

**THE JOLTS AND JARS
OF AMANDA HUNTER
AND A FAMILY JAR**

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The Jolts and Jars of Amanda Hunter and A Family Jar by Christine C. Whelen

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CHRISTINE C. WHELEN

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The Jolts and Jars of Amanda Hunter

AND

A FAMILY JAR

BY

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CHRISTINE C. WHELEN

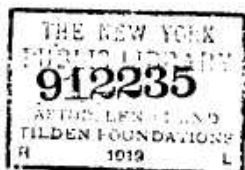
Author of "A Legend of Old Barnegat," "A Corner in Cooks,"
"The Sunset Trail," "The Fatal Violin," "How the
Christmas Message Came to Lawson Hall," etc., etc.

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A SORT OF BIOLOGY

WHICH AIN'T WORTH A ROW OF PINS

JAYVILLE will be nigh struck dumb when the news is broke to them that they owns a *real* live female writer.

Old maids never gits what's comin' to 'em on this side of the Golden Gates nohow. There's twenty-six of us in Jayville alone, and you can't positively git a single Minister to come here to preach even for one day, for fear there'll be sich a riot over which woman is to hev him fer dinner that the Hose Company will hev to be called out to amalgamate matters.

There ain't a wuss debilitated girl in our village than Amanda Hunter; that's why I made up my mind even if it did use up a half-dozen bottles of ink at ten cents a bottle, and every quill pen in the house; even if I hed to buy out every decomposition book in Cy Ap-

A SORT OF BIOLOGY

plejack's store, I wuz goin' to write down all the bumps and knocks I run up agin in my life, fer other pore, indiscreet females to take pattern by.

So I'm goin' to call these outpourin's of maiden genius, "The Jolts and Jars of Amanda Hunter," and desicate 'em to the old maids and batchelors of the United States of America.

AMANDA HUNTER.



THE JOLTS AND JARS OF AMANDA HUNTER

CHAPTER I

MATRIMONY

It's terrible lonesome to be an old Maid, especially in a town like Jayville, where there are fifteen old Maids and twenty-four Widows, and every female that has gotten joined in Fetlock, is labeled M-a-r-r-i-e-d in letters so big you kin see 'em a mile off. They won't give a girl that's been tryin' all her life to git hitched half a chance! Why, if an unattached Minister comes to town, they fight wuss than a lot of cats fer a chance to set alongside of him, and poor Cy Bennet, as harmless a Male Biped as you could want, is so skeered he stays

out in the vestibule of the Meetin' House and bolts fer hum the minute the sermon is over fer fear some of them antiquated old Maids will lay in wait fer him. Nothin' ain't ben the some sence Jonah Webster tried so hard to pop the question to me he bust his galluses—it was so terrible warm the poor man were half melted away, and his face was redder nor a beet when he come up the steps of our porch as he tried his best to be polite, stammerin' so when I asked what I could do fer him that I thought he must be sufferin', and quick as I could I invited him to set in Pa's big rocker, never noticin' that a piece of sticky fly paper off the kitchen windowsill had blowed onto the seat. Jonah looked real grateful as he sot down and began fannin' himself, but the next minute he started to wiggle, and with a yell you might hev heard a mile off, commenced tryin' to git his pants loose from the sticky paper. I hed no business to do it I know, but I was young and foolish in them days, and I laughed till the tears run down my cheeks, which only made poor Jonah madder than ever. He tugged and he tugged, then he started in cussin', and afore I could realize