

## HOW TO TELL

# "Cravenette"

Reg. U S Pat. Off.

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This circular registered trade mark is stamped on the inside and a Silk Cravenette Label is sewed at the collar or elsewhere.

### "None Genuine Without Them"

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**Cravenette Co., USA.**

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

**B. Priestley & Co.**

BRADFORD, ENGLAND

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## AH LEE BUNG

Continued from page 4

through the motions of labor and accomplishing very little. Ever and anon he would stop and feel his pigtail to make sure nothing had happened to the sacred appendage. It was a question of theology that bothered his pagan mind. Quite manifestly the *yan-kee* who came in the last night's dream had warned Bung to get a haircut. But who had sent the demon?

MRS. OLIVER decided after lunch to take the afternoon train for San Francisco and go to the theater with her sister. She often did this, the regular family arrangement being for the Judge to drive her to the station and leave the horse and cart at a local livery stable awaiting her return on the midnight train. The Judge usually walked the three miles back to the ranch.

"Go hitch Daisy to the red buckboard," commanded the Judge of Bung, who was digging postholes in half-hearted fashion.

"Yep, Boss!" replied the melancholy servant. There was a long standing feud between Bung and the old sorrel mare, a dispute made doubly irritating from the fact that Daisy instinctively realized that Bung was afraid of her.

"Whoa-up! Whoa-up!" commanded Bung as he sidled into the stall with collar and bridle. The auburn steed looked insolently round to determine what she should "Whoa-up" for. As he nervously adjusted the collar over her shoulders she brought down her hoof sharply within an inch of his toe, causing the old man to jump as though he had been stung by a wasp. Just as he was recovering himself she slapped him in the face with her tail. She presented a front of hypocritical gentleness while he was removing her halter; but the moment he seized her forelock to force the bit in her teeth, she suddenly elevated her head after the fashion of a giraffe, backing away at the same moment and dragging Bung half the length of the stable.

"Oh, hellee! Hoss crazy fool all time!" ejaculated Bung, attempting to bridle the steed by the very force of his fury. For a time a prodigious racket of howls and tramping hoofs shook the walls of the stable. It was a noise suitable to a man and a horse expiring together in considerable agony. Then silence. Soon afterward the carriage house door slid back, and Daisy, becomingly harnessed to the red buckboard, trotted sedately forth with Bung at the reins. She had gone through the regular procedure of being harnessed by a Chinaman, and relished the sensation.

Seesawing and slapping at the reins, Bung stopped Daisy on the drive near the veranda. He accomplished this maneuver by pulling back full strength, which caused Daisy to stop on all four feet at once, thus jerking Bung halfway over the dashboard.

"I see you've still got your pigtail, Bung," said the Judge jocularly as he disposed his rheumatic limbs in the narrow vehicle and helped his wife to her place beside him.

"Still got," admitted the coolie; "but no can tell how long, Judge Olivah. One devil come me last night say he catch 'em plenty quick."

"Maybe you can cheat the devil," suggested the Judge.

"Ah, no. Them devil velly smart fellas," responded Bung, moodily returning to his postholes.

THE Swedish servant was away on a vacation; so the ranch house was deserted that afternoon, save for Gertrude Oliver, who had been washing her hair, and, clad in a shabby kimono, sat in the sunlight before a bedroom window. Bung continued to dig postholes, now and then pausing to finger his pigtail reflectively. A white hen escaped from her prison yard and began digging the roots of a flower bed. Bung observed the culprit and gave stern chase. The hen in her flight elected to cut an almost perfect circle round and round the house, and, being in the heyday of her youth, she had little trouble in widening the distance between herself and her pursuer at every lap. Bung, however, hung doggedly to her lead like a defeated champion in a six-day bicycle race.

So deeply was Bung engrossed in the struggle that he did not hear the cushioned roll of carriage wheels until the equipage—for equipage it was—had drawn up before the door. The glory of the vision was complete,—silver mounted harness, dapple gray thoroughbreds, two men on the box, and lolling in listless pride among the cushions Miss Cecilia Holland, daughter of one of the valley's richest prune magnates. The Hollands, towers of ostentation, were par-

venus to the bone, and Gertrude, as she gazed in panic from her bedroom window, felt she had much rather be boiled in a nice, clean vat of olive oil than face the haughty heiress thus, in a servantless house, hair down her back, and wearing a soiled kimono.

The elegant Miss Holland rang twice at the bell, and looked slightly irritated at the slowness of response. Bung, driving the white hen, passed her once. With the stealth of a stalking tiger Gertrude scuttled to a side window near which Bung, all oblivious, stood panting from his labors.

"Bung!" she whispered.

"Yep, Missy Gertrude."

"Sh-h-h! Come closer! There's a young lady calling, and no servants to let her in. Go around to the kitchen and open the front door—understand?"

"Yep, I sabe plenty. You say go lound to kitchen and open flont door."

Gertrude closed the window softly. A moment later she nearly fainted when she beheld Bung walk boldly up to the front veranda and thus address the daughter of the prune plutocrat:

"Missy Gellude say nobody can let you in. So you please go lound to kitchen and open flont door."

Tableau!

"My dear," warbled Gertrude with a forced smile as she opened the door in her deshabille, "I hope you won't think we've all gone crazy the way our poor old servant has."

"These Chinese!" exclaimed Miss Holland, as if to say, "My father can afford English servants, you know."

Things, however, are never so bad as they ought to be. Gertrude was able to explain away the confusion with a hundred short-order excuses, skilfully served. Moreover, Miss Holland was not a bad sort, under her gilded exterior; and when it turned out that she had come to take Gertrude to an informal house party overnight at the Holland ranch, the latter girl accepted with all the enthusiasm of her dancing teens. She left a note for her father pinned to his chair in the sitting room, and the two girls, now arrayed in almost equal splendor, drove away by the East Road.

Bung continued to dig postholes.

IN defiance of all precedent, Judge Oliver was driven back from the station in a livery rig. He looked unnaturally bent and tired. Bung had to help him down from the seat, and he groaned as he stepped, leaning heavily on the shoulders of the Chinese henchman. Bung maintained a tactful silence; for he knew his boss was suffering from another attack of sciatica and would be testy accordingly.

The Judge found Gertrude's note on the chair. He groaned again and swore an un-Methodistic oath.

"It's a wonder both the girls have to go gadding when Mother's in San Francisco and Tom's away at college," he complained between agonizing twitches. "Bung, I'm going to be alone until Mrs. Oliver returns on the midnight train. I want you to stand by and take care of me. Help me up to bed—and mind, if you wrench my back, I'll break yours!"

"All lile, Judge Olivah," answered Bung cheerily. "I no twist; you no break."

He braced his strong shoulder to the support of his lord and master. With skill born of practice he undressed the old man and got a bottle of liniment out of the top drawer of the carved walnut bureau. He applied the irritant vigorously to the quivering back muscles of the patient, then patted up a billowy mass of pillows and laid the sufferer against them as tenderly as any nurse could have done. The Judge's attacks, he knew, lasted from three to ten hours, during which time the sufferer, though in no great pain when quiet, was unable to move anything but his arms without enduring an inquisition in every nerve.

"Put the lamp and a teabell on the table by my bed," said the Judge, "and hand me that little brown book off the top shelf." The book mentioned was the Philosophy of Epictetus, which the old man opened before his suffering eyes.

"Please, Mist' Boss," said Bung as soon as he had carried out orders, "you let me stay top si' by you?"

Waiting vainly for a response, Bung continued.

"I hear sabe why you catchee leumatism. You no sabe how chase um devil. What all devil do? They see you, make quick jump, pinch-pinch you back because you no sabe—"

"Shut up!" said the Judge savagely. "Don't you think my back hurts enough

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