle and crow, could wink and chuckle and laugh, too, in a most bewildering way!

"Dick 'er chavi," smiled the lisper, lavishly spreading great pieces of butter over his toast with his thumb, while his other hand was lost to the wrist, immersed in the pint cup which held his tea. "Dick 'er chavi, Willie. Her's blinking her eyeth. Ain't her our own pretty sister?"

He withdrew his hand from the tin cup to pat the baby affectionately upon her head, the baby crowing and gurgling all the more, much pleased by her brother's attention and by the tea that ran down from her curls to the tip of her little dark nose.

"Gn," laughed the baby, throwing her arms around my neck in a fashion truly abandoned.

"What is your name?" Willie, the elder boy, suddenly asked, looking up in my face with a wistful expression.

"You're not the man that lelled off with the pot of luvver what I've heard my dad tell about? My dad said he was the pleasantest gentleman what ever he sea. Lord, my dad said he had all the money there was in a bank 'cause he broked open the safe with a crowbar and lelled away with the luvver—more'n the price of a hundred horses, my dad said. You ain't him, are you?"

To my great regret truth compelled me to make answer that I was not the pleasant gentleman who had lelled off with the pot.

"I can't remember him very well, but my dad said he used to travel with us sometimes when the dirty muskros was a-after him. He could rakker, and he gived me sweets and such. Are the muskros after you?"

"I hope not," I said, glancing over my shoulder to hide the smile that came to my lips.

"There ain't no there, no there," whispered the lisper to reassure me. "It's been watching. When it's seen the muskros, it's just runned away t'h it's got other side 'er big house. Then it's thrown a stone round the corner and it's runned and runned."

Here the baby crowed with delight, and her brothers laughed like merry Romans to think that the lisper had thrown a stone at a policeman.

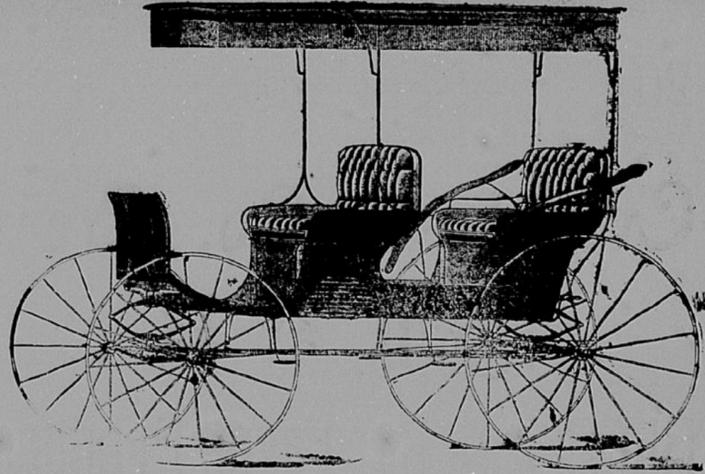
"Gimme 'er baby," Jimmie begged, well pleased with himself and his prowess.

"My daddy's taller'n you," Willie said, locking me over as he took up the thread of the conversation, "and the muskros been after him. But my dad never minded. He just hitched up the horses faster'n blazes and drove off like lightning. That's what he said, and they never ketched him at all. Did they, Jimmie?"

"No," Jimmie replied, rolling the baby over on its back while he patted

(Continued next issue)

ANCHOR LINE



PEACOCK STYLES

## ALL ABOARD! . . .

Stop and see the 12 styles of vehicles on our sample floor. Not equalled in the county. We have convinced many. We can convince more. Don't fail to see us. If style, quality, price and fair dealing will reach you we will do business.

Stewart Lumber Co.,  
DOWCITY IOWA

## Sacrificed to Blood Poison.

Those who have never had Blood Poison can not know what a desperate condition it can produce. This terrible disease which the doctors are totally unable to cure, is communicated from one generation to another, inflicting its taint upon countless innocent ones.

Some years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. The little one was unequal to the struggle, and its life was yielded up to the fearful poison. For six long years I suffered untold misery. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and no language can express my feelings of woe during those long years. I had the best medical treatment. Several physicians successively treated me, but all to no purpose. The mercury and potash seemed to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it, to try Swift's Specific. We got two bottles, and I felt hope again revive in my breast—hope for health and happiness again. I improved from the start, and a complete and perfect cure was the result. S. S. S. is the only blood remedy which reaches desperate cases.



Of the many blood remedies, S. S. S. is the only one which can reach deep-seated, violent cases. It never fails to cure perfectly and permanently the most desperate cases which are beyond the reach of other remedies.

## S.S.S. For the Blood

is PURELY VEGETABLE, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no mercury, potash, or other mineral. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.



## The Two Doors

The Rebel, the Tory and the Spy—A Tale of an Escape from New York in 1778

BY CLINTON ROSS

This is one of a series of eight charming short stories, the exclusive publication rights of which we have secured for this territory. They are varied and interesting and by the best authors. This particular one details an exciting incident of the war of the revolution.

## DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy

The one sure cure for The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

(Continued next issue)

## FAUS BROS.,

Denison, Iowa.

## Cement Work.

Cement Walks, Walls, Gurbing, Foundations, Steps, Basement Floors, and all kinds Cement Work.

ALL WORK FIRST CLASS.

We also have the agency for all the leading brands of

GERMAN, BELGIUM, AND AMERICAN PORTLAND CEMENTS.

We can fill all orders for Cement at wholesale or retail, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of neighboring towns. Anyone desiring work in our line call on or write us for prices.

FAUS BROTHERS.

## BANK OF DENISON.

General Banking Business Conducted.

Exchange Bought and Sold. Long and Short Time Loans at Lowest Rates. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Accounts of all Branches of Business Conducted, Personal attention given to investments for local patrons. Business conducted in English or German.

## SHAW & KUEHNLE, LAWYERS.

Real Estate Loans at Lowest Rates.

## N. F. STILSON

ARION, IOWA, BLACKSMITH and WAGONMAKER

All kinds of Blacksmith, Wagonwork and Machine repairing promptly done.

I have put in a good Emery Wheel and will make plow and cultivator work a specialty during season.

Carriage repair work a specialty at all times.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED Shop opposite N. W. Depot.

## GARY BROS. & CO.

Deloit, Iowa, Are Prepared to Dig Wells

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Anyone needing anything in this line should give them a call.

## WARNER'S Common Sense Fence.



DON'T buy your Wire Fence until you have seen this. Barbed top and bottom, hog proof. For sale by

E. T. COCHRAN

## Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.