

WOODEN MEN'S TALK.

Frank Du Tell forgot to cover up the Red Dude those cold nights, and the Dude's nose was nipped by the frost. As a consequence he has been in a sullen mood for some days. Things are not going to suit him, and he hasn't hesitated to give over to his pessimism.

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"Don't yer t'ink it ud be ther right t'ing to call time on dis 'Trilby' business?" he said yesterday. "It wuzn't so bad wen all de Trilbies wuz in de books; but now dey haz got loose, an' dere is a Trilby every where. Some Trilbies is did up in inter neckties and shoes, an' some is on der stage. De worst of all is right here in Lincoln. Say, does yer know dat a drug store on dis street advertises 'Trilby punch'? Wonder if dey calls it dat because de man makes it with his pedals? I'm dead tired uv Du More-e-er. He's jes about as cheanutty as der valentines wat Gibson puts in de magazines, dose tall, stuck up girls in 'cardion skirts an' balloon sleeves. Wot we want is some-thing new. Life is too short ter monkey wid back numbers. Wot we want is some-thing fresh from der press, wid paper labels an' uncut edges so ter speak. An' we don't want it John Kendrick Bangs, an' dat fellow Richard Harding Davis, he's played out. He never ought ter hev played in. Conan Doyle, der's a fellow wid de proper stroke. Sonny, if yer going inter literatour jes tie ter Doyle. He's de man fer yer money. Notbin' triflin' an' namby-pamby bout him. He jes strikes men out an' has fun all over de fiel. Wen yer readin one uv his books yer have ter read fast ter keep up with him, he's so swift. But, say, wot's de nec talking literatour in a town w'ere de people don't read nothin' but the base ball score?"

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"An' art, it's jes the same way. Some people see dose yaller signs de *State Journal* is puttin up all over de town and imagine dey is art. Dey call 'em impressionist pictures. Dey impress me in such er way dat I hev ter take Hood's every time I see one uv 'em. Dere are people wot buy de Sunday Chicago papers fer de art supplement alone. Dey gaze on dose pictures wot look like de floor uv a paint shop, an' talk 'bout Millais and Chase and Corot an' all dose fellers. Dey patternize art by stickin' dose pictures up on de wall. Dat's de idea some people hev uv art. Dey don't know de difference between a circus poster and a landscape by Corot; but dey talks art jes the same.

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"De udder day some feller ast me ef I t'ought Lincoln would win de pennant. Say, some people ain't got no sense at all. It's jes as foolish to talk erbout de pennant in de middle uv 'May es it is ter bet at de top uv de season dat de home team will finish first at de bottom end. Jes let ole Buck alone. I've always noticed dat w'en de fellers in a town begins ter talk erbout de team pullin' de rag it ginerally follows dat some other team gits it. De on'y way a team ever get de prize wuz by winnin games an' I may jes let Buck alone. He ain't takin no rest cure; nor his men ain't either. Ef dey can get a holt onto de rag, you may put hit down in yer 'book dat dey'll make de grab. But don't get excited about de pennant now. Plenty uv time fer dat. Our boys hex showed dat dey can do some thin' beside wear gray clo's and look purty; an' we ain't got nothin' to kick on so far. See?"

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"It makes me and ter see ther way t'ings are goin'. Here's Chancellor Canfield quittin' de town, and de women beginnin' ter wear bloomers an' de men

goin ter prize fights. Times isn't as dey uster was. We are gettin' too finn de neckle—wid our butterfly bonnets an' Rob Boy neckties. Dis town is gittin sporty an' no mistake. Sou't Omaha isn't in it wid us. Congressman Bryan is wearin' dimuns, an' Guy Hurlburt, he has his pants creased tree times a day. Dis is wat comes uv lettin' t'ings run wide open."

REASON, FOLLY AND BEAUTY.

Reason and folly and beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day,
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one
need doubt.
Which was the pleasanter no one
need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very
sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull
page,

Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid."
The sight of his cap brought her back
to herself;

While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible
elf!

No!—no one to mind him, poor sensible
elf!

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's
gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might
entrap—

"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "Old Quiz."
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis
said.)

"Under the sun
"There's no such tun.

"As Reason with my cap and bells on
his head,
"Reason with my cap and bells on his
head."

But Reason the head-dress so akwardly
wore,
That Beauty now liked him less than
before;

While Folly took
Old reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such
ton,

That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud)
She liked him still better in that than
his own.
Yes,—liked him still better in that than
his own.
—Moore.

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