

## JOTTINGS.

[BY WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

Hunkydory is a small town in a state not far from Nebraska. It nestles among large farms where the corn grows tall and the hedges are green and as level as a pantry shelf. Tall trees grow round about the town and make it shady and cool. The streets of the village are wide and clean, the houses that line them are old fashioned, painted white, and green blinds make them look as if dressed epic and span for Sunday school.

There are only about five hundred souls all told in this village and in consequence everyone knows everybody else like a book, and family history is public property. Should a stranger make his advent into the little town his presence is like a large stone dropped into the middle of a small mud puddle, and the surface of the public puddle is carried with wavelets ever growing wider and wider. Every failing and foible of every member of the community is as well known as the figures on the dial of a clock and the chief topic of conversation of the inhabitants is the personal conduct of those not present at the meeting in question. The women of this little town would shudder in horror if anyone accused them of gossiping, yet they repeat the salacious details of the latest bit of scandal with the delight of people who are shut in from the outer and wider world. If one in the village goes wrong everyone else seems to take a great delight in the matter, and the first one to find it out is the most sought after for a little time. Not the least of the accomplishments of the inhabitants is the faculty they have of putting two and two together and arriving at conclusions. There seems to be a bit of the Sherlock Holmes blood in their veins and the way they get at the inner motives of every man's actions is terrifying to a stranger.

Recently a young physician made his appearance on the streets of Hunkydory. He was a dapper little fellow and soon had his shingle hanging on the prominent street. Every day he walked along the women peeked at him from behind the lace curtains and sized him up. The excitement of his presence had hardly abated when the whole town was thrown into a tremor of nervousness by the announcement that Tom White had said that the doctor had said that his wife was coming the last of the week. By night the news was spread all over town and every one was conjecturing as to what sort of woman she would be, how she would look, where the couple would live and many other matters of interest. At last she came. She was an outspoken woman, a southerner, and a perfect lady. But, alas, she incurred the condemnation of the dear female inhabitants of the town before she had been in Hunkydory a month.

Mrs. Sholand told Mrs. Wow, that the doctor's wife had tried to get her two weeks' washing done for thirty-five cents! Mrs. Wow threw up her hands and shouted "You don't mean it? A two weeks' washing for thirty-five cents? Impossible!" But Mrs. Sholand retorted, "Yes, ma'am, I know that is a fact, for Mrs. Moon told me so, and Mrs. Smith told my sister that she went to Mrs. Johns and tried to get her to do it for the same price. Mrs. Johns told her that she did not do thirty-five cent washings. And Mrs. Brown told Mrs. Moon that the same washing was brought to her home too and she refused to do it for that price. Of course the washing would be small and not very dirty, but it would have to be done separately from any other washing and it would take a lot of time. And I heard that she told Mrs. Hills, where she is boarding, that there was no one in town but the Norrieses. So there now!" (The

Norrieses were the only rich people in town.)

With that Mrs. Wow threw up her hands again and said that she did not think that the young doctor's wife would help him much with his practice, and as for that, she had heard that he drove out of town two or three times a day at a lively rate and then came in slowly again just to make people believe that he had a practice.

One time the ladies of the woman's club of Hunkydory got up a big merchant's festival. All the town merchants and those of the surrounding towns represented their business at the carnival. Young ladies were dressed in fantastic garbs, some wore rouches of cookies, others had gowns of corn husks and some wore flowers and vegetables as ornaments to their toilets. It was a social event of much magnitude. An orchestra was imported for the occasion and the strains of popular airs gladdened the ears of the music-drouthy people. And now it so happened that after the girls had told of the respective merits of the different firms they represented in badly written verse, that the floor was cleared and the orchestra unwittingly struck up a dance tune. Now dancing is considered by a large contingent of the members of this club to be the open road to the heated apartments of Mr. Satan. So when some of the light-footed gentry began to gyrate over the floor to the seductive strains of a wicked waltz, there resounded through the room excited little explosions of horror and disapproval. All at once a maiden lady who belongs to the club and is a pillar of the leading church made a dart for the orchestra and in a moment the sound of the dance died on the air, for the music stopped like a politician does when some one says beer. And three members of the club who think that dancing is horribly awful, said that they would have no dancing. The music started up again and a giddy couple took a whirl in the middle of the floor. One of the aforesaid women ran out, and as the young man whirled past her, she caught him by the coat tails. He did not stop whirling, but the woman went on with him and the spectators were delighted with the novel sight of a man with a girl pressed in his arms and a woman hanging to his flying coat tails. Eventually this unadvertised part of the program came to a close amidst the applause of the dancing part of the audience, but to the everlasting horror and dismay of the non-dancing contingent.

Then the three women took up their positions near the orchestra and announced that they would stay there all night before they would allow dancing. Grimly they sat there in the sweltering heat, like death heads at a feast, and there was no more dancing that night. When the orchestra had gone they marched out into the darkness with the supreme consciousness that they had kept a few young people from a harmless waltz to entrancing music.

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The Union Pacific will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip, plus \$5.00, from all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah to Rawlins, Wyo. Dates on which tickets will be sold are 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Nov. Stage line daily except Sunday each way between Rawlins and Grand Encampment. For full information call on or address  
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GEO. W. BONNELL, C. P. & T. A

Rounder—I am afraid my liver is getting out of order.

Sounder—What makes you think so? Rounder—I was worrying about my debts this morning.

Hewitt—You can lead a horse to drink, but you can't make him drink.

Jewett—You're no horse.

She—I had three men at my feet last night.

Her Sister—Is that all? There's certainly room for lots more.

Mrs. Wicks—Why is old china so valuable?

Mrs. Ricks—On account of its rarity. Mrs. Wicks—But I don't see why it should be so very rare?

Mrs. Ricks—Well, with my experience of servants, I must confess that a piece of china that lasts a month is a wonder to me.

"Commander B— has invited me to go on his ship with him," said Mr. Patterson to his wife.

"Oh, papa, if you go will you take me with you as your orderly.?" pleaded Tommie who had been reading the papers.

"You don't know how to obey well enough to be an orderly?" answered his father.

"Then take me as your disorderly," added the little fellow, roguishly.

"There's been another engagement," said young Mr. Dolley, who had been reading the latest war news.

"Oh, dear, sighed Miss Frocks, "I wish I could be in an engagement."

And in a few minutes she was right in one.—Harper's Bazar.

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