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How a Sidewise Dog Trota.

The place was the porch of the store, the time was about 10 o'clock in the morning of a summer day, the people were the amiable loafers-and Old Baumgartner. The person he was discoursing about was his son Sephenijah. I am not sure that the name was not the ripe fruit of his father's fancy-with, perhaps, the Scriptural suggestion which is likely to be present in the affairs of a Pennsylvania German-whether a communicant or not-even if he live in Maryland.

"Yas-always last; expecial at funerals and weddings. Except his own -he's sure to be on time at his own funeral. Right out in front! Hah? But sometimes he misses his wedding. Why, I knowed a feller-yous all knowed him, begoshens!-that didn't | Sam Pritz, the clerk at the store, as git there tell another feller'd married her-bout morn'n a year afterward. and in a fashion which sometimes Wasn't it more'n a year, boys? Yas -Bill Eisenkrout. Or, now, was it his brother-Baltzer Iron-Cabbage? Seems to me now like it was Baltz. Somesing wiss a B at the front end, anyhow.

Henry Wasserman diffidently intimated that there was a curious but satisfactory element of safety in being last-a "fastnacht" in their language, in fact. Those in front were the ones usually hurt in railroad accidents, Alexander Althoff remembered.

"Safe?" cried the speaker. "Of course! But for why-say, for why?" Old Baumgartner challenged defiantly. No one answered and he let several

impressive minutes intervene. "You don't know! Hang you, none

of yous knows! Well-because he ain't there when anysing occurs-always a little late!"

They all agreed with him by a series of sage nods.

"But, fellers, the worst is about courting. It's no way to be always late. Everybody else gits there first, and it's nossing for the fastnacht but weeping and wailing and gnashing of the teeth. And mebby the other feller gits considerable happiness-and a good farm."

There was complaint in the old man's voice, and they knew that he meant his own son Seffy. To add to their embarrassment, this same son was now appearing over the Lustich hill-an opportune moment for a pleasing digression. For you must be told early concerning Old Baumgartner's longing for certain lands, tenements and hereditaments-using his own phrase-which were not his own, himself had not an artist's eye. For but which adjoined his. It had passed a spring pasture, or a fallow upland, into a proverb of the vicinage: indeed. though the property in question belonged to one Sarah Pressel, it was known colloquially as "Baumgartner's | mare and his only son. Yearn." And the reason of it was this: Between his own farm and the public road (and the railroad station when it came) lay the fairest meadow-land farmer's eye had ever rested upon. the old man had likened to a dog's (I am speaking again for the father of Seffy and with his hyperbole.) Save in one particular, it was like an enemy's beautiful territory lying between one's less beautiful own and the open sea-keeping one a poor inlander who is mad for the seas-whose crops must either pass across the land of his adversary and pay tithes to him, or go by long distances around him at the cost of greater tithes to the soulless owners of the turnpikes-who aggravatingly fix a gate each way to make their tithes more sure. So, I say, it was like having the territory of his enemy lying between him and deep water-save, as I have also said, in one particular, to wit: that the owner -the Sarah Pressel I have mentioned -was not Old Baumgartner's enemy. In fact, they were tremendous friends. And it was by this friendship -and one other thing which I mean to mention later-that Old Baumgartner hoped, before he died, to attain the wish of his life, and see, not only the Elysian pasture-field, but the whole of the adjoining farm, with the line fences down, a part of his. The other thing I promised to mention as an aid to this ambition-was Seffy. And, since the said Sarah was of nearly the same age as Seffy, perhaps I need not explain further, except to say that the only obstruction the old man could see now to acquiring title by marriage was-Seffy himself. He was, and always had been, afraid of girls-especially such aggressive, flirtatious, pretty and tempestuous girls as this Sarah. These things, however, were hereditary with the girl. It was historical. in fact, that, during the life of Sarah's good-looking father, so importunate had been Old Baumgartner for the purchase of at least the meadowhe could not have ventured at that time-and so obstinate had been the father of the present owner-(he had red hair precisely as his daughter had)-that they had come to blows about it to the discomfiture of Old Baumgartner; and, afterward, they did not speak. Yet, when the loafers at the store laughed, Baumgartner swore that he would, nevertheless, have that pasture before he died. But, then, as if fate, too, were against him, the railroad was built,

and him, and of course the "life" went more and more in the direction of the station-left him more and more "out of it"-and made him poorer and poorer, and Pressel richer and richer. And, when the store laughed at that, Baumgartner swore that he would possess half of the farm before he died; and as Pressel and his wife died, and Seffy grew up, and as he noticed the fondness of the little red-headed girl for his little tow-headed boy, he added to his adjuration that he would be harrowing that whole farm before he died-without paying a cent for it!

But both Seffy and Sally had grown to a marriageable age without anything happening. Seffy had become inordinately shy, while the coquettish Sally had accepted the attentions of an antagonist more worthy of her, made the father of Seffy swear and lose his temper-with Seffy. Though, of course, in the final disposition of the matter, he was sure that no girl so nice as Sally would marry such a person as Sam Pritz, with no extremely visible 'means of support-a salary of \$4 a week, and an odious reputation for liquor. And it was for these things, all of which were known (for Baumgartner had not a single secret) that the company at the store detected the personal equation in Old Baumgartner's communications.

Seffy had almost arrived by this time, and Sally was in the store! With Sam! The situation was highly dramatic. But the old man consummately ignored this complication and directed attention to his son. For him, the molasses-tapper did not exist. The fact is he was overjoyed. Seffy, for once in his life, would be on time! He would do the rest.

"Now, boys, chust look at 'em! Dogged if they ain't bose like one another! How's the proferb? Birds of a feather flock wiss one another? 1 dunno. Anyhow, Sef flocks wiss Betz constant. And they understand one another good. Trotting like a sidewise dog of a hot summer's day!" And he showed the company, up and down the store porch just how a sidewise dog would be likely to trot on a hot summer day-and then laughed joyously.

If there had been an artist eye to see they would have been well worth its while-Seffy and the mare so affectionately disparaged. And, after all, I am not sure that the speaker a drove of goodly cows deep in his clover, I know he had. (Perhaps you, too, have?) And this was his best The big bay, clad in broad-banded harness, soft with oil and glittering] with brasses, was shambling indolently down the hill, resisting her own momentum by the diagonal motion sidewise trot. The looped trace-chains were jingling a merry dithyramb, her head was nodding, her tail swaying, and Seffy, propped by his elbow on her broad back, one leg swung between the hames, the other keeping time on her ribs, was singing:

watch-held accusingly against him. Old Baumgartner went on gally.

"About an inch and a half apast ten! Seffy, I'm glad you ain't breaking your reputation for being fastnachich. Chust about a quarter of an inch too late for the prize wiss flour on its hair and arms and its frock pinned up to show its new petticoat! Uhu! If I had such a nice petticoat-" he imitated the lady in question, to the tremendous delight of the gentle loafers.

Seffy stared a little and rubbed some dust out of his eyes. He was pleasant but dull.

"Yassir, Sef, if you'd a got yere at a inch and a quarter apast! Now Sam's got her. Down in the cellar a-licking molasses together! Doggone if Sam don't git eferysing-except his due bills. He don't want to be no anchel tell he dies. He's got fun enough yere -but Seffy-you're like the flow of molasses in January-at courting."

This oblique suasion made no impression on Seffy. It is doubtful if he understood it at all. The loafers began to smile. One laughed. The old man checked him with a threat of personal harm.

"Hold on there, Jefferson Dafis Busby," he chid. "I don't allow no one to laugh at my Seffy-except chust me -account I'm his daddy. It's a fightword the next time you do it."

Mr. Busby straightened his countenance.

"He don't seem to notice-nor keer -'bout gals-do he?"

No one spoke.

"No, durn him, he ain't no good. Say-what'll you give for him, hah? Yere he goes to the highest bidderfor richer, for poorer, for better, for worser, up and down, in and out, swing your partners-what's bid? He ken plow as crooked as a mule's hind leg, sleep hard as a 'possum in wintertime, eat like a snake, git left efery time-but he ken ketch fish. They wait on him. What's bid?"

No one would hazard a bid.

"Yit a minute," shouted the old fellow, pulling out his bull's-eye watch again, "what's bid? Going-going-all done-going-'

"A dollar!"

The bid came from behind him, and the voice was beautiful to hear. A gleam came into the old man's eyes as he heard it. He deliberately put the watch back in its pocket, put on his spectacles, and turned, as if she were a stranger.

"Gone!" he announced then. "Who's the purchaser? Come forwards and take away you' property. What's the name, please?" Then he pretended to recognize her. "Oach! Sally! Well, that's lucky! He goes in good hands. He's sound and kind, but needs the whip." He held out his hand for the dollar.

It was the girl of whom he had spoken accurately as a prize. Her sleeves were turned up as far as they would go, revealing some soft lacetrimmed whiteness, and there was



clothes. Eferysing goes in-stofepipe hat, butterfly necktie, diamond pin, tooth-brush, hair-oil, razor and soap.'

They had got far enough around the corner to be out of sight of the store during this galety, and the old man shoved Seffy and the girl in front of him, linked their arms, and retreated to the rear.

"What Sephenijah P. Baumgariner, Senior, hath j'ined together, let nobody put athunder, begoshens!" he announced.

The proceeding appeared to be painful to Seffy, but not to Sally. She frankly accepted the situation and promptly put into action its opportunities for coquetry. She begged him, first, with consummate aplomb, to aid her in adjusting her parcels more securely, insisting upon carrying them herself, and it would be impossible to describe adequately her allures. The electrical touches, half-caress, half-deflance: the confidential whisperings, so that the wily old man in the rear might not hear; the surges up against him; the recoveries-only to surge again-these would require a mechanical contrivance which reports not only speech but action-and even this might easily fail, so subtle was it all! "Sef-Seffy, I thought it was his old watch he was auctioning off. I wanted it for-for--a nest-egg! ahaha-ha! You must excuse me."

"You wouldn't 'a' bid at all if you'd knowed it was me, I reckon," said Seffy.

"Yes, I would," declared the coquette. "I'd rather have you than any nest-egg in the whole world-any two of 'em!"-and when he did not take his chance-"if they were made of gold!"

But then she spoiled it.

"It's worse fellows than you, Seffy." The touch of coquetry was but too apparent. "And better," said Seffy, with a

lump in his throat. "I know I ain't no good with girls-and I don't care!" "Yes!" she assented wickedly.

"There are better ones." "Sam Pritz-"

Sally looked away, smiled, and was silent.

"Sulky Seffy!" she finally said. "If he does stink of salt mackerel, and 'most always drunk!" Seffy went

on bitterly. "He's nothing but a molasses-tapper!" Sally began to drift further away

and to sing. Calling Pritz names was of no consequence ---except it kept Seffy from making love to her while he was doing it-which seemed foolish to Sally. The old man came up and brought them together again.

"Oach! go 'long and make lofe some more. 1 like to see it. I expect I am an old fool, but I like to see it-it's like ol' times-yas, and if you don't look out there, Seffy, I'll take a hand myself-yassir! go 'long!"

He drew them very close together, each looking the other way. Indeed he held them there for a moment, roughly.

Seffy stole a glance at Sally. He wanted to see how she was taking his father's odiously intimate suggestion. But it happened that Sally wanted to see how he was taking it. She laughed with the frankest of joy as their eyes met.

ed Sally bounding away. Once more, his father. This, again, he did not as she leaped a fence, she looked laughingly back. The old man whistled wildly out of tune. Seffy waved a hand he. "Now you shouting, Seffy! Shout

ag'in!' "I didn't say a word!" "Well-it ain't too late! Go on!"

Now Seffy understood and laughed with his father.

"Nice gal, Sef-Seffy!" 'Yes!" admitted Seffy with reserve. "Healthy."

Seffy agreed to this, also. "No doctor bills!" his father ampli-

fled. Seffy said nothing. "Entire orphen."

"She's got a granny!"

"Yas," chuckled the old man at the way his son was drifting into the situation-thinking about granny!-"but Sally owns the farm!" "Uhu!" said Seffy, whatever that

might mean. 'And Sally's the boss!"

Silence.

"And granny won't object to any one Sally marries, anyhow-she dassent! She'd git licked!"

"Who said anything about marry ing?

Seffy was speciously savage now -as any successful wooer might be. "Nobody but me, sank you!" said the old man with equally specious meekness. "Look how she ken jump a six-rail fence. Like a three-year filly! She's a nice gal, Seffy-and the farms j'ine together-her pasture-field and our corn-field. And she's kissing her hand backwards! At me or you, Seffy?'

Seffy said he didn't know. And he did not return the kiss-though he vearned to.

"Well, I bet a dollar that the first initial of his last name is Sephaniah P. Baumgarten, Junior."

"Well!" said Seffy with a great flourish, "I'm going to set up with her to-night."

"Oach-git out, Sef!"-though h knew It.

"You'll see."

"No, I won't," said his father. "I wouldn't be so durn mean. Nossir!" Seffy grinned at this subtle foolery, and his courage continued to grow. "I'm going to wear my high hat!" he announced, with his nose in the air.

"No, Sef!" said the old man with a wonderful inflection, facing him about that he might look into his determined face. For it must be explained that the stovepipe hat, in that day and that country, was dedicated only to the most momentous social occasions and that, consequently, gentlemen wore it to go courting.

"Yes!" declared Seffy again.

"Bring forth stovepipe, The stovepipe, the stovepipe-" chanted Seffy's frivolous father in the way of the Anvil Chorus.

"And my butterfly necktie with-"Wiss the di'mond on?" whispered his father.

They laughed in confidence of their secret. Seffy, the successful wooer, was thawing out again. The diamond was not a diamond at all-the Hebrew who sold it to Seffy had confessed as much. But he also swore

understand. "You know well enough I got no

money to buy no pasture-field," said

"Gosh-a'mighty!" said the old man joyfully, making as if he would strike Seffy with his huge fist-a thing he often did. "And ain't got nossing to trade?"

"Nothing except the mare!" said the boy.

"Say-ain't you got no feelings, you idjiot?"

"Oh----" said Seffy. And then: 'But what's feelings got to do with cow-pasture?"

"Oach! No wonder he wants to be an anchel, and wiss the anchels stand -holding sings in his hands and on his head! He's too good for this wile world: He'd linger shifering on the brink and fear to launch away all his durn life-if some one didn't push him in. So here goes!"

This was spoken to the skies, apparently, but now he turned to his son again.

"Look a-yere, you young dummerux, feelings is the same to gals like Sally, as money is to you and me. You ken buy potatoes wiss 'em. Do you understand?"

Seffy said that he did, now.

"Well, then, I'fe tried to buy that pasture-field a sousand times-Seffy started.

"Yes, that's a little bit a lie-mebby a dozen times. And at last Sally's daddy said he'd lick me if I efer said pasture-field ag'in, and I said it ag'in and he licked me! He was a big man -and red-headed yit, like Sally. Now, look a-yere-you ken git that pasturefield wissout money and wissout price except you' dam' feelings which



ain't no other use. Sally won't lick vou-if she is bigger-don't be askeered. You got tons of feelin's you ain't got no other use for-don't waste 'em-they're good green money, and we'll git efen wiss Sally's daddy for licking me yit-and somesing on the side! Huh?"

At last it was evident that Seffy fully understood, and his father broke into that discordant whistle once more.

"A gal that ken jump a six-rall fence-and wissout no running startdon't let her git apast you!" "Well, I'm going to set up with her to-night," said Seffy again, with a huge ahem. And the tune his father whistled as he opened the door for him sounded something like "I want to be an angel." "But not to buy no pasture-land!" warned Seffy. "Oach, no, of course not!" agreed his wily old father. "That's chust one of my durn jokes. But 1 expect I'll take the fence down to-morrow! Say, Sef, you chust marry the gal. I'll take keer the fence!"

"I want to be an angel And with the angels stand, A crown upon my forehead

A harp within my hand-"

His adoring father chuckled. "I wonder what for kind of anchel he'd make, anyhow? And Betz-they'll have to go together. Say, I wonder if it is horse-anchels?"

No one knew; no one offered a suggestion.

"Well, it ought to be. Say-he ken perform circus wiss ol' Betz!"

They expressed their polite surprise at this for perhaps the hundredth time.

"Yas-they have a kind of circusring in the barnyard. He stands on one foot then on another, and on his hands wiss his feet kicking, and then he says words-like hokey-pokeyand Betz she kicks up behind and throws him off in the dung and we all laugh-happy efer after-Betz most of all!

After the applause he said: "I guess I'd better wake 'em up!

What you sink?" They one and all thought he had. They knew he would do it, no matter what they thought. His method, as usual, was his own. He stepped to the adjoining field, and, selecting a clod with the steely polish of the plowshare upon it, threw it at the mare. It struck her on the flank. She gathered her feet under her in sudden alarm, then slowly relaxed, looked slyly for the old man, found him, and understanding, suddenly wheeled and ambled off home, leaving Seffy prone on the ground as her part of the joke.

The old man brought Seffy in triumph to the store-porch.

"Chust stopped you afore you got to be a anchel!" he was saying. "We couldn't bear to sink about you being a anchel-an' wiss the anchels stand -a harp upon your forehead, a crown within your hand, I expect-when it's corn-planting time."

Seffy grinned cheerfully, brushed off and its station was placed so that the I the dust and contemplated his father's

WHAT'S BOY COMT. COMO - ALL DONE - GOING

flour on her arms. Some patches of it on her face gave a petal-like effect to her otherwise aggressive color. The pretty dress was pinned far enough back to reveal the prettier petticoatplus a pair of trimly-clad ankles.

Perhaps these were neither the gar ments nor the airs in which every farmer-maiden did her baking. But then, Sally was no ordinary farmer maiden. She was all this, it is true, but she was, besides, grace and color and charm itself. And if she chose to bake in such attire-or, even, if she chose to pretend to do so, where was the churl to say her nay, even though the flour was part of a deliberate "make-up?" Certainly he was not at the store that summer morning.

And Seffy was there. Her hair escaped redness by only a little. But that little was just the difference between ugliness and beauty. For, whether Sally were beautiful or notabout which we might contend a bit -her hair was, and perhaps that is the reason why it was nearly always uncovered-or, possibly, again, because it was so much uncovered was the reason it was beautiful. It seemed to catch some of the glory of the sun. Her face had a few freckles and her mouth was a trifle too large. But, in it were splendid teeth.

In short, by the magic of brilliant color and natural grace she narrowly escaped being extremely handsomein the way of a sun-burned peach, or a maiden's-blush apple. And even if you should think she were not handsome, you would admit that there was an indescribable rustic charm about her. She was like the aroma of the hay-fields, or the woods, or a field of daisies, or dandelions.

The girl, laughing, surrendered the money, and the old man, taking an arm of each, marched them peremptorily away.

"Come to the house and git his

"Seffy-I do-like you," said the coquette. "And you ought to know it. You imp!"

Now this was immensely stimulat ing to the bashful Seffy. "I like you," he said-"ever since we

was babies." "Sef-I don't believe you. Or you wouldn't waste your time so-about

Sam Pritz!" "Er-Sally-where you going to tonight?" Seffy meant to prove himself.

And Sally answered, with a little fright at the sudden aggressiveness she had procured. "Nowheres that I know of."

"Well-may I set up with you?" The pea-green sunbonnet could not conceal the amazement and then the

radiance which shot into Sally's face. "Set-up-with-me!" "Yes!" said Seffy, almost savagely.

'That's what I said." "Oh, I-I guess so! Yes! of course! she answered variously, and rushed off home.

"You know I own you," she laughed back, as if she had not been sufficiently explicit. "I paid for you! Your pappy's got the money! I'll expect my property to-night."

'Yas!" shouted the happy old man, "and begoshens! it's a reg'ler bargain! Ain't it, Seffy? You her propertyreal estate, hereditaments and tene ments." And even Seffy was drawn into the joyous laughing conceit of it! Had he not just done the bravest thing of his small life?

"Yes!" he cried after the fascinating Sally. "For sure and certain, to-night." "It's a bargain!" she cried.

"For better or worser, richer or

poorer, up an' down, in an' out, chassez right and left! Aha-ha-ha! Aha-ha-ha! But, Seffy,"-and the happy father turned to the happy son that she's a feather-head and got a bright red temper like her daddy! And they both work mighty bad together sometimes. When you get her at the right place onct-well, nail her said so. down-hand and feet-so's she can't git away. When she gits mad her little brain evaporates, and if she had a to this-and this-and this,"-he went knife she'd go round stabbing her best through his pantomime again, and it friends-that's the only sing that safes her-yas, and us!-no knife. If she had a knife it would be funerals

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They advanced together now, Seffy's father whistling some tune that was ture. A bird in the hand is worth never heard before on earth, and, with seferal in another feller's-not so?" his arm in that of his son, they watch-

that if it were kept in perfect polish no one but a diamond merchant could tell the difference. Therefore, there

being no diamond merchant anywhere near, and the jewel being always immaculate, Seffy presented it as a diamond and had risen perceptibly in the

opinion of the vicinage. "And-and-Sef-Seffy, what you goin' to do?"

"Do?"

Seffy had been absorbed in what he was going to wear.

"Yas-yas-that's the most important." He encircled Seffy's waist and gently squeezed it. "Oh, of course! Hah? But what yit?"

I regret to say that Seffy did not understand.

"Seffy," he said impressively, "you haf' tol' me what you goin' to wear. It ain't much. The weather's yit pooty col' nights. But I ken stand it if you ken-God knows about Sally! Now, what you goin' to do-that's the conuntrum I ast you!"

Still it was not clear to Seffy. "Why-what I'm a going to do, hah? Why-whatever occurs."

"Gosh-a'mighty! And nefer say a word or do a sing to help the occurrences along? Goshens! What a setting-up! Why-say-Seffy, what you set up for?"

Seffy did not exactly know. He had never hoped to practise the thing-in that sublimely militant phase.

"What do you think?"

"Well, Sef-plow straight to her heart. I wisht I had your chance. I'd show you a other-guess kind a settingup-yassir! Make your mouth warter and your head swim, begoshens! Why, that Sally's just like a young stubblefield; goth to be worked constant, and plowed deep, and manured heafy, and mebby drained wiss blind ditches, and crops changed constant, and kep' a-going thataway -- constant -- constantand hugged him, "don't you efer forgit so's the weeds can't git in her. Then you ken put her in wheat after a while and git your money back."

This drastic metaphor had its effect. Seffy began to understand. He

"Now look here, Seffy," his father went on more softly, "when you git included a progressive caressing to the kissing point--- "well, chust when you bose comfortable-hah?-mebby on one cheer, what I know-it's so long sence I done it myself-when you bose comfortable, ast her-chust ast her-sham!-what she'll take for the pasture-field! She owns you bose and she can't use bose you and the pas-

But Seffy only stopped and stared at

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But Sally Was the Angel.

It took Seffy a long time to array himself as he had threatened. And when it was all done you wouldn't have known him-you wouldn't have cared to know him. For his fine yellow hair was changed to an ugly brown by the patent hair-oil with which he had dressed it-and you would not have liked its fragrance. I trust. Bergamot, I think it was. His fine young throat was garroted within a starched standing collar, his feet were pinched in creaking boots, his hands close-gauntleted in buckskin gloves, and he altogether incomparable, uncomfortable, and triumphant. Down stairs his father paced the floor, watch in hand. From time to time he would call out the hour, like a watchman on a minaret. At last:

"Look a-yere, Seffy, it's about two inches apast sefen-and by the time you git there-say, nefer git another feller a chance to git there afore you or to leave after you!"

Seffy descended at that moment with his hat poised in his left hand. His father dropped his watch and picked it up.

Both stood at gaze for a moment. "Sunder, Sef! You as beautiful as the sun, moon and stars-and as stinky as seferal apothecary shops. Yere, take the watch and git alongso's you haf some time wiss you-now git along! You late a'ready. Goshens! You was behind time when you was born! Yas, your mammy wass disapp'inted in you right at first. You wass 76 hours late! But now you reformed -sank God! I always knowed it wass a cure for it, but I didn't know it wass anysing as nice as Sally."

Seffy issued forth to his first conquest-lighted as far as the front gate by the fat lamp held in his father's hand.

"A-Sef-Seffy, shall I set up for you tell you git home?" he called into the dark.

"No!" shouted Seffy.

"Aha - aha - aha! That sounds

What Have Feelings Got to Do With

following her all the time."

Cow-Pasture?