

**EIGHT
DAYS OUT**

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Eight Days Out by Merrick Abner

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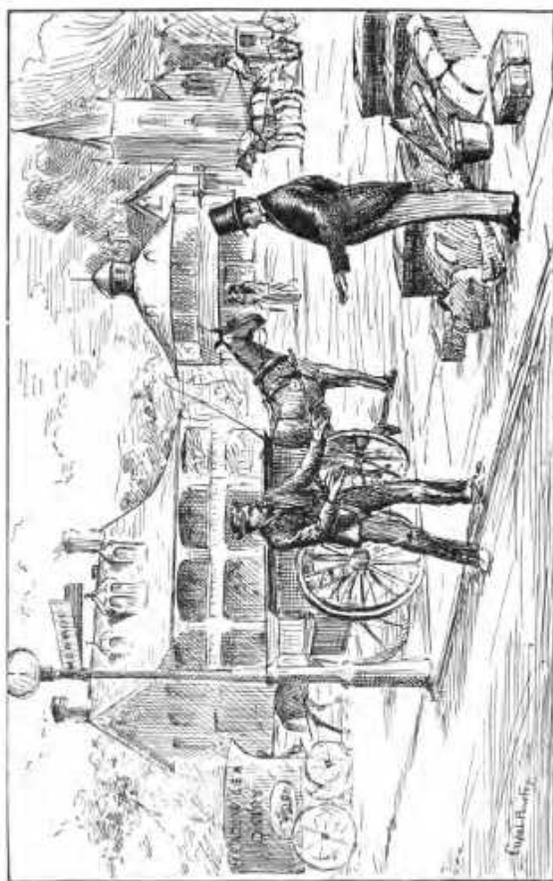
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MERRICK ABNER

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DAYS OUT**



"Make it three, and pay me before I start, or I don't titch them."—Page 8.

Copyright, 1877.

Holiday remembrance for
four hundred near friends.

Yours truly
D. F. Richardson

Curtis and Washington Streets,
Chicago, December, 1894.

EIGHT DAYS OUT

BY

Richardson, M. A.



CHICAGO
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
175 MONROE STREET
1895



Copyright 1894, by
M. A. RICHARDSON

1894

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PREFACE

This book was not written at the suggestion of many friends, who were longing for a few lines of my composition, neither was it done with the expectation that I could give a better description of what I have seen or heard than the reader could give, but was done to pass time pleasantly.

The eight days I was out I took note of such scenery as was interesting to me, also of what happened, whether I saw or heard it, and give it without any attempt to follow the usual mode of similar narrations. Much of the gorgeous display which I came in contact with I pass unmentioned, for, to me, it was not interesting, while I have dwelt on some subjects which will doubtless be tiresome to others.

I found on this trip, as I have experienced all my life, that the most interesting people are the quiet ones, whom it is not easy to engage in conversa-

tion. A talkative person is like a public conveyance, which, even if on a grand scale, is not desirable, because it is common. Probably my ingenuity, if I have any, is better adapted to one particular mode of writing than any other, but as I don't know which that is I have attempted whatever came before me, the tragical, descriptive, humorous, sentimental, and have even attempted to tell a yarn, which I hope none of my mutual friends will insinuate is not my first attempt.

The obvious fact, that we all view subjects from different standpoints, gives rise to a diversity of opinions, but if we all thought alike this world would be the abode of nonchalant drones. So let us respect the views of others and not attempt to enforce our own, ever remembering that charity, like a soft ray of sunshine in the gloom, is never unwelcome, but often changes a wayward course to one of usefulness.