

"BILLY HENDERSON."

A Little Story from Arkansas.

Augusta (Ark.) Bulletin.

"Once upon a time," as the nursery tales have it, that is, some time last winter, an interesting youth, apparently fifteen or sixteen years of age, came to Augusta and soon found employment. A clear complexion, oval face, full, liquid eyes of blue, fringed with long dark lashes; hair, whose wavy lines could not be traced—such golden locks as William the Conqueror or Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings, might have envied; a foot that would fit nothing larger than a No. 4 boot, and a small, plump, dimpled hand, with delicately tapered fingers, and a figure like yet symmetrical, round yet not voluptuous—such was Billy Henderson, as he flashed upon our community last winter. He was employed in the telegraph office, in the hotel, in the drug store, and made a good impression generally. At the hotel the cook assailed him, and this aroused much indignation among our citizens. Being without a protector, a most estimable citizen persuaded him to apply to the County Court and have a guardian appointed for him. This was done, and those ancient most estimable citizen for his guardian. That citizen had Billy bound out to the first most estimable citizen, and the future of Billy Henderson was not so gloomy as when cook assailed him. To the first most estimable citizen he was bound out to the first most estimable citizen, and the future of Billy Henderson was not so gloomy as when cook assailed him.

The following rare bit is from the Saturday Evening Post: "We shall never forget that evening we spent at Mr. Magruder's. We had a most delightful time, and we went around to see her. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the vane on the porch, and she took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the step where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several times, we were called to rise for the purpose of going home, but before we were removed, she would have any objection to lending us his front steps a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our honesty, for she refused to let us have them, and she called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock brushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry-goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

It seems that Billy remained at Jacksonport several months in a lively stable, learning to ride bare back as other boys do. But last week he and another rode two of the lively horses so far from Jacksonport, and remained away so long, that the owner of the horses deemed it best to go in pursuit of them. They were overtaken and brought back to Jacksonport, and Billy Henderson, the handsome blonde boy of sixteen, turns out to be Miss Nancy Henderson. Imagination may paint, but language can never describe, the sensation produced in our little town on hearing this. The young couple have been flashed across the wires, and a petition is in circulation to have the venue changed from Jacksonport to Woodruff, as Miss Nancy is now on trial at Jacksonport. They are moved to this by two considerations—first, they wish to look into her deep blue eyes again; and secondly, they know she can be acquitted here. She lived here several months, and her sex not even suspected. She might have lived here forever, among our simple, virtuous people, and it would never have been suspected. But the moment she goes to Jacksonport—that sedition, that modern Billy—why, the cat is out of the bag. Were Brother Dye and Mr. Davies, and all our other divines to preach for years, they could not find a more beautiful illustration of the native purity and virtue of our population than this little episode in the life of "Miss Nancy." Augusta and Jacksonport—what a contrast! The former all innocence and purity, never suspecting wrong in any direction, because never doing wrong themselves; the latter, "of the flesh, fleshly." The only indiscretion that we, as a sentiment on the watch-tower of morality, have yet observed was a sign from several of the "sentimentals" that next winter might be as cold as last, and that Billy Henderson would come back.

THE FIRST BABY. "We didn't say no baby!" I have one of those interesting animals at my house. It came when it rained like the devil, like a pig, and any umbrella at the store, no cars running. The doctor lived five miles due west, and the nurse six miles due east; and when I got home to the bosom of my family, the combed milkman was at the next door. It's a funny little chap, that baby. Solfierino color, and the length of a Bologna sausage. Crows? I guess not. Um, um! It commenced chattering down the nursery, and when I saw when muslin, linen and white flannel were the highest they had been since Adam built a hen-house for Mrs. Eve's chickens. The doctors charge two dollars a squint, a dollar a grunt, and on account of the scarcity of rain in the country, take what is left in a man's pocket, no discount for cash, and send bill for balance January first. A queer little thing that baby; it speak of a nose like a wart; head as bald as a squash; no place to hitch a waterial; a mouth just suited to come the gum game and chew milk, O, crackle, you should hear her sing. I bumped it, it started my ear up down its throat, gave it the smoothing irons to play with, but that little red lump that looks as though it couldn't hold blood enough to keep a mosquito from fainting pangs in yelling like thunder. It shows a great desire to swallow its fists, and the other day it dropped down its throat, and what prevented their going through was the crook in its elbows. It stopped its maw, and it was happy for one and a half minutes.

It is a pleasant thing to have a baby in the house—one of your stonach-ache kind. Think of the pleasure of a father, in a delightful, trembling in the midnight hour, with his warm foot upon a square yard of cold oil cloth, dropping parogorie in a teaspoon, by moonlight, the nurse thumping on the door, the wife of your bosom shouting "deary," and the baby yelling till the frosted drops from the ceiling. It's a nice time to think of dress coats, pants, ties and white kids. Shades of departed cocktails, what comfort, what a pic-

ture for an article in plaster of Paris! Its mother says the darling is troubled with wind on the stomach; it beats all the wind instruments you could hear of. I have to get up in the cold and shiver while the milk warms; it uses the bottle. I have a cradle with the representation of miraculous soothing-kyrup bottles on the dashboard. I tried to stop it with the other night; it was no use; I rocked it so hard I missed stays, and sent it slap clear across the room, upsetting a jar of preserves. I didn't mind any noise, then! Oh, no! Its mother says, only wait till it gets bleached, (it's been vaccinated), and old enough to crawl about and feed on pins. Yes, I am going to wait. Won't it be delightful, John, to run for the doctor, it's fallen in the soap-pail and is choking with a potato skin; sis has fallen down stairs; sis has swallowed the tack hammer; shows signs of the mumps, cramp, whooping-cough, cholera, dysentery, cholera infantum, or some other darned thing to let the doctor take the money laid by for my winter's corn-beef; and all this comes of my shampooing and curling her hair, wearing nice clothes and looking handsome, going a courting and making my wife fall in love and marry me!

THE FOLLOWING RARE BIT IS FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: "We shall never forget that evening we spent at Mr. Magruder's. We had a most delightful time, and we went around to see her. It was summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the vane on the porch, and she took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the step where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several times, we were called to rise for the purpose of going home, but before we were removed, she would have any objection to lending us his front steps a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern. We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our honesty, for she refused to let us have them, and she called her father and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock brushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself away on a dry-goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

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in his eye, Brother Thompson, spit in the bound's eye!" Brother Thompson did and the light faded. "But I just want to say," continued Mr. Higgins, "that outside of the saucy that dog of mine can eat up any salmon-colored animal in the State, and then chew up the bones of its ancestors for four generations, without turning a hair! You understand me?" Then the services proceeded.

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