

FICTION

Bret Harte

Excelsior

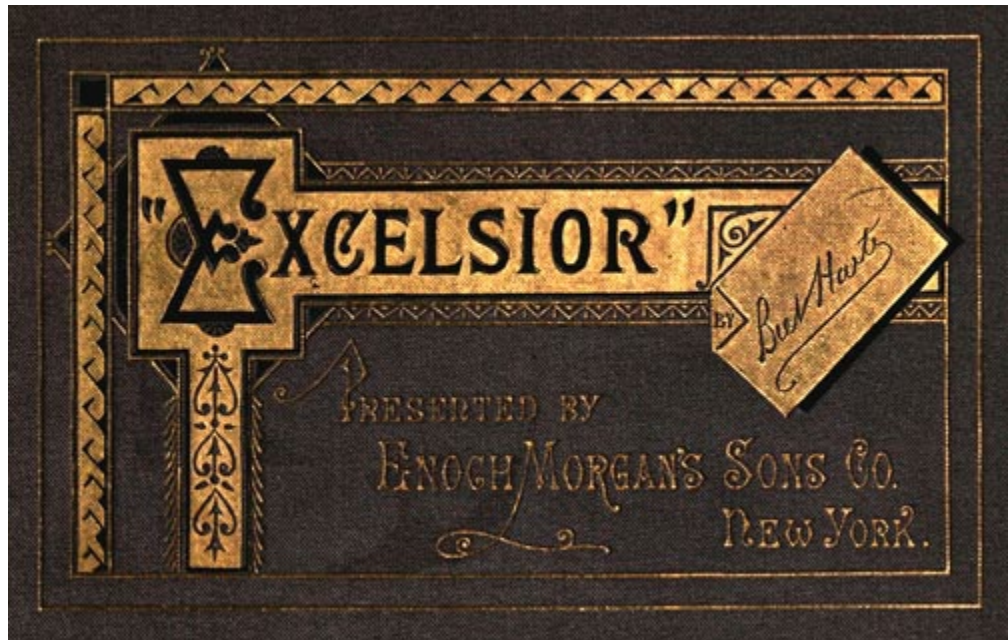
A PUBLIC DOMAIN BOOK

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FICTION



The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Eastern village passed
A youth who bore, through dust and heat,
A stencil-plate, that read complete--"SAPOLIO."



CLEAN PAINT, OIL CLOTHS, FLOORS,
WOOD WORK, TABLES & SHELVES

WITH SAPOLIO.



His brow was sad, but underneath,
White with "Odonto" shone his teeth,
And through them hissed the words, "Well, blow
Me tight if here is 'ary show!" "SAPOLIO."

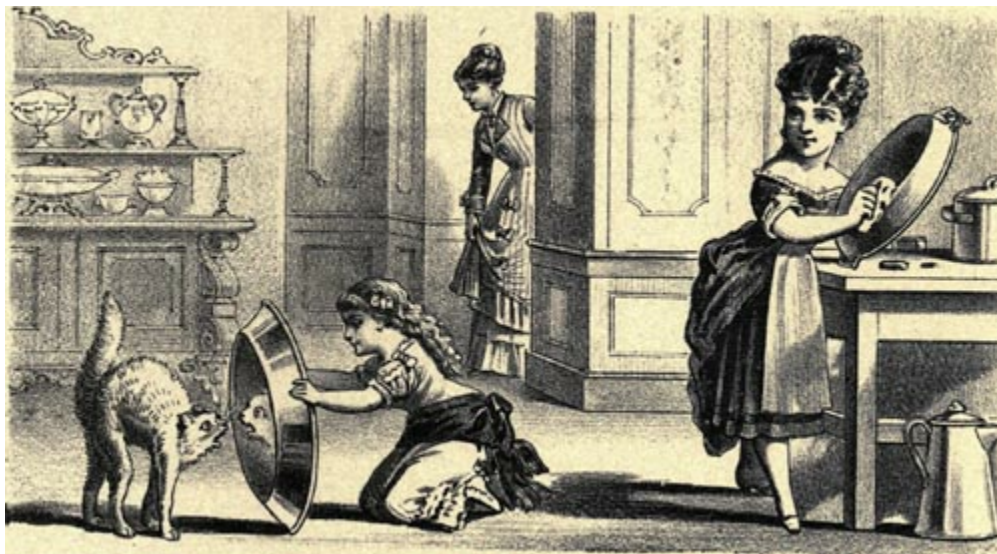


WASH DISHES, PORCELAIN, CHINA
& GLASS WARE

WITH SAPOLIO.



On household fences, gleaming bright,
Shone "Gargling Oil," in black and white,
Once "Bixby's Blacking" stood alone,
He straight beside it clapped his own--"SAPOLIO."



POLISH MILK CANS & PANS
AND ALL KINDS OF TIN WARE

WITH SAPOLIO.



"Try not my fence," the old man said,
"With 'Mustang Liniment' 'tis spread,
Another vacant spot thar aint."
He answered with a dash of paint--"SAPOLIO."



CLEAN STEEL KNIVES & FORKS AND ALL
METALLIC TOOLS AND UTENSILS

WITH SAPOLIO.



"O, stay," the maiden said, "A rest
Pray give us! What with 'Bixby's Best,'
And 'Simmons' Pills,' we're like to die."
He only answered, "Will you try--SAPOLIO?"



CLEAN BATH TUBS, WASH BASINS
AND SINKS

WITH SAPOLIO.



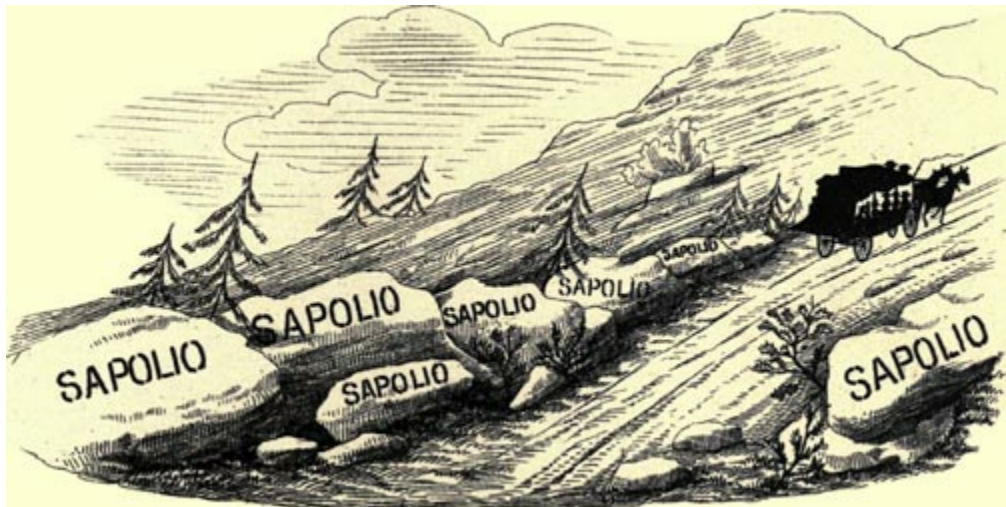
"Beware them peaks! That wall so bright

Is but a snow bank, gleaming white,
Your paint wont stick!" Came the reply,
"I've done it! 'How is that for high?" "SAPOLIO."



SCOUR POTS, KETTLES, PANS
& ALL BRASS & COPPER UTENSILS

WITH SAPOLIO.



One Sabbath morn, as heavenward
White Mountain tourists slowly spurred,
On ev'ry rock, to their dismay,
They read that legend strange, alway--"SAPOLIO"



CLEAN GLASS WARE, WINDOWS,
PORCELAIN & CHINA WARES

WITH SAPOLIO.



There on the summit, old and fat,
Shameless, but vigorous, he sat,
While on their luggage as they passed,
He checked that word, from first to last, "SAPOLIO."



CLEAN MARBLE TABLES, FLOORS,
STATUARY AND HARD FINISHED WALLS

WITH SAPOLIO.
