

but not p. 4

Kimber
Again? Jamie again.
^{For the very little young folks}
but you have never seen him before!
^{little young folks}
You do not remember, I suppose,
what happened long ago than yesterday's news.
mind. Jamie will be just as well pleased as if
you had been thinking about him ever since he
made you his first bow.

In the cold country where Jamie lives,
the frost lies thick on the window panes all day
long. A great fire rushes roaring up the chimney,
and calls out constantly "be off, Jack Frost! Be off,
Jack Frost!" but Jack perches saucily on the
window-sill, and snaps his fingers at the fire.
But how do you think Jamie can see out
doors? My, his mamma takes a knife and scrapes
a little hole through the curtain which Jack
Frost has hung there. The hole is about as big as
Jamie's eyes, and a little higher than his nose,
and through it he sees everything that is going on.
Once Jamie went took a sleigh-ride. Oh, it was a
sleigh-ride indeed! They went straight across the
fields, over the tops of fence, upsetting a little
now and then and not minding it, till one of
the horses, whose name was Charley, grew cross
and tired, and got down on his knees, and said
as plainly as a horse could, that as for going
any further in such a road as that, he wouldn't.
But Jamie's papa got out and made a track for
him a little way, and then Master Charley grew
reliant of his ill temper, and his weak legs, and
went about his business. But Jamie quite shook
with fright. He was afraid Charley was going to get
dead.

Why was the Congressional
people in no landed, and so
mean trying to
and through
that of child
want him to
take the other
and
even I
the
holden!
I had!

Mass. Aug 2. 1877

My dear Mr. Ward

We may disagree but we
will not quarrel for I want. Your verac-
ity is unquestionable but you know how
you fly into a furor on the slightest
provocation. I fit, but my temper is
perfect. Therefore we shall, happily, not
quarrel.

I can English the discrepancy a
second. You say "from Apr. 9 1874 to
Jan. 27 1876 we paid you \$25 per article"
On Jan. 1. 1876, without consulting
me or announcing any change of
programme beforehand, you sent me
\$20 in payment for an article. I
disdained to assume that you meant
to do business that way and wrote
you instantly that you had sent
me the wrong check. Jan. 11. you sent
me the additional \$5. Jan. 19. I sent
you another manuscript. and Feb.

Why are the Congregationalists
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and thoughts
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side
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the
Golden
Street!

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 2, 1879

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3. I received in Washington, forwarded from Hamilton \$25. with the announcement that in the future \$20 was to be your rate. This you had a perfect right to do, for this left me free. but you had no right on Jan 1, to change payment for a paper already published and from this sin I held you fast. All this I had entirely forgotten - I only looked back to see when the \$20 arrangements began - I found it Jan. 1. 1876 and having forgotten the subsequent wobbles looked no further. Since your last letter I have followed down the stream of time and find this. You see my veracity is as shaky as yours. Then I sat waiting more till October when you paid \$20 as the regular price. Then nothing more appeared till October year when I told you in my playful poisoned - arrow way that \$20 was an absurd price for that and you turned pale and put on a Poor Man's plaster and drew out \$35. Then nothing more

again till, in response to a letter from you I sent you C. Herschel and you asked me your own self what was my price and I said \$100 and you paid \$75. The Herschel was an artistic - divided because you asked it - divided logically not financially. You printed it at your own sweet will and paid for it all along since. I did not see the Lud. and did not keep the run of things. When the last check came, I did not know that the Pready review was out - and so far as I thought anything I thought that was the last of the \$100. but did not think much about it any way and when I knew the P. had appeared, settled down into the mournful conviction that that was the P. money and you had defaulted on the Herschel. Though on what principle you whipped up and paid \$25 again I don't know except conscience - money you being young and not yet dead in trespass and sin. But don't

you see that you did announce the
\$20 time and play on it - with variations
all I gave you a chance? Only I did
not like it very well & did not strike
the key of it.

Now Mr. Board I hate all this - I hate
it worse than anything but your middle
name - I don't blame you a particle -
either for this or the name - Personally
I like you - very much - I have a very
high opinion of you - I think you have
a large, right mind - I respect your
judgment - Your views have weight
with me and you cannot help yourself -
and yet I shall hate you because you
will be associated in my mind with
disagreeable things - And of all disagree-
ble things to seem to be clamoring for
your own personal advantage! But I
have to do it because I can - for the
great disadvantaged army who can't!
For me, while I wish I were a thous-
and times richer than I am poor, practi-
cally there is no real difference between
twenty-dollars and twenty-five -

I will thank you to send me the
second Lugsdall article as per contract!
The Presbyterian has just arrived of free
grace. Thanks - You certainly will not
complain of the shortness of my letter - The
crosses I grow the more I wish to do you the
justice of making no personal reflection
upon you - All the same I shall hate you to
Heaven's gate but I shall lay up nothing
against you to lay down if I get beyond -
always sincerely Mary Abby Dodge

but not if

Kinnear

Jamie Agair.
^{For the very little Young Folks}
Again? but you have never seen him before!
~~My Young Folks~~ You do not remember, I suppose,
what happened longer ago than yesterday. Never
mind. Jamie will be just as well pleased as if
you had been thinking about him ever since he
made you his first bow.

In the cold country where Jamie lives,
the frost lies thick on the window-panes all day
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and tired, and got down on his knees, and said
as plainly as a horse could ^{cheerily} that as for going
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But Jamie's papa got out and made a track for
him a little way, and then Master Charley grew
ashamed of his ill temper, and his weak legs, and
went about his business. But Jamie quite shook
with fright. He was afraid Charley was going to get
dead.

One thing Jamie wanted very much was a pair of boots to kick his trousers into. But he had no trousers to speak of - little snips of things that only came down to his knees. Then he said his feet were tired, and he wanted a pair of slippers like papa's. So his mamma went to her bag of pieces and found a bit of red merino, and made Jamie a pair of slippers. The soles were cut from an old buffalo robe. Jamie grew late as soon as he stuck his little feet into these new slippers. Now, when evening comes and papa begins to take off his boots, out come Jamie's slippers too. The bail of a little tin pair, he sets on his nose for spectacles, takes a book, though he cannot read a word better - the little know-nothing, and places himself in his chair with one foot on the other knee so that one slipper at least shall be in plain sight.

I think myself Jamie is rather fond of fine clothes. He laments his papa's old coat; he thinks it "looks awful". When his tired mamma ^{happened to sit} ~~sat~~ down, ^{without} ~~not~~ noticing that her dress was askew, he cried in distress, "Oh! mamma you look like old gobbler with your dress all that way; it doesn't look nice at all." When she puts on a new dress, his last words in bed are "be careful of your new dress, mamma".

I would not have you think it is all drap miter where Jamie lives. Sometimes the summer is warm and bright, and green, and we take long walks. Once in our walk we saw a bull coming bellowing towards us, and Jamie and I thought we would run and climb

the fence. When we were quite beyond reach of the bull, Jamie grew very brave; "Why," said he, "When I was a little boy - last summer - once - I was out here and a down bull came along, and I wasn't afraid!"

" weren't you?"

"No, and oh! a good while ago, when I just begun to walk, there was thirty bull come along. I believe there was 'bout thirty bull!" but I don't really believe there were more than twenty-eight or at the utmost twenty-nine.

Once we went fishing. You should have seen Jamie, with his rod on his shoulder, a pail of water in his hand for the fishes he was going to catch, and his curls tossing in the wind. When we ~~got to~~ ^{at the} river he set his pail on the ground, and sat down ~~by~~ on the bank, and dropped his line into the water. The fishes were not hungry, but Jamie was patient. "Bring up the pail", he called cheerily after I don't know how long a waiting. "I may catch a fish by and by." And sure enough he did catch a fish, and after he got it home the cat caught it too, - so we were none ~~of any~~ the wiser for it. When we could catch no more fish, Jamie thought we might at least catch toads, for he declared "Benney caught a toad." Shot him with his bow and arrow, and killed him, and pulled him right out of the water, and his "live yer!"

One day Jamie came rushing into the house shouting at the top of his voice that he had found a nest of kittens, "ten, four black ones and four grey ones." The

Cut

^{doors} went out - and there ^{indeed} was a nest with eleven of the dearest
 little kittens - two families of kittens. Nine of them presently
 went out into the world to seek their fortune, and only
 two remained. These two Jamie was very fond of; and he
 handled them so much that Mother Puss became
 so feared they would become spoiled kittens, and she
 hid them in the hen-coop. Foolish Puss! - As if Jamie
 did not know the hen-coop ^{and through} through. Then she hid
 them again under the barn-floor, and in two days
 there was Jamie's little nose poking under
 the barn-floor. Then she hid them again, and for
 nearly a week Jamie could not find them, and
 Mother Puss had a little peace of her life. At the end
 of that time Jamie got the better of her again. He
 had found the kittens! And nothing would do but
 we must go and see them. So out we went Jamie
^{running} ahead, and making his little legs go so fast
 that we could hardly keep up with him, and
 he squeezed his little self between rails and through
^{cracks} just about large enough for a mouse, and then up
 on the fence, and then ^{up} on the hen-house, and
 then ^{up} on the shed-roof, and then ^{at last} on the top of the
 barn! And there in a snug little hole in the
 thatch were the two little kittens curled up in the
 sunshine. But the cat did not ^{really scowled at} look happy. She
^{was} Jamie has another pet - a beautiful white rabbit
 with pink eyes and long ears. But the rabbit is
 bashful, and they are not yet on the best of
 terms. Jamie has just come in quite sorrowful to
 say "I just been out to give my rabbit a turnip,
 and I called 'bunny, bunny' four, four times and
 he didn't come out."

"Didn't he?" Says Nana; "well, come here a minute. Your face is dirty, I know, but give me a kiss."

"Oh no!" Says Jamie with an expression of disgust.

"But your lips are clean," says Nana; whereat he just lays his thumb and forefinger round his mouth and drops a kiss daintily through three defences. His Bummy takes the place of a dog. Jamie does not much like dogs. A big one ran at him once and came near biting him. "I tell you," says Jamie, "I had a dreadful scare that time. It makes me shake yet."

One ~~day~~ Sunday I ^{Nana} was telling him about the Flood and Noah. He was very still and attentive. "Were they all drowned?" he asked when I ^{had} finished.

"Yes."

"All of them?"

"Yes, all."

He paused a moment, then shook his head; "I don't believe that. That's too big a story."

Jamie is very fond of using grown-up words. When his baby cousin lost his back, he was ~~very~~ kind and patient, but after she was gone he asked his mamma if she did not think Aunt Mallie's baby was a real nuisance! When Nana wanted him to go home with her. "Oh! no, he could not afford to." He does not wish to go to the Episcopal church because he "does not like the services". He is still as a mouth while we are driving in the lake, and after we come out he draws a long breath and says softly "Oh! how I did enjoy that ride in the water!" When the wind blows his brown curls in his face at the picnic, he says he "believes" he shall get a habit of eating hair. But sometimes he goes a little beyond

depth. Perhaps there is steamed bread on the table
for breakfast, and he hears his mamma ~~tell~~ ^{say} that
say that some one has inordinate self-esteem; so he
puts the two legitims in his dear little brain, and
presently says "Thank you, mamma for some of
that self-esteem bread."

We were speaking one day of the Good President.
Jamie said solemnly "he is dead."

"What made him die, Jamie?"

"Naughty man shoot him, and throw him
up to God in the sky; and Jamie flung up his
arms as if he were throwing something up very
high, so that we could all see just how the
beloved President went; and if you want to know
what he is doing up in the sky, there is a little
boy whose name is Eddie who can tell you all
about it."

Gail Hamilton