

"HAM" BURR'S FUN.

Told by "Chimmie Fadden"—Edward W. Townsend. Illustrated by B. Cory Kilvert.



-B-CORY KILVERT-

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WHEN your very best friend goes away then there doesn't seem to be much use of anything, and even of your next best friend has left you his hammerless shotgun to use, the world seems like a theater after the curtain is down and the orchestra men are scuttling out through the little door under the footlights—and how I wonder where that little door leads to!

Mary is my best friend, though Pussycat says she is; but Mary doesn't need apples to keep her steady, while Pussycat isn't always jolly even on apples, and makes side remarks about candy and silly stuff like that, which is an awful bore when a fellow is short of funds.

But Eggy is all right, and we have loads of fun out at the farm hunting squirrels and meadow larks; almost as much fun as if we ever shot any. The best part of gunning is the hunting, not the killing; especially when the air is cool and warm and hazy and bright all together, when the trees look like sunsets at midday and the air between you and the hills is as purple as deep water, and the smoke from the burning brush heap, where grandpa cleared last spring, goes curling away up to the sky in a blue so faint it looks almost white against the purple over the hills.

Eggy smorts when I talk like that, and says he'll bet a million dollars that I'll be a big enough fool some time to write poetry. I didn't tell him, because he's such a snorter, but I am writing a poem to Pussycat. It's awful hard work after you've used up love and dova, and blue

and true, though I'm practicing with yellow and mellow, and I know I'll make something rather good out of them as soon as I think of anything about Pussycat I can tag these words on to.

Eggy is the funniest chap I know, which is all the queerer because he says I'm the funniest fellow he knows. We were walking through the pasture out at grandpa's one day, not saying much, but having a ripping time, for he had grandpa's gun and I had Bob's, and we were looking for larks—which always saw us first—when Eggy said, kind of to himself, as he does, "Mushrooms!" He picked up something I'd call a toadstool and began to peel off the kid leathery top. Then he flicked off the sand underneath where it looked like a skirt dancer's skirt when she is not dancing, and then he ate it!

"Poison you, you silly," I said.

"There's good for warts, and they're good themselves."

"They have to be cooked in a chafin dish with butter and cream," I said.

"What's a chafin dish?" said Eggy.

"It's a silver pan with a jolly blue fire under it, that my father and mother mess up things in when the cook is cross, and don't give us a decent dinner."

Eggy grinned and said that that was another one of my city yarns I tried to fool him with.

Then we went to see the hired man make cider. Grandpa takes out all the leaves and stems and bad apples and worms and things, before he grinds his apples up for the press. He says that a champagne maker pays him such a foolish big price for his cider it would be against morals for him not to give a good clean article—him being a deacon.

"Another reason, Ham," he said, "is that I put down a few barrels of the

cider to get hard for self and friends. It's great for rheumatism. And it's a curious thing I've noticed—When my cider gets just hard enough and is clear and bright there ain't a friend of mine in the county that doesn't get a touch of rheumatism. It ain't bad for little folks, in small doses. You go up to the house now and I'll bet a shilling your grandmother has just drained the hot lard from a fresh batch of doughnuts. Tell her I said you might each have a little glass of the old hard cider—mind, a little glass."

It was just as grandpa thought it would be and when grandpa had sprinkled some powdered sugar over the doughnuts she gave us a big plateful and each of us a little glass of old cider. My, my, how good they were together! Anyway, grandmas have a better notion of the size of a kid's appetite than have mothers, or even aunts. When grandpa left us and we finished our cider we hadn't finished our doughnuts, and I said it was too bad they hadn't come out even and Eggy said there was plenty more cider in the cupboard, which grandpa had put in the cupboard. Grandpa spoke of a small glass, but he didn't say anything about how many of them, so we thought it would be foolish not to make the food and drink come out even. I don't just exactly remember how many more glasses we took, but the pitcher was quite a big old fashioned one of brown crockery.

Something or other—perhaps the doughnuts were too hot—made Eggy want to talk all the time, and so fast I couldn't understand him. Anyway, the next thing I knew I woke and found us both lying on the bed in the spare room. Grandpa drove us home, for it was late, and he said like as not we were tired.

I know now what was the matter with me, and it wasn't the doughnuts either.

Grandpa gave me a good talking to—but never mind about that—no more hard cider for me. The next day I felt more dreadful than ever before in my life, and the kind of headache I had was so frightful that when I thought of the game of shinty I had for the afternoon I shuddered and wanted some one to pity me. I knew better than to go looking for pity among the shinty gang, but I remembered, with a great relief, that I'd promised to go and play croquet with Pussycat, and I knew that that was the very day of my life for croquet with a girl if ever there was to be one. Of course if Mary had been there I'd have gone to her, for she never sours her pity with lectures, but Pussycat had rather lecture a chap even than to say her prayers.

Well, Pussycat and I played, and I didn't have to pretend to let her beat me—a cat could have played better than I—for something was so wrong inside my head that even the jolt of the mallet against the ball made me shut my eyes and wish I were dead. I'd have bungled through in some way if it had not been for the shinty gang—and Eggy with them! He didn't seem to feel at all mournful, as I did, but his hair looked as if he'd had his head under a pump all the morning. What was most strange about him was that he wore shoes. I wondered if that had anything to do with Pussycat not liking him to go barefoot, but it hurt so to think I gave it up. He tried to get me to play shinty and said impolite things about croquet. Worse than that, he'd tattled to the gang, for they were hanging over the fence saying things about hard cider. So I told Eggy that I had promised Pussycat to play croquet, and it was a gentleman's duty to keep his engagements. He could play shinty, and he'd be on his way, and particular-

ly not talk so loud. When he went away I saw Pussycat give him a look I didn't understand then, but later—

Pretty soon I said to Pussycat that I'd studied so hard—for her sake—I had an awful headache and would lie down by the fence a few minutes. Some time afterward I woke up and there were Eggy and Pussycat playing croquet as if they'd never done anything else all their lives. Then I knew what Eggy's shoes and Pussycat's look meant. To make it

effort. In a trial not long ago a very simple witness was in the box and after going through his ordeal was ready to retire. One question remained: "Now, Mr. —, has not an attempt been made to induce you to tell the court a different story?"

"A different story to what I have told, sir?"

"Yes, is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, I demand to know who the persons are who have attempted this?"

"Well, sir, you've tried as hard as any of 'em," was the unexpected answer.

It ended the examination.

Into the Wrong Ear.

A Market street business man had occasion to call up a newspaperman the other day over the telephone, and there's where the joke comes in. The said newspaperman was sitting at his desk smoking, when he had occasion to use his desk telephone. He arose, forgetfully laid the cigar he was smoking in a chair and took down the receiver. Just as he lifted the receiver a friend stepped into the office and started to sit down in the chair. Not realizing that the operator could hear what he was saying, and just as she was about to say, "Number, please!" in her sweetest tones, the said newspaperman yelled: "Look out there! You'll burn your pants!" Communication between him and Central was at once cut off.—Galveston Courier.

TURN LAUGH ON LAWYERS

Witnesses Often Prove a Match for the Veterans of the Bar.

Rochester Herald.

Overshrewd lawyers often furnish their adversaries with weapons. "Did you see this tree that has been mentioned by the roadside?" an advocate inquired.

"Yes, sir, I saw it very plainly."

"It was conspicuous, then?"

The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion. "What is the difference," answered the lawyer, "between plain and conspicuous?"

But he was hoist with his own petard. The witness innocently answered: "I can see you plainly, sir, among the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."

In another instance a blow directed against the character of a witness forcibly recoiled.

"You were in the company of these people," he was asked.

"Of two friends, sir."

"Friends! Two thieves, I suppose you mean."

"That may be true," was the dry retort; "they are both lawyers."

The blow that destroys the effect of an adverse examination is occasionally more the result of accident than of conscious

worse Pussycat said to me:—"Don't get up, Hamilton, dear; I like to play with a man who can stand his hard cider."

As if my headache was not enough, I had to endure the taunts of a heartless woman!

THOSE ELEVEN LOST DAYS

Adoption of the Gregorian Calendar of Importance to World.

New York Tribune.

The 11 days from September 3 to 13 inclusive are memorable for having once been entirely omitted from the calendar of the Anglo-Saxon world.

The Gregorian calendar was not adopted by the British Empire until 1752, long after most other nations of the civilized world had conformed with it. In that year an act of Parliament prescribed that the next year, 1753, should begin on January 1 instead of on March 25, as had previously been the rule, and that in the following September these 11 days should be dropped from the calendar, the day following September 3 being known as September 14. Stirring times those were, too, in which days were not lightly spared from a year, with Clive conquering India and Washington beginning the conquest of the Ohio Valley.

But the procession of the equinoxes took no note of trifles like these, which could be accomplished as well under one calendarial style as another. It may be observed that while Gregory dropped only 10 days from 1582, 11 days had to go from 1752 and Russia would have to drop 13 from 1906 to square her date with the rest of the world.