Major Aldrich and His Watch

By Lawrence Alfred Clay

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When Clyde Lester, the portrait painter, found himself in a chair car on a train between New York and Philadelphia, and a handsome young girl occupying a chair only a few feet away, he felt that he had a moral right to study her profile. He did it in a dreamy sort of way, and he did not know that she had caught him at it. For an hour or more he was thinking how her face would look on canvas and for an hour or more she was saying to herself that he was a young man who lacked energy and ambition and would be heard of only among the dreamers.

As Jersey City was reached and the passengers disembarked for the ferry the young girl became nervous and hurried out.

When Lester reached her chair on his way out he saw her silver purse lying on the floor. He picked it up and hurried out to find the loser among the crowd hurrying to the boats, but the young woman was nowhere to be seen. He looked for her as his boat headed across to Chambers street, but he decided that she must have taken the other ferry.

When the purse was opened it was found to contain a few dollars in money, a couple of keys and a card bearing the words: "Miss Jessie Aldrich, Irvington." This information would save Mr. Lester the trouble of advertising for an owner. His mother and sister lived at Tarrytown, and he spent much of his time with them. He would drop off at Irvington and return the purse. He had been taken by the girl's face and wanted another and a nearer view of it. In his dreamy way he thought of things that might happen.

When Miss Jessie Aldrich reached home, which she did because she had the luck to have a return ticket in her glove, she told her father of her loss. The retired Major Aldrich at once began to storm and roar. Such criminal carelessness he had never heard of before! No; it was worse than carelessness. She had probably fallen asleep in her chair and given some passenger a chance to pick her pocket. While only $12 had been lost, suppose it had been a hundred—a thousand? Supposing she had been carrying his medals and commission? Supposing she had had the family plate with her? Could she remember that any of her fellow pasengers looked suspicious?

Miss Jessie was provoked with herself and vexed with her father, and, thinking she must urge some excuse in extenuation, she replied:

"Why, there was a gentleman with dreamy eyes who looked at me a good deal, but I can't say—"

"He was a pickpocket!" shouted the major.

"But he wasn't near me."

"Oh, but he must have been. Dreamy eyes, eh? A thousand to one he got your purse!"

"But I think he was a poet."

"Poet be hanged! He was a robber! He could put on any kind of look he wanted to. I'd give a hundred dollars to get my hands on him."

Two days later Mr. Lester was journeying up to Tarrytown. A friend shared the seat with him and was told of the purse. In reply he informed the artist that Miss Jessie's father was Major Aldrich, retired, and that he knew the ex-officer by sight. They were talking of the major when they reached Irvington. Glancing out of the window the friend exclaimed:

"Why, here is our old war hero on the platform!"

Acting on impulse, Mr. Lester hurried out of the car and approached the ramrod with the gray mustache. He thrust the purse into one of his hands and his card into the other, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"Your daughter's purse—dropped on the floor of the car—tried to find her, but couldn't—happy to restore it!"

And then the bell rang and he swung himself on to the car. He was a little disappointed at not having come face to face with the girl, but rather glad to have the matter off his hands. The major did not come to himself until the train was out of sight. Then he inspected the card and purse. Then he started for home and reached it to say to his daughter:

"Ah, ha, ha! I was right. I am always right. Your Raffles heard I was on his trail and he drops off the train to restore the plunder and placate me. Mumbled out something about finding your purse on the floor."

"But perhaps he did. I know I had it in my lap just before I got up. A thief wouldn't bring it back and leave an address card at the same time."

"But he had an object—an object! He may have hoped to get into the house and see how the windows were fastened. Did I serve 30 years in the army not to know the little games of confidence men and burglars?"

The major went away to saw a board in two to repair the henhouse. He changed to an old suit of clothes to do it. He changed back when the work was finished. His wife and daughter had figured it out that the finder of the purse was a gentleman, and that the mystery of the return would some day be explained, when the major who had gone to the postoffice with a letter after his work, came striding home with pale face and quivering chin. The two women looked at him in alarm.

"Insult added to injury!" he hoarsely exclaimed.

"What is it?"

"I was made a major after second Bull Run for bravery on the field. The regiment presented me with a gold watch, suitably inscribed."

"We know."

"Where is that watch—where?"

"Have you lost it?"

"Lost it! Lost it! No! That contemptible scoundrel picked it off my person when he restored the purse. It's gone. Presented to me for bravery, and it's gone!"

"But—but—"

"But I'll catch the scoundrel! I'll live to do it. I'll live to see him in state prison for 20 years. There's your dreamy eyes for you. By the bones of Gettysburg—"

It was no use to talk with the major. He was a roaring lion. He stamped up and down and muttered and mumbled and swore, and he even threatened to move out of the United States and take the oath of allegiance to Nicaragua.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lester had reproached himself for his haste. The more he thought of that profile in the car the more he regretted. It was a brusque way of restoring lost property. Perhaps the major had not clearly understood him. It would be better to drop off the train and go to the house and explain all about it.

Three days after the restoration of the purse, the portrait painter again swung down on the platform at Irvington. Major Aldrich at once seized him and called for help. Some queer influence had drawn the major to the depot again. Mr. Lester tried to explain, but was hustled to a police station. There he tried to explain again, but it was no good.

"He robbed my daughter and he robbed me!" the major kept shouting. "I was looking for him, and I have got him, and to prison he goes!"

Into a cell went Mr. Lester, and the major started for home to tell the great news. Half way there he met his daughter and she laid his watch in his hand and said:

"I found it in your old vest. You forgot to take it out when you changed back."

The major leaned up against a tree and shook all over. He had made the mistake of his life. He was a roaring lion of a major, but he was an honorable man.

Be that as it may, the young man walked home arm in arm with the major and as they reached the house the profile had a smile for him, and he would have been a curious man not to have said to the man of war a year later:

"Major Aldrich, I'm in love with Miss Jessie and want to ask her to be my wife."

Taking Advantage.

Joseph H. Choate remarked recently at a dinner in New York, apropos of the movement toward barring insanity as a defence for murder:

"The insane, you know, are too prone to take advantage of their weakness. A lunatic, out walking with his keeper, saw a case of beer in front of a grocery. He broke away, ran to the case, and, opening a bottle, began to drink it down, at the same time ramming, with the other hand, other bottles into his pockets just as fast as he could.

"'Here, here,' said a policeman, 'this won't do.'

"'Go away,' was the reply. 'You can't do anything to me. I'm a lunatic and I'm not responsible for my actions.'"

Greatest Strength.

Ther is perhaps no strength so great and abiding as that which follows from a resisted temptation. Every dangerous allurement is like an enchanted monster, which, being conquered, loses all his venom and changes at once into a king of great treasure, eager to make requittal.—John Oliver Hobbes.

Sounds Impossible.

One of New York's social reformers is engaged on the preliminary plans for the organization of a society for an unusual purpose. Its members are merely bound together by the agreement not to mention money.

"We are determined to eliminate the constant question of money from conversation," one of the first converts to the scheme explained yesterday, "and we believe that the result from such a rule will be of undoubted advantage to human society. There will be no mention of prices of anything, of the fortune of this or that person or of the financial value of anything that may be mentioned. There seems to be a constant tendency, in this city at all events, to make money the most absorbing topic of conversation. If we can change that even a little bit, we shall believe that the society has not been founded in vain. There are to be no other tests for eligibility than the promise of all the members to keep this subject out of their conversation just as far as it is possible. It is, above all, to be kept out of conversation for merely social purposes."

The Auto in the Country.

Edward Hyatt, superintendent of public instruction in California, in a recent report tells of the value of the automobile as a means of knitting a rural community into a strong school organization. The town of Imperial is the pioneer in the use of the motor car. It has a great, big passenger and freight automobile truck which cost $3,500. Every day it makes trips into the country, gathering up the older children for the agricultural high school and the younger ones for a grammar school in the town. The machine has seats in front and a freight compartment in rear.

Zeppelin airship tickets should bear "drop" coupons entitling the passenger to another trip.

MODES of the MOMENT

ONE of the most popular entertainments of the moment is to compare bargains. Everyone has secured some, and each woman is anxious to justify her supreme wisdom of selection.

And the lawn blouse, by the way, continues among the popular favorites in spite of whole costumes of foulard, ninon, and muslin being its very serious rival, writes our Paris correspondent. Still, the well-chosen lawn blouse and a white linen skirt cut in corselet fashion continue to be the success they have been for the past five seasons, while the crowning point of hat is best achieved by a Tegal with a single rose of fine quality and a binding of black velvet to the brim. However, this is not the most usual order of gown, for the tunic and skirt made of muslin, or ninon, or foulard, with square, narrow kimono sleeves and yoke and tight undersleeves of ivory lace, must be accredited with occupying the topmost step on the ladder of our love.

Foulard frocks of different colors, displaying a device in white, look extremely well with a tunic of ninon, a particularly good example being of mauve and pink shot foulard, patterned with white and veiled in light gray ninon. Effective, too, is a light brown and white foulard with a ninon tunic in dark brown, and the dark brown hat which completes it is a close turban shape in chip with an erect uncurled ostrich feather at one side held with a topaz jewel at the base.

The straight, narrow frock of muslin or foulard, which is unveiled is invariably accompanied by a scarf; and very effective indeed, at a garden party the other day, when the sun condescended

to shine for a few hours, was a dress of white muslin embroidered a jour, of very narrow outline and simply belted above the waist with a piece of white ribbon, which was drawn through a buckle made of forget-me-nots and pink roses. A bright blue chiffon scarf was held in the hollow of the arms, and this was fringed with white glass beads, while the hat was a leghorn bound with black satin, with a bunch of forget-me-nots and roses at one side, tied with black satin. Black shoes and pale blue stockings put finishing touches eminently picturesque, an adjective well deserved by the entire scheme. The same gathering included the wearer of a buff-colored voile gown, with a narrow skirt held in about the knees with four lines of thick cords, the same adornment appearing at the waist, which was set rather high, and again outlining the round yoke, which was filled transparently to the throat with gold and platinum lace. A bunch of wallflowers in a turban hat of Tuscan was most wisely worn with this, while a scarf of printed chiffon in Paisley colors fringed with silk was an excellent accompaniment.

Paisley colors have reappeared in full force, and without a doubt dresses of dark serge benefit much from their influence when carefully used as facings to the coat. I have also seen gores of Paisley successfully introduced on corselet skirts of dark blue serge which fit quite tightly round the hips and are completed by fitting bodices of Paisley much decorated with roulades of dark blue and some dome-shaped silver buttons.

We have returned to a recognition of our old favorite blue and white spotted foulard, and in a dark shade banded with patent leather and completed by a black hat this must be looked upon as a useful possession suited to face these past summer days which has formed so close a resemblance to winter in their dull atmosphere.

There is still a great deal of black worn, doubtless owing to the fact that there has been a great amount bought, and we are not so extravagant as to wish to discard this half worn-out. It is the black satin dress of the charmeuse description which held and retains our best affections, and few gowns are more becoming than this, so that the individual studies carefully the lines of her figure and bestows much attention on her neckgear. To some the turn-down collar is becoming; on others, it is fatal; and the very thin neck, or the very old neck is better for the influence of a band of black velvet held with a diamond brooch. Then, again, people with very long necks will invariably find they look better under the influence of a transparent collarband fitting tightly under the chin. Perfectly plain net is much used for these bands, and with a narrow hem of black satin they obtain most general recognition. The addition of a pearl necklet, of two, or even three strings, on the black satin dress with the transparent top, is very valuable, and, added to a broad-brimmed hat with a real lace veil, well adjusted, completes a costume hard to beat.

Patent leather shoes have yielded place to those of antelope, and lace stockings have been entirely superseded by the very thinnest gauze silk.

There is nothing very new in the land of parasols, and we appear to find most satisfaction from those of plain silk. Elaborations, however, show spotted net bound with velvet or satin, and we have recognized that the handle made of beads is by no means comfortable to hold.

Which reminds me there are some pretty new models in handbags, leather being for the moment discarded in favor of watered silk, tasseled and held by a frame of gold. These look very well in black with a gold monogram in the left-hand corner. Velvet, too, is used for these handbags, but watered silk is undoubtedly more attractive, and antelope skin is patronized also for this purpose.

Black satin is to be the material for bathing dresses, the trimming to remain strictly black, silken braid being chosen for choice, while the belt is to be of patent leather, and thin black stockings are to be worn, and the cap to be also of black. A variation of this scheme includes blue and white-striped stockings and a blue and white cap, but black, entirely black, is really the most chic. As a more economical suggestion, violet bunting may be used. An excellent trimming can be formed of black or black and white cross-stitch, worked either in cotton or silk, the rule of the black patent leather belt still being strictly observed. The shape of the bathing dress follows the lines of the shape of other dresses as nearly as it dare, the skirts being narrow and the sleeves without fulness on the top. However, the reticent will consider the charms of the kilted skirt which bears a limited amount of stuff about the waist, and this can be well achieved by the checked toile which come to us from Paris. Then, again, we always have the fascinations of red and pink bathing dresses to consider.

Pink is amongst the few colors we are adopting enthusiastically this season. Pink of the palest Shantung and tussore makes charming coats and skirts, and may also be highly commended for the tunic form of dress, but even the best laid pinks of man and maid go all astray in the strong sunlight, and it must be written that it is not avisable to put your faith in pinks.

Very novel and desirable at that is an all-in-one-piece dress made of pale coral-tinted crepe cotton, with the hem and belt and front of the slightly full bodice worked in a conventional device with white opalescent beads. There was no other trimming save a small lace yoke, and the costume was well crowned with a leghorn hat bearing a huge black velvet bow.

Buying Trees.

The best trees to order, everything considered, is a young, vigorous whip about five feet high. Such a tree is pretty sure to live and grow without a setback, and it may be cut off at whatever height the owner wishes the head to start.

CATFISH IS SIX FEET LONG

Nebraska Farmers Catch One That Weighs 297 Pounds—Claim It's the Biggest Ever.

Valley, Neb.—Presumably the largest fish ever caught in inland waters was landed here by Willis Orris and John Wixon, farmers. It was a black catfish and weighed 297 pounds, and was almost six feet long.

The Platte river was unusually high this spring, having flooded the lowlands and bottoms. Now it is rapidly receding. The other day Orris and his hired man, Wixon, were out in a pasture, repairing fences. In a swale over which the river had swept, and which was filled with water to a depth of a couple of feet, they noticed a great disturbance. Going out there, they discovered the monstrous fish. Pitchforks were secured and then the chase commenced. The swale was about 100 feet wide and 300 feet long, and back and forth the fish flew, lashing the water into foam.

The fish, finally tired out, was driven into shallow water and speared to death. It is presumed that it came up out of the Missouri river, as a fifty-pounder is the largest fish that has heretofore been caught out of the Platte.

Have Basis for Color Scheme.

A plan which results, not only in economy in the wardrobe, but a certain distinction as well, is that of taking a single color scheme of the whole wardrobe. This is accomplished most frequently with black, by persons in mourning, but there are few others who care to have the most of their costumes plain black. Gray is good, if it is becoming. Black and white, separate and in combination, is quite delightful. Brown, if it is a favorite color, gives satisfying results.

And in this coior you have chosen, have your petticoats, parasols, stockings, gloves, feather boas, scarfs, the straw of your hats, the groundwork of your foulards, blouse slips, and a hundred and one other items of the wardrobe. In this way many clever and new combinations may be produced from a limited supply.

TOWER IS DOOMED

Leaning Structure of Pisa Reported About to Collapse.

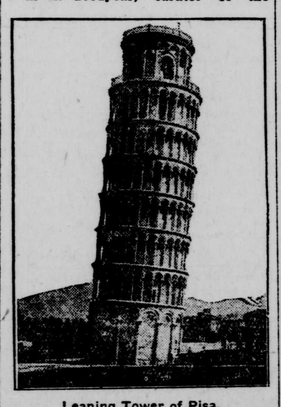
Has Been Out of Plumb for Centuries, but Engineers Now Believe It Is Very Likely to Fall.

Pisa, Italy.—The leaning tower of Pisa is doomed. After a careful examination of the celebrated structure, royal engineers appointed to investigate its condition report that the tower is on the verge of collapse. Its inclination has recently increased eight inches through settling of the foundation. The engineers say that it is not likely that the tower can be saved.

The ringing of the bells in the tower has been discontinued under orders from the engineers, who fear that the vibration might further weaken the foundations of the tower.

The leaning tower was built in 1174-1350. It is 179 feet high, and has for centuries been 13 feet out of plumb. It is now 18 inches more than that. As the columns of its arcades are higher on the leaning side than on the other, most authorities believe that the slant is not accidental—that the architect built it that way.

Whether the famous tower was built in that way or accidentally slid out of perpendicular long has been a subject of controversy. Prof. William H. Goodyear, curator of the



Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Brooklyn Museum of Art, has been making measurements and surveys which would determine the point in question.

"I am convinced that the obliquity of the tower was according to the design of the architect," he says in an interview. "The tower stands in a shallow, well-shaped construction of masonry. I made exhaustive measurements, particularly in the spiral stairway, taking the distances on each side of every step for the entire height of the tower. These measurements are of remarkable interest as regards sequence and gradation and are not compatible with accidental obliquity. To my mind they establish beyond debate that the tower was built to lean."

FAMOUS CHURCH REOPENED.

Interior Decoration of Ensenaneza Edifice Declared to Be the Most Beautiful in Mexico.

City of Mexico.—In the reopening of the old Ensenaneza church on Calle de Donceles, formerly Cordobanes, one of the richest and most valuable gems of art work was restored to public enjoyment.

This church was among the property confiscated by the state at the time of the constitutional reform movement and the separation of church from state in Mexico. It was constructed about 175 years ago, out of funds donated by a wealthy Spanish countess, and placed in charge of the religious order that conducted the Ensenaneza convent, now used by the federal courts.

In addition to the handsomely carved high altar, a rich piece of work in cedar overlaid with pure gold leaf and reaching to the top of the nave, are ten side altars, equally as handsomely carved and also overlaid with fine gold. Very little, comparatively, of the wall space is left uncovered by these massive gilded furnishings, and this space is filled in with immense oil paintings, some of the rarest works of art of the kind in Mexico City, including one or two genuine masters.

On account of the rare value of these decorations, and their unique character as the only church decorations of the kind in Mexico, Secretary of Finance Limantour some time ago took steps to have the temple restored to the religious authorities, succeeding in having the plans for enlarging the court buildings over that site.

Uses Hairpin to Fight Bull.

Fulton, Mo.—Mrs. Thomas Douglas, living south of here, was badly injured by a bull when the animal attacked her in a field. She had armed herself with a pitchfork, which the animal knocked from her grip. She was thrown down, butted and trampled upon until nearly all her clothes were torn from her body.

When the beast finally left her for dead she crawled to the house and telephoned to the family doctor. She was unconscious on the physician's arrival.

In the battle with the bull Mrs. Douglas took a hairpin from her hair and used it in an effort to gouge the animal's ribs when it was butting her on the chest.

Girl Works as Coal Miner.

Macon, Mo.—There is a young woman who works daily in a coal drift near Macon, and proves a most capable hand. She wears a pitlamp and handles a pick and shovel as good as the men. She earns from $3 to $4 a day and says the work appears to agree with her.

ITALY'S PUBLIC LAUNDRIES

In the Small Cities Many of the Housewives Use the Wash Tub in Common.

Naples.—Apparently there are as many ways of getting the weekly wash clean and in shape to use again as there are nations of people. The women of each country seem to have a system peculiarly their own, by reason of inheritance. In this land of invention, where everything must be accomplished with no loss of time, the women who do not send the soiled clothes of the household to the laun-

An Italian Laundry-Woman.

dries to be made fresh and white, employ some one to do the work in their homes, or get busy themselves, and, with the aid of washing machines or stationary tubs, manage to do their own laundry work.

In the smaller cities of Italy there are public laundries at which the women of the place congregate, coming from all directions, each with her basket of soiled clothes balanced on her head. At these laundries there are long stone basins filled with water, and there side by side the women and young girls stand, sometimes protected by a roof, but quite as often in the open air. All through the process of rubbing and rinsing and beating the articles on the stone side of the basin, the voluble Italians carry on a lively conversation, exchanging the news of the day with as much gusto as do the females of our acquaintance who gather around the card tables.

As much of the clothing of the town-folk is washed in the one long basin, the water early becomes—well, the opposite of clean—and when the last drop is squeezed from the garments and they are carried home to dry they are in no condition to be used as advertisements for washing powder. Passing through the towns, the tourist often finds the quaint homes and beautiful landscape adorned with these not overly white articles of dress, as the Italian housewife has not the slightest compunction in hanging the garments from her windows, or any other available place. The river bank furnishes a convenient place for those living near it, and in Naples there is always more or less clothing spread out to dry on the stone wall which guards the fashionable drive way from the beautiful bay.

COLUMBIA'S NEW SUN DIAL

Unusual and Unique Gift Which the Class of 1885 Has Presented to the University.

Boston.—The class of 1885 of the Columbia University Law school has recently presented a gift both unusual and unique to the university in an enormous sun dial, which is to remain as a memorial to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the graduation of the class.

The Largest Sun Dial.

The sun dial is one of the finest in the country, if not in the entire world.

It is situated in the middle of the South Field, stands about eight feet high, and costs a little more than $8,000. It is of solid granite, and the pedestal is surmounted by a granite ball. This ball casts a shadow on a circular tablet on which the hours are indicated, and in this way tells the time.

Mosquitoes' Feast Baby Boy.

New York.—Under a bush in Central Park, and surrounded by a cloud of mosquitoes, a patrolman found a 4-months-old baby boy. The child was crying lustily and waving its chubby hands to keep away the insects that were devouring it. At Bellevue hospital 70 severe insect bites were counted, and the attendants declared that the child's condition was serious as a result of the wholesale poisoning by the mosquitoes. The baby was dressed in new clothing and there were no identification marks.

Kind Act Proves Fatal.

Pottsville, Pa.—Because the flies were clustered thickly about the hind quarters of a mule at the Lincoln colliery, Alonzo Shellenberger, a driver, attempted to brush them away with a bough from a pine tree. The mule mistook his humane intention for intended injury and struck him a terrific blow with a hoof. It fractured his skull and death instantly followed.

The ONLOOKER

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

Music and Milk

(A Michigan farmer claims to have increased the output of his dairy by having musical selections rendered during the milking hour.)

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going milking, sir,' she said.

"Where is your bucket, my pretty maid?"
"I carry a music roll,' she said,
"The bucket is hung on the dairy wall
Just back of the crabbed old short horn's stall."

"I'll carry your stool for you, my pretty maid."
"I sit on a music stool," she said.
"I sit on a music stool and play
While gaily the milkers milk away.

"I open the hour with a fugue by Liszt,
Then play an etude if the cows insist,
But nothing from Wagner nor all his silk—
Their thunderous music would sour the milk.

"When Molly, the Jersey, is milked with pride
I always play 'Down by the Jerseyside,'
When common old farm cows are milked, you see,
I play them a rube song—all-durn-ee.

"Don't faint, and don't flee, for I'll tell no more
Of the tunes that I play on the dairy floor,
Save that when the cows to the pasture stray
I try 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'"

"And what do you play when the milk is shipped?"
"'Rippling Waters!.'" Then off she tripped.

The Superior Sex.

There is a lot of vainglorious expression on the part of the men about their being the superior sex. We hear too much of man's endurance, of his intellect, of his executive ability and all that sort of thing.

Take a man and make him wear a spotted veil and he will be nearly blind within a year. A woman wears one and retains her eyesight.

Pinch a man into corsets and within a week he will have heart trouble, chronic pleurisy, acute indigestion, appendicitis and a funeral.

Pile a few pounds of false hair on a man's head and he will succumb to brain fever within a month.

Tie a man's ankles in a hopple skirt and he will have rheumatism, followed by paralysis of the legs from lack of exercise.

Pinch a man's feet in tight shoes and make him toddle about on high heels and he will die of charleyhorse.

Man loses on the score of endurance alone. Intellect and executive ability are argued by the capacity to combat these tortures and trials. Man is undoubtedly the inferior sex and should retire to the last row of seats and be quiet.

At Palm Beach.

"It must be quite a disappointment to you to be away down here and unable to do any shopping for winter hats and dresses."

"Oh, I did all that before I came; and when we reached here I had the added pleasure of hunting for warm weather garb."

The Discreet Artist.

"But the portrait doesn't entirely resemble my husband. It is not sufficiently life-like."

"Ah, madam, if I made it too life-like he would want to butt into it every time he saw it."

The Course of Culture.

"And so your race is gradually becoming civilized," says the tourist to the chieftain of the savage tribe on the remote and almost inaccessible island.

The chieftain proudly twines a pair of suspenders about his high silk hat, and replies:

"Indeed, yes. There seems to be no cessation of the wave of culture that struck our isle about two years ago. Why, now we even call our tomtoms Thomas-Thomases."

A Born Diplomat.

"Willie," said Hungry Higgins, "tell me how it is dat you always manages to git de tenderest pieces o' turkey an' de juicies' pieces o' pie when you tackle de dames at de back door."

"It's a secret," answered Weary Willie, "but I don't mind puttin' you nex'. I always tells de lady dat I can't bite de turkey I got f'om her neighbors an' dat de pie is so tough an' poor dat it couldn't be cut wid an ax. See?"

Wilbur D. Nesbit

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