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A NIGHT OF PEACE.
BILL NYE SAYS, HOWEVER, THAT IT WASN'T QUITE THAT.

He Loves the Country, but as a Sleeping Place It Might Be Improved Upon. Horseback Riding and What It May Tend To—Riley's Letter.

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.)
BUCK SHOALS, N. C., June.

A night in the country is one of the most restful things I know of for the tired mind. I came here with that idea. I needed rest. I had been troubled with insomnia.

In the early spring I overthought myself. I had one great big, robust thought, but I could not seem to clothe it. Clothing a thought properly so that it will please the public is a gift. Quite a number of the most remarkable children of my brain are still weeping in the great bathroom of the past because they are not suitably clothed.



PULLED THE PITCHER OVER.

Some of them I sent to the Browning club, at Boston, where they are being fitted up. I had intended at first to try New York, but Anthony Comstock never took his clothes off for ten nights, but sat up at the Pennsylvania depot watching every train and ready to hop on the first bare thought I dared to send in for suitable drapery.

So I was nervous and especially wakeful. I came here into the piney forest where a metropolitan sound would be a wonder. I retired early, for I was tired of travel and gorged with man's adultery.

Oh, rock me to sleep, mother. Rock me to sleep!

I exclaimed.

Pretty soon a whippoorwill started up right close to the house. If I had not been nervous I would not have noticed it, but as it was I got sort of irritated, for he went into it so much harder than anybody wanted him to. If he had gone steadily on all night I could have slept, but he did not. He had an impediment in his remarks, and sometimes he would quit right in the middle of the word and I could almost grow mad waiting for him to finish it.

Then the clock in the library struck. It does not strike right, and I wondered how far off it was, so I got up like a tall, white, rectified spirit and began to reach for a match. I have two match holders in my room, so that when one is empty I can always fall back on the other.

I fell back on the other almost the first thing I did. I stepped in a flaxseed poultice and tracked it around over the room while feeling for the match safe with outstretched hands, between which I generally had the edge of a door. The first safe I found after a good deal of delay and annoyance, but it only had the other end of two matches—not the bad end. After I had tried both of them in the usual manner, forgetting that the trowsers on which I had generally ignited my matches were on a chair in another part of the room, I began once more to feel around the room for the other match safe, ever and anon crossing my old flaxseed poultice trail.

By and by I judged that I had struck the locality, for I was in the neighborhood of the fireplace. I could smell the old smbers. I began to grope, and succeeded in getting both arms up the fine quite a long distance before I knew by the soft, nice feeling of the soot where I was. Then I went back and tried it over again, falling over a chair that had pillow shams on it. In the morning I could see where I fell over the pillow shams and saved myself with my grimy hands.

I now tried the wall, groping along with some care and an occasional dab of soot till I knocked down a picture on a rich and costly Sevres vase which I kept calamus root in. I will have to keep my calamus root in something else hereafter. By and by I found some more things, but not the match safe. I got sort of wild, and everything about the house seemed so still. Isn't it terrible when a man has that horrible feeling in his own house, as though he might be robbing it?

How glad I am that I never perfected myself as a burglar, as I had intended to do at one time just after I gave up my little paper in the west. For what a life it is! all night work, all among strangers who have no sympathy for one, often coarse people, too, who sleep with their mouths open and their rooms shut. It is just as well, I presume, that I gave it up, for if one cannot find a match box in his own room how could he succeed in finding the concealed purse of a total stranger?

The other match box is over the washstand, and when I found it I did so too earnestly. When you discover anything you should not do too hard. I knocked down the match safe as I discovered it, and the matches all fell in the water pitcher. I tried to get them out quick, before they got wet, and so pulled the pitcher over on the floor. As the water ran down through the floor upon a friend who is visiting us and paying his board, he rose and followed up the stream. When he got to where I was he told me what o'clock it was and then went to bed again.

So did I.

stuck my head into the bedding as far as I could, but I could not get the noise out.

Then at 1 o'clock an old rooster at the barn seemed to have something on his mind and began to crow till he was black in the face. I was not very hungry for breakfast, but I managed to eat the second joint of that rooster. I wanted it raw, with the feathers on, but the family thought it would be better fried a little on the outside.

After the rooster an early bird began a roundelay, and a pack of hounds near us made a few statements, lasting till 4 o'clock; then I was just getting sleepy from actual exhaustion when two cats fell on the roof from a great height, possibly out of some other planet. I judged, and began to bite off and spit out fragments of each other. They did that till the whippoorwill got good and rested. Then he took up the exercises and attended to business until the servants began to get up and open the house preparatory to ushering in a gladsome new day.

The country is full of rest and repose and longevity, they tell me, but they are confined largely to deaf people and cows.

During the past week I have been resting quietly and noiselessly trying to grow together again. Two weeks ago I began horseback riding at the suggestion of my physician, who is a thoroughly good man and senior warden and tyler in our church here.

Today my pulse is normal. Respiration noticeable. Temperature 73 1/2.

My physician reports some abrasions and one severe concussion of the cornea. He says that if I had been fatter there would have been a number of flesh wounds.

I was trying my new riding habit from Boston. My riding habit was formed there. But where I erred was in trying the habit without blinding the horse. You can't come into full bloom that way all of a sudden on a horse that has had no advantages and who has never been accustomed to a great big burst of loveliness.

So we came home from the trial by different roads. When my wife saw the palfrey coming home wearing the saddle over his stomach, she said that it was just like me to send home the horse draped that way just to please the dear ones before I got there myself.

My fall reminded me very much of Adam's, it was so sudden and so hard. I fell more painfully than the author of "Beautiful Snow," but I can overcome it in society quicker. It was the most painful thing that has happened since the war, and inside of twenty minutes I met all the people of North and South Carolina with whom I am acquainted, besides seventy or eighty from New York, who are here for their health and watching to see better people fall off their horses.

I have always said that the roads here should be macadamized, but if they can be upholstered at the same price it would suit me better.

This horse grew up on the frontier, and is a sort of self-made horse. Civilization scares him almost to death. So he waddled me as though I had been the snap delegate of a rump convention. I still remain so.

A correspondent from Ocala wants to know which, in my judgment, is Walt Whitman's most enjoyable poem.

Without hesitation I would say that the most enjoyable one, because the only one, barring "My Captain," perhaps, which I can understand without overstimulating myself, is one containing the following:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do not think of the future, they do not think of the past, they do not make me sick discussing their duty to God. They are so disinterested, not one is demoted with the mania of owning things; Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago; Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

It is no more poetry, perhaps, than the annual tax list for 1892, but it has ideas in it, and ideas are going to hurt no man.

Poetry is a queer thing. I enjoy it where I find it unconventional and from the heart. Mr. Riley writes me from

A FALL LIKE ADAM'S.
Duluth, and drops into poetry so gently and so gracefully that I must run the risk of vexing him by quoting a page from his letter.

"But," he writes, "what shall I tell you of my first impression of America as I set foot on Duluth soil—or in it rather—for it is raining still, as it has been for the last few months; in a way that seems very hard to overcome. Albeit, as Brother Brightwaters might cheerily remark:

"Oh! what so grand as a May day scene? The fields are green and the woods are green. And the skies are soft as the cooling dove. You have heard so highly spoken of."

"Back several miles from here I began to note evidence of northern latitude, as compared with that so recently left in Indiana. For instance, although I had three pairs of it I was wearing two pairs of them in my grip, and so cold and distant. Then quite a few knit jackets on low, soggy and sinister passengers

yellow-whisky tang that never yet was seen on sea or land. Also at the stations along the route began to appear the object which the curious tourist first takes for a dead cow imperfectly buried, but which upon nearer approach proves to be our old friend with the buffalo overcoat that oftentimes barks and snarls at our acute sensibilities as we jolt toward with the grand march of civilization. But the dear old bovine overcoat is going!

"It is wearing away, Jean, Like snow when it's thaw, Jean, And its haunches are a' Jean, As bald as the trout!"

"There's oark there and cat's, Jean; And wear and tear there, Jean, But there's mighty little hair, Jean, Unlocked up the tumer!"

"This word is a little obscure in the original, but looks some like 'deemed' or 'denied,' but evidently it is neither of these. B. N. Poetry like this does not bear the marks of the cold chisel, and the smell of blasting powder is not on it, but oh! how truthful it is! How the buffalo overcoat of the northwest, with red flannel lining to it, and the odor of the tepee and the dead and unchlorinated past rises up before the eye of one as one reads these simple yet truthful lines to one's self.

Bill Nye

It Worked.
The train robber held his revolver pointed at the head of the only passenger in the car who had not complied with the stern command.

"Hold 'em up," he repeated, "or I'll blow the whole top o' yer head off!"

"I would if I could," quietly replied the pale but self-possessed passenger; looking down at his empty sleeves; "but I haven't seen them for nearly twenty-nine years. I left them on the field of Gettysburg."

Off came the hat of the murderous villain and there was a huskiness in his voice as he said: "I beg your pardon, sir! I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for the whole United States," and passed on to the next man.

"You look young to have been a soldier in 1863," said a fellow traveler after the robber had cleaned out the train and gone.

"Me?" replied the other. "I wasn't ten years old in 1863. I never saw Gettysburg. I was born this way. But I'm ahead about \$250 on this little game."

And the Armless Wonder of the Wash deck took a gold watch out of his vest pocket with his toes, noted the time of day and said he guessed the train would be an hour late at the dinner station and he was getting mighty hungry.

—Chicago Tribune.

"It Does Not Always Follow."

A schoolboy handed in a written medical certificate to excuse his nonattendance. "I certify," the medical authority was made to say, "that this boy is unfit to attend school for 304 days." The schoolmaster thought it odd, the instructor being so long and, at the same time, so particular in its date; and upon inquiry it turned out that the doctor had written "three or four" days, which the boy had altered to 304.—Argonaut.

Delayed.
He—I thought the bride and groom were going to start right off on their wedding trip instead of waiting.

She—They were. But she had to change her wedding dress for a traveling gown and they didn't get started until the next day.—Clook Review.

Send the Place.
Amateur Artist—I should like to present the last picture I painted to some charitable institution; now which would you recommend?

Cruel Lady Friend—Send my lum.—Lffe's Calendar.

Accounted For.
"We're about five miles from this morning," said the driver.

"No, sir," said the passenger, "I've forgotten that you are on the next car of a very long train."—Harper's Bazar.

What Columbus Owe to Chicago?
Columbus was a grand old man. Who lived long years ago. And if the sea had other shores He had a mind to know.

He sailed the ocean blue, he did! No sailor was so game. And if it had been pink he would Have sailed it just the same.

He made an egg stand on its end. As some historians tell. And then he got a daisy mash On good Queen Isabel.

"I'm sold now," quoth Christopher. As high he tossed his cap. "And I will find America Or bust a brittle strap."

So off he sailed from Palos town; He sailed by day and night. Until one morn a sailor man Remark'd, "There's land in sight!"

Columbus climbed the quarter deck And looked across the sea. Then whooped a whoop, "You're off, young man; It's out of sight," said he.

He fumed awhile, he thought profound; Said he: "This beats the Dutch! So this is that America! I've heard about so much!"

Columbus later went ashore And, with a doubting joy. He wrote a begging letter to Chicago, Illinois.

Then, in response to his request, Chicago wrote back:

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