

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Lichtenberg Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lenz Hambrecht Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Hanrieder Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma Verne Hägele Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntatz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
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Samantha at Saratoga

Marietta Holley

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Dedication:

TO

**THE GREAT ARMY OF SUMMER TRAMPS THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED BY THEIR COMRADE AND FELLOW WANDER-
ER THE AUTHOR**

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A SORT OF PREFACE.

WHICH IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO READ.

When Josiah read my dedication he said "it wuz a shame to dedicate a book that it had took most a hull bottle of ink to write, to a lot of creeters that he wouldn't have in the back door yard."

But I explained it to him, that I didn't mean tramps with broken hats, variegated pantaloons, ventilated shirt-sleeves, and barefooted. But I meant tramps with diamond ear-rings, and cuff-buttons, and Saratoga trunks, and big accounts at their bankers.

And he said, "Oh, shaw!"

But I went on nobly, onmindful of that shaw, as female pardners have to be, if they accomplish all the talkin' they want to.

And sez I, "It duz seem sort o' pitiful, don't it, to think how sort o' homeless the Americans are a gettin'? How the posys that blow under the winders of Home are left to waste their sweet breaths amongst the weeds, while them that used to love 'em are a climbin' mountain tops after strange nose-gays."

The smoke that curled up from the chimbleys, a wreathin' its way up to the heavens — all dead and gone. The bright light that shone out of the winder through the dark a tellin' everybody that there wuz a Home, and some one a waitin' for somebody — all dark and lonesome.

Yes, the waiter and the waited for are all a rushin' round somewhere, on the cars, mebby, or a yot, a chasin' Pleasure, that like as not settled right down on the eves of the old house they left, and stayed there.

I wonder if they will find her there when they go back again. Mebby they will, and then agin, mebby they won't. For Happiness haint one to set round and lame herself a waitin' for folks to make up their minds.

Sometimes she looks folks full in the face, sort o' solemn like and heart-searchin', and gives 'em a fair chance what they will chuse. And then if they chuse wrong, shee'll turn her back to 'em, for always. I've hearn of jest such cases.

But it duz seem sort o' solemn to think — how the sweet restful felin's that clings like ivy round the old familier door steps — where old 4 fathers feet stopped, and stayed there, and baby feet touched and then went away — I declare for't, it almost brings tears, to think how that sweet clingin' vine of affection, and domestic repose, and content — how soon that vine gets tore up nowadays.

It is a sort of a runnin' vine anyway, and folks use it as sech, they run with it. Jest as it puts its tendrils out to cling round some fence post, or lilock bush, they pull it up, and start off with it. And then its roots get dry, and it is some time before it will begin to put out little shoots and clingin' leaves agin round some petickular mountain top, or bureau or human bein'. And then it is yanked up agin, poor little runnin' vine, and run with — and so on — and so on — and so on.

Why sometimes it makes me fairly heart-sick to think on't. And I fairly envy our old 4 fathers, who used to set down for several hundred years in one spot. They used to get real rested, it must be they did.

Jacob now, settin' right by that well of his'n for pretty nigh two hundred years. How much store he must have set by it during the last hundred years of 'em! How attached he must have been to it!

Good land! Where is there a well that one of our rich old American patriarks will set down by for two years, leavin' off the orts. There haint none, there haint no such a well. Our patriarks haint fond of well water, anyway.

And old Miss Abraham now, and Miss Isaac — what stay to home wimmen they wuz, and equinomical!

What a good contented creeter Sarah Abraham wuz. How settled down, and stiddy, stayin' right to home for hundreds of years. Not gettin' rampent for a wider spear, not a coaxin' old Mr. Abraham nights to take her to summer resorts, and winter hants of fashion.

No, old Mr. Abraham went to bed, and went to sleep for all of her.

And when they did once in a hundred years, or so, make up their minds to move on a mile or so, how easy they traveled. Mr. Abraham didn't have to lug off ten or twelve wagon loads of furniture to the Safe Deposit Company, and spend weeks and weeks a settlin' his bisness, in Western lands, and Northern mines, Southern railroads, and Eastern wildcat stocks, to get ready to go. And Miss Abraham didn't have to have a dozen dress-makers in the house for a month or two, and messenger boys, and dry goods clerks, and have to stand and be fitted for basks and polenays, and back drapery, and front drapery, and tea gowns, and dinner gowns, and drivin' gowns, and mornin' gowns, and evenin' gowns, and ectetery, ectetery.

No, all the preparations she had to make wuz to wrop her mantilly a little closter round her, and all Mr. Abraham had to do wuz to gird up his lions. That is what it sez. And I don't believe it would take much time to gird up a few lions, it don't seem to me as if it would.

And when these few simple preparations had been made, they jest histed up their tent and laid it acrost a camel, and moved on a mild or two, walkin' afoot.

Why jest imagine if Miss Abraham had to travel with eight or ten big Saratoga trunks, how could they have been got up onto that camel? It couldn't lave been done. The camel would have died, and old Mr. Abraham would also have expired a tryin' to lift 'em up. No, it was all for the best.

And jest think on't, for all of these simple, stay to home ways, they called themselves Pilgrims and Sojourners. Good land! What would they have thought nowadays to see folks make nothin' of settin' off for China, or Japan or Jerusalem before breakfast.

And what did they know of the hardships of civilization? Now to sposen the case, sposen Miss Abraham had to live in New York winters, and go to two or three big receptions every day, and to dinner parties, and theatre parties, and operas and such like, evenin's, and receive and return about three thousand calls, and be

on more 'n a dozen charitable boards (hard boards they be too, some on 'em) and lots of other projects and enterprizes — be on the go the hull winter, with a dress so tight she couldn't breathe instead of her good loose robes, and instead of her good comfortable sandals have her feet upon high-heeled shoes pinchin' her corns almost unto distraction. And then to Washington to go all through it agin, and more too, and Florida, and Cuba; and then to the sea-shore and have it all over agin with sea bathin' added.

And then to the mountains, and all over agin with climbin' round added. Then to Europe, with seas sickness, picture galleries, etc., added. And so on home agin in the fall to begin it all over agin.

Why Miss Abraham would be so tuckered out before she went half through with one season, that she would be a dead 4 mother.

And Mr. Abraham — why one half hour down at the stock exchange would have been too much for that good old creeter. The yells and cries, and distracted movements of the crowd of Luker Gatherers there, would have skairt him to death. He never would have lived to follow Miss Abraham round from pillow to post through summer and winter seasons — he wouldn't have lived to waltz, or toboggen, or suffer other civilized agonies. No, he would have been a dead patriark. And better off so, I almost think.

Not but what I realize that civilization has its advantages. Not but what I know that if Mr. Abraham wanted Miss Abraham to part his hair straight, or clean off his phylackrity when she happened to be out a pickin' up manny, he couldn't stand on one side of his tent and telephone to bring her back, but had to yell at her.

And I realize fully that if one of his herd got strayed off into another county, they hadn't no telegraf to head it off, but the old man had to poke off through rain or sun, and hunt it up himself. And he couldn't set down cross-legged in front of his tent in the mornin', and read what happened on the other side of the world, the evenin' before.

And I know that if he wanted to set down some news, they had to kill a sheep, and spend several years a dressin' off the hide into parchment — and kill a goose, or chase it up till they wuz beat out, for a goose-quill.

And then after about 20 years or so, they could put it down that Miss Isaac had got a boy — the boy, probably bein' a married man himself and a father when the news of his birth wuz set down.

I realize this, and also the great fundamental fact that underlies all philosophies, that you can't set down and stand up at the same time — and that no man, however pure and lofty his motives may be, can't lean up against a barn door, and walk off simultaneous. And if he don't walk off, then the great question comes in, How will he get there? And he feels lots of times that he must stand up so's to bring his head up above the mullien and burdock stalks, amongst which he is a settin', and get a wider view—a broader horizeon. And he feels lots of time, that he must get there.

This is a sort of a curius world, and it makes me feel curius a good deal of the time as we go through it. But we have to make allowances for it, for the old world is on a tramp, too. It can't seem to stop a minute to oil up its old axeltrys — it moves on, and takes us with it. It seems to be in a hurry.

Everything seems to be in a hurry here below. And some say Heaven is a place of continual sailin' round and goin' up and up all the time. But while risin' up and soarin' is a sweet thought to me, still sometimes I love to think that Heaven is a place where I can set down, and set for some time.

I told Josiah so (waked him up, for he wuz asleep), and he said he sot more store on the golden streets, and the wavin' palms, and the procession of angels. (And then he went to sleep agin.)

But I don't feel so. I'd love, as I say, to jest set down for quite a spell, and set there, to be kinder settled down and to home with them whose presence makes a home anywhere. I wouldn't give a cent to sail round unless I wuz made to know it wuz my duty to sail. Josiah wants to.

But, as I say, everybody is in a hurry. Husbands can't hardly find time to keep up a acquaintance with their wives. Fathers don't have no time to get up a intimate acquaintance with their children. Mothers are in such a hurry — babys are in such a hurry — that they can't scarcely find time to be born. And I declare for't, it seems sometimes as if folks don't want to take time to die.

The old folks at home wait with faithful, tired old eyes for the letter that don't come, for the busy son or daughter hasn't time to write it — no, they are too busy a tearin' up the running vine of affection and home love, and a runnin' with it.

Yes, the hull nation is in a hurry to get somewhere else, to go on, it can't wait. It is a trampin' on over the Western slopes, a trampin' over red men, and black men, and some white men a hurryin' on to the West — hurryin' on to the sea. And what then?

Is there a tide of restfulness a layin' before it? Some cool waters of repose where it will bathe its tired forward, and its stun-bruised feet, and set there for some time?

I don't s'pose so. I don't s'pose it is in its nater to. I s'pose it will look off longingly onto the far off somewhere that lays over the waters — beyend the sunset.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

NEW YORK, June, 1887.

I.

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA.

The idee on't come to me one day about sundown, or a little before sundown. I wuz a settin' in calm peace, and a big rockin' chair covered with a handsome copperplate, a readin' what the Sammist sez about "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." The words struck deep, and as I said, it was jest that very minute that the idee struck me about goin' to Saratoga. Why I should have had the idee at jest that minute, I can't tell, nor Josiah can't. We have talked about it sense.

But good land! such creeters as thoughts be never wuz, nor never will be. They will creep in, and round, and over anything, and get inside of your mind (entirely unbeknown to you) at any time. Curious, haint it? — How you may try to hedge 'em out, and shet the doors and everything. But they will creep up into your mind, climb up and draw up their ladders, and there they will be, and stalk round independent as if they owned your hull head; curious!

Well, there the idee wuz — I never knew nothin' about it, nor how it got there. But there it wuz, lookin' me right in the face of my soul, kinder pert and saucy, sayin', "You'd better go to Saratoga next summer; you and Josiah."

But I argued with it. Sez I, "What should we go to Saratoga for? None of the relations live there on my side, or on hison; why should we go?"

But still that idee kep' a hantin me; "You'd better go to Saratoga next summer, you and Josiah." And it whispered, "Mebby it will help Josiah's corns." (He is dretful troubled with corns.) And so the idee kep' a naggin' me, it nagged me for three days and three nights before I mentioned it to my Josiah. And when I did, he scorfed at the idee. He said, "The idee of water curing them dumb corns — "

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, stranger things have been done;" sez I, "that water is very strong. It does wonders."

And he scorfed agin and sez, "Don't you believe faith could cure em?"

Sez I, "If it wuz strong enough it could."

But the thought kep a naggin' me stiddy, and then — here is the curious part of it — the thought nagged me, and I nagged Josiah, or not exactly nagged; not a clear nag; I despise them, and always did. But I kinder kep' it before his mind from day to day, and from hour to hour. And the idee would keep a tellin' me things and I would keep a tellin' 'em to my companion. The idee would keep a sayin' to me, "It is one of the most beautiful places in our native land. The waters will help you, the inspirin' music, and elegance and gay enjoyment you will find there, will sort a uplift you. You had better go there on a tower;" and agin it sez, "Mebby it will help Josiah's corns."

And old Dr. Gale a happenin' in at about that time, I asked him about it (he doctored me when I wuz a baby, and I have helped 'em for years. Good old creetur, he don't get along as well as he ort to. Loontown is a healthy place.) I told him about my strong desire to go to Saratoga, and I asked him plain if he thought the water would help my pardner's corns. And he looked dreadful wise and he riz up and walked across the floor 2 and fro several times, probably 3 times to, and the same number of times fro, with his arms crossed back under the skirt of his coat and his eyebrows knit in deep thought, before he answered me. Finely he said, that modern science had not fully demonstrated yet the direct bearing of water on corn. In some cases it might and probably did stimulate 'em to greater luxuriance, and then again a great flow of water might retard their growth.

Sez I, anxiously, "Then you'd advise me to go there with him?"

"Yes," sez he, "on the hull, I advise you to go."

Them words I reported to Josiah, and sez I in anxious axents, "Dr. Gale advises us to go."

And Josiah sez, "I guess I shan't mind what that old fool sez."

Them wuz my pardner's words, much as I hate to tell on 'em. But from day to day I kep' it stiddy before him, how dang'r'us it wuz to go ag'inst a doctor's advice. And from day to day he would scorf at the plan. And I, ev'ry now and then, and mebbly oftener, would get him a extra good meal, and attack him on the subject immegatly afterwards. But all in vain. And I see that when he had that immoveble sotness onto him, one extra meal wouldn't soften or molify him. No, I see plain I must make a more voyalent effort. And I made it. For three stiddy days I put before that man the best vittles that these hands could make, or this brain could plan.

And at the end of the 3d day I gently tackled him agin on the subject, and his state wuz such, bland, serene, happified, that he consented without a parlay. And so it wuz settled that the next summer we wuz to go to Saratoga. And he began to count on it and make preparation in a way that I hated to see.

Yes, from the very minute that our two minds wuz made up to go to Saratoga Josiah Allen wuz set on havin' sunthin new and uneek in the way of dress and whiskers. I looked coldly on the idee of puttin' a gay stripe down the legs of the new pantaloons I made for him, and broke it up, also a figured vest. I went through them two crises and came out triumphant.

Then he went and bought a new bright pink necktie with broad long ends which he intended to have float out, down the front of his vest. And I immegatly took it for the light-colored blocks in my silk log-cabin bedquilt. Yes, I settled the matter of that pink neck-gear with a high hand and a pair of shears. And Josiah sez now that he bought it for that purpose, for the bedquilt, because he loves to see a dressy quilt, — sez he always enjoys seein' a cabin look sort o' gay. But good land! he didn't. He intended and calculated to wear that neck-tie into Saratoga, — a sight for men and angels, if I hadn't broke it up.

But in the matter of whiskers, there I was powerless. He trimmed 'em (unbeknow to me) all off the side of his face, them good honorable side whiskers of hisen, that had stood by him for years in solemnity and decency, and begun to cultivate a little patch on the end of his chin. I argued with him, and talked well on the subject,

eloquent, but it wuz of no use, I might as well have argued with the wind in March.

He said, he wuz bound on goin' into Saratoga with a fashionable whisker, come what would.

And then I sithed, and he sez, — " You have broke up my pantaloons, my vest, and my neck-tie, you have ground me down onto plain broadcloth, but in the matter of whiskers I am firm! Yes!" sez he "on these whiskers I take my stand!"

And agin I sithed heavy, and I sez in a dretful impressive way, as I looked on 'em, "Josiah Allen, remember you are a father and a grandfather!"

And he sez firmly, "If I wuz a great-grandfather I would trim my whiskers in jest this way, that is if I wuz a goin' to set up to be fashionable and a goin' to Saratoga for my health."

And I groaned kinder low to myself, and kep' hopin' that mebbey they wouldn't grow very fast, or that some axident would happen to 'em, that they would get afire or sunthin'. But they didn't. And they grew from day to day luxurient in length, but thin. And his watchful care kep' 'em from axident, and I wuz too high princepled to set fire to 'em when he wuz asleep, though sometimes, on a moonlight night, I was tempted to, sorely tempted.

But I didn't, and they grew from day to day, till they wuz the curiousest lookin' patch o' whiskers that I ever see. And when we sot out for Saratoga, they wuz jest about as long as a shavin' brush, and looked some like one. There wuz no look of a class-leader, and a perfesser about 'em, and I told him so. But he worshiped 'em, and gloried in the idee of goin' afar to show 'em off.

But the neighbors received the news that we wuz goin' to a waterin' place coldly, or with ill-concealed envy.

Uncle Jonas Bently told us he shouldn't think we would want to go round to waterin' troughs at our age.

And I told him it wuzn't a waterin' trough, and if it wuz, I thought our age wuz jest as good a one as any, to go to it.

He had the impression that Saratoga wuz a immense waterin' trough where the country all drove themselves summers to be wa-

tered. He is deaf as a Hemlock post, and I yelled up at him jest as loud as I dast for fear of breakin' open my own chest, that the water got into us, instid of our gettin' into the water, but I didn't make him understand, for I hearn afterwards of his sayin' that, as nigh as he could make out we all got into the waterin' trough and wuz watered.

The school teacher, a young man, with long, small lims, and some pimply on the face, but well meanin', he sez to me: "Saratoga is a beautiful spah."

And I sez warmly, "It aint no such thing, it is a village, for I have seen a peddler who went right through it, and watered his horses there, and he sez it is a waterin' place, and a village."

"Yes," sez he, "it is a beautiful village, a modest retiren city, and at the same time it is the most noted spah on this continent."

I wouldn't contend with him for it wuz on the stoop of the meet-in' house, and I believe in bein' reverent. But I knew it wuzn't no "spah," — that had a dreadful flat sound to me. And any way I knew I should face its realities soon and know all about it. Lots of wimen said that for anybody who lived right on the side of a canal, and had two good, cisterns on the place, and a well, they didn't see why I should feel in a sufferin' condition for any more water; and if I did, why didn't I ketch rain water?

Such wuz some of the deep arguments they brung up aginst my embarkin' on this enterprise, they talked about it sights and sights; — why, it lasted the neighbors for a stiddy conversation, till along about the middle of the winter. Then the Minister's wife bought a new alpacky dress — unbeknown to the church till it wuz made up — and that kind o' drawed their minds off o' me for a spell.

Aunt Polly Pixley wuz the only one who received the intelligence gladly. And she thought she would go too. She had been kinder run down and most bed rid for years. And she had a idee the water might help her. And I encouraged Aunt Polly in the idee, for she wuz well off. Yes, Mr. and Miss Pixley wuz very well off though they lived in a little mite of a dark, low, lonesome house, with some tall Pollard willows in front of the door in a row, and jest acrost the road from a grave-yard.

Her husband had been close and wuzn't willin' to have any other luxury or means of recreation in the house only a bass viol, that had been his father's — he used to play on that for hours and hours. I thought that wuz one reason why Polly wuz so nervous. I said to Josiah that it would have killed me outright to have that low grumblin' a goin' on from day to day, and to look at them tall lonesome willows and grave stuns.

But, howsumever, Polly's husband had died durin' the summer, and Polly parted with the bass viol the day after the funeral. She got out some now, and wuz quite wrought up with the idee of goin' to Saratoga.

But Sister Minkley; sister in the church and sister-in-law by reason of Whitefield, sez to me, that she should think I would think twice before I danced and waltzed round waltzes.

And I sez, "I haint thought of doin' it, I haint thought of dancin' round or square or any other shape."

Sez she, "You have got to, if you go to Saratoga."

Sez I, "Not while life remains in this frame."

And old Miss Bobbet came up that minute — it wuz in the store that we were a talkin' — and sez she, "It seems to me, Josiah Allen's wife, that you are too old to wear low-necked dresses and short sleeves."

"And I should think you'd take cold a goin' bareheaded," sez Miss Luman Spink who wuz with her.

Sez I, lookin' at 'em coldly, "Are you lunys or has softness begun on your brains?"

"Why," sez they, "you are talking about goin' to Saratoga, hain't you?"

"Yes," sez I.

"Well then you have got to wear 'em," says Miss Bobbet. "They don't let anybody inside of the incorporation without they have got on a low-necked dress and short sleeves."