

A BUNDLE OF YARNS

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A bundle of yarns by Fred W. Shibley

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FRED W. SHIBLEY

**A BUNDLE
OF YARNS**

A Bundle of Yarns

FRED W. SHIBLEYY



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1899

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Me an' Ed an' Jane

When me an' Ed an' Jane was just little fellers (I was two years older than Ed, and Ed was two years older than Jane), we didn't have the fancy toys to amuse ourselves with that children have now-days. Why, I don't believe we ever received a present except at Christmas, and you must remember our father was a good Christian man and class leader to boot.

We used to set our caps for Christmas, the whole pasel of us. Set 'em on the center table in the parlor and go to sleep expectin' to find marvellous things in them in the mornin'. We usually found a few bulls'-eyes and a dozen or so nuts and raisins. But we were happy just the same, and enjoyed ourselves about as well as the average.

A BUNDLE OF YARNS

Jane was always with us, and a clip she was. I remember once, just after threshin'—you know, we lived on a farm, three hundred acres it was, twenty miles from the nearest city, in a typical country neighborhood. Well, as I was goin' to tell you about Jane: One time just after threshin', me an' Ed an' Jane crawled up on the roof of the barn and jumped down on the big straw stack in the barnyard. Any of you that ever saw a straw stack, knows it is built like a cone—big at the bottom and little at the top. Well, we jumped down on the straw stack, and then it occurred to Ed that it might be an interestin' experience to slide down the stack. He tried it, and came out all right. Then I tried it and landed fair, and right after me came Jane with a whoop and her petticoats flyin'. It was fine, for you see, about five feet from the ground the stack was built up straight like a wall, and when we came to this point in the slide we shot out into the air like as if we was on a toboggan slide.