

**MOONBLIGHT AND
SIX FEET
OF ROMANCE**

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Moonlight and Six feet of romance by Dan. Beard

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DAN. BEARD

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SIX FEET
OF ROMANCE**



THE REAL AGITATOR IS THE CONSERVATIVE.
TUMULTS ARE CAUSED BY THE FIXED ROCKS—THE CONSERVATIVES
IN THE STREAM OF PROGRESS.

Moonlight and
Six Feet of Ro-
mance by Dan. Beard
with illustrations by
the author



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Foreword.

THE purest saint who ever lived has had thoughts as evil, perhaps, as any that ever entered the mind of the most abandoned; but these thoughts, like vultures that fly through the summer sky, leave no trace behind in the crystal mental atmosphere of the saint.

We are responsible only for such thoughts as we, by our own choice, detain and harbor in our minds. Our responsibility begins when we interrupt the flight of the vulture, and tempt it to alight by the offer of food. The evil becomes our own when the vulture becomes domesticated.

Many birds-of-paradise, glittering as with the splendor caught from the inmost heaven, fly through the clouded minds of the most

depraved; but if there is no home nor food offered them, they also disappear and leave no trace of what has passed through the mind. The good comes only with the domestication of the birds-of-paradise.

Through the mental heavens of the author, two birds, "Moonblight" and "Six Feet of Romance," have flown, and he is responsible for them only so far as he has sheltered and fed them. They came from a land beyond his ken, and would, like birds of passage, have flown on, and left nothing to tell of their existence had not their strange notes attracted his attention and interest. One twittered a light song, and the cry of the other was the warning scream of a mother bird. Although neither may possess the brilliant plumage of the bird-of-paradise, yet the author trusts and believes that neither may be classed with the vulture.

Who can deny that the old-fashioned superstition that certain men sell themselves to the devil is a literal truth of to-day? His Satanic Majesty uses them as overseers on his

earthly plantations; and for that proud office, and the emoluments that go with it, these men have bartered their souls.

If a word or sentence in this book should cause a single slave-driver to transmute the baser earthly coin into the fine gold of love and the silver of truth, the author will know he has not been deceived in the nature of the birds that have visited him.

If you place a valuable picture with its face against the wall, and leave it in darkness; the beautiful tints will fade, the white turn yellow, the flesh-tints green, and the whole become dim, indistinct, and ugly in color; but if this same picture be placed in God's clear sunshine, the colors will return to all their original brightness, enriched and deepened by their temporary exile in the darkness.

There is a wall called Vested Rights, which prevents nature's sun from shining on our fellow-men; but, thank God! good workmen are busy at its foundation; it is already undermined and *must* fall. Then, and then

only, will the poor tramp, the beggar, and the white slave begin to show the true color of their manhood.