

An Autobiography.

MISS GOLDINE WATCH.

I was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in the year 1880. My father was a watch-maker of moderate means. Owing to the large number in the family, mother could not watch all of us, and I assure you we had a good time.

I was very fond of athletics and, although a girl, spent most of my time in running. I went into society while very young, and left soon after.

I well remember when I first appeared in public. My dress was of canton batton. Since it was rather expensive, I appeared in full dress. This style was quite advantageous, however, as it showed off my jewels magnificently.

I overheard some of the remarks of my numerous admirers. One said, "Isn't she a beauty? Look at those hands, aren't they delicate? She has three of them; isn't that a cute little second hand?" (For some reason everyone insists on calling my third hand my second hand.) I heard another say: "I tell you, you would have a time if you had her out."

Actually, these remarks made me blush so that I put my hands over my face, trying to cover it up, but it was of no use, I couldn't keep them together nor hold them still. I was very glad when the people ceased to come and the light was put out, so it did not shine in my face.

The next day, I started for Lincoln, Nebraska, to make an extended visit with some of my cousins. Soon after arriving, I went with a young man to a Literary Society at the State University. He sat down by another young man and commenced talking to him, but an oration was soon announced, and then they kept very quiet.

After the oration there was a piano solo. I concluded that for some reason, the girl who played it was not very well liked. Just as soon as she commenced to play, they began to whisper and laugh. I didn't think it was very nice of them, but looked around

and saw that everybody else was doing the same. I was not accustomed to seeing people act that way where I came from, but I guess it must be the style here. I saw they all did that way every time there was any music.

Well, this young man took me with him quite frequently and seemed to think a great deal of me. Every little while he would take me in his hands and squeeze me, and then look admiringly into my face. He would then squeeze me again and press me very near his heart and leave me there.

But alas! there came a change. He discovered that my supposed jewels were only imitation. I knew this, but hoped he would take me for all time before he found it out. He concluded that I was not the golden treasure he thought me to be. He did not take me out as often as formerly and one day I heard him say that I was too "brassy" to suit him.

Matters ran along in this way for several weeks and he finally "dropped" me. I had been fearing this for some time. I guess I was not swift enough for him.

This completely "jarred my frame." It really made me sick. I lingered in this condition for several days and then consulted a watch-doctor. He said that I had a poor case, that I was run down and needed a thorough purging out. A cure would probably cost a dollar and a half. As I was hard up I asked for time, but he said his motto was: "Cash in Advance," and that he never sold anything on tick.

I was a little suspicious of this doctor anyway, so tried another. He said something about my wheels being out of repair, whereupon I informed him that I never rode a wheel, but always ran. He replied in a sneering manner that he referred to other wheels.

This so thoroughly disgusted me, that I left in a rage, with a determination to give up doctoring. I tried to run several times afterwards, but have now given it up entirely. I lie on my back in my dress of cotton most of the time with my hands serenely folded, waiting for better times.

ALLAN CONGDON.