

JAKE HAYSEED IN THE CITY

cost anything but may come in handy. Next I saw a fellow riding one of the things made of two wheels and some scraps of framework. (*Ann, A bicycle, you mean.*) He was so busy looking at me he didn't tend to business and fell over a dog. Dog ki-yi-ed, fellow yelled, and dog's master came up and wanted to black his eye. Man with a big star on his coat ran to stop the fuss, and I thought I'd trot along before they noticed that I had seen the whole thing. I didn't want to be a witness in any body's old law-suit.

A. No. It wouldn't be pleasant.

J. And the queerest, dried-up looking chap, with his hair in a braid, and a bright blue night-gown down to his knees came along lugging a basket of clothes half as big as a barrel. He was squint-eyed, too. Then I went into a drug shop, and I got the picture of a mighty pretty girl for ten cents (*shows it*).

A. H'm! An actress.

J. They gave me a smelling card, too (*shows it*), and I was hunting for the picture of some handsome young fellow to buy for you, when the clerk said if I'd come up street a ways I could get *my* picture made and you'd like that better. He told me how to find the place and I started out. And here you are coming to meet me.

A. I am glad we met.

J. But I wonder who keeps this shop and where he is. Must be a kind of one-horse business any way, or they'd have somebody to wait on customers. (*Enter Photographer.*)

Photographer. Good morning, sir! Excuse me, madam, I hope the delay has not annoyed you—

A. Not at all, sir.

P. But my assistant had gone away for an hour or so, and I was at work in the dark room and couldn't come out at once.

J. In a dark room! How in the world do you work in the dark? Got cat's eyes?

P. Oh, no. But do you wish your picture taken?

J. Yes, I guess so.