

SONNY

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A CHRISTMAS GUEST

A MONOLOGUE

A BOY, you say, doctor? An' she don't know it yet? Then what 're you tellin' *me* for? No, sir—take it away. I don't want to lay my eyes on it till she 's saw it—not if I *am* its father. She 's its *mother*, I reckon!

Better lay it down somew'eres an' go to *her*—not there on the rockin'-cheer, for somebody to set on—'n' not on the trunk, please. That ain't none o' yo' ord'nary new-born bundles, to be dumped on a box that 'll maybe be opened sudden d'rec'ly for somethin' needed, an' he dropped ag'in' the wall-paper behind it.

It's hers, whether she knows it or not. *Don't*, for *gracious* sakes, lay 'im on the table! *Anybody* knows *that's* bad luck.

You think it might bother her on the bed? She 's that bad? An' they ain't no fire kindled in the settin'-room, to lay it in there.

S-i-r? Well, yas, I—I reck'n I'll *haf* to hold it, ef you say so—that is—of co'se—

Wait, doctor! *Don't* let go of it *yet!* Lordy! but I 'm thess *shore* to drop it! Lemme set down first, doctor, here by the fire an' git het through. Not yet! My ol' shin-bones stan' up thess like a pair o' dog-irons. Lemme bridge 'em over first 'th somethin' soft. That 'll do. She patched that quilt herself. Hold on a minute tell I git the aidges of it under my ol' boots, to keep it f'om saggin' down in the middle.

There, now! Merciful goodness, but I never! I'd ruther trus' myself with a whole playin' fountain in blowed glass 'n sech ez this.

Stoop down there, doctor, please, sir, an' shove the end o' this quilt a leetle further under my foot, won't you? Ef it was to

let up sudden, I would n't have no more lap 'n what any other fool man 's got.

'N' now—you go to *her*.

I'd feel a heap safer ef this quilt was nailed to the flo' on each side o' my legs. They 're trimblin' so I dunno what minute my feet 'll let go their holt.

An' she don't know it yet! An' he layin' here, dressed up in all the little clo'es she sewed! She mus' be purty bad. I dunno, though; maybe that 's gen'ally the way.

They 're keepin' mighty still in that room. Blessed ef I don't begin to feel 'is warmth in my ol' knee-bones! An' he 's a-breathin' thess ez reg'lar ez that clock, on'y quicker. Lordy! An' she don't know it yet! An' he a boy! He taken that after the Joneses; we 've all been boys in our male branch. When that name strikes, seem like it comes to stay. Now for a girl—

Wonder if he ain't covered up mos' too close-t. Seem like he snuffles purty loud—for a beginner.

Doctor! *oh*, doctor! I say, *doctor!*

Strange he don't hear—'n' I don't like to holler no louder. Wonder ef she could

be worse. Ef I could thess reach somethin' to knock with! I dares n't lif' my foot, less'n the whole business 'd fall through.

Oh, doc!—here he comes now—Doctor, I say, don't you think maybe he 's covered up too—

How 's *she*, doctor? “Thess the same,” you say; 'n' she don't know yet—about him? “In a couple o' hours,” you say? Well, don't lemme keep you, doctor. But, tell me, don't you think maybe he 's covered up a leetle too close-t?

That 's better. An' now I 've saw him befo' she did! An' I did n't want to, neither.

Poor leetle, teenchy, weenchy bit of a thing! Ef he ain't the *very* littlest! Lordy, Lordy, Lordy! But I s'pose all thet 's needed in a baby is a startin'-p'int big enough to hol' the fam'ly ch'racteristics. I s'pose maybe he is, but the po' little thing mus' feel sort o' scrouged with 'em, ef he 's got 'em all—the Joneses' an' the Simses'. Seem to me he favors her a little thess aroun' the mouth.

An' she don't know it yet!

Lord! But my legs ache like ez if they was bein' wrenched off. I 've got 'em on sech a strain, somehow. An' he on'y a half hour ol', an' two hours mo' 'fo' I can budge! Lord, Lord! how *will* I stand it!

God bless 'im! Doc! He 's a-sneezin'! Come quick! Shore ez I 'm here, he snez twice-t!

Don't you reckon you better pile some mo' wood on the fire an'—

What 's that you say? “Fetch 'im along”? An' has she ast for 'im? Bless the Lord! I say. But a couple of you 'll have to come help me loosen up 'fo' I can move, doctor.

Here, you stan' on that side the quilt, whiles I move my foot to the flo' where it won't slip—an' Dicey—where 's that nigger Dicey? You Dicey, come on here, an' tromp on the other side o' this bedquilt till I h'ist yo' young marster up on to my shoulder.

No, you don't take 'im, neither. I 'll tote 'im myself.

Now, go fetch a piller till I lay 'im on it. That 's it. And now git me somethin' stiff

to lay the piller on. There! That lapboa'd 'll do. Why did n't I think about that befo'? It 's a heap safeter 'n my ole knee-j'int's. Now, I 've got 'im *secure*. *Wait*, doctor—hold on! I 'm afeered you 'll haf to ca'y 'im in to her, after all. I 'll cry ef I do it. I 'm trimblin' like ez ef I had a' ager, thess a-startin' in with 'im—an seein' me give way might make her nervious. You take 'im to her, and lemme come in sort o' unconcerned terreckly, after she an' him 've kind o' got acquainted. Dast you hold 'im that-a-way, doctor, 'thout no support to 'is spinal colume? I s'pose he *is* too sof to snap, but I would n't resk it. Reckon I can slip in the other do' where she won't see me, an' view the meetin'.

Yas; I 'm right here, honey! (The idea o' her a-callin' for me—an' *him* in 'er arms!) I 'm right here, honey—*mother!* Don't min' me a-cryin'! I 'm all broke up, somehow; but don't you fret. I 'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness.

Bless His name, I say! You know he 's a boy, don't yer? I been a holdin' 'im all

day—'t least ever sence they dressed 'im, purty nigh a' hour ago. An' he 's slep'—an' waked up—an' yawned—an' snez—an' wunk—an' sniffed—'thout me sayin' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, once-t, like ez ef he craved to shake hands, howdy! He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful.

Yas, doctor; I 'm a-comin', right now.

Go to sleep now, honey, you an' him, an' I 'll be right on the spot when needed. Lemme whisper to her thess a minute, doctor?

I thess want to tell you, honey, thet you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now. An' that boy is *yo' boy*, an' I ain't a-goin' to lay no mo' claim to 'im 'n to see thet you have yo' way with 'im—you hear? An' now good night, honey, an' go to sleep.

THEY was n't nothin' lef' for me to do but to come out here in this ol' woodshed where nobody would n't see me ac' like a plumb baby.

An' now, seem like I *can't* git over it!
The idee o' me, fifty year ol', actin' like
this!

An' she knows it! An' she 's *got* 'im —
a boy — layin' in the bed 'longside 'er.

"Mother an' child doin' well!" Lord,
Lord! How often I 've heerd that said!
But it never give me the all-overs like it
does now, some way.

Guess I 'll gether up a' armful o' wood,
an' try to act unconcerned — an' laws-a-
mercy me! Ef — to-day — ain't — been —
Christmas! My! my! my! An' it come
an' gone befo' I remembered!

I 'll haf to lay this wood down ag'in *an'*
think.

I 've had many a welcome Christmas gif
in my life, but the idee o' the good Lord
a-timin' *this* like that!

Christmas! An' a boy! An' she doin'
well!

No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets
up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peace-
ful! He knows he 's done passed a critical
time o' life.

You 've done crossed another bridge

safe-t, ol' gobbly, an' you can *afford* to blink
— an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid
o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez
you been doin'.

You was to 've died by accident las'
night, but the new visitor thet 's dropped
in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an'
his mother —

Lord, how that name sounds! Mother!
I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been try-
in' to fit it to 'er — an' fearin' to, too, less'n
somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself
all along, so 'feerd thet ef I set my min' on
either the "he" or the "she" the other one
might take a notion to come — an' I did n't
want any disappointment mixed in with
the arrival.

But now he 's come, — *an'* registered, ez
they say at the polls, — I know I sort o'
counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he 's little! Ef he had n't
'a' showed up so many of his functions
spontaneous, I 'd be oneasy less'n he might
n't have 'em; but they 're there! Bless
goodness, they 're there!

An' he snez prezac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap—a reg'lar little cat sneeze, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I 'm a-goin' to make you a sol-
emn promise.

You go free till about this time next year, *anyhow*. You an' me 'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You need n't git oneasy Thanksgivin', or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas—less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole.

An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of this firm.

Lord! but I 'm that tickled! This here wood ain't much needed in the house,—the wood-boxes 're all full,—but I can't *de-*
*vis*e no other excuse for vacatin'—thess at this time.

S'pose I *might* gether up some eggs out 'n the nestes, but it 'd look sort o' flighty to go egg-huntin' here at midnight—an' he not two hours ol'.

I dunno, either, come to think; she

might need a new-laid egg—sof' b'iled. Reckon I 'll take a couple in my hands—an' one or two sticks o' wood—an' I 'll draw a bucket o' water too—an' tote *that* in.

Goodness! but this back yard is bright ez day! Goin' to be a clair, cool night—moon out, full an' white. Ef this ain't the *stillest* stillness!

Thess sech a night, for all the world, I reckon, ez the first Christmas, when HE come—

When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel o' the Lord come down,
An' glory shone around—

thess like the hymn says.

The whole o' this back yard is full o' glory this minute. Th' ain't nothin' too low down an' mean for it to shine on, neither—not even the well-pump or the cattle-trough—'r the pig-pen—or even me.

Thess look at me, covered over with it! An' how it does shine on the roof o' the house where they lay—her an' him!

I suppose that roof has shined that-away frosty nights 'fo' to-night; but some way I never seemed to see it.

Don't reckon the creakin' o' this windlass could disturb her — or him.

Reckon I might go turn a little mo' cotton-seed in the troughs for them cows — an' put some extry oats out for the mules an' the doctor's mare — an' onchain Rover, an' let 'im stretch 'is legs a little. I 'd like everything on the place to know *he's* come, an' to feel the diff'ence.

Well, now I'll load up — an' I do hope nobody won't notice the *redie'lousness* of it.

You say she's asleep, doctor, an' th' ain't nothin' mo' needed to be did — an' yo' 're goin'!

Don't, for gracious sakes! go, doctor, an' leave me! I won't know what on top o' the round earth to do, ef — ef — You know she — she might wake up — or he!

You say Dicey she knows. But she's on'y a nigger, doctor. Yes; I know she's had exper'ence with the common run o' babies, but —

Lemme go an' set down this bucket, an' lay this stick o' wood on the fire, an' put these eggs down, so's I can talk to you free-handed.

Step here to the do', doctor. I say, doc, ef it's a question o' the size o' yo' bill, you can make it out to suit yo'self — or, I'll tell you what I'll do. You stay right along here a day or so — tell to-morrer or nex' day, anyhow — an' I'll sen' you a whole bale o' cotton — an' you can sen' back any change you see fit — or none — *or none*, I say. Or, ef you 'd ruther take it out in pertaters an' corn an' sorghum, thess say so, an' how much of each.

But *what?* "It would n't be right? Th' ain't no use," you say? An' you'll *shore* come back to-morrer? Well. But, by the way, doctor, did you know to-day was Christmas? Of co'se I might 've knew you did — but *I* never. An' now it seems to me like Christmas, an' Fo'th o' July, an' "Hail Columbia, happy lan'," all b'iled down into one big jubilee!

But tell me, doctor, confidential — sh! — step here a leetle further back — tell me,

don't you think he's to say a leetle bit undersized? Speak out, ef he is.

Wh—how 'd you say? "Mejum," eh? Thess mejum! An' they do come even littler yet? An' you say mejum babies 're thess ez liable to turn out likely an' strong ez over-sizes, eh? Mh-hm! Well, I reckon you *know*—an' maybe the less they have to contend with at the start the better.

Oh, thanky, doctor! Don't be afeered o' wrenchin' my wris'! A thousand thankies! Yo' word for it, he 's a fine boy! An' you 've inspected a good many, an' of co'se you know—yas, yas! Shake ez hard ez you like—up an' down—up an' down!

An' now I 'll go git yo' horse—an' don't ride 'er too hard to-night, 'cause I 've put a double po'tion of oats in her trough awhile ago. The junior member he give instructions that everything on the place was to have a' extry feed to-night—an' of co'se I went and obeyed orders.

Now—'fo' you start, doctor—I ain't got a thing stronger 'n raspberry corjal in the house—but ef you 'll drink a glass o' that with me? (Of co'se he will!)

She made this 'erself, doctor—picked the berries an' all—an' I raised the little sugar thet 's in it. Well, good-night, doctor! To-morrer, shore!

SH-H!

How that do'-latch does click! Thess like thunder!

Sh-h! Dicey, you go draw yo' pallet close-t outside the do', an' lay down—an' I 'll set here by the fire an' keep watch.

How my ol' stockin'-feet do tromp! Do lemme hurry an' set down! Seem like this room 's awful rackety, the fire a-poppin' an' tumblin', an' me breathin' like a porpoise. Even the clock ticks ez excited ez I feel. Wonder how they sleep through it all! But they do. He beats her a-snorin' a'ready, blest ef he don't! Wonder ef he knows he 's born into the world, po' little thing! I reckon not; but they 's no tellin'. Maybe that 's the one thing the good Lord gives 'em to know, so 's they 'll realize what to begin to study about—theirselves an' the world—how to fight it an' keep friends with it at the same time. Ef I could gig-

gle an' sigh both at once-t, seem like I 'd be relieved. Somehow I feel sort o' tight 'roun' the heart—an' wide awake an'—

How that clock *does* travel—an' how they all keep time, he—an' she—an' it—an' me—an' the fire roa'in' up the chimbley, playin' a tune all around us like a' organ, an' he—an' she—an' he—an' it—an' he—an'—

Blest ef I don't hear singing—an' how white the moonlight is! They 's angels all over the house—an' their robes is breshin' the roof whiles they sing—

His head had fallen. He was dreaming.

THE BOY

HERE 's the doctor, now! Hello, doc, come right in!

Here 's yo' patient, settin' up on the po'ch, big ez life; but when we sent for you this mornin' it seemed thess hit an' miss whether he 'd come thoo or not.

Thess the same sort o' spells he 's had all along, doctor,—seems you can't never see 'im in one,—all brought on by us a-cross-in' 'im. His gran'ma insisted on hidin' the clock when he wanted it; but I reckon she 'll hardly resk it ag'in, she 's that skeert. He 's been settin' on the flo' there thess the way you see 'im now, with that clock in his lap, all mornin'.

Of co'se it thess took him about ten minutes to bu'st all the little things his gran'ma give him to play with, 'n' then he nachelly called for the clock; 'n' when she was n't

forthcomin' *immejate*, why, he thess stiffened out in a spell.

Of co'se we put the timepiece into his hands quick ez we could onelinch 'em, an' sent for you. But quick ez he see the clock, he come thoo. But you was already gone for, then.

His gran'ma she got consider'ble fretted because he 's broke off the long han' o' the clock; but I don't see much out o' the way about that. Ef a person thess remembers thet the long han' is the short han' — why, 't ain't no trouble.

An' she does make 'im *so* contented an' happy! Thess look at his face, now! What is the face-vally of a clock, I like to know, compared to that?

But of co'se the ol' lady she 's gettin' on in years, and then she 's my wife 's mother, which makes her my *direc'* mother-in-law; an' so I 'm slow to conterdic' anything she says, an' I guess her idees o' regulatin' children — not to say clocks — is sort o' different to wife's an' mine. She goes in for reg'lar discipline, same ez she got an' survived in her day; an' of co'se, ez Sonny

come to her ez gran'son the same day he was born to us ez plain son, we never like to lift our voices ag'in anything she says.

She loves him thess ez well ez we do, only on a different plan. She give him the only spankin' he 's ever had — an' the only silver cup.

Even wife an' me we had different idees on the subjec' o' Sonny's raisin'; but somehow, in all our ca'culations, we never seemed to realize that *he'd* have idees.

Why, that two-year-old boy settin' there regulatin' that clock war n't no mo' 'n to say a pink spot on the piller 'fo' he commenced to set fo'th his idees, and he ain't never backed down on no principle thet he set fo'th, to this day.

For example, wife an' me, why, we argued back an' fo'th consider'ble on the subjec' of his meal-hours, ez you might say, she contendin' for promiskyus refreshment an' me for schedule time.

This, of co'se, was thess *projeekin'* 'fo' the new boa'der ac-chilly arrived. He not bein' here yet, we did n't have much to do *but* speculate about him.

Lookin' back'ards now, it seems to me we could n't 'a' had nothin' to do, day or night, 'fo' he come.

But, ez I was sayin', she was for meals at all hours, an' I was for the twenty-minutes-for-refreshment plan, an' we discussed it consider'ble, me always knowin', but never lettin' on, thet of co'se she, havin' what you might call a molopoly on the restaurant, could easy have things her own way, ef she 'd choose.

But, sir, from the time he looked over that bill o' fare an' put his finger on what he 'd have, *an' when*, that boy ain't never failed to call for it, an' get it, day 'r night.

But, talkin' 'bout the clock, it did seem funny for him to keep her goin' 'thout no key.

But somehow he 'd work it thet that alarm 'd go off in the dead hours o' night, key or no key, an' her an' me we 'd jump out o' bed like ez ef we was shot; and do you b'lieve thet that baby, not able to talk, an' havin' on'y half 'is teeth, he ain't never failed to wake up an' roa' out a-laughin' ever' time that clock 'd go off in the night!

Why, sir, it 's worked on me so, sometimes, thet I 've broke out in a col' sweat, an' set up the balance o' the night — an' I ain't to say high-strung, neither.

No, sir, we ain't never named 'im yet. Somehow, we don't seem to be able to confine ourselves to no three or four names for 'im, for so we thess decided to let it run along so—he thess goin' by the name o' "Sonny" tell sech a time ez he sees fit to name 'isself.

Of co'se I sort o' ca'culate on him takin' the "Junior," an' lettin' me tack a capital "S" an' a little "r" to my name 'fo' I die; which would nachelly call attention to him *direc'* eve'y time I 'd sign my signature.

Deuteronomy Jones ain't to say a purty name, maybe; but it 's scriptu'al—so far ez my parents could make it. Of co'se the Jones—well, they could n't help that no mo' 'n I can help it, or Sonny, *or his junior*, thet, of co'se, may never be called on to appear in the flesh, Sonny not bein' quite thoo with his stomach-teeth yet, an' bein' subject to croup, both of which has snapped off many a fam'ly tree 'fore to-day. But I

reckon the Joneses ain't suffered much that a-way. I doubt ef any of 'em has ever left 'thout passin' the name on — not knowin' positive, but thess *jedgin'*. None o' mine ain't, *I know*, leastwise none of my *direc'* ancestors — they could n't have, an' me here, an' Sonny.

Don't jump, doctor! That 's the supper-bell. 'T is purty loud, but that 's on account o' my mother-in-law. She 's stone-deef — can't hear thunder; but I told wife that I thought we owed it to her to do the best we could to reach her, and I had that bell made a-purpose.

Now, some men they 'd slight a mother-in-law like that, an' maybe ring a dummy at her; but that 's thess where I differ. I don't forget where I get my benefits, an' ef it had n't 'a' been for her, the family circle o' Deuteronomy Jones would be quite dif-frent to what it is. She 's handed down some of Sonny's best traits to him, too.

I don't say she give him his hearin', less'n she give 'm all she had — which, of co'se, I 'm thess a-jokin', which is a sin, an' her stone-deef, and Sonny thess come thoo a death-spell!

Me havin' that extry sized bell made thess out of respects to her tickled her mightily.

Come along, Sonny! He heard the bell, an' he knows what it means. That 's right — fetch the clock along.

Sonny's cheer is toler'ble low, an' he 's took a notion to set on the clock meal-times. I thess lay 'er face down'ards in his cheer, 'n' I don't know ez it hurts her any; 'n' then it saves the dictionary, too.

She did strike that a-way one day, and Sonny was so tickled he purty near choked on a batter-cake, he laughed so. He has broke sev'ral casters tryin' to jostle her into doin' it again, but somehow she won't. Seem like a clock kin be about ez contrary ez anything else, once 't git her back up.

He got so worked up over her not strikin' that a-way one day thet he stiffened out in a spell, then an' there.

You say they ain't apt to be fatal, doctor — them spells?

Well — but you ain't never saw him in one yet. They 're reg'lar death-spells, doctor.

Tell you the truth, they was the 'casion of us j'inin' the church, them spells was.

Says I to wife—standin' beside him one day, and he black in the face—says I, "Wife," says I, "I reckon you an' me better try to live mo' righteously 'n what we 've been doin', or he 'll be took from us." An', sir, the very nex' communion we both up an' perfessed. An' I started sayin' grace at table, an' lef' off the on'y cuss-word I ever did use, which was "durn." An', maybe I ought n't to say it, but I miss that word yet. I did n't often call on it, but I always knowed 't was there when needed, and it backed me up, somehow—thess the way knowin' I had a frock-coat in the press has helped me wear out ol' clo'es. I ain't never had on that frock-coat sence I was married in it seventeen year ago; but, sir, ever sence I've knew the moths had chawed it up, th' ain't been a day but I 've felt shabby.

Sir? Yas, sir; we 've waited a long time. It's seventeen year, come this spring, sence we married. Our first child could easy 'a' been sixteen year ol', 'stid o' two, of Sonny

'd come on time, but he ain't never been known to hurry hisself. But it does look like, with seventeen year for reflection, an' nothin' to do but study up other folks's mistakes with their childern, we ought to be able to raise him right. Wife an' me we fully agree upon one p'int, 'n' that is, thet mo' childern 'r' sp'iled thoo bein' crossed an' hindered 'n any other way. Why, sir, them we 've see' grow up roun' this country hev been fed on daily rations of "dont's!" an' "stops!" an' "quits!"—an' most of 'em brought up by hand at that!

An' so, ez I say, we don't never cross Sonny, useless. Of co'se when he 's been sick we have helt his little nose an' insisted on things; but I reckon we 've made it up to him afterwards, so 's he would n't take it amiss.

Oh, yas, sir; he called me "daddy" hisself, 'n' I never learned it to him, neither. I *was* layin' out to learn 'im to say "papa" to me, in time; but I 'lowed I 'd hol' back tell he called *her* name first. Seemed like that was her right, somehow, after all thet had passed 'twixt him an' her; an' in all

her baby-talk to him I took notice she 'd bring the "mama" in constant.

So of co'se I laid low, hopin' some day he 'd ketch it — an' he did. He was n't no mo' 'n 'bout three months ol' when he said it; 'n' then, 'fo' I could ketch my breath, hardly, an put in my claim, what does he do but square aroun', an', lookin' at me *di-rec'*, say "dada!" thess like that.

There 's the secon' bell, doctor. 'Sh! *Don't* ring no mo', Dicey! We're a-comin'!

At the first bell the roller-towel an' basin gen'ally holds a reception; but to-day bein' Sunday —

What? Can't stay? But you *must*. Quick ez Sonny come thoo this mornin', wife took to the kitchen, 'cause, she says, says she, "Likely ez not the doctor 'll miss his dinner on the road, 'n' I 'll turn in with Dicey an' see thet he makes it up on supper."

"Eat an' run?" Why not, I like to know? Come on out. Wife 's at the roller-towel now, and she 'll be here in a minute.

Come on, Sonny. Let "dada" tote the clock for you. No? Wants to tote 'er hisself? Well, he shall, too.

But befo' we go out, doc, say that over ag'in, please.

Yas, I understan'. Quick ez he 's took with a spell, you say, th'ow col' water in his face, an' "never min' ef he cries"?

I 'll try it, doctor; but, 'twixt me an' you, I doubt ef anybody on the lot 'll have the courage to douse 'im. Maybe we might call in somebody passin', an' git them to do it. But for the rest,—the bath an' the mustard,—of co'se it shall be did correct. You see, the trouble hez always been thet befo' we could git any physic measured out, he come thoo.

Many 's the time that horse hez been saddled to sen' for you befo' to-day. He thess happened to get out o' sight to-day when Sonny seemed to feel the clock in his hands, an' he come thoo 'thout us givin' him anything *but* the clock — an' it external.

Walk out, doctor.