



A Cheerful Little Earful

By Marjorie Moffet

Well, how do you do, Curnelia? I heerd you wuz sick, so I thought I'd drop in and cheer you up a little. Besides, I said to myself, as I cum up the stairs, "This may be the last time I ever see Curnelia Jane alive."

What's that? You ain't gonna die yet? Well, how do you know you ain't?!? There wuz poor Mis' Jones. Remember poor Mis' Jones, Curnelia? Oh, I remember as if it was yesterday. It weren't but a monght ago. She wuz a settin' up and everybody wuz a sayin' how smart she looked, and all of a sudden, she tuk, with a spasm and went off like a flash. Yeah! Oh, it wuz turrible! Turrible! It can happen so sudden like!

Anyway, I brung ya what wuz left of the medicine she tuk. It never done her no good, but I thought you might like to try it. It's probly a sight better 'n that stuff you're takin'. It's plain to see, that ain't helpin' you a bit! Oh, no, you ain't feelin' good, Curnelia. You're just sayin' that. Why, ya look turrible! Ya look like death warmed over and I'm not exaggeratin' one iota!

Well, the main thing to do now is jest keep calm – don't fret yourself. Won't do no good to be worryin'. You jest concentrate on stayin' alive and gettin' recovered.

Of course, things can't go on jest as if you wuz downstairs. I wonder of you knew that your little Sammy wuz a littin' your little Jimmy down the well in a clothes basket? Well, he wuz when I wuz comin' up the walk way. Let me look out the winder. No, I don't see 'em now. I guess Providence will take keer of them, seein' there ain't nobody else to. ----- You thought Bridget wuz? Well, you thought wrong. I seen her down to the back gate as I come in, a talkin' to a strange man. Yeah. I don't know, but he looked to me like a burglar. There's been lots of talk about some escaped convicts up river comin' this a way. Oh, these is turrible times to live in, Curnelia. You can never be to careful!

Well! Ya got some tube roses, ain't ya, Curnelia? Well ain't that sweet! I thought I smelled 'em, even with my cold. Who they from? . . . Oh how nice.

Yeah, tube roses allus makes me think of funerals – we had so many of ‘em in the house when Milly died.

Oh, did ya hear? Scarlet fever’s broke out down in the village. Yep. Little Isaac Potter’s got it. He’s on the brink of death right now. Yeah. Come to think of it, I seen your little Jimmy playin’ with him last Saturday. Course, it won’t show up fer a while. Now, you know how positive I try to be, but I wouldn’t be surprised if he got it. Your little Jimmy tends to catch things awful quick. Anyhow, you know I’m always available to help and comfort in time of need.

Well, I got to be getin’ along. I got another sick friend I got to cheer up. I never feel I’ve done my duty unless I see ‘em all before I sleep. After all, they might not be here tomorrow, and I would feel awful if I let ‘em slip off into eternity without my words of comfort.

My land! You look so pale, Curnelia! Why, you don’t look so good as you did when I come in. Are you sure you’re all right? You might be worse than you think! I’ve seen common colds turn into typhoid overnight! Should I call the doc? ----- Well, o.k. If you say so.

Well, like I said, I got to be gittin’ along. If worse comes to worst, let me know and I’ll come in and try my best to cheer you up some more. Git some rest, Curnelia. May the good Lord see ya through this turrible time of trial. Goodbye, Curnelia Jane. I’ll be prayin’ ya make it through the night. Goodbye.