

The Jilting of Mr. Driscoll

By HERBERT QUICK

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PRINCIPLES has their lo- cal habitats the same as live things; an' nothin' is worse fr' em than to turn 'em loose where they don't know the water-holes an' wind-breaks. Principles that'll lay on fat an' top the market in Boston. 'I queer the hull game in a country where playin' is tangled up with Injuns, dog mines, 'r range-stuff. In the short-grass country, dogy principles are sure a source of loss, until they get hardened up so's to git out and rustle with the push. Now, this Humane-Society-Injun-Relief-Corps form of doin' good—harmless, you'd say, as we set here by the grub-wagon; but I swear to Godfrey's Gulch, the worst throw-down I ever got in a social way growed out of a combination of them two highly proper ideas with a Oberlin College gal I met up to Chamberlain.

This was the way of it: "The O. M., Mr. Elkins, I mean, of the J-Up-An-Down Ranch, was called to Sioux Falls as a witness in a case of selling conversation-water to the Injuns, an' casually landed a juicy contract with Uncle Sam fr' supplyin' beef-issure cattle over on the Rosebud. The Pierre firm of politicians he outbid, havin' things framed up pretty good, as they thought, on the delivery, at once hops to him with a proposition to pay him I'd know how much money an' take it off his hands. Havin' a pongshong fr' doin' business on velvet, the O. M. snaps 'em up instantaneous, an' comes home to Wolf Nose Creek smilin' like he'd swallowed the canary, an' sends me to Chamberlain to see that the contract is carried out as far as proper.

"Go up, Aconite," he says, "an' remember that while the J-Up-An-Down outfit don't feel bound to demand any reforms, its interests must be protected. Any sort of cattle the Pierre crowd can make look like prime steers to the inspector, goes with us. But," he goes on, "our names and not theirs are on the contract. These inspectors," says he, "bein' picked out on their merits at Washington, to look after the interests of the government an' the noble red, it would be unpatriotic if not Lee's Majesty to cavil at their judgment on steers, especially if it coincides with that of Senator Whaley's men at Pierre. Therefore, far be it from us to knock. But be leery that we don't get stuck for non-performance; which we can't afford. See?"

It was partly plain to a man who'd matrikelated as night-wrangler, an' graduated at it on the J-Up-An-Down, an' I went heart-free an' conscience clear, seein' my duty perfectly plain.

Now at Chamberlain was this Oberlin College lady, who had some kind of an inflamed conscience on the Injun question, an' was dead stuck on dumb animals an' their rights. She was one of the kind you don't see out here—blue eyes, you know, yellow hair, the kind of complexion that don't outlive many hot winds; an' she had lots of pitchers around her, of young folks in her classes, an' people with mortared-up black nighties, 'r striped stockings. She was irritating into the Injun question via Chamberlain. Her thought was that the Injuns was really livin' correct 'r fur as they had a chance, an' that we orto copy their ways, instid of makin' them tag along after ours.

"Maybe that's so," says I, "but I've took the Keeley cure twice now, an' please excuse me!"

She looked kinder dazed fr' a minute, an' then laffed, an' said somethin' about the sardonic humor of the frontier.

I had been asked to give an exhibition of broncho bustin' at the ranch where she was stayin' an' she was agitatin' herself about the bronks' sellin'. I told her that it was just friendly rivalry between the puncher 'r the bronk, an' how, out on the ranch, the gentle critters 'd come up hang around by the hour, a-nicker, 'fr some o' the gang to go out an' ast 'em.

"It reminds me," she says, "of my brother's pointers begging to go huntin'."

"Same principle," says I.

It seemed to ease her mind, an' feelin' as I did toward her, I wouldn't have a worry fr' anything. Then she found out that I was a graduate of the high school of Higgsville, Kansas, an' used to know what quadratics was, an' that my way of emitting the English language was just an acquired mannerism, like the hock-catch of a string-baited boss, an' she warmed up to me right smart, both then an' after, never aint to see my diploma, an' begun interrogatin' me about the beef-issure, an' discussin' the Injun question like a lifelong friend. Wherat, I jumped the game.

But, for all that, about this time I become subject to attacks of blue eyes an' yellow hair, accompanied by vertigo, blind-staggers, bots, ringin' in the ears—like low confabulatin' talk, kinder interspersed with little bubbles of laffure—an' a sense o' guilt whenever I deave anything under the canopy of heaven that I was used to doin'. Can you explain that, now? Why this Oberlin proposition should make me feel like a criminal jest because the pony grunted at the cinchin' o' the saddle, 'r because I lammed him fr' bitin' a piece out o' my thigh at the same time, goes too deep into mind science fr' Aconite Driscoll. O' course, a man under them succumbances is supposed to let up on cussin' an' not to listen to all kinds o' stories; but you understand, here I was, conscience-struck in a general an' hazy sor, of way, mournin' over a dark an' bloody past, an' thinkin' joyfully of death. It was the condemned case I ever contracted, an' nothin' saved me to be a comfort to my friends but the

"Hain't yeh got 'em?" says I. "Huh!" says he, comin' out of it. "Don't be a dum fool, Aconite. This is the first I understood of it, an' whoever heard of an inspector readin' a contract? And there ain't them many cavs to be got by that time in all Dakoty. Let's hit the wires fr' instructions!"

The telegram runs something like this:

To Senator Patrick Whaley, Washington, D. C.

Contract calls for a hundred and fifty cows with calves at foot. What shall I do?

Reddy.

To Reddy Withers, Chamberlain, S. D.: Wire received. Calves at what? Explain, collect. Whaley.

Hundred and fifty cows and calves. What do you advise? Reddy.

See inspector. Whaley.

Won't do. Inspector wrong. Reddy.

Fix inspector or get calves. Whaley.

I'd got about the same kind of a telegram to Mr. Elkins, addin' that the Whaley crowd was up in the air. I sent it by Western Union to Sturgis, and then up Wolf Nose Creek by the Belle Fourche and Elsewhere Telephone Line. The O. M., as usual, cuts the melon with a word. His wire was as follows.

Take first train Chicago. Call for letter Smith & Jones, Commission Merchants, Union Stock Yards. Elkins.

This was sure an affliction on me, fr' I had fixed up a deal to go with Miss Ainsley an' her friends on a campin' trip, lastin' up to the day of the issue. She'd been readin' one of Hamlin Garland's books about a butcher who'd scooted through the British aristocracy, hittin' only the high places in a social way, on the strength of a gold prospect an' the diamond hitch to a mule-pack. She wanted to see the diamond hitch of all things. There orto be a law ag'in novel-writin'. I got Reddy to learn me the diamond hitch so I could make good with Gladys, an' here was this mysterious calf expedition to the last place in the world, Chicago, a-yankin' me off by the night train.

I went over to tell her about it. First, I thought I'd put on the clo's I expected to wear to Chicago, a dandy expensive dollar suit I got in town. An' then I saw how foolish this would be, an' brushed up my range clo's, tied a new silk scarf in my soft roll collar, an' went. Here's my diagram of the hook-up: Any o' them mortar-board-



WHEN SHE READ ANOTHER PIECE THAT WOUND UP WITH LOVE IS BEST FROM THE SAME BOOK, AN' FORGOT TO TAKE HER HAND AWAY WHEN I SPOKE UP ON IT, AN'—

curin' 'em. What is done with 'em is a mystery which may be solved some day; but that they perish in some miserable way is certain. Two carloads of them must perish on the Rosebud instid of in Packington—in the Sioux soup kettles, instead of the rendering tanks, if you can keep them alive to reach Chamberlain—and I have great confidence in your ability to perform this task imposed upon you by the carelessness of Senator Whaley's men eliter at Washington or at the range. I have heard that one of two range eggs per day per calf will preserve them, and it looks reasonable. Smith and Jones will have them ready loaded for you for the next fast freight west. I hope you'll enjoy your trip!"

Well, you may have listened to the plaintive beller of a single calf at weanin' time, 'r perhaps to the sympathy that emanates from the pen of three 'r four. Furdin' this the experience of most don't do. Hence, I don't hope to give yeh any idea of the sound that cickered over northern Illinois from them two cars o' motherless waifs. The cry of the orphan snote the air in a kind of endless chain of noise that at two blocks off sounded like a chorus of steam calliopes practisin' hots at about middle C. Nothin' like it had ever been heard of or done in Chicago an' stockmen an' reporters, an' sight-seers swarmed around wantin' to know what I was a-goin' to do with the foundlin's—an' I wa'n't in any position to be interviewed, with the Chicago papers due in Chamberlain before I was. I'd 'ave had a dozen scraps if it hadn't been fr' the fear of bein' arrested. But with the beef issue comin' on a-pacin', I had to pass up luxuries involuin' delay. I sot in the caboose, an object of the prurient curiosity of the train-crowd until we got to Elgin 'r some'er out there, where I contracted eight cases of eggs an' one of nervous prostration.

Here it was I begun ministerin' to the wants of my travelin' orphan asylum. They was from four hours to as many days old when the accident of birth put 'em under my fosterin' care. I knowed it was all poppy-cock givin' dairy 'r breedin' herds to them Injuns, an' that these would do as well fr' their uses, 'sif they had real mother instid o' one as false as I felt. But to look upon 'em as they appeared in the cars, would 'ave give that conscientious but unsophisticated inspector a brush up on his range clo's, tied a new silk scarf in my soft roll collar, an' went. Here's my diagram of the hook-up: Any o' them mortar-board-

hat, black-nightie fellers she had pitched of, could probably afford fifteen dollar clay-worsted; but it was a good gamblin' proposition that none of 'em could come in at the gate like a personally-conducted cyclone, bring up a stannin' from a dead run to a dead stop 's if they'd struck a stone wall, go clear from the bronk as he fetched up an' light like a centaur before her, with their sombrero in their hand. Don't light, you say? Wal, I mean as a centaur would light if he took a notion. You'd better take a hike down to see how the steed's gettin' along, Bill, 'r else subside about this Greek myth biz. It helps on with this story—not!

The p'int is, that gals and fellers both like variety. To me, the "y" in her name, the floss in her hair, the kind of quivry loveliness in her voice, the rustle of her dresses as she walked, the way she looked like the pitchers in the magazines an' talked like the stories in 'em, all corroborated to throw the hooks into me. An' I s'pose the nater's-nobleman gag went like-wise with her. Subsequent happenin's—but I must hold that back.

We sot in the hammock that night—the only time Aconite Driscoll ever was right up against the real thing in ladies' goods—an' she read me a piece about a Count Gibson—a-shootin' his lady-love's slanderers so full o' holes at a tournament that they wouldn't hold hazel-brush. They was one verse she hesitated over, an' skipped.

I ast her if she thought she—as a supposed case—could live out in this dried-up-an'-blowed-away country; an' she said the matter had really never been placed before her in any such a way as to call for a decision on her part. Purty smooth, that. Then she read another piece that wound up with "Love is best!" from the same book, an' forgot to take her hand away when I sneaked up on it, an'—Gosh! talk about happiness: we never git anything o' quite that kind out here! I never knowed how I got to the train, 'r anything else until we was a-crossin' the Mississippi at North McGregor. Here the calf question ag'in unveiled its hee-fus front, to be mullied over till I reached the cowman's harbor in Chicago, the Exchange Building at the Yards, an' found Jim Elkins' instructions awaitin' me. They read:

"Dear Aconite:

"The Chicago stockyards are the nation's doorstep for bovine foundlings. New-born calves are a drug on the market here, owing to abuses in the shipping business which we won't just now take time to discuss, to say nothing about

claws in a government contract, he was banished as an accessory to the crime of hidin' poor L. O. This tragedy happens out west o' the river at the Issue House.

Reddy had a string of wagons with hog-tracks onto 'em waitin' in the switch-yards when we whistled in, an' the way we yanked them infants off the cars and trundled 'em over the pontoon bridge, an' hit the trail fr' the Issue House, was a high-class piece o' teamin'. We powdered across the country like the first batch of sooners at a reservation openin'. Out on the prairie was Reddy an' his punchers, slowly dribblin' the last of his steers into the delivery, too anxious fr' me an' the cavs to be ashamed of their emaciation. Out behind a burke, he'd concealed a bunch of cow-stuff he'd depyitized as mothers pro tem to my waits. The right way I've done, o' course, would've been to incorporate the two bunches in a unassumin' way at a remote place, an' drive 'em gent'ly in as much like cattle 'o' the same family circles as yeh could make 'em look. But they wa'n't them. The end-gates was jerked out an' the wagons ogerently emptied like uppentin' a sleigh comin' home from spellin' school. Most all the orphans could an' did walk, an' I was so tickled at this testimonial to the egg-cure fr' youthful weakness, that we had 'em half-way to the place where the knives o' their owners-elet was awaitin' 'em when I looked around an' seen Miss Ainsley, an' the Chamberlain lady she was a-stayin' with, standin' where they must 'a' seen the way we mused the cavs hair up in gettin' 'em on the ground.

Gladys' eyes was a-blazin', an' they was a red spot in each cheek. She seemed sort o' pressin' forward, like she wanted to mix it up, an' her lady friend was tryin' to head her off. I saw she didn't recognize me, an' I didn't thrist fr' recognition. I knew that love ain't so blind as she's been advertised, an' that I wouldn't never, no, never, be a nater's nobleman no more if she ever tumbled to the fact that the human omelette runnin' this calf business was A. Driscoll. It was only a case of sweet-gal-graduate palpitation o' the heart anyhow, an' needed the bronzed cheek, the droopin' mustache, the range clo's, the deadly gun, the diamond hitch, and the centaur biz to keep it up to its wonted pail.

An' what was it that was offered to the gaze of this romantic piece o' caller? Try to realize the truth in all its hee-fusness. Here was the aforementioned Driscoll arrayed in what was once an A-1 fifteen-dollar suit of clay-worsted, a good billed shirt, an' a new celluloid collar. How changed from what had been but three short days ago the emensure of the eye of every sure-thing or conman on South Halsted Street? Seventy-five per cent. of eight cases of eggs had went biller-in' over him. The shells of the same clung like barnacles to his apparel. His curlin' locks was matted an' muddled like he'd made a premature get-away from some liberal-minded sham-pooer; an' from under his beetlin' brows that looked like birds' nests from which broods had just hatched, glared eyes with violence an' crime in every glance. Verily, Aconite was a beauty! An' here a-comin' down upon him like the angel o' the Lord on the Assyrian host, come a starchy, lacey, filmy, ribbiny gal, that had onst let him hold her hand, by gum! her eyes burnin' with vengeance, an' that kinder corn-shucky rustlin' that emanated mysterious from her dress as she walked, a drawin' nearer an' nearer every breath.

"Gladys! Gladys!" says her lady friend. An' as Gladys slowed up, she says, lower: "I wouldn't interfere in this if I were you, dear!"

"I must!" says Gladys. "It's my duty! I can't permit dumb animals to be treated so without a protest. It is civic cowardice not to do disagreeable things for principle. I wish to speak to the man in charge, please!"

I kep' mingin' with the herd, not carin' to have disagreeable things done to me for principle, but she cuts me out, an' says to me, "Do you know 'at there's a law against cruelty to dumb animals?"

"They ain't dumb," says I, trying to change my voice, an' officin' up to Reddy to shove 'em along to their fate while I held the foe in play. "When you've associated with these cute little cusses as long an' intimately as I have, ma'am, you'll know that they have a language an' an elquence all their own, that takes 'em out of the pervisions of that law you speak of, an'—"

Here's where I overplays my hand, an' lets her get onto the genuine tones of my voice. I ortn't to do this, fr' she'd heard it at close range. An' to make a dead clench out of a good gamblin' proposition, I looked her in the eyes. It was all off in a breath. She give a sort of gasp as if somethin' cold had hit her, an' went petrified, sort o' slow like.

"Oh!" says she, turnin' her head to her friend. "I understand now what it was your husband was laughing about, and his odious jokes about foolin' the inspector; and the bearing of the article he showed us in the Chicago paper! Oh, Mr. Driscoll, you to be so cruel; and to impose these poor motherless creatures upon those ignorant Indians, who are depending upon their living and becoming the nucleus of their pastoral industry; and the first step to a higher civilization! I don't wonder that you look guilty, or try—"

"I don't!" says I, fr' I didn't, as far as the stock was concerned. "It's these here eight cases of eggs that make me look so. It's a matter o' clo's. An' the reds'll never raise cattle," says I, "or anything but trouble in God's world. An' if these cavs had as many mothers as a Mormon kid, I went on, "they'd be no better fr' stew!"

"Mr. Driscoll," says she, "don't ever speak to me again. I shall expose this matter to the inspector!"

I tried to lift my hat, but it stuck to my hair; an' the sight of me pullin' desperately at my own head had some effect on her, fr' she fled to her friend, actin' queer, but whether 'uffin' 'r cryin' I couldn't say, an' I don't s'pose she could. It's immaterial anyway, the main p'int bein' that her friend's husband, a friend of the senator's, persuaded her from havin' us all pinched, when she found that Reddy'd beat her to it with the cavs, the last one of

which was exirin' under the squaw's hatchets as she hove in sight of the issue, an' the soup-kittles was all a-steamin'. It really was too late to do anything, I guess.

That night I sleep in Okonoma Jail. You naturally gravitate that way when fate has ground you about so fine, an' you begin to drift with the blizzard. I could 'a' stood the throw-down, but to be thrown down in a heap with eggs an' dirty clothes, was too much. I took that suit an' made a bundle of it, an' out on the pontoon bridge I poked it into the Missouri with a pole. They're usin' the water to settle coffee with, I'm told, as far down as Saint Joe, to this day—'s good as the whites of eggs, the cooks say. Then, havin' wired my resignation to Elkins, feedin' that the world held no vocation fr' me but the whoop-er-up business, I returned to the west side of the river as the only place suited to my talents, an' went forth to expel the eggs an' tender memories from my system with water. I broke jail in the mornin', but in a week I come to myself ag'in on the same ol' cot in the same public-house calaboose, an' Mr. Elkins was keepin' the flies off me with one of them brushes made of a fringed newspaper tacked to a stick.

"I've come," says he, "to take you home, Aconite."

"All right," says I, "but can you fix it up with the authorities?"

"I'm just going over to get your discharge," replies he. "They seem quite willing to part with you, now that they discover that none of your victims have anything deeper than flesh wounds. I've given bonds not to let you have your guns this side of the Stanley county line. I'll be back in half an hour with the horses."

An' here's where I had a narrow escape. I wouldn't have faced her, the girl, you know, fr' no money; but as Jim went away, right at the door I seen through a little under a shimmerin' of white and blue. It was her, herself! She must have met Jim before, fr' I heard her speak his name an' mine. He seemed to be peritely arguin' with her; an' then she went away with him. I breathed easier to see her go, an' then set down an' cried like a baby. A feller'll do that easy, when he's been on a tear, you know.

Jim an' I rode all that day sayin' never a word. But when we'd turned in that night I mentioned the matter. "Mr. Elkins," says I, "she sure has got it in fr' me pretty strong, to follow me to jail to jump on me!"

"Aconite," says he, "I'll not deceive you. She has. Forget it!"

MILLS OF CAPE COD

Old Time Relics That Remind One of Holland.

Ancient Structures Stay on the Job In Spite of Their Advanced Age—No More Like Them in the United States.

New York.—"Is this Holland?" asked a six-year-old boy from New York of his mother as he saw an old windmill on Cape Cod when he alighted from the train.

And well he might ask this question, as these mills, now valuable landmarks, remind one of scenes in Holland—the awkward-looking square boxes supported from the ground by means of posts with great fans connected with their tops.

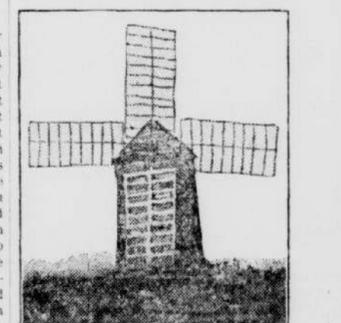
One of the greatest spectacles on Cape Cod is its old mills. There are only a very few of these; they are not found in every village, by any means. A canvase shows that there are only a mere half dozen on the cape; but there are no more like them in the United States.

Years ago these structures were built for the purpose of grinding corn into meal, or pumping salt water into wooden vats to manufacture salt by evaporation. Although the salt works disappeared many years ago, and most of the mills cannot be used for grinding grain, they are worth more in their present state than at the time they were built. Summer residents for the most part, have bought these mills and had them removed to secluded spots, where they will be free from devastation.

There are mills in the villages of Harwichport, Brewster, Chatham, Yarmouthport and Dennis, and one on Nantucket Island.

The oldest is at Harwichport, and is known as "Baker's mill." This one is said to have been built in 1630. There are only a very few shingles on its walls at present, and to the casual visitor it looks only good for kindling wood.

At Brewster there is one of these mills which is still in good working order. Its owner, Henry Hopkins, a blacksmith, does a great portion of his work with it. He saws all his fire wood with its power, grinds grain in large quantities, makes cider during the fall, and uses its force in many other ways. Summer visitors are often entertained for hours at a time watching it work. Mr. Hopkins is able to grind a hundred bushels of grain in an eight-hour day when there is a fair breeze. Despite the fact that ordinarily it takes



Old Mill at Brewster.

a ten or twelve horse power engine to turn a saw with sufficient speed to saw logs into firewood, the owner cuts all his wood without difficulty and does it as quickly as he could with an engine.

The mill has four "fans," each of which is about fifteen feet long and six feet wide. On these are stretched strips of tough canvas; these form the "sails." Each fan is set at a slight angle, so that the wind blowing against it forces it over. It is made on the same plan as a common windmill. The mill is faced toward the wind, so that the whole force comes against the surface of the canvas. The whole mill itself sets upon a sort of "railroad track," the wheels turning the structure to the desired point. It is wonderful with what ease these mills are turned; it requires only a slight pressure of a wooden stick to whirl the mill. When it is set at the desired angle and all is ready the fans are unchained, and "round goes" the wheel. Inside there is a rumbling sound much like that of distant thunder, a speeding freight train or the whir of a revolving paddle wheel on a side-wheeler steamer. The mill shakes considerably, and anyone who happens to be in it rushes out the door—all except the owner, who smokes a pipe and acts as though he was enjoying himself immensely.

The mill is also made to turn grindstones, separators, washing machines, and the like.

HATCHET IS USED TO WHIP

Director Henry O. Kight of Boys' School is Cleared of Cruelty, However.

Trenton, N. J.—Although Henry O. Kight, director of the Fairview Training school at Frenchtown, has been held guiltless of atrocious assault and battery upon Harry Sparkes of Camden, Probation Officer Charles H. Edmond, in a report to Judge Crichtel, asserts that Kight struck one boy with the broad side of a hatchet, used a horse whip and paddles on others and chained one boy to a bed for running away. In striking the boys, the officer holds, Kight violated a court order.

Kills Man Who Saved His Life. Taylorsport, Ky.—Lewis Phillips fell into the Ohio river. He was unable to swim. William Zurelby, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the water and rescued Phillips. Two hours later Phillips appeared at Zurelby's home, armed with a shotgun. "Are you the man who saved my life?" he demanded. "Yes," replied his rescuer, Phillips lifted the shotgun to his shoulder and without a word shot Zurelby dead.

NEEDS GUIDANCE BY BRAIN

Most Facile Pen of Little Avail if the Great Driving Force is Not Behind It.

It is recorded of Daniel Webster that a friend presented him with a steel pen—an article not generally known in the active days of our great oratorical genius. Webster found it practical and efficient. "But though it writes beautifully and without scratching," he commented, "I could never learn to compose with it. Its fluency distracts my mind from the matter in hand. I must compose with a quill, and make a fair copy, if need be, with the steel point." Mark Twain was one of the first literary men to experiment with a typewriter. He was enthusiastic about its possibilities, but he admitted his style suffered from its use. He needed a fountain pen to compose with. And yet, a few years before he had said the same thing about the fountain pen. Its novelty, its tricks, its very independence of the ink well, took his attention from his story. He could compose better with a steel pen or the stub of a lead pencil.

It is probable that when the inventor of the art of writing with a stylus upon waxen tablets introduced his innovation the poet who had previously composed his deathless lyrics with a mall and chisel acknowledged the ease of the new method, but complained that no good poetry could ever be composed by its aid. One needs the fall of the hammer to emphasize the ictus, he would say, and the heaving of it up again to indicate the arsis. The caesura came when he paused to moisten his hands.

All this leads to the statement of a modern American versifier to the effect that he cannot write poetry when he is deprived of his typewriter. This poet was recently left without a machine, just at the time when he was obliged to prepare some copy for the press. He made shift with a pencil, but the result was trifling. "I cannot write poetry with a pencil," he apologized to his publisher. "I have lost the knack of it."

One can easily understand this. An inspiration flashed across him—the laborious scrawling of it by slow and unaccustomed means deadened it and dulled it. With a typewriter he might have caught it on the wing and fixed it ere it fled.

Training an Oriental.

A Canadian woman wanted to show her Chinese servant the correct way to announce visitors, and one afternoon went outside her front door, rang the bell, and made the man usher her into the drawing room.

The following afternoon the bell rang, and not hearing him answer it, she went to the door herself. To her surprise, he was standing waiting outside.

"Why, ring here?" she asked, "what are you doing here?"

"You foolce me yesterday, I foolce you today," was his reply.—Judge.

"Canna Ye Boo, Ye Brute?"

Rev. Maxwell Nicholson, when minister of an Edinburgh parish, was called upon to marry a couple in humble life, and in the course of the ceremony he thrice asked the bridegroom whether he took "this woman" as his wedded wife without eliciting a reply. At last the patience of the bride was fairly overtaxed and she politely addressed her lord and master, in the hearing of the assembled friends, "Canna ye boo, ye brute?"

Do you desire not to be vulgar, then cease to be affected; for we never know an affected person who was not vulgar, nor one of natural manners to whom the phrase could be applied.—Hythe.