

## THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN HAIR

The sun rolled up from an east of red,  
The world was fresh and fair,  
When summoned loud from his truckle  
bed,  
The Knight of the Golden Hair.  
They garbled him stout in his doubled  
worn.  
They laced his scarlet shoon,  
And forth he strode in the dimpling  
morn.  
And called for his trusty spoon.

His trencher he scraped in minutes ten  
('Twas a bowl of mush, I wis,  
But faith and forsooth, the best of men  
Have flourished on fare like this),  
Then away, away, for he could not stay;  
Good-by to the breakfast board;  
A thousand ventures abroad by day  
Were waiting his knightly sword.

He vanquished many a wily foe,  
And hacked him limb from limb  
Ahi tiger and lion he laid full low  
In the depths of the woodshed grim.  
In all the waste of the yard was naught  
He did not bravely dare;  
Dragons and giants and trolls he sought,  
This Knight of the Golden Hair.

At last when the West with pink was  
soft,  
And the sun rode high no more,  
He captive fell to a spell he oft  
Had battled in vain before.  
Assailed by a host of drowsy charms  
He yielded to magic deep,  
And locked secure in his mother's arms,  
Was seized by the wizard Sleep.  
—Edwin L. Sabin in Woman's Home  
Companion.



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The circus tent was patched and yellow, barely big enough for one ring, with a disreputable fly for the half dozen cages which made up the menagerie, yet everybody felt the circus itself a providence, coming, as it did, just the week that the quarrel betwixt the Beans and the Hounsleys got near the shooting pitch.

Clingstone, the social center of all Brush Creek, lay where the big road crossed the river, which was navigable six months of the year. Other months Brush Creek depended upon the mall-rider for its news and upon itself for its diversions. Naturally the diversions ran through a sliding scale from fighting to courting. Since the Bean-Hounsley affair embraced both, it divided Brush Creek folk into two opposing and well-matched

that if Bud was stirring, all the other Beans since the year one had been nobodies, so it was pretty certain his industry couldn't last—Squire Jack Hounsley was merely proving himself the wise and far-sighted man they had always taken him to be, in refusing to let Bee—short for Belinda—even speak any more to Bud.

That was the talk, understand, in corn-planting time. By August, the circus season, it was very much sharper and more sulphurous. Kind people, after their habit, had carried things back and forth between the high contending parties, until Squire Jack was ready to foam at the mouth if you said Bean in his hearing, and Bud swallowed hard, and looked intently over your head if you so much as mentioned that Squire Jack had traded horses again.

The circus came to Clingstone. That meant the coming in of everybody else within a radius of twenty miles. Clingstone housewives began cooking the day after the bills were put up, and when the day itself came, had their tables set at eleven o'clock. Squire Jack brought in every soul on the place, all packed in the two horse wagon, along with a sack of meal, and other sacks of cabbage, potatoes and apples. The sacks were all for his sister Jenny, at whose house he would leave his women folks to gossip and get dinner, while he himself kept a sharp lookout for that pestilent Bud Bean.

Squire Jack meant to get there so long ahead of Bud that Bud would have no chance to find out Bee's whereabouts. It nettled him not a little that as he came to the ford the ferryman said, grinning: "My soul, Squire Jack! Looks like your a-chasin' Bud Bean. He's jest about two minutes ahead." Bee, who was pale and pretty, with dreamy meek blue eye, smiled hopefully—it was a good omen, Bud's getting thus ahead of Pap. He had sent her a message the night before, mysterious as it was laconic, "Jump—but don't holler when you hear the lion roar," it ran. Bee did not in the least understand it—but then it was not for her to understand things—she meant always to leave that to Bud.

Still she could not help speculating on it, when she was safe in her seat inside the tent, and had seen Bud go

past twice or three times without so much as looking her way. Somehow he seemed to be chumming mightily with the circus folk—he went in and out at pleasure, sat for brief whiles where he chose, and geyed the clown with a familiar ease really astounding.

Bee sat dreaming all through the performance, waiting for something—she did not know what. Her heart sank as the family party fled out of the tent, and still she had no sign from Bud. She thought her father was going straight home. That was Squire Jack's intention—but he had traded horses three times that day, getting boot and a better horse every time, so he was in the humor for any sort of pleasant extravagance. When he heard the ringmaster shouting from his perch on a gay wagon, that the night show would be unlike and ever so much better than the day one, he thrust a fistful of silver inside the ticket window, saying with a grim laugh: "I'm willin' to pay money jest to find out how slick you fellers can lie."

Bee felt her dying hope suddenly relieved then, but she was near crying when the night show ended, and still Bud had made no sign. Bee was glad the mules trotted their best and made the wagon jounce and bounce so there could be no talking—Lize Pardue had come with them, and she knew was fairly aching to twit her with Bud's open falling away.

Squire Jack had distanced most of the other homing vehicles, when all at once one corner of the wagon sank down, spilling the occupants in a long row, before the team could be checked. A lynch-pin had dropped out and let the hind wheel run off. As Squire Jack was searching for it, lantern in hand, a man came galloping towards him, shouting aloud: "Run, everybody, for your lives! The lion's loose! Cage got turned over! Run! He'll kill you! Run!"

The road ran through the woods. From the depths of them behind the rider there came a succession of blood-curdling howls. The Squire rose to the emergency. He had his horse—the new horse, in charge of Tommy, his eldest son. He also had the two mules—and nine people to carry off on them. In a wink he had stripped the mules of gear, set Tommy astride one of them, with his wife behind the lad, and little Sue, his youngest daughter on before. Beck mule, he knew, would save them if anything could—she was both sure-footed and speedy. He was not so certain about Tige, Beck's partner, still there was nothing for it but to

foot two. Is it any wonder that when the Squire checked up at the end of two breathless miles, Bee, who should have been perched behind Aunt Maria, was nowhere visible?

Or is it any marvel that some two hours later, a minister in the country town was reading the marriage service in behalf of a disheveled bride, and an exultant groom. When the knot was tied hard and fast as law and gospel could do it, there was supper, very late, and very merry, at the town's finest hotel. The circus proprietor gave it—he was, it turned out, a running Bean, Bud's elder brother, who had run away many years before, in the wake of a circus. He had worked his way up, and at last became so indispensable that when the proprietor died his last words to his weeping widow were: "Stick to the country circuit—and don't forget to marry Bean." Bean, a born showman, did not in the least mind sinking his name out of hearing for the good of his son, out some stirrings of either affection or curiosity had made him write to Bud and find out how the land lay, before the "Second-Greatest-Show" came to Clingstone.

As for details—they were never quite clear to anybody. Lize Pardue maintains to this day that Bee was such a fool she simply fell off the horse and lay there, uncertain as to whether she was to be eaten or married. The story, of course, got into the papers, and helped the show to draw so well that at the end of the next season the proprietors sent to a very new and very pink Bean a silver loving cup with roaring lions for handles. Stranger still, Squire Jack Hounsley drank egg-nogs out of that same loving cup—and in drinking washed down the last trace of enmity toward his son-in-law.

### SHE GOT THEM MIXED.

Explanation Dawned Rapidly on Mind of Housewife.

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her elbows and a fighting light in her eyes. "This ere," she observed with a sniff, as she banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter, "is the soap that does the washin' of itself; the soap what makes ev'ry washin' day a kind of glorified bean feast; the soap what gits all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hazelnut by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day playin' with the children, and here am I been scrubbin' three mortal hours with that lump, and ain't got so much lather out of it as I could git from a brickbat." "I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy came in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese; that's the cheese."

"The cheese!" gasped the lady. "That accounts for the other thing, then."

"The other thing?" queried the grocer.

"Yes, the other thing," came the reply, "I was layin' awake half the night wonderin' what it was made the Welsh rabbit we had for supper taste so funny."—Kansas City Independent.

### The Lovers' Quarrel.

Since you desire that we should part,  
And, taking each his own,  
Should render back with honest heart  
What was the other's loan.  
Before my gems, which at your feet  
I poured, I want those kisses sweet  
I gave a hundredfold;  
Then when in turn you claim your due  
You will not find that I withhold  
All these I had from you.  
—Martin Burke.

### His Degree.

Dean Russell of the Teachers' college has had a new honorary degree thrust upon him by a cockney serving maid in his employ. She was showing his gown to a visitor the other day. Taking it down from the place where it hung, she turned it about to display all of its points, and exclaimed, with the ring of intense pride in her tones:

"That's the robe he wore when he took his Hell, Hell, Dee."—New York Commercial.



"Jump—but don't holler when you hear the lion roar."

camps. One said old Squire Jack Hounsley ought to get down on his knees and give special thanks that a stirring fellow such as Bud Bean was well known to be, wanted to take his daughter Bee off his hands, adding with something of asperity, that for its own part, it didn't know what Bud saw in her—he certainly would get the worst of the bargain. To this the other retorted with equal rancor



"I'm willin' to pay money jest to find out how slick you fellers can lie."

back on her, boy Billy, Lize and brother Johnny, both of whom out-yelled the lion. That left Bee, and her Aunt Maria, the most fearful soul alive, for riders behind upon the new horse. The Squire mounted the beast, clucked to him, and got him near the remaining hind wheel, which Aunt Maria had mounted and to which she clung despairingly. Aunt Maria weighed two hundred, and stood five