

#### CHAPTER NINE

Sally's eyes flashed fire and she bounded off the sofa. "Silas Green, you've been here two hours. Now say what you got to say, and say it quick," and she stamped her little foot. Silas trembled. "I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER TEN

Sally now stood with her back to him, and Silas cried, "It's no use, Sally; I'd better be going. I led our old bull to pasture today and wasn't scared, but I'm afraid of a little bit of a girl like you. It's on the tip of my tongue now, though, and it shan't escape me this time. I say, Sally—" This time Sally did not answer or stir, and Silas was making for the door. "Good-bye forever, Sally," he cried. "My parting words is these, I say, Sally—" And then Sally turned around and flung her arms around his neck, crying, "Why, yes, Silas, I'll marry you, sure, but this is so sudden!" And that's how Silas Popped the Question!

Published by

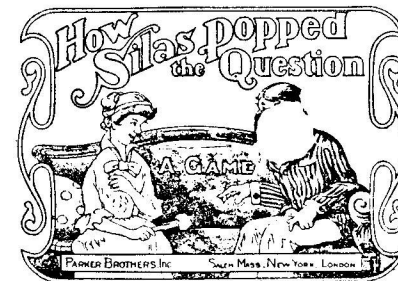
**PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.,**

Salem, Mass.      New York.      London.

8

## How Silas Popped the Question

A Reading Game



Published by

**PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.**

Salem, Mass.      New York      London

## HOW SILAS POPPED THE QUESTION

### A READING GAME.

#### RULES FOR PLAYING.

THE CARDS ARE SCATTERED face down in the centre of the table and players draw and read them in turn; or

If the players are sitting around the room, the cards are dealt to them.

ALL THE CARDS must be used.

Players must not look at their cards until the time comes to read them.

One of the players starts the game by reading the first chapter of the story.

When he comes to the words, "I say, Sally" (which should be read in a slow drawl), the player on the left reads off one of the cards (at random) and lays it aside. (It should be read promptly).

At the second reading of the words, "I say, Sally," the next player reads off one of the cards, and lays it aside.

After Chapter One is finished, the story is handed to the next player on the first reader's left, who reads one chapter, and the story is then handed to the next player, and so on to the end.

Players read off the cards in turn.

The one who laughs most wins!

## HOW SILAS POPPED THE QUESTION

### TOLD IN TEN CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER ONE.

Silas Green had been "keeping company" with Sally Gray for two years, but he had never yet been able to screw up enough courage to "pop the question" to her! However, he made up his mind that tonight he would "Do or Die," so, slicking his hair down smoothly with bear's grease, and putting on his Sunday go-to-meeting outfit, he hied himself over to Farmer Gray's, and pretty soon he and Sally were sitting alone in the best parlor, on the nice horse-hair sofa. Sally said to herself: "Now he's going to 'pop' at last. I feel it in my bones!" Just then Silas leaned nearer and, taking Sally's hand, said, in a tender whisper, "I say, Sally—" Now, he had really meant to say, "Will you be mine?" but somehow the words just would NOT come! Sally looked coldly at Silas and drew away

to the other end of the sofa. Poor Silas groaned. "What was I saying?" he cried. "What I really meant to say was, 'I say, Sally,—'" At this Sally jumped up and made for the door. "Sir, you insult me!" she said, giving him the cold and icy glare. "Don't go, oh, don't go!" cried Silas, jumping up, too, and pulling her back on the sofa beside him. He soon pacified her and started afresh. He held her hand tight, and, heaving a long sigh, he murmured softly, "I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER TWO.

Sally tried to pull her hand away, but Silas held on like grim death. "Wait! I ain't said half yet!" he implored. "I say, Sally—" At that, Sally burst into a rage. "Unhand me, villain!" she shrieked, "or I'll call Pa!" "No, no, Sally," begged Silas, mopping his streaming brow. "Don't you know Rome can't be took in a night? Give me time, girl, and sit down here beside me!" Sally sat down, and Silas, after hamming and hawing, began solemnly, "I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER THREE.

"Indeed, sir!" cried Sally, in her most sarcastic tones, "those are nice words for a gentleman to use to a perfect lady like me! Say something else, as genteel, do now!" Poor Silas's face was scarlet and the tears stood in his eyes. Then he cried, "Oh, I say, Sally—" Sally laughed shrilly. "Impertinent monster," she cried, "Say them words again, do!" "There now, Sally, don't get your mad up," pleaded Silas. "I'll say it this time, sure. I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER FOUR

Then he shouted, as she started to get up angrily, "No, no, listen; I say, Sally—" Just then Sally's Pa stuck his head in the door. "Say, what's the row?" he asked. "You two fighting?" Sally made motions for him to get out. Before going, he whispered, "Has he popped yet?" "No," whispered back Sally; "but he's getting along fine!" and she shut the door on him with a bang. All this time Silas was sitting on the sofa with his head in his hands. Now he looked up and said, "Sally,

you and me has been sitting up nights for some time, ain't we? Well, I've decided to say the fatal words tonight, so here goes. I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER FIVE.

"Them words is very fatal!" giggled Sally. "Try some more!" Silas took her hand tenderly, and tried again. "I say, Sally—" "Better and better," laughed Sally. "You certainly are the most delightful talker I ever heard tell of. I'm waiting for some more sweet speeches. Blurt them out!" Then Silas cried, "You're making fun of me, Sally, when I want to say something so partickler to you. I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER SIX

"Is those the fine words that's been sticking in your crop so long?" said Sally, scornfully. "It's a pity they didn't choke you!" Silas whimpered. "Those wasn't the words at all. This is what I intended saying: I say, Sally—" By this time Sally was almost in hysterics, but she began to see the real reason for all this foolishness and, being a sensible girl, de-

ecided to help the poor critter along. So she said sweetly, "What was you saying, Silas dear?" Silas beamed and, getting nearer, whispered, "I say, Sally, dear—"

#### CHAPTER SEVEN

"Oh, how grandly you converse," Sally simpered in loving accents. "I just love to hear your manly voice utter such honeyed phrases." Silas now had his arm around her, and said softly, "I say, Sally—" Sally now laid her head on his shoulder and murmured tenderly, "How beautiful you do talk! So much sense, and so polished; say something more." Silas smoothed her hair and faltered, "I say, Sally—"

#### CHAPTER EIGHT

"What a flow of language you do have, dear Silas," giggled Sally archly. "I could listen forever." Then Silas murmured in her shell-like ear, "I say, Sally—"

"Heavings!" cried Sally, sitting up. "That's the limit! Ain't you got something to say more to the point, Silas Green?" "I have," answered Silas with dignity. "I say, Sally—"