

A. R. ZIMMERMAN, Publishers. W. G. DUSTIN.

Dwight in 1928.

BY W. H. BRADBURY. Dropped from above by the big balloon That rushes by each afternoon.

A stranger came from a distant land. His hair was bleached and his face was tanned.

At the City Hotel he touched a spring Which wrote his name in a twinkling. A glance at the open register's date Showed Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight.

And now you'll wait while before I tell you the name the stranger bore— For I didn't look at the book very close; It was not good manners, just under his nose.

After dinner he sat in his chair, And picked his teeth with an anxious air.

"What a conductor!" muttered the man; "I wanted to go to Bloomington, But he dropped me here, did the young galoot, And sent me down in a parachute. I thought I was nearing a forest of trees.

And never expected streets like these; And such big buildings—I can't tell 'em, Hid by the cottonwood, maple and elmum."

All looked strange, but still there were Tokens of things familiar! "This can't be Dwight!" at length he cried.

"That's what they call it," quirked replied The host, who smiled as landlords do, As he marked his room two hundred and two.

"Well!" said the guest; "I once lived here, In times gone by, full fifty year; Then I was young, and spry, and gay; Now I am old and turning gray.

Nobody knows me, but I once knew Lots of men here." The landlord grew Quite interested, and he said: "The men you knew are probably dead. Charley Stafford—a fat old person—Once kept this house, then called the McPherson.

A merchant owned it—a rich old chap Whose property covered half the map Of what was known as the village once, (He always watched for the main chance.)

He left to the church several millions And the methodists call him "Saint McWilliams." Gould, Hetzel and Eldredge followed suit, Flooding merchants of good repute."

"Enough of this!" said the stranger guest; "Tell us something about the rest—Judd and Parsons, and Strong and Brad, Bakers and Thompsons, and Kenyon and Cad."

"Well! General Parsons of the militia Kept his command in good condition; But he lost his life in a Commune riot, Since which he's been remarkably quiet. His name appears in the Patriots' list—Brave boy, was Jim, and very much missed.

Strong grew rich and jolly again, And died a stout old Congressman. Brad wrote poetry more and more, And got to be a terrible bore; Died of astronomy on the brain—'His loss was our eternal gain!'

Postoffice Kenyon kept that place, And always won the political race. Cad went west for a change of air And died a Kansas millionaire, Bakers and Thompsons spread all over, Children and grandchildren thick as clover.

Palmer, the printer, went last week; Died of enlargement of the cheek, Which began growing in early youth—Plain to all but himself, forsooth!"

"Give us a rest," said the man; "I think It is just about time to take a drink." "No liquors now for imbibition—We're living under prohibition. To distill or not; that was the question Decided at last fall election.

None to be made or sold or drank, For all of which we have to thank The red-ribbon flag that's now unfurled O'er the soberest country in all the world.

The guest, disgusted, turned his eyes And saw some bottles in surprise. "Oh," said the landlord, with a laugh, "That's nothing but our phonograph; The bottled talk of great men gone—Sweet souvenirs! Shall I open one?"

He drew the cork and it went round; Forth from the inside came a sound—Rapid and rasping, as long as he'd let it.

"That's what I'm telling you; don't you forget it!"

Have I no rights here? that's what I meant;

Royal old rooster!—don't care a cent. "Hold!" said the guest. "That's our friend Joe;

I've heard him off—he wasn't slow!" The landlord then, with purpose cruel, Opened a bottle marked Nielsen & Newell,

O'ercome with memories the guest shed tears, Rushed from the room and stopped his ears.

A bottle of "Lewis" lay on the rack, Ready for use when he got back.

After supper he strolled around And viewed the once familiar ground. The mill was mossy with decay And dwarfed by buildings tall and gay. The "strips" were parks with iron gates, The railroads ran not a car but "freights,"

For passenger traffic went by balloon, Night and morning and afternoon. Large as cathedrals loomed the churches, With grand high towers and spacious porches.

Oaklawn Grounds were green and sweet, Offering a calm and cool retreat. Distance, a mile from the city limits; Time by the air-car, just three minutes.

Here, midst the fragrance of flowers rare, Slabs and obelisks pierced the air. Former inhabitants all were there, Sleeping beneath the solemn trees 'Till God shall show them His mysteries!

Town boards, school boards, supervisors, Profligate and stingy misers; Lazy folks and early risers; Mother and daughter, father and son, Gathered together, one by one! Epitaphs of the dead below Lists of virtues set up for show, Phonographs treasured the precious tones

Of old John Smith and young Bill Jones, Photographs shone on top of each tomb, Glowing with faces of life-like bloom. Said the guest, quoting against his will: "The dead, the dead are living still!"

He saw his relations scattered around In every part of the burial ground. Sabbath-school teachers of goodness and truth, And Pollard the faithful old friend of youth.

Playmates of childhood—all dead long ago— Lay under the grass where the roses blow. He thought of them and of by-gone years, And his heart dissolved in a flood of tears.

Hastening back to the City Hotel He asked the amount of his little bill. "Now," said he, "Landlord, here's your money; Put your mouth to the telephunny And tell the night watchman to check the balloon up, And I'll start off as soon as its moon up."

He mounted the tower for his midnight trip And soon was scooped by the big airship. I looked at his name in the book again And read, "Bones Thompson, from Japan!"

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