

# AT A RURAL AUCTION

A Humorous Monolog

by  
J. L. Harbour



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The Auctioneer:

Now, my friends, what am I offered for this miscellaneous collection of useful household articles of a kind needed in every home if it is to be one of peace and happiness for all of those articles have to do with the culinary art, and the dove of peace can never hover over any home if the cookin' ain't all it ought to be. As the poet Browum or Browning or Bronson or whatever his name was so truthfully said, "You can live without love but you can't live without cooks." No, sir; ladies and gents, cooks is absolutely essential to the happiness of the home, and you can't cook without things to cook with, and most everything in this mis'laneous collection I'll start this auction with is needed in cookin'. Here's a nice fryin' pan, a eggbeater, a rollin' pin that would come in handy in case you got into a "heated argument" with your husbands, ladies. Also a coffee mill in good condition, a carving knife and a hash bowl and chopper. It ain't what you might call an artistic lot o' kitchen bricky-brack like that stuff over there on that whatnot, I shall put up later on, but it's all clean and in good condition and—How much am I offered as a starter? How much am I bid?—Ten cents? The lady without a shred of conscience offers ten cents for what you couldn't buy even at a Five and Ten store for ten times that much. Just look at this elegant hash bowl! The memories that cluster round it ought to make it wuth a dollar as a family hairloom. Then if you'd paint a wreath of roses around that bowl and a landscape inside it'd be a real modern work of art fit to hang up by the coffin plate in the parlor, and I'm offered only ten cents for—lady over there with a section of a posey bed for a hat offers thirteen cents. Thirteen cents for the lot! Do I hear an offer of fourteen cents? Are you all done? Sold to the lady with the flower garden hat for thirteen cents and if ever a lady has a right to feel that she's walking on air because of the bargain she's made she ought to be that lady.

Now we'll see if any of you are interested in real art. If you are what will you offer for this work of art—an old-fashioned hair wreath, a kind of a work of art that has went by so it is worth all the more in this age of such a craze of anteecks. I am told that this wreath contains hair from twenty-seven diff'rent heads, some of which a few of us knew when we was kids. This red hair rose is from the head of Uncle Ab Dabny.

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