

**A POOR AMERICAN
IN IRELAND AND
SCOTLAND**

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A poor American in Ireland and Scotland by Windy Bill

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WINDY BILL

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—IN—
IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

BY
WINDY BILL

Ben G. [unclear]

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CHAPTER I.

BILLY AND I

Stranger, will you please permit me to give you an introduction to a very particular friend of mine—Little Billy?

Little Billy and I had been on the bum together a long while, and had prospected for gold and other things in Utah, Nevada, Mexico, Arizona and several other states and territories, but somehow we never struck it rich. We had lots of adventures, though, some of which were pretty lively and interesting, but I cannot stop to relate them here, for this book is written for another purpose.

One adventure we had, however, I will relate, for as it proved mighty interesting to us it may also prove so to others. It concerned two young girls, and it took Billy and I a long time to get over it, for adventures of that kind were few with us.

One beautiful October morning Billy and I started out to walk from Ogden to Salt Lake City, a distance of about thirty-seven miles, and as we had a little money in our pockets, which we had earned by laboring in the harvest fields, we felt happy and independent, for what we had earned we had come by fairly and were beholden to nobody for. The weather was fine, cool and sunny, and it infected our spirits to a high degree. We talked and laughed aloud, whistled or sang as the mood came over us. The country through which we were walking was fine, for it was dotted with grain fields, meadows, orchards, snug farm-houses, and here and there along the road side, by shade trees.

"Say Billy," said I to my chum, "these Mormon fellows have got good taste. See the snug farm-houses they've got,

will you; the fine orchards, the splendid fields and all the other nice things. Wish I was a Mormon. I wouldn't mind living in a country like this. It's mighty snug and cosy."

"It surely is fine, Windy," retorted Billy, "but I don't know whether I'd like to be a Mormon or not. Does a fellow have to marry a lot of women if he is a Mormon?"

"I don't know, Billy. If he does, then I wouldn't want to be one. I wouldn't mind marrying a girl or two, one for every day and one for Sunday, but two is company and three is a crowd. Two will do me. But how about the mother-in-laws? Is a mother-in-law thrown in every time a fellow marries a girl?"

"Search me, Windy; I don't know. If the mother-in-law is thrown in every time, it's tough. No Mormonism in mine, thank you. They say Brigham Young had twenty-eight wives. He must have been a lustful, liquorish old codger, and if one fellow has so many I wouldn't think there'd be enough to go around. I've heard that the Mormons are dead stuck on apples, cider and ladies. I wonder if that's so."

"I guess there's some truth in it, Billy, but I don't see what one chap wants so many wives for. Ain't two or three, or half a dozen enough?"

"Does he have to support them all, Windy?"

"Sure thing, son. The women can't live on air and scenery, can they?"

"Well, hardly," responded Billy. "Guess I won't join the Mormon Church just yet."

"Wait till you make a strike and get some money ahead, then you can sail in and try your luck with a few wives."

"All right, Windy. Let it be understood though, that I don't take in the mother-in-laws. I like peace and quietness in my home, I do."

Talking thus in a joking or blustering way, we walked along until about noon-time when we came to a clump of trees along the road-side which afforded a pleasant resting place. Between the trees rushed a deep irrigating ditch which was spanned by a substantial stone viaduct.

We unslung our blankets from our shoulders, dropped them on the sward beside us and sat down on the convenient stump of a tree. There were no houses in the immediate vicinity, though there was an orchard not far away, in about the center of which stood a commodious old farm-house. On the other side of the road were fields from which the corn had just been harvested and was shocked up on the ground.

After regarding our surroundings for a moment or two, we brought forth a generous lunch which we had brought with us, had a royal feast, and washed it down with draughts of water from the irrigating ditch. The ditch-water was clear and cool, but it looked as if there might be some earthen sediment in it. For this, though, we did not care. A little dirt more or less never harmed us.

After we had eaten and drank our fill we pulled forth our pipes and indulged in a smoke, chatting in the meanwhile; soon afterward we lay down and indulged in a sleep for an hour or two. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we awoke, and we concluded then to continue our journey toward Salt Lake. Just as we were getting ready to leave we noticed two girls coming toward us from the direction of Salt Lake. We sat down again and took notice immediately. We wondered why two young ladies would be wandering all alone along the public road. "Are they farmers' wives, school girls, farmers' daughters, or what?" thought we.

"Say Billy, I guess we may be in for a little joy. Let's brace them," suggested I.

"What for?" petulantly responded Billy. "We might get into trouble."

"Trouble?" echoed I in derision. "What trouble could we get into by talking to two girls? If they don't want to talk to us they can keep a moving, can't they? I'm going to brace them. You keep mum, if you like."

As the young ladies came nearer to us we observed that they were about seventeen or eighteen years of age, that they were dressed in calico garments and that they carried