THE BROOK.

Little sweetheart, you've forgotten
How you plagued me so one night,
When the crickets filled the hollow
Of the brook with their delight.

Then the crickets filled the hollow
Of the brook with their delight,
Then the lamplight sadly fell upon the splendor
of your hair—
Your cheeks aglow—the sweet clerk
Were not so pearly fair.

I heard the sweet, low, pleasing
Sound of your laughing voice,
The murmuring trees, the whispering grass
and drone of drowsy bee.
It was sadly laughing someone in some shady
woodland nook,
And my soul began to pulsate
With the rhythm of the brook.

Little sweetheart, you've forgotten,
But the tinkle of that tune
Is sad and sweet to me as nearly like soft bird
songs heard in June.
And the love that came that evening with that
rippling little river,
Though years may come and years may go,
Will not be forever!

—Thomas L. Wood in Detroit Free Press.

"REDDY'S" REVENGE.

The scene was a small Missouri town on the Mississippi river, a trifle more than one hundred miles north of St. Louis, the time—well, not twenty years ago. I was just out of my teens, and had a tolerable knowledge of the printing business. It was precisely that, and a hostel compliment was on. I was publishing a six column folio morning paper set in long primer. The use of material and press I rented from the proprietor of the weekly issue of the town. The Star (I withhold the true name) was issued as a morning sheet because I was able to procure the St. Louis evening paper by express between 11 and 12 o'clock p. m. on the day of issue, and could thus give the citizens one of the sheets goes our little public into telegraph news several hours in advance of the arrival of the next morning's city paper. This was my first—and lastly—taking service by wire was out of the question.

I was reporter, editor, reportorial staff and general hustler of The Star. The "force" consisted of three young men, one of whom performed the duties of foreman and makeup, and an apprentice. We knew nothing of unionism, and if a "chapel meeting" had been mentioned we would have sneered a kyoo or taken up a collection.

One September afternoon, as I was preparing to go forth in the capacity of reporter, the foreman pulled his head into the room which country editors delight to call the "sanctum," and said:

"Tom just sent down word that he's got a chill and can't work tonight. I don't see how we'll get her up unless you set considerable type yourself."

"Don't believe I can do much, Abe," I replied. "I've got to attend the Crazy Creek meeting, and can't get back before 10 o'clock. Do the best you can, and we'll fill up with stuff from the weekly."

I went to the meeting, which was a big bloomer for The Star's constituents. When it was over I drove to town as fast as a tired pacer for life and limbs would permit, it because just ten minutes of 10 as I rushed into the office, exclaiming:

"Abe, you and Hank work away on that local news, and I'll set the matter from my notes"—not an unusual proceeding with us in those days.

I threw off my coat and turned to the corner of the room in which the weekly frames stood, where I expected to find a pair of full cases. I was astonished, to state it mildly, at what I saw. Perched upon the only decent stand the office afforded, with my cosetitular pipe in his mouth, was a stranger. He was distributing long primer at a high rate of speed.

I can close my eyes and see him now. He was the first of his kind I ever saw, and he impressed me so that I should never forget him. He was nearly six feet in height—as I learned when he got off the stool—with sunset complexion, age, somewhere between thirty and fifty. His hair, which hadn't associated with a pair of shears for at least six months, was of that shade which the hero always spoke of as red, and his face was smooth except with a shaggy beard and moustache of the same hue.

On one foot was a boot, on the other a shoe, both clearly down at the heel and as rusty as a bamboo hinge. His trousers, which were inartistically fringed at the bottom, were held up by one "galloon" made of the lining. Windsor he had none. His coat, which hung at the end of the frame, was a double breasted frock that had seen—five or six years before I saw it—been a handsome garment, but it had changed with years. How it did shine! On one side there was an entire absence of buttons. On the other side were three cloth covered and one of black horn, nearly as large as a silver dollar. I discovered later that when he wanted to button this wonderful coat and "come up," as he called it, he used two little blotting skewers as substitutes for the absent buttons.

As I completed my survey of this queer looking individual he tossed the last letter in his hand into the cap G box, turned on the stool, pulled a chind of "Missouri stretch" made half across the room, and said in a great primer voice:

"Hello, here! You've been chil tonight, and I'm an extra. I ain't much on good looks, I'm a little rusty in the joints, but I can stand type on end faster'n a laundry can ease up, and I haven't seen a proof yet I got out o' my time. Want to see my card?"

I didn't know just what reply to make to this odd speech, but after hesitating a moment I said:

He reached for that wonderful double breasted frock, and diving down into the skirt pocket drew forth what had once been a piece of white bristol board, about the size of an ordinary business card. Though it had held its own on she and was still legible, it looked as if it had received an impression from a heavily inked cut block representing a North river ferryboat the time been in the card.

"Reddy" McGan,
Typo Par Philo, Printer.

"May I keep this?" I asked.

"Yes, I reckon. It's the only one I've got, but my printer has the plate, and I'll order some more by telegraph."

The stranger had become quite serious during the latter part of his speech. Giving himself a shake, he once more assumed his careless air, and said:

"Say, boss, will you print a proof for me while I go out to the telegraph office?"

I knew the telegraph office stood closed at 7 o'clock, but didn't say so. To his query I replied:

"Go out, if you will, but don't stay long, as there is a great deal to do, and I hope you'll help us out."

As the door closed behind him I turned to Abe, saying:

"Well, tell me about him. Where did he come from, and how did you happen to get him to work?"

"Shortly after you went away this afternoon he walked into the room and sung out, 'Here I am! Which frame do I take?' I asked him who he was and what he wanted. 'I'm Reddy Morgan,' he said, 'and I've got three models in champion print, perfectos and nonpareil. I want a scissors, and are willing to die, print, pull the press, setting a braver or write an editorial to pay for the lodging.' I knew some one was a printer, and as we needed help badly I gave him the usual ticket and sent him down to Mike's telling him to get his dinner, after which, if he would come back, he should have a day's work and be paid in cash for it.

"That was proper, but did he explain why he was in his present fix, or tell where he came from?"

"No. He only said that he had just worked enough to get good on hour before, and didn't like to ask him anything. Guess he impaired what liquid in the white frame home on the corner, two blocks down from your's. He walked to his purpose's place, and so told him. 'Well, your time is a trifle blooded manner' he said. 'I stopped at Mike's gate, where he was leaning pretty shaky, and asked him gently to a beach legged day, and asked him for a handout. He threatened to set the dog on me, but I didn't get out of that gate as fast as he ought to have, for I had to stop in the sidehaus. I didn't seem to move with sufficient celerity to suit his tribe, so he fling a chunk of wood at me, and it just missed my ear. Guess I'm not to work and be paid in cash for it.'

"That was proper, but did he explain why he was in his present fix, or tell where he came from?"

"No. He only said that he had just worked enough to get good an hour before, and didn't like to ask him anything. Guess he impaired what liquid in the white frame home on the corner, two blocks down from your's. He walked to his purpose's place, and so told him. 'Well, your time is a trifle blooded manner' he said. 'I stopped at Mike's gate, where he was leaning pretty shaky, and asked him for a beach legged day, and asked him for a handout. He threatened to set the dog on me, but I didn't get out of that gate as fast as I ought to have, for I had to stop in the sidehaus. I didn't seem to move with sufficient celerity to suit his tribe, so he fling a chunk of wood at me, and it just missed my ear. Guess I'm not to work and be paid in cash for it.'

"Let us hope he will," I remarked. "Did he help you out much?"

"Well, I should say so. He was back from his dinner in half an hour, and the way that fellow has been piling up type since is a caution. He didn't want any copper—and I wasn't surprised, for I had seen the color of his money when he was down here from Mike's—but I made him come back from dinner. About a o'clock he borrowed a quarter from me, saying he was going to step out and get shaved. I didn't say anything as he came back with all his beard, for his head had him in. I guess he's out now paying for his shingum with the best cigar he can find in town."

"He's a character, Abe, there's no doubt on that score. And I rather like the expletives. Have the job go down and fill them in put type as fast as you can, for we need to make it appear as he can. Wemar not let's give him a great puzzle soon again, so let's give him a puzzler."

Just then "Reddy" entered the room, and it wasn't necessary for him to say he had found the telegraphic office closed and another place open. His eyes sparkled and his step was buoyant. He was primed for a big night's work—and he did it.

Everything went smoothly, and we got the first side off at 8:30. We got up a brief report of the Crazy Creek meeting, the "Specials to the Star" were none numerous, then there was, and I didn't have to set a line. At 4 o'clock everything was up, enough to fill without using a line of dead ads—something which had never occurred in the history of the publication, called for a "hump backed rule," and pitched to to make up the first page. When he was ready to lock up he rendered for the page he had filled with quoins.

Quoins are hard wood wedges made with mathematical correctness in assorted sizes and used for tightening the types which in the "form," so that they can be handled as one piece of metal.)

"You haven't got the most complete place in the country, here, but you've been at it hard than a sissy I struck up in Iowa last week."

"How's that?" asked Abe.

"Why, when I went into the opera up there the sister hogged reader they called foreman grabbed a hatchet and rushed out the back door. In two minutes he was back with a limb off of a sycamore sub, which he proceeded to chop and split up into small pieces. As he placed about half a cord of the chunks on the stove he said to me, he said: 'Young, if I'll break out that rule back if he don't quit carrying my plugs home for kindling wood! I split a lot of bully ones the other day.' Fact, boss."

As soon as the forms were on the old Washington handpress I settled with "Reddy." As I handed him his money he said to me:

"Say, boss, may I roll over on that pile of paper and get a short snooze? I want to take the boat for St. Louis tonight, and I'm beating them—and I need a little rest."

"Certainly. You may lie down on the paper. But why do you hurry off? Better stay a while with us."

"Can't do it. I've a pressing engagement in St. Louis, and I don't have to work when I've got money. I'll be back this way some day to pay a fellow a grudge I owe him, but I can't stay now. What time will a boat be along?"

I picked up a card he had just pulled, and after consulting the river news said:

"The Tom Jasper, of the Northern line, will be along about noon. That reminds me that I have to be at the wharf when she comes down, and I have yet."

I stepped into the "sanctum" to write a bill of lading I wanted to send by private messenger on the boat. Ten minutes after, when I passed through the work room, "Reddy" was fast asleep on the pile of paper, despite the racket made by the old press. Across his chest lay a large piece of cardboard, on which he had written, in a hand large enough to attract the attention of the men who worked on the weekly, "Call me when the Tom Jasper blows for here."

I was just finishing my breakfast, at 11:30, when I heard a familiar whistle. "There's the Mollie, and I must run down to her."

When I reached the wharf the Mollie McPike, a craft well known at that time known to every man, woman and child from St. Louis to Keokuk, was just making a landing. A crowd of more of persons went to the wharfboat, and standing at one side, with a look of unmistakable interest in his face, was "Reddy" Morgan. He was glaring at a group of half a dozen a few feet away. I followed his gaze, and was made somewhat uneasy to see that the most prominent figure of the group was Mr. Simpson. I remembered "Reddy's" threat, and hurriedly snapped to his side, that I might try to restrain him if he should make any open demonstration of the passion which was so strong within him.

"Well, here you are, my tourist friend; too you are ahead of time."

"Yes; couldn't sleep after 10 o'clock," he mutered, without turning his head. "I was knocking around up town when I heard the tug whistle, and as I don't know little more than I do about the matter I thought I was my best. Say, there's my man over there!"

"I see, but I wouldn't make any trouble now if I were you. His wife and little girl are with him, and they would be badly frightened if you attacked him."

"Do you mean to tell me that pretty little yellow headed girl is his child?"

"She is. This is little Mollie Simpson, a great favorite with half the people in town."

"I'm down that hants me. Boss, maybe you won't believe me, but once I had a little girl like that. She died four years ago last Easter," and the hard look left his face, his clenched hands opened and their wave tears in his eyes.

I was saved the painful task of making answer to this sad speech, as the Mollie had made fast to the wharf boat, and I turned to respond to a salutation made by the mate clerk, who was an old acquaintance of mine.

In ten minutes the captain cried "All on board!" and those who were going to take passage, including Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and their little girl, hurried across the short gangway and up the cabin stairs. The stern gambist backed out and then the stern gambist backed out and then the stern gambist backed out and then the