Helena Col W. F. Sanders

BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

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Poetry.

—Written for the AVANT COURIER.—

THE ARABIAN TALE.

PART V.

There's very many things in life that's sweet—
There's recollection to be cherished long:
While breath will last, or throbbing heart does beat,
Certain memories on our minds will throng;
Some little incident, of girl and boy,
It might have been but trivial at the time,
A smile or kindly act that brought us joy—
But is to many a life a light sublime.—
And Abd el Khan, altho' a pris'ner fast,
Cherished a joy that all his life will last.

The loving smile while he was on his knees,
The pleased and surprised look in her bright eye,
Made his confinement but a passing breeze;
He had what none could steal or take away.
But, after all, the look and smile is but
A shadow of the smile and love within,
And not to be compared, more than the hut
To palace grand, or Godliness to Sin.
All beauties that we see are dark and blind
To the realities that lie behind.

The finest picture e'er on canvas placed
Has left a finer in the painter's head:
The grandest sculpture e'er by chisel traced
To the ideal, that was back, is dead:
The sweetest poem ever writ by pen,
With thoughts sublime, is but the smallest part
Of the emotions that were stirring when
They left the poet's lacerating heart:
And all we see on earth or in the sky
Will be surpassed in spirit bye-and-bye.

But Abd el had to meet another scene,
That, if 'twere possible, he would evade.
He was conducted to the mighty Queen
To give account of his late escapade;
She looked quite hard and haughty on the man,
Her words were full as hard as was her look:
"I'm shocked," she said, "to think that Abd el Khan
"Did so forget his place and mine, and took
"Such fearful liberty. So bold he's grown
"He soon would try and grasp the jeweled crown;

"I think perhaps 'twas only a mistake
"Upon his part—he thought it was the maid
"Whose duty 'twas to serve him with the cake:
"His gratitude would now make her his bride;
"I have no doubt but that must be the case;
"But, being young, I think I'll choose for him
"One suitable to fill the destined place.
"With youth and beauty, and sound in mind and limb.
"We will not leave him long in his great sorrow—
"The wedding shall come off at ten to-morrow."

At early morn the palace was alive
With officers, and priests, and preparation
On a large scale. It was a busy hive,
Making arragements for some great occasion.
The bells rang lively in the minaret,
The mosque was grand, and its mosaic floor
Was filled with followers of the Prophet,
From the great altar to the very door.
Our hero at the altar looks quite pale,
The bride we cannot see through her thick veil.

The wedding did not seem the most auspicious
For all the grand display of flowers and song;
The groom looked on the bride with eyes suspicious,
As if he said, to him she'd ne'er belong:
Indeed, 'twas not a very tempting sight,
Averdupois she did not seem to lack;
She was a little over average height,
But had a monstrous hump upon her back;
One foot he saw was like a plasterer's float,
Or a Missouri flat or ferry boat.

The ceremony o'er, the chamberlain,
That functionary great, did then take charge,
And form'd in line of march the wedding train:
The humpbacked bride, with feet so strange and large.
In palankeen was placed, and curtains closed.
A noble Arab horse received the groom,
And placed behind where his new wife reposed,
Looked very much as if 'twas to the tomb
He followed some departed friend or wife:
So hopeless was his look and dark his life.

A troop of horse before, the same in rear,
With men in costumes rich and gay,
The maids on palfreys in the center were,
Like a boquet of flowers on a tray.
Through avenues of palm with hanging dates,
With spice and coffee trees on either side,
Whose fragrant scent the whole air permeates,
Inspiring man and beast as on they glide
To reach a distant palace, where was soon
The new made pair to pass the honey-moon.

The sun had passed the zenith when they reached
The dazzling summer palace of the Queen:
No ancient paradise that e'er was preached
Could be compared to this enchanting scene.
The bride and maids went to the harem part,
And nothing more was seen of them that day.
A sumptuous feast, to gladden every heart,
Right soon was served in a peculiar way:
That is, they all around the room did squat,
And ate and drank—their table was a mat.

And there was mirth and joy in every room,
And charming tales were told of love and war
By every one, except the new made groom,
Who seem'd quite lost, with all his thoughts afar.
At nine o'clock the chamberlain came in
To guide him to the chamber of the bride,
But he was loth to go, and hard to win,
He would not walk, they therefore made him ride—
At least, they packed him on a brawny shoulder,
And locked him safe within the bridal chamber.

Yes, there he was, in a most gorgeous room;
The mellow light from golden chandelier
Made the rich carpet, from the Persian loom,
Like a boquet of flowers to appear.
And in the centre stood the nuptial bed,
A summer cloud of lace it seemed to be:
A golden fleece was hanging overhead;
But none of these could our sad hero see:
He had no eye for beauty at the time,
And heaven itself would not have been sublime.

He went and tried the windows; they were barred!
Then threw himself upon the carpet floor,
And thought his situation very hard,
With no escape through window or thro' door.
At last kind sleep came there to his relief:
For he was young and brave and full of hope;
He was not ready yet to die of grief,
Nor with his angry passions to elope.
He dreamt that he was sailing on a lake
And striving a white cloud to overtake.

He dreamt the Princess was within the cloud,
And that she blamed him for some cold neglect;
He thought he heard her grieve and cry aloud,
She never would forgive nor soon forget.
He then woke up; the sun was getting high;
He raised his head and gazed upon the cloud,
And there he saw a roguish dark blue eye.
As of an angel looking from a shroud:
This was no dream, his was the normal state,
The dark blue eye he knew belonged to Zate.

He started for the bed, but he was told
To keep away, that she would go right back
To her mamma; and that such actions cold
Showed plain enough to her what he did lack.
Then he, poor fellow, pleaded as for life
And cursed himself because he'd been so stupid;
He asked ten thousand pardons of his wife
And said that he had been as blind as Cupid.
The eloquence of love, all know full well,
And his success, I think, I need not tell.

W. J. DAVIES.

Did the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not? "And he shall snatch on the right hand and be hungry: and he shall eat on the left hand and then not be satisfied."

Some curious incidents happen in the New York Post-office. A short time ago a letter came from Ireland addressed to "My Mother, New York, America." Of course it was supposed it must be sent to the dead-letter office; but on the day of its arrival a woman inquired at the general delivery window for a letter from "her son." The coincidence attracted the attention of the official in charge of the deciphering bureau. Inquiry showed that the son of the woman lived in the town whose name was postmarked on the letter. After various inquiries the letter was given to the woman, with the proviso that she should open it there; and it was found to be from her son, and designed for her.

CUSTER COUNTY, MONTANA.

Its Extent and Topographical Features—The Agricultural and Other Resources—Game, Fish, Towns, Business, Population, Etc.

From the New West.

Custer county, occupying the extreme eastern portion of the Territory, is the most recently organized. It is a county of "magnificent distances," being 350 miles long and 137 wide, or containing 45,310 square miles—larger than the great State of Illinois with doughty little Rhode Island "thrown in." The navigable Yellowstone flows through its center, its northern and northeastern portions are made up largely of the great *mauvais terres*, or bad lands, while its southern boundary reaches well over into the beautiful Big Horn region. Besides the Yellowstone, its principal rivers are the Big Horn, Rose Bud, Powder, Tongue, Little Horn, Little Missouri, and such mountain ranges as the Big Horn, Wolf, Panther, and Powder River Range aid to give it almost every conceivable variety of landscape.

For nearly two hundred miles along the northeastern base of the Big Horn mountains, the clearest and most beautiful of streams sweep violently down through their picturesque gorges, and course northward a hundred and fifty miles to the common reservoir—the great Yellowstone. These often occur at intervals of less than five miles. The valleys are from one to ten miles wide, and the soil is usually a rich, black, porous loam.

Wild rye, wild oats, native blue grass, and all the varieties of plains grasses, present strong testimony of fertility of soil and congenial climate. The average altitude of the valleys being less than 4,000 feet, the region of summer frosts is not reached.

Many of the valleys contain enough cottonwood, ash, box-elder and other timber, to supply logs for fuel or building for years to come, while the great mountains overlooking on one side, and many of the bluffs below are covered with forests of pine, hemlock, spruce and cedar. We opine that about every other settler will own a coal mine, as the "black diamonds" crop out almost everywhere, and are known to furnish an excellent quality of fuel.

We found some of our choicest hunting grounds in this region. Elk, buffalo, mountain sheep, black and white-tailed deer, antelope, grizzly and other varieties of bear, with all kinds of small game, have always found in this region their most coveted surroundings. The streams are yet full of beaver and other fur-bearing animals, and the country is alive with several species of the wolf. The rivers and their tributaries are plentifully supplied with trout, pike, shiners, catfish, suckers and other varieties of fish.

Miles City, the metropolis of all this southern country, is prettily located near the mouth of Tongue River, 425 miles from Helena, or 325 miles east of Bozeman. It has a population of 800; has the telegraph to Bozeman and Deadwood, and a tri-weekly stage line to the former place. Every line of business found in lively our west towns is represented here. Sales of the three leading firms aggregated $50,000 per month during the past season. There were thirty-five steamboat arrivals on the Yellowstone at Miles City last season, landing some 2,000 tons of private freight and large quantities of military stores for Fort Keogh, two miles distant. The town boasts a $2,000 court house, a theatre, public schools, and a weekly newspaper is on the eve of its first issue—all this where two years ago the hostile Sioux reigned supreme.

Ranches are strung all along the road from Bozeman to Miles City. Over 300 farms and stock ranches have been located in this region, and large crops of vegetables and grain were produced the past season. Concerning this section a fellow visitor says: "From Bozeman to the mouth of the Big Horn the country is, for Montana, unusually diversified. It presents one succession of plateau and bottom, valley and foot hill, while beyond the ranges, which obstruct the vision in the distance, the table lands stretch in long distance far away. Grass covers the luxuriant surface, the river is lined and hemmed in by groves of cottonwood, and almost everywhere the soil has every appearance of extreme fertility. As one moves down the Yellowstone the climate so appreciably modifies that it becomes evident to the most prejudiced that he is entering a country not only of superior resources, but of capabilities new to the denizens of average Montana. It rapidly becomes a region of corn, and consequently a park country—the presence of the hop and the grape vine and the plum tree proves it a fruit zone—while the melons and the finer vegetables abounding upon each, yet rudely cultivated farm, shows that its capabilities and natural resources as an agricultural section have not been over-estimated by the most sanguine."

Kirbyville, 147 miles east of Bozeman, and Guyville, 65 miles below Kirbyville, on the Yellowstone, are thriving agricultural settlements. Sherman, near the confluence of the Big Horn with the Yellowstone, is another of the embryo towns, with a most delightful location.

Custer county is reported out of debt, with an assessed valuation of $329,231.02. Population of about 1,600.

A Brave Sailor.

New York Tribune.

Thomas Humphreys was as brave an English sailor as ever furled a sail. He was crossing Carmarthen Bay a few weeks ago, in the customs boat, with Mrs. Bydder (an officer's wife) and a companion, when a sudden gust of wind struck the sail and they found themselves struggling in the water. He first endeavored to support his comrade' who was an awkward swimmer, but the poor fellow could not be kept afloat. He then told the woman to cling to the boat, while he swam round to see what could be done. He got his knife and opened it with his teeth, cut away the cordage, and, after considerable exertion, dismasted the craft and righted her, but as she was full of water, they could not get in her. He therefore placed the mast across the boat, and got the woman's arms over it on one side while he went and hung on the other. Mrs. Bydder then said, "Every one for himself," and begged him to leave her and to save himself, which he could easily have done, being only about thirty yards from the shore, but he knew that if he left the woman she would be drowned. He remained by her, at the cost of his life, for an hour and a half, shouting all the while for assistance. Just as a boat reached them, the brave fellow sank from cold and exhaustion, but the woman was saved.

Married Men.

Married men are of two kinds—good and bad. The bad are truly horrible; the good, very good indeed. The bad married man ill-treats his family in every way and generally ends with eloping with somebody, and leaves his wife to earn a living by fine needle work. But the good married man—well, he is not madly in love any more, but he believes that there never was such a woman as his wife. He does not see Time's changes in her face; she is always young to *him*. Every baby binds them closer to each other.

There is an expression in a good married man's face that a bachelor's cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad breast is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. When some one has said, Husband, and some other, Papa, a seal is set upon the forehead. No one—no woman at least—ever mistakes the good married man for an instant. It is only the erratic one who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females; lift pretty girls over gutters, talk to them in cars, and make himself generally agreeable, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

Some women like the bad married man, and delight in making his wife jealous. I hate him. The good married man on whom I could not make "an impression" if I died for it, is the one for me. I dislike the married man who could fall in love with any other woman, as much as I do the bachelor who couldn't.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in New York Ledger.*

How a Philadelphian Will Help New Yorkers Evade the Sunday Law.

New York Sun.

A large excursion barge lying in the Erie Basin is being rebuilt in a manner that excites boatmen's curiosity. The decks are being cut away and what is left of the upper one is already shaped like the gallery of a theatre. A sloping floor runs from the level of the lower deck into the hold and the frame work of a stage is in place. This vessel is to be a floating theatre, capable of seating 800 persons in its parquet and gallery, and, with a completely furnished stage. It is to be called the New York Excursion Theatre. Edward Waugh, of Philadelphia, is to manage it. The plan is to give a variety show of the common sort during the hot months, when the city theatres are uncomfortable. The chief reliance of the floating theatre for profit will be in a safe evasion of the Sunday law. Performances are to be given every evening, but it is calculated that on Sundays, when the law forbids the opening of shows in the city, an especially remunerative business will be done. The barge will take in its Sunday audiences from some convenient wharf, and be towed beyond the city limits before the performances are begun, so that the law would not be infringed within the jurisdiction of the city authorities. As no landings would be made during the trips, it is not regarded as likely that the officials along shore would take any action, and the route could be changed at will. A bar and eating room is to be a feature.

Jones' Style.

Washington Letter to Philadelphia Times.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, having replenished his depleted exchequer by a fortunate rise in Sierra Nevada stock, comes back with his beautiful young wife and maiden sister to occupy his half of the Butler block on Capitol hill. He left here five months ago for his home at Gold Hill, "dead broke," in vulgar parlance, or "busted," as the miners term it. Foreseeing the rise in mining stocks, he invested all he could raise or borrow in Sierra Nevada, and reaped a rich return. Still, he had not enough to fill the measure of his opportunity. His wife had a splendid diamond necklace, for which he paid in opulent days the sum of $35,000, and which she, being a retiring little body, not given to display, had never worn but once.

"My dear," said he to her one day, "if you will let me invest your diamonds in Sierra Nevada you shall have the proceeds for pin money."

"As you please," said the dutiful little woman. "You know I never wear them."

Senator Jones is not the man to go hawking his wife's jewels about the streets, so he offered them to the first Jew he met, and realized $12,000 for them, which he invested on margin in her name, and to-day she is worth $110,000 in registered bonds. He paid his debts, canceled the mortgage on his $100,000 worth of furniture, which Butler held as collateral for three years' rent, and in less than half a year returns with several millions to spare. And that is the way they do things "out west." The Jones family will give several grand entertainments during the winter *a la* San Francisco.

A Wisconsin girl put on trousers and started through the deep snow to walk six miles to a village for provisions, the family larder being empty. She soon became tired out, besides losing her way, and the cold was intense. A big Newfoundland dog which accompanied her was the means of saving her life. She scooped out a hollow in the snow, lay down in it, and made the warm dog lie on her, shifting him about so as to successively cover the coldest parts of the body. In that way she passed a whole night, and was not severely frostbitten. "With two or three more dogs," she says, "I would have got along very comfortably."

Wit and Humor.

A model buy-word—Cash.

A Teutonic figure of speech—9.

A poor relation—A story badly told.

A highly colored tale—The peacock's.

Ye who have girls to sleigh, prepare to sleigh them now.

A good motto for a young man just starting a moustache—Down in front.

Cincinnati boatmen say the ice in the river is perfectly "gorge us."

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle is that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

Many a man who prays not to be led into temptation would be awfully disappointed if his prayer was granted.

Precisely—in fact, absurdly so. Why does a photographer in the exercise of his business always use a black cloth? Why, of course, to make his camera obscurer.

Partridges are among the things that whirr. Yes; and ventilators are among the things that air. Yes; and hornets are among the things that bee. And Butler says the Gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts is among the things that might have Ben.

He could stand it, he said, to have his wife paint everything, from a tin cup to an old straw hat, and stick it all over with Cupids and heathen Chinese. But when she swooped down upon their last mince-pie and embellished that, he thought it was time to "kick." And he did.

The person who originated the contemptuous expression, "It is not worth a button," had no correct idea of the import of that remark. He never knew what it was to depend upon a single button for the support of his pantaloons, and have that button give out when he was waltzing.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travels in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."

Facetious old party.—"How long do you say that wine has been bottled, waiter?" Waiter.—"Fourteen years, sir." Facetious old party.—"Lor', I didn't know flies would live as long as that." Waiter.—"Flies, sir!" Facetious old party.—"Yes; I mean that one kicking about in the bottle."—*London Fun.*

Drilling her class in poetry, the teacher quoted from the familiar lines of Tennyson: "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear." "Now," she asked, "why did the girl want to be called early?" "Don't know," replied Tommy Leach, "unless it was because that was her name."

A man can always tell exactly how tall he is by walking through a low door in the dark. Next morning he can measure the height of the door, and then measure from where it struck to the top of his head, add the two together, subtract the swearing, and multiply by what o'clock it was when he got home, and the result will be his nett height.

The New York *Tribune* of January 25th, publishes a complete refutation of the story of Lincoln's illegitimacy, which has been in circulation for years, and which even his biographer professed to believe. The *Tribune* derives its knowledge from records which certify to the marriage of the parents of the martyred President.

Evils Among Young Men.

Of all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak lightly of the virtues of a woman. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form as to the integrity of woman. Not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this subject, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes drawn into the society of thoughtless and depraved women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon utter faith in woman. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken truth. It stands like the record of itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of women.

A Very Natural Mistake.

Rockland Courier.

A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl last week. His wondering gaze being fixed by the gorgeous display in a dry goods window, he entered the store, and bashfully stopped in front of a pretty young lady behind the counter.

"How much are those?" he inquired, pointing at a pair of handsomely wrought nickle-plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents," replied the young lady, sweetly, handing out the articles in question, and blushing slightly.

"I think they are kinder pretty don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion.

"Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style."

"Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was going to get them for a girl that I know," said the young man' somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?"

"I should think she might—I don't know" returned the young lady, blushing again.

"Well, I don't hardly know, myself," said the young man, picking up one of the dainty articles, and examining it closely. "You don't suppose they are too large, now, do you?"

"Why—I—I—" stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper.

"They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion, "but of course I wouldn't be certain she's midlin' size, but not very fat, and mebbe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your bigness, an' if these would fit you, of course they'd fit her. Now, just suppose you try them on, an' it——"

"Sir!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in an awful voice, that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting;" and she swept away to the rear of the store, leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, holding in his hands what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets. And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a direct line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing toward home at a rate that threatened to irretrievably ruin the old family horse. He won't buy any bracelets now until he's married.

Man's Better-Half.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

When a young lady wants to appear in a blaze of glory she indulges in a little torchon lace.

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she could not stand the electoral franchise.

Many a timid, shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.

Miss Alice Never married John Late, in North San Juan, the other day. Miss Alice probably subscribes to the truth of the old adage, "Better late than never."

A policeman at Racine, Wis., arrested a woman for walking the streets in male attire, and at the station house she proved to be his own wife. She had been watching him.

The Dubuque *Telegraph* has a female city editor who stays up till 2 o'clock in the morning, smokes a brier-root pipe and writes faster than any two men on the paper.

A young lady said to her lover, "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was all the world to him.

A young lady by the name of Spoake was married in Kansas City, the other day. She got tired of felloe and wanted a hub.—*Pack.* It she's like some women, she'd hold on to both and cause a revolution in the family.

If she won't she won't, and there's the end on't. A lady in court, being asked her age, replied that she didn't know; she could not remember the exact hour when she was born and could only depend on heresay. Heresay is not evidence, and the matter was ruled out.

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you manage to amuse yourself?"—"Amuse!" said the other; "don't you know that I have my house-work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

Good Suggestions for Girls.

The time has passed when a woman must be pale, delicate, to be interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be called high-bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine and strong-minded. It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake and air themselves, mentally, physically, or drop under the firm strides of commonsense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance. In these days an active, rosy-faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run as fast as her tongue, and not put her out of breath; who is not afraid of freckles, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage, and, above all, who can speak her mind and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people—is the true girl who will make a good woman. Even fops and dandies, who strongly oppose woman's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she's not handsome.—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Deacon's Mistake.

A good deacon in Davenport, Iowa, saw a drunken man whom he knew driving aimlessly about the steets one dark night. The deacon kindly got into his sleigh and took the reins, intending to take the drunkard to his home, which was two miles away; but disliking the idea of walking back, he stopped at a tavern to find somebody who could more conveniently do the job. While he was in the tavern, the drunkard drove off by himself, and a young fellow arrived with his girl in a sleigh. The young fellow entered the tavern, leaving his girl, muffled in a blanket to wait while he got a drink. The deacon found a volunteer to take his place as guide to the drunkard; but the volunteer, on going to the sleigh that stood in front of the tavern, discovered that the occupant was not the drunkard' and said to the deacon, "It's a girl out there." "No, 'taint," replied the deacon, who thought she was the drunkard. He put one arm around her, and roughly pulled away the blanket. She screamed for help. Her lover ran out and gave the deacon a severe whipping. Then they took the good deacon into the tavern, washed the blood from his face, the girl kissed him, and all was forgiven.