

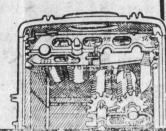
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and oroke open a white man's hencoop.

"Of co'se I had de cld woman make potple of de chickens, but will some of you tell me how de whyness of de

"The Whyness of The Whenceness"

Hon. Antimony Johnson of Alabama Addresses the Limekiln Club and Makes a Favorable Impression.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. J. Hirt.] At the last regular Saturday night meeting of the Limekiln club Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Antimony Johnson of Alabama was in the anteroom and would deliver an address on "The Whyness of the Whenceness" and would afterward make application for membership.

The stranger, it was explained, was called the colored philosopher of the south, and many of his wise sayings had been given to the world in print. Two more kerosene lamps were order ed lighted, the dogs driven out from be-



HE MADE HIS BOW TO THE AUDIENCE.

hind the stove, and Samuel Shin was winder!" informed that his bronchial cough must either be suppressed or turned out of De voice could have come from no doors. The reception committee then proceeded to the anteroom and escorted the orator in.

story man, built on the pattern of a a train was leavin' fur Montgo rious look showed that he had delved deep into the mysteries of life. As he made his bow to the audience he had a closed umbrella in his left hand, to emphasize his words, "I don't say favorable, though Giveadam Jones whispered to Shindig Watkins that his entire crop of cucumbers last year was stolen by just such a man.

"Outdoahs tonight," suddenly began "You have jest passed a mewl standstolen by just such a man.
"Outdoahs tonight," suddenly began

the philosopher, "dar am moonlight, Why? Why ain't it dark as a black dawg under de wood shed? What am de moon composed of? What was it hung in de heavens for? What does it come from when it comes an' whar does it go to when it goes? If de moon am a good thing, why not have it all de time instead of only half? If it don't amount to shucks, why have it at all? Did you ebber stop to ax your-selves dese questions, or have you sot around on de fence an' taken no inter-

est in de mysteries around you?"

While most of the members of the club were confessing to themselves that they had not attended to the moon business with any great vigor, the speaker drew a long breath and con-

"You wake up some night out of a sound sleep. All am quiet. You can't say what disturbed your slumbers. You git outer bed. You don't know why you do, but out you git. You go to de doah an' look up an' down. All am as still as de grave. De ole woman, de chil'en an' de dawgs continner to sleep on, but you put on your clothes

an' step out into de night.
"You don't know what for nor whither you am goin', but de fust thing you know you have walked a mile, climbed ober a fence, selected de biggest watermillion in de patch and am on your way home ag'in. How does de howness of de whichness come about? Why do you eat half dat million befo' wakin' de fam'ly up? Why didn't you go de

de fam'ly up? Why didn't you go de odder way an' sit on de church steps instead of toward de million patch?"

There were suppressed exclamations of "Yum! Yum!" among the old veterans in the audience, but they also shook their heads in a puzzled way and whispered to each other that Mr.

Johnson was too deep for them. "A few evenings ago, down in Alabama," said the orator, as he got a better hold on the platform with his toes, "I sot in my study thinkin' things ober. Not a mouse stirred. Not a dawg under de bed sighed. De world slept. Of a sudden I had a feelin' dat I was bein' a sudden I had a reeim dat I was bein taken out of dis sphere an' transported into another. It was a slumberous, pleasant feelin', an' I gave up to it. "After an hour had passed I awoke. I was out in de kitchen takin' off my

muddy shoes. A bag lay at my feet and I lifted it and emptied its contents out on de floah. Dar was four fat hens. I can't be suah jest what took place when I was in de state spoken of, but it's my belief dat I went up de alley four blocks, climbed ober a fence

and broke open a white man's hencoop

whenceness came about? Had a police-man found me wid dat bag on my shoulder should I have been held legally responsible?"

The consensus of opinion seemed to

be that he shouldn't, and when the ora-tor was satisfied as to this he went on: "What am lub? You pass 10,000 women and gib none o' 'em a second look. You don't keer a copper whether dey am old or young, good lookin' or homely. All of a sudden you meet your fate. You come face to face wid a woman who gibs you a look and a smile, and a crowbar seems to jab you smile, and a crowdar seems to jab you to de heart. You foller her. You find out who she am. You call and tell her dat you can't lib widout her. In a week or so you are married, and you find she has seben hundred dollars in de savings bank? What about de whenceness of de whatness? Why did you do it? Why didn't you git on a freight train and beat your way down to de New Orleans races instead?

"You am sittin' on de fence of a summer's mawnin', jest as you have sot a thousand times befo. You am wishin' your ticket in de lottery would strike a prize of a millyon dollars, jest as you have wished ten thousand times befo'. De flour and de 'taters and bacon am out, and de ole woman needs shoes. You am wonderin' if it hurts much to eat 'nuff baked possum to kill you when a lightning rod man drives up and offers you a job at one hundred per month and pays fifty in advance.
"Who or what sent dat man dere?
Why didn't he take another road? Why

didn't his wagon break down befo' it got to you? Why wasn't you in de back yard jawin' wild de ole woman? We kin all see de whyness of de whenceness, but what subtle power brung it about?

"Last year," continued the orator, after moistening his lips with two glasses of cider from the pitcher, "I was in jail in my native state. I was out in de woods studyin' de habits of de razorbacked hawg when a con-stable came along and gathered me in. I was sent to jail for thirty days. It was claimed dat I had run dat hawg so fur and so fast dat he had dropped so fur and so fast dat he had dropped dead. After I had spent ten days in jail, and one night when I was sittin' and thinkin' of de millyons and millyons of men who had returned to dust, a voice whispered in my ear, 'Try de

"Dar was nobody but me in de jail. in' person. Why should I try de win-der instead of de 'doah? Why should I try anything? I did, howeber. I walked the orator in.

ed ober and tried de bars of de winThe Hon. Johnson appeared to be a der and found 'em loose, and ten minman about forty years old. He was utes later I was free. In gwine down wide between the eyes, baldheaded, de street I picked up a wallet wid \$200 and his toes turned in. He was a one in it, and I reached de depot jest as story man, built on the pattern of a cake of artificial ice—the same breadth all the way up and down—and his serious look showed that he had delved de roof of de jail cave in and kill me

while his right was laid on his heart. dat you all should be philosophers.

The impression he made was rather kase de real philosopher am bo'n to favorable, though Giveadam Jones

de business and can't be a success wid-

ing hitched to a post. You have passed in safety. De person behind you am a fat woman. De mewl kicks out and lands her ten feet away. Why?
"You go to a grocer to whom you are

in debt and order half a pound of tea. He smiles and puts it up for you. Devery next day you go back to devery same man and order half a pound of coffee, and he says he'll be hanged if you kin have it. Why? "What brung about de whichness of

de whenceness? "Think, ponder and study and don't let these things git de best of you all de time. And now, thanking you fur your metricious and alluvial attenshun and hopin' to be one of you ere long, I make my bow and respectably wish you farewell."

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No matter how attired;
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Whate'er the shade that decks the
maid
The summer sirl looks good

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A. HADLEY, W. M. ALEX. GREGORY, See'y

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Wednesday of every month, in the Masonic Temple, King St., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordi-J. M. PIKE, W. M.

J. W. PLEWES, Sec'y.

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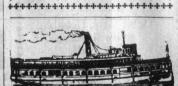
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