

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1930

"I KNOW SOMETHING I SHANT TELL YOU"

I know something I shant tell you where the feathered things sing their ball. If you breathe such holy things.

I know something you don't know where the blood gristles grow. I'll keep the secret true, I might well tell you."

I know something you never guess! Where our thoughts are loveliest, humans in the park not far away. Never fear! I'd never betray.

I know secrets far and near. Perhaps I'll do it pay to hear; The Grecian has danced in vain.

Once a trusted friend I told. White hill violet colour of gold. Then she routed all away—Flowers and芬芳的in-sense-day.

Note:
It might be better you should learn,
I are wild horses, ferns, ferns,
Harebells, too!—Lay them
well,
Bliss and leave them—Never tell!

—Abbie Parwell Brown.

MR. PEAKLINE REGRETS HIS PAMPERED SON

Mr. Peakline, a wealthy man, who does his son's laundry, came into his neighbor's doorway and halted in the doorway, beyond which the darkness was hidden by a harness. After a salutation, said Mr. Peakline, of the deacon, by reason of a mouthful of waxed thread, both men were silent. Caleb seemed about to speak, and twice restrained himself.

"Finally, I've decided enough of the thread to enable him to mumble: 'What's allin' ye, Kelly?' "

For several moments Caleb was thoughtful; then he said, "Well, I've been half a king of mean fool of myself I guess."

Deacon Hynes looked up inquisitively.

"It all comes of the way we live these days," Caleb went on blithely. "We buy at the store to live on mostly and in the hole. In those old times we no longer saw the world, we who had started keepin' house—and that's mabe fifty years—a farmhouse could be swined up like a winter's frost and the folks in it not aware of it."

There'd be a string of teams clean across the pillar and hillsides of taters and apples and hens to kill and pork put down in barrels. And when the winter came and wheat flour was scarce, we'd stand by stock and have any chance of survival from hunger. They might git tired of maple sugar, but they might git short of tea, maybe, but not of bread."

"Nowadays, though, we sit all out at the store—a can of this and two pounds of that and a little of the other—with the result that we never have more than a few days' supply in the house. And that's with a man breakin' in me is where my trouble took root and sprouted."

"Along about this time every year I used to go to town at least once to occasion to come home and stop at my house—sometimes for a couple of meals and a rest out of his belt—an agent for a piece of hardware or something like that. There's never been a thin one between us—not a cent comin' to me in all the years he's been agent. 'We there ain't anythin' to do in town,' he'd say. And there's this much the time always agreed as a law: he's a spitonist and always give some argument started that he was kin to me and considerin' for the hellish part of it."

And all this aside from the vicious he says, and he isn't a small eater by no means."

"Not that I want to bregatch him nor any other man a little food," Caleb had ended to defend himself. "I'd welcome him if that was all, but each year he grinds me a little wuss with his jawin' and fault-finding, and argues on the off side, and I'm longer gittin' over it every time!"

"This mornin' when I started down to the store my wife come along to the door to see what I'd got that day. I'd have to go in and make out, so I had to scratch up a meal for a clickader," he says: "You'll have to fetch somethin' back—and try to git it here early 'nough in the morning for me to cook it in season for a twelve-o'clock dinner for one."

"When I got down as far as Eph's Belklyn's," continued Caleb, "I stopped in to see a hoss he'd got that he claimed done him for a round sum. It wot's nor with forty rounds of it! And when I come out of the barn I glanced back at my place, and there was a tall, dark, hairy yard; a high surrey like Ligh' Steevey's drove for more than twenty years."

"When I got a glace at that, my heart seemed 'f it sunk down in me as much as to sink down in the water. I had been feelin' overly spunkish at the start. I felt like a dink when my wife's morn's alarm of grub, but figured it better for one of us to be responsible than both of us. I kept watch of the short road back to the village, and long and short—two hours later—I see a surrey turn down from the west; and when it had gone far enough so I was easy-minded that it wot's comin' back I loaded up with stuf for the house and put off home."

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