

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

He Becomes a Rural Poet as Well as a Rural Letter Carrier

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I WAS feeding my horse and taking a noontime bite myself at Farmer Johnson's the other week when his eldest son Bill winked me out of doors and took me around behind the smokehouse to say:

"See here, Abe, I'm in a heap of trouble and ready to hang myself."

"Been buying green goods in New York?" I asked.

"Of course not. None of them fellows can come over me. Did you know I was sparkin' Sarah Peters?"

"Seems to me I heard something about it."

"I've been sparkin' her for a year now, and we are as good as engaged. I should have popped the question last week if sunthin' hadn't happened."

"Old man order you off?"

"Noap. Old man and old woman are all right. It's that a city feller who is takin' his vacation at Jed Holden's has got sort of stuck on Sarah and is writin' her poetry. Sarah always did take to poetry, and she's beginnin' to think the feller about forty times smarter than I am. He sends her a poem every single day, and I believe she sleeps with 'em under her pillow. It's got to that point that I've got to git up and do sunthin' or lose Sarah."

"Can't you run the feller off?" I asked.

"He don't look as if he would scare. I've thought it all over, and I don't see but one way. I've got to become a poet and beat him at his own game—that is, you've got to write some for me. Everybody is talkin' about the way you can write verses, and if you'll only help me out in this I'll pay you any price. I'd have you go and talk to Sarah and tell her that the United States government expected her to marry me and would raise a row if she didn't, but she's got a way of sassin' back, and she'd be sure to git mad over it. If I sling poetry at her, however—poetry to beat that city critter's poetry—she'll be callin' me her darlin' Bill in less'n two weeks. Will you help me, Abe?"

I told him I would, and we got a pencil and paper and went to the barn and sat down together. In a few minutes I had turned him out dose No. 1, as follows:

She's tall and fair, with chestnut hair,
And eyes of dreamy blue,
And I will bet my dollars yet
That Sarah will be true.

"That's the stuff," said Bill as he read it. "You begin by praisin' her and end up by showin' confidence. She isn't very tall, and her hair is more straw colored than chestnut, but she'll pur around like a kitten after readin' that. Abe, I ain't sure whether

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hadn't you better write sunthin' to ease her mind a little? If she thinks I'm goin' to kill myself she may cry all night."

His idea struck me as being a good one, and I dashed off the following:

But see, the sky is clearing up;
The wind is but a sigh;
The harvest moon is bursting forth
To hit me in the eye.

Perhaps I'd better tarry on
And wait a little while
And see if my dear Sarah won't
Indulge me with a smile.

"Sixty bushels to the acre and not a peck less!" shouted Bill, as he rose up to swing his hat and dance a jig. "Abe, you'll never have to buy another bushel of potatoes as long as you live! One hour ago I was thinkin' of suicide and a lonely grave under the willows. I am now thinkin' of livin' a hundred years and bein' buried under the holly hocks when I die. Just wind the thing up in a nice way, and I am your friend for life."

My time was up, but I could not leave my work unfinished, and the band wound up with:

I guess I will live, and I guess I will stay,
And I guess I'll go over tomorrow
And ask my dear Sarah if she will consent
To share with my joy and my sorrow.

I know she'll say yes, and happy I'll be,
And this fall I will make her my wife.
I'll bet my last dollar that nothing but
peace

Will come into our dear, loving life.
Bill put his arms around me and shed tears as I went away, and I did not see him again for four days. Then I met him on the road, and I saw his happy smile a quarter of a mile away.

"Well?" I queried as I halted the mail cart.

"That city feller has gone," he replied.

"Dug out, eh?"

"Went yesterday. Sarah gave him the bounce."

"And you?"

"She's given me her love, and we are to be married Thanksgivin' day. Abe, you are the durnedest, nicest, heftiest poet in all this world, and I've got a whole acre of pumpkins growin' for you."

M. QUAD.

Nothing Else There.



Cholly—"Y'know, Miss Betty, I never drink wine because every time I do so I find it goes straight to my head. Isn't it queer?"

Miss Betty—"Well, I suppose it wants to get where it won't be crowded."

The Flight of Time.

The theatrical man patronized a German barber and always found him severely solemn. One day the smile upon his face was too apparent not to be noticed, and the fact that he had been made a father was duly announced. In a very few moments however, his face resumed its usual pensiveness, and he exclaimed:

"Ach Gott! How time flies! Just think, a year from now that child will be one year old!"—New York Press.

Knew How to Please Her.

Young Wife (inspecting the house he has built for her)—This, I suppose, is the library. The shelves are awfully primitive. Herbert, and it seems to me a crazy idea to put the library in this part of the building anyhow.

Young Husband—This isn't the library, Amelia. This is the pantry.

Young Wife—You darling!—Chicago Tribune.

Her Best Effort.

"Mamma told me I must keep Mr. Huggard at a distance when we met him at the shore this summer," said Miss Koy.

"And did you?" asked Miss McQueery.

"Well, I usually succeeded in keeping him at a distance from the other girls."—Philadelphia Press.

Grows Genial.

"How do you like Tipton?"

"He seems cold and reserved?"

"He does at first, but he soon thaws. After you have met him a few times he will come up and slip you on the back and ask you for a dollar, just as cordial as can be."—Kansas City Journal.

Mutual.

"I am satisfied," said the angry tailor, "that you intend to beat me out of this money."

"All right," chuckled the happy debtor. "If you're satisfied, I am."—Baltimore News.

Good Old Fall.

Season changes lively,
Summer days are gone;
Grass an' turnips yellow,
Same way shucks ob cawn.

Trees like Indian princes
Line up 'gin de sky;
Wild geese whiff a snowstarm
An' go honkin' by.

Bush all brown an' scarlet,
Frost will soon be nigh;
Shoeters quit deir singin',
Fins begin ter die.

Crickets time an' countin',
Cherubs gittin' brown;
Apples gittin' madder,
Fallin' to de groun'.

Pumpkins burnin' golden
'Tis de falltime, say,
Won't say be good eatin'
When made into pie!

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<p>Lot 3. Ladies' Union Suits, Jersey Ribbed, Fleece Lined, worth 50c, this lot goes at</p> <p>25c</p>	<p>Lot 4. 25 dozen Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 15c, this lot goes at</p> <p>10c</p>
<p>Lot 5. Heavy one-yard-wide Honespun and Calicoe, this lot goes at</p> <p>4c.</p>	<p>Lot 6. Checked Honespun, 5c designs worth more this lot goes at</p> <p>3 1/2c.</p>
<p>Lot 7. 90 dozen Men's Shirts and Drawers, extra heavy Ribbed Fleece Lined, worth 50c, this lot</p> <p>25c</p>	<p>LOT 8 GEO. A. CLARK'S O. N. T. LOT 8 SPOOL COTTON 25c Half-Dozen</p>
<p>Lot 9. 60 dozen Boys Heavy Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, this lot goes at</p> <p>25c.</p>	



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