

# **JULEPS AND CLOVER**

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Juleps and clover by M. Vaughan Wilde

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**M. VAUGHAN WILDE**

**JULEPS  
AND CLOVER**



JULEPS AND CLOVER

# Juleps and Clover

BY

M. VAUGHAN WILDE

And has not such a story from of Old,  
Down man's successive generations roll'd,  
Of such a cloud of saturated Earth  
Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

—OMAR KHAYYAM.



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*Juleps and Clover*

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JULEPS AND CLOVER.

CHAPTER I.

But come . . . . . (and leave the Lot  
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:  
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,  
Or Hátim cry Supper—heed them not.)

With me, along some Strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the desert from the sown  
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known—  
And pity Sultan Mahmud on his Throne.

*Omar Khayyám.*

“THIS air is like champagne, sir. It  
fills my lungs as no other air in the  
world can;” and the speaker drew in  
a long breath and fanned his face with  
his black slouch hat.

His companion smiled grimly, with-



out replying to what he evidently considered a harmless delusion; his Northern blood failed to respond to the quickening influences of the atmosphere the other man found so exhilarating. A few moments later, the two horsemen emerged from the shelter of the woods into a low-lying river meadow where the direct rays of the midsummer sun, beating down upon them, speedily convinced the Southerner that whatever merits the climate might have, it certainly did not deserve to be termed arctic. Then Wallace Ayer turned in his saddle toward his friend and said:

“What I admire in you Southerners, Lee, is the absolute unanimity with which you all agree upon the beauty of Southern women, the merits of Southern air, Southern questions, institutions—in short, everything that concerns the South. You feel called on to flare up at the slightest criticism of anything that affects your section of the country.

Now in the North, we have no special respect for 'Northern air or whiskey,' or 'Northern' horses or hotels as such, and would never dream of resenting any general criticism of our institutions.

"If I were to tell you," he continued, "that the air right here in these mountains, right here in God's country was rather hotter and more stifling than I have found it in the Sahara Desert, you would probably flare up at the suggestion."

Howard Lee laughed and replied good-naturedly :

"Oh, come now, you must not take us so seriously. We live by ourselves a good deal down here and perhaps, have become a trifle provincial. Those very faults you speak of, have their use—they all serve to bind us to our country, and to keep us in the road laid out by our ancestors. Other sections of the nation could follow us with great advantage, in that respect."

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"Perhaps you are right," replied Wallace Ayer, "but then, too, some of us have ancestors, though we don't attach much value to their example. There is one Southern institution, however, that I do admire, without any qualifying adjectives whatsoever, and that is your Southern woman."

"Now you are worthy of the hospitality of the South," cried the Virginian. "Why, sir, the finest work of the Creator is a Southern woman who can make a mint julep with just the proper quantity of brandy and rum." Lee involuntarily moistened his lips and continued:

"The very idea makes me feel thirsty. In this fertile country nature provides the need and the means to fill it at the same time."

"Hum," returned the other, glancing dubiously at the turbulent stream rolling a few yards away through the meadow they were skirting, "the Manola looks to me somewhat muddy."