## BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD PROVES A FAILURE

UNCLESSAMS 16 INCH RIFLE THAT GOST HALF A MILLION NOW IN THE OCRAPHEAP

STATE IEST PART

WACH FOR

other day a squad of soldiers marched up to the new 16-inch rifle-the biggest gun in the world-and then halted before it,

But the Sergeant in charge of them, much to their surprise, did not issue the customary order. Instead, he strode forit and sped to sea some 18 or 20 miles. A ook of curiosity overspread the usually expressionless features of the soldiers. The man nearest the Sergeant, however, soon understood why the strange caresses were bestowed, for he heard the nonommissioned officer talking softly, and wint he said sent a sympathetic thrill

through the sturdy regular. 'Buster,' old boy," murmured the Sorgeant, as he fondly stroked the huge thing of steel, "they've gone and given you the 'double cross' at Wash-You're too big for us, pal, so they're going to lay you aside, and they won't build no more like you. We'll clean you up, just the same, but you're a 'dead one.' 'Buster,' and you won't never have nothing to say about any little arguments your Uncle Sam may happen to have with outsiders who try

to 'butt in' around these here parts." Strangest of Military Vetnures.

Thus spoke the Sergeant. In his own quaint way he was commenting on one of the strangest military ventures ever Samuel didn't like to have it said that entered into by the United States Gov- any such toing as a monarchy was outernment. This venture was the construction of the biggest gun in the together and fixed it to rig up a rifle world at a cost aggregating half a million dollars. Seven years ago the Government's war experts, who had planned the terrific machine, bubbled over in their enthusiastic predictions as to its future. They declared that a shooting that would leave the Eurofew of these monstrous guns scattered along the important points of the At-lantic and Pacific Coasts would render the United States impregnable to any foreign naval invasion

So the gun was bullt under almost indescribable difficulties. When mounted at Sandy Hook two years ago it In length it would reach over the top of a four-story building.

After the huge rifle had been c pleted, however, experts began to lose their enthusiasm, for they foresaw that Uncle Sam had erected unto himself a sort of Frankenstein. It had

N Few YORK, Aug. 7.—(Special corre-respondence of The Sunday Ore-gonian.)—Out at Sandy Hook the San Francisco. For months and months the military men debated as to the advisability of constructing the rethe question was settled for all tim waiting for the command to start in and by the announcement from Washington give the monster its usual morning cleanbuilt. Furthermore, it was stated that the Sandy Hook cannon would be prac-tically abandoned.

News of this decision had been give customary order. Instead, he strode for- out at Sandy Hook on the day that the ward and patted the gun several times. Sergeant and his squad marched to the on the muzzle, just at the spot where spot where the big gun lay amid all projectiles weighing 2400 pounds have left the forlorn surroundings of a thing it and sped to see some 18 or 20 miles. A geant stepped forward and murmured his tribute to the monster, for every man-jack at Sandy Hock worships the 16-inch rifle with that characteristic adoration which a soldier bestows on anything possessing power, whether that thing be a great general a plucky horse, a powerful gun or an ordinary cur dog that keeps its weather eye open for a fight,

Built to Be a World-Beater.

When the Sergeant had finished ourning over "Buster" for such the enlisted men have dubbed the giant-be wheeled brusquely about and ordered the squad to go ahead with the clean-While they were at work he commented on Uncle Sam's reason for turning a cold shoulder on the cannon.

This here old fellow," he said, "we built by the Government to be a world-When the thing was planned they had been kicking up high jinks over in Europe about the power of big guns. England had a gun that had a callber of 16.25 inches, and the Italian doing him. So his army men they got that would knock the tar out of any-

pean orators way back in the shade. 'Buster' was to turn that trick for 'em. They started in to making him back in for business But when he first lifted up 1897, up at the Watervliet arsenal—you his voice—holy smoke! Say, that was the know all about that; and it's better equipped than the Krupp. Armstrong bought a lot of machinery costing mething like \$400,000, and it was all

But, say, when they got done with

went away, talking and whispering and arguing a whole lot. Then they fixed up their reports and sent 'em on to Wash-From that time it seemed like Buster' was all right. We let him speak up once in a while, just so his voice wouldn't get husky, and the boys thought he had become a regular mem-

The Blow That Killed "Buster."

"But a few days ago 'Buster's' finish The experts at Washington decided he was a back number. The way they figured it out was that the 12-inch guns were plenty strong enough to protect the coast, because a heap of improvements were made in them while 'Buster' was being built. So they decided not to make his ten brothers, which they had figured on, and also to quit letting 'Buster' himself do any speechmaking around the Hook. So that's what the biggest gun in the world has come to. 'Buster' won't suffer none. We'll keep his pipe clean for him, even if he has got to quit smoking.
"I said a while ago that 'Buster' cost

the United States Government half a million deliars. Well, the way that expense was divided was that the gun itself footed up a cool hundred thousand dollars and the machinery came to \$400. 690. Of course, that all goes in on 'Bus-ter' because they ain't going to build any more, and the machinery was fixed up especially for making big guns of that type.
"Oh, I know all about this here chap, even if I am a 'non-com." Don't ever fool ourself about the men Uncle Sam's got in his ranks. Of course, I'm not blowing my own bugle, you know, but anyhow I'm onto tricks. I know right now that if one of the commissioned officers hap-pened along and heard what I was saying might be court-martialed. But there sint' none in sight, and a man likes to talk, no matter whether he's a soldier or

specially to talk about old Buster," I was up at Watervliet a while when they were putting on his clothes. I seen him when he was as naked as a Maybe you think I'm romancin' baby.

Now in Scrap-Heap Class.

"All that there was to 'Buster' when he didn't have no clothes on was a long They had to build a special railroad to powder went off it seemed like the piece of pipe looking just like a sewer earth reached up and smashed me in main. That was 'Buster' to his undressed The long pipe was the purest kind of steel, and it measured 49 feet six inches in length. Over one-third of the length of this pipe they took another steel tube and fitted it and shrunk it on. That made two big thicknesses for one-third of the gun. Then from that third to the middle This shot cost the United States of Buster they fitted on a jacket of rement exactly \$864. more big steel hunks were fitted over the

> "After this they fixed on the breech have done. Suppose there'd been a bat-tleship a few miles off shore. If it had test shots will be fired from him. He's been hit by that projectile it would like the giants of the fairy tales—too big and ferocious to be any good to modern

> > "Not if I replace it," he said, "with

planned originally to construct 11 of years to finish him up-six long years, when them 640 pounds of smokeless "With that all the big human guns civilization." THE LADY'S GLOVE By Alfred Ollivant

most expensive speechmaking ever per-formed by a public official. You see, the or Creusot works over in Europe. Well, first they done was to ram 640 pounds up at the Watervliet arsenal they of smokeless powder down "Buster's" throat. Next toey shoved in that projectile-2400 pounds of nice, pure steel. to be used in creating Buster and his Just think how many pocketknives ten big brothers.

Superior and his Just think how many pocketknives that would have made. Well, anyhow, in it went, and then the officers they Buster they found they had an ele-phant on their hands. It took them six nal, and out it come. I was there, and I was there, and

from the arsenal and then they towed the face

"After a whole lot of puttering

around he was set up and made ready for business. But when he first lifted up

THE SIX SACIS CONTAIN 640 LBS OF STREET

POWDER WHICH IS USED FOR ONE PROT FROM THE

""All right," chimed in another offiwho was somewhat younger, 'All rear half, right,' he says, 'let's shoot it off again.' Then a third officer he says: Well. mechanism, fitted up the sight, rifled the even if it did cost the United States barrel, and there was Buster all dressed Government \$864, look what it could have done. Suppose there'd been a bathave gone down in no time.

guns got together and commenced do-

em, and I heard every word they said.

because you'd know him-one of

Government exactly \$864."

me figuring. I was standing near

"Very well," he said, and sat upon his glanced into the hollow of his hand.

The Sunday Oregonian's Selected Fiction

Copyright by the S. S. McClure Company, | ly climbing the stile-then silence; and | -1 T WAS an evening of April, pale

The wood pigeons were falling to sleep in the tops of the cake, and the woods rang with the braggart "I'm-acomin'-comin'-comin'-" of cock pheasants strutting home to roost. Out of the hazel-coppice, black against

and sweet with primroses.

the golden West, a path ran to the stile; here stood a notice-board warning trespassers; beyond the stile, the path ran among gray-limbed oaks, their feet amid the primroses, and heads standing out in-

Out of the shadow of the hazel-copple a lady came swiftly. She wore a hat like a cavaller's, with sweeping plume and one side caught up, and beneath the brim a posy of white roses against the swarthy glory of her hair. And she walked swiftly and smote sharply upon her skirt with the glove in her ungloved hand; and behind followed a man with a boy's amile. So they come toward the stile, and the lady led swiftly, and the man followed,

and neither spoke. And at the stile the man led, and the lady followed; and again in the clear wood, where beneath the branches the path lay dappled with sun, the lady led again swiftly, and the man followed, and

neither spoke and the man smiled. Thirty yards beyond the stile the lady stopped and looked behind and about

The man with the boy's smiled watched

her.
"Gone again?" he asked. The lady looked through him, and beanswered nothing.

"Last time you lost it-" he began.
"I haven't lost it before," she retorted, and searched. and searched.
"Oh, but surely!" he said, and began to count upon his fingers. There was when I hammered you at ping-pong—that was the first. The second was—"
She looked up into his eyes.
"And this makes the third." he said.

'And this makes the third," he said. "That's your shortest way home," she said, and pointed back along the path. He tooked at her, lifted his hat and re-turned toward the stile. She dropped her

she glanced up to see if he was gone. was sitting on the stile.

"I thought I was tired," he said; "I length. thought I'd sit a bit. I thought you wouldn't mind." He added, "It's my said. She turned her head and searched.

"I can't help, can I?" he asked; and as she made no reply—"I'm so glad you won't let me: I like sitting so much bet-

"I thought I left my glove on the stile. she said, cold as a star.
"I thought you did, too," he said. She came toward him. "It's not here now," he said, "that I

She stopped. "I thought you said-"
"No," he said, "I said I thought."

"I know I had it not a minute ago," "I know you had," he said. "I saw you

She looked at him. "Then why didn't you pick it up?"
"I daren't," he said. "Last time !

picked it up-"
"That's different."
"You said in such a pointed way.
That's my hand."

'Is a glove not a glove when there's hand in it?' he asked. She turned her back.

'Oh," he said, "you never told me."

She walked away, searching; and he sat and looked into the bollow of his right hand.

"It can't be far," he said. "I know it

can't be far. Though I doubt it you'll find it. I know it can't be far."
"I'm not going till I have found it." she said, and searched.
"Right," he said. "I'm in no hurry," and he settled himself on the stile.

"I must rest a little first." he replied.
"Shan't you tire yourself watching me?"
she asked.

"Not as long as I sit to it," he replied. So she searched, and he sat: and when her back was turned he lost his lips in the hollow of his right hand, and repeated, "It can't be far: I know it can't be far," until she turned upon him with: "I wish you d shut up your parrot-on-a-

thought it would encourage you," he A minute later his feet sounded leisure. "Well, it doesn't," she said.

hands and watched her search. "Any nearer finding it?" he asked at

"Oh, I don't know," he said, and rocked on his hands and sniggered.

She looked up sharply. "What are you giggling at?" "You," he said,

"Is it so funny seeing me hunt while you sit and grin?" she asked. "It does amuse me," he allowed. "It doesn't amuse me at all," she said. "You don't see it quite as I do," he

"No," she retorted; "I haven't your sense of humor," and she began to move away.

"Going to give it up?" he asked.
"Tez." she said.
"Oh, I wouldn't," he said. "It can't be far, I know it can't be far." "I've heard that before," she said

"Well, it stands to reason it must be here," he said, "if no one has taken it."
"No one has been by," she said,

trailing away.
"Then it must be here," he said. She swept round, "Then perhaps you'll get down from your perch and find it." "I should get no further toward find-ing it if I did," he said, and rocked on

his hands. "Anyway," she said, "I would like to see you look." am looking," he pleaded,

"I think if you got down," she sug-He slid down to his feet.
"If it helps you in your trouble," he said, "I can stand for a bit."
So he stood, leaning against the stile,

and she moved away.
"D'you give it up?" he asked.
"Yes," she said. "So do I," he said, and climbed back to his seat. She stalked away "Don't be cross with me," he begged

"To me," she replied, marchine

He looked up curiously, and

"I am cross," she said, marching on.
"I know--" he said, She flared round. "How annoying it must be." he added. "It is," she said, marching on.
"Was it so precious?" he asked.

"Yet it was old," he said, "if I may She turned, and he shut his right hand and sat upon it.

"What are you judging by!" "The loca of it," he said. "The look," she said.

"Yes,' he said. "when I last saw-it." She turned again coldly. "I don't know," he said, "What about

"What hole?" "The hole in the thumb."
"I never said there was a hole in the thumb." "There was, though," he said, "if I

'May I ask how you came to know? he said deliberately.

Leisurely he glanced up.

"If there wasn't," he said, "may ask how you got your thumb in?"

may say so.

She scorned him with her eyes. "Funny!" she said and swung away. He jumped down from the stile and bekan to follow.

I thought you were getting a bit low," he said. "Did you?" she said. "I thought you wanted cheering." he

"Indeed!" she said. "And it's my day out," he said, "fol-"Then I'd go in," she said.
"Funny!" he said. She swept round on him, and he

"We don't find it," he said. She looked at him, and he looked back with innocent eyes.

"Going in?" he asked. "Yes. "May I come?"

He stood in the path and looked after "I wonder you care to leave you glove out at night alone," he said, "and "I'll leave you to look for it," she

"If I find it may I keep it?" he asked. "No you mayn't." "Certainly not," with coldest emanother twice as good?"

"You can't," she said, "Why not?" he asked. "You've nothing to match it with." "I must do my best with what I

he said. "You've nothing," she said. "Oh, yes, I have," he said.
"What?" she asked, and came to a sud-

den halt. "The evidence before my eyes," "Where?" she asked.

"On your hand," he said,
"I didn't say I was wearing a pair," she "Weren't you?" he said. "How odd of She swept away in scorn.

'I'm afraid you're put out," he said. She replied nothing, walking on. "Did you like it so much?" he asked

"For its own sake?" Then he looked up quickly. "It wasn't given you!

"Yes, it was." A sudden shadow crossed his face. "Oh," he said. "What's the matter?" she asked, lookdidn't know it was given you," he

said, all gloom.
"What difference does it make," asked. He stood and looked at his boot toes. "It is different," he said, "from buy-

"In what way?" she asked sharply.
"In this way," he said, all gloom; "it costs less." She turned with a little snort of scorn

and went on her way, and he stood and looked at his right hand dolefully. "I didn't know it was given you," he id. "I might have tried to find it if I'd "You know now," she said, still walk

"It's a bit late now," he said glo But I'm sorry about it. I feel I might She walked away without a word, "Are you angry?" he asked, looking up. She slackened a little.

"Not angry," she said: "of course, "So am I," he said contritely. "Well," she said, relenting, and it's not your fault."

"You see," she said, suddenly shy, "It souldn't matter, only it was given me by

He looked up quickly.

"By a-," he said, "by a-I didn't catch
the name." "By a friend," she said,

He looked at her, half smiling. "How sweet of her!" he said. She poked among the leaves with her

'Wasn't it?" she said; "but she wasn't that sort. "I dare say he was just as nice if he wasn't," he said.

She poked among the leaves "It's hardly fair to ask me," she said.
"You're a little prejudiced?" he asked. "I suppose I am," she said, "naturally."
"And I suppose he is," he said, "natu-

rally? Well, I hope so," she said, and laughed

He folded his arms and she drew pictures in the dust. "Known him long?" he asked. "As long as I can remember," she re-

"We used to play together as tinies," "And quarrel," he said, "I hope

"Yes, quarrel," she said, "and kiss." There crept back into the man's face shadow of the boy's smile "We've been quarreling, haven't we?"

She began to move away. "Because if we haven't." he continued, 'we will now," and the smile left his see. "Don't you think you might have

told me this before, Miss Brudenell?" he asked, suddenly cold. "I thought you knew." she said, almost

"How should I know?" he asked. "I thought everybody knew," she said. "Nobddy that I know knew," he said, "I don't think even your mother knew." "Mother!" she cried, looking up. "Moth-

"Well," he said, "funny thing she never "Yes," he said, "but isn't it a bit late in the day?" and he looked her in the eyes. Beautifully sullen, she turned.
"Then there's nothing left for me to

he said coldly, "but to offer my congratulations. He marked the shrug of her shoulders as she walked away.
"Don't you consider it a matter for concause I'm not selling."

gratulations?" he asked following, and the coldness was out of his face. "Oh, I don't know," she said.
"You don't seem to take it quite as one would have expected," he said. one takes things as they come in

these days," she replied, walking on "I see," he said; "you're a philosopher."
"No," she said, "I can't help myself, that's all.

He drew close quickly.
"Can't I help you?" he asked.
"Thanks," she said, "but it's done now." He followed frowning. "Tell me," he said at last, "speaking generally, do you like a man who gives

"On the man!" he saled.
"And the glove," she said, all low.
"On the man!" he saled.
"And the glove," she said, and was walking slowly and more slow.
Again he came closer. His hands were behind him, and his eyes steady on the glory of her hair as she walked.

"May I give you a glove?" he asked-"a nice glove?"

She stopped, swung slowly round, and held out her hand. "Thanks," she said, "you might have given it me before," and she looked him in the eyes.

He folded his arms. "I'd have given you a shopful," he said, "but I thought-" She stood with her hand out

"My glove, please." What glove?" The glove my friend gave me. unfolded his arms, half angry, half amused. your bally friend's glove!" he

said, and siarhed it softly across her hand, 'You mustn't call my brother names,"

Yes. " of course. What about him? 'Only hang him!

She looked at him. "I think you're quite yourself this evening, Lord Montalan," she said and

She walked away rapidly. The woods were falling to sleep now and to allence, and the last rays of the sun Then his feet sounded beside her, and

e was offering her the glove.
"I've quite done with it," he said; So've I." she said; "thanks. "Oh, thanks!" he said, and began to

thrust it away in his breast pocket. She stopped abruptly, and held out 'a "Yes?" he asked.

silent hand. "My glove," she said,

"My glove," she said.

He gave it to her. "You just said you had done with it," he remarked.

"So I have," she said, and flung it It sped through shadow and sun dapplings and fell upon the lower branches of an cak, and there hung.

She walked on her way, and behind ier was suspicious silen She turned to see. He was off the path and making toward the oak.
"Where are you going?" she called.

"To my tree," he replied.
"I forhid you," she said.
He turned, aggrieved.
"To go to my tree," he asked. "To touch my glove," she said.
"I don't see why I should have your

messes left about my trees," he said "Anyway," he said, "I'm afraid it must be removed."
"I forbid you to touch it," she said,

and turned away. For a moment he stood considering. Then he took from his pocket a little knife, very elegant, opened it, and cut a chip out of the trunk of the tree; then he took off his coat, and rolled

up his sleeves, and set to work and cut another. "What are you doing?" she cried, coming back to him. He looked up. "Cutting down my tree," he said. Any objection?

Rustling, she came down the path oward him. 'I want my glove," she said. "And I want my tree," he said. "I want it for my drawing-room," and set work with his knife. She left the path and came toward

him swiftly. "I forbid you!" she cried. "And I forbid you!" he said, and aced himself between her and the

She stopped. "I don't understand," she said.
"I must refer you to that board," he She looked, and it read a warning to respassers.
"Fiddle!" she said, and came on.

"I mean it," he said. "Then you must prosecute me," she aid, "or assault me," and she came on. "I shall do neither," he said, and ached for the glove overhead. "You mayn't!" she cried. "I

bidden you."
"I must," he said. "I've forbilden you." "That's rubbish," she said, and came on.
"As you like," he said, and reached up. stopped; and he ceased to strain,

She paused suddenly and half turned and stood in his shirt sleeves waiting "Give me my glove" she ordered, and "Give me my glove" she ordered, and dded "please" rejuctantly. "Td love to," he said, "but you see I've

"I'll forgive you your promise," she

"Thanks," he said, "but I could never forgive myself. "Then you must let me come and take it," she said. "I'd love to," he said, "but you see I've

forbidden you, and I can't go back on my-"A month ago you gave me leave to go anywhere—anywhere I liked," she cried. "I know," he admitted, "but I've seen

on to withdraw that." "I thought you wouldn't go back on yourself," she scoffed. "Nor can I," he said, "without good

"What's your good reason?" she asked. "I'd rather not give it," he said, tact-"I insist!" she cried.

"Oh, very well," he said. "You may go anywhere you like except..." "Except-

"Except at this season." What season?

"The egg-stealing season," he said, and looked at her. "D'you think-"No," he said, "I don't think I'm going give you the chance." 'I can wait," she said.

"I'm afraid I'll be some time," he said, nd set to work with his knife manfully. "It doesn't matter," she said, and sat on the stile. "I can stay all night."
"That's nice of you," he said. "Two's

company where one's not, especially at night, don't you think?" She got down and began to move away again. "I can come tomorrow," she said.

he said. "You'll be sure to find me here. She halted opposite him. "I want my glove," she said. He ceased from his chipping and turned

"So do I," he said. Then she went on her way. He stood in his shirt sleeves under the ak, looking after her. "There is a way," he said, "by which ou could have it without trespassing " he said, "by which

Miss Brudenell. She began to quicken her pace, and he began to follow. "Of course there is," she said tartly, "If "You couldn't do that," he said, "be-

replied, walking ever faster. "Oh, yes, there is," he said, following.
"Oh, no, there isn't," she said, fleeing. The land belongs to you."

"It might belong to you," he said, "too, you'd have it." She was walking ever swifter "I don't accept presents of land," she "It's a bit big for a flower-pot," he said. The tree, you mean?" fleeing.

"And the earth that would go with the "Ah," she panted, "a big tree like that goes with the earth round it because the roots, doesn't it?"

"Yes." he said, "just as it stands." She fled swiftly. 'It takes a good deal of earth, a tree like that, I dare say," she went on, "roots

'Fairish," he said; "about 40,000 acres." "As much as that?" she said.
"And fixtures." he added.
"Fixtures?" she asked. "Comprising," he pattered, "a noble-man's seat salubriously situated in a commodious and favorite home country: fine old associations recently restored by present owner; furnished regardless of

cost; climate to order. Er-this desirable freehold residence, containing on the ground floor 20 bed and dressing-rooms. fishpond, creamery, er-"Dear, dear!" she said.

Never mind," she said. "All to be given away—" he "With one tree?" she asked. With me." he said. ow her, and stood in the

And I forgot the rest," he said,

path in his shirt sleeves, and his face was "Now you can come and take your glove," he said, "or not, as you like, Miss She walked on, slackening her pace. At

the top of a rise in the nath she naused and half-turned; and the dying sun was like a glory in her half.

"I don't think I can be." he sau, and snatched the glove from her hand.

Then he held it before his lips, as a man may hold a bunch of grapes, and kissed the finger-tipe.

Then behind her was the sound of his feet, and then his voice quietly.

"One woment, Miss Brudenell." She walked on, not swiftly now. "You've forgotten this, I think," he

said, and handed her the gi She turned and looked at him with quick "You may keep it," she said, "if you

He folded it with strong and tender fin-"Thanks," he said, and thrust it away in his breast pocket. "Good night, again." "Good night," she said, "and thanks."

A MAN-A WOMAN. Neither a fool nor a varroire, (Without apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

A man there was and he made his prayer Even as you and I-To a maid as good as she was fair; We call her a comrade, her joys we share, But he called her his queen beyond compare-

Oh, the joys we had and the hearts made giad, And the days that have passed like a dream; For they were shared by one whose heart was Whose smile was more rare than a day in

Whose love flowed on like a stream A man there was and his life he spent-Even as you and I-He thought it a joy from beaven sent, To serve his queen, for her presence meant

Even as you and L.

Oh, the joy he felt when he impulsively knelt, For she gave him her love and her hand; A love sincere as his own, we know, For whenever there chanced ill winds to blow.

The man continued to love her well-Even as you and I-Which well she knew and close to him clung All thoughts but for him saids she flung. And both their hearts to full blossom sprung-Even as you and L.

And it isn't a name and it isn't fame, That causes the heart to glow; It's the coming to feel, through woe or That a woman's love is true as steel-

DANIEL U. COCHRANE The Dalles, Or., August, 1906.

Contentment. Terento Mail and Empire Give me a lawn that cools my feet, Close grown and fresh and soft and clean; A clump of trees to check the heat, A flush of roses on the green;

An ancient stream that flows thereby, With all its thousand smiles displayed; A hammeck swinging not too high, Well hung within a magic shade; Three little maids with hair of gold,

Whose laughter scarce disturbs my dream, jug of cider toy cold, A dish of strawberries and cream; And for a guardian of our gro Well tried through many changing years, A fond and faithful little bound,

With bandy legs and spreading ears-

And let the world go ringing past; Let others range from shore to sho These simple pleasures bind me fast; Give me but these, I ask no more.