

Aunt Hobby Or The Bazore Library

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The object of this little work is to place before the reader a plan to improve society among common people, more especially, in country towns and villages where the population are generally acquainted with each other and their affairs. If the story contains anything that appears foreign to the subject in hand it is there only for the purpose of making the work more readable, to that class of individuals which it is intended to benefit.

I find it very difficult to induce those with whom I associate to read print made up exclusively of cold facts. Loosing my sight when seven years of age I seemed to be called upon to chose between two, to go without book knowledge or listen to readers as we find among the uneducated. I chose the latter. In writing the foregoing my aim has been to show villagers a plan whereby they can spend their time, idle wintry days and evenings, far more profitable than in the way they are accustomed to do.

How well I have succeeded I will leave for the reader to decide.

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Comparatively speaking it seems to make little or no difference whether a man is an American by birth or adoption if the latter sooner or later adopts many of the characteristics which are called American the world over. I have known of a veritable Kickapoo Indian showman lifting his hat to the village ladies, as he passed their residences in his stroll about the town. Some seem to have a hobby, noticeable when they are but children, to get and keep money even tho they are the dullest offspring of the family. It is frequently the case that parents make a woeful mistake in insisting that one of their boys must be a priest, another a doctor, the next lawyer and yet the fourth a farmer, regardless of tact, ingenuity or inclination.

I know of but one hobby which I consider a greater exhibit of inherent idiosyncrasy than this, and that is the hobby that some harp on, that we can believe what we choose, even if we trample our reason under foot to do so. When fourteen years I worked for a farmer through the season. It was here that I received my first lesson in the art of farming. He was upwards of sixty and was counted a bright man, a farmer and a good man. For he always wore beneath a heavy waistcoat and winter coat, a conspicuous red flannel shirt, no matter how warm the day. When he went to church he had several hobbies. I suppose that the fact that he was an older and better man than the most of his church brethren entitled him to more privileges. The hobby that he considered paramount to all others, except a smoldering religious one, which he seemed to have picked up when a boy and seldom spoke of except when ridiculing some other faith, was that every farmer ought to raise wheat, oats, corn, potatoes and hay, regardless of the adaptability of the soil to the crop. Saying that if you raised them you will have them. I asked him one day how about raising the crop that would bring the most money outlay considered. Just then the flies were very troublesome and when he had mopped the sweat off of his brow with the large red handkerchief which he always carried in the top of his hat, in summer to keep his head cool and in winter to keep his head warm. He was not very talkative just then, for he was a passionate lover of the "filthy lucre" as the minister denominated it, the shining pieces of the precious metal. Another hobby of his was "better by reason of being a Methodist, than a Presbyterian. Or most of all that lonesome universalist bearing on to the third syllable as he spoke it. In this I think he was just as honest as the boy was who placed coarse gun powder in a coffee mill and began to grind it because it was too course for the gun. Another farmer's hobby was that he should live on what he raised. Agreeable to this idea he ate nothing but pudding and milk for a year because, he raised a good crop of corn and had a farrow cow that gave milk all winter, notwithstanding the fact that he had seventeen hundred dollars in money lying idle.

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The next year he fattened two very large hogs on the surplus corn. The two when dressed weighed more than one thousand pounds. Having no winter milk and the frost having-killed the corn in June, he fell back on the pork and three times a day they waded in. He said he didn't care what the doctor said about pork not being healthful food. There was one good thing, he did not have to grease his boots, nor oil his hair now.

One evening while in a village store, a man with whom I was acquainted came in. Sopping before the dry goods counter he asked for a spool of thread. I said good evening Mr. Ball. But he seemed to be so busily engaged in making a purchase that he could not spare time to reply. Just then a sled loaded with boys who were coasting down a steep hill near by collided with a horse that was hitched to cutter in which were some ladies, upsetting the horse, breaking the shafts, turning over the cutter, creating no little alarm for the safety of the occupants. Hearing some noise all, except the thread customer, rushed to the door to see what was the cause of the commotion. The ladies not being injured seriously were soon extricated and all returned to the store stove for the weather was cold as it usually is when boys slide down hill. Just then the news boy came in with the evening paper with the startling news that a horrible murder had been committed in the immediate vicinity. My friend Ball, had not yet succeeded in finding the exact shade of thread to suit. In the mean time some dozen men were around the stove reading or talking in loud earnest tones about the shocking murder. Presently the thread was selected and paid for. As he approached the door, it was the first intimation that our friend Ball, had that anything unusual had occurred. Like a good errand boy he went directly home not hearing of the accident or the murder until the next day. And this same man has a wife and family of children and they say that he pulls off his boots and removes the greater part of his clothing regularly every night when he retires. His hobby was of a transitory nature.

Some men have a hobby that success depends wholly on shrewd purchases. And they seem to think (something?) is accomplished if the can jew the seller down just a little. One day as a huckster wagon stood backed up to a cross walk, a gentleman with freshly blackened boots on his feet, stopped to purchase some cabbage as they were a nice uniform lot. He asked the price, was told six for a quarter. After looking them over for some minutes, says I guess they are all about like. Finally he told the vendor he would give him only twenty cents for those six. The market being dull, the huckster told him he might have them. The man handed him a quarter and while waiting for the penny, he horse suddenly backed up a step, pushing the man backward into the mud. When he regained the sidewalk, he looked at his boots exclaimed rather dear penny, then paid a dime to have his boots cleaned.

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There are many persons who think that economy deserves their whole attention. So much so that it becomes a hobby. One highly respected gentleman residing in our village, when ever present at any public meeting where business of any importance was to be trans acted, was for many years chosen chairman of the meeting on the account of his high social standing, his gentlemanly bearing, and his scholarly attainments. He was having a building repaired, employing two carpenters to assist him, for he was a good workman himself. One of the helpers he gave two dollars and seventy five cents per day, the other two twenty five per day. I called on this economist, Mr. V., one day, found him straightening old nails. Before him was a pile of about ten pounds which he had straightened in all of the forenoon. New nails were worth three and a half cents per pound, and yet by some Mr. V. was counted an economical shrewd man.

I knew a farmer who was never willing to pay out a cent if there was any way to avoid it. He was sorely troubled with gophers or ground squirrels as they are sometimes called. They were destroying his corn before it came up. His boys told him if they had some shot, they could shoot the gophers with the old shot gun. The old man said he thought they could kill them with pine plugs, which he could cut off a pine stick. So at it he went cutting off pine plugs. He worked faithfully nearly all the forenoon, when his knife slipped cutting his thumb to the bone. This ended the pine plug industry as he was laid up for a week just when his time was worth one fifty per day. Boys, I guess I'd better bought a couple of pounds of shot.

As recently as eighteen hundred and seventy three I knew a farmer to work half a day hammering his scythe to make it thinner, to save the wear of the grindstone, which was two feet in diameter and cost one dollar and sixty five cents. When he died the grindstone was scarcely three inches less in diameter. Novel ideas of economy are not always confined to men. I knew a lady as well, known as a shrewd economical housewife, who when sewing found the thread too short to admit of the needle being turned. Would let the thread slip out, then insert the needle thread the little remaining thread drawing it all in thereby loosing none. Thread was worth two cents per spool. Another old lady and her grown up daughter were engaged in cleaning house when they came across a package. Neither knew what it contained. Where upon the young woman – Sally – opened it. It was some kind of a powder. At first they could neither one determine what it was. Sally suggested throwing it away, but the old lady's idea of economy would not allow this. Just then it occurred to the mother that it was jalap that the doctor left there the fall before when Sally had a bilious attack. Sally, the doctor said it would do you good then. Maybe twil do you good now, and if I was you, I wouldn't throw it away. I'd take it now. Sally looked at it for a moment, then as the economy had prevailed, she swallowed it. The work went on well for a time, but presently Sally was taken very sick, and her mother thought she was going to die. A neighbor was dispatched for the doctor.

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There was no physician nearer than two miles, so it was fully an hour before he arrived. Long before this the jalap had rebelled so that the doctor's services were not needed. The old lady said I don't care, I didn't throw it away any how. Some say that he all have our hobby.

And that our hobby appears just as unreasonable and foolish to others as their's does to us. That may be true, but it does not seem so to me. For I knew a maiden lady who I think was an exception. She was quite old when I first came to know her. We always called her Aunt Hobby. She said she would just as soon be called that as anything else. She said she was not all to blame because her name was so long and if the people nowadays wasn't in such a pesky hurry to get though this world ahead of time they might all have time to speak it. One day as she sat reading a newspaper she laid it aside and looking up rather oddly she said it beats all what a terrible hurry some folks are in to get through this world. Why she was asked. My I was just reading where a train was going just as fast as it could and another train came up behind and wouldn't wait but bunted right into the hind car, threw it off of the track and killed a whole lot. And I think there ought to be a law preventing folks getting in such a hurry. Then they would have time to call me by my right name, Theresa Whitingham Ordlington, instead of Aunt Hobby. But I don't care much any how.

There are so many things to tell about Aunt Hobby that I don't know hardly where to begin. And I expect to find it more difficult to tell when or where to stop.

She lived with her brother helping his wife about the house. Some said she was not just right in her mind. Be that as it may when ever any one made an attack on her hobby she always came out ahead. She said she had never been married, she would not look at a man, nor hang out his overalls to dry unless they were handed backside towards her. Perhaps this was a hobby. She said that her bump of antiprogenitiveness was as large as a teakettle. She was asked how that could be when the teakettle was larger than her head. She said that her bump was in the left side of her heart and just like a teakettle only she didn't think it had handles and the cover was always off she guessed. For every time she heard a youngster cry her heart would boil over as quick a teakettle on a red hot stove. And she couldn't help it neither. She came to be looked upon as the one indispensable personage at all ceremonies where there was an infantile specimen of divinely appointed human achievement introduced into our neighborhood needing a given name. An accommodation she was never short of.

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Some how she thought it was her right to be the first to see and her ears to be the first to hear the sound of and her hands the first to handle the God given dear little lump of helpless innocent indulgent gratifying human perpetuity. News went out through the neighborhood one morning that Aunt Hobby was on her high heels that there was a new comer at the Ordlingtons. A fine plump strong girl baby. The great wonder was would they let Aunt Hobby name it. This was talked over for several days. In the family as well as in the neighborhood. The father and mother finally consented. Saying that if they refused it would completely kill Aunt Hobby. So the next morning after breakfast they told Aunt Hobby that she was to name the baby. She jumped up from the table so suddenly that she overturned her chair and her sun bonnet that had not been absent from her head in months flew off of her head in her great haste to get the little darling to kiss a hundred more times and then stop long enough to call it her dear little Theresa Whitingham Ordlington. The father and mother looked at each other in silent surprise for a moment or two when the mother said well we can call her Thessa that will not sound bad. I don't care what you call her for short said Aunt Hobby between her kisses. The father wondered as he left the room which would be the most liable to prove fatal to the baby, the kisses or the name. When the baby was a month, old the mother being quite well and up around the house, it was decided to invite the neighbors in and have a little kind of a jollification as the Ordlingtons had been married several years and this was their first born.

Accordingly the invitations were sent out for the following Saturday night, as Mr. and Mrs. Ordlington did not believe as much in the sanctity of the Sabbath as did Aunt Hobby. So if the festival should last late into the night the family would loose no working time. Great preparations were made to have a good supper and a good time. Saturday night came and so did fully forty of the fun loving neighbors. The fore part of the evening was spent in talking over ordinary topics, telling stories, singing and the like. Supper was indulged in from eleven to twelve. After there seemed to be a little time which dragged. Just at this time one of the ladies thought perhaps she might amuse the party by asking Aunt Hobby why she gave the baby such a long old fashioned name. And added my Grandmother W. was a Whitingham. And I have heard the name Theresa in old German history well says Aunt Hobby there is more in a name than most people know of. Yes said Mary Snow for it was her that dared to ask why this name had been given. Yes I see that there is a good many letters in this one. Now if there was any one thing that Aunt Hobby disliked more than another, it was to be catechized as she called it and those who knew her best trembled a little for Mary for they could see a storm ahead.

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Aunt Hobby then came into the room and seeing that there were only ladles present she began, there is more in a name than most folks know of. Well says Mary wont you be so good as to tell us what it is that is so very good in this name that you have given to this nice baby. Yes I will. She began by saying that it was a good omen to have such a name. Why, did any thing good ever happen to you Aunt Hobby?. It was plan to be seen that Aunt Hobby did not relish the idea of any reference being made to her early life. Still she controlled herself unusually well and continued. In the first place I didn't belong to that name any how. I was kind of crowded on to it. My name was something else. Don't you see that the initials of her name are T. W. O. Yes but what of that. A good deal. Of course some things go by three's. Triplets almost always do and some things go by fours. But just see all of the great and good things that go by two's. Well what are Aunt Hobby?. Oh my we wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for two's. Haven't we got two eyes, two arms and two legs? And she looked hurriedly around to see if there were any men in hearing and two feet. Only one nose said Mary. That's got two nostrils quickly retorted Aunt Hobby.

In the very beginning there were two. Only one God said Mary. Oh yes there was because one day when God got lonesome He spoke to some one and said let us make man. Now there must have been two. Oh well that was the Holy Ghost. I guess not that Holy Ghost is a big pile of shadowy nothing that just stands around and does nothing. And such a great worker as God was to make this whole world out of nothing in six days never would have asked him or her to helped him in making such an unaccountable fathomless intricate unimcomprehensible puzzling mystery as a man. Well says Mary according to your tell when man was made there was three. Well yes if you think he was worth counting. But you know I told you in the start that there were some things went by three's. For our folks once had a chicken that had a third leg but it didn't amount to much. It was too short and too far behind. If it had been located farther forward or a little longer it would not have been such a complete failure. And the minister told us last Sunday that man was created healthy, good, upright and happy, placed in a beautiful garden with nothing to do only to roam about and eat sing and worship God. But he said somehow I could not quite understand - he slipped and fell. Perhaps he being like the chicken's third leg, a little short, he didn't catch on and so the minister said we were all sinners. And that was not what we were made to be. It was not quite clear to my mind what happened to get that perfect man going wrong. There was no one there to interfere with him, only God and that other fellow us whoever he was. And God and us had not a particle of business on hand only to watch him and see that he went right.

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For by the time that man was turned out to shift for himself, God had finished all his works and taken a day off for a rest up. It seems to me that if that first man was any like the man of today it would have been a good plan to have watched him just a little and see how he made it go over some of those slippery places. Don't you remember that Mrs. Bronson was telling about old elder Backendoff slipping some how I couldn't hear it all – you know my hearing is not as good as it as when I was young, then I could hear every word - but, he slipped some how she said that it was awful. I believe she said it was down by sister Marlborough's or she picked him up any way. She said that he wasn't fit to preach any more so it must have been quite a fall. And so fortunate that she should be there to help pick him up. Some many falls by two's. The minister said that Adam was all right till God made another and the two made a fall. After this falling business it appears as tho that man was some how left to run the ranch for himself and seemed to get along quite well for in a surprisingly short time his family had increased so much that they commenced killing them off. And so with all kinds of animals.

They say that the people did not manage matters just right and God said he would destroy them and history tell us that one man was afraid so he went to work and after a very long time he built a big box shaped something that he called an ark. And just as he got it done the rainy season began. And right here comes in my two's again. As soon as he had the ark ready he commenced taking in almost every thing by two's. Well the wet spell lasted till there was not a vestige of anything to be seen but water out side of the ark. Just why every thing should go in by two's never was quite clear to my mind. I think that one of a kind would have answered for a pattern and Noah must have been terribly put too it for room. If the animals were as large in those days as they are now and such a saving of food and when I think of the polar bear with his thick hide and his long shaggy hair and. Himself having never known nothing but snow ice and a polar region stuck in that ark literally packed in with the animals of tropical regions what a sweat he must have taken.

Nowadays it would take a hundred of our largest ocean steamers to carry feed sufficient for what the ark is said to have contained through that that forty day shower. When the water disappeared I don't know, just know where it went too. But they said it did. And left naught but the subsided muds. Wasn't it poor pasturing for the animals which depended on grazing for an exist ace? And what was there for the panther, bear, wolf, tiger and lion and all the rest of the flesh eating animals to satisfy their hunger with ? But Mary, I suppose that it is wicked for me to think this way. But if I had been in Noah's place I would have left some of pesky creatures out and left more room for the rest.

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Don't you think that the deer, antelope, goat, lamb and rabbit kind of went out by twos just to protect each other like and did the pig keep right along with the rest never stopping to root. My I should think he would have been so intent on rooting that he'd never think till the old grizzly bear would had him in his mouth but he didn't because we have had lots of pigs all along. But there is lots of things goes by three's. And that is the reason that I want the baby to have three names with three syllables in each name and three letters in each syllable. But Aunt Hobby there isn't three letters in the last syllable of Theresa. No because you stop before you get through. If you hitch an H on the way TT out to be then its all right. How about those G's in the rest of the name. Them don't belong there and I don't sound them anyhow. All right Aunt Hobby for I see you are bound to come out ahead. Why shouldn't I they said I was born ahead of time, or your time anyhow. But you will see that two's and, three's will follow our Thessy now your just watch. Just here it was discovered that it was getting in to the small hours of the night and the party broke up. On their way home various opinions were expressed as to who Aunt Hobby really was. Some said she was not a sister of Ordlington, others thought her crazy. But they all agreed that she was the fun of the evening and cute enough for any of them.

Years went by just as they always have and Thessy came to be eighteen. When Thessy was a little girl, her Aunt Hobby Whitingham died leaving a sealed package for Thessy not to be opened till she was eighteen. This was generally known in the neighborhood. So it was arranged that she should give a party. Several who were there at the baby party came. It was agreed to not open the package until after supper. So a goodly part of the evening was spent in guessing what it contained. Some thought the old Aunt Hobby's picture. Some guessed some nice lace work. Others allowed it might be a hundred dollars in money. But little credence was given to this. For no one supposed that she had any money. Well says one Aunt Hobby what do you guess is in it. Oh I don't know but if it isn't something by two's or three's I'll loose my guess. Well after supper the package was opened and to their great surprise they found a bank credit. The city bank was to pay to Thessy Whitingham Ordlington on her eighteenth birthday the sum of two thousand dollars with interest. When figured up, amounted to just three thousand dollars. There, there .said Aunt Hobby tell me there is nothing in name. You see it is by two's an three's both. Well Aunt Hobby you are entitled to a long credit mark. The best guesser of us all. The party broke up early, every body being pleased to hear of Thessy's good fortune. Saying she was such a good girl and deserved it.

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Well mother, Thessy one evening, I suppose that I am to be my own boss after this, now that I am past eighteen? Why Thessy I don't quite comprehend you, do you not have all of the liberty you wish? Surely your father and I have been very indulgent to you, have we not? Oh yes mother, but that isn't what I have reference too. Well what then, do you wish to go to college, or, or, surely it isn't matrimony. And then Thessy burst out in a fit of laughter. No mother, I have relegated that subject to the uncertain future, at least until I am twenty five. Then if a level headed business like stalwart, man of good repute, offers himself, I will consider. This reply was made in a firm tone leaving no doubt as to the speaker's decision. Few if any young women's manner, tone and words commanded so much respect as did Thessy's. No mother you could not guess so you need not try. I have had a plan growing in my mind for three years, but before I unfold it to you, I wish to consult Mr. Broadhead, and that I can do tomorrow. And whether he approves or not I will tell you all about it when I return.

Accordingly, Thessy went to the village the next day, saw Mr. Broadhead and when she returned was in good spirits. After supper was over and while Aunt Hobby was engaged in doing up the dishes, Thessy began telling her mother her plan, the kitchen door remaining a little ajar. Well mother, I found Mr. Broadhead at home and he assured me, quite at his leisure, except to look over the morning paper, and that was secondary to my wishes. He was in his pleasantest mood. He congratulated me over my birthday find, and says I hope you will make good use of it. I thought this is my opportunity, so I replied that is what brought me here. Ah, so he said. I suppose he thought I had come to learn from him where there was some place that I could loan my money safely at larger interest than the bank was paying. If he had any doubt I soon relieved his mind. Well Mr. Broadhead, as I believe in doing business in a plain matter of fact way I am going to open it at once. Certainly, certainly, Thessy no reserve is necessary with me. You know that in the Sunday school, the pulpit and in every temperance lecture, the fact that so many of the rising generation are going to the bad is deeply deplored. Now I have a plan of my own, and here it is. I propose to rent a room fit it out with a speakers stand near the centre and to one side, with two side rooms, one for a kitchen the other for a cloak room. To start with I will contribute one thousand dollars to purchase a library, and from time to time solicit contributions until it is large enough to supply our needs. The library to be free to every one in the room but not to be taken away except by special permit. I have not formulated all of the rules in detail. My plan is something like this. The hall is to be free to all, no smoking or rough or boisterous language allowed, comfortable easy seats are to be furnished. Every person feeling free to move at about at will, except when public speaking or reading is in order. Which are constitute in the main, the exercises of the evenings, and when ever deemed advisable by the committee having charge of these exercises in the day time, perhaps in winter. I intend to make this place so agreeable and attractive to the young that they will not have to driven thither with a lash. And I as to consider myself a constituted committee of one to see to it every young man in our village not only understands the intention of the organization, but that it's not necessary that he or she be must be well educated or wealthy or that they must wear collars and cuffs if they do not choose so to do. Here I paused to see if he would make any reply.

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This is rather of a novel idea said Mr. Broadhead to me to say the least of it, and while I appreciate your good intention and admire your courage in your willingness to embark in such an undertaking but it is so laborious and if started I would not like to see it fail. I am strong and willing - said I - and think you need have no fear of a failure. I shall devote my entire time to the carrying out of this plan. I have my pony and can be in the village every day if necessary. Are your parents agreed? He asked. I have not unfolded my plan to them. Do you know of suitable rooms to be had? I have a hall and two side. rooms that will be for rent the first of the month. And now Thessy, he said, you talk it over with your father and mother and I will see you again. And now mother I think that I have told you all of any importance. Oh he joked me about the possibility of my falling in love with some of the young men. Being brought more closely in contact with them in my new field of labor and then he said my new scheme would fail. I told him of my determination, he smiled and I took my leave. Thessy arose early the following morning and by breakfast time she had done much towards getting her ideas of organization on paper and before dinner she completed what was afterwards pronounced a systematically arranged set of plans, rules and bylaws. Of course they were to be submitted for approval or amendment at the proper time. I will give some that I think will interest the reader. First a president, three vice presidents, a bookkeeper, a treasurer giving bonds, librarian and a janitor. Other officers might be appointed as needed. The organization is to be purely nonsectarian, no oath nor pledge required as a test of membership. The end aimed at the elevation of mankind. After dinner Thessy read the work to her mother and thoughtlessly in the presence of Aunt Hobby who remarked I knew a little girl who bit off more taffy than she could chew. Never mind Aunt Hobby you know you are inclined to minify my ability.

You know you said that I could not break my pony to ride. And now he is the best on the road. Yes but I wouldn't have been thrown into the ditch as many times as you were for all of the ponies in town. Well I mastered him any how. And papers in hand off she started for the village. Finding Mr. Broadhead she proceeded at once to read to him her formulations. Now what do you think said she. You are a puzzle and a mystery but most of all a surprise. And I begin to think a hypnotic. For the more I look over your proposition the more possible it looks and since you seem to be so terribly in earnest I have resolved to assist you. Many thanks said Thessy. He continued I will fit up the hall and donate the first years rent, provided Thessy that you are to be first vice president and agree not let any young man ingratiate himself uncontrollably into the deep recesses of your large sweet philanthropic heart until you are twenty one. Did I not tell you yesterday that I am booked singly for this enterprise till twenty five? With a twinkle in her eye she said jokes are sometimes enjoyable but business before pleasure. All right Thessy I guess I can trust you. I have not deemed it expedient to weary the reader with a prolonged description of our heroin. Believing that long before my story is finished her traits will all show for them selves. And if I can succeed in exhibiting with a pen her endowments half as well as her face does I shall feel perfectly satisfied.

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Thessy thought that she might as well begin business at once. Accordingly she wrote to several of the largest book dealers in the United States for catalogues and their lowest cash prices for a thousand dollar order. Ere many days with Mr. Broadhead's assistance a meeting was held and with but little delay an organization was effected, and named the Bazore Library by Thessy's request. Tho much wonder was expressed at the name for the name prior to last year was quite unknown hereabouts. Some of the inhabitants knew that a French family moved into a farm house three miles out of the village to the west, while the Ordlington farm was at the east of town. The first thing to do was get organized. The rooms fitted and furnished, once installed in their proper place, Thessy felt sure of ultimate success for she had already secured the services of a man and his wife -and a maiden lady who assured her that they would devote as much time as would Thessy. A committee of five, with Thessy as chairman, was appointed to purchase the books.

Soon the catalogs of prices arrived. Thessy called the committee together and three whole days were consumed in making out the order. This being completed Thessy suggested that they write the lowest bidder to know if they would not make a larger discount for spot cash to such a philanthropic organization as theirs stating its object: This was agreed too without opposition. She wrote and by return mail received this reply. They could not lessen the cost of the books but the house would present to the Bazore Library a globe of the latest and most improved pattern accompanied by large wall map of every state in our union. This offer was accepted. Everything moved smoothly for Thessy for in a few days the books would be ready. One day Mr. and Mrs. Ordlington took the train early in the morning for the city to be absent until night fall. So Thessy said she would remain at home as Aunt Hobby might be lonely. While quietly musing over the object uppermost in her mind she heard a knock, opening the door a young man lifted his hat and said Thessy perhaps? Yes she replied he then handed her a note addressed to Thessy and Aunt Hobby. Thessy seated herself to see if she could make out the hand writing, then -her thoughts fell suddenly on the young man who had delivered it. Surely I have seen him before. Then she called to Aunt Hobby and read the note. Dated Bazore farm, Dear Aunt Hobby I am nearing my end and wish very much to see you come quickly signed Bazore. Aunt Hobby looked at the clock. Thessy could your pony draw two, for I could not go alone? Certainly oh certainly. Well what ever the result it must be kept a secret till the time comes. Well, lets be off. The sooner off the quicker home.

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In a very few minutes the pony was hitched to the buckboard and Thessy and Aunt Hobby were on their way to the Bazore farm. Under other circumstances Aunt Hobby would have enjoyed the ride very much but as it was she was only too anxious to reach the Bazore residence that she might know the worst. As they drove into the Bazore yard and halted, before the side entrance, the same young man who had delivered the message stepped up and taking charge of the pony the two ladies were soon in the sitting room where they met the house keeper, a middle aged lady of fine appearance. Soon the sounds of their voices reached the nursery and the old man called. Aunt Hobby was shown to his bedside. The old man turned his head on the pillow as if to assure himself that none but his sister was present and then said Oh I am so glad that you have come my dear sister. When I am no more you must tell Asa and Bert all about our relationship. I have made a will. Giving you five thousand to go to Thessy at your death, one thousand to Thessy and five thousand to the Bazore Library. The will is to be read in public the day after my funeral. I have arranged with the good Doctor Quay to make some remarks at the grave. How about Asa and Bert ? asked Aunt Hobby. They know all, have no fear. They are true Bazores, they will give no trouble. Besides they are well provided for. You see I am worth more than is generally supposed. Just then the doctor arrived. The old man extended his hand to Aunt Hobby and they parted for the last time.

As she reached the sitting room Thessy asked, Are you ready now to go? Very soon I think. Slowly accompanied by the house keeper they made their way to the gate and just as they were seated in the buggy the doctor came out on the porch and motioning his hand to them they waited. He approached saying the good old man is no more. Thessy could not engage Aunt Hobby in conversation on the way home. After the pony was put in the stable and fed Thessy and Aunt Hobby had a lunch, And then Aunt Hobby said well Thessy now I suppose I may as well tell you about my brother. And was Mr. Bazore really your brother Aunt Hobby? asked Thessy. Yes he was my own brother good and true, and your father, my half brother. You see Thessy good comes by two's Bazore has two syllables and did you see the twins. Oh yes and how very like each other they are. What is their names? Asa and Bert. Two nice young men just like their father and Thessy you will be so surprised when you hear the will. Which is not to be made public until the day after the funeral. Well it is almost time for father and mother to be here if nothing wrong has happened.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ordlington, having returned and supper over Aunt Hobby came-in sitting in silence a few moments she said looking Mr. Ordlington full in the face said I have news to tell. Some was not altogether unexpected to me. Some will surprise you and some will please everybody around here, even tho it followed a death. My brother Bazore is dead. Your brother, yes, my own brother. All the own brother I ever had died today. He sent me word and Thessy hitched up her pony and carried me over there just in time to hear his last words. Do you mean that old French man that lives three miles west of town. Yes that's the man. He told me that he had made his will giving five thousand to Thessy's library and a little to Thessy and me. The will is to be read after the funeral. Thessy's father and mother looked at Thessy for confirmation. Receiving a nod of approval they did not interrupt Aunt Hobby who kept right on talking. You will see if you live that nearly everything goes by two's and three's. As soon as Aunt Hobby reached a convenient side track, Thessy adroitly sided her by asking her mother some questions about the city. There was a mutual understanding in the family that it was Better not to cross Aunt Hobby. It would sometimes make her wild. This seems to have grown on her more and more of late. Soon she retired to the kitchen where she spent the most of her time. And then the whole matter was explained by Thessy. How much family did he leave? asked Mrs. Ordlington. Just two sons. Do you remember those two young men who stopped here last summer to repair their harness? Oh yes. Those were, or rather are his twin sons. Was the old man wealthy? He assured Aunt Hobby that they were well provided for and that the boys knew all about the will so there would be no trouble.

The young Bazores as they were frequently called resembled each other so much that none but those who were the most intimately acquainted with them could note the difference. This being their first year on this farm their whole time was required to get their farm business arranged to their liking. For this reason they had spent but little time in the village. Their plan was to raise stock for the "Upper Nine market", as Aunt Hobby called it and several new and expensive buildings were needed when they took the farm. Their father being aged nearly all of the oversight fell on the boys. Their plans were fast approaching completion and they expected that before winter should set in everything would be in readiness for the cold weather. The day of the funeral came and with it its sadness the undertaker was to take charge by request of the old man. No preaching service was had and Doctor Quay read the old man's wish at the grave. As we stand in the presence of what remains of the physical structure of this venerable old man it seems as tho a feeling of kindly regard and great respect finds longement in the deepest recesses of our fraternal affections. It is sad to be called upon to participate in the last rites due to dear kind friends of a life time. The solemnity on such an occasion is only equaled by the gloom. By an unalterable law of nature all mankind must tread this path. Why or whither we know not, condition beyond none can tell. The grave like a mountain whose height cannot be computed, whose depth is fathomless and whose bewildering immensity of breadth so effectually shuts out every shadow of light, and knowledge regarding another life that not even the concentrated powers of the sun which are capable of withering and destroying everything tangible have ever made the slightest impression

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on this incomprehensible mystery. Not even the first leaf has been unfolded to our view. The pages of time are not numbered to us. To the great beyond. If any, there be death and time holds the key. Nature's law were less hasty in her unwelcome demands on our aged father Bazore than they were on many who have preceded him. Four score and ten enjoyable summers were handed one after the other as if to recompense him for the many generous deeds of kindness done to his less fortunate neighbors. In his death we lament as we lower his remains in to his earthly confines we do not forget his social qualities which drew so many friends around him. Hoping that in his two sons we may find his double we say farewell. The coffin was then placed in its last resting place and the people were soon on their way to their homes. Well after the funeral matters and things, at least pertaining to this life, went along just about the same as before, just as they always have and probably always will. And just as I hope they will after I die. For I would not if I could have the world feel unusually disturbed because the writer of this had lost his grip on the thread of life. For that is all at that mine at times seems to be and when my attention is called to it as it frequently is of late, I almost fancy that I see the raveling parting. But perhaps this is more or less common to all. Well the morrow came with its duties its hopes and its fears. None of the latter for Thessy. As soon as break fast had been laid away Thessy and her pony were on their way to town. Riding straight to the residence of Doctor Quay, she dismounted, tied her pony, rang the bell the doctor answered and she went in.

Good morning Thessy you are looking well. Never better. You have come to spend the day with us I suppose or with my family as I have a call out in the country that will keep me out nearly all day. Oh no I came to see how you or the committee were getting along. With the furnishing work we have it all arranged Mrs. Quay or Fanny will tell you all about it. Soon the doctor was off to see his country patient. So Fanny told how much interest she and the doctor felt in the new move. And that their whole heart and hand were with Thessy in the work and Thessy I have some money in the bank from my father's estate. You know he died last winter and the doctor and I are going to pay for all of the furniture our selves. And what ever contributions we receive will remain in the treasury for emergency. The doctor and his wife were thirty years of age. Having no children they had received a liberal education and were as agreeable a couple as one ever meets. He was a good public reader, quite an orator and a free hearted public spirited man. In them Thessy thought she saw her best cooperative strength At ten o'clock the will was read. A neighbor brought in the news which was a very agreeable surprise to Fanny. For some minutes she said Well, well. Five thousand to our library now we are all right. I will risk but what we can keep it up. The Bazore will and the library was all the young folks could find to talk about for several days. Arriving at home Thessy found Aunt Hobby reading the village paper. A rather an unusual thing for her to do. The Bazore Library committee had furnished the paper with an article of praise to Mr. Bazore for his wholly unlooked for generous gift, together with an account of the globe being received, put in place and many interesting incidents connected with it. This was what attracted Aunt Hobby's attention. Presently she laid aside the paper and said there I told you everything went by two's or three's. "What now?" asked Thessy. The paper says that the globe cost two thousand dollars. That is to get up the first one and it was two days on the road and it took two men and two teams to bring it from the depot. And it was in two parts and it two experts to set it up and somebody has got to pay two dollars per day for their bill at tile hotel.

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and that I think is an outrage. They must have been sick in the night. Or something of that sort, and I don't wonder at it if they tried to eat two dollars a day worth. And these fellows went away at two o'clock on the two o'clock which never has but two cars. I tell you every goes by two's when it don't go by three's. Why the first thing I saw when I looked into the coffin, was my dead brother's two eye lids. The same ones that nature gave him more than ninety years ago. So you see they did business by two's as long ago as that. Just then I thought someone else wanted to be so I turned away. And I saw nothing more. Well everybody humored Aunt Hobby for she was a concentration of goodness Tho she talked a little wild in spells. This the family never seemed to notice. She was never sleepy, never hungry she said, never weary when there was anything to be done. Always the last to retire, first seeing that the watch dog was alright, then fastening every door, winding the clock, and as she passed Thessy's door, stopping to see if she could tell if Thessy was still up yet. For she said she didn't want Thessy to get be Aunt Hobby when she was old, a sitting up nights as she did. Thessy would sometimes place the back of a chair before the keyhole in the door when she had some writing to do. For her room was always warm without cost by the escaping surplus heat from the stove below through a heater in her room. Wednesday came and with it pleasant weather and good roads which were promise of a goodly turnout to the grand opening of the Bazore Library. Early in the day Thessy called on Fanny, as she was one of the committee of arrangements to see if her services were needed. Fanny assured her that the doctor had arranged for a full keg of oysters to be there on time, and what were not used were returnable.

Tea and coffee were to be served with other such edibles as were brought in. And there will be no lack for, although, I have observed our motto never to beg. Several ladies called after the funeral to know what they might bring, so rest easy. Mr. Wavon from Philadelphia would deliver the opening address. Well, seven o'clock came and the people began to assemble. And by seven thirty, it looked as tho the rooms were too small for the occasion. At eight o'clock the rooms were well filled, and a quarter past Dr. Quay introduced Professor Wavon. The speaker began by illustrating the benefits to society of well managed library societies. He said that if the line was adopted in the Bazore, was zealously and persistently carried out in his opinion, it would be the best thing this town had ever had. As the audience was by far the greater part young people, it was observed many, that he dwelt long and arduously on the advantages of education in all of the various callings of life. Noticeably above all, not one word of condemnation did he utter. There seemed to be no place for anything of that kind from the very beginning to the end. But his faculty to present and unfold his plans agreeable to the ear, surpassed anything that I had ever heard or read. His theme was to do right for the sake of right, and the pride you would take in it. Do good for the sake of the good feeling that it left with the doer. He said that compulsory good or an act however good, done through fear did not weigh very heavy in his scales. He believed that the reason that we were considered by many the foremost nation extant, and that we produced the most silvery tongued orators in this great world, and that we spent more wealth per capita, annually than any other people was wholly due to the freedom given to the expression of liberal ideas in this country. The fact that representations from

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every civilized nation on the earth might be found seeking to be Americanized, of itself were substantial evidence, of our high standing in the estimation of other nations. He believed that should immigration cease in one hundred years, superstition would be so faded and thin, that the child would see through it. Pleasant mellow homelike education was what we most needed, because that would do us the most good. Spend your time reading talking or thinking not, about that which does not nor cannot concern you. I rather have the lessons that that globe standing yonder teaches, to raise potato, tobacco or hay with, than the combined powers of all of imaginary or wooden gods, ever recorded. In looking over the encyclopedia for this state, I find there is a full account given of what the soil of every county is best adapted to. What would a wooden god know about soil. Surely if you are about to start out for yourself young man in agricultural pursuit, having no taste for anything but stock if you knew it would not purchase a farm where it was so dry and sandy that nothing but turtles would flourish.

No, no you would settle where you could with ordinary care, harvest a crop of nutritive hay, so that there would be some prospect of success. He spoke for two hours and very many times did I hear it remarked that his illustrations were so simple and yet so all convincing that he was the easiest speaker to listen to they ever heard. At half past ten we all sat down to supper said Thessy to Aunt Hobby for she wanted to hear all about it the next day. Every little while I could hear something that sounded like a coin dropping into a can or box. As those who had satisfied their hunger filed by the door. Sure enough, as I afterwards learned, Mr. Broadhead had furnished a new and novel lot contribution box. By shoving an American quarter in the vertical slot, as far as one could with the fingers, it would work a spring and the piece would drop into the closed box below. No other piece would work the spring. Of course this was wholly unlooked for, and many were unprepared and some felt a little chagrined, but as it was given out to be a free lecture, and lunch no exceptions were taken. And now we must retire. Every day Thessy found something demanding her attention. It was not expected that it would be possible to get everything in apple pie order sooner than a month. The committee having charge of periodicals, were instructed to secure papers from all of the important English speaking cities in the world. Magazines and papers from our own publishers already were coming in. The globe was the great center of attraction the first week. The library was pronounced by good judges a rare collection, judiciously selected. The committee on exercises, thought it would be able to perfect arrangements where by they could furnish daily public reading or speaking, or both. And so the earnest workers met at the Bazole every day to consult as to the matter in hand. It was getting to be a common expression to hear some one reply to another, Oh he's sup to the Bazole, the library being left off. Nearly everything ordered had arrived and been assigned to its proper place. Either the encyclopedia, dictionary or some history was consulted by first one and then another, to settle some difference of opinion entertained by two or more persons, not having any authority or command. Many there were, who passed in and out taking little or no notice of the globe, supposing that its size was its only new merit. So an evening was set apart, for a little globe talk by Dr. Quay as speaker. The night came. The doctor took the stand saying...

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This globe is more than eight feet in its greatest diameter. The shell is but one fourth of an inch in thickness. Made of the finest quality of aluminum. Made in two sections for convenient shipping. It has required two experts to put it in place as you see it. It is one of the marvels of the age. Every country is noted and rendered conspicuous from all that join it by its contrasting colors. Every capital city or place of note, can be readily found by the aid of the index accompanying the globe. Beneath every word or name, is a small cross or + the center of which, marks the exact center of the city. Every river, lake, mountain, mine or cave is marked, every island having a name is defined. In fact everything that is known to modern scholars regarding the geography of the earth is plainly noted in the index guide. There's been no critic as yet able to point out any shortage or defect. This globe is arranged on a scale of one thousand miles to the foot. Accompanying the globe is a triangular scale for measuring distances on the globe. This scale is three feet in length, made of aluminum, the same as the globe itself. Made with a curve corresponding exactly to the oval of the globe. So that when it is placed on the globe it is a complete fit. This scale instead of being divided into feet and inches, the feet are divided in ten equal spaces. These spaces subdivided into ten each. So that every one of these small spaces represent ten miles. By laying this instrument on the globe one point on the cross before mentioned, the distance between any two places may be seen at a glance. This scale is suspended by an exquisitely nice chain of the same material. In an appropriate place for use.

This keyboard which you see at the right of the globe, thickly studded with small buttons, arranged with mathematical precision in alphabetical order every place by name is to be found here. The globe is first wound up by means of a crank, held in place by springs by mechanical devise not easy to explain here. When a button is pressed in by one's finger, the location named over this button, is instantly brought before your face. By the spring being loosened removing the touch the globe is held firmly in place. The globe seldom needs winding oftener than once a week, tho it may be at any time. That cylindrical shaped instrument that you see in front is a geographical encyclopedia, of a new and novel pattern. On leaves of aluminum, about the thickness of the tin that the tin peddler carries, button holes like the tin. These leaves are hung on independent hinges. This novel book can be raised or lowered at will, by a gentle pull at a swinging chain. These leaves are alphabetically arranged, and each subject so thoroughly handled, that it seems to deserve the title it bears. And-you will find this globe outfit of great value to the young of the town of Filialton. Here the speaker closed. After the address was over, a ten year old boy who had appeared to take some interest in the proceeding asked the professor if that thing would tell every thing. I guess it will was the reply. Is there anything that you wish to know? Where is the garden of Eden, asked the boy. The professor drew down the encyclopedia, turning to garden he read garden of Eden where located. Exact location not known. Don't know eh said the boy. Well that's what I told dad the other day when he asked me where his new scythe stone was. I threw it at Bill and broke it and then threw it in the creek. Then he ran out whistling the mocking bird.

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That evening after supper, Thessy sat in the sitting room. Aunt Hobby, with the rest and relaxation of the day wondered aloud, what could be the main features of interest about the new globe. All were deeply interested, but none more so perhaps, than Aunt Hobby. This Thessy could not help noticing. After noticing, it's principle mechanical contrivances, by which it could be manipulated, giving its size scale and so forth, Thessy continued. It happened that my eyes were attracted to the Mediterranean Sea. And I must say that it is the most instructive and best executed work by far I ever saw. All of those ancient bible names are so conspicuous, that it is so easy to see how a person might get so all absorbed he might fancy he was actually there. Why there is Joppa, and Jerusalem, Damascus and the old route from Constantinople to Mecca, And to follow around the shores of the Mediterranean, the road that Paul took on his famous march to Rome. It looks so real like, and there are the mountains of Lebanon, with their cedars. Why to read the description it fairly makes me want to be there. But to do my best I can convey but, a limited idea of its real practical utility, to the growing youth who has any taste at all for knowledge of the earths surface. Of course you will all see it in time. Here she paused, and Aunt Hobby said well if its showing everything as plain as you say, I am a going to see it myself.

Well Aunt Hobby what would you look for? I'd look for devil the first thing. You can see one of them up to the village most any time if you wait around the street a little and some times you don't have to wait much either. Well I want to see one of those old fashioned ones that came out of that old woman, and jumped into the pigs, and kept them jumping till they jumped the pigs all in to the sea. I want to see the *hole business myself. And I want to see that valley of death where the smoke goes up forever, and the Augean stable, and put that try thing on and see if there is room enough between to catch my breath. And I want to see them big woods where all of those folks lived forty years. What for, Aunt Hobby? Just to see if there isn't some trace of a clothing factory. Or a some trace of potatoes or turnips or something that could be eaten on a pinch you know. And there is lots of things I have got in my noodle that I want to see and I ain't a going to tell you all of them either. Well we are to have a grand opening next Wednesday night. And then we will all go if you say so. When I go it will be in the daytime when I can see and no one but you shall know it. Well, mother or Dr. Quay and wife and myself have been selected to draft a resolution of thankful appreciation to be approved by the association and then sent to the globe house at Saint Louis.

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Week after week passed, and the Bazore continued to be well attended, except on very stormy weather. On such occasions, Thessy was always and the few attendants she would gather around her and read aloud some instructive essay that she always had in store for just such an occasion. And some of the youth said they enjoyed stormy nights. For Thessy was a good reader, and possessed in a high degree, the faculty of bringing out all of the good points made by the writer. At first Thessy's father and mother, were some what opposed to her going on stormy nights. Thessy quieted their fears, by assuring them that Fanny had dedicated a room to her for just such nights, and with her storm situation they should never feel ill at ease. One day a Thessy was passing the barber shop, she saw Sammy Tweed. She says how do you do Sammy. Why don't you come to the Bazore? Looking at his clothes, which were very shabby he inquired, do you let little boys in? Oh yes, boys of your age are always welcome no matter how small they are. One of the best men I ever knew, was no taller than you. You must come up tonight. Sammy gave another look at his dirty clothes. Now Sammy was an orphan living with his grandparents, who were poor, and aged, and Sammy went to school but little, occasionally earning a dime or a quarter by doing odd jobs. But he had a bright eye, and Thessy's keen perceptibilities, enabled her to see as she thought, the makings of a man. Just then the barber appeared on the scene and speaking to Sammy said another job. Well that's good my boy. Turning a little and catching Thessy's eye she said. Not exactly, but I think he would like to come to the Bazore tonight, and slipping a quarter into the barber's hand unperceived by Sammy, and then drawing her hand across her head and neck, the Barber understood her.

Thessy went her way. Sammy and the barber ascended the stairs to his shop. Well Sammy if you are going to the Bazore tonight, I'll cut your hair and scour you up a little. I have no money. Never mind that. They wouldn't let me in, in these dirty clothes and I wouldn't go if they would. Now the barber was a kind hearted fellow by nature, and thinking of a suit of clothes that once belonged to a boy who was drowned, but had been hanging in his closet ever since. Well, well Sammy get in the chair here and then we'll see what we can do for you. After removing by the aid of soap and water, time and muscle, time and a pair of shears, all that was unbecoming, above his shoulders, the barber pronounced it a job, as far as he had gone. Then going to closet, he brought the suit that had hung there so long. Now Sammy I have got just your fit, hat shoes and all I guess. Go in the wash room and try them on. Sammy obeyed, and soon appeared and stood before the barber, who turned him around, first this way and that way. They fit you like a picture on the wall. Now Sammy stand before that large mirror and see if you know who it is. Miss Thessy nor any of the rest will never know you. Won't I have to go too to introduce you. I guess you would have to introduce yourself first, for I know Thessy and you don't. Well you go first Sammy and tell me what they do up there, and then maybe I'll go. Not meaning a word of it of course, for he was one of the young men of the village, who wasted money and time in places that we never mention, except for the best of reasons.

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Sammy had assisted in carrying in the chairs and lite furniture when this work was in order, so he knew how the hall was arranged. He thought if he could get in unobserved and get a seat in the corner by the globe, he would avoid being interviewed. For tho Sammy was classed as a street lad he was by no means, a rough one, never using bad language. And when asked by a playmate one day why he didn't swear as the rest of the boys did, he said there were softer words, enough for him, that were not quite wore out yet. So he watched and waited till a goodly number had assembled, and then he went in quite unnoticed. Taking his seat back by the globe no one seemed to notice him and soon he felt quite at ease. Soon the assemblage were seated. The meeting called to order by Thessy, this not altogether disagreeable falling on her by reason of the absence of the president, Mr. Broadhead. When all were ready she introduced Professor Bowdin a bright handsome beardless young man, scarcely twenty one. He arose and with a musical voice, at times absolutely charming, proceeded to read, stopping to explain frequently as he did so. His powers over his hearers were so great, that one moment tears could be seen rolling down the half turned cheeks, while in a twinkling peals of merry laughter he would wring from the most stolid countenance. Perhaps none present took this in more than Sammy. And he told the barber the next day, that if a mere boy without a mustache, could travel and read and bewitch folks like that, he guessed he could do something yet. The young professor read and told several amusing stories, which were listened to by the entire audience.

Thus the meeting, like everything racy, came to an end. And while the many were filing out a few gathered around the speakers stand, perhaps to hear something of Mr. Bowdin's life or to get a closer view of his pleasant young face. Soon he was in chat with some of the nearer, telling them that he was born and raised in a little western town which had a marvelous growth, into a city at present of more than two hundred thousand in population. That perhaps nature had done more for him than for most others in as a humorist and in the disposition to let the world know it. That his ancestors had bequeathed financial smiles on him without stint. And with these prerequisites if he could do the people of this world who were less favored than himself, any good and at the same time amuse them, he would be only to happy to spend his entire life in so doing. Where upon the Dr. and his chubby little wife extended there hospitality. Not so fast, intercepted Thessy.

Does not one of our bylaws provide that the president shall see that the speaker is provided for? And do you insist on carrying out the rules rigidly? Ask the doctor with a twinkle in his mischievous eye? Nothing daunted Thessy replied, nothing very rigid in Professor Bowdin being entertained at the Ordlingtons. He will have all of the forenoon to try his magic power on Aunt Hobby for she has not been own to smile but once in ten years. And when was that, asked Fanny? The next morning after the globe was placed in position for service, I was describing with what marvelous distinctiveness the Mediterranean and its shores were shown, when she broke in and declared that if it done all that I said it did, then it would show the man, devil and pig scene, and she was agoing to see for herself how all of those three or four thousand swine looked, each with a devil in him or her, rushing pigheaded in to the sea. I wonder what the folks all done for pork the next year around there. Well, maybe that fish was more plenty, eating all of them swine devils and all. No wonder, no wonder they say that fish eating causes leprosy. If fish are fed this way very often. And

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The Ordlington team was at the door. The little party, the professor included, were soon at the farm, as the family always called it. The morning came, breakfast being over, a short history of the Bazole by request was sketched by Thessy. Its object and its plans met the approval of Mr. Bowdin. Perhaps said Thessy, you would favor us with a little reading, just short, you know. Opening his hand bag, and taking there from a small scrap-book, and seeing that Aunt Hobby was near the kitchen door, he read the account of a deranged mother led her four little children to the field, and there cut their throats with a butcher knife. By the time he had finished Aunt Hobby was ringing her hands, while the tears streamed down her brown wrinkled cheeks. As she afterwards said that moisture in her would be scarce article the rest of her days. Just then the professor turned to where the children returned from the Red Sea. Dry, shod and in safety, while the hosts of their pursuing enemy were being swallowed up by the angry waters, and as he dwelt much on the great joy of the delivered at their escape, from such a blood thirsty foe. Contrasting the latter's justly deserved watery grave with all of its, attend and tho unexpected, divinely appointed pains and struggles with the exultant condition of the God saved fugitives that Aunt Hobby laughed more than she wept.

As it was nearing train time, this was the next in order, Well Miss Ordlington, Thessy if you please. Would you allow me to ask a few questions which the answers will remove all fears of any bewildering reflections when we are widely separated? Oh certainly Mr. Bowdin. What seminary or high school did you attend? None, I have never been away from home. And yet the possessor of such rare ability as was displayed last evening. You surprise me. So rare that it is quite raw, as Aunt Hobby tells me when I feed the chickens. She says that I don't know how to do even that. Well what, of the future? I am dedicated to being a good girl, and my undivided attention to the Bazole, for seven years yet or until I am twenty five. You are engaged in a good work. And I shall not soon forget you. And many things have come under eye while here that will serve me well, while speaking to others. May we hope to be favored with an exhibition of your genius again? If upon reflection your committee, deem it profitable, and let me know, ten days in advance, nothing will be more gratifying to me. How about compensation? Asked Thessy, travelling expenses and Ordlington hospitality, replied he. As the carriage drew up to the door. The sound of the wheels soon died away as they strolled toward the station. As Thessy passed her card basket, she read on the top most card, Orلمان Bowdin 1315 17th Ave. Northeast M----

Thessy, said her mother, who was that bright looking little fellow in the corner by the globe last night? I didn't notice him mother. How old was he? Perhaps fourteen. Well, now that you call my attention to it, I do remember seeing a boy there, and I though I would enquire him out. Who did he come or go with? Probably some visitor in town. Oh mother, did you see Sammy Tweed there last night? No I guess not. Perhaps he was afraid to come, I invited him, but he looked at his clothes, and I thought he tried to shy me. I am agoing to look him up and see that he has some clothes. I think there is the stuff for a man. Our janitor needs help sometimes, and Sammy seems to be willing and he is so pleasant always to me. That I can't help feeling for him.

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The next day as Thessy was approaching the post office, Sammy was coming out and they came face to face. Sammy looked up and said Good morning. Good morning Sammy said Thessy, trying to not let Sammy see that she noticed his new clothes. But try as she did, it was a poor go. Sammy saw it all for he was a keener, in some ways much beyond his years. If you are not other wise engaged, come up to the Bazore, after a little. I would like to talk with you. Will you, said Thessy? Yes ma'am. When Sammy had done all the morning errands, he went to the Bazore, wondering not a little what Thessy would have for him to do. Arriving, Thessy met him and said, Well Sammy how would you like to help our janitor, about the rooms. He says that if he can get a trusty willing boy to assist him he will divide the pay, as he is not in the best of health. What will he expect me to do? asked Sammy. I presume it will be to sweep, dust the furniture, keep the books in their places bring the printed mail from the office, and the like, but Mr. Newall the janitor will be the person to instruct you. He is a pleasant man and you will have no trouble in suiting him if you try. But Sammy was you here to hear the lecture last night? I didn't see you. I sat over by the globe. Oh, I see now, and mother did not recognize you. But Sammy excuse me, but where did you get your new suit? After the barber cut my hair, he said he had a suit that he thought would fit me so he went and brought them out, and sure enough they were just my fit, so he gave them to me. He said I shouldn't go up there with old dirty clothes.

Well, Sammy the barber was good- to you wasn't he? Oh yes he is always good to me, and, grampa says he is a good fellow, only his face is too red. How did you like the lecture? Oh, I liked the laugh part, first rate. Perhaps some of the rest liked the cry sections, but they came a little to often for me. But I didn't know before that boys went around a lecturing. Why he had no mustache. He was chuck full of fun, wasn't he? Well yes half full. One thing, there won't be much crying done for a month to come. For the most of them had their cry out last night. But says Thessy, how about my proposal? I will try it. When shall I begin? I will see the janitor this afternoon. There he comes now. Good afternoon Mr. Newall. Here is a young man, who I think will be able to ease your task some. Oh, this is Sammy? I didn't know him at first. Well Thessy, with your recommendation I will try him on.

Just then Thessy's attention was called away and after the janitor had talked a few moments with Sammy, he told him there would be nothing to do probably, until after the gathering had dispersed. Soon the two Bazore boys as they were generally called, entered the room. All eyes, except the careless, were on them. The Dr. and his wife were the first to greet them. Thessy was not all backward in showing her approval of their call. We hope to be able to entertain you, that your visits will be frequent. I think that hereafter, Asa and myself will be able to come twice or perhaps more each week, evenings. Replied Bert, for it was he that made answer. They were modest and intelligent as they were robust. And with a sharp business like black eye, as the saying goes, took in at glance everything worth seeing. The slot machine with its novel quarter suggestion, did not escape their attention. Each as they went out contributed without being observed by but few. The treasurer thinks this the best arrangement. He says it surprises him how so many quarters get there without any person knowing it. It catches from three to five dollars every twenty four hours.

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Thessy provided herself with a key, that she might enter at will to search the library for appropriate articles, for her to read when differently surrounded. Some rainy or dull afternoons, in summer the attendants were the young. Sometimes all middle aged people were by far the larger number present. So that she usually kept a selection on hand, noted in her brief, as she called it, if she was to be unavoidably absent. Her list was handed over to Fanny, who Thessy always said was more than her equal. Her opinion was not shared in, however by others to any considerable extent. Some went so far as to say that Thessy, and the doctor's wife were the backbone of the organization. This was not quite true, though perhaps not altogether false. The money was the backbone, and Thessy and Fanny, the two arms through which the money solicited recruits. And this they were doing as reported by the keeper of a needless shop in the village. He said that if things kept on this way another month he should pull sticks. How this made Thessy's eye twinkle. Nearly a year had gone where all years go when the community was startled one morning with the sad news that old Dr. Wee was no more. His sudden death was not expected tho he was some above eighty. He was a generous contributor to the Bazore, and was considered by some quite wealthy. The funeral being over, the will was read. One hundred thousand dollars was given to the Bazore Library, on the condition they erect a new building at a cost not less than twenty five thousand, on a lot he had owned, but had just conveyed to the Bazore. As he left very much more wealth than anybody supposed he was worth, his heirs were not heard to murmur. Thessy was at Dr. Quay's when the news of the will reading with it's Bazore gift was passed from house to house. Well, Fanny said Thessy, aren't we in luck. I never believed we would have to beg, and Aunt Hobby said we could have every dollar of her money before we should beg. She says there never was a Bazore that went begging. Fanny, what do you think of Asa and Bert? I think as soon as they get used to managing so large a property as their father left they will gradually come to be our foremost workers in the cause. You and I paramount to all others. The elevation of the human family, they are much better informed than I had supposed. Bert read well Saturday afternoon. A lack of confidence perhaps was noticeable. He will soon master that. After you Thessy, I always look to see if Asa and Bert are there, then we always have a social time. Everything ran as smoothly as was usual for about three months after the death of Dr. Wee. And the landlord Mr. Porter was taken suddenly ill. After three days of a painful sickness he died leaving a widow and two sons. He had kept this hotel for some fifteen years, and had the credit of keeping a good orderly house as hotels are run nowadays.

Soon however the one topic of the day was what will be done with the hotel? They say that the Bazore boys have a claim there. More than sufficient to cover the real estate. One day in the Bazore, Mrs. Porter sent for Bert saying she wished to see him on business. Some days after Bert told me of that interview. Well Bert I wish you would figure up our property matters and let me know how it stands. I have it here, producing a little memoranda. This was balanced the first of the month. It is eleven thousand two hundred and fifty dollars against the property. Will it bring any more? I think not but it is yours to sell. If I turn the hotel over to you without the expense of foreclosure, will you purchase the personal that I may provide a small place for myself and boys. You may select three business men of the village, to look the goods over, make a list set the value opposite each article, liquor excepted, and I will exchange that little cottage down by the church at four hundred dollars for it,

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paying you the difference in money. How long a time do you want to make up your mind? Three days only. Very well. So saying he took his leave. That night the widow's thought ran thus. He thought my proposal agreeable to make him no trouble to get possession easily. So in turn he has made me a generous manly offer I think I am going to accept it. I may as well do it tomorrow if ever. The first thing in the morning I'll send for Bill Jones and see if I can sell him the bar stock. He asked me the other day when the wholesale man would be here again. Then settling her mind on the three she would ask to serve as judges of the goods, she dropped off to sleep. Bill came up in the morning and they had but little trouble coming to an understanding. Probably Bill got the best end, but she didn't care so much for that; for it was a quick sale and sot cash. The appraisers came and all day was consumed in the work, but like everything else it had an end.

She sent word to Bert, the deeds were made out, and when everything was settled Mrs. Porter had her little cottage and seven hundred besides. Now the great question was, what would be done with the hotel? Fanny, do you think the boys will rent the hotel, to be kept as other hotels are kept? Well, you know the boys didn't buy the bar stock. That's so, well, that means something. 'Ere many days the carpenters could be heard by the hotel, painters were at work and the hotel was undergoing a thorough cleaning and changes were being made.

In less than a month the inside of the hotel was pronounced ready for business. On the night train a little man with a bright gray eye in front of a hairless covered head, adorned with two highly located ears arrived, who was observed to take his way to the Porter house, as it was familiarly called. Sure enough, the next day he was seen about the hotel. A quizzer plied him with, What's a going on here? Oh, minding our own business, that's all. No objection I suppose. No, but what are you doing anyhow here? Well, I'll tell you. I am superintending my own business. What are you doing? Oh, nothing much. Skilled workmen command so high wages in your line that you can't carry on business very much with much margin, I suppose. He'll make a queer landlord, but the location of Mr. Barlow's ears was altogether too high to be entertained by any, only those who mean business. In two days Mr. Barlow put things in order and declared the hotel open. A double plan was open to the public. A boarding table for the laborers at as low a price as any, and a transient table at two dollars per day. So well and quietly managed was this hotel that ere long he had all the business the house could accommodate. Some seem to think the only prerequisite necessary to constitute a first-class landlord is to have the ability to meet you at the door, grab your satchel with one hand, your disengaged hand with the other and succeed in telling a rusty story, coupled with a machine laugh, by the time you have removed your overcoat. To be received cordially does much to make one feel welcome. But I for one, care much more what is to follow. Since great writers and good men place before the reading public, their views on the rights of the traveler, perhaps as tame a man as I may be allowed with Aunt Hobby's help to tell some of my likes and dislikes. Aunt Hobby said she went to a hotel once and that was enough for her. She said the landlady sailed by the sitting room door several times, appearing as though she neither knew nor cared, whether Bridget washed her hands in the stew pan or patted the large fat lazy black dog with her hands, the last thing before she mixed the bread or not. But Aunt Hobby said she lost sight of the dog hairs as she did of almost everything else on the table when the cat with

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bushy whiskers who sat opposite to her began to eat. He took that four tined spoon and loaded his knife the whole length clean to the handle. And then the knife began to go up I van I thought it would capsize. But up it went raising the handle a little the whole business was dumped into a yawning cavern. And when those two rows of ivory greeted each other I jumped. My specs dropped which I grabbed for they might disappear with the next load which was nearly ready to follow the others. Well I didn't put my specs on again that meal and I can't see much without. And by ordering my two eyes to mind their own affairs and look straight down the two sides of their own nose, I managed to eat a tenth of what I paid for. I have never been to a hotel since said Aunt Hobby. It is not my purpose to inveigh any class, on the contrary. I studiously avoid doing so. The common wage earner is not to be blamed because he cannot at all times wear scrupulously clean clothes to dinner, or to pay fifty cents for it, but let me ask, is it pleasant to go to a public wash room and wipe upon the same towel used by the hostler? Or to find yourself seated at the table with a farmer's stable hand on your right, and a tanner on your left? To say nothing of the village rounder immediately in your front, whose whole structure is emitting uric acid vapor sufficient to neutralize the truth in alkali. Our new landlord has traveled and wisely adopted the plan to furnishing to those who were able and willing to pay for extra as good as they was expected.

The first meeting after the great gift bestowed on the Bazore, a building committee was appointed to see to it that the provisions of the will of the late Dr. Wee was carried out. The building was to be erected, the seventy five thousand safely invested. This was no small undertaking for men not too ready to take so much responsibility. At a late hour they were finally induced to serve. Within the time allowed, the grand structure was completed. Contributions poured in for the furnishing and exactly one year from the day of the death of the donor, the opening was announced, the star speaker to be Professor Bowdin. The wide spread credit, and importance given to the Bazore enterprise awakened some misgivings as to the capacity of the three thousand seats accommodating the gathering. In the meantime the hotel accommodation had been doubled, so great was the demand with more prospects. And Bert and Asa were always up to the demand of the hour. They were fast taking first place in the minds of business men. Well Fanny, said Thessy, Who is to be our new janitor? Are we to have anew one? replied Fanny. Is Sammy tired of it? Oh does he not give satisfaction? I don't think he is hardly strong enough said Thessy. Then let him have a strong man to assist. Sammy is my choice, he is so obliging, so attentive, keeps the library up so well and he expects the place for I remember his asking me if I thought the pay would be increased in the new Bazore. How he has grown in a year. He says if he can only ever get to be a lecturer. I think he treasures up all he hears for future use. He was so hopeful when he said it. Well Fanny the bar traffic is less by two than when we began. You mean when you began said Fanny. That's not to be forgotten for one moment. However much credit's justly due to others, for their hearty cooperation, you shall never be robbed of first place on the banner. Well, well have it your own way. Well Fanny how many have we benefitted materially, do you think? You count and I will name, when they had reached twelve young men married and single, who they agreed spent their spare time now at the Bazore and formerly done worse, they said this more than paid the cost, regardless of the pleasure they took in witnessing the work.

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Thessy said, Fanny, listen to this as she read from the village paper. Elder Pegler while discoursing on the duty of the church to society generally made use of the following extravagant language. That girl Thessy and her coworker in the last year, have done more for the benefit of this community than all three of the churches. Two whiskey shops less and another about to close up business for the want of support. All of this without a tirade on the saloon, and without a religious banner flaunting from the mast of their ship with as I believe Jesus at the helm. Let the good gone, they have captured the fort. And my prayer is that they may hold it long. Let us pray. And he prayed long and loud that God would send Thessys in every liquor infested village in our land. Well, that isn't so bad after all.

One trait that Thessy possessed which seemed to aid her so much in carrying out her plan, never prating about her intended actions or doings, never boasting of what she had accomplished. She and Fanny talked over their plans to themselves, seldom to others. Except on certain occasions, Thessy wore a plain calico or gingham dress around the village and at the Bazore. Sit by the side of, and chat with the poor unreservedly. One day she was seen leading a dirty little five year old girl away from her troubles towards the home of the child's parents, at least to that of her mother. As they walked slowly on the child cried so much that Thessy could not have passed unobserved if she had wished to do so. Once she heard a woman say, well she can't put her fingers to her nose for a week after this. Thessy and Fanny furnished many a poor girl with whole shoes worn just enough to furnish an excuse. Which they knew exactly how to make in order that the gift might be well received.

The night of the great event finally came. The dedication of the Bazore was an enjoyable time. The auditorium was literally packed. A quartet, led by a silver horn, dealt out the fashionable music while the organ and native genius provoked much laughter. Here Sammy got in some appreciable time to the great surprise of all but Thessy. He always consulted her. He played the mocking bird, rich rare and comical, by bringing in the tweekers, all said excelling anything they ever heard by a rule of his thumbs. Professors Bowdin and Wilwel displayed their wonderful skill in reading. The audience, first to tears and then the next instant to mirth. Delivered a short dialog which was highly instructive as well as entertaining. The unfolding of the object and plan, and noting the progress of the society, was accorded to Col. Gore, an ideal American. The champion of human liberty, a promoter of education, and last but not least, the orator of the day. Extra trains bore the people to their homes. Farmers and residents of neighboring towns went as they came, in their own vehicles, and yet our large hotel was taxed to its full capacity. Agreeable to the previous understanding, Professor Bowdin was provided for by Thessy. The slot box yielded two hundred and ten dollars. Sammy was installed the regular janitor, at one fifty per day, with a helper. The day following the dedication was Sunday. All having been up late on this occasion, a late breakfast allowed. After lunch Thessy proposed to Mr. Bowdin a ride to the Bazore farm. Saying, I want you to make an acquaintance of the Bazore boys Asa and Bert. As you please Thessy. The pony was soon at the door. Thessy stepped into the open buggy as she would no other, taking the reins, seated herself on the drivers side. This is great, said the professor. Never mind, my pony doesn't like strangers. And frisking he went out of the yard. You are a puzzle Thessy. Oh no not that. What then? Just a candidate for the cadetship to some school of improvement.

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I always drive. Every one around here knows me, as you may later. Seeing a little lad, she drew rein saying Johnny, will you ride? Jump in there, squeeze in between us, and if anyone asks you what you're doing there tell them protecting Thessy. Going to Sunday school I guess. Can you tell me what chapter your lesson is in? I forgot, he said. Perhaps you remember what it is about. Something about the children having a dinner of bear meat. Or the bears eating up the children, suggested Thessy. Johnny looked up incredulously, no not that, cause Mama says that God watches and protects little children. Here we are and Johnny was lifted to the walk. Do you know Johnny will never forget that ride? It does such a child so much good.

A pleasant ride of three miles brought them to the Bazole farm. As they drove into the yard, Asa and Bert, who were seated on the porch, came to greet them. Who can excel me at guessing? Had I been on earth two thousand years sooner, I might have passed as a prophet. How so, inquired Thessy. Not ten minutes ago I told Asa that you and Professor Bowdin would be here before night. After chatting a while, Thessy excused herself saying she wished to speak to the lady of the house. Then Bert invited Mr. Bowdin to the barn to view his stock, such as were not safe to run at large. A half hour or more was thus spent in, greatly to the admiration of the visitor. As they were taking their leave, Bert said, Professor, the latch string is always out. Thessy, raising her forefinger quickly replied, he is booked for the Ordlingtons until he wearies of us. So saying, they drove out of the yard. It will be a pity if that don't make a match Asa, says Bert. They are a brilliant happy pair.

Did I understand you to say Thessy, that Asa and Bert are twins? Correct Mr.... You may call me Orman, you know after this Thessy. Well, if you can stand it I can for I don't go much on lugs as Sammy calls it. Speaking of the Bazole boys being twins reminds me, have I told you Thessy that I have twin sisters? No, you haven't. Well that's so. How old are they? They are in their twentieth year. They are at school in the college for females only at Northampton. They are to graduate soon. Well, what is to hinder your spending a few weeks with your sisters at the Ordlingtons? As for myself, my engagements will keep me on the Pacific coast about that the time they would enjoy the country the most. Possibly I could arrange to run up with them before leaving for the west. I will write you after a month and we will see what the girls say about it. Well if they come we will all try to make it pleasant for them and I hope that I might be able to succeed better with them than I have with you. As I think I understand girls far better than I do gentlemen. Well, well you would not wish to charm them out of their sober senses, would you Thessy? Oh, no certainly not. Then you would have to restrain yourself just a little. Arriving at the house, the evening meal was announced, everyone feeling at ease as to time the event of the previous evening was freely discussed. Mr. Bowdin said it would afford him great pleasure, in his lectures to speak of the Bazole, and the good that had been accomplished by the organization. I wish, said Thessy, that you had the opportunity to become acquainted with Sammy Tweed. The next time you are here I will see to it that the opportunity is afforded you. All of course for Sammy's benefit, and to gratify me. I seem to see something worth developing in him, and, perhaps later on, promote the interests of our cause. He can make a story out of the least material of any person I know. For instance, he saw one man pursuing another in hot haste the other day out of his yard. The pursuer having a hoe in his hand

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A few days after, Sammy was passing a billiard hall when Tom says Sammy come in and play a game of pool. Now Sammy did not think best to tell him that he would not play. So, he said I don't think we would have time just now. Oh, says Tom come on what's the use. Come in and enjoy yourself a little. No Tom not now. You see it don't always pay in the long run to do what you might enjoy doing. How so Sammy didn't you hear of that fellow who was caught kissing another man's wife at the kitchen door, supposing her husband to be in the garden, but who made his appearance just then around the corner of the shed? The fellow ran, but received a clip on the back of the head from the hoe handle. Now no doubt he enjoyed the kiss, but I thought by the looks of his head the next day that it didn't pay even on a short run. Well, well says Tom, I guess I'll let you off this time. And so it is with Sammy, he keeps friendly with them all and still holds them off. He tells me that he can commit one of your long lectures in a week. Finally the meal was finished, and Orlman and Thessy took a short walk. Returning, the family retired early.

The next morning Mr. Bowdin answered his sister's last letter, then some business letters and took the first train to the east. Few passengers there were on the train. Seeing none that he knew, the professor took a seat by himself. Soon he found himself reflecting on the events of the two days last past. Soon his mind was centered on Thessy. And some of her jokes. That Thessy puzzles me. I'll be hanged if she don't. Well Bill Nye says that life is a continual game of euchre. Everyone trying to euchre every other one. Old players say that nowadays it a dry noninteresting game without the joker. And I begin to think so too and Thessy is the joker. And I shall persuade my pet sisters to join me in a summer stay with Thessy. Seezma and Trisma are two such amiable young ladies that Thessy will enjoy their society much and I want the girls to see how the Bazore is conducted. And who knows if any harm would come to them by any acquaintance with Asa and Bert, twins with twins. And Thessy tells me that they are being looked upon as are the solid men of the county. She says that Bert verified recently in the sum of two hundred thousand, but that ought not be much in the way and so the professor soliloquized. The express rattled on unmindful of the fact that there was on hoard so happy a personage as the professor. Station after station were past without stop. Then came the long familiar whistle announcing the near approach to the great city. Professor Bowdin devoted his entire time to the cause of humanity, speaking here to a college gathering and there some high school. Sometimes in a common public hall and occasionally to some great banquet. But always giving the subject of man's elevation, by far the greatest attention. Several times he had been approached with propositions to lecture in Europe. Always meeting with them, charity begins at home. America first, Europe sometime. If not me, some more worthy. A few days before the time for the girls to graduate, he delivered a lecture in Boston. After which he took a run up to Northampton to be there on, to him, so interesting an occasion, Seezma and Trisma both graduated with high honors. Orlman and his sisters ere long were at their old home. Friends flocked to congratulate the young ladies on their good fortune to be able to graduate with such high honors. After quiet got possession of the family, Orlman introduced the subject of a visit to the Ordlingtons and the Bazore. Her knew that it would take at least a week to get an answer. So he did not press the matter much the first day. After alluding to the subject once or twice, Trisma asked about the attractions. Orlman prophesied to them a good time. The very best of attention, with abundant conveniences, as village life goes.

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Before the girls had fully decided how to answer Orلمان's proposition, he received a note from the Bazore committee, wishing to know if he could speak to them on the subject of our nation's liberty, the evening of the third of July. He showed the note to his sisters and asked, "What do you think? Will you accompany me?" and then stepped out of the room that Seezma and Trisma might talk it over not in his presence. Well, says Trisma, by Orلمان's description of what we would come in contact with, I guess we might have a nice outing and he seems to be very desirous of our accompanying him. If you say so, we'll go alright says Seezma. If we don't find things to our liking we can take the less of them you know. When Orلمان came in they told him that they would go with him. He seemed to be highly pleased though he did not say so in so many words. The next mail carried his acceptance of the invitation and that they might expect him on the six o'clock express. He devoted considerable time arranging his address, to be sure that it did not fall below the average. The third of July came and the afternoon express slowed up to the station. The little party saw the Ordlington's coach at the platform ready to receive them. As the party stepped upon the platform the Thessy extended her hand to Orلمان who was in the advance, then the introduction of the two sisters followed.

Now says Thessy here is our coach. The whole party were soon on the way to the farm. Where Aunt Hobby had been putting her best two feet forward for a week, she said, to get things in order. She said that these upper nines, always expected much, whether they wanted or needed or even used it. What did you say is their names, asked Aunt Hobby of Mrs. Ordlington. Seezma and Trisma. Well isn't that strange two's-and three's again. Two girls and each has a name of two syllables and-three letters in each syllable. I am glad we got the blue room cleaned and papered. There the dog barks, here they are. A moment more and Thessy's voice was heard in the sitting room. Oh, they are all here. I know I was afraid some of the pieces would be scattered along the railroad. Derailments nowadays, I don't know exactly what is but it's something awful. For the doctor says sometimes that it compounds them. And that's awful. As soon as the party was ready, dinner was rung. The Bowdin party declared it to be the best dinner they had met in a year. Now there was a great anxiety on the part of Aunt Hobby to see for herself what they were like. So she would steal sly glances through the kitchen door, when the young folks were so busy with their mouths and stomachs, as she said, that they would not know it. Well, now shaw, she said, they aren't any bigger. Nor our Thessy, and they look just like any girls. And somebody told me they were upper nines. Soon the big coach was again at the door, and all but Aunt Hobby were on there way to the Bazore. For the lecture was to go in at early eight. Arriving, Fanny took charge of the two ladies, Trisma and Seezma by conducting them to the seats reserved for them. Thessy, as first vice president, introduced the speaker. Cheer after cheer went fairly rent the air, as the unusually large audience caught the eight of Professor Bowdin. Of course by far the larger part of those present needed no introduction as the speaker had addressed them at least twice. Sammy opened by playing Our Country, with the one hand, while he tinkled out Yankee Doodle with the other.

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As soon as the applause that followed was over, the professor stepped to the front of the rostrum, catching sight of his sisters who were seated by the side of Dr. And Mrs. Quay. For an instant he was unmanned, this was the first time he had occupied the rostrum with his sisters as listeners. Turning around he took a swallow of water to give time to his nerves. Soon he was nerved to the demands of the occasion, and began by saying, one hundred and fifteen years ago tonight, Great Britain controlled more territory than she could fence or pasture. When man occupies that high intellectual plane, made possible by the door of education, he will neither occupy nor contend for more than he can utilize. What would be thought of a man who bottles up atmosphere. For the sole purpose of keeping it from others. Would you envy the fish his sport in the waste water below your will. What is true of a man is equally true of a nation. A nation is but men. Surplus means waste, utility, economy. Elevating humanity is progress. Labor is lost when proceeds are buried in gloomy vaults. The worn coin deserves praise. The bright dollar has done its mission. The imbecile man is irretrievably behind the educated pig. He squeals when hungry. Value is not wealth except when used for gain. Gain encourages strife. Strife leads to combat, combat to crime. Money wealth is debasing. Intellectual wealth requires no bolts or bars. The few covet it. While there are abundant ware rooms for its safe storage. Is it the vim of the juice of the forbidden fruit that spurs us on to the increase of knowledge? Me thinks I feel its exhilarating effect as I draw the cork from the pent up bottle of modern science - the patent office. The history of all time records populous countries, possessing just intelligence enough to fight and eat. Boast of our intelligence, if we were to distribute equally among the entire human family suddenly, our entire stock of intellectual possessions, our unfilled craniums would instantly collapse by atmospheric pressure. Humanity demands that all who possess a sufficient amount of intelligence to render them capable of giving public instruction, should at once engage in the all inspiring manlifting, labor of elevating mankind. Waste not precious time in a laborious life of fruitless condemnation. This line of folly has been pursued for ages, and yet ignorance and wrong abounds. Let us teach to be good is to be happy. A compulsory good done through fear, like the mock paper rose has no fragrance. A memoranda of sixty years kept by an octogenarian, furnishes the startling fact that in his case that ninety nine percent of the ill usage at the hands of his fellows was the direct result of ignorance, one percent pure malice. An animal with his head between two trees tries in vain to extricate himself. For the want of knowledge enough, to raise his head. Many a man suffers under his burden for the want of a head post.

The promoter of good have a very large field
In which with great profit their powers they may wield
The skies judge not neither can they tell
Man alone can do he should do well
Man shines when shown his incompleteness
Education alone brings forth sweetness
On the top most round of human attainment
House home and wealth are naught when compared
With an improved mind equally shared

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Since all are not strong who are of great build
Seek not to overlay thyself with guild
Smother not a great intellectual gift
But by it's aid send superstition a drift
When man's useless strife for ever shall cease
Selflessness compelled will its hold release
Devote not your time to imaginary fields
When tangible subjects far better harvest yields
Surplus time and power should never be lost
Many can't obtain it even at great cost
Shame blushes not the fortified face
Out of which beams kindness to his race.
A grave full of gold along with the remains
Pass into history and so does its pains
The ten and three score thought allotted to man
Fall too short to be trifled with when once ran
Education the scale on which all must be weighed
Intellectual advancement the best race made

With the past and its owners we relinquish all claim
To make the best of the present should be our great aim
When the future puts forth its unerring demands
With alacrity we will respect its commands
The blind see not perhaps feel more keenly
The obstacles thrown in their way so meanly
On guard standing ever with wide open doors
Catch the brightest in market no odds who pours
Greatness consists not in the ability to tell
That more people in larger than smaller towns do dwell
A mother imparts much of her earnest desire
A pot always boils best when ever a good fire
Amuse yourselves not wholly at others expense
Witty sayings are pithless when not lined with sense
To labor incessantly and do not forget
Right doing is an ever present unpaid debt.

As the professor warmed to his work he spoke more easily and rapidly than on former occasions. Time and practice seemed to have earned for him the credit of being masterful. He spoke in tones of the highest recommendation of the act of Dr. Wee in making so large a bequest to so laudable a purpose as the Bazore had for it's object. As many present were from out of town, he gave a brief sketch of what the Bazore had accomplished. And related instances where similar efforts had been put forth always meeting with success commensurate with the outlay. Perhaps none had had so many and so efficient workers as this, Bazore, but he had not known of one failure. He said if there were any who wished to engage in field work as traveling speakers, and after consultation with the committee on the subject, were recommended, he would lend his influence to their assistance, no regular salary was provided for. The societies paid the expenses of the speaker invited. He knew one instance where a man presented a speaker with a house worth five thousand for a home, saying that his son had been redeemed through his instrumentality.

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He also said, you have great reason to be thankful, not only for the Bazore and its effective management, but for the unquestionably appropriate name with which the village had recently been christened. Filialton was a name you ought all be proud of. He held the audience without a show of uneasiness until ten o'clock. After the lecture, followed the introduction to the Bowdin ladies, the Bazore boys, Dr. Quay and wife, Mr. Brodhead, the chubby little landlord, Mr. Newhall, Sammy, and some of the more prominent workers in the cause. Then Bert and Asa joined in in inviting the Bowdins, the Ordlingtons, the Dr. and Fanny and Sammy to their banquet the following day, the fourth it is needless to say. Perhaps, they accepted. And soon they were all on their way homeward. The fourth dawned bright and pleasant. The Bowdins arose much the same though much later. Breakfast being over, a couple of hours were spent in getting better acquainted. Then a short ride, followed by a short lunch as Thessy said to act-as a precautionary appetizer for the banquet. At half passed five the heavy hack appeared before the door and the household entered and were driven away. With the exception of Aunt Hobby, who said she had no room for hobnods and bologna and wine for it would take three weeks for a gold ferret to scare it out of 'em. No I am to full of good sense and hobbies. Besides that there were three two's in the hack so there was no place for me anyway. Something awful would happen if I broke the spell. And if that fellow who always loads his knife was opposite to me I'd loose my specs sure. It's a good thing that Bert and Asa have lots of money or they would be eaten out of house and home. Why they say at a banquet they eat just as tight as they can jump for four hours. And some of them can't be stopped even by music. When the coach drew up at the Bazore farm mansion and the party alighted.

Where, said Bert, is Aunt Hobby? Looking to Thessy for an explanation, she said her hobby was in the way, and that was the end of it. It was a very enjoyable evening. The party were all in good spirits natural - ones you know. Orlman occasionally related some amusing incident, which was new and always full of spice. Thessy's dry jokes were numerous, generally of such a cast that the chit was sometimes far below the surface. Sammy was not altogether funless. He played over the garden wall on a mouth organ at the same time Yankee Doodle with one hand and Suwannee River with the other on the organ. Mr. Bowdin said this would prove very attractive in case Sammy should adopt a traveling speaker's life. Bert had become so favorably impressed with Sammy, that he told Orlman that he and Asa would pay, Sammy small wages out of their own pocket to travel if the professor thought well of it. I will consider her said. After a good time, the banquet came to a close, For the want of attention arriving at home, they were met with the salutation. I supposed when you couldn't eat any more you started for home. I guess you are right Aunt Hobby. Orlman remained a week, taking sunrise walks or rides, sometimes fishing. But a ramble in the large suger or chard near by was his favorite pastime. The whole party spent more or less time each evening at the Bazore. Orlman speaking a few minutes each time. One day Fanny drove up to the door, wholly unexpected with an invitation to take dinner with her. Well says Thessy, I am so sorry, I have some work on hand that I don't like to postpone and Orlman is out for a ramble. Well, how about Seezma & Trisma? We would like a little shaking up. All right, jump in the seat, it's a wide one.

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And off they went. Orlman returned, finding his sisters were not there he did some writing heretofore neglected. Having finished he was seated in the sitting room when Thessy entered. Her work being over. Soon it was agreed they would take a short walk, to the sugar orchard. Accordingly, they directed their steps in that direction. After conversing so pleasantly that a stranger would not have discovered they were not married, soon they reached a small mound in the grove where Thessy had a couple of benches erected for occasions like this. Seated for a few moments, Orlman asked Thessy do you ever have any propositions? Oh, yes frequently was her ready reply. Father proposed yesterday to buy for me a new carriage. Well declare if that isn't cool. Yes it is always cool here if any where said she. I mean do you have any offers? Oh yes, a man offered me a hundred dollars for my pony. Turning her head a little to listen to squirrel. Well, Thessy I must say you are a great tease. Well if you must say it of course you couldn't say anything else. I thought perhaps you were fixing your mouth to say you were hungry or something of that sort. No not that but I want to ask you a sober question. All right perhaps its to know how much sugar we made this season, or how many pigs was sold. You see I don't keep track of them things any more. Johnny can tell. Perhaps now Thessy you do not mean to be cruel. But if you don't give me an opportunity to make myself understood it will choke me. Why did you house your idea until it was to big for your throat? When I have anything to say I say it and then it slips out easy you know. Well, yes that's all right Thessy, but what I have to say to you I have put off from day to day fearing how you might receive it till I think myself it has grown with time. Well put it off another day and drink a bowl of alum water and it will come out easy. I soaked my finger in alum water one night and the next morning I pulled my finger out of the ring easy enough. Well Thessy you cap anything I ever saw. That's what papa told me away back when I was twelve year old, that I was the best capper he ever saw just before a shower when he had lots of hay out to be capped. Well I see that I may as well come to it at once. Never mind said Thessy take twice if it is much of a job. Thessy you amuse me when I am fairly bursting with emotion. And my handkerchief isn't half long enough for a bandage, said Thessy. What I want to know Thessy is if you will become Mrs. Bowdin. Of course I will and glad of the chance. And why did you not ask that a year ago, looking up mischievously. When anything gets onto my mind I get it out of the first opportunity. Then it doesn't keep me awake. You ought not to trifle with me. I am not fooling. I should think you had been fooling the last hour. If you had asked that question when we first sat down here we would have had all this time to talk about business. Then you raise no objection to becoming my wife? Why no, why should I? How soon may it be asked Orlman. In fifteen minutes after my self imposed contract expires. And when is that when I am twenty five. And when will that happy hour come? A year from the first day of October next.

They returned to the house. In the evening the sisters were brought home by the doctor. All retired early. The next morning after breakfast while yet seated at the table Thessy said, I have a small matter of business I wish to tell you. Orlman made a proposition to me yesterday and I don't believe you can guess what it was. Oh, said her mother, to return to the city with him. More than that. A trip to Europe? asked her mother. A trip through life with him. And I told him yes so quickly that he thought me fooling. Now what have you all to say? They each looked at the other. Finally her father said, There doesn't seem to be any objection.

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Leaving Thessy and Orlman in the parlor, Trisma and Seezma took their morning walk. When sufficiently far from the house to insure safety from being overheard by anyone, Trisma said are you not surprised at the turn of affairs? No so much at the turn, as to the manner of announcing the turn. Well, well, well, did you ever? Well she is a good girl. A large hearted woman, and a veritable lady, each in their place. She has more actual ability than two pair like us. I guess you are right Seezma. Why Bert told me that it was a fact that Thessy when only eighteen, conceived the plan of the Bazore library, went about the village and talked it up until she obtained supporters enough to start it, and that the whole enterprise was due to her persistent efforts. And you can see when she enters the Bazore that everyone is pleased. Everybody respects her. And not a few actually love her. Orlman included, and I don't wonder the more I think of it. Well Seezma we must not look as though we felt queer when we return. And during our stay we must not quiz a bit. At the rate Thessy has started in we won't have to. Well lets see. Orlman leaves on his speaking trip tomorrow. They will want the intervening time to themselves. As they neared the house they talked of the surroundings. Sitting on the porch they were soon joined by Thessy and Orlman. Girls, said Thessy, You need not shy us, we do not intend devouring each other for a whole year at least. And then you must not waste any worry on us for you may need all of your pluck in some little deal of your own. You know Asa and Bert are to call tomorrow to see Orlman off.

Tomorrow came and the Bazore carriage drew up at the gate. Asa and Bert stepped out. They were all agreed that it was a beautiful day. Thessy said that all were handsome but her, and she had not changed a particle since yesterday except that she was a day older. She asked if they thought days made gray hairs, and then looked in the glass. Train time was approaching. Well says Bert if Seezma and Trisma accept seats with Asa and myself, then Thessy your carriage will hold accommodate your father and mother, yourself and Orlman. Oh yes Dr. Quay told me that you were an excellent manager. Once seated, soon off. A goodly number were at the station waiting for the train, when the two hacks arrived, the whistle was heard. In a moment the train rolled along side the platform with the crowd who had little else to besides gazing on the last arrivals. Orlman after securing a ticket, getting checks for his luggage was allowed one minute in which to say good bye in. Shaking hands with his friends, coming to Thessy last, a year slips quickly when you divide it into weeks. I tried it with a half dollar piece and the pennies slipped away before I knew it. Loose no sleep, for that is a healthful antidote and an effectual blotter for heavy time and he stepped aboard. The train was soon out of sight, and the off seers were on the home stretch as the drivers called it. With great regularity the three girls received letters from Orlman. The boys devoted much time and attention to Seezma and Trisma riding frequently with them. And showing them marked preference, the girls began to feel quite at home when at the Bazore, scarcely missing an evening attendance. Sammy had developed into such a fine looking young man that he commanded universal respect, and nearly all of the management of the Bazore. Of late had been entrusted to his care. As September approached, the warm weather cooled, and Bowdin twins took their departure for their home in the great city. Leaving behind many new made friends, Asa and Bert included. Another year past during which time Orlman had made but one visit to Filialton.

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But not so few visits had Asa and Bert made to the great city the home of the Bowdins. It is true that-as large dealers in fancy stock the Bazore brothers could visit the city frequently on business but the wise ones felt well satisfied, that the stock that they were the most interested in were not holderness nor membrings. It was an open secret that Thessy and Orlman were to put on the yoke of matrimony the first of October. Thessy said she was neither afraid nor ashamed. Asa and Bert did not announce their matrimonial engagements until the fore part of September. One day Bert meeting Sammy said, Well, how are you and Jessie Maevin getting along Sammy? Oh, all right I guess, why? asked Sammy. Rumor has it that you are engaged and I thought if that was a fact, I thought I would propose you go in with the rest of us and make a wholesale job of it, perhaps it would come cheaper. Bert thought he saw an expression on Sammy's face not aglow with satisfaction. Sammy, with some hesitancy, said, Rumor has got a little too fast. What are you not engaged? We all suppose you more than warm friends. Well, by mutual consent we are said Sammy. But no spoken words bind us and I.. And what? Asked Bert. What hinders , well she being your cousin and Thessy about the same with the Bowdins of a high cast. I didn't dare. Sammy you have proved yourself worthy of our highest esteem and confidence, which we all extend to you. Jessie has a snug little in her own right from the Bazore estate. And that little cottage, the day she is eighteen, - the fifteenth of this month with this you have nothing to fear. Very well, I will see, Jessie tonight and it is just as she says. Well Sammy Asa and myself are to bare all of the expense of the whole affair. This we insist upon doing. It is to take place on the first at the Bazore. At ten o'clock A. M.. A public banquet with music from the city band. Ceremony by Judge Ormsby, the whole party spending the evening at the Bazore farm.

The next day will be past at the Ordlington's. After this make your own program. Our story is nearing its close. With only one hotel - where travelers may imbibe and one drug store where strong drink may be legally - or possibly illegally obtained, and these two dealers never allowing loungers around and very cautious who they sell liquor too, we feel morally certain that our plan has not been without its large moral influence. As we have shown, chiefly in furnishing not only a comfortable resort, but sufficient useful and instructive attractions to induce those worth saving to not frequent unwholesome places or society. The young will have some place of resort. If there is not respectable free resort they will drift into the other. It will be remembered when our story began there were five shops where weak men where sometimes dazed. The number has been reduced to two. The Bazore did it. A respectable resort, harmless diversion, instructive amusement, educational appliances, excitable and scholarly public reading. Highly entertaining public speaking, well calculated to raise the standard of morals in the community. By these methods the Bazore, draft upon the growing generation, the uneasy drifting middle-aged, the floating idlers always to be found in every village, was so persistent and great that the objectionable venders were tacitly incited to seek other fields or employ.

As September past, the omnibus wedding was the main topic of conversation. The young people declared that if Thessy left, they would drape the town in mourning. Jessie consented to Bert's proposition, though she said it would hurry her just a little. Bert and Asa went to the city to accompany their intends to the scene of their future happiness. Rumor has it

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that Mrs. Bowdin would not consent to let the two lovely girls go until, the knot had been tied in her presence, as her infirmities would not allow her to be present at the wedding. Agreeable to her dictation, Judge Ormsby was called in, matters explained, and he told the lady that he would tie them up so tight that their little hearts would ache for twenty four hours. This was to be kept a secret, but somehow just as all those little things that are liable to happen before a wedding this like the rest leaked out. But the wedding day came and so did the weddingers. Ready and eager to participate in the excitable scene that was so soon to follow. And where did ever eight hearts beat faster or feel larger, unless in the Spaniard's bosom as he confronts the wild bull in the public ring, where the battle of life is now to begin. For surely is not the nuptial ceremony the first all important step in this great battle of life And like the Spaniard, how few leave with the highest honors.

Well, everybody seemed to have a good time. The two days were spent as per program. Mr. Bowdin and lady, and the Bazores, took a winter trip through the Pacific states, returning and settling down on the Bazore farm. First class citizens, appreciated neighbors, reliable business men and kind and attentive husbands. Sammy is to be the next postmaster. His brother Lucious taking the janitorship at the Bazore. Professor Bowdin and his wife continue as public speakers, paying their respects to Filialton at least once a year. The library has received many additions, keeping it up with the demands of the hour. Vigorous young workers fill the places of those who the change of life or death are compelled to resign. The globe continues to be a great attraction. Frequently business men are to be seen consulting it. Tourists not infrequently avail themselves of its unerring scale of distances, so readily understood by the use of the closely fitting triangular scale. With its common sense proportion of one foot to a thousand miles, each foot divided by ten. The census report shows that Filialton has increased in population more since the establishment of the Bazore library than it did the twenty years prior. Now men of means, and wishing to retire from active life, do not locate in Titsville or Toad Centre, but they purchase property in Filialton. Why they say the name alone is enough to invite anyone. What a pity, says one that we can't have a Bazore in our town. How lamentable says another that we did not have a Thessy when my sons were growing up. If we could have had a Bazore then, my boys might have been kept from the bad. How much my husband and me do enjoy spending an evening at the Bazore, says another. Why cannot Bazores be established in every village, instead of spending so much money in temperance lectures telling those self same stories of misery, degradation and crime that I heard when I was a girl. Perhaps worded just a little different.

Comparatively very few can be induced to listen to temperance lectures. Even the church goers do not always support prohibition, says another. Very many well disposed people think that were it possible, to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, that it would be an encroachment on our individual liberty guaranteed us by our constitution. Besides at present rate of speed – if speed at all – can we hope to accomplish as much by compulsion as we can by the same effort and expense laid out in a healthful quiet judicious influence. Conducted on a Bazore plan.