



IN LIGHTER VEIN

On the Road.

I 'S boun' to see my gal to-night—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 De moon ain't out, de stars ain't bright—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 Dis hoss o' mine is pow'ful slow,
 But when I does git to yo' do'
 Yo' kiss 'll pay me back, an' mo',
 Dough lone de way, my dearie.

De night is skeery-lak an' still—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 'Cept fu' dat mou'nful whippo-will—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 De way so long wif dis slow pace,
 'T 'u'd seem to me lak savin' grace
 Ef you was on a nearer place,
 Fu' lone de way, my dearie.

I hyeah de hootin' of de owl—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 I wish dat watch-dog would n't howl—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 An' evah't'ing, bofe right an' lef',
 Seem p'int'ly lak hit put itse'f
 In shape to skeer me half to def—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!

I whistles so 's I won't be feared—
 Oh, lone de way, my dearie!
 But anyhow I 's kin' o' skeered,
 Fu' lone de way, my dearie.
 De sky been lookin' mighty glum,
 But you kin mek hit lighten some,
 Ef you 'll jes say you 's glad I come,
 Dough lone de way, my dearie.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Jean the Chopper.

WHERE Jean de Chambeau swings his ax
 The snow is crushed in panther tracks,
 Ghostly the flap of the great white owl,
 Lonely and grim the wolf-pack's howl;
 Yet, to ax-stroke keeping time,
 His yodel rings a laughing rhyme:
 To-day the depths of the shadowy wood
 To Jean the Chopper seem gay and good.

A moose runs by, and he lets it go;
 A bear that's floundering in the snow;
 A panting deer whose desp'rate flight
 Has led the wolf-pack through the night.

«Run on!» he cries; «go on your way!
 I harm no living thing to-day.
 This night at Père Thibault's we feast,
 He 's called the neighbors, called the priest;
 His Lise is tall, like a white-birch tree,
 And her black eyes have called to me!»

Francis Sterne Palmer.

The Dialect Store.

«I SUPPOSE I dreamed it; but if there is n't such a store, there might be, and it would help quill-drivers a lot,» said the newspaper man, as he and his friend were waiting to give their order in a down-town restaurant yesterday noon.

«What store are you talking about, and what dream? Don't be so vague, old man,» said his friend the magazine-writer.

«Why, a dialect store. Just the thing for you. I was walking down Fifth Avenue, near Twenty-first street, and I saw the sign (Dialect shop. All kinds of dialects sold by the yard, the piece, or in quantities to suit.) I thought that maybe I might be able to get some Swedish dialect to help me out on a little story I want to write about Wisconsin, so I walked in. The place looked a good deal like a dry-goods store, with counters down each side, presided over by some twenty or thirty clerks, men and women.

«The floor-walker stepped up to me and said, (What can I do for you?) (I want to buy some dialect,» said I. (Oh, yes; what kind do you want to look at? We have a very large assortment of all kinds. There 's quite a run on Scotch just now; perhaps you 'd like to look at some of that.) (No; Swedish is what I 'm after,» I replied. (Oh, yes; Miss Jonson, show this gentleman some Swedish dialect.»

«I walked over to Miss Jonson's department, and she turned, and opened a drawer that proved to be empty. (Are you all out of it?) I asked. (Ja; but I skall have some to-morrer. A faller from St. Paul he baen haer an' bought seventy jards.»

«I was disappointed, but as long as I was there I thought I 'd look around; so I stepped to the next counter, behind which stood a man who looked as if he had just stepped out of one of Barrie's novels. (Have you Scotch?) said I. (I hae joost that. What 'll ye hae? Hielan' or lowlan', reelegious or profane? I 've a large stock o' gude auld Scotch wi' the smell o' the heather on it; or if ye 're wantin' some a wee bit shop-worn, I 'll let ye hae that at a lower price. There 's a quantity that Ian Maclaren left out o' his last buke,» I expressed surprise that he had let any escape him, and he said: (Hech, mon, dinna ye ken there 's no end to the Scots?) I felt like telling him that I was sorry there had been a beginning, but I refrained, and he went on: (We 're gettin' airders fra the whole English-sp'akin' world for the gude auld tongue. Our manager has airdered a fu' line of a' soorts in anticipation of a brisk business, now that McKinley—gude Scotch name that—is elected.»

«I should have liked to stay and see a lot of the Scotch, as it seemed to please the man to talk about his goods; but I wanted to have a look at all the dialects, so I bade him good morning, and stepped to the next department—the negro.

«Here an unctuous voice called out: «Fo' de Lawd! Ah don' b'leeve you 'll pass me widout buyin'. Got 'em all hyah, boss—Sou' Ca'lina an' Ten'see an' Virginny. Tawmas Nelson Page buys a heap er stuff right yer. Dat man sut'n'g'ot a great haid. He was de fustes' one ter see how much folks was dyin' ter git a leetle di'lect er de ra'ht sawt, an' Ah reckon Ah sol' him de fus' yard he evah bo't.»

«(Do you sell it by the yard?) I asked, just to bring him out. (Shuah!) and pulling down a roll of black goods, he unrolled enough dialect to color (Uncle Tom's Cabin.) But I said, (I don't want to buy, uncle; but I'm obliged to you for showing it to me.) (Oh, dat 's all right, boss. No trouble to show goods. Ah reckon yo' nev' saw sech a heap er local col'in' as dat. Hyah! hyah! hyah! We got de goods, an' any tahn you want to fix up a tale, an' put in de Queen's English in black, come yer an' as' fer me. Good day, sah.) And I passed on to the next—Western dialect.

«Here I found that James Whitcomb Riley had just engaged the whole output of the plant. The clerk had an assistant in his little son,—a Hoosier boy,—and he piped up: «We got 'ist a littul bit er chile's di'lec', an' my popper says 'at ef Mist' Riley don't come an' git it soon 'at I can sell it all my own sef. 'At 'd be the mostest fun!» and his childish treble caused all the other clerks in the store to look around and smile kindly at him.

«In the German department the clerk told me he was not taking orders for dialect in bulk. (Zome off dose tayatreekalers dey buy it, aber I zell not de best to dem. I zell imitation kints «made in Chairmany.» Aber I haf der best eef you vant it.)

«I told him I did not care to buy, and passed on to the French-Canadian department. The clerk was just going out to lunch; but although I told him I merely wished to look, and not to buy, he said politely: (I try hall I can for get di'lect, but hup in Mon'réal dat McLennan he use hall dere is; but bymby I speak for some dat a frien' have, an' 'e sen' me some. An' 'e tell me I 'll get hit las' summer.) I expressed a polite wish that he might get his goods even sooner than (las' summer,) and walked to the Jew-dialect counter, over which I was nearly pulled by the Hebrew clerk. (You 're chust in time,) he said. (Say, veepin' Rachel! but I sell you a parkain. Some goots on'y been unt vun veek on der staich; unt so hellep me cracious! you look so like mein prudder Imre dat I let dem go) —here he lowered his voice to a whisper—(I let dem go fer a quarter uf a darler.)

«I resisted him, and hurried to the Yankee department. There was tall hustling going on there, and a perfect mob of buyers of all sorts and conditions of writers; and it took half a dozen men, women, and

children, including three typical farmers, to wait on them; and they were selling it by the inch and by the car-load. (Wall, I'm plumb tired. Wisht they 'd let up so 'st I could git a snack er sump'n' inside me,) said one; and he looked so worn out that I passed on to the Irish counter. A twinkling-eyed young Irishman, not long over, in answer to my question said: (Sure, there 's not much carl fer larrge quantities av ut. Jane Barlow do be havin' a good dale, an' the funny papers do be usin' ut in smarl lots, but 't is an aisy toime I have, an' that 's a good thing, fer toimes is harrd.)

«I paused a moment at the English-dialect counter, and the rosy-cheeked clerk said: (Cawn't I show you the very litest thing in Coster?) I told him no, and he offered me Lancashire and Yorkshire at (gritely reduced rites); but I was proof against his pleading, and having now visited all the departments but one, went to that.»

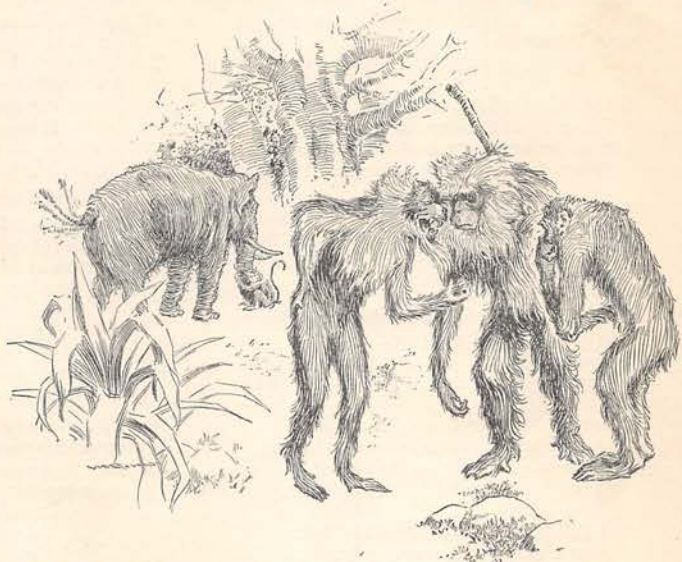
«What was it?» asked the writer for the magazines. «The tough-dialect counter.»

«Tough is not a dialect,» said he.

«Maybe not, but it sounds all right, all right. Well, whatever it is, the fellow in charge was a regular Ninth-Warder, and when I got abreast of him he hailed me with, (Soy, cully, wot sort d' yer want? I got a chim-dandy Sunny-school line er samples fer use in dose joints, or I k'n gi' yer hot stuff up ter de limit an' beyon'. See? Here 's a lot of damaged «wot t'ells» dat I 'll trun down fer a fiver, an' no questions ast. Soy, burn me fer a dead farmer if I ever sol' dem at dat figger before; but dey 's some dat Townsen' did n' use, an' yet dey 's dead-sure winners wit' de right gang. See?)

«And then I woke up, if I was asleep; and if I was n't, I wish I could find the store again, for I 'd be the greatest dialect-writer of the age if I could get goods on credit there. Say, waiter, we came for lunch, not supper.»

Charles Battell Loomis.



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS.

A SEIZURE IN THE JUNGLE.

«I say, Uncle Boon, what 's the row?»

UNCLE BOON: «Why, the elephant owes my sister for cocoanut milk, and Bab is going to hold his trunk until he pays.»