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AN ASCENT OF POPO

By "Mr. Dooley."

(From the "Mexican Herald")

"How are yez, Hennessey, me by," said Mr. Dooley as he came up the street walking by the assistance of a cane.

"Foiner n silk," replied Hennessey, "but why the stick; is it lame yez are?"

"Spake in whispers er not at all, an oill be tellin ye, fer as me ould frind, oi belave yell not bethray me. Oive ben away t th top iv Popeycapethel"

"But, Mr. Dooley"

"Hennessey, be throe to me. Me woife hez denied me bid an bard, an oim a por outchast in the worruld, charged with havin no sinse at all. Oi wint, Hennessey, in the inthrusts iv Seance, wid me former counthrymon, the Shivvyleer ORourke, an his parthner-in-crime, Bar-ron von Eckenstein. Kape away from him, Hennessey, er yell be inveigle into some desperate skame be th which yell be robbed iv yure bodily comfort an famly this. Thre a bloomin pair iv human dayceivers who cahnt till th dif-frence betwane hate and cold, upon me soul th cahnt.

"Well tike yez t th top, sid me spurious fellow-cithizen, Mither ORourke, er well know th rayson ov it. Its th top-most pint iv th sachred mount oim afther tridden, sez oi, worruds oi hev larnt to raygrit with tears in me oyes."

"Did yez make the trip on becycles er be an autymobile, Mr. Dooley?"

"The Sints preserve us, Hennessey! Hez the silver dog lost his lining? or hez the cloud hed its day? or hez the goulden chain ben busthed, or what th divvle? Thirs no Passy dilly Ray-formy laden to th blarsted crather iv Popey, me by. It is a path iv Glury which lades but to th ghrave, an frm whose borne no traveler ivver hez a sickond birthday. It is a tist iv morrul cur-ridge an shoe lither. It is not a pliseant dhrive iv a moon-light

avenin, Mr. Hinessey. Theres no canteenys er fiyher bids hung up be the way. Th mounthin was kivvered wid althichude. Ive-rything ilse but th dhust an wind hed fled fer its loife. Th wind hed blowed th atmosphere into a foreign country, an there was nothin for th brith iv man but the althichude. Yez sthop ivery ither sthep to pull in a ghop of con-densed air wid yure mouth, an whin yez close in yer hide to rist yer shoulders on a brist filled wid air, yezll find it soft an un-susthainin, an yer tongue rolls out an flaps limply in the breezes, upon me honor it do, Hinessey.

"Th Shivvyleer and th ither professor sthrolled along wid hateful haze, an whrote in books, th divvle knows what, on th althichude, the wind, an so on, an me wid me pick-axe hackin off an extrha hunk of hair th gale hed overlook. Th closer hivven we crawled the harder it blew, an whin it beggan whis-tlin the sphots off me vist, oi sid in tones mint to traggick loike dith, Boys, lit me lodge in some vhasst Wilderniss; anyway lit me lodge! It eas niver intended thet oi shud tickle th fate iv th angels in hivven. Thirfure, oi boolt!

"It cannot was, sid the gay Shivvyleer. Our agraymint to tike yez t th top was saled be th coorts iv hivven, an up yez go. A rope was knotted to me lift laig, Hinessey, an oi wint hippen along, while th Shivvyleer an th Bar-ron plyed chump th rope achross th boulders wid mesilf in th center iv tha rope, tied fast. Oi pled as a fellow-counthymon, thin as a mon wid a woife an childer an me juty to thim. Thin, as me last brith hed gone out to th hivvens, oi fell, swearin be th gods oi was a corpse, be the mouth iv th terrible crather.

"Thir she was, Hinessey, sthamin and frothin, an sthinkin loike a boiled owl, wid wather at th botthum as grane ez th damons iv purgathory. It was thot fur down thot she cudent be sane without lookin twice. Sez oi, Whars th cimmithry fer th did, an saylict a sphot, bys, fer oim brathin me last, an as oi spoke th bones iv me body were rhenderin a snare dhrum solo be the shivers iv th wind.

"Be iv gude chare, me by, sid th Bar-ron, th top is not yit rached. Th rist is onsartin in me brain, Hinessey. I recollect, wid me oyes soked in tears, the how I was jirked frm stunt stun to th peenackle iv th crathur, an hearin th Bar-ron an-nounce in treeump that his bayrommether sid we ware siven-tane thousan eight hunert an ninety fate above the say.

"If its anny wurse siventane thousan fate unner th say, thin fade me carkus to th waves ic the crathur, sez oi. Whither th did er didnt oi cannot now say. But lit us be movin, or th polace

Il be on me thracks. Me woife hez tillygraphed my dayscription
as bayin a lunathic."