

A Modern Knight of Armour

○NCE der wuz a Miller what lived Indermille, who was pretty fond of what you folks calls a Beveridge but what I calls de Beer.

He wuz a gay old Benedict and had one daughter—a coy Ferry of eighteen summers—and an Alderson.

De daughter, Maher shadow never grow less, wuz in love with a Merry guy, who was Marshall of de town; but der wuz also a Marchese, an Italian noble, dat wuz also tryin' to Roesch her. He was de Deane of de Ladies Cemetery and stood Wright wid de old man.

But de Marshall wuzn't Borne yesterday, and he wuz too Sharp to hang around be-Monin his fate. He was Weiskopf enough to know dat if he Wendt to papa and Baird his Hart, the old man would think him Battey and send him to the tall Wood.

He also knew dat de guy what takes a Knapp never Goetz der.

He wuz no Cole baron, but he wuzn't no tight wad Ederer, so he Mead up his mind to Putt his spare Silver into chocolate Menier and Collins ice cream for Jenny. And as de Marchese hung onto his shekels wid a grip tightner'n a Stillson wrench, she didn't have to look twice to see which wuz Herrmann.

So when de Marchese came Cronin around she wuz Cole as Stone.

He wuz a pretty fair Harper, but his voice was out of Geer and needed a Carpenter. So when he got to spouting a French Ballard or love Carroll, she tried to Stem his Torrance of song by making a face