

HENNESSY'S MISSION

By Harry B. Allyn

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he fumbled under the bar for the abbreviated shotgun, which hung upon its hooks.

Hennessy threw off his coat, and with a few deft movements, stood shirtless.

"Come up!" roared the man from Big Tank, and with an explosion like a siege gun, a forty-four calibre slug tore up the floor behind Hennessy's heel.

Hennessy came; about four feet at a spring. The desperado shouted with glee.

"Come up" and with another deafening report, followed by more splinters, his victim advanced another four feet. The man behind the gun broke into a loud guffaw; in which he was joined out of sympathy, by his guests, who had not received their libations as yet.

The third leaden incentive brought Hennessy, into whose eyes had come a bad glitter, to somewhat closer quarters with the man from Big Tank, and the bartender saw that there was "method in his madness."

As he landed after his last spring, there was a flash of a russet shoe, and the weapon flew upward from the hand of its playful owner, and dropped behind the bar with a clatter like a kettleful of scrap iron.

Mr. Jones' cavernous mouth opened wide in horror at this unparalleled exhibition of disrespect.

"Come up!" yelled Hennessy, placing an open-handed slap across the bristly jaw of the amazed Mr. Jones.

"Come up, ye long, lean, earless old rum-head! Stand up an' get what I've got fur ye, er I'll put it all over ye so bad ye'll have to go home done up in a sheet!"

And he delivered another slap upon the other jaw, sidestepping to avoid his burly antagonist's forward rush.

"Jonesey, I'm a little out o' trainin',

but I'm goin' to show these gentlemen that without your old toy pistol, you're a purty mean, mis'rb'le, old specimen of humanity.

An' incidentally, I'm goin' to give 'em th' benefit o' one o' the beautiful preliminary bouts that this old hell-hole of a settlement has ever seen.

I'm goin' to show 'em," continued Hennessy, handing out a stiff left for the benefit of Mr. Jones' upper diaphragm, meanwhile, slipping easily under the enraged Jones' outstretched arms.

"I'm goin' to show 'em that a hundred an' forty pounds o' scientific man is worth a darned sight more'n two hundred an' twenty pounds o' rum-soaked mule meat, an' I'm goin' to pound ye so ye'll stay pounded. Peel off that dirty flannel shirt, ye big heap!"

—from behind the stove, where he had jumped to cough—"er I'll knock ye out o' it."

The bystanders, at the disarmament of Mr. Jones, had suddenly lost interest in him and sought places of vantage on the bar and around the room.

Hennessy slid from his position, to avoid a rush from the earless one, who promptly collided with the aforesaid position, bringing down upon his head a half dozen lengths of pipe, a gallon of soot, and the maledictions of the bartender.

That worthy, who had witnessed in his time, many conflicts of a Queensbury nature, immediately recognized the ear-marks of the profession in Hennessy's movements, and sidled around the end of the bar, to officiate as "bottle-holder" if necessary.

Mr. Jones, now gunless, as well as earless, was plainly "out of his class." His light-footed adversary performed evolutions around him that gave him incipient

vertigo. He made wild lunges in the direction of Hennessy, only to find that he sought in vain. The assembled Salamanderites were treated to one of the most scientific exhibitions of the manly art, as presented by Mr. Hennessy, they had ever witnessed, and enthusiastically encored each blow as it landed.

Mr. Jones armed, was to be feared; Jones as a pugilist was a "hissing and a by-word."

To and fro he wildly dashed in pursuit of his agile opponent; keeping in mind that scriptural adage, that "It is more blessed to give than receive," but finding it impossible to live strictly up to the letter of its teaching.

Finally, after blow after blow had been landed from nearly all points of the compass, he received a powerful one upon the point of the chin. To Mr. Jones, it was the straw that broke the camel's back.

He laid carelessly down upon the floor, and refused to continue the festivities any further.

Finding that epithets, and even the toe of his shoe, had no effect upon Jones, as an inducement to arise again, Hennessy seized him unceremoniously by the heels, dragged him to the door, and dumped him into the road; battered and degraded.

Mr. Jones arose in a dazed condition, mounted his buckskin and rode slowly down the street of Salamander, in the opposite direction from Big Tank, never to return.

Mr. Earless Jones' reign of terror was over.

Mr. Hennessy's achievement spread far and wide, even unto the purlieus of Big Tank, bringing him much fame, and incidentally occupation and health.

From then, Hennessy ceased to brood upon his condition; with the usual result, that it started to improve. Gun-play in the vicinity of Salamander fell into disuse, while the manly art of self-defense sprang into popularity.

The following year, Professor Spike Hennessy, broad, bronzed and coughless, went eastward as the representative of the famous Arizona Athletic Association, to the Physical Culture Show in Madison Square Garden.

When a Turkish Lady Serves Tea

WHEN a Turkish lady gives a "chalva," or tea party, her husband is perforce excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house.

These guests begin to arrive towards six, accompanied by their maidservants and negroes, carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them.

Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and babouches in an anteroom and put on delicate satin slippers, which they have brought with them in bags.

The reception rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles and scented with fragrant pastilles.

There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests, but each lady as she comes in raises her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you, heart, mouth and mind."

This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty.

The greetings being ended, the company seat themselves on chairs, if there

be any foreign ladies present; if not, they betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together, to be regaled and to romp in some other room.

Cigarettes, coffee, and sweetmeats are handed around, and while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and, indeed, are sometimes worth a fortune.

The evening costume of a Turkish lady consists of a long tunic with open sleeves and a wide pair of trousers, and when these articles are of costly stuffs, embroidered, laced and covered with jewels, they produce a rare effect.

After the coffee, dancing girls are introduced, and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon.

In some houses, where Christian manners have penetrated, a woman pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music to amuse the company; but this does not exclude the performances of the native dancing

girls, whose gyrations and fantastic music with tambourines and castanets are much appreciated.

These "almees" are seldom older than fourteen, and in any case no married woman ever joins in a dance.

When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for the guests to retire.

This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, "Chalva ye!" ("Bring in the cake!")

At once the maidservants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy, and spongy pudding is produced, and this having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose water are carried in for the guests to wash their hands with, and then the party is at an end.

A very quaint form of salutation speeds the parting guest. As each lady comes up to express her thanks for the hospitality she has enjoyed, the hostess answers sweetly, "How happy I am that no accident has befallen any of us during this delightful evening!"

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