

**NEW  
MONOLOGUES AND  
DIALECT STORIES**

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New monologues and dialect stories by Mary Moncure Parker

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**MARY MONCURE PARKER**

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# NEW MONOLOGUES AND DIALECT STORIES

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**Q** A collection of new stories, monologues, poems and acting plays, published for the first time. Negro stories, Irish dialect stories, humorous, pathetic and dramatic recitations, child poems, bits of delightful sentimental poetry, depict every phase of life in this unique collection. . . . .

By MARY MONCURE PARKER

Author of

"A Day at the Know-it-all Woman's Club," "When Your Wife's Away,"  
"Powder and Patches," "A Quiet Evening at Home," "The  
Princess Innocence," "Love Behind the Scenes," etc.

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## BEIN' NEIGHBORLY.



WELL, well, Mandy, you pore thing! La sakes! It do seem awful to have you layin' up here in bed sufferin' so with the rheumatiz jest at harvestin' time, too, when Hiram needs your help so and it'll cost so much to git an extry hired girl to help, an' Hiram havin' such bad luck too,—to have his best black horse die. There, now, keep under the kivers. What you jumpin' up fur? You hadn't heard it? Hiram didn't tell you? Well, it's true, an' the bay mare's sick. Troubles never come singly, do they? My, I sez to Job this mornin', Job, sez I, the Mason's is havin' so much trouble I'm goin' to run over an' see Mandy this very mornin'. 'Tain't more'n neighborly to ask how she is an' see if I can't do something, though, dear me, suz, I'm so busy I can't hardly get breathin' time myself, puttin' up fruit an' the harvesters comin' next week,—but I left John's wife to do the dishes an' tidy up while I come over. Looks like you needed somebody in your kitchen, land! it don't look much like it do when you're up an' around, Mandy—Hiram walkin' 'round your clean kitchen with his muddy boots—an' you allus so particular an' that girl o' your'n dawdlin' an' dawdlin' like she had the hull day for dishwashin' an' she's so careless. Do you know, Mandy, she broke that best chiny bowl o' your'n—the one with the wild roses that you bought to the fair at Libertytown las' year. Now don't git narvous, it's



done now an' there's no use worryin'. She had the sun streamin' in on your new red rug by the settin' room winder, but I pulled the curtain—it 'peared to me though like the rug had faded considerable. An' the children was in the parlor as I come by foolin' with the wax cross on the table—they had the glass kiver off and some of the leaves had dropped,—and the album was open on the floor. I said, My land, Mandy'll have shivers up an' down her spine if she knows it, and she sick, too. Dear, dear, things gets awful upset when a body's ailin'. By the way, Mandy, you want to be awful careful not to let that rheumatiz git to your heart—'cause you'll go like a flash, without a minute's warnin'. You know Silas Anson's brother's wife, she that was Mary Eliza Baxter, well she had a cousin that died jest that way. She was talkin' jest like you an' me are right now and she keeled right over and died 'fore you could say Jack Robinson. What's the matter? In pain? It's an awful painful disease. Sometimes folks gits so crippled up they never do walk straight agin. Don't you let it git fastened on you. What are you takin'? Suthin' Dr. Barnes give you? Why don't you have the new doctor to Libertytown? He knows suthin'. Dr. Barnes is gittin' too old. What, you've allus had him? Well, maybe that's why you've had so much sickness. A good many of his patients has died lately. I brought over some liniment. Jest rub some of that on your jints and I bet it'll do wonders. Mrs. Mitchell saw me comin' an' she called out to tell you that she had a uncle who had the rheumatiz pretty bad and he took castor oil and quinine. My grandmother used to use gum goacum and gin—a pint of gin and I forgit how much gum goacum, but it done her a world of good, but I believe she died not long after, come to think. Say, Mandy, I'm sorry you can't go to church at Barton Center Sunday—there's goin' to be a big funeral. Didn't you hear Milly Williams was dead? Yes, 'twas pretty sudden. She wa'nt sick

very long. By the way, she had Dr. Barnes a doctorin' her. That jest goes to prove what I said. Everybody I know is goin' except your sister Jane. Jane allus looks on the dark side of things and she said you'd been so sick, nobody could tell what might happen, and I asked her if that was the reason she bought that black calico with the white spots to Bronson's store Saturday, and she only sighed and wiped her eyes. But don't you worry, Mandy, 'cause Jane allus looks on the dark side. My land sakes, what time did that clock strike? It ain't noon? Lawsy! dear me suz! I come over to help the hired girl, but I've spent all my time with you. Well, a body gits awful blue and lonesome bein' sick, an' it's pretty brightenin' to have some one to talk to. Well, it's quite a walk home an' so I'll jest run down an' eat with Hiram an' the children. I smelled berry pies cookin' an' it's give me an appetite. I would stay and help with the dishes but I must go back—there's lots of things to do to hum.

Now, Mandy, do hurry up and git well. I'll run over agin real soon and cheer you up. There ain't nothin' like bein' neighborly.

## HUSTLING HI.

Of all the darn fool signs I know  
In this world of work and hurry,  
Is that blame motto stickin' 'round  
That sàys to you, "Don't worry."

Why, you've got to keep a hustlin'  
Just every single minute,  
In this fast day of push and rush,  
Or else you won't be in it.

The tramp don't worry, nor the man  
That's always just a settin'  
From morn to night in the corner store  
On a dry goods box a bettin'

That he can run the hull blame show,  
The government, finances;  
The reason he wa'nt president,  
Was 'count o' circumstances.

Of course it was, we all know that,  
'Twas 'cause he couldn't hurry;  
If you set in the wagon with the band,  
You've got to WORK and WORRY.