A GREAT HOWL FROM UP HOPPIN' HOLLER

The Geeville Trumpet Blast of Freedom Kills Scoop.

One of the Bungbubble Brothers Learns That All is Not Gold That Glitters.

BY ED MOTT.

As I was deep one day in writing for the existing number of The Geeville Trumpet Blast of Freedom, when I heard a sudden commotion outside in cowhide Shoes, wearing a limp felt hat, and with joy beaming from every face like a candle shining through the holes in a pumpkin lantern, came pattering tootling into the office.

"Pid de rol, de rol, de raddid! Pid de rol, de rol, de raddy!" was his introductory remark, as he cut a series of backwards pigeon wings around the room.

It was court week, during which event the back districts invariably turned out their denizens similar to a man, either as witnesses, jurymen or litigants, and the Geeville lawyers were out to the popular demand a ripple that had won them fame for the prominence with which it took dull prominence with which it took dull care by the neck and shooed it out of the window, so to speak; so I at first thought that my sudden and joyous visitor was one of those who had been in fond and too-protracted dalliance with that intoxicant and the sidious bowl. But such was not the fact, as he had concluded and pirouetted off his first burst of glee, he fellier wants that place he's got to take her with it an' change her name to Ida's. What do you think of that, Squire?"

"Ah! who do you think's been sighin' round the widder, anxious to git the clearin' on them diskeeridge terms? Ackcly willin' to marry the Widder Bungdeacrek to git that clearin'? Why, Solon Pipps! Ah! he's so egotistical durn anxious to git the clearin' on them diskeeridge terms! 'Cause I'm found out that the place has got Ida here on to it. That's why!"

My beaming visitor took a handful of glittering, heavy bits of what seemed to be ore from his pocket and exhibited them to me. Then he danced joyously again, making a foothall of his old felt hat.

"Gold, by jeckety!" he shouted. "Gold! Pid de rol, de rol, de raddid! Gold on the Widder Bungdeacrek's place! Pid de rol, de rol, de raddid! She's old, an' as ratty as a dried apple, an' deaf, an' shy as ever, an' her place ain't worth seven shillin' an' seven fence-post pennies! But there's gold on to it! Tons an' tons of it! Pid de rol, de rol, de raddid!" Ah! Solon Pipps! fellier, has found it out somehow, an' is willin' to git married to the widder! He said so! But he don't know that the widder's dead an' cold! He don't know that I'm one o' the Bungbubble boys from Hoppin' Holler! The Bungbubble, called 'Hoss' for short, just what I am, by jickety! I know that always gits there, an' gits there first! Yon hed a 'Hurle' from Blarin' Ridge in your paper last week, statin' yo'clar an' quite consequential like, as sorty makin' Blarin' Ridge some punkier, that Jonathan Jaggery's wife Araminty Jane had run away with young Socrates Munyon, somethin' that hadn't happened on Blarin' Ridge since nobody knowed when. That's about the same! Ah! the Blarin' from Blarin' Ridge that brung the tidings to the top of the heap in the Trumpet Blast last week, ain't it?"

I admitted that the Trumpet Blast had been enlivened the last week by an item sody as he mentioned.

"Hah, hah!" said the beaming visitor, nodding. "That was a bumper! an' no mistake. It was most as exciti' an' entertainin' as the one you had in The Trumpet Blast the week afore that yit, in the Limpin's from Lame Crow Barren, about Ribe Slopper havin' been ketched settin' fire to Hiram Wing's barn, an' the fudfin' out that he had lugged away all the hay an' others things that was in it 'fore he set the fire.

I said I thought his judgment was almost correct as to that. "The item from Lame Crow Barren certainly was unique," I said.

"Hah, hah," nodded my critical visitor who then concluded with a great rousing of positiveness:

"But I'm goin' to give you a piece for your paper that's as much more unique than runnin' off with somebody's wife or hoss stealin', or hittin' your neighbor's barn as lynchin' a fellier-critter is more ketchin' than trappin' a muskrat! You know the Widder Bungdeacrek, an' you know the Widder Bungdeacrek's place, don't you?"

I had some knowledge of the widow and her place. I told my eccentric visitor

"Why, consarn it!" exclaimed the excited representative of the Dung-bubble family. "She's sixty-sixth if she's a minute! Sixty-eight past. An' ain't she bunky? Jeff Siffer, what worked for her, says he'll make affidavit that she not in her corrobeld this past season an' ac'ly skeert the crows away, she's that bunky! An' thin? Why, Squire, an ash ashin has got more meat on it than the widder Bungdeacrek thin lrag on! Place? She's deefer's a post, too, an' her eye is out. As for her place, you couldn't raise white beans on the most of it! For aggercultyr purposes that place of the widder's ain't worth seven shillin' an acre. But it's that contrary an' not in her ways thinks that she won't sell the blasted place for no price. She says if anyone got sold on her place! Say! Ah! Ida gits up in the middle of the night an' per that'll make it crack from Dan to Deersbaby!"

One look at the specimens the joyous announcer of his prospective good fortune handed me into what they were. Iron pyrites. I put them on a table and held it to the fire. Presently they crumbled and almost vanished as if they had never existed. The flung bubble brother dropped in the chair, and spread out his fingers over the stove shovel with bulging eyes.

"That's what I call fool's gold, Mr. Bungbubble," said I. "It's entirely worthless. Couldn't get a dollar for a wagon load of it. You've had a row escape, old boy! You might have prospected the decrepit and unattractive widow and her worthless farm. I'd your friend Solon Pipps hard as he wants her."

Mr. Bungbubble sat a moment as in a trance. Then he rose, stamped and thumped and knocked down everything in the room, and then stood until all looked blue.

"Let Solon Pipps have the widder!" he yelled. "Why, great piken pepper pods! There ain't no widder! Ta-ra-ra-ra