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**"A Bould Virgin"**  
 She Hoped For Strength From Above, but Got on Well With What She Had  
 By F. A. MITCHEL

One morning in the year 1660, more than two and a half centuries ago, a young man and a young girl walking side by side passed what was then called the ordinary, afterward the tavern and which we now call hotel, in the village of Hartford, Conn. The ordinary of that day was the central feature of the town. There political affairs were born, discussed; from there domestic news, gossip and scandal were sent forth. Indeed, the ordinary embodied everything in the village.

It was not kept merely for money-making purposes. Since a stopping place for travelers was necessary in the town one of the first citizens was invited to take charge of it. The reasons for this were manifold, though the most important was that since liquor must be sold—so it was then considered—and since our ancestors



"WELL, THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING HERE."

were thoroughly impressed with the abuses liable to this traffic they desired the management of a man they could trust.

Now, on that morning when the young man and the young woman, Jacob Murline and Sarah Tuttle, passed the ordinary at Hartford within the taproom sat an Englishman who had just made a forty days' voyage from London to America for the purpose of studying the manners and customs of the colonists with the intention of writing a book about them on his return. He was sitting with the landlord, who had just brewed a bowl of flip, a concoction of beer sweetened with sugar, molasses or dried pumpkin and rum, into which had been thrust a red-hot iron called the logger-head, causing it to seethe and foam. The landlord was giving his guest some account of the said manners and customs in vogue in the colony of New Haven.

"Do you see that girl walking with that young man? Well, there's trouble brewing there. The girl is old Goodman Tuttle's daughter, and she's keeping company with young Murline without her father's permission. He'll get fined a dozen lashes at the whipping post if he doesn't mind."  
 "The whipping post! Have parents power here to whip those who pay attention to their daughters without their consent?"  
 "Indeed they have, and a goodly custom it is. The laws of the colony say that any tempting without the parents' sanction cannot be done by speech, writing message, company keeping, unnecessary familiarity, disorderly night meetings, sinful dalliance, gifts or in any other way."  
 "And if they disobey this law?"  
 "Heavy fines may be imposed with a plentiful supply of lashes to the inveigler of the girl."  
 "And is she not punished?"  
 "Not by the law. Her father can attend to her case as he likes."  
 "Is the punishment in public or in private?"  
 "In public, of course. We have no private punishment here in the colonies. Heaven knows there are in this desolate land few amusements. Our punishments serve us in this respect in good stead. When I was in Boston

last, drinking with others a cup of sack, we were much diverted at seeing a man who had had too much of the same mixture laid by the heels on the ground, with a bar of iron fastened and locked to his legs with sliding shackles and a bolt. There were salvages (savages) present who stared at him, not understanding this method of torture."

While the two were talking Jacob Murline, who had passed with his love out of sight, repassed, going the other way, and under very different conditions. A citizen held one arm, another citizen held the other arm, while Goodman Tuttle, the father of the girl he had been walking with, led the way. On Tuttle's visage was a stern and relentless look that boded the prisoner no good.

"Now," said the landlord of the Hartford ordinary, "you have an opportunity to witness one of our customs, showing how parents discharge the duties the Lord has imposed upon them in the case of their offspring. They will take the boy to the magistrate, where he will be tried for inveigling the girl, and later you may derive much pleasure at seeing the cat o' nine tails laid on his back. And mayhap if the judge has not had sufficient sack this morning to steady his nerves and replenish his temper after the five bowls he had here last night the pleasure derived may be heightened by the splash on the swain's back being supplied with salt and vinegar. Come, let us finish the bowl before us and be off."

The landlord and the author of a future work entitled "A Voyage to New England," with a highly diverting account of the manners and customs of the colonists, published in London in 1662, drank the remains of the plutonic mixture before them—the author with a grimace—and proceeded to the meeting house, which was the only available shelter for a court except the ordinary. They arrived soon after the prisoner, and the inhabitants of the village were gathering for one of the few diversions they were ever accorded. Everybody knew Jacob Murline and Sarah Tuttle for a pair of innocent young persons, who were passing that delightful period when lovers may sit entwined in each other's arms while the clock is striking the happy hours away. And now Jacob was to pay the penalty for their happiness, for every one knew that there were witnesses who had seen them hugging and kissing apparently without thought of what was to follow such conduct when indulged in without Goodman Tuttle's consent.

Goodman Tuttle was there, expectant of vengeance, and presently his wife came in with their daughter, who showed in her visage and demeanor an umholy protest against parental authority. They took seats in front, while the space behind was filled by citizens and Indians. Then the judge, all being assembled, asked Goodman Tuttle to state his charge against Jacob Murline. "The charge," replied the accuser, "is inveigling my daughter's affections."  
 "What proof have you to substantiate it?"

"On May day last without asking my permission the prisoner had some boisterous lovemaking with my daughter. It began by his seizing her gloves and demanding the forfeit—a kiss. Whereupon they sat down together, his arm being about her and her arm upon his shoulder as about his neck, and he kissed her, and she kissed him, or they kissed each other, continuing in this posture for about half an hour."  
 "Call your witnesses," said the court.

Since this outrage against parental authority had been committed on a holiday when all were Maying together, there were plenty of witnesses to prove it. Some testified because they were obliged to, but many did so that the town might be accorded the amusement of seeing Jacob tied to the whipping post receiving the strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Perhaps there were some who were selfish enough to testify in order that they themselves might be accorded this favorite amusement. When the testimony was all in Goodman Tuttle, confident of receiving a goodly sum of money from the prisoner for fines and anticipating the pleasure of hearing Murline's howls under the cat, looked much pleased. The spectators were getting ready to go out to witness the punishment, and it appeared that nothing could interfere with the merry-making. The judge asked Jacob if he had anything to say for himself, whereupon Sarah Tuttle, shamefaced, arose and said sorrowfully:  
 "I have something to say, your worship."  
 "What is it?"  
 "Jacob Tuttle did not inveigle me at all. I wished to induce him to kiss me. In fact, I enticed him. I dared him to steal my gloves that he might have cause to demand a kiss."  
 Here was a damper on the assembly. By these few words the case against the prisoner fell to the ground.  
 "You're a 'bould virgin,'" cried the angry judge, "and I must fine you for inveigling the prisoner instead of fining the prisoner for inveigling you."  
 "But," exclaimed the disappointed Tuttle, "I shall have to pay the fine."

"MAN IS FILLED WITH MISERY."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in healthy condition. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.

**My daughter has no money.**  
 "That's nothing to me," retorted the court. "I'm here to administer the law and must administer it as it is. It's lucky that I'm not compelled to administer the cat as well." Then turning to the prisoner he added: "The Lord will administer the cat to you, you fad! You've set a pernicious example to all the maids of the colony, and I am troubled that I can make an example of you only by the fine."  
 "I'm sorry, your worship," replied Sarah demurely, "and I hope God will help me to carry it better for time to come."

Since Sarah had thus far "carried it" pretty well for herself in saving her lover from a frightful punishment for making love to her it does not appear why any assistance was necessary. To outwit her father and the judge, besides depriving all present of the pleasure of the only amusement vouchsafed them at her lover's expense, was a work not to be despised.  
 When the court was dismissed the Londoner and the landlord went back to the ordinary, where, in order to blunt his disappointment at not having been able to give his guest a specimen of the favorite amusement of the colonists, he brewed an extra strong bowl of flip, pumpkin flavored, and to make it doubly effective gave it a dash of mustard.

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 On his first visit to the dentist Bobby bore with more or less patience the work which had to be done and then made a request.  
 "Right in the middle, in front," he said, "I should like a copper tooth like Aunt Dorothy's."

**Dangerous Rights.**  
 The Theorist—A man has a right to insist upon being the head of his own household.  
 The Pessimist—Ye-es, and a man also has a right to slap a tiger on the nose, but—  
**Worth the Price.**  
 Mrs. Smith—You don't mean to say that he was glad when his house burned down?  
 Mr. Smith—Yes; the letters he wrote his wife before they were married were destroyed.

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