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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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With Claudia's Assistance

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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From the doorway Fitzgerald looked moodily at me from in front of the dresser. I looked moodily at Fitzgerald.

"She refused me," he said.

"I've got to go to Mrs. Whiting's dinner," I answered.

Fitz nodded and threw himself heavily into a chair.

"I wouldn't go, you know, after Mrs. Whiting's niece refused me, so she had to rustle up you."

I glared at him, then jerked open the top drawer.

"Seems to me, in the interest of humanity, you might have staved off your old proposal till after the dinner. I've got to take Miss Whiting in. What shall I say to her? I'm no society man."

"You might talk about me. It's darned strange she refuses me," Fitz responded modestly. "Of course I'm fat, but what of that? Look at my money?"

I turned from my hair brushing and regarded Fitz with surprise.

"She's different from other girls," he went on mournfully. "You never know what she is going to do or say next. She said if she ever found the man she wanted to marry and he didn't ask her she would propose to him. You say a word for me, old man, and maybe she will change her mind about it."

"All right," I said and started for the infernal dinner. If I had been left in peace I could have translated a few more pages of that Latin work I was on.

Why I should have (figuratively of course) fallen on my face and worshiped Claudia Whiting the moment I saw her I don't know. That any man could help adoring her after he came to know her is incredible, but I think I began before ever she said a word to me. It couldn't be because her eyes were the bluest I ever saw or her hair crinkled sunshine—I suppose a poet would describe it better—or her lips red as the roses she wore in her belt. One day since that dinner she told me something about affinities. It may be that mysterious word holds the reason.

What we talked of is vaguely remembered. I know that I walked homeward carrying with me a vision of sweetest seriousness, for that describes Claudia as she appeared that day. When I turned the corner, beyond which were my lodgings, I saw Fitzgerald at my gate, his broad back toward me. I remembered my forgotten promise and fled incontinently. I couldn't face him. Later I stole into my room like a thief in the night.

Next day I went to call on her and to make my peace with Fitz, who had interviewed me that morning. She was in the garden, and I stated the object of my call at once.

"If you knew him better you would appreciate him more," I said and launched forth at some length into his peculiar graces and virtues. Claudia listened, and when I had finished she leaned toward me, smiling roguishly.

"And didn't you care about coming to see me? If it had not been for Mr. Fitzgerald you would have come anyway, wouldn't you?"

To think that she should have looked straight into my heart and discovered my perfidy! I almost let go of my secret. I almost answered, "I came because I love you." And this on the second meeting.

Then because I must talk, and there were some things I must not say, I began talking of myself—my college life, my failing health, forcing me to live for years in the pine forests; then when my health was restored how the woods still held me with their solitudes, so that I was unhappy and ill at ease in society.

"I have quite a pretentious cabin there," I said. "In it are my books and my violin. Back of it flows a clear stream with trout waiting for me to catch them for my breakfast. Nothing is wanting there to make me entirely comfortable."

My face grew hot, for all at once I realized there was a want—a void—to be filled. That if I went back to my cabin now it would be as lacking as the body whose soul is not within.

"I was born and bred in the woods!" exclaimed Claudia. "The stars look closer and bigger than they do in the cities of the lowlands. Up there in the mountains are ferny nooks and manzanita; there is water cress which makes me hungry this minute. Oh, I know about the woods!" Her blue eyes were shining like the stars of which she spoke.

Then she asked me about my books, and I told her of my published ones and those in contemplation—dry old tomes—why should I have supposed that they would interest a young creature like her?

But I rambled on, lost in her sweet companionship, till the sun suddenly dropped out of sight, and I saw her shiver in the breeze that stirred the poplars. Then I remembered Fitz.

"Do give him another chance," I said perfunctorily as I rose to go. She looked at me seriously, but made no answer.

For the greater part of a month Fitz was away from town, and I saw Claudia nearly every day. Before going he asked my promise to say a word in his favor every time I saw her. There are limits to the duties of friendship, but I promised because I felt that he would make her a good husband. He was an honorable man and had more money than he knew what to do with.

She was such a bewildering little creature, was Claudia. At the first meeting she was so sweetly serious. She had told me since that she was frightened to death of me because I knew so much. Fancy it! The day she told me, though, she was bubbling over with laughter, and I suspect she was poking fun at me in her irrepressible way. Then there was the morning when we walked together to church and she talked so quietly of holy things, and there was that last afternoon in the garden before Fitz came home.

That day it was the hardest of all to forget myself and remember Fitz. Sometimes when the tenderness of my heart would creep into my words little spots of color would come and go in her girlish face. I scarcely saw her eyes that day, the white lids drooped so insistently over their blue beauty. At last I pulled myself together with the thought that he could do so much more for her than I, even if she could bring herself to think of me at all, and made my last earnest speech for him.

She frowned a little, then she smiled and looked thoughtful.

"I think I shall have to teach you to read poetry," she said.

"Will you?" I asked eagerly.

"Begin on 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' then," she answered and laughing, up the walk.

"I did the best I could for you, Fitz," I told him when he returned that evening. And I rehearsed the last speech in full.

"What did she say?" he demanded.

"Why—she didn't say anything to that. She told me—or hinted—that my education was deficient because I had little knowledge of poetry, and she told me to begin on 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.'"

Fitz looked at me mournfully. "That's my finish then. Have you read it?"

"I was just beginning."

Fitz walked heavily from the room, and I took up my new Longfellow.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow.

Pretty good description of myself, I thought. Not exactly patches, but there were certainly threads of gray. I read on till the speech was finished, the egotistical words of Miles Standish; then I bowed my head in shame and anger. I had talked steadily of myself and my work, but she had led me on. She had no right to call me down so. Tomorrow I would go back to my cabin and forget, but yet I knew I should always remember. I was still brooding when Fitz came back.

"I don't blame you, old man," he began. "Probably you'll make her happier; but, Lord, look at my money!"

I blinked at him as he settled down.

"Neat way she had of bringing matters to a focus," he went on, picking up my book which lay face downward on the table. "Why, darned if I believe you've read it all!"

"I've read enough," I said resentfully. "I read what she thinks of me."

One moment that blessed Fitz gazed at me, then in words of one syllable he gave me the gist of that poem—made me to understand that my Claudia was impersonating the Puritan maiden in her immortal speech, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And to think I ever had deemed Fitzgerald stupid!

I found my blessed girl in the garden, but she did not hear my approach. She was on tiptoe, trying to reach a rose which swung above her head.

"I have come to speak for myself, Claudia," I said.

The dear hands ceased from their quest to hide the blushes of her sweet face. Her girlish form trembled.

"You think me bold!" she cried apprehensively.

It was such a glorious affair to prove to her just what I did think of her, and it took a long time. And then she explained to me about affinities.

Some Funny Speeches.

An Irishman who was very ill, when the physician told him that he must prescribe an emetic for him, said, "Indeed, doctor, an emetic will never do me any good, for I have taken several and could never keep one of them upon my stomach." An Irishman at cards, on inspecting the pool and finding it deficient, exclaimed: "Here is a shilling short. Who put it in?" A poor Irish servant maid who was left handed placed the knives and forks upon the dinner table in the same awkward fashion. Her master remarked to her that she had placed them all left handed. "Ah, true, indeed, sir," she said, "and so I have! Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?" Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members of the Irish bar, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man with the fists, knocked down Yelverton twice, exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, replied, with equal indignation: "No, sir; never! I love you! You could not do it!"—London Spectator.

The Queer Burmans.

One who has lived among them says: "The Burmans are a primitive people. They are a very young people. There are certain marks and signs by which physiologists can determine the relative youth or age of a race. One of these is the physical differentiation between boys and girls. In early races it is slight. As the race grows old it develops. If you dressed a Burman boy of eighteen in a girl's dress or a Burmese girl of the same age in a boy's dress you could not distinguish quickly true from false. Face and figure and voice are very similar. In as old people such as the French or the Brahmans in India a boy begins to differ from a girl very early indeed. Their faces seem almost different types. Their figures even at twelve could not be disguised by any clothing. Their voices are utterly different."

ROMAN MILLIONAIRES.

The Phenomenon of Mammoth Fortunes Not a New Thing.

While it is not a very tangible [illegible] consolation to those of us who belong to the less favored class commercially, there is at least a sort of historic comfort in knowing that the phenomenon of mammoth fortunes is not a new thing.

A magazine writer goes back to ancient Rome, when there were no railroads or trusts or corporations, and gives some figures on the individual fortunes of that day which might look attractive even to some of our modern plutocrats.

Seneca, the philosopher and author, was worth $17,500,000; Lentulus, the augur, $16,000,000; Crassus, the politician who formed with Caesar and Pompey the first triumvirate, had a landed estate of more than $8,000,000; the emperor Tiberius left a fortune of $118,000,000, which the depraved Caligula got rid of in less than a year. A dozen others had possessions that ran into the millions.

It is true that these Romans did not "make" these fortunes in what we would call regular commercial operations. But they got the money, and they held on to it, which is about all that can safely be said of possessions that run into seven figures in any age or country.

And, speaking of campaign contributions and so forth, Julius Caesar once presented the consul Paulus with $290,000 merely as a token of esteem and coupled with the hope that Paulus would do the right thing in a certain political matter that was pending. The argument was effective with Paulus, and neither he nor Caesar suffered any in popularity.

There are many things under the sun that are not new.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Sea Otter.

The sea otter combines the habits of a seal with the intelligence and amusing character of the otter. When met in herds far out at sea, which is but seldom now, they are commonly seen swimming on their backs. They even eat their food lying in this position on the water and nurse their young ones on their chests between their paws, exactly as a south sea island mother swims with her baby in the water. When swimming in this attitude they even shade their eyes with their paws when the sun dazzles them.

WILD MEN'S WEAPONS

THE PUZZLE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE BOOMERANG.

Its Cleverness of Design Is One of the Wonders of This Queer Weapon. The Mexicans' Use of the Lasso—The Best "Noose" Story.

Among the weapons which the wit of primitive man devised to aid him in the struggle for existence with animals far more formidably endowed by nature than himself, the way in which some were suggested to him by the objects which he saw around him is obvious enough, but of others we are amazed by his ingenuity in their design and his skill in their use.

The most striking instance of both this skill in use and cleverness in design is perhaps the boomerang. The perfection of balance, curve and weight in all its parts is so exact that modern dynamics have been quite unable to find a formula according to which a workable boomerang can be turned out by a carpenter, and the skill needed for the use of even the most perfect weapon is such that the untutored efforts of the most stalwart thrower of a cricket ball are ridiculously futile when he begins to make trial of it. It is scarcely too much to say that in spite of years of practice no white man has ever succeeded in becoming effective with it.

We are told that there is in Australia a tree whose seed pod is so formed that when detached by the process of natural growth from the branch it whirls through the air with a curve analogous to that of the boomerang—we see a faint suggestion of a similar movement in the gyrations of the seed pods of our own ash—and it has been conjectured that the observant "black fellow" may have received from this the first hint of the weapon which he eventually fashioned into the wonderful boomerang. It is a conjecture which will ever remain conjectural.

Others of man's early weapons—the club, the spear, the hatchet (originally, we may suppose, a stone cleft by accident to a cutting edge)—are easy to understand. Nature gave them almost ready made into his hand. The almost universal use of the bow, a weapon of much more elaboration, does not suggest a puzzle nearly so baffling as the boomerang. The force of elasticity in the sapling would be apt almost literally to "jump to the eyes" of the savage as he made his way through the bush and his friend in front released a bough from its tension to fly back and whip him across the face.

To cut such a sapling, to fasten to either end of it a sinew or a stretch of a tough creeping plant, to fit an arrow on the string and discharge it by the relaxed tension of the released string are no doubt a series of operations demanding much ingenuity and probably much time for their development, but we can imagine the steps. We are not left wondering. Even the throwing stick—that very effective application of the principle of the lever by which the wild man added so very greatly to the force and distance of his throw of his missile spear—may be supposed to have been discovered by accidental means which we can reconstruct. The boomerang still remains the biggest puzzle.

There is another adaptation of a very simple instrument which we do not know to have such antiquity as some of these, yet must always seem very marvelous when we first witness the variety of uses and the perfection to which it has been brought—that use of a bit of rope which we call lassoing. The value of the noose we can easily imagine to have been brought very early to the notice of man in his more or less natural state. Its efficacy in arresting his progress through a forest thickly hung with lianas must soon have struck him as one of the inconveniences of his existence, but we do not seem to find record at a very early stage of any practical use to which he might have put the hint so given him. The greatest wonder in the history of the noose (second only to the marvelous skill exhibited by the experts in its use) is that certain nations should have acquired the skill that they did acquire in it with so few generations of practice.

We may probably take it for granted that the American red Indian did not begin to use it until after the Spaniards had made their way to America. The origin of the word is Latin, "laqueus." There is Portuguese "laco." We "lasso" or "lace" our boots every morning, presuming that we do not spend the day in slippers. But apart from that it is not easy to see that the lasso could have had value without the horse. It is the instrument of riders on horseback. There were no horses in America, according to all who claim to speak with authority, until the Spaniards arrived here. The apparition of their cavalry was so strange as to strike terror into the hearts of the natives, who deemed horse and man some fearful composite animal.

The most skillful artist in the world with the lasso is that compound—who shall say what is the exact mixture of the ingredients?—of Spaniard and Indian that is known as Mexican, especially the Mexican of the southwestern states of the Union. But we read of various tribes of the red Indians, probably quite free from any infusion of European blood, to whom the lasso had become so familiar a weapon, so trusted in cases of emergency, that they not only used it on the galloping bison and overthrew him on the prairie, but actually lassoed the funnels of the steam engines when the trains began to invade their land. It is possible that the result may have been to give a little shake to their confidence, but their skill in the use of the noose has abundant witness.

The Mexican fandango has to be seen to be believed. At full gallop he will send the loop to encircle at his will the neck, the horn, the leg of the steer blundering along beside him. His little horse knows the game as perfectly as he does, throwing himself back on his haunches into the best possible position to stand the shock and the strain which he knows will arrive when the rope is drawn tight, of which one end is about the steer and the other is fastened to the horn of the big Spanish saddle. The horse stands firm and the steer tumbles. Sometimes the Mexicans will ride down and lasso the coyote or the wild turkey, for the turkey likes his legs better than his wings as means of locomotion, and will seldom fly again after he has been flushed and marked down.

The actual evolution of the lasso may be imagined easily—at first a big loop of rope thrown about the head of an animal beside which the rider galloped, then the free running noose at the end of a single rope. But the accuracy of aim with the loop is the wonder. After all, it cannot be nearly so subtle an affair as the boomerang throw, for though perhaps the Mexican excels, the white cowboy is nearly if not quite his match. But the things that a Mexican can do with a rope or bit of rawhide are marvelous. He will fit a fresh rawhide "riata" round the nut of a screw that has stuck, and unscrew it when the hide has hardened, though the white mechanic, with his specially made wrench, has failed. You may be told this tale—and it is a credible one—by many who have worked on the railways in the Mexican republic.

The best noose story is a British one. Like many of the best stories, it is a bus driver's story, and, like all of the best stories, it is an old story. Bus A and Bus B were together in a block. The driver of Bus A had the end of his whip hitched up into a little noose and kept playing with it, putting his finger through it and dragging it tight, then loosening it again. He also "kept saying nothing" and looking nowhere in particular; nevertheless the driver of Bus B began glaring at him, and his face grew more and more crimson, until finally the winged words broke forth Homerically, and he cursed the player with the noose as only one bus driver can curse another. Still the driver of Bus A kept saying nothing, and as innocently as ever playing with the noose. Then the "fare" who sat beside the driver of Bus A leaned forward and asked him, "What's the matter with that man?" indicating the driver of Bus B. "What's he so angry with you about? You're not doing him any harm."

"Matter with 'im?" said the noose player scornfully. "Why, 'e ain't got no sense o' humor; that's what's the matter with 'im. 'Is father was 'ung."—Westminster Gazette.

Common Sense In Exercise.

Exercise in itself is no doubt excellent, but is it well for a sane man to make it a fetish? Does it do a business man any good to swell the muscles of his back by wrestling with a rowing machine or to make his legs as hard as railroad ties by galloping about a canvas track? Is there any advantage, after all, in developing the sinews abnormally? Does a man who works with his brain gain anything by trying to imitate a hodcarrier? The notion that the average business man will be benefited by developing the muscles of a stevedore is based on nothing more tangible than wild theorizing. In favor of it is the allegation that physical or brute strength spells health. Against it is the obvious and undoubted fact that millions of men who take no more exercise than their ordinary avocations require live to hale and hearty old age, and the further fact that the average athlete, for all his sinew and vigor, is seldom more healthy than the average desk slave or soft muscled man.—Baltimore Herald.

Paris on Rations, 1794.

Paris is on ration, like a besieged city. Each person receives from his section a baker's card and is thereby entitled to receive from the baker at the maximum price as much bread as the municipals consider sufficient for him and his family. This ration varies weekly. The baker is bound to calculate from the number of mouths he feeds the quantity of corn he will need to buy from the municipals, who distribute it weekly. We, who are not obliged to faire queue at the bakers' doors—thanks to my employ, I am exempt from this, and a bare sufficiency of bread is delivered, together with meat and vegetables at my lodging daily—have very little conception of the sufferings of those who are. The queues are somewhat differently regulated in different sections, but my host's daughters, who take it in turn to go, are often waiting from 4 o'clock until 8 or 9 in the morning.—"Journal of a Spy."

Japanese English.

The following English is of the "world language" order. It is from the Japan Mail:

"Zinsika" Musk Soap is comprehend the most useful Ichthyolum for the skin therefore it has a great effectual point for the scene, freckles on the face, and the skin-disease. This soap is specially made with the good trial for the materials and it will be used long time because it is very hard. If you once used it, it has the peculiarity of imparting its desirable Violet and noblest odor of Musk to other objects, and at least for the five days, it may be used to scent clothing, gloves, towel, handkerchief, summer-garment, and bed. Also, if you always used, it has a great ecoaomic, effectual point, not to be used perfumes, artificial musks, waters, etc. It's style is no adornment and the materials are made with great attention, therefore it is far superior than foreign made and its price is [illegible]

When Spencer Traveled.

When Herbert Spencer went on a long railway journey it was his practice to have reserved for him a first class compartment. Across the carriage he used to have a hammock swung, in which he traveled to avoid the vibration and concussion. There was something funny in the spectacle of the staid philosopher traveling in this fashion, and so it appeared to the people who witnessed the preparations for his departure. The inquisitives were soon disappointed, for as soon as Spencer recognized that he was being made the object of unsolicited attention he would shout out in stentorian tones to the porters—he used to have four to look after him—"Draw down those blinds!"

Origin of Ox Tail Soup.

During the reign of terror in Paris in 1793 many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. The abattoirs sent their hides fresh to the tanneries without removing the tails, and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One of the noble beggars asked for a tail, and it was willingly given to him. He took it to his lodging and made (what is now famous) the first dish of ox tail soup. He told others of his good luck, and they annoyed the tanners so much that a price was put upon them.

Ambition.

Ambition becomes displeasing when it is once satiated. There is a reaction, and as our spirit till our last sigh is always aiming toward some object it falls back on itself, having nothing else on which to rest and having reached the summit it longs to descend.—Corneille.

Easy Work.

First Transient—If you had got to go into business, what line yould you choose? Second Ditto—I'd open an employment agency. It would be so nice to be getting other people to work without having any temptation to do any yourself.

Still Time.

Burroughs—Say, old man, there was a time when you promised to share your last dollar with me.

Richley—That's all right. I haven't got down to it yet.

Though the sun scorches us sometimes and gives us the headache, we do not refuse to acknowledge that we stand in need of his warmth.—De Mornay.

BACK TO MUTTON.

Present Phase of the Sheep Industry on the Farm.

There is no animal on the farm today that will give us more clear meat for the amount of food consumed and the work required to take care of it than the sheep. I do not see why each and every one of our farmers does not keep a few sheep to eat up the waste both in the summer and winter. Sheep are not expensive. If you have some roots for them, silage, corn or something like that they get along very well. I have seen sheep fed by the thousand on nothing but clear roots. Of course we could not feed sheep alone on that in this country.

The Highly Finished Product.

There certainly is a demand for that class of meat fitted up in the highest possible shape. If I were to tell you the price that some of it has sold for you would hardly believe me. I know one man who sold to a clubhouse in Boston and a hotel in New York fifty yearling wethers at an average price of 20 cents a pound, dressed weight. If we can keep any other animal on our farm today that will net us as much profit as this I would like to know what it is. I would like to have some of them.

When They Do Not Pay.

There are too many of our farmers who have few sheep, and these can't pay under the circumstances in the way they are kept. I know a farmer who lived near me who kept probably twenty or thirty sheep. He put them in the far end of the field and once or twice during the summer looked at them. We cannot expect to make money out of an animal in that way. In the winter take them up and let them run around the straw stack. For the pure bred flock we must keep them growing from the time they are born until the time we turn them off. You take a lot of lambs and feed them with clover hay and corn and they will develop in a way that will do very well for the market.—J. C. D., Pennsylvania.

DENATURED ALCOHOL.

Dr. Wiley's Idea of the Farmer's Position In Its Manufacture.

In discussing the possibilities of denatured alcohol Dr. H. Wiley, chemist of the department of agriculture, says in Rural New Yorker that practically all of the alcohol made in the United States at the present time is made from Indian corn. The most abundant source of alcohol after Indian corn is probably the potato, either the ordinary white, the sweet or the yam. This is a crop grown in great abundance in almost all parts of the United States, while in some localities especially favorable conditions are obtained for the growth of the potato—for instance, in the northern part of Maine, in Colorado and many other places. Imperfect, rotten or bruised potatoes can be very profitably used for alcohol making where the sound and well formed potatoes would bring more money by direct sale.

For denaturing alcohol—that is, making it unfit for drinking—the addition of from 3 to 8 per cent of crude wood alcohol is very efficient. This produces a spirit known as methylated spirit. To make the concoction still more bitter there is often added a chemical compound known as pyridine, which dissolves readily in alcohol and imparts to it an intensely bitter and unpalatable taste.

Dr. Wiley strongly advises the farmers of this country not to undertake the manufacture of alcohol. To do this successfully requires a thorough knowledge of the chemistry of the process and a high degree of technical skill. The successful practice of the future, he thinks, will consist in the establishment of central distilleries in a good locality accessible to the farmers who will furnish the raw material for manufacture.

Know What They Are After.

A feature of European stock breeding operation which has been of untold value to her people is the well defined aim or purpose which every successful breeder has in mind at all times. These men are not breeding at random with the hope of getting an occasional good animal. Each successful man has a very clear idea of the type of animal which he wishes to produce, and he never stops short of getting the same. Even when he has reached his original ideal he is not satisfied, but seeks to do even better work in the future. By a large and successful breeder of live stock the European people do not mean a man who owns a large number of animals, but the man who succeeds in annually producing a high percentage of meritorious animals.—W. J. Kennedy.

NEWS AND NOTES

A milking machine now in operation at the Kansas State Agricultural college is said to be giving good results.

Agricultural education is one of the things to which the south is giving increased attention.

There is "no speculation in wool," according to National Stockman. Buyers are not in any hurry, but are staying out of the market in the hope of securing better terms.

Michigan now has state inspection and state supervision of the dairy industry.

"Dry feeding" of chickens seems to be growing in favor. Many growers consider the feeding of cooked mashes a serious mistake.

The farmers' national congress is to meet at Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 9.

As a remedy for blight, which attacks alfalfa fields in spots, cutting as soon as it appears is recommended by the New Jersey experiment station.

One of His Inferiors.

"He says he always tries to be polite to his inferiors and— Hey, where are you going?"

"Going to find him and give him a licking."

"What for?"

"I met him this morning, and he was as polite as a dancing master."—Houston Post.

The Other Way.

The teacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, says English Country Life, and, with the incubator in mind, asked if eggs could be hatched in any other way.

"Yes, sir," said an experienced person of nine. "Put 'em under a duck."

The Remedy.

"You're not in love, Robbie. You only think you are."

"Well, how the dickens am I to find out my mistake if I am mistaken?"

"Oh, marry the woman by all means."—Home Notes.

A Distinction.

Mistress—Have you had any experience with children? Bridget—Nope, but they have had some wid me.