------ZEB WHITE

He Tells How His Son Joe

[Copyright, 1903, by L. T. Richards.] HAD been down to the general store at the "Corners", with the old possum-hunter of Tennessee to buy powder and tobacco, and among the idlers at the store was a pert young man who had a good deal to say about himself. On our way home and after a long period of silence

old Zeb suddenly exclaimed:
"Drat that young Perkins! He's got the big head the worst way, and I'm hopin' that suthin' comes along to give him a shock. Most young men seem to want to make fools of themselves." "But they get over it after awhile,"

"Ye-es, if they don't die first. I had a powerful pert son who didn't live to git over his braggin' days. Sometimes

I feel bad about it, and, ag'in, I think it happened for the best." I asked him for the yarn, and after walking along for a quarter of a mile

waiking along for a quarter of a mile he began:

"One spring, when my son Joe was eighteen y'ars old, he got the big head mighty bad. I seen it comin' on him and knowed thar'd be trubble, and the ole woman she seen it comin' and said

"'Zeb, our son Joe is gittin' ready to make a fule of hisself, and I want you to keep an eye on him. He imagines he's as big as a mounting, and he feels

that he kin lick ten men all to once.'
"When the big head gits hold of a young man it takes a powerful dose of medicine to cure it. Joe kept growin' wuss and wuss. He got lazy, and he got to braggin' and blowin', and from the way he looked at me now and then outer the corner of his eye I knowed he was achin' to tackle me. Just to let him know that his ole pop was on deck I grabbed him one day and throwed him sky high over the fence, and he was mo' humble arter that.
"It didn't cure him, however. He

went around rubbin' ag'in folks and steppin' high, and one day he comes home and sez to me: "'Pop, did yo' ever tackle a rail-

"'No, sonny, I never did. I've tac-kled men and b'ars and wildcats and circuses, but not a railroad.'

"They've got one over in the valley, and I think I kin whop it in about five

"Joe had never seen a railroad," explained the old man, "and they had jest run one down Little Valley, twelve miles away. I told him what it was



HE STOOD THAR AND JUMPED UP AND DOWN.

like, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He jest humped up his shoulders and spit on his hands and said: 'Shuck my hide, but I'm dyin' to

morrer and tackle that railroad. If nobody around yere has ever tackled a railroad, then it will be all the more glory fur me.' "'Joe, don't go and make no fule of yerself,' sez I.

"'As to how?' sez he.
"'As to tacklin' a railroad, thar are some things as even yer pop can't do, and one of 'em is tacklin' a railroad. Jest yo' go out and find a b'ar and her some fun with him and git over this

"He didn't say nuthin' to that, but I knowed he wouldn't mind what I said He went to bed airly, and jest at day-light I heard him movin' around. I told him if he was bound to go over to Lit-tle Valley I'd go along with him arter breakfast and see fa'r play, and so he waited. When we sot out, he was in high spirits. He whooped and hollered and pranced, and the road wasn't wide 'nuff for him to walk in. Befo' I left the house the ole woman sez to m

"'Zeb, are yo' gwine to let our Joe fout a railroad?"

"That's the idea,' sez I.
"Will he git whopped?"

"He will. He'll git whopped so powerful quick and hard that he'll be as humble as a nursin' babe fur a y'ar

"We got over to the valley 'bout 10 o'clock in the mawnin'," continued the old man, "and Joe got his fust sight of a railroad. He was disappointed. Thar wasn't nuthin' but the iron rails to fout, and thar was tears in his eyes

as he sot down on a stone and sez:
"'Pop, thar's nuthin' to fout, and we've walked twelve miles fur nuthin'.
I'm feelin' that this state of Tennessee is ag'in me.'

"'Joe,' sez I arter thinkin' things over, 'thar ain't nuthin' yere to four, jest as I told yo', but mebbe it would console yo' to bluff one of them bull-gines.'

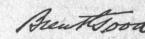
"I can bluff anything from a mounting to a grasshopper! Whar's yer bullgine?

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"Comin' down the vatiey with some kyars behind it. Yo've bin blowin' and braggin' all the spring, and yer jest feelin' that yo've got to whop sunthin' or die. Git down on the track and turn yerself loose."

"'I'll do it, pop, and if I don't take seven different twists in this ole railroad then I'll never look another woodchuck in the face.'

chuck in the face. "What I figgered on," said Zeb as he

heaved a long sigh, "was that Joe would hev sense 'nuff in his head to git off the track when he seen what the bullgine was. He hadn't, though. He stood thar and jumped up and down and cracked his heels together and whooped, and when I hollered at him he turns to me and sez:

"'Pop, yo' jest watch my smoke and don't loose any of the fun. Yer boy Joe are gwine to pull this railroad up by the roots or perish in the aftempt." "And he did wait for the engine to

"Yes, jest waited right thar, prancin' around and whoopin'," replied Zeb. "I started fur him, but befo' I got thar the bulgine struck him, and he went sailin' over the bushes. 'Peared to me he never would git done sailin', but bineby he cum down with a crash. When I looked him over, I found he was all broke to pieces. I was liftin' him up when he open his eyes and smiles and sez:
"'Pop, did I tackle the railroad?

"'Yo' did, my son,' sez I.
"'And thar was a fout?' 'Thar was.'

"'And which got whopped?'
"As he was a-dyin' and I didn't want

to hurt his feelin's I told him that he had licked the hull outfit and kivered the fam'ly with glory. He lifted up one hand and tried to whoop, but that whoop was only a whisper, and he died "Then he never knew how it was?"

"Never knowed it, sah. Jest went to his death thinkin' he had twisted that railroad clean over two mountings and back ag'in and that he weighed a ton or more'n any other critter in Tennes

"Poor Joe! If I'd a-gone at it and driv' him about two feet into the airth when the cussedness fust got holt of him, he bin livin' and a humble man today, but I let him tackle a railroad, and he got busted all to squash."

M. QUAD.

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If King Edward had prolonged his visit to Portugal and visited the interior, he would have experienced some of the roughest traveling of his life, and if he could be conceived of as stopping at the so called hotels of the country he would also have slept in some of the most doubtful beds of his life and sampled perhaps the very worst cookery. Estremoz is a town in the interior of the country in the Province of Alemtejo. As you approach it by rail from Lisbon you see it standing upon a hill in the distance, Moorish, picturesque and inviting. When you reach the station, however, you find the town itself of Estremoz is two miles away, and, like the journey of life, the road leads uphill all the way. It is a wretchedly bad road too. There is only one hotel in the town and a very poor one. Some of the bedrooms open off the diningtown and a very poor one. Some of the bedrooms open off the dining-room. They are mere dark dens room. They are mere dark densitions without windows.

The streets of Estremoz are soci-

able and barnyard-like. On Friday droves of pigs and goats are "shooed" through the streets to the market place and confined until Satmarket place and confined until Saturday morning, market day. Not all the pigs and goats are kept over, however. Some of them are sold at once on Friday, and the sale is clinched immediately by the slaughter on the spot in the open street of the hapless kid or squealing pig. This public killing is enough to make a sensitive soul forswear flesh eating, but the natives mind it not at all, neither the health authorities, if there are any.

And yet this same dirty, miserable town would delight the soul of the artist. As in most Latin race towns, dirt and high art flourish together. There are probably more marble and marble carving in Estremoz than in any other small city. In the old houses are marble halls and carved marble staircases that would give beauty to the palaces of kings. From marble public fountains the water



VILLAGE STREET, NORTH PORTUGAL

village street, north fortugal gushes. Marble seats along the roads give rest to tramp and beggar. If Estremoz had paved streets, the paving would be marble, too. but it has few of these. Like all old Latin towns, Estremoz has its public square, around which important buildings are grouped.

One cannot find out why it is, but rather oddly almost the cleanest and best of the common people of Portugal are the peasant population around Estremoz. It has been said of them that they are "very honest and hard working and very clean." Their rude stone cottages are whitewashed continually inside and out, and there seems to be something of the neatness and thrift of the old time Holland Dutch about middle south Portugal land folk.

Different it is in northern Portugal. There the houses are dirty and the people are dirty. Perhaps this sadly unpleasant condition of things may be accounted for by the fact that the women apparently do all the hard outdoor work. The coarse, constant drudgery seems to crush out of them the womanly instinct of cleanliness and tidiness even if they had any time to tidy up their houses. These poor northern women are real beasts of burden, carrying their loads upon their heads instead of drawing them, as horses and oxen do.

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wealthy tourist seems to be forever
seeking.

hish all the novelty which the wealthy tourist seems to be forever seeking.

As it is, however, the traveler in the primitive little kingdom must put up with discomforts and the absence of conveniences that civilized globe trotters demand. Lisbon, Oporto and other leading cities swarm with those beggars and human deformities which are a revolting feature of all Latin race countries except France. Occasionally you see in your cable news the announcement that smallpox is ravaging Oporto. Well, in Oporto itself no uncommon sight is patients in the early stages of smallpox walking freely about the streets and riding in street cars. And, like the Latin races again, the Portuguese are awfully cruel to dumb brutes. You will see here the brutes that can speak forcing draft oxen up the steep streets with a sharp iron spike stuck into the end oxen up the steep streets with sharp iron spike stuck into the en of a club.

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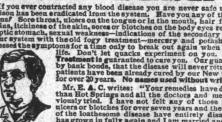
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