

WMB And she handed them a Lesson.

I had just returned to the house. As I neared the door of my own room, I was startled to hear talking ^{within} ~~inside~~.

"Well, ~~dear~~ tell," were the first words that came distinctly to my ears, and I wondered ^{how} ~~how~~ that Yankee speech ^{had} ~~had~~ ^{dropped} ~~dropped~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{itself} ~~itself~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{heard} ~~heard~~ ^{into} ~~into~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{prairie} ~~prairie~~ ^{country} ~~country~~.

"Guder lie her hapless victims," was the reply; "Lo, behold their utter ^{despair} ~~despair~~!"
"The gods, ^{sure} ~~sure~~ ^{never} ~~never~~ ^{can} ~~can~~ ^{help} ~~help~~ ^{them} ~~them~~!"
The Irish words seemed to be in the voice of the Yankee who first spoke first.

Becoming interested now, I determined to wait & hear this conversation out, forgetting that eavesdroppers ^{please} ~~please~~ ^{hear} ~~hear~~ ^{no} ~~no~~ ^{good} ~~good~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{their} ~~their ^{silence} ~~silence~~. So I peered cautiously through the crack in the door. In my own little nook sat a personage who presented a~~

peculiar, variegated appearance; he had the tall, lank form of the typical New Englander, but his nose + mouth ^{had an} ~~were~~ unmistakably Irish; he was dressed like a Mr. White, rolled his eyes in true Negro fashion, and withal there was some thing quaint and of the old time about him - the oddest looking creature I ever saw. Indeed, so taken up ~~was~~ I with watching him that I lost the next remarks that were made. My attention was recalled, however, to the discussion when one of the others in an excited tone almost shouted,

"Manufactured Diction, what are you saying!"

To which this strange personage made answer some thing about an agency and how she had imprisoned ^{some} ~~some~~ innocent little creatures whom she treated in a most outrageous ^{way} ~~fashion~~, keeping them confined for a long time in her room where they were ^{perfectly} ~~perfectly~~ mutilated.

"My!" I thought, "can they with a shudder, can they be talking about

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the ^{awful} dreadful Mrs. Guinness, the papers
have been so full of!" And you can imagine
my horror when I found that that very
room, my own little room, was the
place under discussion, and my
little themes, whose I thought I treated
with so much tolerance the mis-
used prisoners.

I began now to see through it. In
my absence the themes had sent for
powerful friends to help them in their
need, Manufactured Fiction, Poetic
Quality, Sensation, Suspensity, Precision,
Tropes, and others — the room was full
of them.

"Yes" said one, "when they escape
from her clutches, all mutilated and
the red blood streaming from them,
they are branded for life. Then they
are conducted to a place where
they are put in the jillany for every
one to ^{be} ~~see~~ at and remarked upon."

"And," broke in Tropes excitedly,
"when they are nearly starved, she
hands them biscuits. We saw
her do it many a time, biscuits!"

"'Tis even so," said Poetic Fecundity,
"the report goes abroad that of these
she hath given many."

"And she handed them a leuca,
And she handed them a leuca," ^{drangled} ~~said~~
Destruction in the measured ~~voice~~ de-
struction to him,

"Is that not scandalous scandalous,
scandalous!"

"I don't understand about these
leucues," said Perfectionity, who seems
to be quite stupid: he was always
asking to have things explained.

"Well, do you know what a leuca
is?" snapped Precision in an exasper-
ated tone, "The denotation of
leuca is according to Webster,
'an oval or roundish fruit re-
sembling the orange and con-
taining a pulp usually intensely
acid,' but the word connotes
the idea of a sourness that is
very unpleasant, and a person
who has partaken of one usually
feels as though he had been

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string. The sensation is of pain quite
painful. ~~The cause is~~ ^{like all great} ~~the~~ ^{they are} particularly unpleasant
worse. ~~when they~~ ^{when they} have come in contact, with
Oh, something must be done, said
Deaerewin, the carrying process.

"What shall we do, Man Die?"

glancing at Manufactured Deter
who seemed to be the leader among
them.

All fell to flattery, the plan that
received the most favor at first being
to call in the aid of the C. & E. Fresh
men, whose proteges the ^{unpopular} ~~themselves were~~,
and who would therefore be thought
of as their natural protectors. But
strangely enough, the obstacles to
their course proved to be insurmount-
able, as the Freshmen were at a
great distance and seemed were
reported on good authority to have
little feeling for the cause. One
man had ~~disappeared~~ ^{disappeared} with his
relation to them altogether, had
paid no attention to them for a
long time and could not be counted

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out. Another ~~warning~~ ^{the fellow} noted for their
skill as a Bowman was suggested,
but it was shown to be certain that
he would refuse all effort in their
behalf.

"You'd have to 'Fork' Bear of in-
difference in order to reach the
Tribuneau"; put in Trope, who was
very loquacious & always had a word,
"Why, I know one 'Fork' you could
never in the world pass".

To this plan was given up as
^{not feasible}
useless and they all sat meditating
in gloomy silence.

~~Presently~~
Suddenly a man whom I had
not noticed before stepped forth and
said,

"A while ago I read a story in the
Ladies Home Journal that was some-
thing like this;—

On a West-bound train scheduled
for a long trip, a very large muscular
man sat alone and annoyed all the
passengers by roaring tremendous-
ly. Finally a drummer, carrying

laid a cushion in his hand, tipped
over to a little boy who sat behind
the mirror,

"Now," said the drummer imper-
sively, "I am a doctor, and if that
man doesn't stop sneezing he'll die
of apoplexy. Watch your chance, and as
soon as his mouth opens a little wider,
lean over and squeeze this cushion
into it." *

"Now, I ~~propose~~ ^{move} that we follow the
suggestion of this story with regard
to the affair. I believe it would have
the desired result and it is psych-
logically correct, being retribution
in kind."

"I ~~advocate~~ ^{amend the motion to read that}
we use her own
cushion," said some one enthusiasti-
cally,

"Delicious!" ^{agreed} ~~said~~ ^{he} ~~rope~~.

"The bandied ^{they} ~~they~~ ^{as a favor} ~~her a cushion~~" tagged
on the ^{supercatals} ~~supercatals~~ ^{faucibus} ~~faucibus~~ of
Seursion, who sat beating his foot
on the carpet.

The chairman rose to put the motion.
From behind that door, a fled aghast.

My one thought was to reach a
fire. Then I would toast my legs,
toast them till they were burnt
to a crisp.

Will you not help me toast my
feet?