

# Chapter II.

WE went tip-toeing along a path amongst the trees back towards the end of the widow's garden, stooping down so as the branches wouldn't scrape our heads. When we was passing by the kitchen I fell over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and laid still. Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim, was setting in the kitchen door; we could see him pretty clear, because there was a light behind him. He got up and stretched his neck out about a minute, listening. Then he says,

“Who dah?”

He listened some more; then he come tip-toeing down and stood right between us; we could a touched him, nearly. Well, likely it was minutes and minutes that there warn't a sound, and we all there so close together. There was a place on my ankle that got to itching; but I

dasn't scratch it; and then my ear begun to itch; and next my back, right between my shoulders. Seemed like I'd die if I couldn't scratch. Well, I've noticed that thing plenty of times since. If you are with the quality, or at a funeral, or trying to go to sleep when you ain't sleepy—if you are anywheres

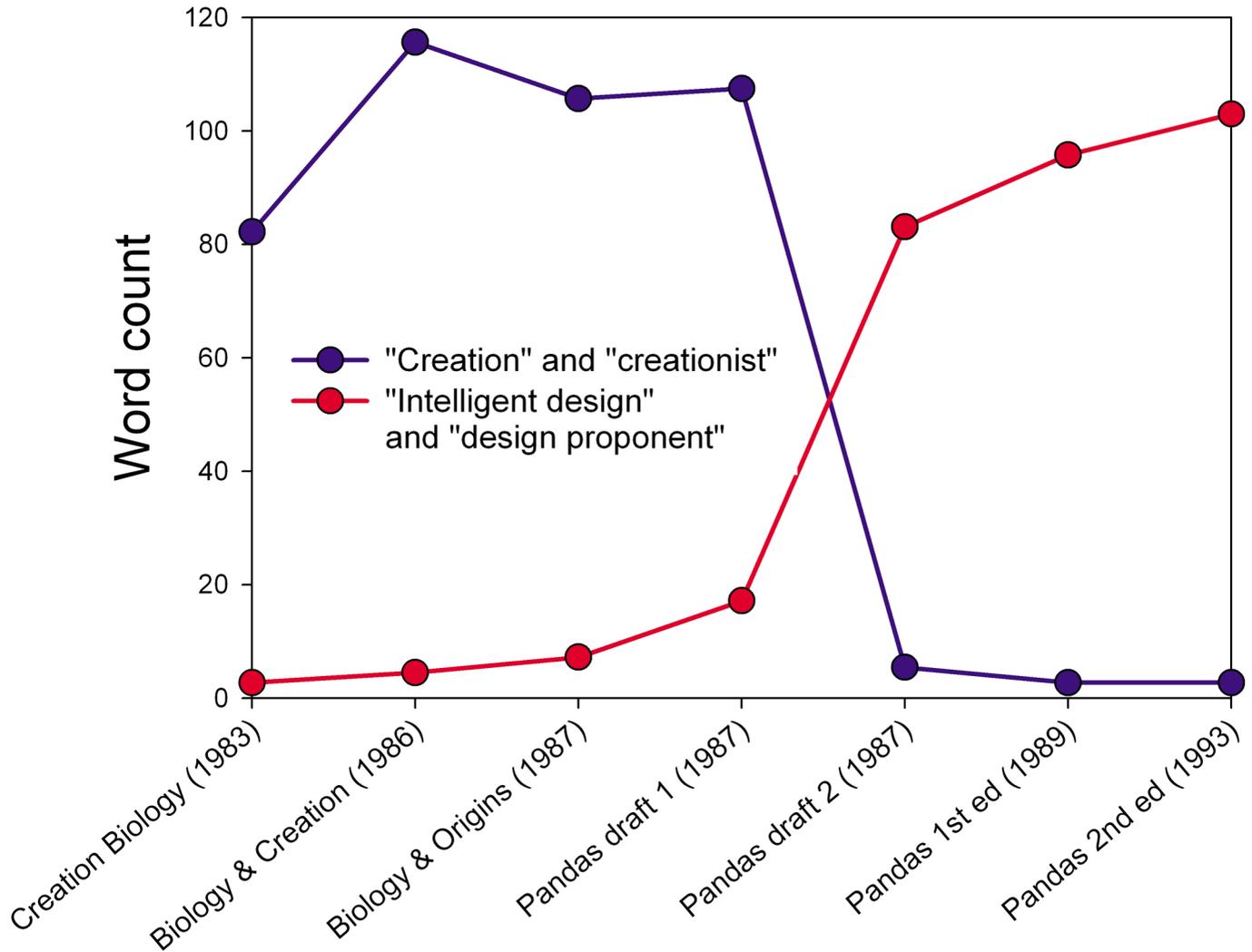


THEY TIP-TOED ALONG.

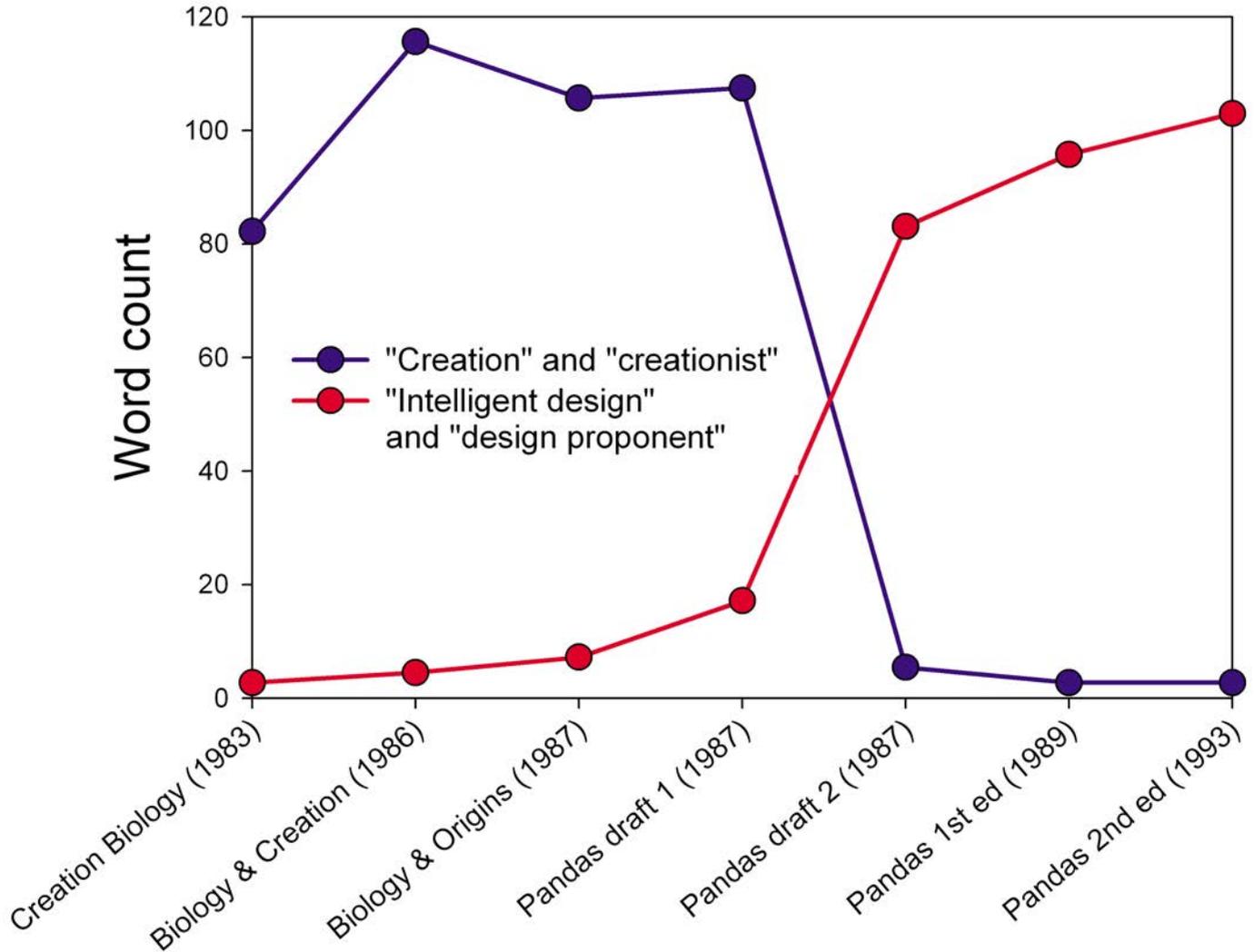
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# Replacement of "creationism" with "intelligent design"



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with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his

hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and

# NISSAN UND DER GELBE MYTHOS



Wolkenkratzer, Freiheitsstatue – und gelbe Taxis. Was wäre New York ohne seine legendären Yellow Cabs? Nur eine Großstadt, richtig. Die Geschichte begann 1907 – die Zukunft gehörte Nissan. Ab Oktober werden Stück für Stück gelbe Nissan NV200 die alten Taxis ersetzen – ein Meilenstein, denn die Yellow Cabs bedeuten für New York ja so viel.

## 4 STOPPS DURCH GESCHICHTE

07 Der Geschäftsmann Harry N. präsentiert am 1. Oktober die erste New Yorks: 65 aus Frankreich erterte Autos des Herstellers Darten über die Fifth Avenue. Die ung war rot.

7 Weil es zu viele Taxis in New greift das Gesetz ein. Bürger-Guardia beschließt, dass die sofort eine Lizenz benötigen. es in New York City 13.237 einer der heiß begehrten offizi-etten.

Damit die lizenzierten Taxis er zu erkennen sind, ordnet ertwaltung an, dass alle gel-nden müssen – die Geburts-ellows Cabs.

issan erobert die Straßen an. Step by step werden alle urch den NV200 ersetzt. it der Taxi & Limousine n zunächst für zehn Jahre.



## DIE TARIFE IM YELLOW CAB

- 1968 – 30 Cent pro Meile
- 1990 – 1,25 Dollar pro Meile
- 2006 – 2 Dollar pro Meile
- 2013 – 2,50 Dollar pro Meile

— Die letzte Preiserhöhung erfolgte im September 2012: Bei Fahrtbeginn steht der Taxameter schon auf 2,50 Dollar, jede fünftel Meile kostet dann weitere 50 Cent. Stockt oder steht der Verkehr, kostet das jetzt 50 Cent pro Minute. Die einheilige Flatrate vom Flughafen JFK nach Manhattan stieg von 45 auf 52 Dollar.

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