

A ROOM OF MEMORIES

A Humorous Monolog

by
J. L. Harbour



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“I’ll just take them pillar shams off before you go to bed,” said Mrs. Grimm, after she had set down a kerosene lamp that she had brought up to a guest chamber, twenty by twenty-four feet in size and with a temperature suggesting Peary’s struggle for the Arctic Pole.

The guest was a small, gentle and timid-looking young theologian who was to “supply” in Mrs. Grimm’s church on the morrow. There was a charnel house kind of a mustiness in the room and the wind was rattling some of the shutters and moaning drearily. A group of ancient pictures in oval frames surrounded a hair wreath above the mantel and there were one or two coffin plates on a black velvet background in the frames at one side of the mantel. Discovering that the eyes of the timid-looking young “supply” were fixed on the hair wreath, Mrs. Grimm said:

“That wreath is made of the people in the small frames around it and a few others. It’s ’speshly ’propriate to have it here for nearly ev’ry one of ’em died right there in that bed you are going to sleep in—la me!”

She took the lamp and held it before the piratical visage of a man with a huge black mustache and bushy black hair.

“That’s my Uncle Aaron. He was next to the last one who died in that bed. He had lost his mind and he used to lay there on that bed and whoop and sing songs all night. There’s a story around that folks that have slept in this room since then have heard moans and groans—’speshly on windy nights like this. I ain’t ever slept in the room, but I have heard some queer noises up here in the dead of night. But then you are in the Lord’s hands and you ain’t nothing to fear. Dead folks can’t really hurt you if they wanted to. It’s the living more than the dead that we have cause to be skeered of.

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