THE BANNER SERIES OF SELECTED SHORT STORIES

Much Pomp and Several Circumstances

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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ACK of Pennington's harp, which was the royal castle of the Court of Boyville, ran a hollow. In the hollow grow a gnarly box-dier tree. This tree was the court-fers' hunting lodge. In the crotches of the rugged hranches Piggy Pounington, Abe Carpenter, Ilmmy Seara, Bud Perkins and Mealy Jones were wont to rest of a summer afternoon, planning for the morrow's chase, recogning the morrow's chase, recogning to the morring's advantures in the royal tourney of the marble ring, meditating upon the evil appraach of the fall school term, and following such acdentary pursuits as to any member of the court seemed right and proper. One afternoon late in August the tree was alive with its structural aristosteny. Abe Carpenter sat on the lowest branch, plaiting a four-strand, square-braided "quirt": Jimmy Sears was holding the ends, Figgy was casually akinning cats, hanging by his legs or chinning on an almost horizontal limb, as he took his part in this lagging talk. Hidden by the follage in the thick of the tree, in a three-pronged seat, Bud Perkins reclined, his features drawn into a painful grimace, as his right hand passed to and fro before his mouth, rhythmically 'twanging the tongue of a jew's-harp, upon which he was playing." To My Sweet Sunny South Take Me Homs." He breathed heavily and irregularly. His eyes were on the big whits clouds in the hisse sky, and his heart was filled with the poetry of lonesomeness that sometimes comes to boys in pensive moets. For the days when his head lived with his father, a nomad of the creeks that flowed by half a score of waterways fato the Missianippi, were can make a healthy, care-free boy. He played him as end as any memory were can make a healthy, care-free boy. He played him as end as any memory were can make a healthy, care-free boy. He played him for a sum of the mouth organ, which his fouter-mether had given to him, and to satisfy his boyinh idea of justice he played "We, Shall Mear," May, Dearset May, "All May," "Of Steedenum," Sleeping,

mage caught in the north—and his music had that sweet, southing note that cheered the men who fought under the stars and bars.

Into this same rushed Mealy Jones, hat in hand, breathless, bringing war's slarms. "Fellers, fellers," screamed Mealy, half a block away, "it's scomin' here! It's son't to be here in two weeks.

and you can get a job passin' bills."

An instant later the tree was deserted, and five boys were running as fast as their legs would carry them toward the thick of the town. They stopped at the new pine billhoard and did not leave the man with the paste bucket until they had seen "Zasell" fiying out of the cannon's mouth, the iron-jawed woman performing her marvels, the red-mouthed rhincourse, with the bleeding native impaled upon its horn and the freeing hunters near by; "the largest alsohant in captivity" carrying the \$10,000 beauty, the acrobats whiring through space. James Robinson turning handsprings on his dapple-gray steed; and, last and most revishing of ail, little Willis salls, is pink tights, on his three charging flutland ponies, whose breakness course in the picture followed one whichever way he turned. When these glories had been discussed to the point of cynicism, the Court of

During the two weeks that followed the appearance of the glad tidings on the billboards, the boys of Willow Creek spent many hours in strange habiliments, making grotesque imitations of the spectacles upon the boards. Piggy Pennington roised his tronsers for shows his knees for tights, and galloped his father's fat delivery horse up and down the alley, riding sideways, standing and backward, with much vaingloty. To simulate the motley of the tight-cope-walking clown, Jimmy Sears wose the calloo lining of his clothing outside, when he was in the royal castle beyond his mother's ten. Mealy donned carpet slippers in Pennington's barn, and wore long pink-and-white-striped stockings of a suspiciously feminine appearance, fastened to his subraviated shirt waist with stocking suspenders, hated of all boys. Abe Carpenter did his shudder-breeding trapese tricks in a bathing trunk, and Bud Perkins, who nightly robbed himself limber in oil made by hanging a bottle of angleworms in the sun to fry, wore his red calloo baseball clothes, and went through kee hoops in a dozen different ways. In the streets of the town the youngsters appeared disguised as ordinary boys. They reveled in pictured visions of the circus, but were skeptical about the literal fulfilment of some of the promises made on the bills. Certain things advertised were eliminated from reasonable expectation; for instance, the boys all knew that the gingfe would not be discovered eating by the top of a coconnut tree; they have that the monkeys would not play a brass band, and they knew that the "Human Fly" would walk on the ceiling at the "concert"—and no boy has ever saved enough money to buy a licket for the "concert". Nevertheless, they done the pictures of the herd of girnfes and the monkey band

Now, among children of a large

but in Boyville a north-ender is a north-ender, and a south-ender is a south-ender, and a south-ender is a south-ender, and a seeking of the two is a fight. Boyville knows no times of truce it asks nor offers quarter. When warring clans come together, be it workday, holiday or aren circus day, there is a clatter of clods, a patter of fest and retreating hoots of deficace. And because the circus billboards were frequented by boys of all kiths and clans, clashes occurred frequently, and Bud Perkins, who was the fighter of the south end, had many a call to arms. Indeed, the approaching circus unloosed the dogs of war, rather than nestled the down of peace. For Bud Perkins, in amoment of pride, issued an ukase which farbade all north end boys to look at a certain billboard near his home. This ukase and his strict enforcement of it made him the target of north end wrath. Little Miss Rorgan, his foster-mother, who had adopted him at the death of his father the summer before the circus bills were posted, could not understand how the lad managed to lose so many buttons, nor how he kept tearing his clothes. She ascribed these things to his antecedents and to his deficient training. Bhe did not know that Had, whom she called Henry, and whose music on the mouth organ seemed to come from a shy and gentle soul, was the atror of the south end Her guilleless mind held no place for the important fact that north-end boys generally traveled by her door in pairs for safety. Such is the blindness of women. Cupid śrobship got his defective vision from his mother's side of the house.

The last half of the last week before circus day seemed a century to Bud and his friends. Friday and Saturday crept by and Mealy Jones was the only boy at

the circus was unloading from the sidetrack at the depot swept over the boys' side of the Sunday school room and consumed all knowledge of the fifth chapter of Acts, the day's tesson. After Sunday school the boys broke for the circus grounds. There they gorged their gluttoscous eyes upon the canvascovered charlots and the slephants and the samels and the slephants and unfamiliar soless, the sight of the rising "see of survas," the touch of mysterious wagons containing so many wonders, and the intexicating smell that comes only with much canvas, many animals, and the unpacking of Pandorn's box, stuffed the boys' senses, until they viewed with utter stoleism the passing dinner hour and the prospect of finding only cold mashed potatoes and the necks and backs of chickens in the cupboards.

parental scotdings, and lingered about the enchanting spot until their shadows fell eastward and the day was old.

When a boy gets on his good behavior he tempts Providence. And the Providence of boys is frail and prone to yield. So, when Bud Perkins, who was burning with a desire to please Miss Morgan that Sunday night any one can see that he was provoking Providence in an unusual and oruse manner. Bud did not sit with Miss Morgan, but lounged into the church and took a back seat. Three north end boys came in and sat on the same bench. Then Jimmy Sears shuffled past the north-enders and sat beside Bud. After which the inevitable happened. It kept happening. They "passed it on" and passed it back again; first a pinch, then a chur, then a cuff, then a kick under the bench. Heads craned toward the boys ecoamonally, and there came an awful moment when Bud Perkins found himself looking brazenly into the syss of the preacher, who had paused to glare at the boys in the midst of his sermon. The faces of the entire congregation seemed to turn upon Bud automatically. A cherub-like expression of conscious innocence and imponetrable unconcern beamed through Bud Perkins features. The same expression rested upon the countenances of the four other malefactore. At the end of the third second Jimmy Sears put his hand to his mouth and snorted between his fingers. And four young men looked down their noses. In the hush Brother Baker—a tiptoeing Nemesia—stalked the full length of the church toward the culprits. When he took his seat beside the boys the preacher continued his discourse. Strother

preacher continued his discourse. Brother Baker's unotion angered Bud Perkins He fett the implication that his conduct was bad, and his sense of guilt spurred his temper. Gatan put a pin in Bud's hand. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Satan moved the boy's arm on the back of the pew, around Jimmy Sears. Then an imp pushed Bud's hand as he jabbed the pin ito the back of the north-ender. The boy from the north end ist out a yowl of pain. Bud was not quick enough. Brother Baker saw the pin; 200 devout Methodists saw him clamp his fingers on Bud Perkin's ear and march him down the length of the church and set him beside Blies Morgan. It was a slokening moment. The north end grinned under its skin as one boy, and was exceedingly glad. So agonizing was it for Bud that he forgot to linagine what a triumph it was for the north end—and further anguish is impossible for a boy.

Miss Morgan and Bud Perkins left the church with the congregation. Bud dreaded the moment when they would readed the moment when they would leave the crowd and turn into their side street. When they did turn Bud was lagging a step or two behind. A

ide street. When they did turn Bud was lagging a step or two behind. A say's troubles are always the fault of the other boy. The north end boy's esponsibility in the matter was so clear—to Bud—that when he went to justify himself to Miss Morgan he was surprised and fourt at what he considered her eminine bilindness to the fact. After the had passed her sentence she asked: "Do you really think you deserve to go, Henry?"

The blow stunned the boy. He saw the visious of two weeks burst like bubbles, and he whimpered: "I dunno." But in his heart he did know that it deny a boy the joy of seeing Willie Helis on his three Shetland ponies. For nothing in the world but showing a north-ender his place, was a piece of injustice of the kind for which men add nations go to war. At breakfast Bud kept his eyes on his plate. He wore on his face the resigned look of a martyr. Miss Morgan was studiously gracious. He dropped leades memosyllables into the cheery flow of her conversation, and after breakfast put in his time at the woodshed. At 8 o'clock that morning the town of witness. Creak was in the threal of the



ry side street. Delivery wagons were tiling about with innusual alacrity. By o dressed-up children were flitting ing the side streets, hurrying their clors. On the main thoroughfare ge were flying, and the streets corn were eddying at the street corn. The balloon vender wormed his y through the bussing crowd, leaving him. The bark of the faker ped the tightening nerves of the m. Everywhere was hubbul; everywhere were men and

pomp and circumstance in its glide train; everywhere in Willow Creek the spirit which but the blue sash about the country girl's waist and the fing in he beau's hat ran riot, save at the home of Miss Morgan. There the bees hummed lastly over the old-fashioned flower garden; there the cantankerous Jays Jabbered in the cettonwoods; there the muffled noises of the town feative came as from afar; there Miss Morgan puttered about her morning's work, trying vainly to croon a gospel hymb, and there. Bud Perkins, prone upon the sitting-room sofa, made parallelogram and squares and diamonds with the dot and lines on the celling paper. When the throb of the drum and the blare of the brass had set the heart of the tow to dancing, some wave of the cestang segged through the like bushes and interestionally, checked filmsel constructionally, walked to the bird came and started up readenly, checked filmsel

started up suddenly, checked filmsecontentationally, walked to the bird cay and began to play with the canary. By the wave carried the little spinster the window. The circus had a home stead in human hearts before John We ley staked his claim, and even so go a Methodist as Miss Morgan could nobe deaf to the scream of the calliops of the tinkle of cymbals.

To emphasize his desolation, Bud le

the room and sat gown by a tree in the yard, with his back to the kitchen doe and window. There Miss Morgan savatim playing mumble-peg in a desultory listless fashion. When the courtiers of Boyville came home from the parade they found a him; and because he saplaying a silent, sullen, solitary game and responded to their banter only will melancholy grunts, they knew that the worst had befallen him. Much confel followed, in which the pronouns "she and "her" were spoken. Otherwise Miss Morgan was unidentified. For the conversation ran thus, over and over: "You ask her."

"Naw, I've done ast 'er."

"Twen't do no good for me to set. Bhe don't like me."

"I sin't 'freid to ast 'er."

"Wall, then, why don't you?"

"Why don't you"

"I ain't 'fraid to ast 'er."
"Wall, theo, why don't you?"
"Why don't you"
"Lat's all ast 'er."
"Brose she will, Bud?"
"I dunno."

and carried training up to alime acceptants kitchen door. Bud nat by the tree wirling his knife at his game. Figgy, seing the spokesman, stood in the doorway. "Miss Morgan," he said, as he slapped his leg with his hat.

"Well, Winfield?" replied the little roman, divining his mission and hard-ming her heart against his purpose.

"Miss Morgan," he repeated, and then cared sheepishiy; "Can't Bud, go to the how with us, Miss Morgan?"

"I'm afraid not today," smiled back dies Morgan as she went about her work. A whisper from the doorstep

"Henry mischaved in church last light, one we've agreed that he shall may home from the circus."

Piggy advanced a step or two lasids he door, laughing diplomatically. "Oh-no, Miss Morgan, don't you think he's greed. He's just dying to go."

Miss Morgan smiled, but did not join a Piggy's hilarity—a bad sign. Piggy ried again: "They got six elephants

tion.

Plegy prepared for an heroic measures and stepped over to the kitchen table leaning upon it as he pleaded:

This is the last circus this year

"This is the last circus this year Miss Morgan, and it's an awful goo one. Can't he go just this once?"

The debate lasted 10 minutes, and a the and four boys walked alowly, wit much manifestation of feeling, back the tree where the fifth sat. Ther was were and lamentation after the man ner of boykind. When the boys left th yard it seemed to Miss Morgan that she could not look from her work without seeing the lonesome figure of Bud in the afternoon the patter of feet bet house grew slower and then ceased Occasionally a belated wayfarer sped by The music of the circus band cutside of the tent came to Miss Morgan's ears of gusts of wind and died away as the wind ebbed. She dropped the dishciot three times in five minutes and washe her oup and saucer twice. She struggled bravely in the slough of despon for a while, and then turned back wit Pliable. "Henry" she said, as the bowled past her carrying pepper gras to the bird. "Henry" she said, as the bow alked past her carrying pepper gras to the bird. "Henry, what made yout the service of the last night."

The boy dropped his head and as swered, "I dunno."

"I dunno," the boy reiterated.
"Why did you stick that little boy
ith the pin?"
"Well—well"— he gasped, preparing
or a defense. "Well, he pinched me
rat."
"Yes, Henry, but don't you know that
"a wrong to do those things in church!
on't you see how bad it was?"
"I was just a-playin', Miss Morgan;

Bud did not dare to trust his instinctve reading of the signs. He went on
mpulsively: "I wanted him to quit,
out he just kept right on and Brother
saker didn't touch him."

The wind brought the staccate music
of the circus band to the foster mother's
ars. The music completed her moral
lecay, for she was thinking that if
srother Baker would only look after his
two children as carefully as he looked

scay, for she was thinking that if rother Baker would only look after his was children as carefully as he looked for those of other people, the world ould be better. Then she said: "Now, enry, if I let you go, just this onco-ow, just this onco-my, is this once, mind you—will you romise haver to do anything like that rain?"

Riackness dropped from the boy spirit, and by main strongth h strangied a desire to yell. The desire revived when he reached, the alley, and he ran whosping to the circus grounds. There is a law of crystallization among hoys which enables molecules of the same game to meet in whatever againmentation they may be thrown. But minutes after Bud Perkins left homes found Piggy and Jimmy and Abund Mealy in the menageric tent whereupon the south end was able to present a bristling front to the north and—a front which even the pleading of the lute in the circus band could no break. But the boys knew that the band paying in the circus tent meant that he performance in the ring was about to bogin. So they cut short an interest and dialogue with a keeper, concerning the elephant that remembered the main who gays her a chew of tebacco I were ago and tried to kill him the weekerfore the show came to Willow Creek Sut when the pageant in the ring un bolded its timeled aplendor in the ring disclosed its trussures—Willis fair on his aported ponies, James Roberts in the ring disclosed its trussures—Willis fair on his aported ponies, James Roberts in the ring disclosed its trussures—Willis fair on his aported ponies, James Roberts in the ring disclosed its trussures—Willis fair on his aported ponies, James Roberts and the performing degree the first disclosed its trussures—Willis fair on his spotted ponies, James Roberts and the performing degree the circus, that this cature would please him most. Zamil's serformance was soprewhat tame, but memodically the performance was soprewhat tame, but memodically the serformance was soprewhat the serformance was soprewhat the serform

colding the trick mule called to the coys near Bud, who sudged him into the clown's attention. The clown particular and the clown's attention. The clown particular and the poy and all the spectators to see Alternately he pointed it to the trick mule and to the coin, coaxing and questioning by signs, as he did so. It too perhaps a minute for Bud's embarrance ment to wear off. Then two motive mpelled him to act. He didn't propose to let the north-enders see his embarrance ment, and he saw that he migh sarn the dollar for Miss Morgan's missionary-box, thus mitigating the distrace he had brought upon her inducate. The inspiration literally flashed over Bud and before he knew it he was standing in the ring, with his hear seeded upon one side to indicate his atter indifference to everything in the world. Of course, it was a studenduou pretense. For under his pretty starche whirt, which Miss Morgan had forced on the in the hurry of departure, his hear was beating like a little windmill in gale. As Bud beatrode the donkey the caring at him. He could hear the words of the morth-enders spoke, even their "hoc-oho-os," and their "myayhayayaha," and their "watch him-hi-the-roofa," and their "watch him-hi-the-roofa," and their "watch him-hi-the-roofa," and their "myayhayayaha," and their "hoc-oho-os," and their "hoc-oho-os," and their "thou-ohall. The donkey ran and stoppe juickly. Bud held on. Then the donkey the twinklish—it seemed to Bud in the call. The donkey ran and stoppe juickly. Bud held on. Then the donkey the twinklish—it seemed to Bud in the could hear the call had not all. The donkey ran and stoppe juickly. Bud held on. Then the donkey the twinklish—it seemed to Bud in the call in the call the twinklish—it seemed to Bud in the call in the ca

What passed in the ring as Bud let it, bedraggied and dusty, did not interes him. He brushed himself as he wer The band was playing madly, and it young woman in the stiff skirts we standing by her horse ready to mour The crowd did not stop laughing. But inclined his head to dust his knicke bockers, and then in a tragic instant saw what was convulsing the multitus with laughter. The outer seam of the right leg of his velveteen breaches we gone, and a brown leg was winking and out of the flapping garment as a walked. Wildly he gathered the particular and it seemed to him that heaver would cover the ground between the ring and the benches. In the cour of several acons—which the other bost measured by fleeting minutes—the way of shame that covered Bud subside Pins bound up the wounds in his clothed He drew a normal breath, and was abte join the mob which howled down it man who announced the concert.

After that the inexorable minutes fle by until the performance ended. In it menagerie tent Hud and his friend looked thirstily upon the cool, pir "schooners" of lemonade, and finall when they had apant a few bilastul me

y until the performance ended. In the enagerie tent Hud and his friends oked thirstily upon the cool, pirk chooners" of lemonade, and finally, hen they had spent a few blissful moents with the monkeys and had enyed a last long, lingering look at the sphanta, they dragged themselves unlingly away into the commonplace of mahine and trees and blue sky. Only a remantic touch of the skinshow barres and the worder of the glided was me assured them that their munories the passing bour were not empty came.

The boys were standing enrapture before the picture of the fat woma upon the swaying carries. Bud he drifted away from them to glut his emponent the picture of the enakes writhin around the charmer. The north-ender had been following Bud at a respectful distance, waiting for the opportunit which his separation from his clan gave to them. They were enforced by a country boy of great reputed prowess i battle. Bud did not know his dange until their pounced upon him. In a instant the fight was raging. Over the gay ropes it went, under the fight was

track of the storm by torn lath, bruised, battis-scarred boys, and the wreelings incident to an enlivening scension. When his demarates found Rust the argument had marrowed down to Bud and the hoy from the country, the other wrangiers having dropped out for heavy repairs. The fight, which had been started to avenge ancient wrongs, particularly the wrongs of the hillhoard only added new wrongs to the list. The country boy was striking which, and trying to office his antiquette, when the town marshal—the bugb man of all boys—stopped the fight. But of centre no town marshal—the bugb man of all boys—stopped the fight. But of centre no town marshal—the bugb man of all boys—stopped the fight. But of centre no town marshal and bomb into the talkick of a discussion in Reyville make the word when the marshal of Willow Crock, seeing Bud Parkins putting the finishing touches of a good trouncing on a strange boy, and she would fine finishing touches of a good trouncing on a strange boy, and she would be marshal quietly gathered in the boys to be marched quietly gathered in the boys to be marched down. Now, no boy likes to be marched down.

Now, no boy likes to be marched down the main street of his town with the cellous finger of the merchal under his shirthand. The spectacle operates distinctly against the peace and dignity of Boyville for months thereafter. For passing youths who forget there is a morrow fibe at the culprits, and thus plant the needs of dissensions which bloom in fights. It was a sweaty, redirected orew that the marshal dumped into Pennington's grocery with, "Here, Bill, I found your boy and those young demons fightin' down "t the circus ground, and I took em in charge. You

Mr. Pennington's glance at his son showed that Piggy was unharmed. A swift survey of the others gave each, save Bud, a bill of health. But when Mr. Pennington's eyes fell on Bud he leaned on a showcase and laughed till he shook all over; for Bud, with a brimless hat upon a thusled head, with a face scratched till it looked like a railroad map, with a tore shirt that exposed a dirty shoulder and a freckled back, with trousers so badly shattered that two hands could hardly hold them together—Bud, as Mr. Pennington expressed it, looked like a second-band boy. The simils pleased Pennington as that he renewed his laughter and paid no heed to the chatter of the pack that was classoring to tell, all in one breath, how the incident began, programed and closed which had led to Bud's dilapidation. Also, they were frawing gloomy pictures of the appearance of his austilants, after the custom of boys in such cases. Because his fon was not involved in the calamity, Piggy's father was not moved deeply by the story of the raid of the north-enders and their downfall. So he put the young gentieman of the court of Boyville into the back room of his grocery store, where coulcil and molasses-barrels and hams and bacen and back shadows of many mysterious things were gathered. He gave the royal party a checasknife and a watermolon and hade them be merry, a bidding which set the hearts of Piggy and Abe and Jimmy and Mesiy to dancing, while flud's heart, which had been sinking lower and lower into a quagmire of dread, beat on nimbly and did not join the joy. As the time

Still he laughed and chatted with apparent merriment, but he knew how hollow was his laughter and what mockery was in his cheer. When the melon was caten, business took its regular order.

"Ray, Bud, how you goin' to get home?"

Bud grinned as he looked at his rags. "Gee," said Meaty. "I'm glad it ain me."

"Aw, shucks," returned Bud, and thought of the stricken Ananias in the shoot of the stricken Ananias in the shoot lesson leaf as he spok "run right through like I always of What I got to be "Iraid of?"

"Yes, Mr. Bud, you can laugh, but yo know you'll catch it when you get home. This shaft from Jimmy Bears put is words the terror in Bud's heart. But words the terror in Bud's heart. But we replied: "I bet you I don't."

Bud's instinct piloted him by a cit cultous route up the alley to the kitche door. Miss Morgan sat on the fror porch, waiting for the boy to return be fore serving supper. He stood helpless in the kitchen for a minute, with weight of indecision upon him. He feared to go to the front perch, when Miss Morgan was. He feared to stay it he kitchen. But when he saw the empt woodbox a fight seemed to dawn. It stinct guided him to the woodpile an the law of self-preservation filled harms with wood, and instinct carrie him to the kitchen woodbox time an again and laid the wood in the box agently as if it had been glass and a softly as if it had been glass and a softly as if it had been glass and a softly as if it had been glass and a softly as if it had been velvet. Not untite pile had grown far above the wait scoting on the kitchen walf did a stic crashing to the foor tell Miss Morga that Bud was in the house.

But there is a destiny that shapes on

nds, and just as the falling wood atracted Miss Morgan's attention, it was
iverted by a beiligerent party was
omposed of two persons, to-wit: One
nother from the north end of Willow
reck, irats to the spluttering point, and
ne boy lagging as far benind the
nother as his short arm would allow
im to ing. The mother held the short
rm, and was literally dragging her son
o Miss Mergan's gate, to offer him in
vidence as "Exhibit A" in a possible
nuse of the state of Kansas vs. Henry
critins. Exhibit A was black and blue
s to the eyes, torn as to the shirt,
loody as to the nose, tumbled and dusty
s to the hir, and as to the counteance, clearly and unquestionably sheepneed. The mother opened the bombardcent with: "Miss Morgan, I just want
out to look at my boy."

Miss Morgan looked in horror, and exlaimed: "Well, for mercy sakes!

There on earth's he been?"

And the leader of the war party rermad: "Where's he been?"

And the leader of the war party rermad: "Where's he been." And I just
ant you to know who done this." Here
sabilit A got behind a post. The

ony. I'll show him there's a law in the and."

Miss Morgan willed as the space proceeded. She had voice to say only. I'm sure there's some imistate," as hep, remembering the crash of the root on the hitchen floor, she called the come have."

piled: "No, there ten't ne mistake either. My boy is a sped little boy, and just as peaceable a boy as there is it this tewn. And because I don't allow him to fight, that Perkins boy picks on him all the sines. Fve told him to keep out of his way and not to play with Henry Ferkins, but he can't be runnin all over this town to keep."—

And first Elimini B. win accretched face, tattered raiment and grimy features, stood in the document. The witness for the state lound in dumb amassement at the wreck, him Morgan saw Bud, and her temper rose—not at him, but at his advance, Eins Morgan saw Bud, and her temper rose—not at him, but at his advance, Exhibit B. sawlicily turned his face from Exhibit B. and Exhibit B seemed to be oblivious of the presence of Exhibit A; for the boys it was a scene too shameful for mutual repognition. Miss Morgan broke the heavy silence with: "Henry, where

"Henry did you blacken that little
ye eyes, and tear his clothes that
y'" inquired Miss Morgan when her
ts returned.
""'hy—no'm—I didn't. But he was

willish passes. "did you plok a fight with that Parkins boy?"
"Oh no'm, no'm! I was just playin' reand the leat, me and another boy, and Bud he come up and jumped on un."
And then, to add verisimilitude to his narrative, he appended: "Him and four other boys."

other boys."

"Henry," unled Miss Morgan, as she surveyed the debris of Henry's Sunday clothes and her womaniy wath for the destroyer of them began to boil; "Henry, now tell me honestly, is this little boy telling the truth? Now, don't you story to me. Henry."

"Honest injun, Miss Morgan. I cross my heart and hope to drop dend this ninute if I ain't tellin' you the way it was. Him and them North-enders, why hey come along said called me names, and he tried to hit me, and I just shoved im away like this," and Henry executed a polite pantomime. "And I was wringin' my arms out to keep 'em all from hittin' me, and he got in the way, and I couldn't help it. And they was all a-pickin' on me and I told 'em all the tims I didn't want to fight."

But Exhibit A kept looking at his mother and shaking his head in violent contradiction of Bud as the story was

Miss Morgan asked: "Who scratche your face so, Henry?"
"Him; he's all the time fightin' me. "No, ma; I didn't. You know didn't."
Exhibit A and Exhibit B were sti

cock to back. Thes Exhibit B reponded: "Miss Morgan, you ast him
if he didn't cous and damn me, and say
he was goin' to pound me to death if I
seer came north of Sixth street?"

To which the leader of the raiders
returned in great scorn: "The very
idea! Just listen at that! Why, Miss
Morgan, that Perkins boy is the bully
of this town. Come on, Willie, your pa
will see if there is no law to protect you
from such boys as him." Whersupon
the war party faced about and walked
down the sidewalk and away.

Miss Morgan and Bud watched the
north end woman and her son depart.
Miss Morgan turned to Bud and spoke
spiritedly: "Now, Henry, don't ever
have anything to do with that kind of

the boy's shoulder and continued: "Now, ton't you mind abouteit, Henry. They shan't touch you. You come and wash and we'll have supper."

When a boy has a woman for a champion, if he is wise, he trusts her to any ength. So Bud went to the kitchen, sicked up the pater bucket and went to the well, partly to keep from displaying a gathering wave of affection for his coster-mother, and partly to let the magnificence of the woodbox burst upon her in his absence. When he returned

"Here's a dollar I got for riding the trick mule," he fallered. "I thought I would be nice for the missionary society." That he might check any weal feminine emotions, he turned his attention to the supper table and blurted "Gee, we're goin' to have ple, ain't we' I tell you, I'm mighty pie hungry."

The glow-of Miss Morgan's melter heart shone upon her face. Through a seraphic smalle she spoke: "It's apple pie, too, Henry—your kind." As she put the supper upon the table she asked "Did you have a good time at the circus Henry."

The boy nodded vehemently, and said:
fou bet," and then went on, after a
nuse, "I guess I tore my pants a little
string off that mule; but I thought
su'd like the dollar."

It was the finest speech he could
ake. "I guess I can mend them, Hen"" she answered, and then she asked,
ith her face in the outboard: "Sha'n't
a try some of the new strawberry prerves, Henry?"
As she was opening the jar she conuded that Henry Perkins was an an-

("A Change of Profession," by Har vey J. O'Higgins, is next in The Jour nal's Banner Series of short stories.)

From the Kaness City Journal.

"It has been so wet for the list three or, four years," remarked Truthfu James, "that a good many people have forgot how dry it used to be. I remember one year when the Missouri river was dusty all the way down from Kaness City to the Missiesippi. Of course the river was running all the while, but the water in it got so dry that it turned to dust and blew away. I took a boardown the river at that time, but I was so dusty on the heat that you couldn't use the hind end of it when you was standing at the front end. It was a little the worst I was see. My moutly got so much grit and dust in it that could strike a match on the roof of it may time. One day the beat got stuck in 15 fact of Missouri river water. It was see ary said dusty that the wheel couldn't turn. What did we do? Well it, we went out and hird a farmer to hauf fresh water for 15 miles to mis with the river water until it was thing with the river water until it was the content of t

From the Washington Star.

I think that the people who have con this affair in hand have made is singurally repeat."

Thepent!" exclaimed the man who is been involved in questionable fines. It's worse than that. They have