

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

"Fur an' Wide."

"Have you spent all of your life right here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a durned sight," was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part o' the time, but, la, I hev travelled fur an' wide."

"Ever been abroad?"

"Wal, not eggzackly to say abroad, onless ye call it goin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I hev been over thar twice in the last forty year. It's thirty-six an' a half mile to Petersville, an' I been furdur than that, fer my ole woman an' me went clean to Hogback Ridge on our weddin' tower, an' that's forty-one mile from here. Then I been over in Pettis County to see my wife's folks twice, and that's twenty odd mile from ere. Then I've been over to Rocky Hill ez menny ez four times, an' that's eighteen mile. Ez I say, I've been here most o' the time, but then I've travelled fur an' wide all the same. I've seen the big four-story mill over to Petersville an' the engine kyars over to Peaviile. I rid three mile on 'em an' it's all I want o' the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an' a feller what could eat fire an' dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once, an' a hoss-race fer a purse o' sixty-five dollars; Yes, sir; I've been fur an' wide, an' I reckon I've seen the biggest part o' what there is to see in this world, an' I don't lot on doin' no more gaddin' about."—July "New" Lippincott.



The Summer Man.

Consider now the summer man, who heaveth into sight;

About his form wave gorgeous ties in colors rich and bright,

He weareth dinky little hats and smoketh at a pipe,

And murmureth at divers times that "cherries now are ripe."

He hath no care upon his head, nor any woes to fret,

And all his days are full of joy, likewise his nights, you bet.

He smileth with a smile that is most glad-some, blithe and bland, and honied nothings whispereth to maidens on the sand.