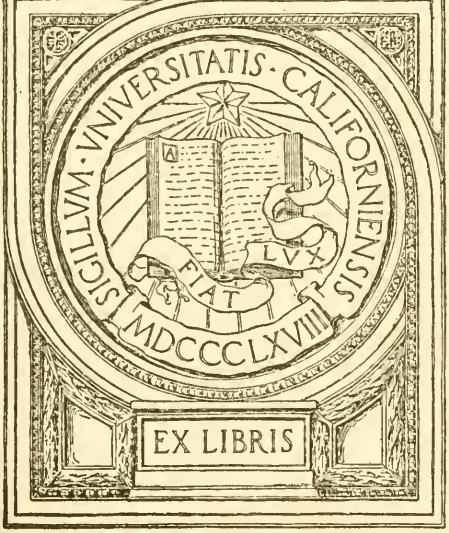
Choice Humor



CHOICE HUMOR

FOR READING AND RECITATION

COMPILED BY

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PREFACE.

A volume of humorous selections needs no introduction. Its title is sufficient to secure its welcome. Every one enjoys humor. No part of a newspaper is more frequently read than the "Funny Column." The wise and learned enjoy it as much as the young and gay.

In the preparation of such a volume we experience no ordinary difficulty in procuring selections that are really fresh and new. To secure this end we have spared no pains in gathering such material as has not become flat and threadbare through incessant repetition.

We have also endeavored to guard against the introduction of anything coarse and unrefined, and while we have striven to provide for a wide variety of individual preferences, we trust nothing will be found in these pages to offend the purest and most cultivated tastes.

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to the public for the generous welcome accorded our previous publications, and especially to the kind friends who have contributed to the present volume either original or selected articles.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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CHOICE HUMOR

FOR

READING AND RECITATION.

CANDOR.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And I can imagine what made it so.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You're going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"— here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer,
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You are going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy, and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I'll bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye—es," she said.

FOURTH OF JULY IN JONESVILLE

THE celebration was held in Josiah's sugar bush, and I meant to be on the ground in good season, for when I have jobs I dread, I am for takin' 'em by the forelock and grapplin' with 'em at once. But as I was bakin' my last plum puddin' and chicken pie, the folks begun to stream by, I hadn't no idee thier could be so many folks scairt up in Jonesville. I thought to myself, I wonder if they'd flock out so to a prayer-meetin.' But they kep' a comin', all kind of folks, in all kinds of vehicles, from a six-horse team, down to peacible lookin' men and wimmen, drawin' baby wagons, with two babies in most of 'em.

There was a stagin' built in most the middle of the grove for the leadin' men of Jonesville, and some board seats all round it for the folks to set on. As Josiah owned the ground, he was invited to set upon the stagin'.

And as I glanced up at that man every little while through the day, I thought proudly to myself, there may be nobler lookin' men there, and men that would

weigh more by the steelyards, but there haint a whiter shirt bosom there than Josiah Allen's.

When I got there the seats was full. Betsey Bobbet was jest ahead of me, and says she:

"Come on, Josiah Allen's wife, let us have a seat, we can obtain one, if we push and scramble enough." As I looked upon her carryin' out her doctrine, pushin' and scramblin', I thought to myself, if I didn't know to the contrary, I never should take you for a modest dignifier and retirer. And as I beheld her breathin' hard, and her elboes wildly wavin' in the air, pushin' in between native men of Jonesville and foreigners, I again methought, I don't believe you would be so sweaty and out of breath a votin' as you be now. And as I watched her labors and efforts I continued to methink sadly, how strange! how strange! that retirin' modesty and delicacy can stand so firm in some situations, and then be so quickly overthrowed in others seemin'ly not near so hard.

Betsey finally got a seat, wedged in between a large healthy Irishman and a native constable, and she motioned for me to come on, at the same time pokin' a respectable old gentleman in front of her with her parasol, to make him move along. Says I:

"I may as well die one way as another, as well expier a standin' up, as in tryin' to get a seat," and I quietly leaned up against a hemlock tree and composed myself for events. A man heard my words, which I spoke about half to myself, and says he:

"Take my seat, mum."

Says I, "No! keep it."

Says he, "I am jest comin' down with a fit, I have got to leave the ground instantly."

Says I, "In them cases I will." So I sot. His tongue seemed thick, and his breath smelt of brandy, but I make no insinuations.

About noon, Prof. Aspire Todd walked slowly on to the ground, arm in arm with the editer of the Gimlet, old Mr. Bobbet follerin' him closely behind. Countin' two eyes to a person, and the exceptions are triflin', there was seven hundred and fifty or sixty eyes aimed at him, as he walked through the crowd. He was dressed in a new shinin' suit of black, his complexion was deathly, his hair was jest turned from white, and was combed straight back from his forward and hung down long, over his coat coller. He had a big moustache, about the color of his hair, only bearin' a little more on the sandy, and a couple of pale blue eyes, with a pair of spectacles over 'em.

As he walked upon the stagin' behind the Editer of the Gimlet, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief that in Trihump Advances." As soon as it stopped playin', the Editer of the Gimlet come forward and said:

"Fellow-citizens of Jonesville and the adjacent and surroundin' world, I have the honor and privilege of presenting to you the orator of the day, the noble and eloquent Prof. Aspire Todd, Esq."

Prof. Todd came forward and made a low bow.

"Bretheren and sisters of Jonesville," says he, "Friends and patrons of Liberty, in risin' upon this aeroter, I have signified by that act a desire and a willingness to address you. I am not here, fellow and sister citizens, to outrage your feelings by triflin' remarks, I am not here, male patrons of liberty, to lead your noble, and you, female patrons, your tender footsteps into the flowery fields of useless rhetorical eloquence; I

am here, noble brothers and sisters of Jonesville, not in a mephitical manner, and, I trust, not in a mentorial, but to present a few plain truths in a plain manner for your consideration. My friends, we are in one sense but tennifolious blossoms of life; or, if you will pardon the tergiversation, we are all but mineratin' tennirosters hovering upon an illinition of mythoplasm."

"Jess so," cried old Bobbet, who was settin' on a bench right under the speaker's stand, with his fat, red face lookin' up shinin' with pride and enthusiasm (and the brandy he had took to honor the old Revolutionary heroes), "jess so! so we be!"

Prof. Todd looked down on him in a troubled kind of a way for a minute, and then went on—

"Noble inhabitants of Jonesville and the rural districts, we are actinolitic beins', each of our souls, like the acalphia, radiates a circle of prismatic tentacles, showing the divine irridescent essence of which composed are they."

"Jes' so," shouted old Bobbet, louder than before. "Jes' so, so they did, I've always said so."

"And if we are content to molder out our existence, like fibrous, veticulated, polypus, clingin' to the crustaceous courts of custom, if we cling not like soarin' prytanes to the phantoms that lower thier sceptres down through the murky waves of retrogression, endeavorin' to lure us upward in the scale of progressive bein'—in what degree do we differ from the accolphia?"

"Jes' so," says old Bobbet, lookin' defiantly round on the audience. "There he has got you, how can they?"

Prof. Todd stopped again, looked doun on Bobbet, and put his hand to his brow in a wild kind of a way for a minute, and then went on—

"Let us, noble brethren in the broad field of humanity, let us rise, let us prove that mind is superior to matter, let us prove ourselves superior to the acalphia—"

"Yes, less," says old Bobbet, "less prove ourselves."

"Let us shame the actinia," said the Professor.

"Yes, jes' so!" shouted old Bobbet, "less shame him!" And in his enthusiasm he got up and hollered agin, "Less shame him."

Prof. Todd stopped stone still, his face red as blood, he drinked several swallows of water, and then he whispered a few words to the Editer of the Gimlet, who immegiately come forward, and said:

"Although it is a scene of touchin' beauty to see an old gentleman, and a bald-headed one, so in love with eloquence, and to give such remarkable proofs of it at his age, still as it is the request of my young friend—and I am proud to say, 'my young friend,' in regard to one gifted in so remarkable a degree—at his request I beg to be permitted to hint that if the bald-headed old gentleman in the linen coat can conceal his admiration and suppress his applause, he will confer a favor on my gifted young friend, and through him indirectly to Jonesville, to America, and the great cause of humanity throughout the length and breadth of the country."

Here he made a low bow and sot down. Prof. Todd continued his piece without any more interruption, till most the last, he wanted the public of Jonesville to "dround black care in the deep waters of oblivion, mind not her mad throes of dissolvin' bein', but let the deep waters cover her black head, and march onward."

Then the old gentleman forgot himself, and sprung up and hollered—

"Yes! dround the black cat; hold her head under!

What if she is mad! Don't mind her screamin'! There will be eats enough left in the world! Do as he tells you to! Less dround her!"

Prof. Todd finished in a few words, and set doun, lookin' gloomy and morbid.

The next speaker was a large, healthy-lookin' man, who talked against wimmin's rights. He didn't bring up no new arguments, but talked as they all do who oppose 'em. About wimmin outragin' and destroyin' thier modesty by bein' in the same street with a man once every 'lection day. And he talked grand about how woman's weakness arroused all the shivelry and nobility of man's nature, and how it was his dearest and most sacred privilege and happiness to protect her from even a summer's breeze, if it dared to blow too hard on her beloved and delicate form.

Why, before he had got half through, a stranger from another world, who had never seen a woman, wouldn't have had the least idee that they was made of clay, as man was, but would have thought they was made of some thin gauze, liable at any minute to blow away, and that man's only employment was to stand and watch 'em, for fear some zephyr would get the advantage of 'em. He called wimmin every pretty name he could think of, and, says he, wavin' his hands in the air in a rapped eloquence, and beatin' his breast in the same, he cried:

"Shall these weak, helpless angels, these seraphines, these sweet, delicate, cooin' doves—whose only mission it is to sweetly coo—these rainbows, these posys vote? Never! my bretheren, never will we put such hardships upon 'em."

As he sot down he professed himself and all the rest

of his sect ready to die at any time, and in any way wimmin should say, rather than they should vote, or have any other hardship. Betsey Bobbet wept aloud, she was so delighted with it.

Lawyer Nugent now got up and said: "That, whereas the speaking was foreclosed, or, in other words, finished, he motioned they should adjourn to the dinner-table, as the fair committee had signified by a snowy signal that fluttered like a dove of promise above waves of emerald, or, in plainer terms, by a towel, that dinner was forthcoming; whereas he motioned that they should adjourn sine die to the aforesaid table."

Old Mr. Bobbet, and the Editer of the Gimlet seconded the motion at the same time. And Shakespeare Bobbet, wantin' to do somethin' in a public way, got up and motioned "that they proceed to the table on the usial road," but there wasn't any other way—only to wade the creek—that didn't seem to be necessary, but nobody took no notice of it, so it was jest as well.

The dinner was good, but there was an awful crowd round the tables, and I was glad I wore my old lawn dress, for the children was thick, and so was bread and butter, and sass of all kinds, and jell tarts. And I hain't no shirk, I jest plunged right into the heat of the battle, as you may say, waitin' on the children, and the spots on my dress skirt would have been too much for anybody that couldn't count forty. To say nothin' about old Mr. Peedick steppin' through the back breadth, and Betsey Bobbet ketchin' holt of me and rippin' it off the waist as much as half a yard. And then a horse started up behind the widder Tubbs, as I was bendin' down in front of her to get somethin' out of a basket, and she, weighin' above two hundred, was pre-

cipitated onto my straw bonnet, jammin' it down almost as flat as it was before it was braided. I came off pretty well in other respects, only about two yards of the ruffin' of my black silk cape was tore by two boys who got to fightin' behind me, and bein' blind with rage, tore it off, thinkin' they had got holt of each other's hair. There was a considerable number of toasts drank; I can't remember all of 'em, but among 'em was these:

"The eagle of Liberty; may her quills lengthen till the proud shadow of her wings shall sweetly rest on every land."

"The Fourth of July; the star which our old four fathers tore from the ferocious mane of the howling lion of England, and set in the calm and majestic brow of E pluribus unum. May it gleam with brighter and brighter radiance, till the lion shall hide his dazzled eyes, and cower, like a stricken lamb at the feet of E pluribus."

"Dr. Bombus, our respected citizen; how he tenderly ushers us into a world of trial, and professionally and scientifically assists us out of it. May his troubles be as small as his morphine powders, and the circle of his joys as well rounded as his pills."

"The Press of Jonesville, the Gimlet, and the Augur; may they perforate the crust of ignorance with a gigantic hole, through which blushing civilization can sweetly peer into futurity."

"The Fair Sect: First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen. May them that love the aforesaid flourish like a green bayberry tree, whereas may them that hate them, dwindle down as near to nothin' as the bonnets of the aforesaid."

That peice of toast was Lawer Nugent's.

Prof. Aspire Todd's was the last.

"The Luminous Lamp of Progression, whose sciathercal shadows, falling upon earthly matter, not promoting sciolism, or Siccity, may it illumine humanity as it tardigradely floats from matter's aquius wastes, to minds majestic and apyrous climes."

Shakespeare Bobbet then rose up, and says he:

"Before we leave this joyous grove, I have a poem which I was requested to read to you; it is dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty, and was transposed by another female, who modestly desires her name not to be mentioned any further than the initials, B. B."

He then read the follerin' spirited lines:

"Before all causes East or West,
I love the Liberty cause the best,
I love its cheerful greetings;
No joys on earth can e'er be found,
Like those pure pleasures that abound,
At Jonesville Liberty meetings.

"To all the world I give my hand,
My heart is with that noble band,
The Jonesville Liberty Brothers;
May every land preserved be,
Each clime that dotes on Liberty—
Jonesville before all others."

The picknick never broke up till most night; I went home a little while before it broke, and if there was a beat out creeter, I was; I jest dropped my delapidated form into a rockin' chair with a red cushien and says I:

"There needn't be another word said, I will never go to another Fourth as long as my name is Josiah Allen's wife."

HER NO.

NO, Impudence! you sha'n't have one!
How many times must I refuse?
Away,
I say!
Or else you'll sure my friendship lose.
I cannot bear such forward fun!
So quick, begone! If not, I'll run.

Why, now I'll have to be severe.
No, not a kiss to you I'll give.
Take care!
Take care!
I'll tell papa, as sure's I live,
I never saw a man so queer!
But—are you sure there's no one near?

HOFFENSTEIN'S BUGLE.

"MR. HOFFENSTEIN," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants, and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections I vould like to get from de store avay von efening, und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish Fort."

"Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, "und stay mit de store, because, you know, you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers. I vill dell you vy. Von day vile I vas in Vicksburg, during de var, a cock-eyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in

his hand, und he looks around. I asks him vot he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts, den he dells me to keep his bundle un de bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After de cockeyed soldier vent de store out, some more soldiers come in und vak all around, vile dey looks at de goods. 'Shentlemen,' I says, 'do you vant anyding?' 'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said one uf dem, und after a vile anodder says: 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle, de very ding de captain told us to get. You know ve don't have any bugle in our company for dree months How much you ask for dat bugle?' I dells dem dat I can't sell de bugle because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out. 'I vill gif you fifty dollars for it,' says de soldier, pulling his money out. I dells him I don't can sell it because it vasn't mine. 'I vill give you a hundred dollars,' he said. My gr-r-acious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dat I vistles. De soldier dells me vile dey vos leaving de store dat if I buys de bugle of de man vot owns it, dey vill gif me one hundred und dwendy-five dollars for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de oberation. Ven de cockeyed soldier comes back he says, 'Git me my bundle und bugle, I got to go to de camp.' I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says, 'My little boy, Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle und he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't get it. Six times I takes him in de back yard und vips him, und he comes right back und cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much drouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you den dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.' De soldier von't take it.

und at last I offers him fifty dollars, und he says, 'Vell, I vill dake fifty dollars, because I can't vaste any more time, I haf to go to de camp.' After he had gone avay I goes to de door und vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says, 'My frents, I haf got de bugle,' und dey say, 'Vell, then, vy don't you blow it?' My gr-r-acious, Herman, vat you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd, und dey make de trick to swindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store, so as to make me dink I vas svindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

HAPPY LOVE.

WHILE they sat before the fire,
Nothing more did he desire,
Than to get a little nigher,
If he could;
And his heart beat high and higher,
And her look grew shy and shyer,
When he sidled up close by her,
As he should.

Then he ventured to inquire
If her sister, Jane Mariar,
And her mother and her sire,
Were quite well.
And from time to time he'd eye her,
As though he would like to buy her,
And his bashfulness was dire,
For a spell.

Then his husky throat grew dryer
When he told her that the 'Squire
To himself would gladly tie her
If she would;
Might he now go ask her sire?
And he thought he would expire,
When she said, to his desire,
That he could!

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MODERN WEDDING RITES.

"WILT thou take this brown stone front,
These carriages, this diamond,
To be the husband of thy choice,
Fast locked in the bonds of Hymen?
And wilt thou leave thy home and friends
To be his loving wife,
And help to spend his large income
So long as thou hast life?"

"I will!" the modest maid replies,
The love-light beaming from her eyes.

"And wilt thou take this water-fall,
This ostentatious pride,
With all these unpaid milliner's bills,
To be thy chosen bride?
And wilt thou love and cherish her
Whilst thou hast life and health,
But die as soon as possible
And leave her all thy wealth?"

"I will!" the fearless mate replies,
And eager waits the nuptial ties.

Then I pronounce you man and wife;
And what I've joined forever
The next best man may disunite,
And the first divorce-court sever.

AT THE MASQUERADE.

I KNOW 'twas not the proper thing to do,
And yet I thought it would be jolly too,
To go alone to that swell masquerade,
And so I did it. Well my plans were laid.
My wife of my intentions naught did know.
I told her, out of town I had to go,
And she believed me. Leaving her to stay
At home, I went and danced in costume gay.
I had been at the ball an hour or so,
When some one introduced a domino.
I saw that she was plump and graceful, and
She had a pretty little foot and hand.
Her eyes, I noticed, flashed like diamonds bright,
Though plump, she waltzed divinely; feather light,
And then she flirted with most perfect art,
It isn't singular I lost my heart.
Soon my sweet charmer I began to ask
To step into an alcove and unmask:
To let me see the lovely face I'd swear
Was hid behind that mask. My lady fair
At first refused. I pleaded long and hard;
Declared my life forever would be marred,
Unless her cruelty she would relent.
My pleading won, at last, a shy consent.

Her face she would permit my eyes to view.
If I unmasked, the selfsame instant, too.
The dancing-hall had alcoves all around,
And soon in one of these ourselves we found;
The alcove was, for two, the proper size,
And passing dancers would not recognize
You, for the light was dim within the niche,
And flowers, about, their perfume gave. My witch
Her mask removed. I meantime did the same.
"My wife!" "My husband!" So we did exclaim.
The truth we neither of us had mistrusted,
And each was disappointed and disgusted.

THE AMATEUR FLUTE-PLAYER.

HEAR the fluter with his flute,
Silver flute!
Oh, what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot!
How it demi-semi-quavers,
On the maddened air of night!
And defieth all endeavors
To escape the sound or sight
Of the flute, flute, flute,
With its tootle, tootle, toot,
With reiterated tootings of exasperated toots.
The long-protracted tootings of agonizing toots,
Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,
Flute, flute, flute,
And the wheezing and the spittings of its toots.

Should he get that other flute—
Golden flute—
Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence institoot!

How his eyes to heaven he'll raise
As he plays
All the days!
How he'll stop us on our ways
With its praise;
And the people—oh, the people!
That don't live up in the steeple,
But inhabit Christian parlors
Where he visiteth and plays—
Where he plays, plays, plays
In the cruelest of ways,
And thinks we ought to listen,
And expects us to be mute,
Who would rather have the earache
Than the music of his flute—
Of his flute, flute, flute,
And the tooting of his toot—
Of the toot wherein he tooteleth his agonizing toot
Of the fluet, fluit, floot.
Phlute, phlewt, phlewght,
And the tootle-tootle-tooting of his toot.

BEATING A CONDUCTOR.

A PASSENGER going West from Detroit by rail, the other day, had a pass to Chicago. When the conductor took it up he asked several questions to satisfy himself that the pass had not been transferred, and the holder of the pasteboard didn't take it as good-naturedly as some men would. He didn't have much to say, but he was determined on revenge. As soon as the conductor left the car, the man changed seats, re-

moved his linen duster, took off his hat, and looked like a different person altogether. After the train left the next station the conductor came along with an eye out for new passengers, and presently reached out for the holder of the pass.

"I haven't got any ticket," was the surly answer.

"Then you must pay your fare."

"I won't do it."

"See here," said the conductor, as he began to wake up, "you must either pay your fare or produce a ticket. If not, I'll drop you on the road."

"Drop and be hanged!"

The train was not stopped, but after a run of ten minutes it reached a station, and arrangements were made for bouncing the man. When all was completed he showed his pass.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a pass?" roared the conductor.

"Why didn't you ask me?" shouted the traveler.

"Well, I don't like such fooling."

"Nor I, either."

The train went on, and the man put on his duster, traded hats with a passenger, and again looked like some one else. He changed his seat to the front end of the car, and was seemingly sound asleep when the conductor again had occasion to pass through. He took two fares, and then held out his hand to the traveler. There was no response. He shook the sleeper gently, but the latter slept on. Then he shook him good and stout, and called "ticket" in his ear.

"How dare you shake me around in this manner?" shouted the man, as he awoke and stood up.

"Ticket, please."

"But I don't please! How dare you come to me every time the train leaves a station?"

The conductor looked down the aisle, thought he saw the man with the pass in his old seat, and said to the other:

"Come, sir, don't bother me. I want your ticket."

"You can't have it."

"Then I'll put you off!"

He reached for the bell-rope, but seeing a general grin all around the car he stopped and looked more closely at the man, and recognized him as the one with the pass. He went out without a word, and when he returned, half an hour later, he expected another trap. He looked carefully over the car, and was going slowly along in search of new faces, when a man with his coat off and under the influence of liquor called out:

"Shay, Captain, I hain't got any ticket!"

"Ah, you can't beat me again—knew you as soon as I entered the car!" chuckled the official, and he walked on with a broad grin on his face.

It was not until he saw the shirt-sleeved man get off at the next station that he knew he had been mistaken again, and had let him travel for nothing, while the man with the pass was in the smoking-car.—*Detroit Free Press.*

KATEY'S LETTER.

OCH, girls, did you ever hear,
I wrote my love a letter?
And al-tho' he cannot read
Sure I thought 'twas all the better,

For why should he be puzzled
Wid hard spellin' in the matter,
When the maneing is so plaine
That I love him faithfully?

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dared not put the half in,
The neighbors know I love him,
And they're mighty fond of chaffing.
So I dared not write his name outside,
For fear they would be laughing.
So I wrote: "From Little Kate
To one whom she loves faithfully."

I wrote it and I folded it
And put a seal upon it.
'Twas a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet,
For I would not have the post-master
Make his remarks upon it.
As I said inside the letter
That I loved him faithfully.

Now, girls, would you belave me,
That post-man so consaited,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited.
But may-be there mayn't be one,
For the rason that I stated
That my love can neither read nor write
But he loves me faithfully.

LADY DUFFERIN.

ARATHUSA'S TORMENT.

MY name's Jack, and I'm eight years old. I got a sister Arathusa. She calls me a little torment, and I'll tell you the reason why. Arathusa is got a beau, and he comes to see her every night; and they sit in the parlor back in the corner, on the sofa, and Arathusa, she turns the gas way, way down, till you can't hardly see. I like to be in the parlor when the gas is on full blaze, and have a good time, but she skites me out every night. I cheeked her once, you better believe. She went to the door to look out and I crawled under the sofa. After awhile they came in and sat down on the sofa, and it got awful dark; I couldn't hear anything but kiss, kiss, kiss! So I reached out and I pulled Arathusa's foot. She said, "Oh! mercy, what's that?" And Alphonso said, "O Arathusa, I do love you so much," and she said, "Do you, dear? When I think of your going away it almost breaks my heart!" and I snickered right out, I couldn't help it. And she ran to the door and looked through the key-hole and said, "I do believe that is Jack, nasty little torment, he is always where he ain't wanted; won't I slap him when I catch him!" And that made me mad, and I crawled right out from under the sofa and I stood up before her and I said, "You think you're smart, don't you? I guess I know what you been adoin'; you been sittin' on Alphonso's lap and a letting him kiss you, like you let Bill Jones kiss you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, ain't you? I don't care, I'm mad at you anyway; if it hadn't been for buying that false wig of your'n, Pa would a bought me a velocipede like

Tom Clifford's. You needn't be a grinding them false teeth of your'n at me, for I ain't a going out of here. I ain't as green as I look. I guess I know a thing or two. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't going to box me."

A QUART OF MILK.

I HAVE ventured to put into verse,
An old newspaper paragraph terse,
Which right good you will find, if 'tis old,
For a comical story is told.

There once lived in the famed town of Hull,
A rich, deafened old lady named Mull,
And 'tis said, in her trumpet of tin,
That some children once peeped, and fell in,—
But howe'er that might be, this I know,
'Twas full large, for she ordered it so.

Her quaint language of pure Holland Dutch
Had accented her English so much,
That sometimes you would find it a task
Comprehending the questions she'd ask.
She would scream out a "How do you do?"
And then level her trumpet at you.

The old thing was so large and so queer,
That you'd laugh 'stead of talk in her ear.
It so happened, one fine summer's day,
A new milkman was passing her way;
So she quickly ran down to the gate,
Crying, "Here, milky man, vait! vait! vait!"

Now the milkman was young, and I fear
That the thoughts of a maid he held dear
Had possessed him with dreams strange and sweet,
As he lazily drove down the street.
Absent minded, he paused near her door,
Only half heard her resonant roar;

Only half saw the gleam of the tin,
As she raised with a clatter and din
That ear trumpet so huge 'neath his eyes;
[Had he seen, he'd have sure shown surprise],
"Milky man," thus she cried, "come more near,
Vat you scharge, milk a qvart, doan't you hear?"

Then she paused, with the ear trumpet nigh,
To quick grumble, if price proved too high.
Hark? a gurgle—a splash—and the can
Was upraised—and the milk? oh! it ran
Full a quart down that trumpet of tin,
And the Dutch that poured forth was a sin.

"Donner Blixen!" she cried, "ach! mein ear;
Schust you vait, milky man," but in fear
The poor milkman had sped on his way,
And she ne'er saw him more from that day,
For he journeys full three miles around,
Just in order to keep safe and sound.

He has heard of the deaf woman's boast
That her fiendish small boy, on a post
Daily perches, with heart full of ire,
And a shotgun, all ready to fire,
At the moment that man should appear,
Who did empty that milk in her ear.

EMMA DUNNING BANKS.

THE TRIALS OF A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

TEACHER (in mental arithmetic).—If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny—How many little sisters would be left?

Teacher—Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Johnny—We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

Teacher—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

Johnny—Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

Teacher—No.

Johnny—Would they be preserved?

Teacher—Certainly not.

Johnny—Pickled peaches?

Teacher—No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny, we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

Johnny—Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

Johnny—Yes.

Teacher—And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

Johnny—Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

Teacher—But suppose your mother was there and wouldn't let her eat but one?

Johnny—Mother's out of town and won't be back until next week.

Teacher (sternly)—Now, then, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table, and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny (straightening up)—There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

Teacher (touching the bell)—The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE LABOR QUESTION.

I HAFE forgodden my nodes, but I don'd care. Let us come back to de garden of Edane and Adam! I don'd know vot I did mit dem notes (sotto voce). I vant to proofe der voman vas der pest man of de two—id's so in some families! Led us begin mit poetry. I always like to begin mit poetry—in fact, I always do begin mit poetry. Vot vas dat man's name—name—na—oh! you know dot man's name, why, dot Englishman! You know dot man's name? No? Dree und dree vas six, und two vas eight, und two vas den, Tennyson, dot vas de man's name; he wrode dose onspirin' vords, "How does de leedle puziness bee, delighd—to—to bark und bide, he—he—geders beesvax all der day, und, und, und eads id up ad nighd." Dot's vot I say! Vot righd has vone of dose onsignificant leedle bumble bees—bumble bee— Vell, ve'll let dot be! You dake a poor, hard-vorkin' man vot comes to dis gountry, sometimes

he don'd come; uf he don'd come, you can't dook him I see, dot is notin'. But I don'd care. No, I don'd care, care. Let us—I guess I'm stuck!

THE UMBRELLA ON THE BEACH.

OF all the joys that summer brings,
The one that doth excel, ah!
It is to lounge upon the beach
Beneath a big umbrella.
The sea quite near, and nearer still
Some charming rustic belle, ah!
And watch the girls in bathing suits
Of red and blue and yellah
Go through all sorts of pretty tricks
To fascinate a fellah;
To feel the spray bedew your cheek,
And briny fragrance smell, ah!
And scoop from out the glistening sand
A crab or mussel shell, ah!
To think you're in enchanted land
Held by a fairy spell, ah!
And dreamily a tale of love
In whispered tones to tell, ah!
And then, perhaps, a kiss to get
That makes your bosom swell, ah!
With pride and joy. There's naught, I vow,
Such pleasure can excel, ah!
And if you doubt, go seek a beach,
Find some bewitching belle, ah!
And while away an hour or two
Beneath a big umbrella.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A VICTIM OF CHARITY.

The bashful young man at the fair. How he was soon relieved of his spare change by a fair young Manager.

IT was at a charity fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower-table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood, hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"Oh! you must! you will take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that he "really didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"Oh, that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come, the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry." And she almost dragged him over to one of the middle tables. "There, now—only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices, it will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I—"

"Ah, that will be so nice," said the young lady, "for now if you get the ring you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"Oh, there isn't any but about it," said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised!"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice!" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately-gloved hands, as he handed her a one-dollar bill. "Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and his one-dollar bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you're mistaken. I don't remember saying anything about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse," and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now take an envelope; open it. There! you are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told. May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may, my dear," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkins, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I would like to be a great heavy man, like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What!" said the youth, "one dollar? Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it is for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at—"

"Oh, but first you must buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower-table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" cried the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower-counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggle, too. Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused, and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go; I have——"

"Here, let me pin this in your button-hole," inter-

rupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another fair, may I be—be swindled!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car fare to ride home.

DER DOG UND DER LOBSTER.

DOT dog, he vas dot kind of dog
Vot ketch dot ret so sly,
Und squeeze him mit his leedle teeth,
Und den dot ret vas die.

Dot dog, he vas onquisitive
Vereffer he vas go,
Und like dot voman, all der time,
Someding he vants to know.

Von day, all by dot market stand,
Vere fish und clams dey sell,
Dot dog vas poke his nose aboud
Und find out vot he smell.

Dot lobster, he vas dook to snooze
Mit vone eye open vide,
Und ven dot dog vas come along,
Dot lobster he vas spied.

Dot dog, he smell him mit his noze
Und scratch him mit his paws,
Und push dot lobster all aboud,
Und vonder vat he vas.

Und den dot lobster, he voke up,
Und crawl yoost like dot snail,
Und make vide open ov his claws,
Und grab dot doggie's tail.

Und den so quick as never vas,
Dot cry vent to der sky,
Und like dot swallows vot dey sing,
Dot deg vas homevard fly.

Yoost like dot dunderbolt he vent—
Der sight vas awful grand,
Und every street dot dog was turn,
Down vent dot apple-stand.

Der shildren cry, der vimmin scream,
Der mens fell on der ground,
Und dot boliceman mit his club
Vas novare to pe found.

I make dot run, und call dot dog,
Und vistle awful kind;
Dot makes no different vot I say,
Dot dog don't look pehind.

Und pooty soon dot race vas end,
Dot dog vas lost his tail—
Dot lobster, I vas took him home,
Und cook him in dot pail.

Dot moral vas, I tole you 'boud,
Pefore vas neffer known—
Don't vant to find out too much tings
Dot vasn't ov your own.

A PROPOSAL.

LITTLE Pet,
When with dew the grass is wet,
We in rosy mood will set
Out to seek where signs are met
With the legend gay "To Let."
We a purple house will get
Where the sparrows chat and fret,
And the dreamy lawn a net
Is of fern and violet.
There, together, care—regret
We will conquer; Harte the Bret
I will read to you till yet
Brighter burn your eyes of jet.
Answer, tell me, little pet,
Will you go with me?
"You bet!" —*Puck.*

THE LOAD ON HIS MIND.

SOME one, a figure arrayed in white, with frills around its head and blood in its eye, let him in, and he lounged with easy grace into the first chair that went past him, after he had made several vain attempts to seat himself on the piano. The reproachful figure of Mrs. Bosbyschell regarded him with calm severity, and her icy silence made him feel uncomfortable.

"Moggareck," he said, thickly, but with grave earnestness, "Moggareck" (Mrs. Bosbyschell's front name

is Margaret), "I've—hic—I've gotta—gotta quickened coshielsce."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Bosbyschell, in calm disdain.

"A quickened coshience," repeated Mr. Bosbyschell. "A quickened coshiece. A—hic—I've got something enmy min', Moggart. I've gotta—hic—coffessiol—codfession—gotacofession t'make."

"You can make it in the morning," she said, imperiously. "I am going to bed. You may sleep where you please, or, rather, where you can."

"Naw," protested Mr. Bosbyschell, with much vehemence, "can't—can't—wait—hic—can't go t'sleep 'ith th'sload ommy—ommy mind. Got cofession t'make, an' mus'—mus' make it. Done suthin', Moggart—hic—been—been a—beena load ommy mind long time. Been—hic—carryin' guilty secret 'round 'ith me too long. Quickened coshience won' gimme—won' gimmy nope—hic—no peace. Mus' tell you sumpin', Moggart; sumpin' 'll s'prise you. I've—"

"Mercy on me, man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bosbyschell, startled from her composure, what have you been doing? Tell me, quick; tell me, for Heaven's sake!"

"Moggart," said Mr. Bosbyschell, "it's sumthin' ye nev—hic—nevee suspec—suspected. It'll mos' kill ye. Hic! S'pec' it'll nigh drive me crazy. 'Sawful t' think 'bout it. Y'—y' wouldn't b'lieve it of me. Margart, y'—ye wouldn' I've been——"

"Speak!" shrieked the almost frantic woman. I'm wild with suspense! Speak, tell me all, quick! Oh, I could tear her eyes out! Tell me, you brute, what is her name? Who is she?"

"Wh—wh—hic! Who'sh who?" demanded Mr. Bosbyschell, in blank amazement.

"The woman, you wretch!" screamed his wife; "who is the woman?"

"Oh, pshaw, Moggart," ejaculated Mr. Bosbyschell, "'tain th—hic—that. Wussan that. 'Smore dreadful —hic. More crushin'. You—hic—y'won't hardly b'lieve it—hic—w'en tell ye. Moggart—"

"Speak!" wailed the anxious woman, wringing her hands. "Speak; let me know the worst! What have you been doing?"

"Moggart," said Mr. Bosbyschell, solemnly, and with the air of a man upon whom a quickened conscience had wrought its perfect work. "Margart," he said, nerving himself for the confession, "Margort, I've—hic —I've been drinking!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

PERSONAL.

THE mercury lay in her bulb at morn,
And cuddled and shivered and looked forlorn,
Bemoaned her fate;
"O, a thing I be
Of low degree;
I want to be big and I want to be tall,
But daily I struggle and daily I fall,
And I haven't succeeded this summer at all,
For the highest I've got to was eighty-eight!
Oh! sun, good sun, why cannot you shed
Your rays more warmly upon the head
Of a poor little mercury here in her bed,
And help her to climb
To a height sublime?"
'Twas thus the mercury sighed and plead,

And her way so won
The heart of the sun
He muttered: "I'll give to the maid awhile
My most magnificent melting smile."
And then, Great Scott!
But it got
Hot!
And the vain little mercury swelled with pride,
And climbed until she reached a hundred-and-one,
And cried in delight over what she had done:
"I'm the bride
Of the sun,
And it's fun!"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE FLOOD AND THE ARK.

A Hard-Shell Methodist sermon on nature.

IN the autumn of 1830 I attended a Methodist camp meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe.

The speaker had just been licensed, and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet-headed, of a fair, sandy complexion; and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty. He was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life, and had gotten as far as the history of Noah, the ark, the flood, etc. Besides, just before his conversion, he had been reading Goldsmith's "Animated Nater," and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the

Sperit, had led him into a powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work-bench, day in and day out. The text was: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be;" and he broke out into the following strain:

"Yes, my bretherin, the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l-a gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what is as big as a house-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat upon the size of the tree-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the hippopotamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has a g-r-e-a-t horn a-stickin' right straight up out of his forward-ah, six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretherin, that ill-contrived reptile of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, whose fore-legs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of 'em-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the hithe of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods

of the great deep kivered the waters-ah ; and there was Ham, and there was Shem, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the zebra, my bretherin-ah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has three hundred stripes a-runnin' right straight around his body-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"Then there was the anaconder-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sarpint of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can swallow six oxens at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don't call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah ; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the lion, bretherin-ah, what is the king of beasts, accordin' to Scripter-ah, and who, as St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin' devil-ah, a-seekin' if he can't catch somebody-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the antelope-ah, my bretherin, that frisky little critter-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can jump seventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs will take him that far-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"But time would fail me, my bretherin, to describe

all the animals that went into the ark-ah. Your patience and my strength would give out before I got half through-ah. We talk, my bretherin, about the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job-ah; but it strikes me they didn't go much ahead of old Noer-ah. It tuck a right smart chance o' both to gather up all that gopher-wood, and pitch and other truck for to build that craft-ah. I am a sort of carpenter myself, and have some idea of the job-ah. But to hammer and saw and maul and split away on that one thing a hundred and twenty year-ah, an' lookin' an' lookin' for his pay in another world-ah—I tell ye, my bretherin, if the Lord had a-sot Job at that, it's my opinion he would a-tuck his wife's advice inside of fifty year-ah. Besides, no doubt his righteous soul was vexed every day, hand runnin'-ah, with the filthy communications of the blasphemious set that was always a-loferin' and a-saunterin' around-ah, a-pickin' up his tools and a-misplacin' 'em, and a-callin' him an old fool or somethin' worse-ah. And, to clap the climax, he was a preacher, and had that ongodly gineration on his hands every Sunday-ah. But the Lord stood by him, and seed him through the job-ah; and, when everything was ready, he didn't send Noer out to scrimmage an' scour and hunt all over the wide world for to git up the critters and varmints that he wanted saved-ah. They all came to his hand of their own accord-ah, and Noer only had to head 'em in and fix 'em around in their places-ah. Then he gathered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was opened-ah.

"But, my bretherin, Noer-ah had use for patience after this-ah. Think what a time he must a-had a-feedin' and a-waterin' and a-cleanin' out after sich a

crowd-ah! Some of 'em, according to Goldsmith's 'Animated Nater'-ah, was carnivorious, and wanted fresh meat-ah; and some was herbivorious, and wanted vegetable food-ah; and some was wormivorious, and swallowed live things whole-ah; and he had to feed everything accordin' to his nater. Hence we view, my bretherin-ah, as the nater of the animals wasn't altered by goin' into the ark-ah, some of 'em would roar and howl and bark and bray and squeal and blat the whole indurin' night-ah, a-drivin' sleep from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelets-ah; and at the first streak o' daylight the last hoof of 'em would set up a noise accordin' to his nater-ah, and the bulls of Bashan wer'n't nowhar-ah. I've often wondered how their women stood it. Scripter is silent on this pint-ah; but I think I know of some that would a-been vapory and nervious under sich circumstances-ah, and in an unguarded moment might a-said somethin' besides their prayers-ah.

"My bretherin, one more word for old Noer-ah, and I will draw to a close-ah. After the out-beatin' time he had, first and last, for so many hundred year-ah, if he did, by accident or otherwise, take a leetle too much wine on one occasion-ah, I think less ort to a-been said about it-ah. Besides, I think he was entitled to one spree-ah, as he made the wine hisself; and accordin' to Scripter, it makes glad the heart o' man-ah.

"My bretherin, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be-ah. The world will never be drowned agin-ah. It will be sot a-fire, and burnt up, root and branch, with a fervient heat-ah. Oh! what will wretched, ondone sinners do on that orful day-ah? They will be put to their wits' end-ah, and knock and straddle around in every direction-ah;

for all at onct, my bretherin-ah, they will behold the heavens a-darkenin'-ah, and the seas a-roarin'-ah, the tombs a-bustin-ah, the mountains a-meltin'-ah; and everything, I think, will be in a confused and onsettled state-ah."

FARMER STEBBINS ON ROLLERS.

DEAR COUSIN JOHN,—
We got here safe—my worthy wife an' me—
An' put up at James Sunnyhope's—a pleasant place to be;
An' Isabel, his oldest girl, is home from school just now,
An' pets me with her manners all her young man will allow;
An' his good wife has monstrous sweet an' culinary ways:
It is a summery place to pass a few cold winter days.

Besides, I've various cast-iron friends in different parts o' town,
That's always glad to have me call whenever I come down;
But yesterday, when 'mongst the same I undertook to roam,
I could not find a single one that seemed to be to home!
An' when I asked their whereabouts, the answer was, "I think,
If you're a-goin' down that way, you'll find 'em at the Rink."

I asked what night the Lyceum folks would hold their next debate
(I've sometimes gone an' helped 'em wield the cares of church an' state);

An' if protracted meetin's now was holdin' anywhere
(I like to get my soul fed up with fresh celestial fare);
Or when the next church social was; they'd give a knowin' wink,
An' say, "I b'lieve there's nothin' now transpirin' but the Rink."

"What is this 'Rink'?" I innocent inquired, that night at tea.
"Oh, you must go," said Isabel, "this very night with me!
And Mrs. Stebbins, she must go, an' skate there with us, too!"
My wife replied, "My dear, just please inform me when I do.
But you two go." An' so we went; an' saw a circus there,
With which few sights I've ever struck will anyways compare.

It seems a good-sized meetin'-house had given up its pews
(The church an' pastor had resigned, from spiritual blues),
An' several acres of the floor was made a skatin' ground,
Where folks of every shape an' size went skippin' round and round;
An' in the midst a big brass band was helpin' on the fun,
An' everything was gay as sixteen weddin's joined in one.

I've seen small insects crazy like go circlin' through the air,
An' wondered if they thought some time they'd maybe get somewhere;

I've seen a million river bugs go scootin' round an' round,
An' wondered what 'twas all about, or what they'd lost or found;
But men an' women, boys an' girls, upon a hard-wood floor,
All whirlin' round like folks possessed, I never saw before.

An' then it all came back to me, the things I'd read an' heard
About the rinks, an' how their ways was wicked an' absurd:
I'd learned somewhere that skatin' wasn't a healthy thing to do;
But there was Doctor Saddlebags—his fam'ly with him, too.
I'd heard that 'twasn't a proper place for Christian folks to seek;
Old Deacon Perseverance Jinks flew past me like a streak.

Then Sister Is'bel Sunnyhopes put on a pair o' skates,
An' started off as if she'd run through several different States.
My goodness! how that gal showed up! I never did opine
That she could twist herself to look so charmin' an' so fine;
And then a fellow that she knew took hold o' hands with her,
A sort o' double crossways like, an' helped her, as it were.

I used to skate; an' 'twas a sport of which I once was
fond.
Why, I could write my autograph on Tompkins' saw-
mill pond.
Of course, to slip on runners, that is one thing, one may
say,
An' movin' round on casters is a somewhat different
way;
But when the fun that fellow had came flashin' to my
eye,
I says, "I'm young again; by George, I'll skate once
more or die!"

A little boy a pair o' skates to fit my boots soon found—
He had to put 'em on for me (I weigh three hundred
pound);
An' then I straightened up, an' says, "Look here, you
younger chaps,
You think you're runnin' some'at past us older heads,
perhaps.
If this young lady here to me will trust awhile her fate,
I'll go around a dozen times, an' show you how to skate."

She was a niceish, plump young gal, I'd noticed quite
awhile,
An' she reached out her hands with 'most too daugh-
terly a smile;
But off we pushed, with might an' main—when all to
once the wheels
Departed suddenly above, an' took along my heels;
My head assailed the floor, as if 'twas tryin' to get
through,
An' all the stars I ever saw arrived at once in view.

'Twas sing'lar (as not quite unlike a saw-log there I lay)
How many of the other folks was goin' that same way;
They stumbled over me in one large animated heap,
An' formed a pile o' legs an' arms not far from ten foot deep;
But after they had all climbed off, in rather fierce surprise,
I lay there like a saw-log still—considerin' how to rise.

Then dignified I rose, with hands upon my ample waist,
An' then sat down again with large and very painful haste;
An' rose again, and started off to find a place to rest,
Then on my gentle stomach stood, an' tore my meetin' vest;
When Sister Sunnyhopes slid up, as trim as trim could be,
An' she an' her young fellow took compassionate charge o' me.

Then after I'd got off the skates, an' flung 'em out o' reach,
I rose, while all grew hushed an' still, an' made the follow'n' speech:
"My friends, I've struck a small idea (an' struck it pretty square),
Which physic'lly an' morally, will some attention bear:
Those who their balance can preserve are safe here any day;
An' those who can't, I rather think, had better keep away."

Then I limped out, with very strong, unprecedented pains,
An' hired a horse at liberal rates to draw home my remains;

An' lay abed three days, while wife laughed at an' nursed me well,
An' used up all the arnica two drug-stores had to sell;
An' when Miss Is'bel Sunnyhopes said, "Won't you skate once more?"
I answered, "Not while I remain on this terrestrial shore."

WILL CARLETON.

THE BOY'S STORY.

I'M a boy. I'm not so big as some folks, but I've got eyes, an' they see things, an' I've got ears, an' they hear things, an' I aint a fool, an' don't know nuthin', if 'Lisbuth—she's my big sister—does say so when she gits mad an' has tantrums. Her sayin' so don't make it so, I reckon. I don't like 'Lisbuth, cos she snaps my ears awful, sometimes; an' folks what snaps boys' ears hadn't ought to have nobody like 'em. They're too mean for anything, that's what they be.

"Never you mind," I've said to 'Lisbuth more'n once when she'd been a snappin' me, "I'll pay ye off some day, an' don't you forgit it." Then she'd up an' snap me agin, cos I was sassy, she said. I kep' my word, jest as I said I would. I paid her off fer all her snappin', an' I'll bet she wishes she'd ben a little pleasanter. I s'pose I've got lots o' snappin' to stan' yet, but when I think how mad she was, it tickles me so I can stan' a good, big snappin' 'thout feelin' it much. My! but wa'n't she jest hoppin', tho'? Oh, no! I guess not!

You see, 'Lisbuth, she had a bo. She gits lots o' 'em, cos she's good lookin', an' kind o' smooth like. Her han's look nice to the bos, with rings on 'em, cos

they don't feel 'em a snappin' their ears. Once she snapped my ears, an' then she slapped 'em, an' her big ring, it hurt awful, an', says I, "What d'ye keep yer han's so still fer when bos come? Why don't ye snap my ears then? Nex' time one comes, I'll up an' make faces at you, so you'll snap me, an' show 'em how smart you be with yer fingers. They think yer a angel, but that's cos they don't know nothin' 'bout it." So the nex' time her bo came I went down-stairs, an' got right up afore 'Lisbuth, an' I made faces at her awful, an' she jest sot an' laffed, an' sez, "What a redicklus boy." "Why don't yer snap me?" sez I. "I would like to," sez she, kinder low, so her feller shouldn't hear, an' then mother she come in, an' I dassant behave to 'Lisbuth no more after that.

Sophy—she's my 'tother sister—she had a bo, too, an' she liked him lots. I liked him, too, cos he gives me things, an' he wasn't allus a lookin' jest as if he thought boys hadn't no bisness to be round when our folks wasn't in sight. Some fellers, they'd be awful clever when they thought ma or pa see 'em, but if they didn't, they'd be cross as two sticks, an' jerk their canes away from me, and say they wisht I'd mind my bisness, and grumble like fury 'bout everything I did. I always paid 'em off for being mean, but Henry, he wan't so. He'd let me wear his hat, an' once he helped me play horse, an' he kicked me, an' I sed I didn't call that fun, cos it hurt, but he said that was all right, cos that was what horses kicked for, an' I sed I wouldn't play horse that way. An' he laffed, but I didn't.

Henry, he liked Sophy, an' they sit an' look at each other jest as ef they'd like to swaller each other. I seen 'em, cos I lookt through a crack in the door. An'

once I heerd a smackin', an sez I, all to wonst through the keyhole, "What's that I heerd?" an' then I opened the door an' lookt at 'em; an' Henry, he was red, an' Sophy, she was red, too, an' they weren't near'n ten feet of each other. They thought they'd fool me, but they didn't a mite. He'd been a kissin' her, an' I know it. If Sophy had been like 'Lisbuth, she'd a snapped me when her bo was gone, but Sophy, she ain't that kind. I like her tip-top. She's got some feelin' fer boys, but that old 'Lisbuth, she haint.

'Lisbuth, she up an' took a fancy to Sophy's feller, an' she jest did her level best to git him away. She'd smile at him as sweet as sugar, an' she'd make him sing while she played on the pianner, an' she jest went for him heavy. But she wouldn't made out nothin' if she hadn't got Sophy to send him a valentine. It was a real ridiclus one, an' it made him mad, cos 'Lisbuth, mean old thing, she went an' made him think Sophy was mad with him, an' wanted to let him know that her heart wa'n't his'n no more. An' so 'Lisbuth, she fooled him, an' he come to see her, an' he'd be awful cool to Sophy, an' byme-by she got so she'd git up an' go right out of the room when she see him a comin'.

"Don't you like Sophy no more?" sez I to him one day, an' he got awful red, an' 'Lisbuth, she was mad, an' she got right up an' grabbed me by the arm, an' when she got me into the hall, she snapped my ears that hard that I couldn't stan' it, an' I tread on her foot, which has got a corn, an' she sez, "Oh!" as ef it hurt her awful, an' scrooched right down. "I'm glad of it," sez I. "My ears has got as much feelin's in 'em as your corns has," an' I sed it up loud, so he could hear. Then I jerked an' ran off. I went up to Sophy's room, an'

told her how 'Lisbuth had been snappin' me, an' she said it was too bad, an' put arniky on my ears. It made 'em smart awful, but they didn't get sore much. Arniky tops them from gittin' sore after they've been snapt.

"What had you been doin' to 'Lisbuth?" asked Sophy.

"Nothin'," sez I, "only I asked him if he didn't like you no more." Then Sophy, she set still a minnit, an' then she begun to cry. "No, he don't like me any more," seys she, jest as if I wasn't there. "Why was I fool enough to send him that old valentine, jest cos 'Lisbuth, she dared me to?" Then she dropped her head onto the table an' cried an' sniveled awful, an' I see how 'twas, if I wa'n't big, an' I jest made up my mind I'd come it over that snappin' old 'Lisbuth. So I went down, an' set on the fence, an' when Henry came along I sez, "Sophy, she's awful sorry she sent that valentine, an' she wouldn't if 'Lisbuth hadn't dared her to, an' she ain't mad with you, cos she's up-stairs cryin' 'bout it now. It's all that old 'Lisbuth, an' she's pullin' wool over your eyes, makin' b'leeve she's so good an' nice. Jest feel o' my ears, an' see how sore they be where she snapped 'em. She haint no more feelin's than a camel." An', sez he, all of a twitter, "Be you sure Sophy haint mad with me?" An', sez I, "Of course I be. She jest the same's sed so, when she was a puttin' on the arniky." An' sez he, "I wisht I could see her." An' sez I, "She's goin' to walk in the park this afternoon." An' sez he, "I'll be there, but don't you tell her, or maybe she wouldn't come," an' he gave me two shillin's, an' I bo't some lick'rish an' some gum, an' a hull lot o' candy.

The nex' day Sophy, she went a walkin' in the park,

an' Henry, he come, an' she got pale; but he sed somethin', an' she wa'n't pale no more, only red, an' they went off, an' I had a good time a plaguin' the geese on the pond. Jimmy Jones an' me, we tied a cracker onto a string, an' throwed it to the goose, an' he up an' swallered it like a hog, an' we pulled on the string, and dragged him right up to the shore. An' Jimmy, he sed the goose couldn't let up on the cracker, cos 'twas hitched agin his gizzard. Gooses has their gizzards up in their throats, cos they make their vittels taste good.

When Sophy an' Henry came back, they lookt awful happy, an' he kist me, an' sed I was goin' to be his littel brother, an' I askt Sophy if that was so, an' she said she s'posed it was, an' as how mebbe 'twouldn't a ben so ef it hadn't ben for me, an' then she kist me, an' he kist her, an' I sed I'd run home, cos I wanted to tell 'Lisbuth, an' I got sick o' so much kissin'. 'Lisbuth, she was in the parlor, an' I went in an' I sed, "I'm a goin' to have a new brother;" an' she sez, "What on earth does the young one mean now?" An' I sez, "It's Henry; he an' Sophy's made up, an' they wouldn't if it hadn't been for me, an' I told him how you snapped me, an' he gave me two shillin's." Then she lookt out, an' see Henry an' Sophy a comin' up the path awful lovin', a tryin' as if they was goin' to crowd each other off'n the walk, they was that clost. An' she was jest bilin', she was so mad. "You little wretch," she said, an' she grabbed me, an' she snapped me the worst I ever see, an' my ears, they swelled up awful, and was black and blue. But I didn't care so much, cos it did me good to see her so mad. I laffed once, an' I would more, if she hadn't snapped so.

Jimmy Jones, he read in a book 'bout a man, he was

a travelin', an' a worm, he kep' a gittin' in his way, an byme-by the man, he stept on him, an' the worm, sez he, "Look here, now, don't you do that agin." But the man, he did, an' the worm up an' bit him, an' the man swelled up an' died. That was the way with me an' 'Lisbuth.

Boys can't stan' everything. Folks haint no bisness to snap their ears cos they're big. I'll bet she wishes as how she hadn't snapped me so much now. I know somethin' more 'bout her, an' I'll tell of it, if she snaps me agin, see if I don't. E. E. Rexford.

SPOOPENDYKE STOPS SMOKING.

"MY dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rumpling his hair around over his head and gazing at himself in the glass, "my dear, do you know I think I smoke too much? It doesn't agree with me."

"Just what I have always thought!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and besides, it makes the room smell so. You know this room——"

"I'm not talking about the room," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a snort. "I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room. I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more," and Mr. Spoopendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in his easy chair, and glared out the window at the rain.

"How are you going to break off?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing up her sewing-chair, and gazing up into her husband's face admiringly. "I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all."

"The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If anything will distract my attention from it that will. Can't ye think of something else to talk about? Don't ye know some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plantation?"

"Certainly," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather nonplussed. "We might talk about the rain. I suppose this is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear?"

"Gast the equinox!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Don't you know that when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If ye don't know any cheerful things, keep quiet."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking like you used to. Won't it be nice when the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted, and you have your slippers and paper——"

"That's just the time I want a cigar!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scowling at his wife. "Aint ye got sense enough to shingle your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up you'll drive me back to my habit in less'n an hour," he continued, solemnly, "and then my blood will be on your head!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I didn't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up——"

"There ye go again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down! What d'ye want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped

smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned dismally in contemplation of the prospect.

"I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by and by we'll have a piping hot dinner——"

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. "You d got to say something about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoopendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I meant it for the best, my dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought I was drawing——"

"That's it!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done! All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriates' home! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantel? Gimme my death warrant! Show me my imported doom! Drag forth my miniature coffin!" and Mr. Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dismally.

"Isn't that it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr. Spodpendyke had been sitting. "That looks like it."

"Wah!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off you go into the country, you hear?" and Mr. Spoopen-

dyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "when he swears off again I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it up on the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned the tobacco to the flames, Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double clinched an old resolution never to lose her temper, no matter what happened. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head.
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street, and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it,
Had hidden, safe from critics' eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And the silly little head, that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

M. T. Morrison.

THE MINISTER'S GRIEVANCES.

"BRETHREN," said the aged minister, as he stood up before the church meeting on New Year's Eve, "I am afraid we will have to part. I have labored among you now for fifteen years, and I feel that that is almost enough, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Not that I am exactly dissatisfied; but a clergyman who has been preaching to sinners for fifteen years for five hundred dollars a year, naturally feels that he is not doing a great work when Deacon Jones, acting as an officer of the church, pays his last quarter's salary in a promissory note at six months, and then, acting as an individual, offers to discount it for him at ten per cent. if he will take it part out in clover-seed and pumpkins.

"I feel somehow as if it would take about eighty-four years of severe preaching to prepare the Deacon for existence in a felicitous hereafter. Let me say, also, that while I am deeply grateful to the congregation for the donation party they gave me on Christmas, I have calculated that it would be far more profitable for me to shut my house and take to the woods than endure another one. I will not refer to the impulsive generosity which persuaded Sister Potter to come with a present of eight clothes pins; I will not insinuate anything against Brother Ferguson, who brought with him a quarter of a peck of dried apples of the crop of 1872; I shall not allude to the benevolence of Sister Tynhirst, who came with a pen wiper and a tin horse for the baby; I shall refrain from commenting upon the impression made by Brother Hill, who brought four

phosphorescent mackerel, possibly with an idea that they might be useful in dissipating the gloom in my cellar. I omit reference to Deacon Jones' present of an elbow of stove-pipe and a bundle of toothpicks, and I admit that when Sister Peabody brought me sweetened sausage meat and salted and peppered mince-meat for pies, she did right in not forcing her own family to suffer from her mistake in mixing the material. But I do think I may fairly remark respecting the case of Sister Walsingham, that after careful thought I am unable to perceive how she considered that a present of a box of hair-pins to my wife justified her in consuming half of a pumpkin pie, six buttered muffins, two platefuls of oysters, and a large variety of miscellaneous food, previous to jamming herself full of preserves, and proceeding to the parlor to join in singing 'There is rest for the weary!' Such a destruction of the necessaries of life doubtless contributes admirably to the stimulation of commerce, but it is far too large a commercial operation to rest solely upon the basis of a ten-cent box of hair-pins.

"As for matters in the church, I do not care to discuss them at length. I might say much about the manner in which the congregation were asked to contribute clothing to our mission in Senegambia; we received nothing but four neck-ties and a brass breast-pin, excepting a second-hand carriage-whip that Deacon Jones gave us. I might allude to the frivolous manner in which Brother Atkinson, our tenor, converses with Sister Priestly, our soprano, during my sermons, and last Sunday kissed her when he thought I was not looking; I might allude to the absent-mindedness which has permitted Brother Brown twice lately to put half a dollar on the collection-plate and take off two quarters

and a ten-cent piece in change; and I might dwell upon the circumstance that while Brother Toombs, the undertaker, sings 'I would not live always,' with professional enthusiasm that is pardonable, I do not see why he should throw such unction into the hymn, 'I am unworthy though I give my all,' when he is in arrears for two years' pew-rent, and is always busy examining the carpet-pattern when the plate goes round. I also—"

But here Butler Toombs turned off the gas suddenly, and the meeting adjourned full of indignation at the good pastor. His resignation was accepted unanimously.

MAX ADELER.

ENGAGED.

I'VE sat at her feet by the hour
In the properly worshipful way;
I've carried her many a flower;
I've read to her many a lay;
Social battles with friend and with lover
For her sake I often have waged;
And now, from her lips, I discover
That she—oh! that she is engaged.

One season we led in the German,
And one we were partners at whist,
On Sundays we heard the same sermon,
The opera never once missed;
We were generally winners at tennis,
Our skill at the target was gauged,
But a difference between now and then is,
For now she—for now she's engaged.

I have carried a parasol o'er her,
When we strolled in the deep-shaded grove,
Whole minutes I've dallied before her,
Assisting to button her glove;
As she sprang to the saddle my fingers
Her wee foot a moment have caged,
And the thrill in my pulses still lingers
Though now she—though now she's engaged.

Does she ever live over, I wonder,
The night that we sat in the cove,
One shawl wrapped about us, while thunder
And windstorms and hail raged above?
How, trembling, she hid her white face on
My shoulder, and how I assuaged
Her fears by the story of Jason—
Does she think of all that when engaged?

On my walls hang her many mementos;
That cathedral she sketched me in Rome;
It was after my camp-life she sent those
Silk slippers to welcome me home;
I've the letters she wrote me at college
In a book all assorted and paged—
How delightful to read with the knowledge
That now she—yes—now she's engaged.

I am going to call there to-morrow;
In her joy she will greet her old friend
Without even a shadow of sorrow
That the friendship has come to an end;
And close in my arms I will fold her,
No matter for papa enraged,
Shall his wrath from me longer withhold her
When to me—'tis to me she's engaged?

MRS. MIDDLERIB'S LETTER.

The usual way in which a woman exasperates her loving and long-suffering husband.

MR. MIDDLERIB paused with his coffee-cup raised half way to his lips, as his wife took the letter from the servant. She turned it over once or twice, gazed earnestly at the address, and said:

"I wonder who it can be from?"

She looked at the stamp, but the picture of the good George Washington, his visage sadly marred by the rude impress of the canceling stamp, made no sign.

"I can't make out the postmark," Mrs. Middlerib said, carefully studying that guide to the authorship of letters. "It isn't Perryville; it looks something like Tonawanda, but I don't know anybody in Tonawanda. I wonder if it isn't intended for York? Cousin Hiley Ann Jackson used to visit in York. Why don't they make the postmarks plainer, I wonder? I believe it's Indianapolis, after all. Then it's from Eleanor McPherson, whose husband you met last summer in Canada. It isn't Indianapolis, it's Lacon; that's where Silas Marshall lives. That isn't an L, either. No, it's New Philadelphia, Ill.; I can make it out now; don't you remember! Uncle Abner Beasix went out there in the grindstone business. I wonder if anything has—oh, pshaw! it isn't New Philadelphia, either, it's—what is it? It's R; R-o-m—oh, now I see, R-o-m-e, Rome. Why it must be from—oh dear me, it isn't Rome, either. I can't make it out at all."

And she turned it over and looked mournfully at the receiving stamp on the back.

"It was received here at seven o'clock this morning," she said, finally. "Now, where would a letter have to come from to get here at seven o'clock? If you knew that, we could tell where it came from."

"Let me look at it," said Mr. Middlerib, who was beginning to fidget with impatience.

"No," replied his wife, turning back to the postmark once more. "I can see what it is now. It's Spartansburg, Ky. Sarah Blanchard went there after she married. I expect she wants to—it isn't Spartansburg, either, it's Gridley; that's where cousin Jennie Buskirk lives; her husband went there and bought a gristmill. I wonder if she's coming out this summer? I hope if she does she won't bring the children. But it isn't from her, either. I think that it is Mount Pleasant. Oh! It's from Aunt Harriet Murdock, and I know they've all been killed, and that dreadful cyclone! I can't open the letter, my hand trembles so. Do you know, the last thing I said to her when she moved out West, I said—it isn't Mount Pleasant, either, there are only five letters in it. I can't make anything out of it."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Middlerib, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in his inflection, "perhaps we'd better send after the carrier who brought it. He may know."

"But it is so tantalizing," complained Mrs. Middlerib, "to receive a letter, and then not be able to tell who or where it is from."

"Did you ever try opening a letter to ascertain those facts?" asked her husband.

The lady looked at him with an expression of speechless disdain upon her features, and half whispered, "If that isn't like a man," as though any woman ever

looked into a letter until she had guessed all around her circle of relatives and friends and clear through the United States postal guide, to decide whence and from whom it came.

This particular postmark, however, was too "blind" for the most ingenious expert to decipher, and at last, with a deep sigh and a little gesture of despair, Mrs. Middlerib yielded to the inevitable, and resignedly opened the letter, pausing once or twice in the act, however, to look longingly back at the tantalizing postmark.

"At last," groaned her husband, who by this time was burning up with curiosity.

But she laid aside the envelope and looked at it a little while before she turned to the unfolded letter in her hand. Her husband, by a desperate effort, controlled his rising wrath, and, in a voice hoarse and strained, besought her to read the letter, as it was late and he should have been down town half an hour ago.

She did not answer. She opened the letter, turned the first page to look for the end of it, went back to the first page, settled herself in an easy position, and said:

"Well, I will declare!"

Then she read on in silence, and Mr. Middlerib ground his teeth. Presently she said:

"H'm."

She read three or four more lines with eager eyes and noiseless lips, and suddenly exclaimed:

"I don't believe it!"

Then she resumed her voiceless perusal of the document, and a moment later astonished her husband by looking up at him and asking:

"I wonder if that is so?"

Mr. Middlerib replied in mocking tones that it must be or the postmark wouldn't have said so, but her eyes were glued to the page once more, and she made no response.

"Oh!" she fairly shrieked, "did you ever?"

The writhing man at the other end of the table said he never had, but he would if this intellectual entertainment lasted much longer.

"It's too bad," murmured Mrs. Middlerib, turning a page of the letter without raising her eyes.

"Well, what's too bad?" he broke out wrathfully. "Who is the letter from and what is it all about? Either read aloud or make your comments as mentally as you read."

"I've half a mind to go," she said, in firm, decided tones.

"Oh, have you?" he interjected, with mild sarcasm, "shall I go pack your trunks while you finish that letter?"

"I don't see how they can do it," she said, after an interval of silence.

"Why don't you look at the postmark, then?" he growled, "maybe that would tell you."

She read on, silent and unimpressed, for two or three lines further, and then with an exclamation of astonishment, said:

"How very low!"

"Ah, well," her husband snarled, "I'm glad to learn something about that letter at last. It's about your Uncle Marcus's family, isn't it?"

She did not hear nor heed. She glued her eyes to that precious letter, and went on ejaculating at irregular intervals:

"H'm."

"Oh, that must be lovely!"

"It can't be the same."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, my goodness!"

Until her husband was fairly frantic with curiosity. Finally she concluded the perusal of the important document, sighed, and with profound and exasperating deliberation folded it carefully and replaced it in the envelope.

Mr. Middlerib looked at her in blank amazement.

"Well, by George!" he said, "you are a cool one. Here I've waited full fifteen minutes to learn what that blessed letter is about, and all I know about it is that you couldn't make out the postmark. By George, woman——"

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, with feigned surprise. "Here it is, if you want to see it. I didn't suppose you cared to hear it."

"Didn't want to hear it?" he shouted. "What do you suppose I waited here and missed my train for, if I didn't want to hear that blessed letter?"

"Why, it isn't a letter at all," she said, in the tone of a superior being commiserating measureless and inexcusable ignorance; "it is a circular from Wachenheimer's about their millinery opening next Thursday——"

The bang of the street door cut off the rest of the sentence, and Mrs. Middlerib became aware that she was alone, and that her husband was the angriest man in the State.

"And what had occurred to vex him," she said to her neighbor, who dropped in during the morning, "I

can't for the life of me imagine. Everything about the house had gone on smoothly, and I can't recall a single irritating incident or circumstance. Men are strange animals," she sighed, "and there is no accounting for their vagaries and peculiarities."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.—"RENEWED."

SHAKEY, take a fader's plessing,
Take it, for you get it sheap ·
Go in hot for magin' money,
Go in und mage a heap.
Don' you do no tings vots grooked,
Don' you do no tings vots mean—
Aber, rake right in dot boodle,
Qviet, calm, und all serene.

Don' you lend your gash to no von—
Not for less dan den per cend ;
Don' you make no vild oxpenses,
Dot's de vay de money vent,
Und I tells you, leedle Shakey,
Put dis varning in your ear,
Be a man of pizness honor,
Nefer vale but tvice a year.

WHY HE WAITED TO LAUGH.

AT mid-forenoon yesterday, a man who was crossing Woodward Avenue at Congress Street suddenly began to paw the air with his hands and perform strange antics with his feet, and, after taking plenty of time about it, he came down in a heap. More than fifty people

saw the performance and there was a general laugh. It had not ceased when a man with a funereal countenance pushed his way into the crowd and asked:

"Who is he—what's his name?"

"It's Smith," answered a voice.

"What Smith?"

"Thomas Smith."

"Sure?"

"Yes; I've known him for over twenty years."

"Then I'll laugh," said the solemn-faced man, and he leaned against the wall and chuckled and laughed until he could hardly get his breath. One of the crowd remarked on his singular conduct, and the laugher wiped the tears from his eyes and replied:

"Gentlemen, nothing tickles me all over so much as to see a man fall down. Ten years ago I was salesman in a wholesale house, with a fine chance for promotion. One day a man just ahead of me fell down, and I laughed. It was our old man, and he discharged me on the spot. Five years later I was engaged to a rich girl. As I came out of the post-office one day a man sprawled out on the walk, and I laughed till I was sore. It was my Angelina's old man, and he broke up the match. Again, I laughed myself out of a position in a bank, and but for the same failure I should to-day have a place in the Custom-House. I have learned wisdom. Now, when I see a man fall I ask his name, and find out if he has any influence to put me out of my clerkship. If he has, I look solemn and pass on. If he hasn't, I la-laugh—ha! ha! ha! Smith, is it? Smith can't do any harm, and—ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't have missed this for a month's sal—ha! ha! ha!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SCHOOL-DAY.

"NOW John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,
Where Cupid's hosts abide,
"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas 'nothing'—don't, I say,
For John that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment; so come, stand up;
Transgression must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face,
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.
"Now Mary, you must tell me all—
I see that John will not—
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"W-we were p-playing p-prisoner's b-base,
An' h-he is s-such a t-tease,
An' w-when I w-wasn't l-lookin', m-ma'am,
H-he k-kissed me, if you please."

Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind;
The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged;
Begone, ye smiles, begone!
Away, ye little dreams of love,
Come on, ye frowns, come on!
"I think I'll have to whip you, John,
Such conduct breaks the rule·
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised—
A Nemesis she stands—
A premium were put on sin
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips—
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him very hard—"
The stick stops in its fall—
"It wasn't right to do it, but—
It didn't hurt at all!"
"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"
The school's noise makes a pause,
And out upon the listening air
From Mary comes—"Because"!

WILL F. MCSPARRAN.

DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

HOW dear to dis heart vas my grandchild Loweeza,
Dot shweet leedle taughter of Yawcob, mine son!
I nefer vas tired to hug and to shqueeze her
When home I gets back, und der day's vork vas done;
Vhen I vas avay, oh, I know dot she miss me,
For vhen I comes homevards she rushes bell-mell,
Und poots oup dot shweet leedle mout for to kiss me—
Her "darling oldt gampa," dot she lofe so vell.

Katrina, mine frau, she could not do midoudt her,
She vas sooch a gomfort to her day py day;
Dot shild she make efry one habby aboudt her,
Like sunshine she drife all dheir droubles avay;
She holdt der vool yarn vile Katrina she vind it,
She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell;
She fetch me mine bipe, too, vhen I don'd can vind it,
Dot plue-eyed Loweeza dot lofe me so vell.

How shweet ven der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
Und Sunday vas come mit its quiet und rest,
To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und clofer,
Und look at der leedle birds building dheir nest!
Her pright leedle eyes how dey shparkle mit bleasure—
Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear as a bell;
I dhink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treasure
As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen winter vas come, midt it's coldt, shtormy vedder,
Katrina und I mused sit in der house
Und dalk of der bast, by der fireside togedder,
Or blay mit dot taughter off our Yawcob Strauss.

Oldt age, mit its wrinkles, pegins to remind us
Ve gannot shtay long mit our shildren to dwell;
Budt soon ve shall meet mit der poys left pehind us,
Und dot shweet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

EXPERIENCE WITH A REFRACTORY COW.

WE used to keep a cow when we lived in the country, and sich a cow! Law sakes! Why, she used to come to be milked as reg'lar as clock-work. She'd knock at the gate with her horns, jest as sensible as any other human critter.

Her name was Rose. I never knowed how she got that name, for she was black as a kittle.

Well, one day Rose got sick, and wouldn't eat nothing, poor thing! and a day or so arter she died. I raly do believe I cried when that poor critter was gone. Well, we went for a little spell without a cow, but I told Mr. Scruggins it wouldn't do, no way nor no how; and he gin in. Whenever I said must Mr. Scruggins knowed I meant it. Well, a few days arter, he come home with the finest cow and young calf you ever seed. He gin thirty dollars for her and the calf, and two levies to a man to help bring her home. Well, they drove her into the back yard, and Mr. Scruggins told me to come out and see her, and I did; and I went up to her jest as I used to did to Rose, and when I said, "Poor Sukey," would you believe it? the nasty brute kicked me right in the fore part of my back; her foot catched into my dress—bran-new dress, too—cost two levies a yard, and she took a levy's worth right out as clean as the back of my hand.

I screeched right out, and Mr. Scruggins kotched me jest as I was dropping, and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sot down. I felt kind o' faintish, I was so abominable skeered.

Mr. Scruggins said he would larn her better manners, so he picked up the poker and went out; but I had hardly began to get a leetle strengthened up afore in rushed my dear husband a-flourishing the poker, and that vicious cow arter him like all mad. Mr. Scruggins jumped into the room, and, afore he had time to turn round and shut the door, that desperate brute was in, too.

Mr. Scruggins got up on the dining-room table, and I run into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was skeered so bad that I forgot to shut the door, and sakes alive! after hooking over the dining-room table and rolling Mr. Scruggins off, in she walked into the parlor, shaking her head as much as to say, "I'll give you a touch now." I jumped on a chair, but thinking that warn't high enough, I got one foot on the brass knob of the Franklin stove, and put the other on the mantel-piece. You ought to ha' seen that cow in our parlor; she looked all round as if she was 'mazed; at last she looked in the looking-glass, and thought she seed another cow exhibiting anger like herself; she shuck her head and pawed the carpet, and so did her reflection, and—would you believe it?—that awful brute went right into my looking-glass.

Then I boo-hoo'd right out. All this while I was getting agonized; the brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit on the narrer mantel-piece and hold on to nothing. I dussent move for fear I'd slip off.

Mr. Scruggins came round to the front door, but it was locked, and then he come to the window and opened it. I jumped down and run for the window, and hadn't more'n got my head out afore I heard that critter a-coming after me. Gracious! but I was in a hurry; more haste, less speed, always; for the more I tried to climb quick the longer it took, and just as I got ready to jump down, that brute of a cow kotched me in the back and turned me over and over out of the window.

Well, when I got right side up, I looked at the window, and there stood that cow, with her head between the white and red curtains, and another piece of my dress dangling on her horns.

Well, my husband and me was jest starting for the little alley that runs alongside of the house, when the cow give a bawl, and out of the window she come, whisking her tail, which had kotched fire on the Franklin stove, and it served her right.

Mr. Scruggins and me run into the alley in such haste we got wedged fast. Husband tried to get ahead, but I'd been in the rear long enough, and I wouldn't let him. That dreadful cow no sooner seen us in the alley than she made a dash, but, thank goodness! she stuck fast, too.

Husband tried the gate, but that was fast, and there wasn't nobody inside the house to open it. Mr. Scruggins wanted to climb over and unbolt it, but I wouldn't let him. I wasn't going to be left alone again, with that desperate cow, even if she was fast; so I made him help me over the gate. Oh, dear, climbing a high gate when you're skeered by a cow is a dreadful thing, and I know it!

Well, I got over, let husband in, and then it took him and me and four other neighbors to get that dreadful critter out of the alley. She bellered and kicked, and her calf bellered to her, and she bawled back again; but we got her out at last, and such a time! I'd had enough of her; husband sold her for twenty dollars next day. It cost him seventy-five cents to get her to market, and when he tried to pass off one of the five-dollar bills he got, it turned out to be a counterfeit.

Mr. Scruggins said to his dying day that he believed the brother of the man that sold him the cow bought it back again. I believe it helped to worry my poor husband into his grave. Ah, my friends, you better believe I know what a cow is.

JEALOUSY IN THE CHOIR.

SILVERY noted,
Lily-throated,
Starry-eyed and golden-haired,
Charming Anna,
The soprano,
All the singers' hearts ensnared.

Long the tenor
Sought to win her,
Sought to win her for his bride;
And the basso
Loved the lass so,
Day and night for her he sighed.

The demeanor
Of the tenor
To the basso frigid grew;

And the basso
As he was so
Mashed, of course, grew frightened too.

Anna smiled on
Both, which piled on
To their mutual hatred fuel;
So, to win her,
Bass and tenor
Swore they'd fight a vocal duel.

Shrieked the tenor
Like a Vennor
Cyclone howling o'er the plain,
Sang so high
To outvie
The bass, he split his head in twain.

Growled the basso
Till he was so
Low, to hear him was a treat;
Lower still he
Went until he
Split the soles of both his feet.

Charming Anna,
The soprano,
Mourned a week for both her fellows:
Then she wed the
Man who fed the
Wind into the organ bellows.

—*Lowell New Moon.*

HER LOVERS.

MY first, my very first, his name was Will—
A handsome fellow; fair, with curling hair,
And lovely eyes. I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there,
At least I heard so. Ah, dear me—dear me!
How terribly in love he used to be!

The second, Robert Hill, he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball—
A foolish boy. He carried off my glove.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in the most outrageous way.
Ah, me! how mother scolded all next day.

The third woke up my heart. From night till morn
From morn till night, I dreamed of him;
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn;
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame,
When I remember Paul—that was his name.

The fourth and fifth were brothers—twins at that;
Good fellows, kind, devoted, clever, too.
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat—
Both in one day, but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garretson!

He never cared for me—I found that out—
Despite the foolish clingings of my hope;
A few months proved it clear beyond a doubt.
I steeled my heart; I would not pine or mope,

But masked myself in gayety, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent.

So those were all my loves. My husband? Oh,
I met him down in Florida one fall—
Rich, middle-aged, and prosy, as you know;
He asked me, I accepted; that is all.
A kind, good soul: he worships me; but then
I never count him in with other men.

BACHELOR BEN.

CONSOLATION EVEN ON A MIXED TRAIN

ON some of the Western roads they attach a passenger car to a freight train and call it "mixed." It isn't in the order of things that such trains should travel very rapidly, and sometimes there is considerable growling among the "traffic."

"Are we most there, conductor?" asked a nervous man, for the hundredth time. "Remember, my wife is sick and I'm anxious."

"We'll get there on time," replied the conductor, stolidly.

Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again.

"I guess she's dead now," said he, mournfully, "but I'd give you a little something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I would recognize her."

The conductor growled at him, and the man subsided.

"Conductor," said he, after an hour's silence, "conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead, I wish you would

put on some steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone crumbles to pieces! Put yourself in my place for a moment!"

The conductor shook him off, and the man relapsed into profound melancholy.

"I say, conductor," said he, after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little?"

"If you come near me again I'll knock you down!" snorted the conductor, savagely.

The nervous man regarded him sadly, and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chatting gayly and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him.

"Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?"

"Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man.

"And you are not so particular about the note," sneered the conductor.

"Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up, and I find that the note has outlawed since I spoke to you last!"—*Traveler's Magazine.*

PAT'S REASON.

ONE day, in a crowded Gates Avenue car,
A lady was standing. She had ridden quite far,
And seemed much disposed to indulge in a frown.
As nobody offered to let her sit down.
And many there sat who, to judge by their dress,
Might a gentleman's natural instincts possess,
But who, judged by their acts, make us firmly believe
That appearances often will sadly deceive.

There were some most intently devouring the news,
And some thro' the windows enjoying the views;
And others indulged in a make-believe nap—
While the lady still stood holding on by the strap.
At last a young Irishman, fresh from the "sod,"
Arose with a smile and most comical nod,
Which said quite as plain as in words could be stated
That the lady should sit in the place he'd vacated.
"Excuse me," said Pat, "that I caused you to wait
So long before offerin' to give you a sate,
But in troth I was only just waitin' to see
If there wasn't more gintlemin here beside me."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BACK WHERE THEY USED TO BE.

PAP'S got his patent right and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's jest a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen; and the city! city! city!—
And nothing but the city all around us everywheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or elum tree!
And right here in earshot of at least a thousan' people,
And none that neighbors with us, or we want to go and see!

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit and bilin'
A-drivin' up from Shallow Ford to stay the Sunday through,
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pilin'
Out there at Lizy Ellen's like they used to do!
I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones girls is makin',
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled hired hand,
And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt' nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' any more,
Shet away safe in the wood around the old location—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.

And I want to see the Samples on the old lower Eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried, for
His own sake and Katy's,—and I want to cry with Katy
As she reads all his letters over, writ from the war.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the door?
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

GETTING LETTERS.

IF you are a man, with man's respect for woman, and if you have just sixty seconds to spare to catch the train, and if you step into the post-office to inquire for your mail at the general delivery, as did a certain worthy citizen recently, you will invariably find a little woman there before you—as did the worthy citizen—who is saying:

"Is there any mail for me?"

"Nothing at all," replies the clerk.

"But you never looked. I know there must be a letter from Cousin Ann McGracker, at Obitewah."

The clerk assured her that there is no such letter.

"Ain't there no dress samples from New York?"

"No dress samples."

"Look in your dress sample hole. Hain't you got a dress sample hole?" (Here you stand on your left foot.) "Is there any for the family?" she continues.

"Nothing."

"Oh, dear me! what's the matter? Uncle Caleb promised to write, sure, last week." (Here you stand on your right foot.) "Give me the Simpsons' mail then."

The Simpsons have a letter.

"Is there anything"—(at this point you take out your watch and beat a tattoo with your boots)—"for Jerry Briggs?"

"Nothing."

"Or Morocco Maud Briggs? Or Robert Jenkins Briggs? Or Henry Clay Briggs? (You take a turn or two up and down the office.) Or Martha W. Briggs? Or little Edgar Allen Poe Briggs? (You advance to a position as near behind her as politeness will permit.) Mrs. Minerva Russell told me to ask you for her Christian Expositor; it ain't come? Why, it's always come on Tuesdays! What's the matter? Has there been any railroad accident, or has the printing office burned down, or what can it be?" (You look at your watch again and cough.) "Here's a newspaper I want to send to a lady at Smyrna. Won't you please fix it up for me? Now direct it, please, to Mrs. June B. Barker, Smyrna, Rutherford County, Tennessee, care of B. F. Barker, Esq. I do write such a poor hand myself." (You walk frantically to the door, glower on the street, and walk frantically back.) "I believe I've got a stamp somewhere," and then she proceeds to deliberately remove from her pockets gloves, handkerchiefs, hair-pins, pin-cushions, chewing wax, notes, etc., all of which she closely scrutinizes in search of the missing stamp. "I declare, I did have a stamp somewhere! It's too bad, now ain't it, to lose it?" Whereupon she

goes through her pockets a second time, and suddenly recollects that she left it at home in another dress. Then she rifles the pocket once more for a dime, and, after she has failed to find it, takes it placidly out of her glove. "Give me three three-cent stamps and a one-cent."

She sticks the one-cent on a newspaper, and is informed by the clerk that it requires two cents.

"A two-cent stamp! A two-cent stamp for a newspaper? Why, the law ain't been changed, has it?" (You jerk off your hat and run your fingers through your hair and groan, and wish you were a ten-acre lot, and knew all the bad words in four hundred and forty-two languages.) The newspaper is finally attended to and the little woman asks the clerk if he won't be kind enough to write her a note to somebody in Punkapuk, Pa., who offers to send twelve roses for twenty-five cents, at about which time you give up in despair, rush into a hack, and if you reach the station in time to catch the train, you are more fortunate than was the worthy citizen the other day.

NICKERDEMUS QUADRILLE.

CHOOSE yo' pardners, time's er-flyin',
Take yo' places on de flo';
Don't yo' hear dat fiddle cryin'
"Nickerdemus ebbermo!"

S'lute yo' pardners, bow perlitely,
Dat's de motion through an' through;
Swing dem corners, step up lightly,
Hail Columby! Hallaloo!

Fus' fo' forward, keep er-diggin',
Now you sashey back again.
Nebber mind yo' ragged riggin',
So's 't don't show de naked skin.

Lawdy! See dat Peter Slater,
How he bow en scrape aroun';
Head look like a peeled pertater—
Slick ez glass upon de crown.

Ladies change, en keep er-scootin',
Cross right ober, now yo' swing.
Hole dem heads up highfalutin',
Look permiskus, dat's de ting.

Mussy! Look at Winny Jeeter,
Dat gal flings a soople toe;
Crack yo' heels dar, Tom, en meet her,
Bow en smile, en—"so en so."

Balance all! Now don't git lazy,
Fly aroun' en tar yo' shirt.
Stomp dem feet, but don't go crazy,
Else somebody sho' git hurt.

Fiddler got his mouf wide ope'm,
Hol'in' down dat music tight,
Teeth, dey settin' sorter slope'm—
Look like tombstones in de night.

All sasshey! I 'clar' to gracious;
Nebber seed de like befo';
Niggers sho'ly dance ou'dacious
'Sidrin' drouth an' oberflow.

Heb'nly kingdom! Look at Mary,
Bofe eyes shinin' like de moon,
"Don't git w'ary, don't git w'ary,"
Dat's de way to change de chune.

Promenade! Now, dat comes handy,
Hunt yo' seats en take a res'.
Gentermens will pass de candy
To de gals dey love de bes'.

—*Texas Siftings.*

POINTER'S DYSPEPTIC GOAT.

POINTER rushes indo mine house de oder tay, und he say:

"Bender, dit you know dot go-its vas intichestiple? I mean, dit you efer heard apout a go-it mit de dysbepsia?"

Den I says: "Pointer, I got no dime do lisden to vild gooseperry shtories apout intichestiple go-its, or any oder kind of nonsense. I don't pelief it."

"It ain't no nonsense apout it," says Pointer. "Now, Bender, you bretent to pe a skientific man, vot likes to learn somedings alvays. Now I told you a go-it can haf dysbepsia. I know it py mine own exberience. I had it myself—de go-it, I mean. It's name vas Nanny—Nanny Go-it. Dot's a pooty name; und it vas a pooty go-it. Go-its, you know, vas fery egonomical. I used dot go-it for a vaste baper pasket. Ven I shpoils a biece of baper, I vhistles, und she gomes de vindow up. Den I fling der baper into her mout, und she valks off, chews de baper, und makes nice go-it's milk oud of it—ten cends a quart for vaste baper!

"Dot go-it, she had a sblendit happytight. She vould

eat anything, vrom a fine gambric anchorchief off de glothes-line, mit your name engrafed in de gorner, to a pasket of oyster-shells on de half-shell; und she nefer seemed to pe droubled mit indichestion.

"But she died in a strange vay. Some beoble tink she gomitted suinsite out of herself.

"Von tay a noo trug shtore mofed into Harlem, und he vasn't acquainted mit my go-it. So he put a pasket of dried shponges de door oud, und he leaves de cover off.

"Nanny, she gomes along, und she vas pooty hoongry. She eat up dem dried shponges, und she eat up de pasket, und she licked up de sitewalk, und valked herself off.

"Py-und-by she gomes to a duck-pont, und she felt awful dry. She drank up dot pont, und left de ducks in de mud; und den she shtarts home.

"Py de time she got dere, she vas as pig as a cow, und as light as a feader. Ven de vind blows, she vould roll ofer, und ve had to die her mit a shtring like a kite to geep her down.

"Ve sent for Toctor Sonnenschmidt, de cow-toctor. Vhen he comes he says, 'I untershtand oxactly de case. It vasn't eating de shponges;—it vas trinking de vater—hart-trinking—dot's vere she made de misdake. De only ting ve can do vas to put her in de glothes-wrinker und wrink her dry.'

"But it vas too late. Vhile ve vent in to got de glothes-wrinker, ve heard a loud noise, like a cannon oxbloded. De glasses proke mit de vindows out; und ven ve comes mit de yard out again, de go-it vasn't dere. Und de next tay, you could find little pieces of shponges all ofer de shtreets of Harlem."

VON BOYLE.

PAT'S LETTER.

DEAR Dennis, my darlint, I take up my pen,
To ax ye year health, and to urge ye agin
To lave far behind ye the city of Cork,
An' to cross the big sea fur the town av New York.
If this letter don't rach ye, be sure ye don't fail
To answer me back in th' followin' mail;
For Altherman Reilly—good luck till his sowl—
Last month put your name on the city's pay rowl.

Tell friends who inquire, an' the byes ev'ry one,
That this is the foinest place onther the sun;
That an Irishman here is received wid respect,
An' his claims to an office none iver reject;
That Americans all—may they never grow less—
Entherthain such regard for the powers we possess,
That niver a bit do they offer to vote,
But lave us to sail the political boat.

Yer counthrymen here have the crame of the land;
An' ye see thim the rulers on every hand;
They're law-makers, law-brakers, joodges and juries;
Faix, to find what they're not would distract all the furies.
Yit the rayson their sarvices have sich demand
On me sowl I as yit cannot well ontherstand;
For betwuxt you and me there are some rather dull,
While the best have a weakness to a thickness of skull.

In the grand City Hall, where the law-makers meet,
To expend public money and fight in debate,
'Twould make your eyes glisten to witness how grand
Yer counthrymen look, ranged on every hand.

There's Coman an' Cuddy, O'Brien, an' Moore,
O'Connor, an' Haley, right home from yer door;
With Chrishiloch Farley, O'Reilly, and Fay,
O'Nail and Mike Norton, the boy for a fray.

These have doorkeepers grand, wid no doors to keep;
Whose sarvice for nothin' would hardly be cheap;
Yit they're paid by the Council Boord here in New York
As much as the Queen pays the Mayor av Cork.
And the booard has a manual published aich year,
Wherein their grand signatures bowldly appear
To refute, widout doubt, to their enemy's shame,
The charge that an Alderman can't write his name.

In a friendly discussion av sticks vid a foe,
Should you lave him for dead by an onlucky blow,
Shure there's Coroner Keenan and Coroner Flynn,
Whose vardict will be, 'twas a justified sin.
Or should ye be tried for yer life by a joodge,
Jist keep up your courage, me lad—never budge,
For the District Attorney, one Gavin by name,
Is, like Dick O'Gorman, a man most humane.
But, alas! my dear bruhil, should everything fail,
An' the joodge should say death, let your cheeks never pale,
For the sheriff' is Shamus O'Brien, an' he
Is opposed to enforcing the death penalty.

Go, Dennis, avic, take a friendly advice,
An' lave the ould dart with your friends in a trice,
For at home nought but poverty stares in your face,
While here you'll be honored, and get a good place.

TOM SAWYER TREATED FOR LOVESICKNESS.

Abridged.

TOM SAWYER, a lad of twelve years, lived with his guardian, Aunt Polly, and Tom, like some small boys and many large ones, was lovesick. His aunt not understanding the nature of the disease was concerned.

She began to try all manner of remedies on him. She was one of those people who are infatuated with patent medicines, and all new-fangled methods of producing health—or mending it. She was an inveterate experimenter in these things. When something fresh in this line came out she was in a fever, right away, to try it; not on herself, for she was never ailing, but on anybody else that came handy. She was a subscriber for all the "Health" periodicals and phrenological frauds, and the solemn ignorance they were inflated with was breath to her nostrils. All the advice they contained about ventilation, and how to go to bed, and how to get up, and what to eat, and what to drink, and how much exercise to take, and what frame of mind to keep one's self in, and what sort of clothing to wear, was all gospel to her. But she never suspected that she was not an angel of healing and the balm of Gilead in disguise to the suffering neighbors. The water treatment was now new, and Tom's low condition was a windfall to her. She had him out at daylight every morning, stood him up in the wood shed and drowned him with a deluge of cold water; then she scrubbed him down with a towel like a file, and so brought him to; then she rolled him

up in a wet sheet and put him away under blankets till she sweated his soul clean, and "the yellow stains of it came through his pores"—as Tom said.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the boy grew more and more melancholy and pale and dejected. She added hot baths, sitz baths, shower baths, and plunges. The boy remained as dismal as a hearse. She began to assist the water with a slim oatmeal diet and blister plasters. She calculated his capacity as she would a jug's, and filled him up every day with quack cure-alls.

Tom had become indifferent to persecution by this time. This phase filled the old lady's heart with consternation. This indifference must be broken up at any cost. Now she heard of pain-killer for the first time. She ordered a lot at once. She tested it and was filled with gratitude. It was simply fire in a liquid form. She dropped the water treatment and everything else, and pinned her faith to Pain-killer. She gave Tom a teaspoonful and watched with the deepest anxiety for the result. Her troubles were instantly at rest, her soul at peace again; for the "indifference" was broken up. The boy could not have showed a wilder, heartier interest if she had built a fire under him. Tom felt it was time to wake up; this sort of life might be romantic enough in his blighted condition, but it was getting to have too little sentiment and too much distracting variety about it. So he thought over various plans for relief, and finally hit upon that of professing to be fond of Pain-killer. He asked for it so often that he became a nuisance, and his aunt ended by telling him to help himself and quit bothering her. But suspecting Tom, she watched the bottle clandestinely. She found that the medicine did really diminish, but it did not occur to

her that the boy was mending the health of a crack in the sitting-room floor with it.

One day Tom was in the act of dosing the crack, when his aunt's yellow cat came along, purring, eying the teaspoon avariciously, and begging for a taste. Tom said:

"Don't ask for it unless you want it, Peter."

But Peter signified that he did want it.

"You better make sure."

Peter was sure.

"Now you've asked for it, and I'll give it to you, because there ain't anything mean about me; but if you find you don't like it you musn't blame anybody but your own self."

Peter was agreeable. So Tom pried his mouth open and poured down the Pain-killer. Peter sprang a couple of yards in the air, and then delivered a war-whoop and set off round and round the room, banging against furniture, upsetting flower pots, and making general havoc. Next he rose on his hind feet and pranced around in a frenzy of enjoyment, with his head over his shoulder, and his voice proclaiming his unappeasable happiness. Then he went tearing around the house again, spreading chaos and destruction in his path. Aunt Polly entered in time to see him throw a few double summersaults, deliver a final mighty hurrah, and sail through the open window, carrying the rest of the flower-pots with him.

The old lady stood petrified with astonishment, peering over her glasses; Tom lay on the floor expiring with laughter.

"Tom, what on earth ails that cat?"

"I don't know, Aunt," gasped the boy.

"Why I never see anything like it. What did make him act so?"

"'Deed I don't know, Aunt Polly; cats always act so when they're having a good time."

"They do, do they?" There was something in the tone that made Tom apprehensive.

"Yes'm. That is, I believe they do."

"You do?"

"Yes'm."

The old lady was bending down, Tom watching with interest emphasized by anxiety. Too late he divined her drift. The handle of the tell-tale teaspoon was visible. Aunt Polly took it, held it up. Tom winced, and dropped his eyes. Aunt Polly raised him by the usual handle—his ear—and cracked his head soundly with her thimble.

"Now, sir, what do you want to treat that poor dumb beast so for?"

"I done it out of pity for him—because he hadn't any aunt."

"Hadn't any aunt!—you numscull. What has that got to do with it?"

"Heaps! Because if he'd a had one she'd a burnt him out herself." MARK TWAIN.

POET-TREE.

OAK, Caroline! fir yew I pine;
O, willow, will you not be mine?
Thy hazel eyes, thy tulips red,
Thy ways, all larch, have turned my head;

All linden shadows by thy gate.
I cypress on my heart and wait;
Then gum! be cherished, Caroline;
We'll fly for elms of bliss divine.

O, spruce young man! I cedar plan—
Catalpa's money, if you can;
You sumach ash, but not my heart;
You're evergreen, so now depart;
You'ld like to poplar—that I see—
Birch you walnut propose to me—
Here's pa! you'll se helmlock the gate;
He maple litely say, "'tis late."

Locust that lovyer, while he flew
For elms before that parent's shoe;
He little thought a dog would bite
And make him balsam much that night,
Hawthorney path he traveled o'er,
And he was sick and sycamore.

H. C. Dodge.

ART AND NATURE.

ELIZA JANE, two lovers had,
The one was Nature, t'other Art,
They were so very near alike,
She couldn't tell the two apart.

At last, to test their qualities,
And give to one the vantage place,
She proffered each a photograph
Of her ethereal, tempting face.

Art snatched the pretty paper prize,
And pressed it to his heart, and then
He put it to his marble lips,
And kissed it o'er and o'er again.

But Nature hurled the painted gift
Aside, with haughty, proud disdain,
And grappling her with strong embrace,
He kissed that plump Eliza Jane.

"Begone, O Art!" the maiden cried,
"Let critics hymn your praise sublime,
But men are men and girls are girls,
And I'll take Nature every time."

THE DUEL BETWEEN MR. SHOTT AND MR. NOTT.

A DUEL was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-House in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken scrape dat happened long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Day's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
And of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your duty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;

'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
If you ebber spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!
—*The Century.*

LOVE'S SEASONS.

'TWAS spring when I first found it out;
'Twas autumn when I told it:
The gloomy winter made me doubt,
And summer scarce could hold it;
"She loves," the mating robins sang
In sweet, delicious trebles,
And in the brooks the echo rang
In music o'er the pebbles.

The fresh air, filled with fragrant scent
Of blossoms, softly hinted
The self-same song; where'er I went
I found the message printed
On bud and leaf, on earth and sky,
Through sun and rain it glistened,
And though I never reasoned why,
I always read or listened.

The summer dawned, and still the birds
Sang in their tree-top glory,
And something seemed to make their words
A sequel to my story:

"You love," they twittered in the trees,
Whene'er the light wind stirred them,—
Distracting words! on every breeze
They fluttered, and I heard them.

At last the mellow autumn came,
And all the leaves were turning,
The fields and forests were aflame
In golden sunlight burning;
The parting birds sang out again
A sentimental message:
"Go tell her," whispered they, and then
I thought 'twas love's first presage.

Oh! timid-hearted twenty-four,
To faint and lose your courage,
Or half reluctantly implore
A pretty girl at her age!
For when I stammered what they sung
And all their secrets told her,
She said the birds were right, and hung
Her head upon my shoulder.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

TIMOTHY DOOLAN'S WILL.

I, TIMOTHY DOOLAN, of Barrydownderry, in the County Clare, farmer, being sick and wake on my legs, but of sound head and warm heart, do make this my first and last will and old and new testament. First, I give me sowl to God, when it plazes Him to take it—shure, no thanks to me, for I can't help it then,—and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownderry

Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me, and those who live after, belonging to me, are buried, pace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my god-father and my mother, who lie separated all together, at the other side of the chapel yard. I lave the bit of ground, containing eight acres—rale old Irish acres—to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she lives to survive him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O'Reagan, are to have the black pig and her twelve black young ones. Teddy, my second boy, that was killed in the war in Ameriky, might have got his pick of poultry, but as he has gone, I'll lave them to his wife, who died a week before him. I bequeath to all mankind fresh air of heaven, all the fishes in the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot. I lave to them all the sun, moon, and stars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of potheen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him. Good-bye to the whole wuruld, good-bye!

A MEDLEY.

"ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

"But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The"—
"Silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating"—
"'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said;
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew"—
"I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell"—
"In sweet May time, so long ago,
I stood by the big wheel spinning tow,
Buzz, buzz, so very slow;"—
"While a rub, dub, dub a rub, dub, dub a rub a dub, dub a dub, bub. dub dub
Exultingly the tidings brings"—
"Where the splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying"—
"For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May,
So you must wake and call me early"—

For

"Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,
'Charco! charco!'
And many a roughish lad replies,
'Ark, ho! ark, ho!'
'Charco!'—'Ark, ho!'"

"But then I'm only a little girl, but I think I have as much right to say what I think about things as a boy. I hate boys; they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner table, and never tell us when they are going to have any fun. I like Gus Rogers, though. The other day Gus kissed me, and a woman said:

"'Shame! shame! and you shouldn't a-let him kiss you. No doubt you were mostly to blame.' The hateful old thing she made Gus cry and say:"

"I know, boo, hoo, I ought to not,
But somehow, from her looks—boo, hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

"For sorry a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into the kitchen a-smilin', and says, kind o' schared loik, 'Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much since to mind his bein' a little strange.' Wid that she shoots the door, and I, mistrustin' was I tidied up sufficient for me foin b'y wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly Fathers! may I niver brathe another breath but there stood"—

"Robert of Lincoln telling his name;
Bob o' link, bob o' link
Spink, spank, spink;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note,"
"'Rags! rags! any rags? iron and old rags!'"
"When loud a clarion voice replied,"—
"'Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.'"

Arranged by Elizabeth Mansfield Irving.

UNCLE TOM AND THE HORNETS.

THERE is an old woman down town who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure, and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things, and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelley fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornets' nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent a few days in the search, and yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make, and after getting some few articles at a grocery, he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove, and went out to look for a beef bone. It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts and three or four

men lounged around, talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruin of the falling ones. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs, and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broad side of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant. The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped three feet high, and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and rushed for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men, who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, when he collided with the clerk, and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They couldn't tarry to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef-bone. When a larger body meets a smaller one, the

larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man lay around in the slush until everybody had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he sat up and asked, "Hev dey got de fiah all put out yit?" Finally Uncle Tom was able to secure his nest, and placing it in the basket, said, "Mebbe dis will cure de stiffness in dat gal's neck, jist de same, but I tell you I'se got banged and bumped an' sot down on till it will take a hull medical college all winter long to git me so I kin jump off a street kyar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TIME'S REVENGE.

WHEN I was ten and she fifteen,
Ah, me! how fair I thought her.
She treated with disdainful mien
The homage that I brought her,
And in a patronizing way
Would of my shy advances say:
"It's really quite absurd, you see;
He's very much too young for me."

I'm twenty now, she twenty-five—
Well, well, how old she's growing.
I fancy that my suit might thrive
If pressed again; but owing
To great discrepancy in age,
Her marked attentions don't engage
My young affections, for, you see,
She's really quite too old for me.

AGNES, I LOVE THEE.

I STOOD upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I traced upon the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee."
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair impression.
Frail reed! cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more!
But, with a giant hand,
I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine,
And dip its top into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius,
And on the high and burnished heavens I'll write:
"Agnes, I love thee."
And I would like to see any doggoned wave wash that out.

BRUDDER GARDINER ON MUSIC.

"DE soun' of a hoss-fiddle," says Brudder Gardiner, "brings up old reckoleckshuns an' starts de tear of regret. If played long 'nuff, an' de wind am in de right direckshun, it will cause de listener to shell out a subscripshun of three thousan' dollars to'rds a new cull'd Baptist Church. Try it once and be convinced.

"De soun' of a harp hits a man below de belt. He begins to fink of all de mean fings he ever did, an' to wish he hadn't, an' at de eand of fifteen minits he am already to step ober an' pay his naybur a dollar apiece fur de hens he shot in his garden las' spring.

"The jewsharp goes right to de soul. If your wife am all ready to 'lope off wid de hired man de notes of

de jewsharp will take her bonnet off in sixteen seconds. If you keep a hired man you should also keep a jewsharp.

"Pianer music sometimes hits and sometimes misses. Ize known it to make an old baldhead go home an' pass two hull hours widout cuffin' de chill'en, an' Ize known it to cause a young gal to slide down ober de roof ob de kitchen an' 'lope off wid de owner of a sideshow.

"De guitar allus brings sadness an' a resolushun to begin on de 1st of Jinuary to quit a-runnin' out nights an' playing policy.

"De brass band might soothe a sorrowin' soul if de said sorrowin' soul didn't have all he could do to hold his hoss.

"De organ fills de soul wid awe an' strikes de heroic chord. If you am layin' fur a man, doan' tackle him jist arter he has bin takin' in de notes of an organ.

"De banjo—yum! If you want my dog—my hoss—my house an' lot, play me de banjo an' keep time wid yer fut. I 'spect de music of angelic harps am sweet an' soft an' dreamy, but if dey want to keep us cull'd folks satisfied up dar, a leetle mo' banjo an' a leetle less harp am de fust prescription."

MY RIVAL.

HOW I hate to see him there,
With his haughty, well-bred air,
At her side,
Looking with a scornful eye
At poor me, as I walk by
While they ride.

Well I know he is not worth,
Spite of all his pride of birth,
Such a favor;
And I think, as I advance,
Of that calculating glance
That he gave her.

Lady dear, he cares for naught
But the things which may be bought
With your pelf;
In his thoughts you have no part,
And his cold and sluggish heart
Beats for self.

Yet how glad I'd be and gay
If you'd treat me in that way
You treat him.
Twould with heaven itself surround me,
And the sad old world around me
Would grow dim.

Ah, my lady, fair and sweet,
Will you tell me when we meet,
If it's true
That your heart has grown so small,
There is no room there at all
For me too?

Did she answer no, or yes?
She but gave him a caress,
Quite a hug,
And I stayed to see him courted,
For he is her fine, imported
English pug.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

TIME TURNS THE TABLES.

TEN years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her and she loved me then,
A boy, some five years older.

I liked her; she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun and bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap or find my whip;
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony;
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though heaven knows why,
Small wonder she had hated;
For scores of dolls she had to cry,
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I mussed her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
Catch tad-poles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime,
The Nemesis of fables
Comes after years—to-day old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, fair-cheeked, and bonny;
The curls are golden round her brow—
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore, I used her Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by, my lips can't frame
The letters that spell "Alice."

I who could laugh at her and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb through the very wish to please,
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheeks,
I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool; ah! heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered!
She likes me and I love her now;
Ah me! how things have altered.

HIS SIGN.

THREE or four days ago a colored man, living in Detroit, hung out a sign on his house, which read: "For Sail."

He happened to be at the gate, when a white man came along and said:

"You'll never get an offer for your house with any such spelling as that."

The owner of the place was greatly puzzled to improve the orthography, but finally took his wife's advice, and made it read:

"For Sell."

This seemed to be all right for a day or two, and then a schoolboy halted and said:

"If you don't fix that sign, all the children will be laughing at you."

There was another convention of the family, to see where the mistake came in, and the sign was made to read:

"Fur Sall."

It had not been up an hour, when an old colored man came along and queried:

"Does you mean dat dis place am fur Sally? What yer gwine to giv de place to Sally for?"

"Am you findin' fault wid dat sign?" asked the other.

"Well, I doan' quite cotch on to the spellin'."

"You doan, eh? Has you got seben hundred dollars to pay cash down fur dis place?"

"No, sah."

"Den you pass on, an' shet up! Maybe I doan spell jist de same as you do, but I'ze got prospects of handlin' seben hundred dollars, while you has got boaf knees out to de wedder. I doan' ker to use high flown language, an' hev to w'ar a shoe on one foot an' a bute on edder. Go 'long, ole man—you am too fly on geog'aphy."

A LESSON IN TENNIS.

THEY played at tennis that summer day—
Where was it? Oh, call it Mount Desert—
The place matters not; I will simply say
They were playing tennis that summer day,
And she wore a short and striped skirt.

He played but ill—'twas his first essay—
And she his partner and coach was both;
Though perhaps not "up" in the points of play,
Yet she knew the game in a general way,
And to give him points seemed nothing loath.

He did his best, but his best was poor;
The balls served to him on his side stayed;
And thus it went on for a round or more,
Till, anxious, he ventured to ask the score!
"The score? Why, it's Thirty—Love," she said.

"And Love? What is love?" he fain would know,
Yet blushed to ask it, for he could see
What pardonless ignorance he must show;
But she calmly answered him, speaking slow,
"Why, Love is nothing, you know," said she.

* * * * * *

The sun of that summer day is set;
That season is gone, as seasons go;
But his heart was caught in that tennis net,
And they might have been playing partners yet
Had she not given her answer, "No."

He plays no tennis at all, this year,
But he mopes and moans and sighs—heigho!
That fate is so hard, and life is so drear;
And worse than all else, he remembers clear,
That "Love is nothing," she told him so.

C. F. COBURN.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

WERE you ever left alone for an hour with a child? Not one of these pale, spirituelle children that we read about, who talk with horrible grammatical accuracy, and know more than an average philosopher, but a bright, healthy, rebellious child, who believes that butterflies were created to stick pins through, and that the best use a fly can be put to is to mash him in the corner of a window pane.

In fact, the common child of eight years old.

I was placed in such a fix the other Sunday afternoon. I was visiting my sister, and she and her husband went to church. In vain they tried to induce me to go, but somehow the green grass, the fleecy sky, and the balmy breath of the summer's breeze seemed far more preferable.

"Well," decided my sister, "if you will stay home—you can take care of Freddie."

By way of explanation, let me remark that Freddie is my sister's only boy, the light of her eyes and the pride of her heart. I fondly believe she intends him for the ministry. If she does, she will make a mistake. It is my firm conviction that Freddie was cut out for a first-class pirate.

So it was decided that I should take care of Freddie.

I had taken care of Freddie before. I think without exaggeration that I should have preferred being appointed guardian over several hyenas and a ferocious bear.

I determined to chain Freddie to my side.

I knew that if I didn't he would either stroll down to the barn and try to chop his fingers off with the hay-cutter, or else fall into the cistern. Falling into the cistern was a temptation irresistible to Freddie.

After his parents had departed, leaving Freddie richer by a score of kisses, I called him to my side, where I lay, pipe in hand, on the close-cropped grass, beneath the shade of a grand old tree.

"Freddie," asked I, "don't you want to hear a story?"

"Ye-s," doubtfully responded Freddie; "say, Uncle Ed, what makes you have so many pimples on your face?"

I hastily replied that it was goodness cropping out. All good men were apt to have pimples.

"What sort of a story would you like to hear, Freddie?" continued I.

"Want to hear about giants who eat bad little boys," answered he, with unexpected celerity.

Owing to the nature of the day I told him that giant stories were positively debarred.

"Let me tell you about Daniel in the Lions' Den," I hurriedly said. "Once upon a time there was a good man named Daniel."

"Daniel who?" asked Freddie.

"Just Daniel."

"Daniel what?"

Somewhat impatiently I said that I did not know what his last name was. I had never studied Daniel's family tree.

"Did he have a glass eye like old Daniel Riley?" Freddie queried.

Hastily I said "No," and went on with the story.

"Daniel was carried away from Jerusalem by a wicked king."

"What was he carried in?"

"I don't know, Freddie."

"Was it a horse car?"

"No."

"Steamboat?"

"No."

"Did he walk himself?"

"I guess so."

"Who carried him?"

"The wicked king."

"What wicked king?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Neboch—who?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Who was he?"

"The wicked king."

"What did he do?"

"Carried Daniel into captivity."

"What Daniel?"

I had to begin all over again. I said it slow so as to impress Freddie.

"Nebuchadnezzar," resumed I, "was so pleased with Daniel's goodness that he made him his favorite."

"Was he good?" Freddie asked.

"Very."

"Never cried when his nurse washed him?"

"Well—hardly ever."

"Who was pleased because he was so good?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Who was he?"

"The wicked king."

"What did he do?"

"Carried away Daniel, I told you."

"What Daniel?"

"Freddie," expostulated I, "why don't you pay attention? I told you three times now who Daniel was."

"Oh!" exclaimed Freddie, "go on. You've got a hole in your stocking, Uncle Ed."

"Nebuchadnezzar," I began again, not noticing Freddie's personal interpolation, "was so pleased with Daniel——"

"Ho!" interrupted Freddie, with a snicker, "I know about Nebuchadnezzar."

"What do you know?"

> "Nebuchadnezzar—king of the Jews,
> Put on his stockings and pulled off his shoes,"

sneeringly he chanted, with a face as grave as a tombstone.

I gasped on with my story.

"Daniel," I said, "would not do wrong to please the king; so the wicked king had him thrown into the den of fierce lions."

"Did the lions belong to Barnum's circus?" asked Freddie.

"No, they were the king's."

"What king's?"

"Nebuchadnezzar's."

"Who was he?"

"Daniel's master."

"What Daniel?"

"The good man."

"Was he put into the lions' den?"

"Yes."

"Whose lions were they?"

"Nebuchadnezzar's."

"Did they bite?"

"No, they would not bite Daniel."

"Why not—didn't they have teeth like old Mrs. Peters? Billy Smith calls her gummy."

I told Freddie that it was very sinful to speak in such terms of the aged, and that Billy Smith's future career was apt to end in a wicked way.

"Although the king expected to see Daniel torn to pieces, yet he was not," related I; "they crouched before him."

"Who crouched?"

"The lions."

"Who did they crouch before?"

"Him."

"Who's him—Billy Smith?"

"No, Daniel."

"What Daniel?"

"The good man."

"What good man?"

"Daniel."

"Daniel who?"

Utterly despairing, I began a violent lecture to Freddie about the absolute necessity of his paying attention. In the midst I stopped. I suddenly became aware Freddie was missing. He had faded suddenly away.

Five minutes later I beheld Freddie out in the dirtiest part of the barnyard, trying to shear the biggest cow with his mother's pet pair of toilet scissors.

"Uncle Ed's stories ain't no good," I heard him confide to the placid and utterly unmoved animal. "I think it's because he's got a crooked nose—don't you?"

E. E. Ten Eyck.

THE PARENT WITH THE HOOF.

WHEN the yellow stars are weeping shining tears of molten gold
And the wings of night in tenderness the weary earth enfold,
'Tis a joy to clasp the maiden whom my soul has sworn to wed,
Unmindful of the dreadful boots that patter overhead.

Every loving glance that flutters in the portals of her eyes
Sinks deep down in my heart, and turns its fountains into sighs;
And her kisses, timid pressures, shake my system to the roots
As I listen to the pathos of her aged parent's boots.

And looking far beyond her through the trials of this earth,
I see the happiness to which her eyes have given birth,
And the softened, sweet ambition paralyzes worldly cares,
Till I hear the old man's footsteps swiftly creeping down the stairs.

In her twining arms I linger, bound in chains of welded flowers,
And I never note the dying of the angry, jealous hours.
All the slings and poisoned arrows of the stern world stand aloof
Till I find myself uplifted by that wretched parent's hoof.

There is naught in art or nature that can work with such a spell
As the box-toe of a parent, properly applied and well;
And I ponder long and deeply whether I should press my suit
For the girl, or one at law against the savage with the boot.

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you've gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though, you see, I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me"
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together—
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;

Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected,
You rejected? So was I.

THE BURGLAR ALARM.

A WOMAN'S BRIGHT INVENTION.

MR. FILLISY came home in hot haste. Important business called him out of town within an hour's time.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Fillisy, as she undertook to restore to order the chaos of Mr. Fillisy's search through closets and bureaus for the "few things" he considered necessary to his comfort—"what shall I do? It's almost dark, and nobody in the house but the new girl, and I haven't time to go to mother's, and I am so afraid. Josiah knows it, too. Why didn't he leave me a pistol or something? I never shot off a pistol, and don't know what the trigger is; but I'm sure I should feel safer if I had one. How dreadful it would be to be murdered here all alone, and Josiah to come home and find me weltering in my gore! Ugh!" and Mrs.

Fillisy enjoyed a good shiver over the sanguinary picture she had conjured up.

But supper was announced at that moment, and it was not till after the two little ones were snugly tucked in bed that she had leisure to reflect upon her lonely and unprotected state.

"I don't see why Josiah hasn't had burglar alarms put in the house. It would be so much better. I'll talk to him when he comes home. I wonder what they're like, anyway? Alarm clocks, I suppose, and that sort of thing. Now why couldn't one invent something simpler? I wonder——" and here Mrs. Fillisy's thoughts were arrested by a bright idea.

She was seated by the stove, and her glance fell upon the wire guard which kept the wee toddlers from too close contact with its glowing surface.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed. "I'll invent an alarm myself. Talk about women having no inventive genius. I'll have Josiah apply for a patent the moment he gets home. Now, I'll just get it and try, and if any burglar undertakes to get in here to-night he'll just wish he hadn't, that's all!

"Tum te tum te tum te iddity,
Tum te tum te tum te tay,
Tum te tum te tum te iddity,
I'll be an inventor myself some day."

And Mrs. Fillisy started up in high glee.

After considerable pushing and hauling about in a closet under the stairs, she brought to view a large coil of barbed wire, in which Mr. F. had the previous summer invested for the purpose of surmounting his orchard fence.

"Now isn't it lucky that Josiah didn't use this? If he had, I couldn't have shown him what a smart wife he has. I'll show them! Ouch! What mean stuff it is to handle! But all the better for Mr. Burglar. Now where'll I put it first?"

Mrs. Fillisy pondered deeply, with all the gravity worthy of a great inventor, and at last decided that as the hired girl had gone to bed, and there was no one but herself about, she would build such a wall of barbed wire at the foot of the stairs as no burglar could possibly surmount. But when she had wound it around the newel-post, with many "Ah's" and "Oh's," she found that the wire wouldn't fasten itself to the wall, and as for this brave inventor's making a long and lonesome journey into the wood-shed for hammer and nail—no, indeed, she wouldn't. She would show Josiah that a woman's mind could triumph over matter.

"No man would think of this," she said to herself, as she proceeded to fasten the wire in and out of the claw-feet that held the stair-rods in position. "Dear me, it's slow work; but then all problems are slow of solution, and Mrs. F——, you mustn't be too smart an inventor. I wonder what folks 'ill do who haven't got stair-rods? Get some, I suppose; or, maybe, now, when Josiah comes home he can think of something to hold the wire down, anyway. Ouch! just see my fingers bleed! Horrid stuff! I wonder how Mr. Burglar will like that."

And Mrs. Fillisy surveyed with honest pride the work of her fertile brain and nimble, but wounded fingers.

She had contrived, by dint of twisting and turning the barbed wire in every shape and direction, to create a perfect battery of needle points on the lower step.

"You couldn't put your finger down without getting pricked," she soliloquized as she attacked the next step. "Now you see a person might have a carpet of this, that she could spread down before windows and doors, and if a burglar were to step real hard on it he'd surely have to scream, and that would wake one; and then, while he was nursing his foot, why one could shoot him, or catch him, or something. Oh, dear, there's another scratch! What awful hard work it is to be an inventor."

And Mrs. Fillisy stuck her finger in her mouth and sighed deeply. It was eleven o'clock before she had completed her net-work of wire upon the last step, and then, too tired to do as she had intended—stretch the wire across her bed-room door—she contented herself with rolling the dressing-case against the door, and retired, convinced that no burglar would set foot inside her room that night.

But hardly had she laid her head on her pillow when there sounded from the little cot beside her the wail, "I want a drink! I want a drink! I'se awful thirsty."

Merciful sakes! she had forgotten, in her interest in her invention, to bring up any water! "There, there, darling! Now go to sleep! That's mamma's pet."

"I 'on't! I want a drink! I can't go to seep widout a drink."

"Oh, dear! There's no help for it, I suppose. However in this world am I to get down those stairs?"

Taking the night-lamp in her hand, she surveyed the situation. "The only way is to slide down." And, suiting the action to the word, she imitated the riotous schoolboy in his wild flight through space. She reached the lower floor safely enough, albeit somewhat jarred

by her unaccustomed locomotion; but when she had filled her pitcher and retraced her steps to the foot of the stairs, she regarded the proofs of her inventive genius with horrified dismay.

From the dim regions above came the wail, "I want a drink," while the chorus of a still smaller voice filled the night with the music of its "Meows, meows."

"Yes, darling, mother is coming." But how? She couldn't slide up! Beside, her hands were full. But those clamorous voices called forth every energy, and, leaving her lamp at the foot of the stairs, she crept up slowly, hand over hand, foot over foot, on the outside of the bannister, and, groping her way to her room, quieted the voice with the few drops of water remaining in the pitcher, and then went down, in another wild flight after her lamp.

Worn out with her exertions, when she once more reached her room, she fell asleep almost immediately. She was awakened a little later by a shrill scream of "Howly Moses! Oh, wurra, wurra! It's a murtherin' snake, it is!" and, jumping up bewildered, she recognized Bridget's voice in the hall.

"Why, what is the matter, Bridget?"

"Shure, and matther is it? It's a snake, or some other murtherin' baste has hurted me fut that bad! musha! musha!" and Bridget sat on the hall floor rolling from side to side and holding her wounded foot in her hand.

"Oh, no, Bridget, it's only the burglar alarm. I forgot to tell you about it. See, my hands are all cut up by it, too; but it'll keep burglars away."

"Burglar alarm, is it, thin? An' who put it there, if yez plaze?" By this time Bridget was standing erect

and glaring at her mistress with vengeance in her eyes.

"Why, I did! You see Mr. Fillisy is gone away and I wanted to feel safe—"

"Shure an' it's safe yez are from this night on. I'll be lavin' yez in the mornin'. I never worked afore where a dacent gurrul couldn't go down the stairs for a bit of clove ile to put in her achin' tooth widout steppin on a burglar alarm and havin' her feet hurted that bad! Shure an' I'll be afther lavin' in the mornin', ma'am," and Bridget limped toward her room in a state of unappeasable indignation.

"I'm so sorry, Bridget; I didn't think," began Mrs. Fillisy, deprecatingly.

"Shure, an' ye'll think in the mornin', ma'am," and Bridget banged her door with a force that shut off all further explanations.

Mrs. Fillisy retired to bed to weep; she had been at such pains to procure Bridget, who had been recommended as very efficient help, and whose culinary powers Mr. Fillisy had especially praised that very day. How angry Josiah would be when he came home and found Bridget gone. Dear! dear! and all because of that burglar alarm!

Somehow her pride in her invention began to wane. She wasn't quite so sure now that Josiah would be prepared to admit that woman had as much genius as her so-called lord and master.

She was crying silently over her trials when suddenly she heard a sound that caused every individual hair on her head to stand erect. Somebody was at the front door! She couldn't be mistaken! There! it opened! and yes, hear those stealthy steps along the hall, and

there goes the sitting-room door! Oh dear! There's a burglar in the house for certain! How frightened she was! There! she heard him moving cautiously about in the sitting-room. What could he be doing? Getting the silver? Searching for money? Oh! she did hope she wouldn't be murdered! Poor Josiah would feel so bad. And then she thought all at once of the burglar alarm.

"Ha! I have thee now!" she quoted, mentally. "One step and thou art doomed." Then she laughed—then listened. Another step. A bold burglar, certainly. He must know she was alone. She ceased laughing. Still another step! "Thunder and Mars!" came in muffled tones up the stairs and along the hall. Merciful heaven! he was coming in. "Great Scott! Jerusalem! Ten thousand furies! Sulphur and brimstone!" was wafted to her ears in half smothered tones. She waited to hear no more. She sprang from her bed, and putting her mouth to the crack in the door, called out:

"Oh, please, Mr. Burglar, do go away! Take anything you want; there's plenty of silver down-stairs, and my watch and jewel case are in the cabinet with the silver trimmings. Take them all; you are welcome to them, indeed you are; and if there's anything else down-stairs—but please don't kill me, Josiah would feel so bad—and, and—if you are going down be careful not to hurt your feet—"

But she was interrupted by a terrific howl of: "Great guns! Martha, it's me. What in thunder ails these stairs? Some darned thing or another has cut my feet all to pieces. Open the door, quick, can't you? I'm bleeding to death! Quick, I say! Ain't you got no

sense! Let a fellow stand here and lose his life blood because you're afraid of some fool burglar! I want to see what the blasted thing is. I hope I ain't poisoned. Maybe it's a scorpion or a tarantula, or—or—"

"Oh, no! Josiah, it's only the burglar alarm. You see, I—" began Mrs. Fillisy, throwing the door open, and letting the light fall on Josiah, who stood midway on the stairs, vainly endeavoring to hold both feet in his hands at once.

"Oh! oh! oh! Confound your old burglar alarm! What in creation's name is it anyway? It's killing me. I can't stand nor sit down, nor—nor anything."

"Climb on to the bannister, Josiah, I did."

"Climb on to the bannister, woman! And so you've been playin' circus while I have been away. I thought when I married you I had found a woman of discretion; but it seems I was mistaken. You're like all the rest. Sliding down the bannister, indeed! Now tell me what all this confounded nonsense means," said Josiah, perching himself astride the bannister, and eying his wife malignantly.

"Oh, Josiah, indeed I haven't been playing circus at all," exclaimed Mrs. F., bursting into tears. "I—I—was afraid, and so I—I—invented a burglar alarm, and—and—I never dreamed of your coming home—but I thought if a burglar should get in, it would prevent his getting up-stairs, and—and I guess it would." And she smiled ruefully upon the barbed points at her feet.

"Stars and garters! Prophets and conjurers! When will women cease to be fools?" and the representative of the world's wisdom shifted uneasily in his enforced position.

"Will you kindly tell me, oh, great inventor, how am I to get up these stairs? My stockings are already plastered with blood to my poor feet!"

"Climb up the railing on the outside, like this," and she showed him, by example, how easily he could gain the upper landing! When once there, he turned spitefully to his wife with the words:

"Martha Ann Fillisy, you are the biggest fool I ever saw! If you ever invent another thing, I'll shut you up in a lunatic asylum!" BIRCH ARNOLD.

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"COME right in. How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and get a light."

"Well, old man, recovered yet
From the Mather's jam last night?"

"Didn't dance. The German's old."
"Didn't you? I had to lead—
Awful bore! Did you go home?"
"No. Sat out with Molly Meade.
Jolly little girl she is—
Said she didn't care to dance,
'D rather sit and talk to me—
Then she gave me such a glance!

"So, when you had cleared the room,
And impounded all the chairs,
Having nowhere else, we two
Took possession of the stairs.

"I was on the lower step,
Molly, on the next above,
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to undo her glove.
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life;
'Ah! if I could only win
Some true woman for my wife,
How I'd love her—work for her!
Hand in hand through life we'd walk—
No one ever cared for me—'
Takes a girl, that kind of talk.

"Then, you know, I used my eyes—
She believed me, every word—
Said I 'mustn't talk so'—Jove!
Such a voice you never heard.
Gave me some symbolic flower,—
Had a meaning, oh! so sweet,—
Don't know where it is, I'm sure;
Must have dropped it in the street.

"How I spooned! And she—ha! ha!—
Well, I know it wasn't right—
But she pitied me so much
That I—kissed her—pass a light!"

PART II.

"Molly Meade, well I declare!
Who'd have thought of seeing you,
After what occurred last night,
Out here on the Avenue?

Oh, you awful! awful girl!
There, don't blush; I saw it all."
"Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night—
At the Mather's—in the hall."

"Oh, you horrid—where were you?
Wasn't he the biggest goose!
Most men must be caught, but he
Ran his own neck in the noose.

"I was almost dead to dance,
I'd have done it if I could,
But old Gray said I must stop,
And I promised ma I would.
So I looked up sweet, and said
That I'd rather talk to him;
Hope he didn't see me laugh,
Luckily the lights were dim.

"My, how he did squeeze my hand!
And he looked up in my face
With his lovely, big brown eyes—
Really it's a dreadful case.

"'Earnest!'—I should think he was!
Why, I thought I'd have to laugh
When he kissed a flower he took,
Looking, oh! like such a calf.
I suppose he's got it now
In a wine-glass on his shelves;
It's a mystery to me
Why men will deceive themselves.

"'Saw him kiss me?'—Oh, you wretch!
Well, he begged so hard for one—
And I thought there'd no one know—
So I—let him, just for fun.

"I know it really wasn't right
To trifle with his feelings, dear,
But men are such stuck-up things;
He'll recover—never fear."

GEORGE A. BAKER.

BURDOCK'S MUSIC-BOX.

LAST Christmas Miss Burdock's admirer presented her with a handsome little music-box, and the family ear has been tickled ever since with half-a-dozen of the latest popular agonies.

Tuesday night they had company, and the music-box, after doing gloriously for awhile, suddenly collapsed at the first verse of the "Mulligan Guards," leaving the balance of that gallant command in a sort of musical purgatory.

The next morning Miss Burdock dressed her face with its company expression, and coaxed her paternal to take the box with him when he went to business and have it put in order, and on his finally consenting under protest wrapped it up neatly, placed it in his overcoat pocket, and hustled him off.

He caught a Fulton Avenue car, nodded to a couple of business acquaintances, secured a seat, and was in the act of opening the morning paper, when the music-box suddenly found its voice again and proceeded to render the remaining verses of the "Mulligan Guards."

The passengers dropped their papers, stared around at one another, and finally, tracing the music to Burdock, focused their eyes upon him, nudged each other, and laughed.

"No music, gentlemen, 'lowed in these cars," called out the conductor, sternly, coming in to collect a fare, just as the box rang out clear and loud with the chorus.

There was a perfect shout of laughter, in which everybody except Burdock and the conductor joined, as the box suddenly changed its tune and came out as strong as a circus band with "Meet Me in the Park, Love."

"Stop that music. I won't have such foolishness going on in this car," yelled the conductor, scrutinizing the passengers suspiciously from the rear platform.

"Confound the infernal thing, I wish it was at the bottom of the Red Sea!" muttered Burdock, very red in the face and uncomfortable.

A minute later, as the music-box was about plunging into a third song, the conductor darted in, slapped Burdock on the shoulder, and said, excitedly:

"I've got you at last. Now you just stop it, that's all!"

"Stop it yourself, if you want to," said Burdock, angrily.

The conductor frothed and fumed, looked under the seat and behind Burdock, but could see nothing, yet all the while the box was everlastingly howling out "Eileen Alanna," as if its heart would break. By the time the car reached the ferry, Burdock was in a cold perspiration, the irate conductor had checked off seven passengers too many, and was tearing his hair on the platform, and the box, after going through its entire collection of tunes, looked as quiet and innocent as a rubber baby.

It required Burdock to use up all his spare stock of self-control to prevent him from heaving it into the

river, and it was with a sigh of relief that he handed it over to be fixed.

Saturday, on his way home, he stopped at the place where he had left it, and finding it repaired, put it in the pocket of his overcoat, and started off home, forgetting all about it on his arrival at the house.

Sunday all the family turned out for church, and Burdock had ushered them all in, closed the pew door, hung his overcoat over it, took up a hymn-book, and was glancing around complacently, when the fogotten music-box in his overcoat pocket all at once struck up "Lanigan's Ball."

The minister dropped the notices he was looking over and looked blankly around; the deacons sprang up like Jack-in-the-Box and glared in every direction; the congregation twisted their heads, craned their necks, and stared wonderingly at the choir, and the choir pulled away the curtains that hid them, and stared idiotically back in return. The Burdocks alone kept their eyes resolutely glued to the front, while their faces assumed the fashionable cardinal hue, and Burdock could be heard muttering fragments of emphatic language seldom heard inside of a gospel shop.

After playing one verse the melody ceased, and the Burdocks' hearts, which had been standing still, beat once more; the excitement died away, and everything was quiet again. The minister arose, and was in the act of giving out the text, when a lady, who was late, sailed up the aisle, and, chancing to brush against Burdock's overcoat, started the music-box off into a perfect fury of "Tommy, Sit Down by Your Aunty."

The minister paused, and frowned severely; the deacons shot up from their seats as if they were sitting on

springs; the congregation tittered, and Burdock felt sick all over him as he made a savage kick at his coat, which had the effect of changing the tune, and it pealed forth now "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched," with the variations.

Burdock felt that every eye in the church was watching him as he made another side kick at it; a subdued whirr followed, and he was congratulating himself on having hopelessly ruined it, when it suddenly broke out louder than a troupe of minstrels, with the inspiring strains of the "Mulligan Guards."

By the time it had played two verses and was commencing the third, five deacons had arrived at the pew door, and were interviewing Burdock, while the entire congregation were standing up on their toes to have a look at him. Burdock tried to explain, but seven new deacons came up and accused him of sacrilege and desecration of the church.

"Go to thunder, the whole caboodle of you!" he exclaimed, climbing over the back of the seat and making for the door.

One of the deacons followed him with his hat and overcoat, the music-box playing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," right merrily, as the grave-faced deacon carried it at arm's length down the middle aisle.

Burdock and his family are attending another church now, and the music-box is buried under four tons of anthracite coal in the cellar.

FIRST ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND.

YER spakin' of musther was a-moindin' me of Mick Murphy and Dan Collins, two frinds of moine, who came over to England for the rapin' of the harvist, and was walkin' on the quays of this town. And moind ye now, nather Micky nor Danny had iver been out of the corragus of the town of Tipperary in all their born days. They were goin' along the strate, whin Danny sees "'Ristorant" writ up over a shop; "See now," says he, "that's a place to ate;" and in they both goes, and thin, sir, they sees a waither with a towel over his arm, and says Danny, says he, "What kin we get to ate?" "Anything at all," says the waither; "Thin bring me a plate of mate," says Danny; so in comes the waither with a plate of mate and a large bowl of musther. "What's to pay for the mate?" says Danny. "A shillin', sir," says the waither. "And what's that?" says he, a-pointin' to the bowl. "That's musther," says the waither. "And what do yez do with it?" "Why, yez ates it with the mate, to be sure," says he. "And what's to pay for it?" "Nothin' at all," says the waither. Thin Danny looked at Micky, and Micky looked at Danny, and they both winked. Afther awhile the waither turned his back, and says Danny, says he, "Micky," says he, "we'll pocket the mate for the journey and ate the stuff they gives for nothin'." And with that Micky rowls up the mate in his handkercher and puts it in the crown of his hat. All this toime Danny kept stirrin' up the musther, and afther awhile he opens his mouth and takes a great dollop of it; down goes his head, and the tears come runnin'

down out of his eyes. Micky looked up and says he, "Danny," says he, "what does be the matther with ye?" Danny wouldn't let on at all, at all, but says he, "Whiniver I think of the death of my poor great-grandfather, that was kilt at the Battle of the Boyne, I can't kape from cryin' at all, at all." "Och, don't take on with ye like that," says Micky; "see now, we are over in England, and we'll make a power of money at the rapin' before harvist is over." All this toime Danny kept stirrin' up the musther, and afther awhile he hands the spoon to Micky. Micky takes a spoonful, too; down goes his head, and the tears come runnin' down out of his eyes. Danny looks up, and says he, "Micky," says he, "what does be the matther with ye?" "Faix," says Micky, "I war thinkin' what a great pitty it war that ye warn't kilt along with yer great-grandfather at the Battle of the Boyne."

ETHIOPIOMANIA.

[Vers de Société (new style). Dedicated to a fashionable young lady who plays the banjo.]

PIANO put away
In de garret for to stay;
De banjo is de music dat de gals am crazed about,
De songs dat now dey choose
Am 'spired by de colored muse,
An' de ole kind o' poeckry am all played out.

CHORUS.—Oh, Maud Elaine,
Sweet as sugar-cane!
Hush dat music, let my poor heart go.
Fo' hit's sweeter dan de band
To heah yo' little hand
A-plunk-plunk-plunkin' on de ole banjo.

I ain't from de Souf;
But yo' pretty, pretty mouf
Done took to singin' darkey songs in such angelic tones.
Dat jist fo' yo' sake
I's a goin' fo' to take
Some lessons on de tamborine, an' learn to play de bones.

Oh, when Maudie sings
And picks 'pon de strings,
'Twould charm a deaf-and-dummy, or a possum from a tree.
She holds dat banjo so,
In her arms as white as snow,
I'd gib a half a dollah if dat instrument was me!

So play, play an' sing,
For de banjo am de king,
Its music brings de belles an' beaux a knockin' at de doah.
We'll dance heel and toe,
Till de lamp burns low,
An' de Turkey carpet's worn away from off de parlor floah.

HENRY TYRRELL.

THE IRISHMAN'S PANORAMA.

LADIES AND GINTLEMIN: In the foreground over there ye'll obsarve Vinegar Hill, an' should yer be goin' by that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, an' if yer are yer'll foind at the fut of the hill a nate little cot kept by a man named McCarty, who, by the way, is as foine a lad as you'll mate in a day's march. I see by the hasp on the door that

McCarty is out, or I'd take yes in an' introduce yes A foine, ginerous, noble feller is this McCarty. Shure an' if he had but the wan peratie he'd give yes the half of that, and phat's more, he'd thank ye for takin' it. (James, move the crank! Larry, music on the bag-pipes!)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We've now arrived at a beautiful spot, situated about twenty miles this side o' Limerick. To the left over there yer'll see a hut, by the side of which is sated a lady and gintleman: well, as I was goin' that way wan day, I heard the following conversation betwixt him an' her. Says she to him: "James, it's a shame for yer to be tratin' me so; d'ye moind the time yer used to come to me father's castle a-beggin'?" "Yer father's castle—me? Well, thin! ye could shtand on the outside of yer father's castle, an' stick yer arm down the chimney an' pick praties out of the pot, an' niver a partition betwixt you and the pigs but sthraw." (Move the crank, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We have now arrived at the beautiful an' classical lakes of Killarney. There's a curious legend connected wid dese lakes that I must relate to you. It is, that every evenin' at four o'clock in the afternoon a beautiful swan is seen to make its appearance, an' while movin' transcendentally an' glidelessly along, ducks its head, skips under the water, an' you'll not see him till the next afternoon. (Turn the crank, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We have now arrived at another beautiful spot, situated about thirteen and a half miles this side of Cork. This is a grate place, noted for sportsmin. Wanst, while sthoppin' over there at the hotel de Finney, the following tilt of a conversa-

tion occurred betwixt Mr. Muldooney, the waiter, and mesilf. I says to him, says I, "Mully, old boy, will you have the kindness to fetch me the mustard?" and he was a long time bringin' it, so I opportuned him for kapin' me. An' says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune" (that's me), "I notice that you take a grate deal of mustard wid your mate." "I do," says I. Says he, "I notice you take a blame sight of mate wid your mustard." (Move the crank! Larry, "Finnigin's Wake.")

Ladies and Gintlemin: We now skhip acrost the broad Atlantic to a wonderful sphot in America, situated a few miles from Chinchinnatti, called the Falls of Niagara. While lingerin' here wan day, I saw a young couple, evidently very sweet on aich other. Av coorse I tuk no notice of phat they were sayin', but I couldn't help listenin' to the followin' extraordinary conversation. Says he to her: "Isn t it wonderful to see that tremindous amount of water comin' down over that terrible precipice." "Yis, darlint," says she, "but wouldn't it be far more wonderful to see the same tremindous body of water a-goin' up that same precipice?" (Music on the pipes.) JAS. BURDETTE.

THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL.

MISS ALPHA, though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass:
She had a little sister Theta,
And she would often bang and Beta,
And push and pinch, and pound and pelt her,
And many a heavy blow she Delta;
So that the kitten, e'en would Mu,
When Theta's sufferings she Nu.

This Alpha was so bad to Theta,
That every time she chanced to meet her
She looked as though she longed to Eta;
And oft' against the wall she jammed her,
And oft' she took a stick and Lambda;
And for the pain and tears she brought her
She pitied her not one Iota;
But with a sly and wicked eye
Would only say, "Oh, fiddle, Phi!"

Then Theta cried with noisy clamor,
And ran and told her grief to Gamma,
And Gamma, with a pitying Psi,
Would give the little girl some Pi,
And say, "Now darling mustn't Khi!"

Two Irish lads of ruddy cheek,
Were living just across the creek—
Their names, Omicron and Omego;
The one was small, the other bigger.
For Alpha, so demure and "striking,"
Omego took an ardent liking;
And Mike, when first he chanced to meet her
Fell deep in love with little Theta;
And oft at eve the boys would go
And on the pleasant waters Rho.

So when the little hapless Theta
Nu Alpha was about to Beta,
She down upon the bank would Zeta
And cry aloud and shout like fun—
"Run, Mike! run, Micky! Omicron!"

LOVE AT THE SEASIDE.

SUMMER at the seaside. At the base of the cliffs a beautiful girl, who is as handsome as she is pretty, sits sketching, sits catching the soft sea-breeze that floats from the sea. Her cheek is like the peach, her brow like rich, sweet cream, and he whose form is stretched at her feet casts time and again, and frequently, a longing look upon the peaches and the cream. His marble brow is as white as snow; his raven locks are black.

"Do you smell the smell of the sea?" he murmurs, and blushes as he murmurs.

Like the ripple of a rill over rocks her laughter bubbles forth, and she laughed.

"I love the odoriferous odors of old ocean," she rippled.

"Do they remind you of me?" he softly asked.

"Ah!" she whispered, "when you are away, they always tell me that you are absent."

"How true," he said, while his eyes dreamily sought the far off, "we are never here when we are there."

And so they sat, weaving sweet words into sweeter sentences, until the sun sank below the horizon's rim and the auriferous waves shone like gold.

"Behold the reclining orb of day," said the fair sketcher—she was sketching for a fair—"does it not remind you of a sunset?"

"More than aught else," he answered, "only the sun never sets here."

"O!" she sighed, spasmodically, "are we in Great Britain?"

"No," he replied, slowly arising and winding his arm

about her, "but at the romantic seaside the sun never sets. It reclines."

"As the son does so does the daughter," she faltered, and her head gently reclined upon the lappel of his marseilles vest.

"The little wavelets kiss the sands that sparkle at our feet," he exclaimed, as he sawed the air with the one arm still left at his disposal, and his mellow voice rang out in a pulpit-oratorical tone; "the wavelets kiss the sands, and the parting sunbeams kiss the brow of the cliff that guards the shore, and——"

"Ah!" she interrupted, in accents so tremulous and low that they were scarcely perceptible, much less audible, "happy wavelets; thrice happy sunbeams!"

Her terra-cotta hat was tipped back, temptingly disclosing her fair face; her closed eyes were shut, and from her half-open mouth a suppressed sigh escaped between her parted lips.

It was a case calling for prompt and immediate action and the young man, to the credit of his sex be it recorded, was equal to the emergency. Some men would have faltered, others would have hesitated, and still others would have held back, but this young man was never known to quail—except on toast. With a firmness only acquired by long practice, he tightened his grip upon the form that lay confidingly upon his arm; he gave the terra-cotta hat an extra tip, and then wiping off his lips with a highly-scented and richly-perfumed handkerchief, he planted a royal kiss right where it would do the most good.

Slowly she opened her eyes, like one recovering from a dream, or awakening from a sleep, and smiling feebly said:

"I feel better now."

Silence stole upon the scene, and all was still. Quiet reigned; no sounds were heard. She listened only to the thumping of his heart, and was satisfied. But not he, for hunger was gnawing at his soul.

"Ah!" he lowly breathed, "I have my longings."

"Do you sigh for, O! do you sigh for the infinite?"

"No," he answered, "I don't cipher that way this time. My heart's yearning is for clams. Alas! I can live upon romance through all the shimmering afternoon; I can subsist upon sentiment until the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky and the sweet tintinnabulations of the supper-bell vibrate upon the evening air, then hunger asserts itself, and when I get hungry I want to eat."

"How strange!" she said; "how fearfully and wonderfully made is man!"

Then taking her lily-white hand in his, he gazed into her eyes as though he would pierce her very soul with his glance.

"Fair creature," he gasped, "do you never eat?"

"Perish the thought," she replied, with a shudder. "Sometimes I partake of refreshments, but I never eat."

Slowly, with tardy steps, and somewhat leisurely, they strolled across the gleaming sand to where the white-washed front of the hostelry strove to outstare the sea. There the delicate girl sought the refectory and called for clams, which she swept with a charming grace between her rosebud lips, and then she called for clams. These also went over from the minority and joined the silent majority, after which she musingly wiped her

pretty mouth upon a scarlet-fringed napkin and called for clams.

A young man gazed upon her through the lattice in speechless admiration.

"She is partaking of refreshments," he whispered to himself.

That night he sat upon the edge of his bed, fanning mosquitoes away with one hand, and casting up countless rows of figures upon the backs of old letters with the other.

"I never could stand the racket," he said at last.

When the mists crept up from the sea, in the morning, he had departed. He was no longer there. He had gone.

THE MAN WHO APOLOGIZED.

IT was at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Congress Street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at two hundred pounds was walking along with bright eyes and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up to the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say :—

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass ?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say—

"You bet I did ! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his foot looked !"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw the beautiful city of Detroit spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone-colored

whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock your jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering if he could be held for damages to the side-walk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone-colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:—

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none o' your penitence and none o' your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:—

"Sir, I ask your forgiveness, I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up, I had to—ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if ever I get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand when the other continued:—

"You see we are—are all—ha! ha! liable to accident. I, myself, have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!"

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him then and there, but he didn't He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what any icy spot will bring forth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE BOY AND THE FROG.

SEE the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Dozing away on that old rotten log
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
Of the tail that he wore when a wee pollywog.

See the boy, the freckled schoolboy,
Filled with a wicked love to annoy,
Watching the frog
Perched on the log
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
Which the freckle-faced boy at the frog doth sock,
Conscious he's sinning,
Yet gleefully grinning
At the likely result of its terrible shock.

See the grass, the treacherous grass,
Slip from beneath his feet! Alas!
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls, and rises a slimy mass.

Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on his old rotten log,
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

* * * * *

Look at the switch, the hickory switch,
Waiting to make that schoolboy twitch.
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to its highest pitch?

SHE REFERRED HIM TO HER PA.

Her fairy form,
Her modest face,
Her charming air,
And winning grace
Enchanted all
The lads in town,
And each one loved
Jemima Brown.
She oft was called
The village pride,
And for her love
I long had sighed.
I said I'd know
No joy in life till she'd
Consent to be my wife. She
Blushed quite red and said
"Oh, la;" and then referred me to
Her pa. His manner was both rude
And rough, and when he spoke his tones
Were gruff. I asked him then in accents
Bland to give to me his daughter's hand.
For answer he gave me his foot encased
Within this cowhide boot!

—*Somerville Journal.*

UNCLE CEPHAS' YARN.

"TALKING of preachers," said Caleb Parker, "reminds me of a story they tell of Uncle Cephas Bascom, of North Haven. Uncle Cephas was a shoemaker, and he never went to sea much, only to anchor his skiff in the Narrows abreast of his house, and catch a mess of scup, or to pole a load of salt-hay from Sanquitt Island. But he used to visit his married daughter, in Vermont, and up there they knew he come from the seaboard, and they used to call him 'Captain Bascom.' So, one time when he was there, they hed a Sabbath-school concert, and nothing would do but 'Captain Bascom' must talk to the boys, and tell a sea-yarn, and draw a moral, the way the Deacon, here, does." The Deacon gravely smiled, and stroked his beard. "Well, Uncle Cephas was ruther pleased with his name of 'Captain Bascom,' and he didn't like to go back on it, and so he flaxed round to git up something. It seems he had heard a summer boarder talk in Sabbath school, at Northhaven; he told how a poor boy minded his mother, and then got to tend store, and then kep' store himself, and then he jumped it on them: 'That poor boy,' says he, 'now stands before you.' So Uncle Cephas thought him up a similar yarn. Well, he had never spoke in meeting before, and he hemmed and hawed some, but he got on quite well while he was telling about a certain poor boy, and all that, and how the boy when he grew up was out at sea, in an open boat, and saw a great sword-fish making for the boat, Hail Columbia, and bound to stave right through her and sink her, and how this man he took an oar, and give it

a swing, and broke the critter's sword square off; and then Uncle Cephas,—he'd begun to git a little flustered, he stopped short, and waved his arms, and says he, 'Boys, what do you think? That sword-fish now stands before you.'

"I cal'late that brought the house down."

—*Century Magazine.*

BENEATH HER WINDOW.

HE thought to serenade his love,
And, pausing 'neath her casement,
He warbled forth his sweetest lays
In humble self-abasement,—

Of moonlight, constancy, and love,
And all things true and tender,
And called on sleep and happy dreams
That instant to attend her.

A thrill of hope pervades his breast,—
The lattice trembles slightly!
But what is this that meets his gaze—
This form uncouth, unsightly?

A voice of dread falls on his ear,
A voice so cracked and toothless,
It shatters all his hopes of bliss
With touch severe and ruthless.

"A very pretty tune, young man;
I'm much obleeged ye come!
Now, while you're at it, please to sing
'The Old Folks at Home!'"

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO-DAY I was let sit up, tucked up in a quilt in a arm-chare. I soon got tired o' that, so I ast Betty to get me a glass o' ice-water to squench my thirst, an' when she was gone I cut an' run, an' went into Susan's room to look at all them fotografs of nice young men she's got there in a drawer.

The girls was all down in the parlor, 'cos Miss Watson had come to call. Betty she came a huntin' me, but I hid in the closet behind a ole hoop-skirt. I come out when she went away, and had a real good time. Some o' them fotografs was written on the back, like this. "Conseated fop!" "Oh, ain't he sweet?" "He ast me, but I wouldn't have him." "A perfeck darling!" "What a mouth!" "Portrait of a donkey!"

I kep about two dozen o' them I knew, to have some fun when I got well. I shut the drawer so Sue wouldn't notice they was took. I felt as if I could not bare to go back to that nasty room, I was so tired of it, an' I thought I'd pass my time a playing I was a young lady. I found a lot o' little curls in the buro, wich I stuck on all around my forehead with a bottle of mewsiledge, and then I seen some red stuff on a sawcer, wich I rubbed onto my cheaks. When I was all fixed up I slid down the bannisters plump against Miss Watson, wot was sayin' good-bye to my sisters. Such a hollerin' as they made!

Miss Watson she turned me to the light, an' sez she, as sweet as pie:

"Where did you get them pretty red cheeks, Geordie?"

Susan she made a sign, but I didn't know it.

"I found some red stuff in Sue's drawer," sez I, and she smiled kind o' hateful, and said.

"Oh!"

My sister says she is an awful gossip, wich will tell all over town that they paint, wich they don't, 'cause that sawcer was gust to make roses on card-bord, wich is all right.

Sue was so mad she boxed my ears.

"Aha, missy!" sez I to myself, "you don't guess about them fotografs wot I took out o' your drawer!"

Some folks think little boys' ears are made on purpose to be boxed—my sisters do. If they knew what dark and desperate thoughts come into little boys' minds, they'd be more careful—it riles 'em up like pokin sticks into a mud puddel.

I laid low—but beware to-morrow!

They let me come down to breakfast this mornin'.

I've got those pictures all in my pockets, you bet your life.

"Wot makes your pockets stick out so?" ast Lily, when I was a waiting a chance to slip out unbeknone.

"Oh, things," sez I, an' she laughed.

"I thought mebbe you'd got your books and cloathes packed up in 'em," sez she, "to run away an' be a Injun warryor."

I didn't let on anything, but ansered her:

"I guess I'll go out in the backyard an' play a spell."

Well, I got off down town, an' had a lot of fun. I called on all the aboriginals of them fotografs.

"Hello, Georgie! Well agen?" said the first feller I stopped to see.

Oh, my! when I get big enuff I'll hope my mustaches won't be waxed like his'n! He's in a store, an' I got him to give me a nice cravat, an' he ast me "Was my sisters well?" so I fished out his fotograf, and gave it to him.

It was the one that had "Conseated Fop!" writ on the back The girls had drawed his musttaches out twict as long with a pencil, an' made him smile all acrost his face. He got as red as fire, an' then he skowled at me.

"Who did that, you little rascal!"

"I guess the spirits did it," I said, as onest as a owl, an' I went away quick cause he looked mad.

The nex plaice I come to was a grocery store, where a nuther young man lived. He had red hair an' freckles, but he seemed to think hisself a beauty. I said:

"Hello, Peters!"

He said:

"The same yourself, Master George. Do you like raisins? Help yourself."

Boys wot has three pretty sisters allers does get treted well, I notiss. I took a big hanful of raisins an' a few peanuts, an' sot on the counter eating 'em, till all at oncest, as if I jest thought of it, I took out his fotograf an' squinted at it, an sez:

"I do declare it looks like you."

"Let me see it," sez he.

I wouldn't for a long time, then I gave it to him. The girls had made freckles all over it. This was the one they wrote on its back, "He asked me, but I wouldn't have him." They'd painted his hair as red as a rooster's comb. He got quite pale when he seen it clost.

"It's a burning shame," sez I, "for them young ladies to make fun of their bows."

"Clear out," sez Peters.

I grabbed a nuther bunch o' raisins an' quietly dis appeared. I tell you he was rathy!

Mister Courtenay he was a lawyer, he's got a offis on the square by the cort-house. I knew him very well, 'cause he comes to our house offen. He's a awful queer-lookin' chap, an' so stuck up you'd think he was tryin' to see if the moon was made o' green cheese, like folks sez it is, the way he keeps it in the air. He's got a depe, depe voice way down in his boots. My harte beat wen I got in there, I was that fritened; but I was bound to see the fun out, so I ast him:

"Is the What is It on exabishun to-day?"

"Wot do you mean?" sez he, a lookin' down on me.

"Sue said if I would come to Mister Courtenay's offis I would see wot this is the picture of," sez I, givin' him his own fotograf inskibed, "The Wonderful What is It."

It's awful funny to see their faces wen they look at their own cards.

In about a minit he up with his foot wich I dodged just in time. I herd him muttering suthin' 'bout "suing for scandal." I think myself I oughter arrest her for 'salt an' battery, boxing my ears. I wisht he would sue Sue, 'twould serve her right.

I'll not get to bed fore midnight if I write enny more. I'm yawning now like a dying fish. So, farewell my diry till the next time. I give them cards all back fore dinner-time. There'll be a row I expect. I've laughed myself almost to fits a thinkin' of the feller wot I give "The Portrait of a Donkey" to. He looked so cress fallen. I do believe he cried. They were teazin' ma to let 'em give a party nex week wen I got

home to dinner. I don't believe one of them young gentlemen will come to it; the girls have give 'em all away. I don't care wuth a cent. Wot for do they take such libertys with my ears if they want me to be good to 'em.

P. S.—I bet their left ears are burning wuss'n ever mine did!

A WOMAN'S "NO."

SHE had a parcel, small and round,
One lovely afternoon last summer.
I offered, as in duty bound,
To take it from her.

She thanked me, with a gracious smile,
As sweet as rosy lips could make it;
It was so small, 'twas not worth while
To let me take it.

Again I offered, as before,
Of that slight burden to relieve her.
She'd rather not—"Pray, say no more!"
'Twould really grieve her.

I ceased to plead—she seemed content,
The thing was small and neatly corded.
And so along our way we went,
To where she boarded.

But when upon the stoop she stood,
And ere our last adieus were uttered,
She eyed me in a roguish mood,
And softly muttered,

As swung the door to let her through,
And left me there all unresisting:
"I don't think very much of you
For not insisting."

ARTHUR GRAHAM.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER.

A FARM BALLAD.

IF the weary world is willing, I've a little word to say,
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that dropped down on me one day,
With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean.
No wrinkle had his vestments, and his linen glistened white,
And his new-constructed necktie was an interesting sight;
Which I almost wish his razor had made red that white-skinned throat,
And the new-constructed necktie had composed a hangman's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my women-folks to see,
And his rip-saw tongue a buzzin' for to gouge a gash in me.

But I couldn't help but like him—as I always think I must,
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap of dust;

When I fired my own opinions at this person round by round,
They drew an answering volley, of a very similar sound;
I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known;
He said he'd had experiences quite similar of his own.
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years;
He had laid awake till morning, with that same old breed of fears.
I told him of the rough path I hoped to heaven to go;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below.
I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain;
He had seen the self-same pictures, though not quite so clear and plain.
Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced;
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas getting toward the middle of a hungry summer day;
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay?
And he sat him down among us, everlasting trim and neat,
And asked a short, crisp blessing, almost good enough to eat;
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great Eternal Friend,
And gave the Lord Almighty a good, first-class recommend;

And for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp,
Talking like a blessed angel—eating like a—blasted tramp.

My wife, she liked the stranger; smiling on him warm and sweet
(It always flatters women, when their guests are on the eat).
And he hinted that some ladies never lose their early charms,
And he kissed her latest baby, and received it in his arms.
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive views,
And chewed the quid of fancy, and gave down the latest news;
And I couldn't help but like him, as I fear I always must,
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap of dust.

He was spreading desolation through a piece of apple-pie,
When he paused, and looked upon us with a tear in his off-eye,
And said, "O, happy family!—your blessings make me sad;
You call to mind the dear ones that in happier days I had;
A wife as sweet as this one; a babe as bright and fair;
A little girl with ringlets, like that one over there.
I worshiped them too blindly!—my eyes with love were dim!
God took them to His own heart, and now I worship Him.

But had I not neglected the means within my way,
Then they might still be living and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder-peals were dire;
The clouds that tramped above us were shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house, I, lying, was thinking, to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those shafts of flame,
When crash!—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only I was left.

"Since that dread time I've wandered, and nought for life have cared,
Save to save others' loved ones, whose lives have yet been spared;
Since then, it is my mission, where'er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to virtuous people good lightning-rods—at cost.
With sure and strong protection, I'll clothe your buildings o'er,
'Twill cost you fifty dollars (perhaps a trifle more);
What little else it comes to, at lowest price I'll put.
(You signing this agreement to pay so much per foot.")

I signed it, while my family all approving stood about;
And dropped a tear upon it—(but it didn't blot it out!)
That very day with wagons came some men, both great and small;
They climbed upon my buildings, just as if they owned 'em all;

They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em, much against my
loud desires;
They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and they bound
'em down with wires;
They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and they
trimmed and wired 'em still,
And every precious minute kept a running up the bill.

My soft-spoke guest a-seeking, did I rave and rush and
run;
He was supping with a neighbor, just a three-mile
further on.
"Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I want a mile
o' wire
To save each separate hay-cock out o' heaven's consum-
in' fire?
Do you think to keep my buildin's safe from some un-
certain harm
I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm?'

He looked up quite astonished, with a face devoid of
guile,
And he pointed to the contract, with a reassuring smile:
It was the first occasion that he disagreed with me;
But he held me to that paper, with a firmness sad to
see:
And for that thunder story, ere the rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.
And if any lightnin'-rodder wants a dinner-dialogue
With the restaurant department of an enterprising dog
Let him set his mill a-runnin' just inside my outside
gate,
And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he won't have
long to wait.

WILL CARLETON.

MISS SIMMONS' NEW BONNET.

MISS SIMMONS had on her new bonnet to-day,
A model of flowers and lace;
An imported affair, and she wore it in style,
With the rim coming over her face.

Of course, she took care to come tripping in late,
And all the first hymn was sung through,
When she came up the aisle with the air of a queen,
And stopped at the door of her pew.

A stranger was in it, a man too, at that—
The new boarder just over the way;
He quietly rose, and she slid in her place
As the parson was saying "let's pray."

The prayer was a long one, at least so it seemed,
And he'd never get through it I thought,
I was awfully tempted to take a sly peep,
But I knew I'd be sure to get caught.

Deacon Jones and his wife sat next on my right,
With Johnnie and Robbie, their boys,
And the madam kept watch o'er the frolicsome imps
In fear lest they might make a noise.

The "amen" came at last, and try as I might
The temptation I couldn't resist:
My eyes went right straight to the stylish new hat,
Oh, what if the text I had missed!

But I wasn't the only one there this fine day
Whose thoughts unto vanity strayed,
For Miss Moore gazed right at her when meeting was done—
You know, she's a mill'ner by trade.

The style she fixed firmly, securely in mind,
And to-morrow she'll surely design
A bonnet just like it, and next Sunday morn
Miss Simmons she'll try to outshine.

LAURIE A. RAYMOND.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

OH, she was so utterly utter!
She couldn't eat plain bread and butter,
But a nibble she'd take
At a wafer of cake,
Or the wing of a quail for her supper;
Roast beef and plum-pudding she'd sneer at,
A boiled leg of mutton she'd jeer at,
But the limb of a frog
Might her appetite jog,
Or some delicate bit that came near that.
The consequence was, she grew paler
And more wishy-washy, and frailer,
Ate less for her dinner,
Grew thinner and thinner,
Till I really think,
If you marked her with ink,
Put an envelope on her,
And stamped it upon her,

You could go to the office and mail her!
Her voice was so low and so thrilling,
Its cadence was perfectly killing;
And she talked with a lisp and a stutter,
For she was so utterly utter!

Oh, she was so very æsthetic!
Her face was quite long and pathetic;
The ends of her hair
Floated loose on the air,
And her eyes had a sadness prophetic;
The bangs she wore down on her forehead
Were straight and deliciously horrid;
And a sad-colored gown
Going straight up and down
She wore when the weather was torrid.
It was terrible hard to enthuse her,
But a bit of old china would fuse her;
And she'd glow like a coal or a candle,
At the mention of Bach or of Handel
At pinks, and sweet-williams and roses,
She'd make the most retrousse noses,
But would swoon with delight
At a sunflower bright,
And use it in making her poses.
She moved with the sleepiest motion,
As if not quite used to the notion;
And her manner was chill
As a waterfowl's bill
When he's fresh from a dip in the ocean
It was quite the reverse of magnetic,
But oh, it was very æsthetic!

And if, with your old-fashioned notions,
You could wish that more cheerful emotion
More sunshine and grace,
Should appear in her face,
More gladness should speak in her motions—
If you heard with a homesick dejection
The changes in voice and inflection,
And sighed for smooth tresses,
And the plain, simple dresses
That used to command your affection,—
Oh, hide your rash thoughts in your bosom!
Or, if you must speak out and use 'em,
Then under your breath you must mutter;
For she is too utterly utter!

THE HONEST DEACON.

AN honest man was Deacon Ray;
And, though a Christian good,
He had one fault,—the love of drink;
For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too,
He would at dinner-time
Indulge to quite a great extent
In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side,
The deacon had his pew;
Another worthy, Squire Lee,
He had a seat there too.

One Sunday, the sermon done,
The parson said he'd talk
In language plain, that afternoon,
Of sins within their flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch
If he should be severe.
Each thought his neighbor'd get dressed down,
So all turned out to hear.

The church at early hour was full:
The deacon, some behind,
Came in quite late; for he had been
Indulging in his wine.

And up the long and broad aisle
He stiffly tottered on;
And, by the time he'd reached his seat,
The sermon had begun.

The parson, of transgressors spoke,
And of the wrath to flee;
And soon he to the query came,—
"The drunkard—where is he?"

A pause; and then the deacon rose,
And answered like a man,
Though with a hiccup in his voice,—
"Here, parson—hic—'ere I am."

Of course, the consternation
Was great on every side;
For who'd have thought the deacon
Would thus aptly have replied?

The preacher, not the least disturbed,
With his remarks kept on,
And warned him to forsake his ways:
The deacon then sat down.

'Twas soon another question came,
With no more welcome sound,—
"Where is the wicked hypocrite?"
This made them all turn round.

Some looked at this one, some at that,
As if they would inquire
Who 'twas the parson meant:
His eyes were on the squire.

The deacon, noting how things stood,
Turned round and spoke to Lee,—
"Come, squire—hic—come, you get up:
I did when he called on me."

MISS MINERVA'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

YES, Debby, 'twas a disappointment; and though, of course, I try
To look as if I didn't mind it, I won't tell you a lie.
Ye see, he'd been a-comin' stiddy, and our folks sez, sez they,
"It's you, Minervy, that he's arter; he's sure to pop some day."

He'd walk in with the evenin' shadders, set in that easy chair,
And praise my doughnuts, kinder sighin' about a bachelor's fare,

And then his talk was so improvin,' he made the doctrines plain,
And when he'd pint a moral, allers looked at Mary Jane.
She'd laugh, and give sech silly answers that no one could approve;
But, law! the men can't fool me, Debby—it isn't sense they love,

It's rosy cheeks, and eyes a-sparklin'. Yes, yes, you may depend
That when a woman's smart and handy—knows how to bake and mend,
And keep her house and husband tidy, why the fools will pass her by,
Bekase she's spent her youth a-learnin' their wants to satisfy.

Now, Mr. Reed was allers talkin' of what a wife should be,
So, Debby, was it any wonder I thought his hints meant me?
And then when Mary Jane would giggle, and he would turn so red,
Could you have guessed that they was courtin' when not a word was said?

It all came out at last so sudden. 'Twas Wednesday of last week,
When Mr. Reed came in quite flustered. Thinks I, "He means to speak,"
I'll own my heart beat quicker, Debby, for though of course, it's bold
To like a man before he offers, I thought him good as gold.

Well, there we sot. I talked and waited; he hemmed and coughed awhile.
He seemed so most uncommon bashful I couldn't help but smile.
I thought about my pine-tar cordial that drives a cough away,
And how when we was fairly married I'd dose him every day.

Just then he spoke! "Dear Miss Minervy, you must have seen quite plain,
That I'm in love—" "I hev," I answers. Sez he, "with Mary Jane."
What did I do? I nearly fainted, 'twas such a cruel shock,
Yet there I had to set as quiet as ef I was a rock,

And hear about her "girlish sweetness" and "buddin' beauty" too,
Don't talk to me of martyrs, Debby, I know what I've gone through.
Well, that's the end. The weddin's settled for June, he's in such haste.
I've given her the spreads I've quilted; so they won't go to waste.

I'd planned new curtains for his study, all trimmed with bands of blue.
I'm sure her cookin' never'll suit him—he's fond of eatin' too.
Well, no, I wa'n't at meetin' Sunday, I don't find Mr. Reed
So quite as edifyin' lately, he can't move me, indeed.

And, Debby, when you see how foolish a man in love can act,
You can't have such a high opinion of him, and that's a fact.
"I don't look well?" Spring weather, mebbe; it's gittin' warm, you know.
Good-bye; I'm goin' to Uncle Jotham's, to stay a week or so.

Miss E. T. Corbett.

PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE.

TOGETHER to the church they went,
Both doubtless on devotion bent.
The parson preached with fluent ease
On Pharisees and Sadducees.
And as they homeward slowly walked,
The lovers on the sermon talked.
And he—he dearly loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said,
Darling, do you think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?
She flashed on him her bright brown eyes
With one swift look of vexed surprise,
And as he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshiper,
But darling, I insist, said he,
That you are very Phar-i-see,
I don't think you care much for me.
That makes me so Sad-u-cee.

HOW JIMMY TENDED THE BABY.

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair, and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy;" and then, as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best, and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a base-ball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up, I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out; so I left it just a few minutes, while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again,

the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy, to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him, he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black, I made up mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up, and gave it a good coat of black.

You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again, when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain, and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they had said to me, I didn't even seem to mind father, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or something that didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

THE THREE LOVERS.

HERE'S a precept, young man, you should follow with care;
If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square.
Mr. 'Liakim Smith was a hard-fisted farmer,
Of moderate wealth,
And immoderate health,
Who fifty odd years, in a stub-and-twist armor
Of callus and tan,
Had fought like a man
His own dogged progress, through trials and cares,
And log-heaps and brush-heaps and wild-cats and bears,
And agues and fevers and thistles and briers,
Poor kinsmen, rich foemen, false saints, and true liars;
Who oft, like the "man in our town," overwise,
Through the brambles of error had scratched out his eyes,
And when the unwelcome result he had seen,
Had altered his notion,
Reversing the motion,
And scratched them both in again, perfect and clean;
Who had weathered some storms, as a sailor might say,
And tacked to the left, and the right of his way,
Till he found himself anchored, past tempests and breakers,
Upon a good farm of a hundred odd acres.

As for 'Liakim's wife, in four words may be told
Her whole standing in life:
She was 'Liakim's wife.
Whereas she'd been young, she was not growing old,
But did, she considered, as well as one could,
When he looked on her hard work, and saw 'twas good.

The family record showed only a daughter;
But she had a face,
As if each fabled Grace
In a burst of delight to her bosom had caught her,
Or as if all the flowers in each Smith generation
Had blossomed at last in one grand culmination.
Style lingered unconscious in all of her dress;
She'd starlight for glances and sunbeams for tresses,
Wherever she went, with her right royal tread,
Each youth, when he'd passed her a bit, turned his head;
And so one might say, though the figure be strained,
She had turned half the heads that the township contained.

Now Bess had a lover—a monstrous young hulk;
A farmer by trade—
Strong, sturdy, and staid;
A man of good parts—if you counted by bulk;
A man of great weight—by the scales; and, indeed,
A man of some depth—as was shown by his feed.
His face was a fat exclamation of wonder;
His voice was not quite unsuggestive of thunder;
His laugh was a cross 'twixt a yell and a chuckle;
He'd a number one foot,
And a number ten boot,
And a knock-down reserved in each separate knuckle.
He'd a heart mad in love with the girl of his choice
Who made him alternately mope and rejoice,
By dealing him one day discouraging messes,
And soothing him next day with smiles and caresses.

Now Bess had a lover who hoped her to wed—
A rising young lawyer—more rising than read;

Whose theories all were quite startling; and who,
Like many a chap
In these days of strange hap,
Was living on what he expected to do;
While his landlady thought 'twould have been rather neat
Could he only have learned,
Till some practice was earned,
To subsist upon what he expected to eat.
He was bodily small, howe'er mentally great,
And suggestively less than a hundred in weight.

Now Bess had a lover—young Patriek; a sinner,
And lad of all work,
From the suburbs of Cork,
Who worked for her father, and thought he could win her.
And if Jacob could faithful serve fourteen years through,
And still thrive and rejoice,
For the girl of his choice,
He thought he could play the same game one or two.

Now 'Liakim Smith had a theory hid,
And by egotism fed,
Somewhere up in his head,
That a dutiful daughter should always as bid
Grow old in the service of him who begot her,
Imbibe his beliefs,
Have a care for his griefs,
And faithfully bring him his cider and water.
So, as might be expected, he turned up his nose,
Also a cold shoulder, to Bessie's two beaux,

And finally turned them away from his door,
Forbidding them ever to enter it more;
And detailed young Patrick as kind of a guard,
With orders to keep them both out of the yard.
So Pat took his task, with a treacherous smile,
And bullied the small one,
And dodged the big tall one,
And slyly made love to Miss Bess all the while.

But one evening, when 'Liakim and wife crowned their labors
With praise and entreating
At the village prayer-meeting,
And Patrick had stepped for a while to some neighbors',
The lawyer had come, in the trimmest of dress,
And, dapper and slim,
And small, e'en for him,
Was holding a session of court with Miss Bess.
And Bess, sly love athlete, was suited first rate
At a flirtation-mill with this legal light-weight;
And was listening to him, as minutes spun on,
Of pleas he could make,
And of fees he would take,
And of suits that he should, in future have won;
When just as the cold, heartless clock counted eight,
Miss Bessie's quick ear caught a step at the gate.
"'Tis mother!" she cried: "Oh, go quick, I implore!
But father'll drive round and come in the back door!
You cannot escape them, however you turn!
So hide for awhile—let me see—in this churn!"

The churn was quite large enough for him to turn in—
Expanded out so,
By machinery to go,
'Twould have done for a dairy-man Cyclops to churn in.

'Twas fixed for attaching a pitman or lever,
To go by horse-power—a notion quite clever,
Invented and built by the Irishman, Pat,
Who pleased Mrs. 'Liakim hugely by that.

The lawyer went into the case with much ease,
And hugged the belief
That the cause would be brief,
And settled himself down with hardly a squeeze.
And Bess said, "Keep still, for there's plenty of room,"
And shut down the cover, and left him in gloom.

But scarcely were matters left decently so,
In walked—not her mother,
But—worry and bother!—
The mammoth young farmer, whose first name was Joe
And he gleefully sung, in a heavy bass tone
Which came in one note
From the depths of his throat,
"I'm glad I have come, since I've found you alone.
Let's sit here awhile, by this kerosene light,
An' spark it awhile now with all of our might."
And Bessie was willing; and so they sat down.
The maiden so fair and the farmer so brown.
They talked of things great, and they talked of things small,
Which none could condemn,
And which may have pleased them,
But which did not interest the lawyer at all;
And Bessie seemed giving but little concern
To the feelings of him she had shut in the churn.

Till Bessie just artlessly mentioned the man,
And Joe with a will to abuse him began,

And called him full many an ignoble name,
Appertaining to "scrubby,"
And "shorty," and "stubby,"
And other descriptions not wide of the same;
And Bessie said naught in the lawyer's behalf,
But seconded Joe, now and then, with a laugh;
And the lawyer said nothing, but winked at his fate.
And, somewhat abashed,
And decidedly dashed,
Accepted Joe's motions sans vote or debate.
And several times he, with policy stern,
Repressed a desire to break out of the churn,
Well knowing he thus might get savagely used
And if not quite eaten,
Would likely be beaten,
And probably injured as well as abused.
But now came another quick step at the door,
And Bessie was fearful, the same as before;
And tumbling Joe over a couple of chairs,
With a general sound
Of thunder all 'round,
She hurried him up a short pair of back stairs;
And close in the garret condemned him to wait
Till orders from her, be it early or late.
Then tripping her way down the stair-case, she said,
"I'll smuggle them off when the folks get to bed."

It was not her parents; 'twas crafty young Pat,
Returned from his visit; and straightway he sat
Beside her, remarking, The chairs were in place,
So he would sit near her, and view her sweet face.
So gayly they talked, as the minutes fast flew,
Discussing such matters as both of them knew.

While often Miss Bessie's sweet laugh answered back.
For Pat, be it known,
Had some wit of his own,
And in irony efforts was sharp as a tack.
And finally Bessie his dancing tongue led,
By a sly, dextrous turn,
To the man in the churn,
And the farmer who eagerly listened o'erhead;
Whereat the young Irishman volubly gave
A short dissertation,
Whose main information
Was that one was a fool and the other a knave.

Slim chance there must be for the world e'er to learn
How pleasant this was to the man in the churn;
Though, to borrow a figure lent by his position,
He was doubtless in somewhat a worked-up condition.
It may ne'er be sung, and it may ne'er be said,
How well it was liked by the giant o'erhead.
He lay on a joist—for there wasn't any floor—
And the joists were so few,
And so far apart too,
He could not, in comfort, preempt any more;
And he nearly had knocked through the plastering quite,
And challenged young Pat to a fair and square fight;
But he dared not do elsewise than Bessie had said,
For fear, as a lover, he might lose his head.

But now from the meeting the old folks returned,
And sat by the stove as the fire brightly burned;
And Patrick came in from the care of the team;
And since in the house there was overmuch cream,

He thought that the horses their supper might earn,
And leave him full way
To plow early next day,
By working that night for awhile at the churn.

The old folks consented; and Patrick went out,
Half chuckling, for he had a shrewd Irish doubt,
From various slight sounds he had chanced to discern,
That Bess had a fellow shut up in the churn.

The lawyer, meanwhile, in his hiding-place cooped,
Low grunted and hitched and contorted and stooped,
But hung to the place like a man in a dream;
And when the young Irishman went for the team,
To stay or to fly, he could hardly tell which;
But hoping to get
Neatly out of it yet,
He concluded to hang to the very last hitch.

The churn was one side of the house, recollect,
So rods with the horse-power outside could connect;
And Bess stood so near that she took the lamp's gleam in
While her mother was cheerfully pouring the cream in;
Who, being near-sighted, and minding her cup,
Had no notion of what she was covering up;
But the lawyer, meanwhile, had he dared to have spoke,
Would have owned that he saw the whole cream of the joke.

But just as the voice of young Patrick came strong
And clear through the window, "All ready! go 'long!"
And just as the dasher its motion began,
Stirred up by its knocks,
Like a Jack-in-the-box
He jumped from his damp, dripping prison—and ran,

And made a frog-leap o'er the stove and a chair,
With some crisp Bible words not intended as prayer.

All over the kitchen he rampaged and tore,
And ran against everything there but the door;
Tipped over old 'Liakim flat on his back,
And left a long trail of rich cream on his track.
"Ou! ou! 'tis a ghost!" quavered 'Liakim's wife;
"A ghost, if I ever saw one in my life!"
"The Devil!" roared 'Liakim, rubbing his shin.
"No! no!" shouted Patrick, who just then came in:
"It's only a lawyer; the devil ne'er runs—
To bring on him a laugh—
In the shape of a calf;
It isn't the devil; it's one of his sons!
If so that the spalpeen had words he could utther,
He'd swear he loved Bessie, an' loved no one butther."

Now Joe lay full length on the scantling o'erhead,
And tried to make out
What it all was about,
By list'ning to all that was done and was said;
But somehow his balance became uncontrolled,
And he on the plastering heavily rolled.
It yielded instanter, came down with a crash,
And fell on the heads of the folks with a smash.
And there his plump limbs through the orifice swung,
And he caught by the arms and disgracefully hung,
His ponderous body, so clumsy and thick,
Wedged into that posture as tight as a brick.
And 'Liakim Smith, by amazement made dumb
At those legs in the air
Hanging motionless there,
Concluded that this time the devil had come;

And seizing a chair, he belabored them well,
While the head pronounced words that no printer would spell.

And there let us leave them, 'mid outcry and clatter,
To come to their wits, and then settle the matter·
And take for the moral this inference fair:
If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square.

HOW HIS GARMENTS GOT TURNED.

WHEN the golden sunlight dances on the bosom of the stream,
And the silver lilies, starlike, 'mong the olive sedges gleam,
When the bullfrog seeks the cover of the grasses tall and rank,
And the pickerel at noonday seeks the shadow of the bank,
Then the small boy goes in swimming in the costume of the mode
That was worn by fair Godiva, when through Coventry she rode.

He splashes in the limpid stream with many a gleeful shout,
And to the bank returning puts his shirt on inside out;
And when his mother questions him, "How came that garment so?"
He looks upon it with surprise, and says he doesn't know;
When further pressed to give the cause, this reason he employs:
"I must have turned a somersault when playing with the boys."

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