

TRUE AND FALSE

A gem is a gem though it be in the mine. Thought every man should give it a chance though hidden awhile. Still its virtues will shine till it suddenly gleams with a glory divine.

MR. AND MRS. HAWKINS.

Mr. Hawkins he left the appintin' of our weddin' day to me, and I set it for a Sunday. When you come ter think on't, there don't seem to be many days suitable for gettin' married in. You see Monday's washin' day, an' Tuesday's broom day, and of course nobody would be married a Friday and Saturday's bakin' and cleanin' up day, so there's only Wednesday and Thursday left, and another one wanted that much time for eatin' odds and ends of work, and to 'turn round' in, as you might say. So I set it a Sunday mornin' before first service.

Now to begin with, I must tell you that Mr. Hannibal Hawkins, the man I was goin' ter marry, was what you'd call odd, so that, although we'd been keepin' company together for some time, and I'd had every chance ter get acquainted, yet I felt mor'ly certain that it would be a good while fore I'd know him all through. Not but what he was a likely man—more tew for he was a church member in good and reglar standin' and, he always had the name o' bein' a good husband to his fust wife, and a good pervider and all that, but, as I said, he was odd.

Well, he came over the Saturday mornin' before the weddin' so's ter be 'on hand,' he said, and kinder dew for me and mother. We hadn't no men folks in the house, cep't Caleb Jones, the hired help, and he wa'n't much dependence at such a time.

It was 'bout 8 o'clock in the forenoon when Mr. Hawkins rived, and an hour or tew later I got a letter from his daughter, Carline.

It was marked 'private,' and read thus: 'Dear Miss Robbins, that's me, Ruth Ann Robbins, so know I write to caution you about par. I feel awful afraid the c'ose he's took with him to be married in ain't right. All to once he was struck with one o' his odd streaks, and insisted on makin' his bag himself, a thing he never done afore in his life, and the Lord only knows what he put into it. I don't, you must look him over real sharp fore he goes in where the folks be. I'm sorry I can't come to the weddin', but I cut my bangs yesterday, and got 'em so short that I look just tew ajobous for anything. I've cried myself most sick, I'm so disappointin', and par says I'm silly ter stay away on account o' the bangs, but I can't help it. I'd rather die than go an' show myself such a fright to all them folks—so I thought I send you my love, and I hope everything will go off well. With respect, CARLINE HAWKINS.'

P. S.—I'm afraid par has took odd boots, look out for him.

I laughed when I read that letter, it didn't trouble me much of any. Think I ter myself 'He is odd enough to pack his own bag, less he's a gump and a fool, and if he is a gump and a fool the quicker we find it out the better!' I felt the worst because Carline wa'n't comin' to the weddin'. It worried me to think she was so silly 'bout them bangs.

Well, come Sunday mornin', when it was time to dress ourselves, Hannibal took one room and I another, and we begun. I'd just got my hair all down, when Hannibal hollered tew me, and said:

'Ruth Ann! I wish you'd bring in your needle and thread and dew a little job o' sewin' for me. I find my vest is all split out behind, though goodness knows how it come so. I never wore it but once in my life. It's a bran' new one.'

I thought then of Carline's letter, and when I see the vest I knew in a minute that he'd took the wrong one, but I s'posed the old thing up as well's I could—a pretty lookin' vest it was to be married in—and went back to my room feelin' a good deal distarbed and anxious.

His next perdiclerment was wuss yet. This time he spoke to me so kinder quick and sharp, that I knew it was somethin' serious. I was just puttin' my dress over my head, but I didn't stop to half button it up. I hurried in ter see what was the matter now. When I opened the door, there stood Hannibal in the middle o' the room, lookin' down perplexed like and inquirin' at two old boots—you couldn't call 'em a pair, for I knew the minute I set eyes on 'em that they both belonged to one and the same foot! They both had a round nob stickin' up conspicuously where the big toe went, and another great bulgin' one for the toe jint. I hadn't never noticed anything peculiar 'bout Hannibal's feet before, but them two boots did look curis' enough, and they looked kinder wicked and knowin' somehow, as if they was enjoyin' themselves!

I laughed—I couldn't help it, but Hannibal didn't even smile. He turned to me, and said he:

'Do them two boots look right to you?' Then he tried on one, and that was well enough. He put on the other and—well, you can imagine how it looked! Of course the nob and bulgin' come in the wrong places, and the heel foot was hind side afore and wrong side tew, as you might say. He took 'em off and revair'd 'em, but still they cou't tinned ter disagree and look wicked at one another. He squared 'em up ter gether as square's he could, and says he:

'Ruth Ann, I believe them boots is odd.'

'Ondoubtedly they be, Hannibal,' says I, 'and they look odd, but how do they feel?' Can you wear 'em? That is the question.'

'I don't care a continental how they

feel,' says he, 'awful savage. 'Til you see 'em if they kill me, but I dew wish they didn't look so like the 'evil one'!

I felt like death, but I knew we'd got to make the best of the situation, so I says:

'Oh, I guess they won't be noticed. But you must be s'pre and set with your feet on the floor and drawed well back under your chair, and you mustn't no 'count cross your legs, or if you dew, be sure and have the right foot on top.'

Then I had ter leave him. I was all worked up, but I managed ter finish my toilet with my mother's help, and when I was dressed I went into the spare chamber where the couples that was goin' to stand up with us was waitin'. I found them all right, and finally Hannibal was ready, and him and Ie locked arms and proceeded down stairs, followed by the others. Cousin Tripheny and Ryal Hunt came fust, then Mandy Plympton and John Ray, then Cousin Seraphine and 'Siar Chase. There was six of 'em and they made a noble 'pearance, tew.

Just as we got on to the stairs and Hannibal and me was most to the bottom, all of a sudden he claps his hand to his head and whispers:

'Ruth Ann, I must go back a minute. You wait right here.'

'No, Hannibal,' says I, 'pullin' him along, 'you can't go back—how it would look!'

'But I tell ye I must and I will!' says he, jerkin' away and turnin' back.

The percession stood stock still on the stairs, and fust one, then 'other whispered down ter know what was the matter, and the folks in the parlor began ter peak out and buzz. I concluded as long's I couldn't be married without Hannibal, I might as well go and look after him. Think I ter myself, 'Who knows but he means ter put an end to his miserable odd existence?' So when he rushed up the stairs and pitched head fust into his room, I wa'n't fur behind. And what did I see that great silly dew but make a dive fer the lookin' glass and go through with the motions of brushin' his hair, deliberate and earnest, as if—well, as if he'd had some hair! For he's most as bald as a bedpost, and what hair he's got lays down of its own accord as slick as grease, all times! I was mad. I snatched the brush away and grabbed his arm.

'Hannibal Hawkins!' says I, firm and determined. I tell ye, 'Hannibal Hawkins! you come down stairs with me this instant. I've had enough o' your oddity fer one day! I've bore all I can or will, and when we're married I'll take some o' this nonsense out on ye, or I'll—I'll see!' says I.

He glared at me as if he never'd seen me before, he was so stonished, but I hanted him back down stairs, and we all went into the parlor at last and took our places in front of the minister. But it did seem as if delays and hitches was to be the order of the day, for just as we got all ready ter begin, the minister was called to the door on important business that kep him ten minutes or so, and there we stood in the middle o' the floor lookin' at one 'nother and feelin' awk'ard enoug.

Among the folks I invited to the weddin' was old Aunt Betsey Griffin, deaf as a post, and settin' beside her was old Mis Potter, and Mis Potter'd lost her mind in a measure, as it were. I knew it would please 'em both ter come, so I invited 'em. Well, while we was waitin' for the minister and the room was still as the grave, all of a sudden Mis Potter turned to Aunt Betsey and screamed into her ear loud enough to wake the dead.

'Who did you say our Ruth Ann is goin' ter marry?' And Aunt Betsey screamed back just as loud, though Mis Potter ain't deaf a mite.

'Mr. Hannibal Hawkins!'

Mis Potter nods her head contented, and sets and rocks for about a minute; then she leans over and screams again:

'What did you say his name was?'

Aunt Betsey tells her, and she nods and rocks as before, but her poor old head can't hold but one idea at once, so she hollers a third time, and says she:

'What did you say her name was?'

And Aunt Betsey answers patient and loud:

'Ruth Ann Robbins!'

Everybody was laughin' by this time, and I don't know how long them poor creatur's would ha' kep' our names goin' back'ard and for'ard if the minister hadn't come in jest then and put an end to it.

The ceremony proceeded along smooth and proper till Hannibal undertook ter find the ring to put on my finger. Then there was trouble. He fumbled fust in one pocket, then another, took out a cigar, a little box o' matches, a toothpick, a penknife, a horse chesnut that he always carries for rheumatiz, and several other things—look 'em out one to a time, looked at 'em thoughtful and inquirin', and put 'em back agin.

Finally he drove into some place and took out a little wad o' paper, and all our sperits revived. That looked more like, but when he ondid it out rolled a dozen or more sugar coated pills on to the floor! He let 'em roll and tried agin. This time he fished out a small card that 'peared ter have some writin' on it. I found out afterward that he'd writ down on that card where he put the ring for fear he'd forgot, just as he had. When he'd read the card what did he dew but stoop over deliberate and pull off one o' 'em dretful boots and shake the ring out o' the toe on't! Then he put his boot back on and straightened himself up as calm as if it was customary and common for bridegrooms to carry the ring in the toe o' their boots, and takin' my hand slipped the ring on to my finger as graceful as you please.

Well, I was thankful when it was all over, you'd better believe it hadn't seemed a mite as I expected. I s'posed that the thought of the great responsibility I was assumin' and one thing a nother would lift my soul and make me feel dretful solemn and pious, but I declare to man I didn't think o' nothin' from beginnin' to end but jest Hannibal's odd boots and odd actions! So it does it take to keep a woman's mind from soarin'!

After the ceremony we had cake and

coffy passed round, and then as the bells was a-ringin' we proceeded to the church. It wa'n't but a few steps, jest, across the common.

And we walked up the broad aisle tergether, Hannibal and me, I a-leanin' on his arm, lookin' my best, and he his'n, with everybody's eyes upon us! I tried not to feel proud, but it was a happy moment for me, I tell ye. And when we set down in the old pew where I'd set ever sence I was a baby, mother on one side, Hannibal on 'other, and me in the middle, it seemed awful pleasant, somehow; seemed as if I never loved the old church so well. Not that there's anything nice or handsome 'bout our meetin' house in Craney Holler; it's almost a barn compared ter city churches, but it had one recommend. It was surrounded by natur', whose God we had come to adore. The great winders was wide open and I could look out on to the common, all green and wavy with maples, then away off across the medders, and up, up to the woody hilltops that touched the blue canopy o' heaven.

Oh, how can anybody that lives in the country ever lack for religious privileges? God is so nigh everywhere in natur', and he speaks through her so plain and so direct! Why, if I could git the time, if I hadn't so much housework ter dew and, one thing a nother, I'd make a practice o' goin' out every day, as reglar as I say my prayers, to some beautiful, stillum spot, a purpose ter commune with my Maker through natur'. In no other way can we git so near to God.

As I said, it seemed uncommon pleasant to me in meetin' that Sunday mornin'. The horses stompin' in the steds didn't seem ter disturb me as usual, and the chirpin' of the birds and the dronin' of the crickets through the drowsy air sounded awful nice and soothin'.

Inside, the house was full of good, old fashioned smells. Patigony mint and boys' love and tamzy and camomile; for all the old ladies, and a good many of the young folks, had a bunch o' one or the other, and perhaps a sprig o' green caraway seed ter munch away on in case they're inclined to be sleepy.

I looked down to where old Squire Brown set in his pew in front o' the pulpit—asleep and noddin' so quick he was—and I noticed that one hand wisely supported his head in order ter keep on his red wig o' hair. But he wa'n't always so careful, for I remembered how nigh he often come ter losin' on't, and how, one Sunday, it did actewally slip clear off'n his bald pate, and how he jumped and clapped his hand to his head, and all the young folks laughed, and some o' the old ones. Even Parson Lamson jest barely saved himself by a timely sneeze!

Strange that all this should come back to me on my weddin' mornin', but it did, and a good deal more; and I had a hard tussle bringin' myself into a proper frame o' mind to 'tend to the service.

Mother always had a him book to herself, on account o' seein' better, ye know, so Hannibal and me we looked on tergether, and I had the proud pleasure o' hearin' him sing for the fust time. He's got a most powerful voice, and his expression does beat all! Everybody was lookin' at him. Why, he acted it all out so, as you might say! When he struck a high note he riz up to his full statur', balanced himself kinder teeterin' on his toes, stretched up his neck, rolled his eyes 'way inter the back part of his head, and sech a tone as he fetched—high—oh, terrible high! and on the contr'y, when he sung a low note, he jest scrooched all down inter his stummek and chist, and somethin' rumbled 'way down in his insides, low—oh, terrible low and sollum!

I think his 'low A' was the very lowest one I ever heard! His singin' was sartinly imposin', and I know it imposed on everybody that heard it. As for me, I felt so excited and lifted up by it that I kep' awake all through the sermon, didn't even nod once, and was right on hand ter rouse up mother and Hannibal in season for the doxology. Then come the benediction, and we walked out tergether as we come in, with everybody lookin' and admirin' and envyin'. And I tried ter realize that I was married, and that this was my weddin' day, but somehow I couldn't, it all seemed like a dream—Belle C. Greene in Portfolio.

The Bishops' Bible. In 1564 the Anglican bishops resolved to prepare a version of the Bible for themselves. The work was superintended by Archbishop Parker, of Canterbury, who distributed portions among qualified divines for examination and revision. In four years the work was completed, and in 1568 the new translation, still known as 'the Bishops' Bible,' was completed. It was handsomely got up, with wood engravings, a map of Palestine, an elaborate series of genealogical tables, and copperplate portraits of the queen, Leicester and Burleigh.

It was never specially authorized by queen or parliament, and the orders of convocation for its use were only partially obeyed. A second edition was issued in 1589, and a third, with considerable amendments, in 1572. But it was never a great success, as it did not command the respect of scholars, and its size and price put it beyond the reach of the people. It is described as a work of unequal merit, but was really only a revision of the great Bible.—Chambers' Journal.

Grandma Knows. The other day a little five-year-old miss in Minneapolis had partaken freely of a generous supply of fresh prunes, when she was reminded that too many might not agree with her. With the innocence of childhood so often dashed with an audacity that electrifies older folk, she instantly replied:

'Well, I don't care; grandma says prunes are healthy; she knows all about Jesus, and I guess she knows all about prunes!'—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Labor Item. Employer—'I'd engage you for the place at once only I must have a married man.'

Applicant—'Keep the place open for an hour, sir, I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job.'—Exchange.

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The Dalles Chronicle

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The Daily four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

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