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to soak it off, but I left bread in the oven so he just wrote the name in Latin across the skull and cross-bones, and I'm to remember that's its salts."

Mrs. Grummel coughed with an unpleasant accent.

"He is a superior young man," said Mrs. White, a large, stout, solemn lady. "He was at our house the other night, and the minister was there, too. Well! you never did! I thought he'd be too much for the minister. I was just all of a tremble once. I never saw any one come so near to having a minister—not in all my life. If it had been any other minister but ours he would have had him, too. My husband said it was like a lecture hall to hear. They begun with what we all came from. The minister was out for Adam and Eve, but young Timmans stood flat for monkeys. He argued till the minister admitted that there wasn't nothin' absolute agin monkeys, and then young Timmans went him one better and said he believed in tad-poles himself. The minister was flat agin tad-poles, but young Timmans argued till he got him to admit that if the Lord could make a man out of a monkey He could make one out of a tad-pole, too.

"And then, when he'd got them so far, didn't that young man look right square into the minister's face and say that after all what we came from wasn't worth much thinkin' about; it was what man would develop into next that he wanted to know." "That's what I want to know," he said to the minister, "an' I can't find any one that has an addykit answer for me."

"My, but my husband an' me was scared! We thought the minister was aground for sure, but, Lor! a minister wouldn't be able to be a minister if a little thing like questions you can't answer could stick him, an' ours just looked slow and sad an' lifted up his hand so, and pointed so, an' says he, 'Young man, how can you ask such a question with the starry heavens right on top of your head?' Now I called that pretty smart for a minister, considerin' how little time he had to think an' it was the only thing in the wide world that he could 'a' said, too."

A murmur of mixed awe and admiration sounded in the room; it would have been hard to say whether the minister or Rufus won the greater portion.

"Such a young man's way beyond us," said Mrs. Clay again; "he ought to live near a college where he'd have professors to talk to."

"Mr. Dilley of the drug store thinks that, too," said Mrs. Brown. "He told me so last night. He said he took him because his mother's his cousin, but he says he's feeling surer every day that he ought to be somewhere else. Mr. Dilley says his ideas would be fine for a large city, but they're most too advanced for a small town. Mr. Dilley says you can't classify a drug store without a rolling step-ladder anyway."

"You've heard about the Kelly cat. I s'pose?" said Mrs. Grummel how he gave it ipecac for catnip! The cat knew ipecac from catnip even if the young man didn't, and she bounced out from under his arm, an' busted the big bottle full of green in the window. He said she had a fit, an' he got a hair-oil bottle that they give you a nickel nose with for nothing an' put the ipecac in that an' got it down her, an' durin' the performance the cat came nigh swallowin' the nickel nose. Mrs. Kelly says she wishes young Timmans was in Japhet; she says it don't seem like the cat's ever goin' to be herself again."

"I guess Mrs. Kelly's got more to trouble her than that cat," said Mrs. White, mysteriously. "I guess she's afraid young Timmans' 'll be given Bessie ipecac with a hair-oil bottle next!"

"I heard that, too," said Mrs. Clay. "Well, he's a nice young man and certainly mighty good-looking. I don't see why the Kelly's should object. I never heard Bessie Kelly was over bright."

"She certainly ain't provin' it now, if she is," said Mrs. Grummel with her dreadfully significant cough; "but then a superior young man must marry money or he can't stay superior long."

Of course poor Bessie Kelly married Rufus and she and her father undertook to support his superiority forevermore.



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New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

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