

Mrs. Jones.

"Nebby, Nebulous—Jones!" said Sophie, the other morning after scanning the columns of the HERALD Jones immediately felt that a light cyclone was coming began to look for an opening in order to make his exit provided it became necessary, "Jones can't you hear?" continued Sophie.

"Yes mam," said Jones in gentle tones, "What do you wish?"

"Wish nothing," said she "do you and the balance of men of this town who are in the plot with you expect us, I say us for it is intended for the sex, although thrown directly at me, to stand such an insult as is conveyed in that abominable poetry in your last issue?"

"Abominable poetry; I don't understand" said her husband, "Sweet innocence, sweet saint," said Sophie, running her fingers through her hair like she wanted to pull it out or Jones' if he had any, but alas; she had already gotten the benefit of that covering of the cranium which Jones felt much in need of these cold winter nights, "men are so provoking, plead wisdom when necessary and ignorance when necessary. Don't you know that I know it is to you that poetry refers when it reads; 'The man was short and thick and stout, His stomach was built so it rounded out; His face was pleasant and all the while, He wore a gentle and kindly smile.' 'Bah! Talk of that vulgar grin of yours being a kindly smile. And just to think, 'she continued, that

"Well think" said Jones, "I'd much rather you would than hear you talk."

"So you would" answered she, "and you would much rather be with St. Peter inside or out side the gate than here when our Christian Endeavor, opens out on you, after I lay this matter before its members."

"Your Christian Endeavor" said Nebby, "what kind of a 'git ur', is that? Is it a piece of artillery and does it run on wheels?"

At this Sophie looked as if had she St Peter the three patriarchs all the apostles and the balance of mankind she'd "smoke em" as the boys say when playing hearts.

"Our Christian Endeavor" said Sophie, "is a religious institution, and you men will think it artillery when it begins throwing bombs into your camp. 'Good Lord' so'loq'ed she, talk about any woman of brains, standing at the heavenly gate and begging for the admittance of any of the hateful sex, the Lord knows we have trouble enough with the base deceitful creatures here below and certainly do not desire them up in heaven."

"Ritiny jivers!" exclaimed Jones, "Christian Endeavor! Religious institution!" say Sophie you people better set up a section of your Christian Endeavor in the ball room of Burns, it could appropriate-ly throw a few bombs around with telling effect"

"How would it do to have a small slice in the saloon Mr. Jones?" said she, "And the idea of Peter tending the gate in such a style with the effrontery to address a woman with, 'Who's tending this gate you or I?' and you Jones,

standing there alone after my unceremonious dismissal, you were a pretty looking spectacle, to be sure, your big mouth open and your eyes like pewter dollars in a mud-hole, afraid to stand, set or lie down, just like a poor maudlin, sinful, weak minded man, without his wife's presence to protect him, a pretty mess anyman would make in presenting himself to St. Peter for entrance into the new Jerusalem. You don't suppose there is a single man in heaven do you? and especially editors, poor fellows I have some sympathy for them, they can never get to heaven and the devil won't have them. Sav Nebby aint you in a bad row for stumps?"

"Perhaps you think so," said Nebby, "but if we cannot be admitted to either place it is certain we have more voluntary privileges than is accorded to any others of our sex or your's either."

"Privileges," said Sophie, "privileges, indeed, in the spirit land and too soft to take advantage of them, standing in the presence of Peter, trembling like a condemned criminal and I—must I repeat it—"But oh, St. Peter I love him so. To the pleasures of heaven please let him go." "The idea, we have trouble enough with your sex here below, without entreating your admission into the realms of the blest on account of our love for you. Our associations with men here and perception of their characters, is not such as to warrant our entreatys at the gate guarded by St. Peter, that you may enter to domineer over us as you do here on earth." "My old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked at all in the narrow way. For he smokes and swears and many grave faults has he, And he'll never pass the pearly gates if his entrance depends on me."

So Sophie went from the room, turning at the door with a slight courtesy to her discomfited husband.

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